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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 HENRY A. STEBBINS.

(The author of the following article, Elder Henry A. Stebbins, is one of the early defenders of the faith of the Reorganized Church, and very early in his ministry became especially interested in the history of the Book of Mormon and a comparison of its history with facts revealed by modern research. He has accumulated much valuable data, and though his style is somewhat argumentative, the historical value of his deductions justifies, we think, the insertion of his article in the JOURNAL OF HISTORY.

Henry A. Stebbins was born January 28, 1844, at Toledo, Ohio. In 1863 he united with the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints at Newark, Wisconsin. He was ordained an elder in 1865, and an high priest in 1879, served as counselor to Bishop Israel L. Rogers from 1875 to 1882. He was chosen temporary Church Secretary in 1874, and in 1875 was elected permanent Secretary, which position he held until 1896; he was Church Recorder from 1874 until 1906.

In 1901 he was made a member of the Lamoni Stake High Council, which position he held several years. Though retired from active missionary work, he still does considerable preaching as health and circumstances permit.—H. C. S.)

PREHISTORIC AMERICA AND THE BOOK OF MORMON.

What is the Book of Mormon, and why should anybody believe in it as a book of truth? These are important questions when one proceeds to examine the faith and teachings of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. And the writer of this article desires to give some strong historical reasons and substantial proofs as to why he has had, for over forty years, so much confidence in that book as being a true history, and worthy of acceptance as containing divine inspiration and heavenly truth.

It has often been asked, What necessity can be alleged for the existence of such a book when we already have the Bible? and what additional benefit is gained by its introduction into the world and by belief in it? In reply one may ask, What benefit is there in accepting and believing the Bible? Even in Christian lands untold millions either make light of the Bible or have no use for it. But all who believe in the Bible as a sacred book answer that it is of great value. Because it not only contains a history of the Lord's dealings with the nations which dwelt upon the Eastern Continent in ancient times, but also it relates how and in what manner and by what methods God instructed the people and tried to guide all who would listen to him and endeavor to walk in his appointed ways.

The Bible contains only a history of the Lord's work among those who lived in parts of Asia, Africa, and Europe; even brief accounts of a few nations to whom he sent prophets and teachers thousands of years ago; but it does not give any history of other lands which we now know were inhabited. However, the Bible *does* contain prophecies and references to colonies and far lands as existing somewhere on the earth outside of Palestine, Babylonia, Assyria, Egypt, and the other lands which the Bible speaks of.

It has been demonstrated by a multitude of modern discoveries that civilized nations dwelt during many centuries upon the Western Continent, and that they wrought great things in the lands we now call South America, Central America, and North America, and that some of these peoples must have had their origin in colonies of Hebrews who came from Palestine. This is according to the findings made by learned men, who have studied the traditional history, and the manners, customs, languages, and relics that have been discovered among the native tribes whose progenitors no doubt came to America a long time ago. For one thing, the native tradi-

tion of their origin contains plainly such noted personages as Moses, the great leader; Solomon, the wise king; and other historical characters found in the Bible. Many of the same circumstances and facts of history are found in one book as in the other.

The claim of the book that Hebrew colonies came to America is in agreement with the word of God to Ezekiel, 34:6, where it reads as follows: "My flock was scattered upon all the face of the earth," and it agrees with the promise in Jacob's blessing to his son Joseph (Genesis 49:22-26) which reads that Joseph's "fruitful bough" should run over the wall (boundary) and have place even at the "utmost bounds of the everlasting hills."

Honorable Hubert H. Bancroft, author of five octavo volumes entitled *Native Races of the Pacific States*, gives many evidences for the Hebrew origin of these races. He also quotes Ezekiel 34:6 and speaks of the scattering of the Hebrews there predicted by the prophet, and then he exclaims, "Must not Mexico be included in the direct declaration of God that he would scatter the Jews over all the earth?"

The Book of Mormon is in agreement with the prophecy of Moses in Deuteronomy 33:13-16, wherein he declared that "Joseph's land" should be especially blessed of God and exalted as a notable and glorious country in the excellence and abundance of the great and "precious things" of the earth.

All the world acknowledges that the productiveness, the variety, and the superiority of the fruits, grains, minerals, and other natural wealth of North and South America, and the islands of the sea, exceed those of most other lands and dominions of the earth. In very recent time this has been proven by the opening up and development of the agricultural and mineral wealth of Canada, of Mexico, and of the South American and Central American republics.

To be thus singled out through the inspired leader and

prophet, Moses, shows the value of the prophecy, also the greatness of the possession to be given to Joseph the son of Jacob, no doubt as a compensation for the bad usage he received from his own brothers and as a reward for his humiliation and suffering.

Moses said, "Let the blessing come upon the head of Joseph, and upon the top of the head of him that was separated from his brethren." Although Ephraim and Manasseh had allotments in Canaan, yet when the time came for the captivity of the Jews, the Lord took away two colonies from Jerusalem and planted them in "Joseph's land," even in far America. Neither the Bible nor history makes mention of such honor or exaltation as Moses prophesied of, having ever been enjoyed by Joseph or by his posterity in any country belonging to them, either in Asia, Africa, or Europe. No land in any of them is named or referred to as "Joseph's land." So we must look elsewhere, we must indeed come "unto the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills" in order to look upon the country called in prophecy, "Joseph's land," as the Lord prepared it and foreordained it to be.

As such good proofs of ancient civilization in America have been discovered, and these discoveries were made in the very same years that the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh were brought to light, and in every instance bearing witness of the wonderful cities which were built and inhabited on both continents, therefore it seems as important that we should seek to learn about one as about the other. Discoveries on both lands have brought great proofs of God manifest in the history and destiny of nations, and all have sustained the Bible as being a divine book, and have tended to prove the truth of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

From 1840 up to the present time such eminent explorers as Layard, Botta, Rich, Hincks, and the two Rawlinsons, have dug and delved at both Nineveh and Babylon, and in Egypt

to discover all they could find about the history and the lives of the ancients in those lands, and also since 1840 up to now such learned students and historians as Prescott, Bancroft, Stephens, Baldwin, Charnay, Kingsborough, Foster, Le Plongeon, and others, have sought in Mexico, Central America, Peru, and Ecuador for the facts about the ancient cities of those lands, and to gain as complete a knowledge of their ancient inhabitants as can be obtained. This work is still going on. There has been a great desire to learn everything possible about the origin of all ancient nations, and of their various stages of civilization, as also about their intellectual attainments and their religious cults, creeds, and ceremonies.

Therefore leading scientists, men having great knowledge about the history of the ancient nations and their origin, have made extensive studies of the ruined cities of the Central American States, and of those in Yucatan and Chiapas in Mexico, and these men claim that there is conclusive proof that thousands of years ago there dwelt in those regions various cultured nations, even as far back as the time when Nineveh and Babylon began to flourish. But the most ancient ones were not Hebrews. The call to Abraham, the father of the Hebrew race, did not come until over three hundred years after the scattering from Babel.

In his valuable book called *Ancient America*, Professor J. D. Baldwin makes an important statement concerning the antiquity of the North American civilization in Central America, as evidenced by the character of the ruined cities. He says:

Some investigators, who have given much study to the antiquities, traditions, old books, and profitable geological history of Mexico and Central America, believe that the first civilization the world ever saw appeared on this part of ancient America, or was immediately connected with it. They hold that the human race first rose to civilized life in America, which is geologically the oldest of the continents.—*Ancient America*, pp. 159, 160.

The Honorable Hubert H. Bancroft, affirms that his-

torians have found among the native peoples of America such distinct flood myths, such striking agreement with bible history in their legends of the Noachan deluge, as well as their traditional history about their fathers having come to America from lands beyond the seas, that they believe that the first colony to this land came from the tower of Babel, and that here they established a civilization which equaled Babylon, Nineveh, and Egypt, both in age and in grandeur.

This idea agrees with the statement by the historian, Moses, concerning Babel and the world-wide scattering therefrom. He wrote as follows:

So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth.—Genesis 11: 8.

At Babel the centralization of rebellion and of strength against him displeased the Lord, because the plans and purposes of men were contrary to God's evident will and purpose, namely, that the whole earth was for man's habitation, not parts of it only. Therefore, without doubt, the work of dispersion included the going to *all* lands and continents in order to make complete what Moses said in the text quoted was God's will and purpose.

Paul, the apostle, makes a like claim in almost the identical language of Moses, where he says, in Acts 17: 26, that God created mankind "to dwell on *all* the face of the earth." It should, therefore, be no surprise to anyone that evidences have been found in Mexico and Central America which prove that a civilized nation was established there as early as the founding of Babylon, which according to Ussher's Chronology, was about 2245 B. C., and Nineveh was begun about 2218 B. C. The dispersion from Babel is said to have been 2247 B. C.

Josephus, the eminent Jewish historian, bears like witness in his statement in book I, chapter V, about the scattering from Babel. He wrote that the people were "dispersed abroad on account of their language," and that they "went out by

colonies *everywhere*," the colonies taking possession of the lands they lighted upon, "and unto which God led them." He further said, "Some also passed over the sea in ships."

The Book of Mormon declares that "God led them," that he instructed and guided a colony on the journey by land and sea from Babel to America. The book states that this was done "at the time the Lord confounded the language of the people." And that book contains an abridged history of their developing into a great nation in what we now call Mexico and Central America, and the nation continued about sixteen hundred years.

Now, from what has been written by wise men, it seems reasonable to believe that the wide and strong foundations, and at least some of the walls of the extensive cities, whose palaces and temples have been discovered since 1840, were laid and built by a very ancient people, those as far back as the time of Babel. I have already quoted Professor Baldwin's statement as to the views of some explorers about their great antiquity. Mr. John L. Stephens, of New York City, who began his researches in November, 1840, had the dense forests cut away by the Indians, and thus he uncovered the ruins of massive buildings in forty cities of great antiquity. Of Mr. Stephens' thorough work among these ancient cities the historian Bancroft states, "Their very existence had been previously unknown, even to the residents of the larger cities of the very state in whose territory they lie."

But now we have the descriptions and the illustrations in the volumes written by Mr. Stephens, Professor Baldwin, Honorable Hubert H. Bancroft, M. Charnay, and other scholars who have either visited the scenes in person or who have compiled the facts from the records of the actual explorers.

One important item observed by these men is that two distinct times of occupancy are plainly apparent, the later people having rebuilt in quite a different style of architecture and

not in such an excellent manner. Of these facts Professor Baldwin attests more than once. On page 76 of *Ancient America* he states that some of the oldest ruins "seem to indicate the highest development," and on page 156 he writes about the ruined cities in Yucatan that "At Palenque as at Mitla the oldest work is the most artistic and admirable."

This idea is in harmony with the Book of Mormon in its history of the ancient peoples. For the great and wealthy nation, the Jaredites, inhabited Central America and Mexico about sixteen hundred years, and evidently they built and occupied magnificently. But after they perished there came up from South America a more migratory people, those having less constructive skill, who were still retrograding in wisdom and ability. Though they dwelt there a long time, yet they were not like the others, and they finally declined into barbarism.

These second inhabitants of Central America were the posterity of the united two colonies which came from Jerusalem, as stated at the beginning of the article. A part, and perhaps all of one colony, were the descendants of Manasseh, the son of Joseph, who died in Egypt in 1630 B. C. Both the Hebrew colonies left Jerusalem at the time of the Babylonish captivity, the Manassehites in the year 600 B. C., just before the second siege by Nebuchadnezzar, and the other left in 588 B. C., just prior to the third and final siege which completed the capture of Jerusalem. The Lord led these emigrating colonies and took them away from the disobedient and rebellious Jewish nation, planting them in America.

The first colony landed on the coast of what is now called Peru, and the second landed in Central America, but later went into South America. The Nephite portion of the first colony originated the civilization the remains of which, in the form of aqueducts, paved roads, stone bridges, and great

buildings, have been an astonishment to all beholders from the Spanish conquest down to our times.

Indeed, all travelers and explorers have marveled at the extent and greatness of the ancient ruins so attested. They were seen by Pizarro and others from 1531 A. D., and onward, and in 1620 the king of Spain sent the scholar, Ferdinand Montesinos, to make a complete record of them. He did so in an able manner. His Spanish manuscripts were taken to Madrid and put in the royal archives, and there they remained. But a French scholar, M. Teruaux Compans, obtained the privilege and published a part of them in the French language in 1836-1840.

The first effort for publication in the English language was made by Honorable H. H. Prescott, who, by permission of the king of Spain, had access to all the historical manuscripts at Madrid. The labor of translating and preparing copy was begun in 1838, and the volumes called *The Conquest of Mexico* were prepared first and published in 1843. Then, from 1843 to 1847, came four years of labor on *The Conquest of Peru*, and that was issued in 1847. Upon these books the English reading world chiefly relies for its information about those two great epochs of history, and about the antiquities that were discovered in 1531-32 and later.

Mr. Prescott says that "the richest portion" of the manuscripts was the compilation of Juan Munoz, who in 1780 to 1800, by direction of King Charles, prepared a work for publication in Spanish. But he died before it was finished, and to Prescott was given the great privilege of using that valuable compilation.

But to return to the *Book of Mormon* in particular. It claims that this original people in South America, and their posterity, dwelt in Peru, Ecuador, and Colombia, for five hundred years, and that during the century preceding Christ's birth many of them went up through the isthmus called by

them "the narrow neck of land," and thus they occupied from Panama to Yucatan, and northward, as already stated in this article.

The most of their descendants in Mexico, under the government of the Emperor Montezuma, were discovered and conquered by the Spanish adventurer, Hernando Cortes, in 1519-20. That defense was the last display of power, the last remnant of the former glory of their ancestors in "the land northward," even as a few years later Pizarro overthrew their remaining glory and remnant of power in South America under the Incas.

The readers of this article may ask, "What does the book teach? To the believers in it does it take the place of the Bible? Does it advocate polygamy and other evil things? Are there any moral teachings in it, or any good doctrine for Christian people?"

I answer by saying, No; it does not in any sense stand in the place of the Bible; but, instead, it is the second written witness as to the existence of God the Father, and that he who is called Jesus Christ is the Son of God, the Redeemer of the world, the one who brought "life and immortality to light through the gospel."

It teaches an entire condemnation of every sort of sin, and to abstain from worldly ambitions, from every fleshly lust, and from every covetous purpose, and to do no wrong to others. Therefore it can not advocate nor uphold either adultery or polygamy as being possible for anyone to indulge in who seeks eternal life. Instead, it reads as follows:

For there shall not any man among you have save it be one wife; and concubines he shall have none.—Book of Jacob, chapter two.

Just before this commandment the following statement is made as being from the Lord:

Behold, David and Solomon truly had many wives and concubines, which thing was abominable before me, saith the Lord, wherefore, thus saith the Lord, I have led this people forth out of the land of

Jerusalem by the power of mine arm, that I might raise up unto me a righteous branch from the fruit of the loins of Joseph.—Book of Jacob, chapter two.

All the teachings in this book are not only for purity of speech and action, and for honesty in dealing, but they inculcate that every purpose of the heart and every aspiration of the soul should be just and righteous day by day. The plain commandments are that all men and women who seek the kingdom of God must be clean and worthy or they can not enter therein, and that life in Christ is not in profession only but much more in the daily life and conduct.

The teachings in the book were from the Lord to the people whom he brought from Jerusalem to America. They were Hebrews to whom he revealed his purpose in thus taking them to “Joseph’s land” as a “branch broken off,” or separated for their good, and also to repeople the land we now call America. The book teaches the same God, the same Savior and Redeemer, and the same means of gaining salvation and eternal life that the Bible teaches, guided by the same inspiring Holy Spirit.

We find in the book certain prophecies spoken concerning Christ before his birth, and what the Jews would do to him. The Prophet Nephi declared of Christ and the people at Jerusalem as follows:

Behold they will crucify him; and after he has laid in the sepulcher three days he shall rise from the dead.

Again we read in a prophecy by Mosiah as follows:

And shall scourge him and shall crucify him. And he shall rise the third day from the dead, and behold he standeth to judge the world. . . . And also his blood atoneth for the sins of those who have fallen by the transgression of Adam.—Mosiah 1: 13.

Since the book was translated it has come to the knowledge of mankind by the discoveries of explorers and by the translation of the old Spanish manuscripts, that the ancient people of Mexico and Central America knew of the crucified Savior,

and that they worshiped the insignia of the cross. Honorable Ignatius Donnelly says:

When the Spanish missionaries first set foot upon the soil of America in the fifteenth century they were amazed to find the cross was as devoutly worshiped by the red Indians as by themselves. . . . The hallowed symbol challenged their admiration on every hand.—*Atlantis*, p. 320, published about 1882.

Professor J. D. Baldwin writes:

The cross is one of the most common emblems in all the ruins. This led the Catholic missionaries to assume that knowledge of Christianity had been brought to that part of America long before their arrival.—*Ancient America*, p. 109, published in 1872.

Lord Kingsborough, in his *Mexican Antiquities*; Historian Bancroft, in his *Native Races*; and Désiré Charnay, in his *Ancient Cities of the New World*, all wrote to the same effect, and Kingsborough is far more explicit in giving definite instances where stone crosses were discovered or crosses were found sculptured or painted on the walls. And he gives more fully the native traditions found in Yucatan, which made clear that their ancestors worshiped Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the Son having suffered death, "stretched upon a beam of wood," but on "the third day he came to life and ascended to heaven." They called his name Bacab, and the Holy Ghost was Echuah.

It may to some appear strange that before Christ was born in Palestine the Hebrews in America had a clear knowledge of his coming, crucifixion, and of his resurrection after three days in the tomb. These facts are not mentioned in the book called the Old Testament; yet Christ said to his disciples as follows:

Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer and to rise from the dead the third day.—*Luke 24: 46*.

It is recorded in *Acts 26: 22, 23* that Paul had taught "none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come, that Christ should suffer and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead."

As neither of the foregoing items are to be found in prophecy, in the old scriptures that are had by the Gentile world, therefore the ancient Hebrews *must* have had prophetic writings that were lost either before or after Christ's day. And if they at Jerusalem had those events in prophecy there could be no objection to the Israelites in other parts of the world having knowledge of the same facts, and very likely they had them in books which they brought with them from Jerusalem to this land.

Not only does the book continually teach that all mankind should have faith in God and in the Lord Jesus Christ, but also it repeatedly declares that all must repent; that is, they must break off from all their sins; that, in order to have favor with God, they must "cease to do evil and learn to do well," as the beginning of a new and a righteous life. Then, according to the book, follows baptism for the remission of sins as taught by Peter (Acts 2:38); also that the baptism of the Holy Spirit is supremely essential in order to be actually born into the kingdom of God.

Quotations from Book of Mormon read:

And now if the Lamb of God, he being holy, should have need to be baptized by water to fulfill all righteousness, O then how much more need have we, being unholy, to be baptized, yea even by water. . . . Notwithstanding he being holy, he showeth unto the children of men that, according to the flesh, he humbleth himself before the Father, and witnesseth unto the Father that he would be obedient unto him.—2 Nephi 13:2.

And now by beloved brethren, after ye have gotten into this straight and narrow path, I would ask if all is done? Behold, I say unto you, Nay; for ye have come thus far save it were by the word of Christ, with unshaken faith in him, relying wholly upon the merits of him who is mighty to save; wherefore ye must pass forward with a steadfastness in Christ, having a perfect brightness of hope, and a love of God and of all men.—2 Nephi 13:5.

These extracts are samples of the general tenor of the whole volume. A large share of the book is historical, as is the case with the Bible, but also Christ's doctrine is made plain, and great moral truths are continually taught throughout the book.

Men who are eminent in learning and in wisdom have made a thorough study of the manners and customs of many tribes, and of their religious rites and ceremonies, and of relics found, until they have fully satisfied themselves as to the Hebrew origin of the native races of America. I have already shown the belief in this idea by Honorable Hubert H. Bancroft, and now will refer the reader to the following well-known students of Indian lore and traditional history:

Honorable E. M. Haines, a congressman from Illinois for many years, states that "many writers" have studied the subject of the origin of the Indians, particularly the evidences of Hebrew origin, and adds:

Among the class of writers aforesaid is Mr. James Adair, who resided forty years among the American tribes, and who wrote a book on this subject about the year 1775, in which he, without hesitation, declares that the American aborigines are descendants of the Israelites. . . . He says, "From the most accurate observations I could make in the long time I traded among the Indians of America, I was forced to believe them lineally descended from the tribes of Israel."—*The American Indian*, p. 98.

The celebrated George Catlin, who spent eight years (1832-1840) among the forty-eight tribes of the western Indians, stated on page 232 of volume 2 of his *North American Indians*, that many of the customs and ceremonies that he found among them compelled him to believe that some part of those ancient tribes (of Israel), who have been dispersed in so many ways and eras "have found their way to this country where they entered among the native stock."

Also on page 99 of *The American Indian* the Honorable E. M. Haines speaks of a book by Reverend Ethan Smith, called *The Tribes of Israel in America*, published in 1825. In that book Mr. Smith summed up the statements and arguments of James Adair and other writers as to the similarity between the Hebrew and the Indian religious rites and ceremonies, their manner of worship, their fasts and festivals, and their habits and customs in many ways.

And Mr. Haines presents the proofs and evidences brought by Doctor Boudinot, James Adair, Doctor Edwards, Reverend Ethan Smith, and others, showing the remarkable similarity between the Hebrew language and various Indian tongues. I will not take space for many instances, but mention a few. The name God in Hebrew is Jehovah, in the Indian it is Yohewah. In Hebrew the First Great Cause is Jah, while in the Indian it is Yah. Father is Abba both in the Hebrew and the Indian languages.

Scores of other similarities could be given here, such striking ones as to demonstrate that they had the same origin as the Jews. Indeed Doctor Boudinot said that "the roots, idioms, and particular constructions of the Indian languages appear to have the whole genius of the Hebrew, and what is very remarkable, they have the most of the peculiarities of that language."

Reverend Ethan Smith states that James Adair and other explorers among the Indians found that some of the New England tribes had a sacred box in "imitation of the ark of the covenant," and they had "as strong a faith in the power and holiness of their ark as ever the Israelites had in theirs." It was "deemed so sacred and dangerous to touch" that neither their own warriors nor their enemies dared meddle with it.

Some tribes had traditions that their ancestors at one time were in bondage, but one man who became a chief prevailed upon them to flee. They came to a seashore, and "the chief struck the waters with a rod" and the sea opened and "they crossed in safety" but "their enemies were swallowed up by the sea."

Lord Kingborough wrote as follows:

It is certainly surprising to see how nearly the Jewish costume is imitated in some of the Mexican paintings. . . . The figure occurs of a Mexican priest in a dress very like that of the high priest of the Jews, the linen ephod, the breastplate, and the border of pomegranates, as described in Exodus, are there in a manner represented.—*Mexican Antiquities*, vol. 6, p. 296.

It deserves to be remarked that, as amongst the Jews, certain cities were appointed as cities of refuge, to which criminals might flee and escape the punishment of the law, so amongst the ancient Mexicans and amongst most of the Indian states, there were appointed places of refuge to which culprits might fly and escape punishment.—Mexican Antiquities, vol. 6, p. 320.

From all these considerations we are induced to believe that the Peruvian sacrifices of atonement and burnt offerings were originally instituted amongst the Indians by the Jews.—Mexican Antiquities, vol. 6, p. 302.

Many more quotations might be made from Bancroft, Kingsborough, Adair, Haines, Josiah Priest, and other historians, who have written about remarkable similarities between the rites, ceremonies, customs, implements, traditions, etc., as had by the Hebrews, and similarly by tribes of Indians throughout all parts of America.

I add, as the closing testimony of this article, that there also exists good evidence that the ancient Americans had a sacred book. The Book of Mormon claims to be a record that was hidden in the ground by a righteous man about 420 A. D., and the book also declares that other sacred records were hidden somewhere in Mexico or Central America, not far north of the "narrow neck of land," that portion now known as the Isthmus of Panama. In modern times proofs have come to the world that such sacred book or books were had in ancient days by the ancestors of the Indians, and that they became lost or were hidden. For instance, Lord Kingsborough in his Mexican Antiquities states as follows:

The Indian told him (the Catholic priest) that they in ancient times had been in possession of a book which was handed down successively from father to son in the person of the oldest, who was dedicated to the custody of it and to instruct others in its doctrines. . . . On the ecclesiastics questioning him as to the contents of the book and its doctrines he was unable to give further information, but simply replied that if the book had not been lost, he would have seen that the doctrine which he (the priest) taught and preached to them and those which the book contained were the same.—vol. 6, p. 409.

Of course the priest taught the Indians about God the

Father, and Christ the Son, and about the atonement, and other divine truth.

In Josiah Priest's *American Antiquities* he quotes from Doctor West's *Views of the Hebrews*, page 233, wherein he says:

Doctor West, of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, relates that an old Indian informed him that his fathers in this country had, not long since, been in possession of a book, which they had for a long time carried with them, but having lost the knowledge of reading it, they buried it with an Indian chief.—*American Antiquities*, p. 69.

Thus both from Mexico and New England comes the same tradition, namely that their fathers had a precious book, one cherished by them. And the Book of Mormon shows, both for itself and the previous books from which it is abridged, that the originals were passed from father to the eldest son. We read the following instances in that book:

Jarom wrote, "And I delivered these plates into the hands of my Son Omni, that they may be kept, according to the commandments of my father." Next we read, "I, Omni, being commanded by my father Jarom that I should write," etc. Again, "Giving charge to his son Nephi, who was his eldest son, concerning all those things which had been kept sacred." Then Mormon states that he hid up in the Hill Cumorah all the records which had been intrusted to him, excepting the abridged history, and this he says, "I gave unto my son, Moroni."

The young man who translated the original writings by the gift of God was an unlearned and uneducated boy, in every scholastic sense, and there is no reason to suppose that this striking coincidence was known to him any more than the number of other similarities and agreements which not anyone in the world, not even the most educated and learned, knew about in 1827-1830.

BIOGRAPHY OF ALEXANDER H. SMITH.

BY VIDA E. SMITH.

(Continued from volume 5, page 495.)

In November, father and mother went to Plano on a visit. It was one of the rare things in mother's life, this thing called a pleasure trip. Few indeed her pleasures outside her humble hearthstone pleasures. Such things as lectures, concerts, picnics, in fact any of the recreations so common to most women of her social, life-loving nature, were almost unknown to her.

So this little journey to Plano was an event always held in pleasant remembrance. She even remembers the delightful flurry consequent upon making the little new merino dresses for baby Eva Grace, born March 1, 1874, while her father was making his way north from San Bernardino over the poppy-crowned hills of California, and while the storm king of winter spent his last days in enraged bluster over the prairies and across the Mississippi. A bright, dark-eyed little girl, with winsome, happy ways and excellent health was she.

At last the last bit of braid was set and the buttonholes worked carefully with the help of Grandma Revell's flying needle, and mother, father, and the baby were off for a holiday. It was a great event in the family and among the quiet, good-hearted neighbors who were interested in anything that made a ripple on the still waters of their life.

They were royally received by the dear friends in Plano, and chief among their pleasures was the visit with Uncle Joseph's family, whose three eldest daughters were like younger sisters to mother. She had helped to care for them in their infancy, and loved them and mothered them through their own mother's long illness and after her death, and they are very dear to her yet by reason of those years and later associations.

Indeed, that holiday was far more important in mother's life than it was in father's, although the world reading of it now in the old *Heralds* finds note of his growth and attainments made possible in some ways by her sacrifice and humility of soul.

Brother Alexander H. Smith arrived in Plano on the 21st ult., from Nauvoo, where he has, since his return from California and the Semi-annual Conference, been enjoying the benefits of a "furlough" (?) amid the pleasures and quiet of home, away from the field of active service and conflict against sin and error. Brother Alexander preached for us twice on Sunday, the day after his arrival. As a workman of the Lord, he showed an acquaintance with the tools he uses, and his ready use of the sword of the Spirit showed him to be a practiced soldier of Christ. He is now (Thanksgiving Day) in town with his wife, enjoying the friendly greetings and kind hospitalities of his many friends. He will remain but a few days, when his course will be westward. May his usefulness never grow less.

Sometimes, when a deep mist or a law-draped fog clings to the hills and hides the chilly scenes of Iowa's winter, there comes to me a half-forgotten sound—a voice out of childish memories calling in questioning halloos from beyond the wall of fog, and in fancy I can see my father, as often happened in those river days, lift his hand for silence and drop his head a little to catch the suspected sound. Then rising say directly to mother, "I think some one is lost on the river," and gathering cap and coat he leaves the merry circle of children about the fire, with whom he has been the leading spirit in some laughing frolic or some more quiet game, and goes out into the chilly night—as he closes the door he pauses and listens again, and faint and far, and dangerously to the left comes a halloo from the river. Then he is all action and runs down Main Street, the one intervening block to the river bank, almost indistinguishable in the darkness of a fog-hung night. Then he puts his hands for a trumpet to his lips and a clear, strong call goes out in the fog. It is answered, and quickly another call, "To the right—look out for the channel." So back and forth the calls go, and the voice out on the icy river

moves slowly up stream, for the voice calling from the shore is certain; back of it lies a knowledge of the old Mississippi. If Mark Twain knew the snags and rocks from the Upper Mississippi to the Lower, so father knew them in all the waters around Nauvoo, and knew, too, her dangers and joys, during a season when steamboat men would have been as if on untried seas on her frozen waters. He knew the almost certain death if the man lost in fog drew near the dreaded old French Channel, and he knew the bewilderments of a fog-lost soul. So he stood and guided the unseen as he himself was unseen back to the safe crossing and never left his post for a moment until the voice sounded, "All right!" from a safe quarter. Sometimes there were others with him, sometimes others sounded the call, but if one voice only guided it was less bewildering, and it was part of river courtesy to keep hushed attention to the voice of the lost and the guide. All these things were pleasantly exciting to us children, and every boy and girl delighted in the prowess of father in meeting such demands.

To us he was a hero, whom we enjoyed defeating in games of jackstraws, or dominoes, or checkers.

One winter night he guided thus from almost certain death down the swift channel and over the rapids an old man who had lived and worked on the river for many, many years, and grateful was the man, too.

So out of the great deeps of eternity a call came to my father from the sons of men lost in the fog of earth and near to the pitfall, and he went forth from his own fireside, calling up and down the walks of life a strong, unfaltering call to the lost, and thus until the last his voice rang true and unbroken. "To the right, to the right; you are near the channel."

So again he left his family and went back to the mission in California. From there he wrote to his wife that there was not yet enough means collected to build the missionary home

and she wrote to him: "Then, I will not come; if any are eager to dedicate their money to a better cause, let them send it to Brother Wandell, who is sick and lonely in a foreign land. That is the only suggestion I have to make."

And right here let me say that yesterday with tear-dim eyes my mother spoke of this and said: "It was too late, poor Brother Wandell was dead before they got my letter." After all these years she still recalls her disappointment that Brother Wandell did not get to come home. It was a disappointment to father, too, as was also the failure to see his wife and family in sunny California, for it again opened up the vexatious question, "What shall be done with them?" The mother was never easy with the son away from her, for he had avowed intentions of becoming a river man, with all the fascinating stories of Neighbor Nimerick, a steamboat captain, to lend allurements to her own natural calls, the river was fast becoming his one dream, to run a boat, to hear the chug, chug of her engine was his one wild wish. The successive failure of crops on the bit of farmland had made it a source of more annoyance than revenue, and everything demanded a change.

With these things crying out to his conscience, father pursued his missionary work in the West, which he found as dear and interesting as ever. Moving to and fro through the State he came again to San Bernardino, the beautiful valley of rest in the arm of the everlasting hills, and from there to Gospel Swamp where he met Elder John Garner and wife, with whom he made a trip to Nevada in 1873. These good people had been almost like his own to him, and were among the Saints of the Pacific Slope, who were ever kind and hospitable to him. Sure of welcome, he traveled from city to city, from ranch to village home, and everywhere was the door thrown open and a welcome given "Brother Alexander," and now he felt that soon there must be a change from this field of activity to some

other; and it touched him with a little feeling of sadness that he might never meet them again.

At the conference the matter of the office for the president of the Pacific Slope was further agitated, and the purchase of a tent for conference use was decided upon. Letters from the children were coming now, and there was a coloring to them that set him planning a different future than they had appeared to be choosing.

He had loved to tell them experiences in his busy life. One among the many thrilling experiences in his river life happened one winter day, when crossing the frozen Mississippi on his skates. The fog lay in a deep, icy wall over the whole wide stream. Swinging along with his usual surety, he suddenly felt one foot plunge into the icy water and realized that he was out of the safe course and had struck one of the much-dreaded air holes. Keeping strong hold on the slender pole, carried by all river men on the ice, he managed to get back onto solid ice and finally struck the home trail.

These exploits only acted as fuel to flames in the aspirations of the boy in the home, just in his teens, and that in turn kept the mother uneasy.

The old house was a lonely place, too, for the family of David had moved to Sandwich. Sometimes his rooms were rented to quiet, pleasant people, but one spring evening my mother opened the door to answer a knock and met an officer of the law, who asked to search the house. She indignantly asked the meaning of such a request. Then a young deputy, a family friend, stepped up and explained to her that the reckless bandit son-in-law of the quiet people occupying the uncle's rooms for some months now, had escaped the law and was hidden in the house somewhere. She insisted that he could not possibly have gotten into her apartments, but old tales of secret passages and secret closets in this old house had created suspicion, and the officer followed the thoroughly

angered little woman as she led the way through her rooms into every hall, and room and closet. Then with a sarcastic curl to her lips she answered his questions about the other part of the house with her small head held very high and her dark eyes flashing scornfully. "Now," said he, "you will pardon me, Mrs. Smith, but I had to do this, and just keep quiet for the house is surrounded with men and they are armed." The door closed, and with her children close about her, mother sat and rocked the baby. When day dawned and she knew for a truth what manner of people had been living there in the other rooms of the old house, she felt frightened indeed. Her legal protector could but grieve over such a scene when it came to his ears.

After that she felt safer far when she had reason to believe the old rooms were tenanted only with old memories, or black bats and stray kittens. Indeed she found sometimes a real outlet to her nervousness when, leaving the small children sleeping, she took her lighted lamp and in company with Fred or myself she went through the old, deserted, shadowy rooms to the well-room at the extreme end of the house. I can see yet the small circle of light in which we moved, the shadows falling behind as out, clear out to the old well-room we went. Then back we came, the long, deep rooms echoing to our footsteps, as we carried our bucket of cool, fresh water into the pleasantly lighted rooms, where even the soft breathing of the baby sleeping in her crib sounded doubly sweet by comparison.

Many were the long, dreary nights that the little mother spent alone in the old mansion, with no company but her children. Sometimes the storms howled and beat furiously, and shutters and doors rattled, and the wind shrieked through the many openings in the windows and seemed to howl down the long hall like things of life, and moan in the old fireplaces.

Sometimes friends spent the nights with her, but it was not now as it had been, when the good mother had presided over

these rooms and made welcome sound with her clear, low voice, and soft footfall. The little mother had met with a sad loss herself in the years, and half frightened with the terror of it, she became shy and reticent, for faster and faster the terror pursued until she was driven from many pleasures into the still places that wait for those that are deaf. You who have stood on the losing side and watched some life-dear faculty go down, slowly, but surely *down*, can probably get some idea of what this meant to this wife of a missionary with a growing family about her.

Young, keenly alive, and socially inclined, she met the loss as bravely as anyone could, I am sure, as bravely and as cheerfully, but oh, she needed to hear now more than ever; she needed the blessed, blessed gift, and she grew always to feel the silence that stood like a wall 'twixt herself and loved sound. This affliction was due, in part, to exposure in an open boat on the river. Crossing from Montrose to Nauvoo, a pending storm broke suddenly upon them and for hours the little boat tossed among the whitecaps before it finally made shore, and then for months the shrieking wind and angry churn of waters seemed to keep up continuous revel on the sensitive nerves, already weakened, and the effect was an irremediable loss in the sense of sound.

There came into her heart a deep desire to escape also the constant irritation caused by curious travelers. Nauvoo was a place of pilgrimage for thousands, and the old home houses were becoming ancient marks of history. Her sensitive spirit recoiled from the searching stranger eyes and sometimes rudely curious questions put to her. She longed for seclusion and always kept one of her older children by her side in her conversations with them, relying on the quick young ears for the sounds that failed her. In after years, when removed to a home of different environment, the deafness was greatly modified. Probably the lifting of nerve tension and relief from

nights of listening gave back some suppleness to hindered muscles, but never a full return of hearing.

The depressions caused by these many anxieties was apparent in my father, as he labored in California on his fourth mission to that State. He felt a lagging spirit sometimes that had never before tormented him. Through the year of 1875 he kept busily engaged but was continually perplexed over the situation at home, and burdened with the desire to continue in his field.

Finally, in the beautiful winter season of California, he suddenly made one of his characteristic resolves and started home with a fixed purpose. The decision was made, and December 19 found him back amid the home scenes of fog and ice and snow. Negotiations had been pending for the sale of his little farm, but with his warm affection for anything associated with tender memories, he had clung to that bit of land. Now that was past, and his heart turned to the new phase of associations awaiting him.

He had left his mission in the hands of Elder Daniel S. Mills, "a good and efficient laborer," and in January, 1876, wrote a long farewell to the Saints of the Pacific Slope:

To the Saints of the Pacific Slope Mission; Greeting: It is with feelings of sadness I attempt to commune with you through our much loved *Herald*; but my being absent from you does not remove the responsibility resting upon me, as your presiding officer, entirely from my shoulders.

I find myself still planning and thinking of and for you, and your welfare. My sudden return home, or what may have seemed a "sudden" resolve and action, was caused by circumstances, which I thought justified me in my quick movement. I have, since my arrival at home, been perfectly satisfied that I acted wisely. But in my seeming hurry to get home, I did not forget your interests, and appointed our worthy and highly esteemed brother and colaborer, Daniel S. Mills, to act in my absence as your spiritual advisor and presiding officer.

There is little need for me to ask you to uphold him with your love, faith, and prayers; for this I well know you already do. Still, knowing the responsibility of the position, I ask you to sustain him, and hold up his hands, as did the children of Israel hold up the hands of the prophet of God, as they contended against their enemies, 'tis weary work sometimes.

Should I ever be called into the western field again, I hope I may find the same loving hearts, the same willing hands I left on my leave-taking of the Saints of the Pacific Slope Mission, I am grateful and ever shall remember the kindness shown me. I could not wish a better future, in this life, than to live with a people so universally kind; who are striving to serve God and keep his commandments; and I look forward with pleasure to the day when Zion will be redeemed and the Saints gathered; when there will be a continual communion with holy ones, and our Lord and Savior reign in person.

Receive Brother D. S. Mills in my stead; bless him as you have me; in blessing him, you will call down heaven's blessings on your own heads.

And now, beloved Saints, although I am far distant from you, I always bear you in mind, and pray that God's grace be given you. I shall still try to watch over you and your interests, as far as in me lies. May the inspiration of God's Holy Spirit, and his peace abide for ever with you. Amen.

ALEXANDER H. SMITH,
President Pacific Slope Mission.

NAUVOO, ILLINOIS, January 2, 1876.

From the shelter of his boyhood home, amid the snowy scenes of Nauvoo, he wrote this.

Preparations went speedily on for the change of location. Father's heart had always had a queer little soft spot for Missouri. It seemed almost part of his elemental nature to look forward to Missouri for a home at last. In spite of this he was led to the settlement in Decatur County, Iowa, and reviewed again its advantages. Then crossing the state line to the south he found near to this pleasant settlement a place that appealed to his heart-call, in Missouri. Here taxes were lower and the land as good as Iowa's, and some other inducements drew him at last into the purchase of a farm, just over the line about a mile in Harrison County, Missouri. "Here," he said, "I pitch my tent." The farm was picturesquely and beautifully located. The owner a gentle-mannered Kentuckian, with more confidence in the possibilities of the land than many of the old settlers, had planted a young orchard, and planned for other advance movements.

During the time of preparation for this move, father found time to lift a voice in defense of the Master in old Hancock County. In April he met with his quorum in session at the

semiannual conference at Plano, Illinois, and soon after returning to Nauvoo from the conference his goods were ferried over the Mississippi and loaded into a waiting car, among them being some stock and articles that were long delayed payment for rent of the little farm. Among these one fine, high-spirited gray colt called "Topsy," a pet with all.

The bright, sunny, April day was closing down. The children were trooping through the hall of the Nauvoo House to where grandma stood spreading "pieces" for the hungry little band. The little mother sat wearily in the big rocker, tears of parting already shining in her eyes, although she thought the night lay between her and the last good-bye. The rooms at the Mansion looked sadly lonely, and as grandmother stooped to tie a stray bonnet string or press into tiny hands a well-sugared biscuit, there was the tremor of sadness in the dear old hands, and the brown eyes overflowed. Soon they would all be gone, and how they would be missed.

Suddenly there came a shout from the front door, and some way in the hurry and bustle of the hour we were swept out of the loving arms of our grandmother, and from the brow of the hill I recall looking back to grandmother standing with her hands shading her eyes from the western sunlight, a pathetic droop to the whole beloved figure. Father had discovered the car was going that night and mother had refused to go alone, so we were thus suddenly whisked away from the old home and grandmother.

The setting sun gleamed in a thousand gay lights on the windows of the old homes, and touched the waters to a molten sea as we passed beyond the island, freshly green with spring-time budding, and left the childhood home for ever, and never again did my mother look upon the cherished friend of her life, her foster mother, and ideal mother-in-law. All that she had been to my mother no pen can ever tell. That was the greatest sorrow of this change to a new home. It left the grand-

mother so lonely. For father and mother there were new scenes and unique experiences and making of new friends; for grandmother the lonely days and sad memories in the old town.

That was Centennial Year, and everything took on charm by reason of the "spirit of '76" that extended even to the children, all unused to this new rolling country and log houses. Once or twice during the year an ox team was seen; all this excited comment and wonder. The long ride in the wagon from Leon to Davis City, thence over hills and hollows to our new home, where many new wonders awaited us. Never before had we seen such a lamp as our host lighted for our use, just a bit of cloth laid in an open dish with common grease of any kind poured over one end and the light on the ragged edge against the side of the dish.

The man was hospitality embodied; we camped for a time in the room vacated by him for father's use. He had sickness in his low-voiced, quiet-mannered family, and could not go for a short time to a southern home. Their slow, pleasant drawl was delightful to ears used from babyhood to the guttural German, and high-pitched French voices of our old townspeople, although these same voices might be kind and dear in memory.

I recall the sadness that fell upon my father and mother when the old man was almost ready to leave, and they found him standing east of the house, his arms folded, his shoulders drooping, his face turned toward a little spot of green on a near-by hill, where a few marble slabs gleamed in the spring sunshine. He had brought to this little woodland home his bride from the green hills of Kentucky. In that little old log house, now used for a barn, down in the woodland's edge they had lived for many years. Then they had planned this new house on this pretty rise of ground, but he was going away now for ever and she would not go with him, only the two

girls and the boy, with the hard cough and weary, sorry smile, would ride away from the home and her grave. Kind to everybody and everything, he made no complaint. Commending the household care, the great old family cat, Sharp, and the wild birds who came every summer to build near by, he said good-bye to each one, holding baby Grace very close for a moment; then they were gone, and father and mother stood together and cried in very sympathy for the gentle old Kentuckian, whose home was now their own.

The heart of each was sore too with thoughts of the brave old heart they had left in the great unfinished Nauvoo House. Of that first year on the farm I can hardly choose what to tell. First of all the happiness of my mother. She was like a child in her delight over the beauties of this new experience, and a hero in meeting its trials and difficulties. For it took fortitude to stand the hardships of the new life, a life not in the least like the one father had anticipated removing her to; but we worked together with all the merriment of girls in our household duties, and outside the oldest son and father were being initiated in the caprice and comradeship of Mother Nature. It was a wonderful time of growth for all. Each one learned to handle horses and plant and cultivate, and the grubbing hoe became a thing abhorred to the ones who learned its use by actual practice, for some of this new farm was still in brush land, but fortunately, not much. The grubbed out roots were often used for winter fuel, the brush and smaller sticks for kindling "crow's nests" father called them, and the intermediate growth was used for the kitchen use, or for fencing. Indeed, it took quantities for this purpose, for rail fences were pioneer defenses. Picturesque they were, too, and we learned in the household's time of stress for dry wood, to follow the old rail fences and gather dried bark and splinters; in fact, we became adepts at peeling the old dried posts and stumps during the times of much work for the man and boy.

The rail fence thus proved to possess some advantages over its successor, the line of wire. We found father's ingenuity, coupled with his splendid power of practical execution, wonderful help in many times of need. By his use of those faculties we enjoyed comforts that added much to every day's pleasure, and when at work in field or timber land his gun was with him, and the variety of meats brought, ready dressed to the cook, made our simple fare seem almost sumptuous at times.

Rainy days were the best ones to the children of the home. It was such fun to help father mold bullets and cut gun wads and fill the shot pouch and the old powder horn. The dipping of the hot, lead-laden bullet-mold into the cold water made such sputtering and steaming, and the bits of overflowed lead on the mold cooling in the water made such queer, fantastic shapes. Sometimes he brought a part of the harness into the kitchen to mend and there was a volley of questions, "What's this for?" "Where does that go?" "Why?"

The missionary was getting intimately acquainted with his family of growing children, and they with him.

In my mind's eye there is a picture of this country home, whose comfortable shelter we found a quarter of a mile back from the main road which runs east and west. A tangled bit of woodland lay between this road and the house, and a picturesque road wound down hill through it and up and down and up again, to the barnyard gate. There in the open glade facing the west stood the farmhouse, built of native timber, and strongly built and sure. A drive through the barnyard and we entered the dooryard from the north, through a native grove of straight, smooth-barked bitternut trees, that grew almost to the kitchen door. The view to the south and west was one of wooded hills, with low, green, bottom lands along the creek bed. Here and there magnificent oaks and elms

stretched wide, low-bending arms. In a natural grassy amphitheater in the south woods lay a small body of water.

Looking from the house to the east, across the stretch of meadow, the eye rested upon a wide stretch of prairie, with the little hamlet of Andover near to the northeast, and still nearer the schoolhouse and little graveyard.

It would be hard to find a spot differing as widely from the Nauvoo home, and yet it was beautiful, and certainly secluded and still. The little mother laid a calculating eye on the flowerless dooryard and garden, and after the rush of other things possibly more essential, she led forth my father to execute her plans. Here a pink rose and there a white one, and over there the "thousand leaf," known in family parlance as "grandma's favorite," honeysuckle, syringa, snowball, and peonies, all came from the bundle of green things stored in the car at Montrose. Grapevines and currant bushes, fleur-de-lis and trumpet vine, all set deep in Missouri homes, and such chattering and planning, and what buckets of water must be carried by the "children" and sometimes such jokes happened that the wildwood echoed the laughter back through the springtime air.

The changes that must be made in dooryard, garden, and house were accomplished slowly, however, and with much waiting, for the farm work must be done first. And another thing then learned was the need of many implements for the farm. It seemed the list of necessities for the farm work was endless, and until these necessities were supplied the household must sacrifice every possible desire. The house was finished with soft, light-wood floors, everyone unpainted.

Their beauty when freshly scoured with hot suds and brush was almost sufficient recompense for the toil expended, and their need of suds strong and copious, developed another need, and so father built a leach and into it went the fine wood ashes, and then what quantities of water must be poured into

the leach and some one must keep in mind the receptacle that caught the lye. How many things that lye kept purified, besides filling its appointed place in the making of soap, I can not now recall.

I recall one little instance of those years of waiting with mingled feelings. We were in need of an extra stand for one of the bedchambers, and we all knew that it was impossible to buy one. Among the boxes in which the goods had been packed, was one which held the books. A strong, square, smooth box, of favorable dimensions, that we improvised for a stand while waiting the time when father could make a stand, we girls conceived of the plan of nailing legs to this box, draping it becomingly, and having a dressing table. Father said it could easily be accomplished, and suggested just how. But he had not time, and we were in sore need of that dressing table, and determined to have it at once.

While at work in the smokehouse I came upon two wonderfully smooth sticks of hickory, of equal length and proportion, with a slight difference that one was smoother than the other. I said, "Mother, I believe these sticks will just do for our table exactly." She was busy and said, "I expect so," and I proceeded with sister's help to saw them in two and fix them, according to father's previous directions, onto the box. It was not an easy task, nor very workmanlike in finish, but it stood, and did not wobble. Upon the return of father from his work we rushed upon him to come and see. He said, "Fine," and we were elated; but suddenly he stopped and ran his hand over the hickory legs.

"Where did you get these?" I said, "Out in the smokehouse; why?" I began to feel uneasy.

"Well, because, daughter, you've used the whiffletrees I've been seasoning and working down." Then it came to me; these were the very sticks father had worked upon with bits of glass, scraping and smoothing at every spare moment, out by

the bitternut trees. I remembered him going into the smoke-house with them when called to meals, and I sat helplessly down on the floor and said, "Oh, I didn't know it." He said, "Of course you didn't know it, daughter, so never mind it," but I proceeded to hate the box, legs and all, from that day forth, and he started new whiffletrees from other pieces of hickory and said, "If you want any more legs to put on boxes you had better get me to do it," and he laughed a little grimly.

Our lessons in country life were many of them amusing, and some of them seemed almost tragical. Among family treasures was grandmother's sidesaddle, used by her on many occasions of historic interest, and every girl of us was taught to ride in it.

On Sundays we were loaded into the new farm wagon, and rode over the hills and along hollows, five miles to the meeting place of the branch in Iowa. There was at that time a Sunday school, with Wilson Hudson as superintendent, and the way in the pleasant months of the year was gay with wild prairie blossoms, deep grasses, and call of quail and other wild birds, for which father's knowledge of wild things was taxed to give name. The journey was usually fascinating and instructive, for mother was as fully interested as any of us in all we saw.

Sometimes the most magnificent and terrible storms of wind, lightning, and thunder visited the land; a few times overtaking us on our homeward way; the lightning sometimes playing on the wagon wheels or dancing around the ironed edge of the box in most fascinating and terrifying brilliancy.

My father was a great lover of horses, but they must be under his will, and they must be of a spirited and willing sort, and it so happened that there were seasons of discipline for the tip-toe ladies in the harness. At such times not a child dared to make a bit of noise, if he happened to have any of them aboard; they were expected to remain perfectly quiet.

He had no patience with foolish screaming or the influence of other hands on him or the lines. "If I control the team, you must control yourself." Indeed, he felt great admiration for those who controlled the inclination to scream or make much fuss over matters of trouble or danger. He was himself of an impulsive and quick-moving nature, so could sympathize with the inclination of others, but he was also firm as adamant in any fixed purpose. The intensity of purpose would set his jaw and fix the lines of his face until he won, then he would give a shout, if at all possible, and sing with pleasure.

Coming into Lamoni Branch he was speedily given work along church lines by being made president of the branch. The old settlers in Harrison County were some of them eager to sell their farms at from ten to twenty-five dollars per acre. They were looking to the offerings opening at that time in Arkansas and Texas, and expected to get more range for stock by a move to these new lands. People were beginning to object to open range for cattle and hogs in southern Iowa and northern Missouri, and fences were far too common for the range men. Already section lines were beginning to interfere with the main-traveled thoroughfares of the country. In passing from his home to the state line, father often mentioned the beauty of a piece of wild prairie we crossed and a year after he came to the county a young neighbor took up that piece of land from the Government on homestead claim. It had someway escaped previous claim, although beautiful enough to claim admiration of everyone who passed over it.

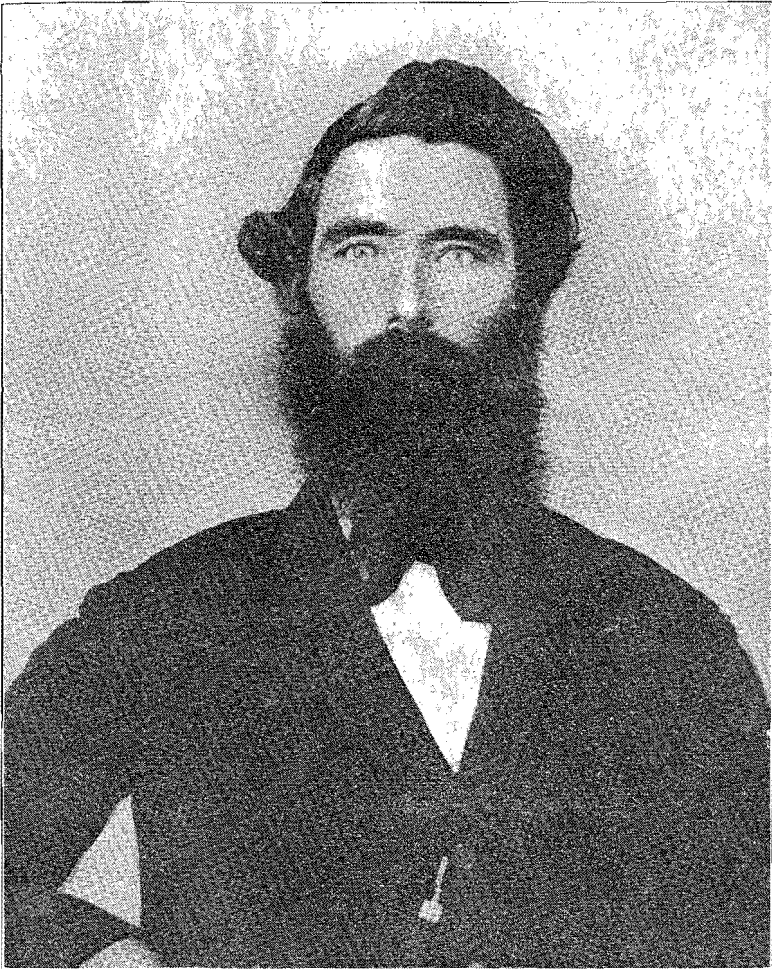
One of the very interesting experiences of our farm life during that first year, was the preparation of father for a trip to the mill, either to Davis City or Cainsville. The day and evening before the corn was shelled for meal in a most primitive manner. Placing a tub in the corner of the multi-purposed kitchen, a spade was turned on its edge, and

seating himself astride the inverted spade, father shelled the ears rapidly on the spade's sharp edge. And at night he measured with a ruler the feet of the sleepy children, and made memoranda for the measurement for to-morrow's purchases. Hats were measured for, and many other preparations made. He was a busy man those days. Sometimes running the sewing machine when the work waxed too heavy indoors, and mother was tired or ill, and the family wash at such a time was saved up for rainy days, so that he could do a big and willing share, but there were forces tugging at him all the time. "You ought to be out in the gospel field, Brother Alexander; that's your place." "Come preach for us; your way is paid." "We need you at our conference and will send money for fare." And he knew that there was work for every minister in the world's work, but if he failed to provide for his own would he not be worse than an infidel? Times were hard among the early settlers, even for those who had farm and dairy produce, and the dividends due on stock invested in poultry and farm stock, and it was far worse for a beginner with small capital. It was a splendid thing for us that nature hung luscious wild fruit on plum tree and berry bush during those first years, and it was splendid, too, of those who were a little earlier in the country, that they remembered the stranger within the gate when the fall meat was being stored and the butter packed away, and molasses boiled down.

In after years father also had his little patch of sugar cane and one of buckwheat, and the winter meat fattening. How often we had recourse to his skill in supplying even the small needs of our dress for instance, when shoe strings wore out and stores miles away and no money in pocket, he brought forth his treasures of the first missionary trip west and selected a beautiful piece of buckskin, soft as velvet to the touch, and then skillfully cut with his pocketknife a long, even string for our exasperating need. It came to be quite

a test of skill among us to hold the heavy edge of the buckskin steady during the process of cutting. A little rubbing with oil, and use, made the improvised shoe string a shoe string for ever, but never a thing of beauty.

The Lamoni Branch was erecting a meetinghouse at the time of our coming to it, a frame building on the farm of Ebenezer Robinson, and father assisted in the work of building. Although the building was used during the summer months without flooring, it was often crowded with earnest and glad-hearted worshipers; and while many were dressed in coarse and simple garments, there were men and women of wealth in the congregation, and what was of greater worth, men and women of broad mentality, and rich, deep spirituality and intelligence. Logicians and philosophers met beneath that unfinished roof and took counsel in matters of eternal worth; but there were men living in that country at that time, who looked with uncompromising prejudice on these men and their measures. When my father tried to secure their meetinghouse, which was built by the community for union services, they refused him. They would never let a Latter Day Saint preach in that building. They were like a recent politician, the worst "orthodox" preacher was better than the best Latter Day Saint; so it seemed a great joke when father heard that one of the elders had preached there on Sunday and pleased the congregation greatly. It happened that Brother Henry C. Smith, of Michigan, had moved to a farm some miles deeper in the Missouri woods than was our home. One Sunday with his wife he took shelter from a rainstorm in the clean new Bethel Church, standing on the crossroads a mile from our home. The same rain that rained him in, rained the Bethel minister out, and upon the announcement being made that the minister had not come, Brother Smith arose and told them that he was a minister and would be glad to speak to the waiting people, and he spoke. Whoso knows Elder Smith



HENRY C. SMITH.

“A gentle voiced man of God stood in Bethel’s church pulpit that day.”

knows that a gentle-voiced man of God stood in Bethel’s church pulpit that day, and his Master would have nothing to be ashamed of in him, and the people loved it and would have more until—they found he was a Latter Day Saint. Then the leaders said, “No” with confusion and some alarm.

With considerable derision, some of the neighbors used to send word to father to ask him about the weather in prospect, since he was "a prophet," but the ready wit with which he met their sarcastic thrusts silenced them on that score. In December, 1877, he was appointed postmaster of the Andover post office, and securing bondsmen, he received his official appointment in January, 1878. This was during the presidency of Rutherford B. Hayes, and David M. Kay, of Tennessee, was the Postmaster General who signed the appointment.

It made quite a flutter in our quiet little home when room was made in the cosy sitting room for the post office. It was located by the west window, near the front door to the west, and we soon found some of our neighbors as curious to see the "Prophet's family" as we were to see the natives, and both were in a sense gratified. Father was doing more and more local missionary work, and the care of the office was too intricate and annoying for mother. So in a year father resigned his post office duties to another. In the fall of 1878, while in attendance at the semiannual conference at Gallands Grove, he was taken very sick and lay in a serious condition at the home of Alexander McCord. This was precipitated by the long-continued dampness and cold of the camp meeting season, but was primarily caused by the heavy work of the year. An unusually rainy and cold spring crowding the spring work into summer, consequently malaria made attack on his system, and thus threw him on the mercy of his friends.

(To be continued.)

Oh, the days gone by, oh, the days gone by!
 The apples in the orchard, and the pathway through the rye,
 The chirrup of the robin, and the whistle of the quail,
 As he piped across the meadows, sweet as any nightingale;
 When the bloom was on the clover, and the blue was in the sky,
 And my happy heart brimmed over, in the days gone by.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CHARLES DERRY.

(Continued from volume 5, page 454.)

On the 23d of May, 1866, Alexander H. Smith and William Anderson came in on their mission to Utah and California. Alexander is dejected about leaving his family. It is a new and sad experience to him, but he is not inclined to flinch from the sacrifice. I called upon the Saints to assist these brethren upon their mission.

On the 25th Brother Morey took these brethren on their way to Manti.

On the 27th I preached the funeral of Moffet's children. I visited the Saints in their homes, trying to encourage them to live in unity.

On the 30th we left; we had been kindly treated by all. Brother Moffet kindly offered me five acres of land for a home, but for some reason I could not feel to accept it. Father Purdun and Sister Morey aided us on our journey. It has been reported that a party of Cherokee Indians have been on to the Illinois River and found twelve horns of Spanish gold. A panic reigns in Europe because of mutterings of war.

On the 31st we arrived in Manti and were welcomed by Sister Samuel Wilcox. Two of their horses were stolen last night, and he is off hunting them. The Spanish-American War is raging. Spaniards have bombarded Chili, but were repulsed in Peru.

January 1. We are glad to find a place of rest, and Sister Wilcox makes us feel at home. Brother Kastor, president of the branch, visited me and reports some dissensions. Some are in favor of giving the emblems to outsiders. Post, the Rigdonite, has taken the advantage to widen the breach. It was shown that it was contrary to the rules of the church to

give the emblems to those not belonging to the church. By letter from Bishop Gamet I learn that the missionaries are waiting for their outfit to cross the plains. He lacks two hundred and fifty dollars, but offers to furnish the means if the Saints will pay him again. He desires me to get the Saints to contribute that amount. I will do my best.

I have been reading the works of Andrew Jackson Davis, the Spiritualist. They are a mixture of Swedenborg's doctrine, universalism, and infidelity, with a small modicum of truth, so blended in as to give the whole some semblance of truth. Thus Satan works to deceive. He teaches that "man is a Microcosm, or Epitome of the World, and thus he says, a medium is furnished between the spiritual and temporal." I believe that the body of man is an epitome of the world or earth, but I believe that the only medium, or means by which God communes with man, are the Holy Spirit and his holy angels. We visited Father Baldwin, and also Sister Fuller. Sister Fuller's son is an exception and a worthy example of young manhood. He is studious and industrious; also venerates his widowed mother. He is eighteen years of age. I told my George I wanted him to pattern after such, and thus avoid the evils and follies of the world. Heber Wilcox is another worthy example, and I trace the cause largely to the parents, who are models of true piety.

On the 7th of June we arrived at Father Leeka's. William Leeka seemed anxious to learn about the gospel, though his mind had been skeptically inclined. He asked me what the gospel was, and what was salvation. I answered him by the light of God's word to the best of my ability and he expressed himself as pleased with the answers given. He is a thinking man and intelligent, and realizes that everyone must think and stand for himself.

On the 8th I went to Nebraska City and was gladly welcomed there. Elder Robert C. Elvin is in charge there. Henry

Kemp and George M. Rush visited me at Elvin's. Brother Rush informed me that his family were destitute. He is one of the traveling ministers. I advised him to seek employment and provide for his family and preach all he could on the Sabbath. Brother Elvin has a son Robert belonging to the church who is a very exemplary young man. Brother Elvin was placed in charge of the work in southern Nebraska and northern Kansas.

I preached in Nebraska City on the 10th of June, and in the evening, while in meeting, a terrible storm compelled us to dismiss, so that the Saints might get home before dark. It was so furious that the raging weather carried the bridges that were over the streams away, and Brother Elvin and I had to stay in his store all night. Mary Elvin obtained shelter in a neighbor's house. The streets were rushing streams of water. A young lady standing in the doorway of her home with a mirror in her hand and viewing herself in the same was struck dead by lightning. Much damage was done by the storm.

Nebraska City Branch is composed of some who have been to Utah and returned, and others who had gone that far on their way there, but who had been disgusted with the doings of their leaders on the way, and finding the Reorganized Church established in which none of those corruptions were countenanced, they fell in with us and are worthy members.

I copy the following from the *Saint Louis Globe-Democrat*: "The pope recently made a prophetic speech to a few in the Roman chapel of the Palaxio Museum, in which he said: 'The present year would be one of triumph over the enemies of the temporal power. I shall,' he remarked, 'behold the triumph, and in 1868, I shall render my soul to God.'"

The next day I went to Edwin R. Briggs's; here I find there is dissatisfaction with the course of some in the ministry. I trust the difficulties will soon be settled in love and right. We

poor mortals are deficient in wisdom, and our pathway is strewn with mistakes, but if they are not of the heart they may soon be righted.

On the 12th of June I returned to my family whom I had left at Leeka's. I have collected means from some of the branches for the Utah Mission.

On the 15th we were kindly received at Brother Craven's, in the Union Branch. I learn from the papers that there has been a battle between the British forces and the Fenians in Canada. Our Government has arrested the leaders of the Irish Fenians in this country.

On the 16th of June I formed the acquaintance of James Caffall, recently from Utah, or I believe he and Father Hanson came from there last spring. Sister Hartwell kindly invited me to bring my family to live with her during the coming winter. She had expected us to make our home there now, but I thought it would be imposing upon them.

Post has drawn some away after him. It is hoped they will see their folly. On June 17 I attended the Union Branch Sunday school and explained the lesson. This branch is on Keg Creek. Brethren Alexander Smith, Gillen, and Anderson have started on their western mission. They have a poor outfit. I preached on Silver Creek.

The 18th I took Leonard Crapo on his way to Wyoming, Nebraska. I found the Glenwood Branch in confusion. After wrangling with each other, they began to find fault with the President of the church. Brother Brittain and Brother Hyde are trying to live right before God. I visited several branches, trying to right the wrong, strengthen the weak, and encourage the strong.

On the 22d I was called to administer to a very sick child at Brother Craven's. It recovered immediately. Thank God for his gospel ordinances.

Alice Amelia has some fungus or proud flesh growing in

her eye. One doctor wanted twenty dollars for removing it, but as I did not have the money we returned to Craven's. I preached twice in the North Star Branch, and again at night in Council Bluffs. There I met Brother Alexander H. Smith, who had returned from Columbus, Nebraska. The Saints there, seeing his team was so weak, had given him about sixty dollars to get a better team with, and he had returned to get one. He obtained what they needed and returned to Columbus. This was a noble act of the Columbus brethren, nor will it be forgotten of the Master.

June 26 Doctor Patten removed the proud flesh from Alice's eye, and when I asked him what his charge was, he said he had heard me preach and it was the best sermon that he had heard in the West, and he was pleased to do me that favor. May God reward his kindness. This is some of the milk of human kindness flowing even in a doctor's heart.

I went with Alexander to Columbus, staying at Florence that night. From there to Desoto and preached.

On the 30th we arrived at Columbus.

On the 1st of July we preached at Brother George Galley's house. Two acknowledged the truth and were baptized by Brother James Brindley. Brother Gillen preached in power, and at night Brother Anderson. The ones baptized were confirmed by James W. Gillen and myself. Gangs of men are working building the Union Pacific Railroad. We saw numbers of the Pawnee Indians, but they have dwindled from five thousand a few years ago to about two thousand now.

While at Desoto Brother Martin told me that he and Brother John Taylor had been called to administer to a sick woman, and she confessed that she had agreed to leave her husband and elope with another man, who had promised to provide her with everything that her heart could wish. She claimed there had been no further transgression. She afterwards confessed her wrong to her husband and a great evil was averted through

the impression from the divine Spirit. She was a member of the church, but Satan had gotten power over her. It appeared her parents were partly to blame, they had compelled her to marry against her will and at a very tender age. She was the mother of a babe twenty-one months old, and she was not seventeen at the time of the incident. Oh, that all parents would be wise and lead their children in the paths of wisdom and virtue!

On the 2d of July the three missionaries and myself crossed the Loup Fork River. There we bowed in prayer together and at their request I laid my hands upon them to invoke God's blessing upon them. Every heart was melted and every eye filled with tears, and we felt the divine blessing as we humbled ourselves before the Lord, and as we gave the parting "God bless you" all felt that brotherly love that only children of God can know. At Alexander's request I wrote a letter to his wife and mother. I returned to Columbus; they bent their steps toward the setting sun, to call wandering Israel back into the ways of righteousness. I visited an old friend and brother, James Warner, who was acquainted with me in the Lincolnshire conference. He received me with a brother's love. May I be remembered for good wherever my lot may be cast. I preached among the people in Columbus and was blessed by them in return; and what renders such kindness more precious, it was given without seeking for it. They did it as unto the Lord.

On the 9th I baptized James Freston and his wife. Thomas Galley was ordained an elder.

July 10. The *Herald* reports the work as progressing steadily but surely. I traveled about forty miles this day to my brother's. Brother Robert Shackleton came and we had a pleasant interview, talking about the work of the last days. He assisted me by financial aid. I am pleased to see the radical change in my sister-in-law. One year ago she bitterly opposed

it, but now she is a firm believer in the Reorganized Church. She claims she has a stronger evidence of the restored gospel than when she first accepted it. She declares that an angel blessed her at the time of baptism. My health is poor; I have suffered from fever for several days.

On the 15th I preached in Fontanelle and was blessed of God in my effort. In company with George Galley I visited my mother; she was not well, but was glad to see me. I requested her husband to let her go with me to stay, so we might care for her. He consented; he had his children to care for him, and I thought it was but right that I should care for mother. She went with me and was happy to have the privilege.

On the night of the 16th I was taken down with sickness. I called for the elders. They administered to me in the name of the Lord and I was relieved. Thus we find God true to his promises. Mr. Leach, who had been previously healed, gave in his name for baptism. The Desoto Branch presented me with fifteen dollars, out of which I paid Brother Zachariah Martin fourteen dollars which I had borrowed of him to buy a suit of clothes. I can not express my gratefulness to God and to them. We went to Florence, crossed the river and traveled to Brother Craven's, some nine miles east of Council Bluffs. Found wife and children well. By letter to me Brother Joseph says: "I expect more good to be done this summer than has been done any year since the church was organized, and if the leading men in Washington are true my visit there will be of good to the church." He says: "Brother Joseph Boswell and Brother John D. Jones are on their way to England."

My health is far from good. The work in Council Bluffs is not prospering; Saints are few and poor, and hall rent is so high that they are struggling under difficulties. I returned to Florence and preached there; also in Omaha. There is lack

of unity in Omaha or more good would be accomplished. Envyings and jealousies and tale bearings deaden the influence of truth.

July 25. I am forty years old this day. I feel that I am but a boy, and I am sorry to see the little progress I have made. It has been my life's work to govern myself according to the law of God. I returned to Glenwood.

On the 27th Brother and Sister Craven fetched us home. Wife had a narrow escape by being thrown from a pony.

On the 29th attended prayer meeting in Union Branch. The gift of tongues was given to Brother Gladwin. Brother Craven gave the interpretation. It was urging the necessity of worthiness to take the Lord's supper. My mother bore testimony to the truth of the work, but her heart was too full to give utterance to her joy. I preached on the priesthood and also showed the evil of novel reading. The Atlantic cable is laid between America and England. Peace is declared between Austria and Prussia. A very large cave has been discovered in Missouri, said to be six or seven miles in extent. An island of salt is said to have been found near Vermillion Bay on the coast of Louisiana.

I remained at Craven's with wife and mother until the first of August, when we went to Omaha. Attended prayer meeting, but trouble is very apparent. There is a lack of unity. They have not put off the old man with his deeds and yet there are some good, earnest Saints, but the Master said, "Offenses must needs come, but woe unto them by whom they come."

August 4 I attended conference in Desoto. George S. Martin in the chair; Joseph Gilbert, clerk. The work is represented in good condition. The ministry appear to have the Good Spirit. I gave instruction to the ministry, and preached at night on the Book of Mormon, and was blessed. Elder Hugh Lytle preached on the dispensation of the fullness of times.

I preached in the evening on the "Messenger of the covenant." Circumstances demanded that Brother Martin should labor for his family a while. The Spirit of God was with us in social meeting and "Satan came also." A sister undertook to interpret a tongue, but Satan took possession and made it appear very ridiculous; but the influence was rebuked by the power of God, and afterwards we had a profitable time. The Saints in Desoto desired mother to visit with them for a while. Wife and I returned to Florence. Brother Joseph Gilbert let me have a buggy to be paid for in twelve months. Afterwards he generously presented me with it. The Saints in Desoto desire us to locate there, but we prefer Iowa. George Nephi is going to work for Brother Jones.

August 9 I met a brother from Chester, England, by the name of Sevil. He was on his way to Utah, but had left his family in England, they not being able to accompany him. From observation on the way he had become convinced that their practices were not according to Christ's teaching. The elders wanted him to take two more women as his wives; his soul revolted, and he would walk no further with them. Brother Robert C. Elvin met with him and presented the claims of the Reorganized Church, and he became identified with it, and intends to return to his family.

August 10. I attended a special conference of all the districts in my charge at Council Bluffs, Iowa. Elders John A. McIntosh, George Sweet, Wheeler Baldwin, Thomas Dobson, and Robert C. Elvin were present. I explained to the conference that I needed a home, and if my labors were to be continued, a home must be provided, or I must provide it by my own labors. It was resolved that the churches in my charge would provide me a home. It did me good to see the unanimity of the Saints in passing this resolution; it proved to me that they had confidence in me and were mindful of the interests of my family. I had several offers of land as a loca-

tion, but I did not think it wise to accept any from any individual, lest those from whose hands I received it might in some cases of difficulty think, as I was indebted to them for a home, I was bound to favor them in judgment; hence I determined to keep my hands unshackled and my judgment unbiased, that I might judge righteous judgments. I am the servant of the body, and I seek the interests of the body. Upon the strength of the pledge given by the Saints I bought forty acres of land of Brother Louis Jackson at Gallands Grove, for two hundred dollars. Branch presidents were appointed as committees to receive means to build a house. Elder Thomas Dobson, Wheeler Baldwin, and myself broke the bread of life to the people. Alice hired out to work at the Pacific House at Council Bluffs for \$3.50 per week. I met nine or ten wagons from Utah. Some belonged to the Reorganized Church, having united with it in Utah. It is said seventy wagons left there this year. An old elder, Dougal Brown, was among those I met. I read them Joseph's letters to me; they were pleased with the spirit of them.

August 19 I went to Gallands Grove, preached in the log meetinghouse to a good audience. I solicited means for the publication of the Holy Scriptures.

On the 20th I baptized Mrs. Olive Smith, for her health. I was assisted in the water by Benjamin Crandall. We then laid hands upon her and prayed God to bless the ordinance of baptism unto her. She was suffering from consumption, and desired the ordinance. I believe the Lord accepted our work.

On the 22d Uncle John A. McIntosh went with me to Detroit where I preached on the kingdom of God. Uncle Johnny, speaking of the sermon, said he was well pleased all over. We remained at Detroit and vicinity preaching and visiting with the Saints.

On the 28th I met a committee at Gallands Grove; they

determined on building us a house sixteen by twenty-six feet. Ten feet in the square.

On the 29th Sister Jackson and her husband gave me a deed for the forty acres of land agreed upon for the consideration of two hundred dollars. This was the first real estate I ever owned. I had the deed recorded in Harlan.

August 30. While engaged in prayer this morning a dreadful crash of lightning shook my whole frame, and whistled in my ears, but I was unharmed, and I thanked God for the preservation of my life.

On the 31st I returned to my wife at Joseph Craven's. We visited Alice at Council Bluffs on the 1st of September, found her work too hard, but she decided to stay until the landlady could obtain other help, and we consented. I went to Florence and found George well, and well thought of. He was glad of the prospect of a home, and was saving garden seeds to plant in our soil. He saved his wages to help us pay for the place. I find in Nebraska the enemy has been busy in our ranks. One man has been cut off for unchristianlike conduct. An elder has been expelled for drunkenness and abuse of his family, and still another has been guilty of trying to cause a separation between a man and his wife. It seems as though the spirit of lust is running riot, and it occupies a large portion of my time in settling difficulties and dealing with transgressors. Yet I thank God there is virtue and purity of heart found among us. I am determined to fight evil till I die, rather than permit it to corrupt this church, as it did the old church. I visited Camp Creek Branch. A Sister Clayton was very sick in the night. Her husband, who is not in the church, desired me to administer to her. I did so and she arose from her bed and went about her work. All praise is due to God for his faithfulness to his promises. The cholera has taken some; several prominent men in Omaha died with it. I continued preaching on Camp Creek until the 16th and was blessed in

my labors. That night I preached in Nebraska City. A Brother Griffin saw my boots were worn out and gave me a new pair.

On the 21st I received a letter from Brother Ralph Jenkins, stating that Gallands Grove Branch would furnish all the lumber for my house, which would be about two hundred and fifty dollars. May the Lord reward them. I learn from the papers that Missouri and Illinois are in great trouble over the lawless characters, who are committing depredations. A prophecy was given in Desoto August 5 that Missouri and Illinois would receive a scourging. It seems that it is being fulfilled.

On the 24th of September I fetched George from Jones's. Brother Jones paid him for his work, and he is pleased to be able to contribute towards building a home. The next day we took Alice from Council Bluffs, as she was suffering from sore eyes. Her mistress was loath to let her go, but the work was too hard. At Sister Hartwell's I met, for the first time, Elder Charles W. Lange, a German brother from Utah. Alexander writes me that he is urged by the best men in Utah to stay there; they think he can do more good than anyone else, but he said he expected to start for California the next day. John H. Lake informs me that he and George Redfield were recommended for a mission to Canada.

I preached in the North Star Branch on the 30th and was blessed each time in my effort.

October 1. Friend Post is busy trying to get the Saints to follow Rigdon. He has some success, but it is chiefly among the class that is stirring up trouble in the church, and such are of no use to the church, yet we desire the salvation of all, and labor to that end.

On the 6th we met in conference near Council Bluffs. President Smith not being present, I was called to the chair. We were all greatly disappointed that he was not present. I knew

the expectations of the people and knew my own weakness, but trusted in God. The *Herald* shows the proceedings. In the prayer meeting this evening, God's Spirit was poured out in mighty power, testifying to the calling of "Joseph Smith as God's seer, prophet, and revelator, and that God would call prophets until one hundred forty-four thousand would stand upon Mount Zion." The testimony of the Spirit thrilled every soul.

Elders James H. Hudson and Wheeler Baldwin preached on the 7th, and in the afternoon I was requested to preach upon the setting up of the kingdom of God. It was estimated about three thousand people were present. I was greatly helped by the Holy Spirit. The prayer service this evening was dull, owing, I believe, to so many seeking administration for some little ailments, not serious in their nature. This dampened the spirit of the meeting to a great extent and gave opportunity for the rowdy element to disturb the meeting. Stephen Post wanted to occupy one meeting. His request was put to the vote, but the people demanded that the conference proceed with its regular business.

On the 8th mission appointments were attended to and conference adjourned to meet at String Prairie on the 6th of April next. Our conference passed off pleasantly. Post prophesies the speedy downfall of the Reorganized Church. I have no fears but God will protect his own.

On the 17th Father Oliver E. Holcomb kindly offered me the use of his log granary for my family until our home should be completed. We accepted his kindness, and in due time will bring the family up here; but having several appointments I had to attend to them.

On the 18th I returned to Boomer. It was stormy most of the way. Here again I find difficulties from the lack of wisdom of those in charge. We are very deficient of office timber in many places. The Saints in Iowa and Nebraska contributed

generously to the building of our house in Gallands Grove. I can not record every name, but I cherish their memories and appreciate all equally for this manifestation of their confidence and love.

October 20 I returned to Craven's and intended to go to the Nephi Branch to preach a funeral sermon, but a terrible hail-storm prevented, as the distance is twenty-two miles.

On the next morning I arose early to meet my appointment, but again the storm prevented, so I stayed with the Union Branch, and it was said through tongues and interpretation that the Lord had hindered me for a purpose, and I soon found there was a serious difficulty between Brother Martin and the president. The difficulty was amicably settled. I went to town and bought glass, sashes, doors, and nails for our home. Brother Benjamin Homer kindly hauled them out.

On the 28th I preached twice in Union Grove, and the next day wife, Alice, and myself started for Gallands Grove. Pony got scared on the way and run away, breaking up the buggy and spilling some provisions. We were about twelve miles south of the grove, and as it was night we sought shelter and found it. I paid the farmer two dollars and fifty cents for fetching the buggy and our lodgings. I then went to Brother David Wright's, who kindly fetched our things to Father Holcomb's. George and I mudded up between the granary logs where our temporary home is to be.

November 2 I went to Deloit, or Masons Grove, and on the 3d met with the brethren of Gallands Grove District in conference. Elder Alexander McCord chairman, and Nathaniel Mefford clerk. Reports were given from the ministry. Elder McCord spoke well to the Saints and all expressed willingness to do their duty; a good spirit prevailed. I preached twice. I am suffering from sore eyes and pain in my bones. This evil continued until the 8th.

On the 9th of November I started for Little Sioux. Dined

with Father Waldo at Biglers Grove, then went on to Raglan where I met Brethren Halliday and Diggle. I had a pleasant time with them at Donald Maule's, but my eyes were too full of pain to allow me undisturbed enjoyment.

On the 10th we went to Little Sioux conference. Elder Silas W. Condit in the chair. I preached that evening. Also on the 11th. Not an elder had a report. I tried to show the necessity of diligence in the work of the Lord. They seemed to appreciate my reproof, and expressed themselves as willing to thrust in their sickles. We had a prayer meeting at night, when the Lord told us through the gifts; "The Saints must awake and keep his statutes—the elders are warned to discharge their duties and warn the world, and he will preserve his people." The Spirit of the Lord was with us and the spirit of darkness also; but the good prevailed.

I preached on the 12th. I received many evidences of kindness from the Saints. Weather is very cold and snow makes difficult traveling.

On the 15th I preached at Biglers Grove to a full house. A Doctor Nathan Allen, of Massachusetts, says: "The American people are degenerating. In the first generation of this race on this land the average family was from eight to ten. The next about seven. The fifth generation four and a half, and the sixth less than three. In 1860 260,000 foreign families produced more than nearly a million American families."

On the 17th I returned home. Wife was uneasy. Said it was the first time I had failed to be at home according to promise. Duty had been the hindering cause. They were greatly pleased with the new dresses that kind friends at Little Sioux had sent for wife.

On the 18th I preached twice in Gallands Grove, showing the duties of elders, priests, teachers, deacons; also parents and children, and I was greatly aided by the Holy Spirit.

On the 20th of November, 1866, Elder Mark H. Forscutt

came to our little cabin. This was our first meeting. He had lately returned from Utah. He had been warned by a note in red ink to leave Utah within a week at peril of his life. He remained there two months after and came at his leisure. I have said it was the first time we met, but Brother Mark says I was one of the first elders he heard preach, and I remember that when I went to Saint James, in Deeping, Lincolnshire, England, there was a young boy who had embraced the gospel, but his parents were very much opposed to it; but he was determined to stand by the truth. This boy was Mark H. Forscutt; that was in 1853. I was pleased to meet him in Gallands Grove, a strong believer in the gospel still. I bade him welcome to my humble abode. He is a fine, intelligent man, and a gentleman.

On the 21st he preached to a crowded house, his sermon was excellent, warning the Saints against an evil, ambitious spirit.

On the 22d Mark accompanied me to Biglers Grove where both of us preached. We stayed with Father Waldo. We next went to the North Pidgeon and preached there. Then attended the Pottawattamie district conference. I was pleased to see the improvement made in the presentation of reports. Elder Putney has done nobly as president. In our prayer meetings a perfect Pentecost was enjoyed. Sixteen different tongues with interpretation were given, I was told that I was called and chosen of God to be a messenger for him to the nations, and that I should preach to the people on this continent, and that his chosen servants should go and lead the ten tribes to the land of Zion. Many blessings were promised to many. On Sunday morning I preached on the holy priesthood, showing the great responsibility resting upon those who hold it. Elder Forscutt preached an able sermon in the afternoon. He was chosen to assist me in this pastorate. I pray that the Holy Fire may spread into all branches. Brother Mark, Charles W. Lange, and myself went to Council Bluffs and stayed with

Calvin A. Beebe, who had built a house with an upper room to hold meetings in. This will be a blessing for the branch, as it will be free for their use. In company with Benjamin Ballow we went from Council Bluffs to the Union Branch. We preached in Glenwood and Nephi branches.

A work published in A. D. 1810 says, "The Northern Lights were first observed in London, A. D. 1560."

When Stephen Post was in Nauvoo, Joseph asked, "Could the latter day work be successfully propagated without organization?"

Post replied, "No."

Joseph asked, "Have you an organization?"

"Yes," said Post.

Joseph replied, "One of your messengers, Joseph Younger, says you have no organization."

Post replied, "Younger is an old fool!"

Thus we find confusion in their camp.

December 1. We went to Nebraska City. The river was full of moving ice, which made it very dangerous crossing, but we got safely over. We attended a Saints' festival; we had a pleasant time.

On the 2d conference opened. We urged the necessity of every officer learning and doing his duty. Mark preached an excellent sermon. I preached at night. We returned to Iowa and preached in Plum Creek Branch. A spirit of inquiry prevails, but we can not supply all the demands.

On the 4th I preached Sister Harriet Breastman's funeral at the Nephi Branch. The people realized the presence of the Holy Spirit in the utterance of the word. Sister Leeka offered to give Alice a year's schooling if I would settle in the neighborhood, but I had already bought a location, although it was not yet paid for, and I could not go back on my word, but I appreciate her kindness. My heart's desire has been to give both the children a good education, but we have been so situ-

ated that we have not been able to give them a good common school education, and if they had not been diligent and apt scholars, they would not have been so far advanced as they are. Both of them have worked out, so as to be able to obtain what they have. Brother Forscutt preached in Glenwood, but he says there is no interest there. We went to Omaha and preached. A man named Guinard, not in the church, gave me five dollars. I was greatly blessed in delivering the word. We visited Florence and Desoto, but storms prevented people from coming to meetings. I realized many kindnesses from the Saints in fulfillment of the promise of God. When in need I seek unto the Lord, and to him only, and he never fails me.

I visited Brother Beebe's at Council Bluffs and preached in his hall. The Saints here lack spirituality, yet there are good people here. I visited North Pidgeon Branch. The Saints contributed towards our home. I also preached at Biglers Grove. My health is poor, caused by exposures. A stranger gave me a sack of flour, some gave me wool so wife could earn something by knitting, which she is always anxious to do, by knitting or sewing, or whatever she can do to aid in the support of the family.

I returned home and the hearts of the family were made glad by the provisions I had been able to bring, as well as to see father again. Wife had but one baking left when I got home—God bless the stranger and the Saints. Brother Joseph writes me not to relax my efforts to secure a home for my family, as my labors must have a wider sphere ere long. I have three States and one Territory now, and I can not occupy one fourth of it, but I suppose he means my labors will lie farther away. Speaking of Rigdonism, Joseph says, "Sidneyism is a stagnant pool of wonderfully gracious promises, not one of which will be realized or known after a few years. How gracious our God, and how true are his words, that whoso trusteth in him shall not be moved. See the varying fortunes of those

who vainly strive to hunt the phantom of spiritual exaltation as a gift from man, forgetting this, that man has no claim upon his God, but by a firm and undeviating reliance upon and abiding in him, hence whoso abides not in him has no hope, but is out of reach of the joys of heaven." (Extract of letter from Plano, November 22, 1866, to Charles Derry.)

December 16 I preached in Gallands Grove. There seemed to be a spiritual dearth here.

Elder Forscutt preached on the 23d and on the 24th I paid Sister Lewis Jackson \$107.85 on the note I gave for my land. She and her husband insisted upon my taking \$7.85 back, saying she thought they would be worse than the Brighamites to take all I had. I appreciate such generosity. The Saints here all treat us kindly.

On the 26th I attended a general council of the branch at Gallands Grove. The president of the branch was sustained. I instructed the Saints on the sacrament of the Lord's supper, showing the necessity of due preparation and of the unity of the Saints. Brother Ingvert Hanson spoke in tongues, warning the Saints to do their duty, with the promise that He would bless them with mighty blessings in the future, if they have hearkened to his voice.

December 31. I spent this day with my family. Our present home is a log granary. One small room, kindly tendered us by Father Holcomb until our house is built. My wife and children are happy, and it is pleasant to enjoy their society. We have been greatly blessed this past year; our wants have been supplied. We try to have as few wants as possible. We have found many friends and we try to use them as little as possible. They are apt to last longer, but there is One Friend whose patience is never exhausted and whose love does not decrease with our increasing necessities. On him we can rely and always find help in the hour of need. Our spiritual blessings have far exceeded our worthiness. Obstacles have

been thrown in our path, but God has helped us to surmount them. I believe there is some improvement in self-government, but I am far from reflecting the glorious image of Christ; but I am determined to struggle on until the Master sees his own likeness wrought in me, by the grace of God. Our children are improving in learning, and in many ways of usefulness to themselves and others. We have before us the prospects of a home, untrammelled and unencumbered, for which we thank God and our brethren and sisters throughout my field. I am thankful we are not indebted to any one individual or to a few, but as I am the servant of all, we are equally indebted to all, for all have done for us according to their ability, for which may God bless them. Our income this year, including traveling expenses, is \$283.29. The total for the house, \$155.25.

(To be continued.)

FAITH AND PEACE.

Some tell me my Faith is a beautiful dream;
That the things that Faith sees are not what they seem—
No angels, no mansions, no Father above,
No life beyond this one, no dear ones above.

My Faith stirs within me my mind's latent power;
And trust in my God bridges Sorrow's dark hour,
My noblest impulses from Faith had their start,
Springs love for all good from a God-fearing heart.

If you can convince me that all is unreal—
No reason for hope and the joy that I feel—
Then why should you rob me, my happiness take,
When dreaming is heaven, and it's hell to awake?

CHARLES E. CRUMLEY.

BIOGRAPHY OF ELDER JOSEPH F. BURTON.

BY EMMA B. BURTON.

(Continued from volume 5, page 476.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Here is your place!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

THE SILVER LINING.

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

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

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

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

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

—*The Spectator.*

ZION'S CAMP; OR THE EXPEDITION TO MISSOURI. ITS PURPOSE.

BY ELDER CHARLES FRY.

In the early part of May, 1834, a band of more than one hundred and fifty men, accompanied by twenty baggage wagons, left Kirtland, Ohio, bound for Missouri. They were well provided with food, clothing, and firearms, and traveled as speedily as their circumstances would allow. The organization was perfect, each man having a particular part of the responsibility and work to do, and each one willingly doing his part. Such rules were made as would maintain order and insure safety and comfort. This band was composed of young and middle-aged men, most of whom held some official position in the youthful Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints; either elder, priest, teacher, or deacon; and they believed that the mission they were taking was according to the divine will. Their leader was himself a young man of twenty-nine,—Joseph Smith, the Prophet.

Day after day they journeyed, and after crossing the Mississippi River they were joined by a smaller company which had been recruited in Michigan and near-by regions, bringing the number of the whole company to two hundred and five men, and twenty-five baggage wagons. Together they continued the march until near the border line of Ray and Clay counties, Missouri, where they were ultimately disbanded, some remaining with their friends in Clay County and others returning to their homes in the East.

What was the object which these men had in making this expedition? The enemies of the church have sought to make it appear that it was a kind of military crusade to take by

force the land in and around Jackson County, Missouri, and destroy or expel the inhabitants. Friends of the church, and even members, have not been free from the idea that the expedition was to some extent military and designed to take vengeance upon the people of Jackson County, such idea being evidently based upon certain misunderstood statements in the revelations given to Joseph Smith and the church, which will be noticed in their place. To determine with a fair degree of definiteness the nature and purpose of the expedition it will be necessary to consider the circumstances which preceded it and which existed at the time it was made.

As a very young man Joseph Smith had begun a work in which he claimed divine guidance, and which resulted in the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints on April 6, 1830, at Fayette, New York. The church grew rapidly, and among its distinctive features the following became prominent: 1. That the work which God would do through the church was in preparation for the glorious coming of Christ to reign on the earth; 2. That that work included the gathering together of God's people and the building of a holy city, called Zion, upon a part of the land previously chosen of God; 3. That the place appointed of God for the beginning of the gathering and the city was Independence, in the western part of the State of Missouri.

As early as March, 1831, the Lord said in revelation:

Gather ye out from the eastern lands, assemble ye yourselves together ye elders of my church; go ye forth unto the western countries, . . . and with one heart and with one mind, gather up your riches that ye may purchase an inheritance which shall hereafter be appointed unto you, and it shall be called the New Jerusalem, a land of peace, a city of refuge, a place of safety for the saints of the Most High God; . . . and it shall be called Zion. . . . And it shall come to pass that the righteous shall be gathered out from among all nations, and shall come to Zion singing, with songs of everlasting joy.—Doctrine and Covenants 45: 12, 14.

In June of the same year a number of the elders of the church, traveling by twos by different routes, came to Inde-

pendence, Missouri, where in the latter part of July a revelation was received pointing it out as the place for the beginning of the gathering of the Saints, and marking the spot for the temple. Immigration commenced and land was purchased in harmony with a revelation given in July which said: "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. [This was the line between the whites and the Indians and is now the Missouri-Kansas state line.] And also every tract bordering by the prairies, inasmuch as my disciples are enabled to buy lands." Provision was made for an orderly and systematic settlement and for meeting the necessities of the Saints after they were settled. Agents were appointed to buy lands and to assist in locating the Saints upon them. One Sidney Gilbert was appointed to locate there and establish a store "that he may sell goods without fraud." It was directed that a printing office be established under the charge of William W. Phelps, who had previously been chosen in connection with Oliver Cowdery to select and write books for schools in the church, that the education of the children might not be neglected. Workmen of all kinds were called for to open up the various industries. Thus the colony grew until the fall of 1833, when the Saints in that county numbered about twelve hundred souls.

The earlier settlers of the county first looked with wonder upon this incoming people with their new and strange religion; then to fear their power and influence, seeing that they were rapidly growing in number and that their sentiments were antislavery. This fear grew into active opposition, which increased in intensity, attended by occasional acts of violence, until it reached the stage of mobocracy.

The first mob formed in April, 1833, to "move the Mormons out of their diggings," but lacking suitable leaders broke

up in a row. By July, however, the mob had fully organized with a settled policy, which according to a decree sent out aimed at nothing less than the expulsion of the Saints at whatever cost. Accordingly the mob gathered at the courthouse on July 20 and sent a delegation to the leaders of the Saints, demanding that all business be stopped and that they leave the county forthwith. A request for three months time in which to consider such removal was denied. A further request for ten days brought a concession of fifteen minutes which was said to be all that would be granted, and the interview closed.

Four or five hundred men proceeded to demolish the printing office, and the presses were broken, the type scattered in the street, as also some printed forms of books, and other literature; the building demolished. The store of Gilbert, Whitney and Company was then attacked, but upon a promise of Mr. Gilbert that the goods would be packed by the 23d, the mob desisted and proceeded to do personal violence. Messrs. Partridge and Allen were tarred and feathered, and night coming on, further activities were postponed until the 23d. On this date the crowd again gathered, larger than before, and well armed, and the day's proceedings resulted in an agreement being reached to the effect that the leaders of the Saints were to remove before January 1, and to have all Mormons remove from the county, one half by January 1, and all by April 1. Immigration was to be stopped. No effort was to be made to restore the printing office and no new merchandise was to be brought in. On the other hand, the committee agreed to use their influence to restrain all violence against them during the time of their stay in the county.

Violence did not cease, however, for houses were stoned or broken into and their occupants threatened with death. Death was decreed upon any who should attempt to seek redress by law or otherwise. In October a small settlement

eight miles west of Independence was attacked and ten houses were partly demolished, the furniture broken and scattered, and the inhabitants forced to flee, while some of the men were caught and severely beaten. These acts of violence continued in and around Independence so extensively that about the middle of November every member of the church was driven from the county, many of them leaving all they had, their houses burned, and their crops destroyed or left for others to reap. Destitute, without homes, without implements or tools, with scanty provisions, and without friends nearer than a thousand miles, these twelve hundred stricken people left Jackson County before a raging mob, crossed the Missouri River, and at the beginning of winter were under the necessity of seeking shelter and support in Clay County, then largely a wilderness.

This was the story of persecution and suffering brought to the leaders and members of the church in the East during the winter of 1833-34, and its relation stirred their hearts to sympathy for their suffering brethren.

It was at this time that a revelation was received by Joseph Smith, at Kirtland, Ohio, explaining why the Lord had permitted these disasters to come upon his people in Missouri, In pointing out the manner of their restoration the Lord chose to use a parable, which takes a very broad view of the matter, and, like most parables, evidently contains some hidden meanings which the developments of the future alone can make plain. As this parable offers the suggestion which led to the expedition referred to in the heading of this paper, it is here given in full.

And now, I will show you a parable that you may know my will concerning the redemption of Zion. A certain nobleman had a spot of land, very choice; and he said unto his servants, Go ye into my vineyard, even upon this very choice piece of land, and plant twelve olive trees; and set watchmen round about them and build a tower, that one may overlook the land round about, to be a watchman upon the tower; that mine olive trees may not be broken down, when the enemy shall come to spoil and take unto themselves the fruit of my vineyard. Now the

servants of the nobleman went and did as their Lord commanded them; and planted the olive trees, and built a hedge round about, and set watchmen, and began to build a tower. And while they were yet laying the foundation thereof, they began to say among themselves, And what need hath my Lord of this tower, seeing this is a time of peace? Might not this money be given to the exchangers? for there is no need of these things! And while they were at variance one with another they became very slothful, and they hearkened not unto the commandments of their lord, and the enemy came by night and broke down the hedge, and the servants of the nobleman arose, and were affrighted, and fled; and the enemy destroyed their works and broke down the olive trees.

Now, behold, the nobleman, the lord of the vineyard, called upon his servants, and said unto them, Why! what is the cause of this great evil? ought ye not to have done even as I commanded you? and after ye had planted the vineyard, and built the hedge round about, and set watchmen upon the walls thereof, built the tower also, and set a watchman upon the tower, and watched for my vineyard, and not have fallen asleep, lest the enemy should come upon you? and, behold the watchman upon the tower would have seen the enemy while he was yet afar off, and then you could have made ready and kept the enemy from breaking down the hedge thereof, and saved my vineyard from the hands of the destroyer. And the lord of the vineyard said unto one of his servants, Go and gather together the residue of my servants; and take all the strength of mine house, which are my warriors, my young men, and they that are of middle age also, among all my servants, who are the strength of mine house, save those only whom I have appointed to tarry; and go ye straightway unto the land of my vineyard, and redeem my vineyard, for it is mine, I have bought it with money. Therefore, get ye straightway unto my land; break down the walls of mine enemies, throw down their tower, and scatter their watchmen; and inasmuch as they gather together against you, avenge me of mine enemies; that by and by I may come with the residue of mine house and possess the land.

And the servant said unto his lord, When shall these things be? And he said unto his servant, When I will: go ye straightway; and do all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and this shall be my seal and blessing upon you; a faithful and wise steward in the midst of mine house; a ruler in my kingdom. And his servant went straightway and did all things whatsoever his lord commanded him, and after many days all things were fulfilled.

I shall not attempt an interpretation, nor is one necessary to the answering of the question relating to the purpose of the expedition, but if the parable has reference to the work of the church in Jackson County, Missouri, as is generally supposed, then the olive trees, the tower, the watchmen, and the hedge, are all figurative, and the gathering together of the warriors,

—the “strength of my house,”—is also figurative, so that the application of these terms must be to the spiritual work of the church and not to any military expedition in which vengeance and carnal force are to be used. The Lord had long before said to the church:

Not at any time have I given unto you a law which was temporal, neither any man, nor the children of men; . . . for my commandments are spiritual; they are not natural, nor temporal, neither carnal nor sensual.—Doctrine and Covenants 28: 9.

Soon after the parable was given another revelation was received containing this:

It is my will that my servant Parley P. Pratt, and my servant Lyman Wight¹ should not return to the land of their brethren, until they have obtained companies to go up unto the land of Zion, by tens, or by twenties, or by fifties, or by an hundred, until they have obtained to the number of five hundred of the strength of my house. Behold this is my will; ask and you shall receive, but men do not always do my will; therefore if you can not obtain five hundred, seek diligently that peradventure you may obtain three hundred; and if you can not obtain three hundred, seek diligently that peradventure ye may obtain one hundred. But verily I say unto you, a commandment I give unto you that ye shall not go up unto the land of Zion, until you have obtained one hundred of the strength of my house, to go up with you unto the land of Zion. Therefore, as I said unto you, Ask and ye shall receive; pray earnestly that peradventure my servant Baurak Ale may go with you and preside in the midst of my people, and organize my kingdom upon the consecrated land; and establish the children of Zion, upon the laws and commandments which have been, and which shall be given unto you.

The language in which this instruction is given shows that its author had in mind the work outlined in the parable, and hence it should be considered in the light of what the parable sets forth. Nothing is said here as to any military campaign, nothing about taking the land by force, nor suggestion of wreaking vengeance upon the persons of their persecutors, but it is said that the Saints should “pray earnestly that peradventure my servant Baurak Ale [supposed to be Joseph

¹These two men were the messengers who had come East from Missouri to report the conditions there.—EDITOR.

Smith] may go with you and preside in the midst of my people, and organize my kingdom upon the consecrated land; and establish the children of Zion, upon the laws and commandments which have been, and which shall be, given unto you."

This last quotation gives the rule by which these statements of revelation are to be interpreted and applied. The work outlined therein, viz, the organization of the kingdom of God and the establishment of Zion upon the consecrated land, is to be done according to "*the laws and commandments which have been, and which shall be, given unto you.*" Thus the revelation constituted the basis of church policy, and the instruction given relative to the expedition in question must be interpreted in the light of what those revelations contain. What are the teachings in the revelations which must be taken into account in the consideration of this question? Let us see.

One of the commands repeatedly given, both before and after the expedition was made, was that the Saints should gather together their money and purchase the land in Jackson County, Missouri, and the counties round about,—all that could be purchased. Immediately after the expulsion it was said:

Let all the churches gather together all their moneys: let these things be done in their time, be not in haste: and observe to have all things prepared before you. And let honorable men be appointed, even wise men, and send them to purchase these lands; and every church in the eastern countries when they are built up, if they will hearken unto this counsel, they may buy lands and gather together upon them, *and in this way they may establish Zion.*—Doctrine and Covenants 98: 10.

An orderly, systematic, and deliberate course of action is here pointed out; a wise purchasing of lands and careful settlement upon them, and *in this way* they might establish Zion. In August, 1831, when the work of purchasing and settling was just beginning, a revelation said:

I, the Lord, willet that you should purchase the lands, that you may have advantage of the world, that you may have claim on the world, that they may not be stirred up unto anger; for Satan putteth it into their hearts to anger against you, and to the shedding of blood; wherefore the land of Zion shall not be obtained but by purchase, or

by blood, otherwise there is none inheritance for you. And if by purchase, behold you are blessed; and if by blood, as you are forbidden to shed blood, lo, your enemies are upon you, and ye shall be scourged from city to city, and from synagogue to synagogue, and but few shall stand to receive an inheritance.—Doctrine and Covenants 63: 8.

After the expulsion of the Saints from Jackson County another command was given that the Saints should

sue for peace, not only the people that have smitten you, but also to all people; and lift up an ensign of peace, and make a proclamation for peace unto the ends of the earth; and make proposals for peace, unto those who have smitten you, according to the voice of the Spirit which is in you.—Doctrine and Covenants 102: 11.

These statements are positive and unequivocal, and by no means can they be construed as giving latitude for any effort to redeem Zion by force of arms. It is not improbable that in that expedition of two hundred and five men there were some individuals who entertained a militant spirit; though, as will be seen, it was not shared by the leaders; but if any held such feelings they were certainly dispelled by the revelation received while they were camped on Fishing River, which says:

I do not require at their hands to fight the battles of Zion; for, as I said in a former commandment, even so will I fulfill, I will fight your battles.—Doctrine and Covenants 102: 3.

The former commandment and promise referred to are given in the same revelation containing the parable, which was the first received after the expulsion, and reads as follows:

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.—Doctrine and Covenants 98: 12.

Thus the same revelation which suggested the expedition directed them to seek redress by peaceful and legal means, and when that was done to leave the result with God who had said, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay."

It may also be observed that in the parable the question is asked regarding the redemption of Zion outlined therein:

"When shall these things be?" and the answer comes from the lord of the vineyard: "When I will: go ye straightway, and do all things whatsoever I have commanded you." "And his servant went straightway, and did all things whatsoever his lord commanded him, and *after many days all things were fulfilled.*" This clearly shows that considerable time would be required for this work; and the fact that one servant was called to gather together the *residue* of the Lord's servants to go to redeem the land shows that another people than the original servants would ultimately accomplish the work, requiring at least a generation of time.

In all the work pertaining to the redemption of Zion the revelations warn the church against any hasty action, and advise careful deliberation. The law requiring obedience to the law of the land was specific:

Let no man break the laws of the land, for he that keepeth the laws of God hath no need to break the laws of the land; wherefore be subject to the powers that be, until he reigns whose right it is to reign, and subdues all enemies under his feet.—Doctrine and Covenants 58: 5.

The attitude of the church, and every part of it, so far as that attitude was based upon the revelations, was a pacific one. In the light of the evidences shown herein it could not have been otherwise. Is it possible, however, that the leaders became exasperated over the outrages perpetrated upon the church in Missouri, threw off the restraint of the divine law which they had received, and like the citizens of Jackson County, decided to take the law into their own hands? The history will tell.

Joseph Smith writes in his journal:

"I started from home to obtain volunteers for Zion, in compliance with the foregoing revelation." On March 5, having arrived at a certain branch of the church, he says: "We called the church together and related unto them what had happened unto our brethren in Zion, and opened to them the prophecies and revelations concerning the order of the gather-

ing to Zion, and the means of her redemption." On the 17th he writes of a conference at Avon, New York: "I stated that the object of the conference was to obtain young men and middle-aged to go and assist in the redemption of Zion, according to the commandment, and for the church to gather up their riches, and send them to purchase lands according to the commandment of the Lord." Again on May 5: "Having gathered and prepared clothing and other necessaries to carry to our brethren and sisters who had been robbed and plundered of nearly all their effects; and having provided for ourselves horses and wagons, and firearms, and all sorts of munitions of war of the most portable kind for self-defense, as our enemies were thick on every hand, I started with the remainder of the company, from Kirtland for Missouri."

Elder Lyman Wight writes in his journal under date of April 13, 1834:

Preached to a large congregation (in Kirtland) upon the subject of having been driven from Jackson County, of our extreme sufferings, and and of the necessity of being obedient to the commandments; and also the necessity of those of like faith sympathizing with their brothers and sisters. This discourse appeared to have a good effect; about seventy volunteered to fly to their relief even if death should be the consequence thereof. Many donated largely of their substance to supply the wants of the needy.—Church History, vol. 1, p. 243.

It is apparent that these men were conscious of extreme danger in taking this journey which furnishes a reason for going armed. Elder H. C. Kimball also refers to this as follows:

At this time our brethren were suffering great persecution in Jackson County, Missouri; about twelve hundred were driven, plundered and robbed; and their houses burned, and some were killed. The whole country seemed to be in arms against us, ready to destroy us. Brother Joseph received a lengthy revelation concerning the redemption of Zion, which remains to be fulfilled in a great measure. But he thought it best to gather together as many of the brethren as he conveniently could, with what means they could spare, and go up to Zion to render all the assistance that we could to our afflicted brethren. We gathered clothing, and other necessaries to carry up to our brethren and sisters who had been stripped; and putting our horses to the wagons, and tak-

ing our firelocks and ammunition, we started on our journey. . . . I took leave of my wife and children and friends, not expecting ever to see them again, as myself and brethren were threatened both in that country [Ohio] and in Missouri by the enemies, that they would destroy us and exterminate us from the land.—Church History, vol. 1, p. 456.

Approaching the scene of trouble the expedition was met by Colonel Sconce and two other leading men of Ray County who came to learn what its intentions were. To their inquiries Joseph Smith says: "I arose, and addressing them gave a relation of the sufferings of the Saints in Jackson County, and also of our persecutions generally, and what we had suffered by our enemies for our religion, and that we had come a thousand miles to assist our brethren, to bring them clothing, etc., and to reinstate them upon their own lands; and that we had no intention to molest or injure any people, but only to administer to the wants of our afflicted friends."—Church History, vol. 1, p. 466.

Cornelius Gillium, the sheriff of Clay County, came to the camp to "obtain from the leaders thereof . . . the true intent and meaning of their present movements and their views generally regarding the difficulties existing between them and Jackson County." The written reply signed by six of the leading men includes the following:

In the first place, it is not our intention to commit hostilities against any man or set of men. It is not our intention to injure any man's person or property, except in defending ourselves. . . . It is our intention to go back upon our lands in Jackson County, by order of the executive of the State, if possible. We have brought our arms with us for the purpose of self-defense, and it is well known to almost every man of the State that we have every reason to put ourselves in an attitude of defense, considering the abuse we have suffered in Jackson County.—Church History, vol. 1, p. 474.

It is not necessary to multiply testimony showing the peaceful intentions of the Saints, including both the members of the expedition and the refugees in Clay County, nor is it necessary to add the numerous historical accounts of their efforts to obtain redress by appeal to the local officers of the law, to the courts, to the governor, to the legislature, and to the

President of the United States, all of which appeals failed to secure them their rights. A general appeal was ultimately made "to the people and constituted authorities of this Nation, and to the ends of the earth."

Thus it is apparent that the motive back of this important movement was a just and proper one. The leaders, in private and in public, while preparations were being made for the expedition, while on the way, and after reaching their destination, declared their purpose to be that of offering peaceful assistance to their persecuted and homeless brethren in regaining and maintaining their rights under the law of the land, notwithstanding the rendering of such assistance should cost them their lives. As to the expedition itself, there was no act involving a violation of the civil law, and while it is true they were armed, it is also true that the bearing of arms was permissible under the law, and a necessity under the circumstances of the times and of the regions in which they were.

Upon approaching their destination in Missouri and learning that their coming in a body caused misgivings in the minds of their enemies, and tended to increase the excitement, the expedition immediately disbanded, the provisions were distributed to the needy, and such help was offered as was in the power of the individual members to give.

Thus ended the expedition to Missouri, or Zion's Camp. It may not have accomplished all that was intended relative to the redemption of Zion, though it undoubtedly did accomplish all that was possible to man under the circumstances, and God declared his acceptance of the sacrifice and effort made.

We need the Cromwell fire to make us feel
The common burden and the public trust
To be a thing as sacred and august
As the white vigil where the angels kneel.
We need the faith to go a path untrod;
The power to be alone and vote with God.

—Edwin Markham.

LOCAL HISTORIANS AND THEIR WORK.

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

(Continued from volume 5, page 505.)

Chapter 28.

We now come to the year 1900. We have Brother John H. Lake in charge of the Michigan and Indiana districts, and for missionaries for the Northern Michigan District, James A. Carpenter, James R. Beckley, Amos Berve, Richard W. Hugill, John Hanson, George D. Washburn, and Edwin A. Goodwin. For the Eastern Michigan District, John J. Bailey, Andrew Barr, William Davis, Edwin J. Goodenough, Francis C. Smith, John J. Cornish, and John Schreur were appointed to Michigan; and David Smith to Northern and Eastern Michigan districts, and Columbus Scott, Michigan, with Detroit as an objective point.

The work in Cadillac is moving on well. Brother Archibald Whitehead is assisting the young people nicely in the work, and the Lord has blessed him; an extract from a letter of Brother Whitehead's reads as follows:

We have organized a Book of Mormon class to study the history of the red man, who once "occupied the country from sea to sea." . . . We have had three meetings and the time was well spent, for God blessed us with his Spirit while we were studying this book. We have our meetings Monday nights. After I returned home from our last meeting I sat down and read the Book of Mormon for some time. I read from the Book of Nephi. After retiring for the night and falling asleep, the sweet, calm voice spoke to me and said: "Teach this book to my people, for it is the fullness of my gospel. . . ."—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 47, p. 170.

Elder Archie McKenzie again this year did some good work in and around Five Lakes, and Juniata.

At the General Conference of this year, Robert E. Grant,

of the Quorum of Seventy, who was dropped two years ago from the missionary force "for cause," was expelled from the quorum by a unanimous vote of that quorum.

The Northern Michigan District, at the June conference of last year, had petitioned the Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana District to grant them three counties: viz, Oceana, Newaygo, and Mecosta, in which some work had been done by the brethren of the northern district, and in which there was a branch organized, etc. This was granted by the latter district; and on April 12, the General Conference appointed a committee to which was referred our petition, who reported favorably, thus changing the boundary lines from the north to the south boundaries of the counties named above.

The high council, to whom was appealed the case of Robert E. Grant, decided that the brother was guilty of charges as before heard in an elders' court in Grand Rapids, Michigan; later he was expelled from the church.

Brother Osro J. Hawn did local work in Flint as circumstances would permit, and did good by precept and example.

A collection was taken up by the Eastern Michigan District conference held in June, to assist in erecting a monument to the memory of Elder Robert Davis. The same was done in the Northern Michigan District, and a nice monument was placed in the Tawas Cemetery, to mark the spot where the body of Brother Davis lies.

The superintendent of the Northern Michigan District Association, Wellington D. Ellis, resigned, and Charles E. Irwin was appointed in his stead; Charles B. Joice was still secretary.

Two-day meetings were held in the eastern district as follows: Cash, Shabbona, and Minden City, Sanilac County; Deenville, Lapeer County; and Riley Center, Saint Clair County.

Elder Columbus Scott reached Detroit July 7 and commenced labor as per appointment.

At the General Conference, April 19, Elder Wellington D. Ellis was ordained to the office of seventy, by Brethren Heman C. Smith and John W. Wight.

Brother John H. Lake came into the northern part of Michigan in June, and visited many parts of the northern district. Of the works in parts visited by Brother Lake, he says this in *Saints' Herald*, volume 47, page 471:

From here I went to Reed City and met with Brother John J. Cornish at the station. He was just returning from the eastern district. He went there to attend their conference held at Bay Port. He says they had a good conference and peace and good will prevailed. . . . Brother Cornish was very busy preparing his report for the conference of the Northern Michigan District. He was well assisted by his daughter Bertha. He is the bishop's agent of the district, and I should judge from his report that he is a good one, and that the Saints are alive to duty.

We went to Boyne City to attend the conference of the district the 23d and 24th of June. Met with a band of good Saints, and the conference was a specially good one. Six were baptized and confirmed, the Spirit of the Lord was felt and enjoyed by many, and the gifts were manifested to the comfort of many. Here I met with some of the missionaries that I never met before. All seemed alive to duty. The conference was all that we could reasonably ask for.

After the conference I went with Brother Thomas Hartnell, in his carriage. It was about thirty miles. We reached Brother Hartnell's about nine p. m.

While I remained in that neighborhood I had three meetings in their schoolhouse, and met with the Saints in the Star Branch. Brother John Hartnell is president. We had a pleasant time.

From there I went to Prescott, to attend a two-day meeting held on the 3d and 4th of July. . . .

On the morning of the Fourth we could hear the rumbling of the salutes at Prescott, but the Saints prepared to meet at their church at nine a. m., for prayer and praise to the God of Israel, and Him who had raised the ensign to the nations. We had a sweet and enjoyable time, rejoicing and praising God. At 10.30 the writer spoke. I felt well while addressing those present and the Saints who had come from different branches, some a distance of thirty or forty miles to spend their Fourth in rejoicing with the Saints rather than meet with the world. We had a time that will be comforting to remember, that we met, and rejoiced, and praised God, on the one hundred twenty-fourth anniversary of the Nation. To me it will be a bright spot in life's history.

I have met with a number of the Saints of Michigan. So far, I am

well pleased with their acquaintance. Some I had met in Canada in years past.

I am now at Bay City and we are holding meetings on the street corners. . . .

The Saints here met with a loss. The hall they had rented was burned, and their organ, with all the furniture, was burned. They are getting a new tent for the district, and are to have it here for a while. . . .

So far as I have been through the mission, I am well pleased. Most of the Saints seem alive to duty.

President Joseph Smith in passing through the country stayed at Detroit, and gave a couple of discourses in the Saints' hall and explained some of the differences between us and the Utah people. From "Extracts of letters" in *Saints' Herald* we copy the following:

The papers of the city forecasted my probable course as a preacher and divined that I would measure some of the differences between our Utah friends and ourselves as churches. So, my work being cut out for me, at 10.30 yesterday morning I proceeded to show our attitude toward the church in Utah, by presenting our reasons for holding to monogamous marriages, rather than to plural. There were six Utah elders, including Wood, Adams, Condie, and Dotson in line to hear me. I felt well, had excellent liberty, and my effort was well received. How received by Utah contingency I do not know.

I spoke again in the evening to a house full. Among the auditors was Professor McChesney, professor of languages in one of the leading universities of the State, now retired from active teaching. He was passing, dropped in, became interested, and stayed to hear. I was introduced to him at the close.—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 47, p. 479.

At the Boyne City Conference, held at Boyne City, June 23, John J. Cornish resigned as president of the Northern Michigan District, and John A. Grant was appointed in his stead.

Two-day meetings were held at Glover, Bellaire, Antrim County; Freesoil, Mason County; Joyfield, Benzie County; Gilmore, Isabella County; in the northern district, and at Five Lakes, Lapeer County; Huron City, Huron County, in the eastern district. They were well attended and much good was done.

Brothers William Davis and Francis C. Smith operated the tent in Ubly.

The work in Cadillac was prosperous. Eleven more were baptized in October.

Elder Edgar H. Durand labored some in the eastern part of Michigan, baptizing one at Durand, Shiawassee County.

Francis C. Smith, of Owendale, Huron County, was ordained to the office of seventy, by Elders John H. Lake and Columbus Scott, at the conference held at Detroit, October 6 and 7, his ordination having been previously provided for by act of General Conference.

A young man by the name of James W. Davis, residing at Ubly, Michigan, was called to the office of priest, and ordained under the hands of Elders Columbus Scott, John H. Lake, and Andrew Barr, at the conference at Detroit mentioned above.

At the Northern Michigan district conference held at Beaverton in October, Brother James H. Peters was elected president of the district.

During the year several have been added to the church by baptism.

Brethren of the missionary force have baptized as follows: John H. Lake, 12; John J. Cornish, 30; David Smith, 13; Andrew Barr, 3; John J. Bailey, 5; Amos Berve, 4; William Davis, 10; Edwin J. Goodenough, 3; Edwin A. Goodwin, 2; John A. Grant, 4; Richard W. Hugill, 3; John Schreur, 6; and Charles E. Irwin, 8; besides some who were added by the local brethren.

In the last few years the work of baptisms has not been so great as in former years, and people as a rule are not so willing to hear the latter day message, but the Saints are more confirmed in the faith and are more established in the truthfulness of the work.

Edwin A. Goodwin was ordained to the office of elder by John H. Lake and John J. Cornish on October 14. Walter P. Buckley and John McKnight were ordained to the office of

priest, and Edward S. White to the office of teacher by John H. Lake, assisted by others on the same date.

Chapter 29.

1901.

Beginning with this year we had as officers and missionaries for Northern and Eastern Michigan districts the following: John H. Lake, in charge of Michigan and Indiana. Missionaries: James H. Peters, James A. Carpenter, John J. Cornish, David Smith, Francis C. Smith, James R. Beckley, Wellington D. Ellis, John J. Bailey, Andrew Barr, Amos Berve, William Davis, Henry J. DeVries, Edwin J. Goodenough, John A. Grant, Richard W. Hugill, John Schreur, Abram E. Burr, James W. Davis, William H. Fuller, John H. Hanson, Jared L. Sweet, and George D. Washburn. The largest missionary force we had ever had in Michigan.

August 31, 1901, William O. Harrison was ordained to the office of elder by William Davis.

William Powell was ordained to the office of priest by William Davis, September 4, 1901.

Brother William Hunter was ordained a priest, and took the presidency of the Huron Center Branch during this year.

George H. Skinner, of Saint Clair, was ordained to the office of elder January 20, 1901, by John H. Lake.

Near Chippewa Station, in Clare County, a branch was organized January 13, 1901, by John J. Cornish and Levi Phelps, with twenty members, nearly all of whom had moved in and settled there on new farms, and who had come from other branches, many of whom were families by the name of Cornish, the first settler being Richard Cornish, brother of John J. Cornish. The branch was named the Cornish Branch. William Levitt was chosen to preside as presiding teacher, he having been previously ordained to that office. John Mogg

was chosen and ordained deacon. Sister Ortensia Mogg, secretary. All seemed alive to the work.

Brother Osro J. Hawn baptized six near Carsonville on January 17, and did good work in and around that part of the district.

Brother James Orton (priest) near Hillman did some preaching and baptized some occasionally.

Brother George W. Burt and family from Canada, (now residing at Comins, Montmorency County) were interested in the gospel and had been baptized. They had organized a Sunday school with some other scattered members, and held prayer meetings. Brother David Smith did most of the preaching in their vicinity.

The brothers in Detroit did fairly well in their branch, some nonmembers frequently attended their meetings. A gentleman in that city, signing himself "Laic," by others called "The Church Tramp," wrote a splendid three quarter column article which was published in the *News-Tribune*, favoring the work of the Saints, and briefly showing the difference between us and the Utah people.

Charles E. Irwin was superintendent of the Northern Michigan Sunday School Association, and Charles B. Joice, secretary. The schools did finely.

James H. Peters was still president of the Northern Michigan District; Richard W. Hugill, associate president; and Charles B. Joice, secretary. Brother Peters was unable to devote much of his time to district work.

John J. Cornish was field missionary for the Northern and Eastern Michigan districts, also local historian for both districts, he being appointed to last named position by the General Church Historian, Heman C. Smith, which appointment was ratified by both Northern and Eastern Michigan district conferences. He was still bishop's agent for the Northern Michigan District. Andrew Barr was president and bishop's

agent for the Eastern Michigan District; William Davis, secretary.

Sister Emma Woodworth was superintendent of the Eastern Michigan District Sunday School Association; Osro J. Hawn, associate superintendent, and Grace McInnis, secretary.

At the Northern Michigan district conference held at Fork, June 8, William Dowker was granted permission to preach in the district as circumstances permit. At that conference Brothers John D. Howard, Byrnie S. Lambkin, and William Levitt were ordained priests.

At Applegate during this year the brethren commenced to build a church, twenty-eight by forty-two feet in size, and gathered considerable material for that purpose, and laid the foundation, had the frame up, etc.

At the Eastern Michigan district conference, held June 1, at Detroit, the Delaware Branch was declared disorganized, several of the members having moved away, and some having died, thus not leaving enough to hold an organization. At that conference Brothers Henry Anderson and George Smith were ordained to the office of priest by Brethren John H. Lake, Richard C. Evans, and Andrew Barr.

In June and July of this year (1901) there were lively times at Shabbona, Sanilac County. The local pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of that place lectured against the Saints, also got another reverend gentleman from Port Huron to come and give lectures against the church, whereupon the Saints made reply as best they could. The Methodist Episcopal people then challenged our people to discuss the differences between the two churches. Elder Cornish came on in time to hear one of the Methodist Episcopal elders lecture against the faith. This elder refused to be introduced to Elder Cornish, shake hands with him, or speak to him; at which actions many interested in neither church, as well as some of the members of the Methodist Church, remonstrated. The Methodist people

then refused to discuss at all, but they were very willing to, and did, assist and entertain a Disciple minister by the name of Elder Brown. Hence, Elder R. B. Brown and Elder John J. Cornish arranged for a debate on two propositions. The debate was to be of four nights' duration. The propositions were as follows:

Resolved, That the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, of which John J. Cornish is a member, is in harmony with the teaching of the New Testament in doctrine and practice. J. J. Cornish affirms; R. B. Brown denies.

Resolved, That the Bible contains all of God's revealed will to man for the past, present, or future; also contains all things needful for man's salvation, and the Book of Mormon is a fraud and a delusion, and the translation of the Bible by Joseph Smith must go with it. R. B. Brown affirms; J. J. Cornish, denies.

Of this debate Elder William Davis says:

SHABBONA, MICHIGAN, July 19.

Editor Saints' Herald: The debate between Elder John J. Cornish and R. B. Brown is a thing of the past. It was a great victory for us. Large crowds in attendance, and many interested. Seven have been baptized since the close of the debate, and many more are convinced of the truth and will obey soon.

We are thankful for the light of the gospel. The Lord stood by us and blessed his servant in defending the work. The Saints are rejoicing in the work, having been strengthened and confirmed in the faith.

Methodism received a severe blow here, as they were the ones that started the debate, and then were afraid to meet it themselves so got a Disciple to take it up for them.

Brother Cornish has just left for other parts, and I stay to continue the work.—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 48, p. 607.

Elder Brown did not discuss the tenets of his faith, but promised to do so later.

Two-day meetings were held in the northern district, as follows: Boyne City, July 27 and 28; Coleman, August 17 and 18; Fork, Beaverton, Coleman, Gilmore all uniting; Inland, Benzie County, August 24 and 25; South Boardman, September 21 and 22; and Freesoil, September 28 and 29. The meetings were well attended, and were a grand success at all of the above-named places.

Two-day meetings were also held in the eastern district as follows: At Pigeon River Branch, near Canboro, Huron County, August 17 and 18; and one at Buel Center, Sanilac County, August 24 and 25. These meetings were well attended, and good resulted therefrom.

Brother David Dowker was taken into the Valley Branch March 12, 1901, and was ordained to the office of priest at Bay City, December 22, 1901, by James A. Carpenter, William Dowker, and Edwin A. Goodwin.

Brother Charles A. Priest was taken into the Valley Branch at Bay City, December 6, 1901, and was ordained priest December 22, 1901, by William Dowker, Edwin A. Goodwin, and James A. Carpenter.

The following may be well to preserve:

SAINT CLAIR, MICHIGAN, January 17, 1902.

On the 30th of June, 1901, our little daughter Delta took seriously ill with cholera infantum. We called for Elder Lake, who was then holding meetings here, he administered to the baby and she was instantly healed. A neighbor who was in the house at the time said the child could not live till night, but seeing the immediate relief, she began to investigate and is now rejoicing in the gospel.

MRS. H. ANDERSON, AND
MR. ANDERSON.

Also the following:

During the winter of 1901 a lump came on the side of my throat which was fast filling it up. I tried everything that I thought would be good for it but all to no avail; it still kept making it more difficult to swallow.

I went to a physician, he said it was a growth in my throat. He gave me some medicine and said if it was not better when I had took it all I should go back and he would try something else. I took a few doses of the medicine, and every time I took it something seemed to say that medicine will do you no good; you must look to God to be healed.

It was then so bad I could scarcely eat, and could only swallow water by taking a teaspoonful at a time. Brother George Skinner, our presiding elder, came and administered to me. I got no relief then; but the next day about eleven o'clock he called to see how I was. I told him the lump was still there. After he went away I went to God in secret prayer and earnestly plead with him to remove the affliction, which I am thank-

ful to say he did almost instantly, and at 12 o'clock was able to eat and drink without pain; and have never felt anything of it since. To God be all the praise.

Your sister,

M. LIVELY.

This healing took place on January 22, 1901.

GEORGE H. SKINNER.

John A. Grant and Edwin A. Goodwin were appointed at the June conference of the Northern Michigan District to preach in the tent for a season. They erected it at first in Turner, Arenac County. They operated there for three weeks, baptizing three persons, allaying much prejudice, and building up the few Saints residing there.

June 30. John A. Larson was called and ordained to the office of priest, and in August preached to his countrymen. Brother Larson is of Swedish birth.

Brothers Amos Berve and Byrnie S. Lambkin were operating a tent erected at McBain, Missaukee County, in Northern Michigan District.

At Shabbona, following the Cornish and Brown debate, John J. Cornish baptized five; William Davis baptized two, and Francis C. Smith three.

At the convention of the local societies of Zion's Religio-Literary Society, held at Five Lakes, Michigan, October 19, the organization of the Peninsular State Association was effected. The following officers were chosen: Edwin A. Goodwin, president; Emer A. Melisch, vice president; Bertha Cornish, secretary; Peter G. Hagar, treasurer. Nine locals were represented by delegation.

At the Eastern Michigan district conference held at Five Lakes, October 19 and 20, Elder William Davis was elected district president, Edwin J. Goodenough associate president, and Samuel D. Spore, secretary. At this conference Brother William Jenkinson was called and ordained an elder, and Benjamin F. Parker was called and ordained a priest by John H. Lake and associate brethren at the conference.

Brother Archibald Whitehead, of Cadillac, was encouraged in the blessings of God received through administrations, one of which is mentioned in an editorial in the *Saints' Herald* as follows:

Brother Archibald Whitehead wrote from Cadillac, Michigan, some time ago that he had been enjoying the blessings of God. Sometime in August he was requested to go to Kalamazoo, Michigan, to administer to a sister who, the doctors said, could not live. She was suffering from cancer. Though somewhat of a trial to Brother Whitehead, he went, having been told by the Spirit he would meet Brother Peak upon the train. He did, and together they administered. Brother Peak left at once. In less than an hour after the administration the sister sat up, ate dinner, and declared she was healed. The next day she arose and dressed herself,—something she had not done for months previously. The blessing caused them to rejoice much.—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 48, p. 955.

At the Sunday school convention of the Northern Michigan District, Edwin A. Goodwin was elected superintendent; Henry J. Badder, associate superintendent; Charles B. Joice, secretary; Alice M. Joslyn, treasurer.

Edwin A. Goodwin held a discussion at West Bay City with Elder W. B. Thomson, of the Disciple order, upon the identity of the two churches. The agreement was to discuss for three evenings. The local Disciple pastor of that place tried to prejudice the people against our faith before the debate, began by lecturing against our people and doctrine. Brother Goodwin replied promptly, and drew the line sharply, exposing his self-contradictory statements and unchristianlike tactics. The church lost nothing by the controversy; neither by the discussion.

During this year the missionaries baptized as follows: James A. Carpenter, 3; David Smith, 8; John R. Beckley, 8; Amos Berve, 10; William Davis, 11; Edwin J. Goodenough, 2; John A. Grant, 6; John H. Hanson, 6; John Schreur, 5; George D. Washburn, 5; John J. Cornish, 5; Richard W. Hugill, 9; and William H. Fuller, 3.

Chapter 29.

1902.

During the year we had the following missionaries appointed for Michigan: Heman C. Smith, in charge of Michigan, Indiana, Northern Illinois, and Wisconsin. For the Northern Michigan District: James A. Carpenter, David Smith, James R. Beckley, Amos Berve, Henry J. DeVries, John A. Grant, John H. Hanson, William Hartnell, Richard W. Hugill, John W. McKnight, John Schreur, and Abram E. Burr; those appointed for the Eastern Michigan District were John J. Bailey, Andrew Barr, William Davis, Edwin J. Goodenough, Osro J. Hawn, Jared L. Sweet, James W. Davis, William H. Fuller; those appointed to Michigan: John J. Cornish, George D. Washburn, and William H. Kelley, of Indiana.

Brother Edwin A. Goodwin was laboring in Saginaw and Bay City the latter part of last year and the first of this year. There are at the present time twelve or fifteen members in Saginaw, some of whom had moved there from Ohio, such as Brothers Smallwood, Engle, Mayette, etc., with their families. Brother Goodwin is laboring among them, having secured a hall, brought seats, procured an organ, and was holding regular services. Only a few nonmembers seemed to be interested.

Brother Osro J. Hawn has been laboring in Carsonville and McGregor during the early part of January, baptizing five in the last named place.

Brother John H. Lake visited Detroit and Flint, preaching a few times in each place, and left Flint for Indiana.

Brother George Washburn is laboring at Phelps; he also made an opening at Ironton, but the officers of the schoolhouse closed the building against him, hence but little good was accomplished.

Brother John A. Grant, president of the Northern Michigan District, has been visiting the branches during the winter

months and holding priesthood meetings with the officers of nearly every branch, being at times assisted by some of the local brethren.

John J. Cornish spent about one month in Eastern Michigan District, during the latter part of January and first of February, preaching in some of the old places where he began his work twenty years ago.

Brother Andrew Barr is on the sick list. He has not been well for some time, and has not been able to do much church work, but still does all he can under the circumstances.

Brother William Davis, president of the Eastern Michigan District, is kept busy visiting the different branches of the district.

Francis C. Smith is doing some labor at Owendale, Bay Port, and Grant, baptizing some in each place in the month of March.

By instruction of Heman C. Smith in pastoral, George D. Washburn labored under Warren E. Peak, of the Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana District, and William H. Kelley (of Indiana) labored under John J. Cornish's directions.

Walter Sims (with whom John J. Cornish debated in the Eastern Michigan District some years ago) is now on the war-path in the eastern part of the Northern Michigan District. Brother Edwin A. Goodwin (who was appointed to labor in Canada, but being lonesome and in a new field, and he unacquainted, returned to Michigan) has this to say about Mr. Sims:

WEST BAY CITY, MICHIGAN.

Editors Herald: I arrived in Michigan just in time to learn that Professor Walter Sims, who has debated against our representatives several times, had publicly stated that I had backed down from a discussion with him, and that he would force me to meet him, etc. I had been waiting for him to secure his credentials, which, it appears, he could not get. I also learned that he was about to enter into debate with Elder David Smith, at Augres, commencing April 21. I immediately repaired to the battle ground, and before the debate began, in the presence of the peo-

ple, announced Mr. Sims' errors, and my willingness to meet him at once. He agreed. Meantime I was chosen moderator for Brother Smith and the controversy began. Brother Smith was in fine form, and readily met his wily antagonist at every turn. At the close of the third evening Mr. Sims left the floor, and declined to remain for the other sessions, in which his church would be examined. It was a signal defeat. Brother Smith conducted our side finely. Much good will result. Mr. Sims is to meet me in the theater building, at Standish, in May.

I am feeling well, and desire to remain active until the the end.

E. A. GOODWIN.

Brother John J. Bailey was ordained an evangelical minister under the hands of Brother John H. Lake, under direction of Apostle Heman C. Smith, on the 24th day of September, 1902. Was under missionary appointment in Eastern Michigan District and continued labors according to said appointment until the close of the mission year.

Brother Bailey has opened up the work in Oakland County, doing some good work in and around his former home. He is a good, kind, and fatherly man, and well received by those with whom he labors.

Brother Byrnie S. Lambkin has done some labor in McBain, baptizing two.

Brother Abram E. Burr is doing some labor in West Branch, Prescott, and Sage.

Brother John Schreur is doing some labor at Freesoil, Fountain, and vicinities. He baptized nine during the month of May.

John J. Cornish was debating in Bellaire with R. B. Brown, a Disciple minister, during the month of May on the following three propositions:

First: "Resolved, That Joseph Smith was a false prophet and an impostor, and the Book of Mormon and Book of Doctrine and Covenants and Inspired Translation of the Bible false and corrupt, and should not be accepted by Christians." R. B. Brown affirms, and John J. Cornish denies.

Second: "Resolved, That the teachings of the Reorganized

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints are in harmony with that taught by Christ and his apostles, both in respect to doctrine and organization." Cornish affirms, Brown denies.

Third: "Resolved, That the teachings of the Church of Christ, of which R. B. Brown is a member, are in harmony with that taught by Christ and his apostles, both in respect to doctrine and organization." Brown affirms, Cornish denies.

There were to be four nights of two half hour speeches each, each evening on the first proposition. Two nights on the second, and two on the third proposition. Of this debate John A. Grant says:

BELLAIRE, MICHIGAN, June 3.

Editors Herald: The debate between Brother John J. Cornish and Reverend R. B. Brown is progressing nicely. Last night closed the second proposition, making six nights thus far. First proposition, "Joseph and the books," occupied four evenings. Second proposition, "Reorganized Church in harmony with the New Testament Church," occupied two evenings. The third proposition starts this evening, in which Mr. Brown affirms the Christian Church, of which he is a member, to be in harmony with the New Testament Church. Brother Cornish is feeling well in body and spirit, and has thus far ably acquitted himself as a defender of the restored gospel.

Mr. Brown has largely traversed the old beaten path of his predecessors in like work. Hence I will not take time nor space to present his line of argument.

We are confident that the work is not suffering under Mr. Brown's fire. The Saints of this place are very much encouraged and hopeful of good results from the debate.

I baptized two at Glover on Sunday, May 25. So the good work moves on.

Brother Cornish just handed me a letter which he received from President Joseph Smith, which says, "I have arranged with Brother Heman C. Smith to attend conference at Freesoil, June 21, 22, and Shabbona the 28th and 29th." We are pleased to announce to the membership of the district the contemplated visit of our worthy President, and trust we may have a good representation at the conference."—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 49, p. 589.

By invitation President Joseph Smith, accompanied by Heman C. Smith, missionary in charge of Michigan, left Lamoni, Iowa, June 19, for a sojourn in Michigan. They were here

about two weeks attending Michigan conferences, and dedicated two churches, one in Freesoil, Mason County, in the Northern Michigan District, and one at Shabbona, Sanilac County, in the Eastern Michigan District. Extracts from an editorial by Joseph Smith in *Saints' Herald*, after his return home, gives an account of the dedications as follows:

Upon invitation extended by the authorities of the Northern and Eastern Michigan districts, the editor went in company with Brother Heman C. Smith of the Twelve, and missionary in charge of the mission field in Michigan, into his field, to be present and assist in dedicatory services, by which worshiping places for the covenant people might be set apart, consecrated, and dedicated for that purpose.

By instruction from Brother John J. Cornish, field missionary, Brother Heman and the editor went to their first stopping place by way of the Chicago and Milwaukee, by rail, and thence across Lake Michigan, via the Pere Marquette line of steamer and rail to Ludington and Freesoil. . . . From Ludington to Freesoil was but a short ride, the town being at the west end of the Northern District. There were Saints on board the train, but we did not discover this until we got out at Freesoil, where we were greeted by Brethren John J. Cornish, John A. Grant, and a number of others, including our traveling companions whom we did not know at the time. We were met by a cordial greeting, and were made welcome at the house of Brother John Bennett, which became our temporary home.

A prayer and testimony meeting occupied the time from 8.30 to 10 a. m. of the 21st, when the conference for the district began its sessions. These lasted till the evening, when by appointment of those in charge, Brother Edgerton K. Evans delivered an excellent and timely discourse, from the saying, "The bed is too short that a man may stretch himself on it, and the cover is too narrow that he wrap himself in it." It was pleasant to the editor to listen to the voice of some one other than himself.

Sunday was occupied in social service until 10.45 a. m., when the dedicatory exercises began and were successfully concluded, the sermon by the editor, the prayer by Brother Heman C. Smith.

The usual evening services were held, Brother Heman being the preacher.

The building is frame, thirty by fifty feet in size, nicely finished, and clear of all incumbrances. It is certainly a credit to those who have built it at a sacrifice upon the part of many. There are some seventeen hundred Saints distributed in some sixteen or seventeen branches. A goodly number of these were convened to aid in the work of dedication. Among them we met Brother Charles G. Lewis, of Boyne City, with part of his family, Sister Horton, the widow of Brother Wesley Horton, de-

ceased, of Manistee, and a Brother Nathan Pierce who was baptized in 1842, and who had not accepted any other gospel than the one he received at his baptism. He is now ninety-four years old and may round out the hundred. At his request he was received into the church on his original baptism and his ordination as an elder. It was a pleasing incident of our visit and stay at Freesoil.

A run to Reed City, the home of Brother John J. Cornish, a restful day and night, a visit to the park and mineral springs near by, filled up the time till Tuesday afternoon, the 23d, when we went to Coleman where Brother James H. Peters resides, whose guests we were during our stay. We held services here with a house well filled with listeners.

We held two services, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, at Bay City in the Saints' chapel, not yet completed. The attendance was not large, but the spirit of the occasion was good. A circus on an adjoining block, with its horses, animals, and music, was a rival attraction; but we were not inclined to be jealous, so did not worry. Whether any who would have come to the meeting, but went to the circus instead, we do not feel to say, as our opinion was and is that there was probably no one at the circus who would otherwise have come to the meeting, hence no harm was done by its being near the church; except the possible distraction of the minds of some by the music.

We here met Brothers William Dowker, Edward S. White, James A. Carpenter Bennett, and a number of others with whom the time passed pleasantly. Brothers Cornish and Grant were also with us here.

At an early hour on Friday, the 27th, we met at the station in Bay City, Brethren Cornish, Grant, Smith, and Smith, and at a little past one at Shabbona, by the way of Clifford and Deford, railway towns, and eight miles to the east of the last named place by wagon (thirteen in the load), to Shabbona (accent on the "bo"), under the convoy and care of Brother Thomas Brown, sometimes called "Tom," sometimes "Brownie," for short. He stopped as he passed the church, discharged the odd eleven, but took Brothers Smith and Smith to the home of Mr. John Proctor, where he, though not of the church, and his wife who is, gave us a Saint's reception. We were in time to be present at the Sunday school convention in the afternoon, presided over by Brother Osro J. Hawn, the efficient superintendent of the district association. The convention was in a sort of quandary, from which it was extricated by the cutting of a bit of red tape, and business proceeded. There was a very pleasant entertainment in the evening, the program of which gave token of advancement and talent for progress.

We met here with Brother William Davis, president of the district, Brother Gilbert, priest of the branch, Brethren Harrison, Dexter, John J. Bailey, Pearson, Ledsworth, McKenzie, Andrew Barr, Hunter, Smith, Francis, Davis, Alma, and George Goodenough, besides an indefinite number of Smiths "too numerous to mention."

The dedication was at 10.45, in charge of Brother William Davis, Brother Buckley chorister, Sister Berta Johnson, organist. The open-

ing prayer was by Brother Davis, sermon by President Joseph Smith, dedicatory prayer by Brother John A. Grant.

This building is thirty by fifty feet in size, the same as the one at Freesoil, is brick veneered, and cost, estimated, one thousand dollars. It is all paid for, but is not yet seated but will be before long. It is very pleasantly situated, supplies a want amounting to a necessity, and is an evidence as to what may be done by a unity of purpose and action. The Methodist church, standing not far away, has been some five years in process of building and is still "on the way."

Shabbona is eight miles east from Deford, a little station on the P. O. & M. Railway. It is in rather a good part of the State, but is now suffering from excessive rains. We noticed corn, wheat, rye, oats, red clover, alsike clover, barley, and sugar beets, so conclude folks can live if they try hard, and are frugal.

This is the place where Brother Cornish and Elder Brown held their debate, from the effects of which the neighborhood has not yet recovered. Brother Cornish made a good impression for the work by his demeanor before the public.

The occasion of the dedication was made a holiday, that is, the countryside turned out with the result that the services were held to crammed houses, within the church, and an overflow meeting in Macebee's Hall, kindly tendered for the afternoon and evening, in the first of which Brother William H. Kelley, of Indiana, was the speaker, and Brother Edgerton K. Evans in the evening. The afternoon service in the church was a funeral one, in memory of Brother Frederick Shaffbauer, by Brother Cornish; the evening service was by Brother Heman C. Smith. At this meeting four were confirmed who were baptized in the afternoon intermission by Brother William Davis, and three children were blessed.

It was the largest religious assembly ever held in the village and was marked by the utmost of cordiality upon the part of the citizens, outsiders as well as Saints. It was estimated that there were from eight hundred to one thousand people in attendance.

Rain fell on Saturday night and Sunday morning, but it ceased in time for the services; and the day was a pleasant one.

There are some seventeen branches in the Northern Michigan District, and some thirty-two in the Eastern District. Six were baptized at Freesoil, and nine at Shabbona. The Saints at the latter place are entitled to credit for the ease and thoroughness with which they wrought to build. The wonder of their neighbors is, "How in the world have they done it?"

And now, writing of these events, what shall be said of the labors of Brother Edmund C. Briggs, John H. Lake, Edmund L. Kelley, Robert Davis, and John J. Cornish, in building up and fastening this belt of Saints, believers in God, and the Bible, across the State of Michigan in its northern zone from Ludington to Detroit? Brother Cornish alone has been the instrument of adding to the church some thirteen hundred

believers, the majority of whom were represented at the conferences and dedication services held at Freesoil and Shabbona. There is a strong force of young men coming on. Such men as Osro J. Hawn, J. E. Buckley, James W. Davis, Whitford, and others whose names we failed to get.

Besides these, there are bright minds among the young women in the Sunday school and Religio work, Sisters McGinness, Joslyn, Bennett, Smith, Johnson, and others, whom we could neither remember nor jot down; so give them all credit in the aggregate, by the sentence. There will be a good supply of those who will be ready to take the place of the aged workers by and by.

The editor was impressed with the outlook in these districts, and though there are some things that need adjusting there is reason to hope that the Good Spirit will be present with those who will endeavor to adjust them, that the end for good to all may be reached."—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 49, pp. 665-667.

The Saints were living in a state of pleased anticipation before the conferences referred to, and when the time arrived turned out en masse to greet the President of the church, many of them having never seen him before.

Two-day meetings were held in the Eastern Michigan District as follows: McGregor, Sanilac County, July 26, 27; Five Lakes, Lapeer County, August 9, 10; Fargo, Saint Clair County, August 23, 24; Riley Center, Saint Clair County, August 30, 31; Richmondville, Sanilac County, September 6, 7; and Harbor Beach, September 13, 14.

A two-day meeting was held in the Northern Michigan District at Boyne City, Charlevoix County, August 23, 24.

Brother Osro J. Hawn assisted in the tent at McGregor. Good interest. Seven have been baptized.

The two-day meetings held in Eastern Michigan District were fine, especially so at Richmondville, at which place Elder Hawn baptized five. Elder William Davis also baptized one at Harbor Beach, and six were baptized there shortly afterwards.

A Methodist Episcopal minister by the name of Goheen, a brother of Elder Thomas Goheen, attended the conference at Shabbona, also the two-day meetings at Richmondville, and as

a result has been baptized and confirmed a member of the true church of Jesus Christ.

President Richard C. Evans, of London, Ontario, attended the conference at South Boardman, Kalkaska County (Northern Michigan District), where he was chosen to preside. His preaching, teaching, and counsel were well received. Seven were baptized, and an enjoyable time was had. At this conference Brother Homer A. Doty was ordained to the office of elder, and Ross L. Ingleright to the office of priest. A petition was also received from the Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana District, saying that George D. Washburn was called to the office of elder, but as he resided in the Northern Michigan District, they requested said district to grant them permission to ordain him to said office, which request was granted.

Along the middle of November Brother Osro J. Hawn labored in Blaine, Saint Clair County; he met with opposition from Elders Ellerthorpe and Hasket, of the Baptist persuasion, who have been lecturing against the Saints in and around that locality. Brother Hawn made replies to their lectures, which did much good for the work. He also baptized four persons.

In the spring of this year the Saints at East Fremont, Sanilac County, commenced to build a church twenty-six by thirty-six feet, and laid a good foundation,—got some lumber and did some other work towards its erection.

A branch was organized at McBain, Missaukee County, May 15, 1902, by John A. Grant and Amos Berve. Brother Fred Rowe, having previously been ordained to the office of priest, was chosen president of the branch, and it was named McBain Branch.

There were baptized by the missionaries for this year as follows: John J. Cornish, 6; David Smith, 10; James R. Beckley, 6; John J. Bailey, 15; Andrew Barr, 1; Amos Berve,

6; Abram E. Burr, 6; William Davis, 16; John H. Hanson, 10; William Hartnell, 6; Osro J. Hawn, 35; William H. Kelley, 9; John Schreur, 6; William H. Fuller, 5; Byrnie S. Lambkin, 5; John W. McKnight, 2.

So ends the year 1902.

(To be continued.)

UNBELIEF.

There is no unbelief.

Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And sees it push away the clod,
Trusts he in God.

Whoever says when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart; light breaketh by and by,"
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees 'neath winter's fields of snow
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep.
Knows "God will keep."

Whoever says, "To-morrow"—"The Unknown"—
"The Future"—trusts that power alone
He dare disown.

The heart that looks on when the eyelids close
And dares to live, when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief.

And day by day, and night increasingly,
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny;
God knoweth why.

WRITING LETTERS.

The following article is from the pen of Joseph Smith the Martyr, and published in *Times and Seasons*, volume 5, number 19, October 15, 1844. It had been previously published in the *Evening and Morning Star*, at Kirtland, in September, 1832. We reproduce it here, not only for the excellent advice given in regard to this important subject, but for the purpose of giving an insight into the character of Joseph Smith, as expressed in his views set forth in the document.

“The art of writing is one of the greatest blessings we enjoy. To cultivate it is our duty, and to use it is our privilege. By these means the thoughts of the heart can act without the body, and the mind can speak without the head, while thousands of miles apart, and for ages after the flesh has moldered back to its mother dust. Beloved reader, have you ever reflected on this simple, this useful, this heavenly blessing? It is one of the best gifts of God to man, and it is the privilege of man to enjoy it. By writing, the word of the Lord has been handed to the inhabitants of the earth, from generation to generation. By writing, the inventions and knowledge of men have been received, age after age, for the benefit of the world. By writing, the transactions of life, like the skies over the ocean, are spread out upon the current of time, for the eyes of the rising multitudes to look upon. And while we are thus summing up some of the blessings and enjoyments which result from this noble art, let us not forget to view a few of the curses and mischiefs which follow an abuse of this high privilege. While we behold what a great matter a little fire kindles, let us not stand mute. Let us not forget to set a better example, when we see the slanderer dip his raven’s quill in gall, to blot the fair name of some innocent person.

Let us weep, for so will the heavens do, when the great men of the earth write their glory in the tears of the fatherless and the widow. Let us mourn while this world's vanity is written for deception, in letters of gold. But enough, for the wicked are writing their own death warrant, and the hail of the Lord shall sweep away the refuge of lies. We, as the disciples of the blessed Jesus, are bound by every consideration that makes religion a blessing to the inhabitants of the earth, while we see this exalted privilege abused, to set a more noble example: To do our business in a more sacred way, and, as servants of the Lord, that would be approved in all things, hide no fault of our own, nor cover any imperfection in others; neither offend, lest we bring reproach upon the great cause of our holy Father.

“It is pleasing to God to see men use the blessings which he gave them, and not abuse them. For this reason, if the Saints abide in the faith wherewith they have been called, the earth shall yield her increase, and the blessings of heaven shall attend them, and the Lord will turn to them a pure language, and the glory of God will again be among the righteous on earth. All things are for men, not men for all things. Beloved brethren, before we can teach the world to do right, we must be able to do so ourselves. Therefore, in the love of Him who is altogether lovely, whose yoke is easy and whose burden is light, who spake as never man spake, let us offer a few ideas on this subject, for the consideration of such as mean to love their neighbors as themselves, for the sake of righteousness and eternal life.

“1. Never write a letter to a friend or foe, unless you have business which can not be done as well in some other way; or, unless you have news to communicate, that is worth time and money. In this way you will increase confidence and save postage.

“2. Never write anything to a friend or foe, that you are

afraid to read to friend or foe, for letters from a distance, especially one or two thousand miles, are sought for with great anxiety, and, as no one is a judge of men and things, you are liable to misrepresent yourself, your country, your friends and your enemies, and put in the mouth of the honest, as well as the dishonest, a lie, which truth, in her gradual but virtuous way, may not contradict till your head is under the silent clods of the valley.

“3. Never write anything but truth, for truth is heavenly, and like the sun, is always bright, and proves itself without logic, without reasons, without witnesses, and never fails. Truth is of the Lord and will prevail.

“4. Never reprove a friend or foe for faults in a letter, except by revelation; for in the first place, your private intentions, be they ever so good, are liable to become public, because, all letters may be broken open, and your opinion only on one side of the question, can be scattered to the four winds; and he to whom you meant good, receives evil; and you are not benefited. Again, we can hardly find language, written or spoken on earth, at this time, that will convey the true meaning of the heart to the understanding of another; and you are liable to be misunderstood, and to give unpleasant feelings; and you merely, to use a simile, bleed an old sore, by probing it for proud flesh, when it only wanted a little oil from the hand of the good Samaritan, in person, to heal it. No matter how pure your intentions may be; no matter how high your standing is, you can not touch a man's heart when absent as when present. Truly, you do not cast your pearls before swine, but you throw your gold before man, and he robs you for your folly. Instead of reproof give good advice; and when face to face, rebuke a wise man and he will love you; or do so to your friend, that, should he become your enemy he can not reproach you: thus you may live, not only unspotted, but unsuspected.

“5. Never write what you would be ashamed to have printed; or what might offend the chastest ear, or hurt the softest heart. If you write what you are ashamed to have printed, you are partial; if you write what would offend virtue, you have not the Spirit of the Lord; and if you write what would wound the weak-hearted, you are not feeding the Lord’s lambs, and thus you may know that you are not doing to others what you would expect others to do to you. The only rule we would give to regulate writing letters is this: Write what you are willing should be published in this world, and in the world to come: and would to God, that not only the disciples of Christ, but the whole world, were willing to follow this rule: then the commandments would be kept and no one would write a word against the Lord his God. No one would write a word against his father or mother. No one would write a word against his neighbor. No one would write a word against the creatures of God. No one would need write a word against anything but sin; and then the world would be worth living in, for there would be none to offend.”

Jesus is distinguished from among all the great teachers of mankind by the fact that he had an immediate, practical end. He set that end before the world in his concept of the kingdom of heaven, or the kingdom of order, a kingdom that was to begin within the heart of man and yet have solid foundation upon the earth. He gave an outline of the constitution of this order in the Sermon on the Mount, and there is no doubt that he discussed the practical details with the disciples in those private talks in which he reveals to them the mystery of the kingdom. He had said publicly that all provisions for eating and drinking and all such things would be provided for in the coming order. He conjured them to seek first the kingdom of the Spirit, and all these things would come in their order.—Edwin Markham.

CURRENT EVENTS.

PREPARED BY INEZ SMITH.

July 16, 1912. Elders Okerlind and Strand sail from New York for Copenhagen to join Elders Muceus and Hanson, missionaries to Scandinavia.

August 5-15, 1912. Elder Frank A. Russell holds a ten-night discussion with E. C. Fuqua of the antiprogressive branch of the Church of Christ, at Boulder, Colorado. Usual church propositions.

September 6, 1912. Pacific Slope Quorum of Elders organized by Francis M. Sheehy at Irvington, California. Charles W. Hawkins, president; John A. Saxe and Edward Ingham, counselors.

September 8, 1912. Church dedicated at Comstock, Nebraska. Elder Frederick A. Smith gave the dedicatory sermon; James R. Sutton the dedicatory prayer.

September 27, 1912. Elder Thomas C. Kelley commences a ten-day debate with G. S. Shrouds of the International Bible Students Association, at Burlington, Washington.

September 29, 1912. Church is dedicated at South Tryon, Nebraska; Elder Charles E. Butterworth preaching dedicatory sermon; Charles W. Prettyman offering dedicatory prayer.

October 7-15, 1912. Debate is held at Adamson, Oklahoma, between Elder William W. Peacock and Elder W. F. Hall of the Christian Church.

October 8, 1912. Elder George H. Hilliard, counselor to the Presiding Bishop of the church, dies at Independence, Missouri.

October 12, 1912. An Ontario quorum of elders is organized at London, Ontario; J. V. Dent, president; John L. Burger and Charles Hanna, counselors.

October 25, 1912. The Southeastern Mission Quorum of Elders is organized at Dixonville, Alabama, composed of elders of the Alabama, Mobile, and Florida districts. The organization was in charge of Elder Francis M. Slover, of the Seventy. Elder William A. West is chosen president; Clarence J. Clark and George O. Sellers, counselors; and Clarence J. Clark, secretary.

October 27, 1912. Elder Francis M. Weld was ordained a member of the High Council of Lamoni Stake by Elders Martin M. Turpen and Richard S. Salyards, at Lucas, Iowa.

October 30, 1912. James Schoolcraft Sherman, vice president of the United States, dies at Utica, New York.

November 5, 1912. Honorable Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, is elected President of the United States; and Thomas R. Marshall, of Indiana, vice president.

November 7, 1912. William O. Clark, noted traveler and lecturer, dies at Santa Rosa, California.

November 10, 1912. Branch organized at Fourteenth and Central Streets, Grandview, Kansas City, Kansas, by Elder James Frank Curtis. Elder Henry S. Loosemore, presiding elder; David C. Hepworth, priest; Paul J. Brose, teacher; Reginald L. Loosemore, deacon; Bessie Armstrong, chorister; Irene Stratton, organist; Alma Brose, secretary.

November 20, 1912. Elder Ormond N. Dutton, an early devotee of the Reorganized Church, dies near Janesville, Wisconsin.

November 22, 1912. Zenas H. Gurley, at one time a prominent missionary and member of the Quorum of Twelve, dies at Canton, Missouri.

November 25, 1912. Honorable Isador Raynor, United States Senator from Maryland, dies at Baltimore, aged 62 years.

CONFERENCES.

June 1, 1912. Nauvoo District convenes at Fort Madison, Iowa, Elder Charles Harpe presiding.

June 22, 1912. Eastern Michigan District convenes at Port Huron, Michigan, Elder Frederick A. Smith presiding.

July 9, 1912. North Dakota District convenes at Logan, North Dakota, Elder William Sparling presiding.

July 13, 1912. Sheffield District convenes at Sutton-in-Ashfield, England, Elders William H. Greenwood and Roderick May presiding.

July 19, 1912. Saskatchewan District convenes at Disley, Saskatchewan.

July 26, 1912. Alabama District convenes with Pleasant Hill Branch, Elders James R. Harper and Francis M. Slover presiding.

July 27, 1912. Southern Missouri District convenes in Alton, Missouri, Elders William H. Kelley and George A. Davis presiding.

August 3, 1912. British Isles Mission convenes at Priestley Road, Birmingham, Elder William H. Greenwood presiding.

August 10, 1912. Florida District convenes at Dixonville, Alabama, Elders Clarence J. Clark, Francis M. Slover, and Swen Swenson presiding.

August 17, 1912. Northwestern Kansas District convenes at Alexander, Kansas, Elder John A. Teeters presiding.

August 23, 1912. Central Oklahoma District convenes at Ripley, Oklahoma, Elders James E. Yates, Earl D. Bailey, and Richard M. Maloney presiding.

August 24, 1912. Western Maine District convenes at Little Deer Isle, Maine, Elder Ulysses W. Greene presiding.

August 31, 1912. West Virginia District convenes at Clarksburg, West Virginia, Elders Samuel Brown, James H. McConnaughy, and Baronett Beall presiding.

September 2, 1912. Northern California District convenes at Irvington, California, Elders Francis M. Sheehy and John M. Terry presiding.

September 14, 1912. Independence Stake convenes at Holden, Missouri, stake presidency presiding.

September 14, 1912. Eastern Colorado District convenes at Denver, Colorado, Elder Edward F. Shupe presiding.

September 21, 1912. Southeastern Illinois District convenes with Parrish Branch, district presidency, submissionary in charge, and Elder Isaac M. Smith presiding.

September 21, 1912. Southern Nebraska District convenes at Wilber, Nebraska.

September 21, 1912. Mobile District convenes at Escatawpa, Mississippi, Elders Francis M. Slover and Albert E. Warr presiding.

September 28, 1912. Pottawattamie District convenes at Hazel Dell, Iowa, Elders John W. Wight and John A. Hanson presiding.

September 28, 1912. Northwestern Kansas District convenes at Blue Rapids, Kansas, Elders Frank G. Hedrick and Richard T. Walters presiding.

October 5, 1912. Little Sioux District convenes at Biglers Grove, Iowa, Elders John W. Wight and Sidney Pitt presiding.

October 5, 1912. Montana District convenes at Deer Lodge, Montana.

October 5, 1912. Massachusetts District convenes at Somerville, Massachusetts, Elders Ulysses W. Greene, Calvin H. Rich, George W. Robley, and Horatio W. Howlett presiding.

October 12, 1912. Western New York District convenes at Buffalo, New York, Elders Ulysses W. Greene and Albert E. Stone presiding.

October 12, 1912. London, Ontario, District convenes at London, Ontario.

October 12, 1912. Central Illinois District convenes at Pana, Illinois, Elders Frank Izatt and Jesse W. Paxton presiding.

October 19, 1912. Far West District convenes at Lexington Junction, Elders Benjamin J. Dice, David Powell, and Edward L. Henson presiding.

October 19, 1912. Nodaway District convenes at Guilford, Missouri, Elders Thomas A. Ivie and Peter Anderson presiding.

October 19, 1912. Eastern Iowa District convenes at Davenport, Iowa, Elders Jephtha B. Wildermuth and James McKiernan presiding.

October 19, 1912. Gallands Grove District convenes at Cherokee, Iowa, Elders John W. Wight and William A. Smith presiding.

October 19, 1912. Clinton District convenes at Mapleton, Kansas, Elders James Moler and J. Frank Curtis presiding.

October 26, 1912. Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana District convenes at Coldwater, Michigan, Elders George A. Smith, Otto H. Story, and James W. McKnight presiding.

November 2, 1912. Alabama District convenes at Flat Rock Branch, Alabama, Elders James R. Harper, William S. McPherson, and Francis M. Slover presiding.

November 2, 1912. Southern Wisconsin District convenes at Janesville, Wisconsin, Elders Willis A. McDowell and Frederick A. Smith presiding.

REUNIONS.

June 22-30, 1912. Minnesota District holds a reunion at Clitherall, Minnesota.

July 18-28, 1912. Calumet reunion was held, eight miles southwest of Calumet, Oklahoma, in Sanders' grove, Elders J. Frank Curtis, James E. Yates, and Hubert Case presiding.

July 25-August 5, 1912. Toronto reunion on shore of Lake

Sturgeon, near Cameron, convenes, Elders Richard C. Evans, Joseph T. Thompson, and James Pycock presiding.

July 26-August 4, 1912. Alabama district reunion convenes at McKenzie, Alabama, Elders Francis M. Slover and Swen Swenson presiding.

July 27, 1912. Massachusetts reunion convenes at Onset, Massachusetts, Elders Ulysses W. Greene, Calvin H. Rich, Horatio W. Howlett, George W. Robley, Hyrum O. Smith, and Arthur B. Phillips presiding.

August 2, 1912. Eastern Oklahoma reunion is held at Dagon Park, Wilburton, Oklahoma, Elders J. Frank Curtis, Lee Quick, John W. A. Bailey presiding.

August 9-18, 1912. Spring River District convenes at Pittsburg, Kansas, Elders Thomas W. Chatburn and Henry Sparling presiding.

August 9-18, 1912. Portland, Seattle, and British Columbia districts reunion is held at Centralia, Washington.

August 10-19, 1912. Southeastern Illinois district reunion is held at Cisne, Illinois.

August 10-25, 1912. Southern California reunion is held at Hermosa Beach, California, Elders Elbert A. Smith, Francis M. Sheehy, and William H. Kelley presiding.

August 15-25, 1912. Pittsburg, West Virginia, Kirtland, and Ohio districts convene at Kirtland Temple, in Ohio, Elders Robert C. Russell, Richard Baldwin, James C. McConnaughy, Samuel Brown, and N. Lafayette Booker presiding.

August 15-25, 1912. Kewanee, Eastern Iowa, and Nauvoo districts convene at Moline, Illinois, Elders John W. Wight, Frederick A. Smith, and Charles J. Dykes presiding.

August 15-25, 1912. Central Oklahoma District convenes at Ripley, Oklahoma, Elders J. Frank Curtis, Richard M. Maloney, and James E. Yates presiding.

August 17-23, 1912. Southern Nebraska reunion is held at

Nebraska City, Nebraska, Elders James R. Sutton, Walter M. Self, and Blanche I. Andrews presiding, representing respectively church, Sunday school, and Religio.

August 17-26, 1912. Northwestern Kansas District convenes at Alexander, Kansas, Elders Warren E. Peak and John A. Teeters presiding.

August 23, 1912. Southwestern Texas district reunion convenes at San Antonio, Texas.

August 23, 1912. Northwestern Missouri reunion convenes at Stewartsville, Missouri, Elders Benjamin J. Dice, Peter Anderson, and Edward L. Henson presiding.

August 23-September 1, 1912. Pottawattamie, Gallands Grove, Fremont, Northern Nebraska districts convene at Council Bluffs, Iowa, Elder John W. Wight and presidents of districts presiding.

August 30, 1912. Southern Indiana District convenes at Wirt, Indiana, Elders Robert C. Russell, Hiram E. Moler, and John Zahnd presiding.

August 31-September 9, 1912. Northern California and Nevada districts convene at Irvington, California.

September 2, 1912. Northeastern Kansas District convenes at Blue Rapids, Kansas, Elders Peter Anderson and Frank G. Hedrick presiding.

September 6, 1912. Little Sioux District convenes at Magnolia, Iowa, Elders John W. Wight, Sidney Pitt, Joseph W. Lane, and Sylvester B. Kibler presiding.

NECROLOGY.

GEORGE H. HILLIARD was born at Senecaville, Guernsey County, Ohio, November 7, 1838. In early life he was a member of the Catholic Church, but united with the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, July 3, 1867, Elder Mark H. Forscutt administering the ordinance of baptism. February 9, 1868, he was ordained an elder; January 17, 1887, a seventy; April 14, 1891, a counselor to the Presiding Bishop, Edmund L. Kelley; and a high priest April 19, 1894.

In all positions he was faithful and zealous. Being very positive in his nature, he sometimes gave offense, but at heart he was kind and generous. He was ever willing to do what he could, and by his constant labor he made himself a part of nearly every branch and district of the church, for few indeed are the congregations of Saints in America that he has not visited, and among whom he has not labored. Bishop Hilliard was thrice married; first to Miss Elizabeth Green, daughter of Thomas P. Green, on July 25, 1858. By her he was the father of twelve children. She died May 13, 1881. In November, 1883, he was married to Mrs. Rebecca O'Brien. She died in 1906. Subsequently he was married to Miss Frances Williamson, who survives him. He was a resident of Independence, Missouri, at the time of his death, which occurred October 8, 1912.

WILLIAM O. CLARK was born in Madison, Indiana, July 25, 1817, and united with the church in Will County, Illinois, in 1835, being baptized by his brother-in-law, Morris Phelps. He soon became an active missionary, and brought many into the church. In 1850 he went to California, where he made his residence the most of his life. He never became identified with the Reorganized Church or any of the factions, but he

ever retained his faith in the gospel. He became a noted temperance lecturer, and prominent as a Prohibitionist, and as such a candidate for Congress. He traveled much both in America and abroad, and enjoyed the personal acquaintance of many noted men of the earth. In 1844 he married Miss Julia Appleby, of Ottawa, Illinois, by whom he had several children. She died in 1886. In 1888 he married Mrs. Dennis, who died February 23, 1912.

Elder Clark died at Santa Rosa, California, November 7, 1912. An interesting biography, by his great-niece, Mrs. Julia R. Short, will commence in next issue.

Thus, Kind Heaven

Let me, too, die when Autumn holds the year,
 Serene, with tender hues and bracing airs,—
 And near me those I love; with no black thoughts,
 Nor dread of what may come! Yea, when I die
 Let me not miss from nature the cool rush
 Of northern winds; let Autumn sunset skies
 Be golden; let the cold, clear blue of night
 Whiten with stars as now! then I shall fade
 From life to life—pass on the year's full tide
 Into the swell and vast of the outer sea
 Beyond this narrow world.

For Autumn days

To me not melancholy are, but full
 Of joy and hope, mysterious and high,
 And with strange promises rife. Then it to me seems
 Not failing is the year, but gathering fire
 Even as the cold increases. . . .

—Richard Watson Gilder.

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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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BIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM O. CLARK.

BY JULIA R. SHORT.

William Oglesby Clark was one of the early defenders of the church, and was noted as an orator and zealous worker, as well as a man of unimpeachable character. Subsequently he was a world-renowned traveler and lecturer. Some of his early experiences will be chronicled in these pages, but we regret to say that some of the important periods of his life are omitted, notably his experience in the church during the Missouri troubles. These notes were furnished us by his great niece, Mrs. Julia R. Short, of 500 Washington Street, Santa Rosa, California, who waited upon him during his sickness in January, 1912. Some of these she obtained in the form of his own writings, and some were related by him to her. She states she has preserved his own language where possible. We are sure the JOURNAL readers will appreciate the privilege of reading of this honored pioneer in church work, who though he was not connected with the Reorganized Church, ever retained an abiding faith in God and the truth, and partook not of the abominations of the latter day apostasy.

He closed his earthly existence at Santa Rosa, California, November 7, 1912, at the ripe age of over ninety-five years. Nearly a century of active work for the uplift of man must bear fruit in time and in eternity.—EDITOR.

William Oglesby Clark was born in Madison, Indiana, June 25, 1817. His father, Timothy B. Clark, was born in 1773; his mother, Polly Keeler Clark, was born in 1786. Both died firm in the faith of the Latter Day Saints, about 1847. But little is known of the two oldest daughters, as they married and left home before the Latter Day Saints visited them. The third daughter, Laura, married Morris Phelps; the fourth, Rhoda, married John Cooper. Others of the family were: David K. Clark, Barrett B., and William O. Clark, being the seventh child of the family, John W., Ezra T. Clark, Homer B., Mary A. and Isaac, who died in infancy.

His parents, Timothy Clark and wife, were very religiously inclined, and the Methodist minister said: "Name the baby after me and I will give it a dress." This minister, William

Oglesby, was intimately acquainted with John and Charles Wesley. The infant's dress is still in the family. When William returned from California, in 1852, he visited Reverend William Oglesby, then quite an old man, in Louisville, Kentucky. Timothy Clark moved to Peoria, Illinois, in 1824; from there to Ottawa in 1825. Being a carpenter, he helped to build the first log cabin in the vicinity of Plainfield, which was erected in 1829, forty miles west of Chicago. The settlement was made a little south of where Plainfield now is.

I helped to drive cattle across the Indian country when twelve years old. Father moved the family there in 1830, and each year after several more families moved in. The first hewed log cabin was built by Stephen Beggs in 1832. This was afterward better known as Old Fort Beggs. At the time of the Fox River massacre, during the Black Hawk War, it was turned into a fort.

Reverend Stephen Beggs was one of the first pioneers to invade the West in the interests of Christianity. He was in the front rank of the little army of Methodist circuit riders that preached in log cabins, beneath the trees, or anywhere that an audience could be gathered.

I took the temperance pledge from Father Beggs when about fourteen years of age, and have ever since been a constant prohibitionist. Mr. Stephen Beggs died September, 1895, aged ninety-four years, and through all the vicissitudes of life our friendship grew stronger as the years passed by.

I had for a companion the son of Shabbona, one of Black Hawk's chiefs. He was about my age, fifteen years, and was very fond of fishing, and many a fine lot of pickerel we speared in the Dupage River, which was but a short distance from my father's farm. We were fishing when he said: "Willum, there is going to be trouble; the chiefs are angry because the white traders have robbed us of our inheritance and ship whisky up the river from Saint Louis and get the young men of the tribe drunk. You promise me not to tell. Next week we shall arise and kill you all. I want you to take your family and hurry to Fort Dearborn, [where Chicago now is] so you will not be killed."

I did not believe him, but the next week, the latter part of May, 1832, my father sent my brother and I to break prairie, when we heard the screaming of terrified women and children. We knew the Indians were on the warpath. Realizing that a war party was approaching, it was but the work of a moment to hitch the team to the wagon and hasten to the relief of the women. A load of frightened humanity was soon gathered, and the team started for the Stephen Beggs farm, which was hastily fortified. I can remember going toward Ottawa to get a load of women and children, and of bringing them to Fort Beggs. One day a

Dunkard preacher came to the fort, and despite our urging, started out the next morning through the country, saying the Indians were his friends. He wore a long, flowing beard, which was much admired by all who knew him.

Soon after his departure from the fort, his head was found elevated upon a pole, with his beard depending from the gory member. It was sickening. Not long after the people buried their things, never expecting to see them again, and went to Fort Dearborn.

Father was in the War of 1812, and in the breaking out of the Black Hawk War he was enlisted, because we all had to be. While at Fort Dearborn, John Cooper, whose wife was my sister, put up a tent outside of the fortifications, in which the first white child, born in Chicago, first saw the light; that child was named William M. Cooper. He was named after the subject of this sketch and Bishop McKendree, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Born in 1832, grew to manhood, came to California, was a successful financier, and died greatly respected.

Father enlisted in Captain Sisson's company and I soon after followed suit. Being only a boy, they made me stay about the fort, so I didn't see much fighting except when the Indians stormed it. Abraham Lincoln was captain of an Illinois company in that memorable campaign. Black Hawk was finally captured in Wisconsin. At the time of signing the treaty of peace, when he surrendered a large tract of Indian land to the United States Government, he remarked: "Little did I think when I touched this goose quill that I was signing away the graves of my fathers." I served in the army until General Scott came west, and soon peace was made.¹

Father being a carpenter, built the first frame residence in the little lake port, which has now grown to be the second largest city on this continent. Clark Street, Chicago, was named for my father. I also helped to haul lumber from Walker's mill, Plainfield, to build the first church in the little hamlet on the south bank of the Chicago River.

On the 697th page of Armstrong's history of that border conflict with the Indians, the names of William O. Clark, his father, and three brothers are recorded as having served in that campaign.

When we came back to Plainfield we had our first schooling. I had to work to pay for my three months of schooling. It was the only school education I had during my life, except what my mother taught me; and what I received later at Kirtland, Ohio.

My father started the first stage line in this district. It ran from

¹In later years William O. Clark received a pension by special act of Congress for service in the Black Hawk War.—Editor.

Chicago to Ottawa, through Plainfield. I looked after the horses, and sometimes drove. Opposition developed and father sold out. In September, 1835, we moved to Clay County, Missouri, where eleven years later father died. My parents and several brothers and sisters united with the Latter Day Saints. I was baptized by my brother-in-law, Morris Phelps, April 12, 1835, in Dupage River, Will County, Illinois.

My grandmother having died at Brookfield, Connecticut, I was chosen of the several brothers to go and collect my mother's share of the estate. I was then about eighteen years old. I walked thirty miles the first day, forty miles the second, and so continued. Being very much interested in the restoration of the gospel, I stopped at Kirtland on my way east. Then walked to the first canal in the country, when I rode two hundred miles, by canal, and by stage reached my destination. Having collected one thousand five hundred dollars, I visited New York and put up at the Astor House. The people were beginning to build some fine houses, and up by Washington Square there were open fields. Upon my return I stopped again at Kirtland. I felt an earnest desire to buy a lot and remain there, but not having the money of my own, I continued my journey home.

Having been away several months, I returned on horseback, and riding up where father was at work, I was not recognized by the family.

I greatly desired to attend the School of the Prophets at Kirtland Temple, in Ohio, but my father did not feel he could spare my help on the farm, and at that time it was customary for young men to help their parents until they were of age. Being anxious to attend the School of the Prophets and deeply interested in the gospel, I split five thousand rails for father to fence his farm, thus buying my time for over two years, so that I could engage in the ministry.

I resided several months in Kirtland, and at the April conference was called to preach the gospel. My blessing was as follows:

"KIRTLAND, OHIO, April 25, 1836.

"A BLESSING BY JOSEPH SMITH,

"For William Oglesby Clark, who was born in Madison, Indiana, June 25, 1817. Brother, in the name of Jesus I lay my hands upon thy head to pronounce upon thee a Father's blessing; which shall abide upon thee to deliver thee from the destroyer and upon thy posterity. Thou art but a youth, and must continue with patience and persistence. Satan will seek to turn thee away from the truth, darken thy mind, and lead thee away from the truth. Thou must be faithful and determined, and wrestle like Jacob for victory, and thou shalt overcome. Thou shalt have the power of the holy priesthood, the blessing of Isaac and Jacob, and be kept in the covenant of Abraham, and be reckoned with the covenant people of God, and be great in this generation; talk with the great men of the earth, and they shall seek unto thee for wisdom; thou shalt be able to teach them things of God; thou shalt go forth and be strong; nothing shall be able to stop thee, but all that oppose thee shall be con-

founded. Thou shalt save many, and if thou art stopped it shall turn to the glory of God, and the salvation of souls. Thou shalt have all the blessings of heaven and earth, even a fullness, and all the desires of thy heart, in righteousness. Thy life shall be long and thy years many, and thou shalt stand on the earth to the end. Thou art one of the hundred and forty and four thousand. This is thy blessing which thou hast desired and thou shalt receive that glory in the morning of the first resurrection, have power to bring in thy friends . . . bring them into the covenant, . . . against all thy enemies and tread upon them . . . and not be confounded, but be a mighty . . . preach the gospel in prisons . . . from these and lead them unto the kindness, do all that a man of God can do. These are thy blessings . . . this for thee, and they shall rest upon thee, if thou art faithful and if thou will acknowledge it and seal it upon thee, then it be a Father's blessing. If not, then it shall be a patriarchal blessing, even my blessing, and the heavens shall acknowledge it, and it shall be fulfilled if thou art faithful: I seal you unto eternal life in the name of Jesus. Amen.

"Sylvester Smith, Scribe."

The omissions are caused by a space about two by three inches which was so browned by heat and damaged by water, that the spots were not decipherable. His store was burned in 1857; the blessing was in the safe.²

With Elder Charles C. Rich I left Kirtland, preaching the gospel to thousands. Elder Rich was from Kentucky, and we traveled through Ohio, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Vermont, Illinois, Kentucky, and several other States. Elder Rich was a splendid man. I wish I could only have stayed with him. We preached alternately. We made a wonderful trip, and reached thousands of people. We carried the message victoriously, with no hand to stop us. Returning November 1, 1836, Elders Johnson and Wilson were with me on several of my missions in preaching the gospel.

May 29, 1841, I bade farewell to my parents, and friends and brethren, to go northward on a mission. Stopped at Montrose; stayed all night at Mr. Snow's, Sunday, 30th, went over to Nauvoo, heard Brother Joseph Smith, jr., preach to a large assembly, and in the afternoon Brother Law preached. 31st, went down to Mr. Higbee's, waiting for a boat, and at 3 p. m. I go on board the *Indian Queen* for Galena.

Tuesday, June 1, 1841, at Fort Madison, Iowa. I retired and saw no more towns; passed by many beautiful locations; had a pleasant voyage,

²It is related that at the burning of this building the crowd gathered around Mr. Clark, who was then a temperance lecturer, and said: "Buy us whisky and we will put out the fire." To which Mr. Clark replied: "Let it burn."—EDITOR.

and pleasant passengers, Mr. George M. Hinkle among the rest. Wednesday, 2d, we arrived at Galena. Here I went ashore and beheld the place where I have so often proclaimed the fullness of the gospel of Christ. I went out about twelve miles, stayed at Mr. Finley's. Thursday, 3d, I walked about six miles to Mr. James Gilmore's, where I expected to meet with a kind reception, but no. I then went down to Brother Isaac Whitaker's, where I met with a kind reception. Went to the post office and returned to Brother Strong's; stayed all night.

Friday, 4th. I went down to Lafayette, where I met my friends. I missed many; among whom are Mr. B. Busher, Major Coons, Colonels Woodford, Chapman, and families, who treated me with every mark of respect. They gave out for me to preach at 5 p. m., and I did so, to an attentive assembly. Saturday, 5th. I visited Saints and friends. Sunday, 6th, 10. a. m. The assembly met; a large one, too. In Smoke Hollow I preached the gospel and some desired to obey the same. I appointed meeting at 2 p. m. After preaching went to the river, where Messrs. Jones, Michel, and Briggs came forward and were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus.³ The assembly that witnessed the same was very attentive. Stayed at Mr. Chapman's. Monday, 7th. I started on one of Mr. Chapman's horses for Brother Whitaker's; stayed all night. Tuesday, 8th. I rode twenty miles to Plattville and then on to Belmont, took dinner with Colonel Gentry. I then rode twelve miles to Mineral Point; in all thirty-six miles. Preached in the evening. Wednesday, 9th. Also preached at Mineral Point courthouse at 12 o'clock. I was then invited to dinner by Mr. Gray, and in the evening baptized Mr. Foster. Stayed all night with Mr. Gray. Thursday, 10th. I went twelve miles to Belmont. Stayed all night with Mr. Woolsey. Friday, 11th. Went to one of those noted mounds, and my curiosity was so much excited I could but go upon the top and survey the surrounding country. The towns in the distance and the view of the country was beautiful; also the prairie and the timber toward Galena. After offering my morning oblation I returned down, then proceeded on my way westward to Plattville, put up at Mr. James Vinyard's. He got a place for me to preach, which I did, in the Methodist church, at early candle light, to a large assembly. Spoke until 12 o'clock at night. I then returned to Mr. Vinyard's.

Saturday, 12th. I rode twenty miles to the friends at Lafayette. Sunday, 13th. Preached at 11 and at 2 o'clock to very large audiences; confirmed three members of the church; stayed all night at Mr. McDaniel's. Monday, 14th. Returned to Mr. Bushey. Had dinner with Colonel Woolford, who with his lady treated me with every mark of high respect,

³This was at Potosi, Grant County, Wisconsin, and the Mr. Briggs baptized was Jason W. Briggs, subsequently a leading character in the Reorganized Church.—EDITOR.

and the Lord of the harvest shall reward them abundantly for their kindness to his servant. I also had a long conversation with Mr. Vance, a Methodist minister, and preached in the evening to a large congregation, Mr. Vance assisting me. Stayed all night with Mr. Levinsons, a Jew; had considerable conversation with him, and the kind treatment that I received at his home shall never be forgotten. Tuesday, 15th. I assisted my friend, and conversed some time with Mr. Vance and dined with him. Wednesday, 16th. Preached in the evening on the restoration of the house of Israel. The Jew being present, it afforded a subject of peculiar interest. Thursday, 17th. I rode to Plattville, twenty miles to my appointment. Friday, 18th. Passed through Belmont to Mineral Point; put up at Major Gray's; treated well. Saturday, 19th. Preached in the courthouse, stayed all night with Major Gray. Sunday, 20th. Went to hear a Presbyterian by the name of, I have forgotten his name, but it is no difference, for I presume there is but little left of him by this time, for when I commenced preaching the fullness of the gospel to him he said he did not want to injure his lungs. But the great trouble was he did not want to injure his craft. But after he dismissed I gave out my appointment to commence in fifteen minutes from the stand in the town house. I had conversation with several persons, and was to preach in the evening, but it rained.

Monday, 21st. In company with Major Gray and Mr. Farwell we drove fifteen miles. Arrived at the major's, where I met Elder Solomon Conley, from Nauvoo. I also preached at 7 o'clock at Mr. Carlos's. Tuesday, 22d. Preached at the same place at 4 p. m., when Mr. William Monroe arose, made a speech much to the point, and desired baptism. Meeting was then appointed for the next day, to be held at the mill, near the house of Mr. Lindsay, and he with Brother Monroe arose and both were baptized. I preached Thursday, 24th, at Mr. Carlos's and confirmed those members of the church.

Friday, 25th. I found that many were believing. I went to my appointment in company with four wagon loads, distance seven miles. The meeting was in a grove. There was a large congregation; among the rest were three Methodist preachers. I arose on the stand. After calling the meeting to order by singing a hymn, meeting opened by prayer. After making some preliminary remarks, I introduced the Bible as a book of revelation. After finding it to be so, I took my text from Paul to Galatians, first chapter, "But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you . . . let him be accursed." After preaching almost three hours I closed, when Mr. Fretwell arose and told the assembly he desired to confess. I then went to Mr. Jim Hamelton's, three miles, stayed all night. Saturday, 26th. I left at 7 a. m., rode thirty-six miles to Galena, passed the stump diggings, Grassetts Grove, and then went to the White Oak Springs, where I had dinner with Mr. John Williams. He greeted me with kindness. Then on to Galena. After seeing to some business there, I rode ten miles to Mr. Bruce's; stayed all night; was treated with every due respect, and the next morn-

ing left at 6 a. m. Rode twenty-two miles to Smoke Hollow, preached at 4 p. m., and at 7 o'clock. Stayed all night at Mr. Whitaker's. Monday visited the brethren and preached in the evening.

Tuesday, 29th. I assisted my friends in Lafayette; dined with Mr. Chapman; preached in Van Buren at 7 p. m., on the Book of Mormon. Truth prevailed; returned with my friends to Lafayette and stayed all night with Major Coons; treated very kindly. Wednesday, 30th. In the morning had some conversation with a Methodist who contended all must spiritualize the Scriptures in order to make them appear right. I then returned to the parlor of Mr. Chapman, to attend to my writing, where I met with that kind respect that Saints generally give. Before I left, Miss Mary Chapman gave me five dollars in gold, for which she shall not lose her reward. I was also requested to marry Mr. Breedcorn, but by reason of territorial laws I could not do so without going to the county seat and getting a certificate from the county clerk. Mr. Chapman, esq., will attend to it after preaching to-morrow.

Thursday, July 1, 1841. Visited Mr. Bushey, who was sick. Soon after went to my appointment. Preached to a very attentive assembly on the parable of the message of the Lamb, after which Mr. Chapman, esq., and Mr. McDaniels, esq., and several others, went up to Brother Whitaker's to attend to the wedding of Mr. Breedcorn, after which I returned to Mr. McDaniels', esq., and stayed all night. Friday, 2d. Stayed all night at Brother Whitaker's. Saturday, 3d. Brother Whitaker and I started for Mineral Point, Wisconsin, and went through Plattville; from there to Belmont, where we took dinner with Colonel Gentry. From there to the place above mentioned, thirty-five miles. We arrived at 12 o'clock p. m., where we were introduced to a scenery that I had never seen before. Brother William Monroe had gotten in with the Presbyterians and they had tormented him until he was almost gone. Also Brother Fretwell with some others of my friends, and warned us that a Presbyterian preacher by the name of Chafey had given out to preach on Mormonism that day, Sunday, July 4. He took his stand in the courthouse at 12. The assembly was large. He took his text, Thessalonians 5: 21, "Prove all things." In proving he appeared to think Mormonism was a very bad thing, after he had tried for a long time to show the falsity of it. He turned then, said we must not understand the Bible as it reads, but must spiritualize, and said if I would work a miracle or give them a sign he would believe Joe Smith's doctrine, etc.; or if I would substantiate my doctrine, like Jesus and his apostles did, he then could believe. Then I arose and informed the assembly, invited Mr. Chafey and the two other priests to come out the next day to that house at 4 p. m., and they should have a sign, and I would substantiate my doctrine as Jesus sent forth his apostles to convince mankind of the truth. After this the congregation dispersed. Wednesday, July 5. Multitudes gathered to celebrate the birthday of our Nation and liberties. At my appointment. Many flocked to hear, and listened with great attention. I took the same text and

preached by the power of the Spirit some two hours and more, and then gave them the sign of the Prophet Jonas. The people believed the gospel that I preached. I also had several requests from several places to come and preach the fullness of the gospel. The subject created much excitement, so I stayed all night at Major Gray's. Truth prevailed and the Lord was glorified: unto whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen. Neither of the preachers came to see the sign. (Mineral Point, Wisconsin.)

Tuesday, July 6. Major R. W. Gray took his carriage and took me back to where I had formerly labored. We stayed all night at Mr. Carlos's, and on the 7th, preached at the same place, where I proclaimed the word of truth. Some desired to be baptized, so I appointed a meeting for the 8th at Major Gray's mill, where I preached and then baptized Miss Lindsay, Mary Lindsay, Thomas Lindsay, and Mrs. Cagle. The Spirit of the Lord attended the word. I also preached the same day at Howelton's Furnace and stayed all night at Mr. Cagle's. I also preached on the 9th at Mr. Carlos's, stayed all night, and on the 10th returned to Mr. Loveless's and preached at 4 p. m.

On Sunday, the 11th, preached again at the furnaces aforesaid, from Paul, 2 Thessalonians 5: 21: "Prove all things." The assembly listened with profound attention. Just before I closed Brother Whitaker and wife, Briggs, Jones, and W. Charley rode up. They were glad to see me. I then appointed a meeting at 4 p. m. at Brother Lindsay's, at which time I preached to a large assembly, after which I opened the door for baptism when Brothers Charles Wallers and Lewis Lamb came forward and were baptized; after which the meeting convened. I then confirmed these two and four others. We had a joyful meeting on Monday, the 12th, at the Methodist camp ground. I went home with Mr. Loveless. I rode almost three miles to the meeting, going with Mr. Cagle. The Saints also from Grant County were present; the Methodists were fixing their camps, etc. Mr. Carroll and several others requested them to wait until after preaching, as there were many that had come a distance to hear. They were loath to be interrupted, keeping it up for some time, but finally stopped, the assembly having listened with profound attention. After speaking some two hours I opened the door for baptism and three came forward; it was a time long to be remembered. Doctor Smith then arose and said he would like to show the falsity of some of these things. I told him it was his privilege. I then told him I would meet him the next day at 10 a. m. at Mr. Loveless's and we would go into an investigation of the subject. The next one to speak was a Methodist, finding fault with the doctrine, then telling a couple of stories. He refused to, or failed to prove that he had been credibly informed. But truth prevailed.

Tuesday, 13th. We met as before appointed. The doctor and myself then drew up an article, much as follows: Clark is to prove the right of ministerial duties exclusively from the New Testament. In the second place, Clark is to prove the existence of a priesthood from the

New Testament. These items were put into the hands of the town judge, Mr. Lamb, and J. Whitaker. The meeting came to order. I then proceeded and soon proved by the New Testament the way God always called his servants to the ministry. After speaking thirty minutes I gave way; but the doctor wished me to present the second item. I did so, and then showed that the priesthood had its existence long before the New Testament was ever written. The investigation continued some two hours or more. The doctor then wished to read a revelation in the *Times and Seasons*. 1st. Concerning the building of the temple, and after he read it in a very unfair way, I arose and made a few remarks. The verdict was then ruled by the two judges that the said Clark has gained the point as to the priesthood, because he has proved its existence from the New Testament; as to his call, it rests between him and his God. I then preached a sermon on the order of dispensation; the assembly listened with attention. We then retired to the water edge to attend to the ordinance of baptism; it was a solemn scene, Mr. Albert Carrington⁴ who had been one of my worst opposers, arose and was baptized. We all held meeting the same evening at Mr. Jacob Cagle's; all had a good time; several of the Saints spoke.

Wednesday, 14th. The carriage arrived to take me to Mineral Point, fifteen miles. I had a very pleasant ride with Major Gray and returned, back to the branch of the church. All had dinner with Brother Albert Carrington, a man well learned in languages, and of much learning from college. All then had a pleasant ride to Mr. E. Lamb's, where I stayed all night; they treated me with the highest respect. Friday, 16th. I returned to Major Gray's mill, where I filled my previous appointment, after which I baptized and confirmed Maria Carrington, wife of Albert Carrington, and Mary Collins, wife of Mr. Collins. I then returned and stayed all night with Mr. Cagle.

Saturday, July 17, 1841. In the morning I returned to Mr. Loveless's and with them rode four miles to the Methodist camp meeting to hear a sermon in the afternoon and another in the evening. Before the altar were the seats for the assembly, but the altar was occupied by those that mourned, etc. The idea of my arriving on the ground produced much excitement, as well as curiosity. I returned in the evening with Mrs. Furryers, three miles. Sunday, 18th. We arrived on the grounds at 9 a. m. The same old gentleman was speaking that preached the night before. Intermission and prayer for one hour. At ten in the forenoon the presiding elder, Mr. Reed, took the stand before a large congregation, and his text was from Mark 16: 15: "Go ye into all the world," etc. He showed first that he supposed they have a right to go forth and preach the gospel, and said that he did not believe the

⁴Albert Carrington afterwards became quite prominent and was a member of the Quorum of Twelve under Brigham Young from 1870 to 1885.
—EDITOR.

apostles baptized by immersion. He quoted many other passages to prove from commentaries that the great probability was that they sprinkled, and never were born of water. It was the greatest nonsense that I ever heard. One of his barefaced misrepresentations was this: speaking of the eunuch and Philip, he said no doubt he was reading where the Prophet Amos was speaking of sprinkling many nations. During that intermission a Mr. Parkerson and others said they were going to prove that I was a liar and a horse thief, and then commenced telling of the Mormon difficulties and much other such like things. Major R. W. Gray then arose and made a speech and made him look more as though he had been stealing sheep than anything else. A man by the name of Carl then arose and told him if he or any of the preachers wanted to put down my doctrine let one or all of them come out and do it. Said he would insure my doctrine to stand as long as the Bible. Then the excitement grew so great that it was with difficulty that they could get the assembly to come to the stand.

I went back to Brother Cheney's and met Brother Amasa Lyman and we held meeting at 5 p. m. and baptized Otis Shumway and confirmed him in the evening. Stayed all night with Brother Shepard. We started for Galena, Brother Shepard, Curtice, Mish and I. Went about twenty miles, when I perceived our speed was too slow for me to arrive at the White Oak Springs in time, so I took passage on the stage for ten miles. The driver had heard me preach.

Arriving at the village, Mr. John Williams had sent out word I would preach at 7 o'clock.

This ends the diary, and all record of the preaching of Elder William O. Clark. In 1850 and 1852, Mr. Clark mentions preaching occasionally, when requested and among friends.

In a paper edited by David Whitmer, is mentioned that the Prophet Joseph Smith spoke to Elder William O. Clark after he had preached in the grove, and reprovved him before the congregation. Elder Clark said in after years that that reproof was the best thing that ever happened to him. He had just returned from a mission the day before, to Nauvoo, and was sent for by the Prophet, and asked to preach to-morrow, Sunday. "I was young and full of zeal, and when I was through with my sermon I sat down, when the Prophet arose, and what he said was well remembered in after years, and was profitable to me."

Elder William O. Clark acquired some property and was always busy on his farm when not preaching. January 22, 1844, he was married to Miss Julia Appleby, of Ottawa. The two oldest children, boys, both died in infancy. He farmed and raised cattle a number of years.

In a diary written by Mr. Clark of the trip across the plains to California, is the following:

April 9, 1850. We started for California; my brother Barret B. Clark, brother-in-law John Cooper, and son Lewis C., and twelve others, with twenty-two oxen, twelve horses, and forty-seven head of loose cattle, five wagons, one buggy. April 11. Went to Montrose. April 12, 1850. This is the fifteenth anniversary of my adoption by baptism for the remission of my sins, but the changes since that time would give place here to volumes.

Sunday, April 14, 1850. Went to meeting two miles, where Mr. Woldrup preached and asked me up after him. I arose and made some remarks. After meeting rode back to J. Cooper's, seven miles from Oskaloosa. Monday, 15th. Gathering corn and oats, etc. Sunday, 21st. I preached at the house of J. Cooper. A full house and very attentive. At 11 a. m. and at night I preached on the supper time, or eleventh hour. Leaving here, how many bosoms heaved with deep emotions; but time changes all things, and man is as the grass of the field, which is to-day, and to-morrow cast into the oven. Sunday, 28th. Rained most all day. At 4 p. m. preached my farewell discourse. Monday, April 29. We started on our journey. Weather very cold and windy. Saturday, May 4. I rode some five miles out of our course for the purpose of anointing Mr. M. Richardson. Monday, May 6. We drove down to Pisgah, where the Saints encamped during their flight in 1846. The scenes of those times are of themselves too important for me to speak of, as the scenes themselves of the last days must be left to tell the woeful story. Wednesday, May 8. The rush for California is tremendous; no less than sixty or seventy teams pass us daily, and have for forty days past. Captain John Cooper and I rode on in the buggy, passing by several dead horses and oxen. Passed over a beautiful, rich, rolling prairie for about fifty miles. Drove to Kanessville, the flourishing village occupied by the Saints. Now containing seven hundred inhabitants. Saturday, May 11. Spent the day visiting some of my old friends. Sunday, 12th. At meeting I was elected colonel, and John A. Roble, Barrett B. Clark and John Cooper were voted as captains, and rules and resolutions and by-laws were made preparatory to our march. Friday, 17th. Passed through Kanessville up to Winter Quarters; camped near the river. Saturday, 18th. Rode back to town on business and sent the company on. (In 1846 I was here at a conference; three of the twelve were present: Orson Hyde, Orson Pratt, and Wilford Woodruff. The whole

was very interesting. Several thousand present.) Sunday, 19th. My brother, Barrett B. Clark, and I took a walk down through the desolate city that in its day must have been the home of more than eight hundred beings, who were driven from their homes in forty-five and forty-six, and made this place on their way in the wilderness. Thursday, 23d. Crossed Beaver River where there were in sight eleven hundred oxen, seventy-five horses, five hundred and twenty men, one hundred and fifty wagons. This mighty host all moving west. Saturday, 25th. In company with Mr. Clapp, we traveled several days together, when Brother Clapp returned to the States, as he did not like the report he had heard of the Saints out West.

June 14. Arrived at Fort Laramie; there were three hundred soldiers stationed there. On Saturday I was asked to speak, and at 4 p. m. the people assembled in the grove near the camp, where I spoke for some length, the first discourse they had listened to for some time, from Hebrews, sixth chapter. The commanding officer gave us much information. He was very much of a gentleman.

In looking over the official record of the number that have passed this place and registered their names, and company, there were men, 23,292; women, 364; children, 375; wagons, 6,345; horses, 18,436; mules, 5,955; oxen, 14,072; cows, 1,689. This was June 14, 1850. The immigration is now passing at the rate of twelve hundred per day. At Fort Laramie as we walked about at the side of the road, in a wagon was a young man dying with cholera. I asked the doctor if anything could be done, and he said he could not live more than two or three hours. Some five or six have died in sight of this place this morning, among the emigrants.

June 25, 1850, this being my thirty-third birthday, I was determined to celebrate it; so I proposed to my friend, F. F. Moore, that we ride in the buggy as far as the foot of the mountain, leave the horses, and then ascend where to all human appearance mortal man had never been. But in this we were mistaken, for when we had spent three hours climbing up one cliff and another of these everlasting granite rocks, some of which were of immense size and difficult to ascend, being thrown in every shape that they could have been, we at length arrived at the summit, where the banner of freedom had been planted before us by Colonel Fremont or some other pioneer. The pole remained fast in the crevice of the highest rock. Here we wrote our names, and the time we were there. This is decidedly the highest peak of this chain of mountains. Very soon from the south came up a storm cloud. The sight now becomes grand beyond description. For more than a hundred miles around are mountains, lakes, rivers, and valleys. Raining at the base, snowing toward the top. We no longer looked up to see the majesty of the clouds, or hear the thunderstorm crash. Below us the elements were at war, but where we stood was bathed in the glory of sunlight and clear sky. Moore was a fine singer, and here for the last time he sung his favorite stanza, "The chariot, the chariot, its wheels are on fire." We

descended as fast as we could. What astonished us as much as any one thing was the sign of mountain sheep and buffalo, and most of the way where one would think it impassable for any animal. In our descent we soon encountered the storm, which poured in torrents until the ground below was covered with snow and hail. Our horses had wandered off some distance, but we soon had them to the buggy and were on our way crossing over Sweet Water. We soon found our way to camp, ten miles. The next day at 2 a. m. F. F. Moore sent for me and said the chariot had come; the cholera was then thinning our ranks. He wished me to pray with him; I did so. After giving me some directions about loved ones in Kentucky, he passed away, greatly beloved by all in the train. Thus the 25th of June has for me its joys and sorrows.

June 27. This day six years ago the Prophet Joseph and Hyrum Smith were killed by a painted mob. Oh, shame! June 30. Here we pass over the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains. Here the waters of the two mighty oceans separate, one running east to the Mississippi, the other going west and south to the Colorado. It was with deep emotion I took the last look down the waters of the land that gave me birth. July 11. We continued our journey over the roughest country, and at last raising the summit to an altitude of more than 6,500 feet, we had for the first time a view of the valley of the Great Salt Lake. Three months since I left home.

July 12. At 3 o'clock we came down out of the mountain and landed in the city of the Saints. The first view presents nothing in the shape of a city of eighteen or twenty thousand inhabitants, but as you come to go over the city you will not dispute the population. The crops look fine. We camped near the Warm Springs. The 13th we took up the line of march to my brother's,⁵ arriving at 3 o'clock p. m. They made us glad. Found them all well. In all the valley they seem to enjoy good health. Sunday, July 14. We drove down to the city to church. A young man named Richards was preaching. He was followed by President Young and Kimball. They spoke at some length respecting the early settlement here, their suffering in being driven, etc. Several baptized after the meeting. Visited a number of old acquaintances. Rested a week, preparing to continue our journey. July 20. Returned to the city. Stayed all night with General Charles C. Rich, and were kindly received. Sunday, 21st. Went to the Bowery to hear a discourse at 10 a. m., by President Young. His subject was the "Redemption of man." He dwelt at some length on the provision made for the redemption of the whole world, and the means to be employed to effect it, and of its unchangeableness being the same in all ages. He was followed by a discourse by Parley P. Pratt on the same subject. Returned that evening to my brother's.

⁵Ezra T., at Farmington, Utah.—EDITOR.

July 22. We started at 10 a. m. for the land of gold. August 8. Having passed Carson River, the road became very rough and dusty. Met Mr. Chamberlain, direct from the mines. He gave us much information; also reporting the battle with Indians. August 20. We are resting before starting over the fifty miles of desert. Many sick. Two hundred wagons in camp. We cut our grass in water a foot deep, and dried it, to feed across the desert. At 6 p. m. we started driving during the night, driving twenty-five miles, which brought us to the sink of the river. Here is the last stopping place. More than a thousand wagons have been left on the desert, and one could hardly get a breath from the stench of dead horses and oxen. All are perishing for the want of water. Many families here are left destitute. Here you could not turn back ten steps but they would steal your horse or mule, and that would be the last of it. This is one of the most deplorable scenes I had ever beheld. Thousands of head of cattle and horses are here collected by these robbers and kept until they get to California, where they are driven to the ranches. Got up our teams, all but one ox, which had been stolen by a man that had changed his name, and who once lived in Montrose. 29th. Met with W. Rolleus and some thirty others on their way to Salt Lake. Amasa Lyman was in the company. I found General Charles C. Rich was waiting my arrival six miles ahead; accordingly I started on and found the company at Childs and Edmonds station. There I visited some of my old friends who lived in the vicinity.

Sunday, September 1, 1850. This day fifteen years ago I left our home in Illinois for Missouri. Many are the events that have rolled away since that time. General Rich and I talked over old times. We also went up the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and I think I have never witnessed its equal. Here the pine and fir tree grow in great size—three to four feet through, and two hundred feet high. Left the train in command of my brother, Barrett B. Clark. I accompanied General Rich to Sacramento.

September 5. Started and went seven miles to my brother-in-law, Levi Dougherty, near Salmon Falls. Found all well. Rested the 6th and 7th and went down thirty miles to Sacramento City, one of the wonders of the last days. It seems to have sprung up like magic, only fifteen months old, and contains twenty thousand inhabitants. And the greatest variety of people perhaps in the world, pursuing every business. Prospering, and I think here was the most gambling I had ever seen. I went down to the post and waited two hours for my turn.

I visited some of my old friends I knew in the States, and went to church at 11 a. m., and a temperance lecture at evening in a beautiful, well-built church on "M" Street. Monday I commenced buying some things in the city and went out ten miles with John Cooper and Levi Dougherty. Tuesday met the rest of the company and went to Salmon Falls to see the washing out of the precious metal. I find we have been away from home five months and are quite worn out, and our teams

are quite poor. Had it not been for the fresh cattle we got in Salt Lake we could not have come through.

September 13. Went down the river to look for pasture for the stock, and met with Major Gray, of Mineral Point, Wisconsin, one of my old friends. The 14th. Went to church at 11 a. m.

The 21st. This week I could do but little but guard the stock and prepare for a trip in the mines. Mining around Drytown was very successful, and the location was good for a general merchandise store. I concluded to go into business there. Attended an interesting watch night meeting in the Methodist church in Sacramento City. Thus ended the year 1851 and began 1852. Bought \$365 worth of goods and started for home, having been gone five days.

January 4. Spent the day like many others in this country in the presence of every specimen of human degradation. 5th, at 8 a. m., I went to the lower part of town and witnessed three men whipped; the first sight of the kind I had seen. They had been stealing; have seen four men hung.

Sunday, 11th. It came at last only in name. Oh, what would I give for one like them, when it was proclaimed a day of rest! But still hope on, oh my soul.

January 12. Mr. Vincent, of Ottawa, has come for a load of goods. Sacramento, January 21. Went to the State House and spent some time with friends and business. The city is much improved by the coming Legislature.

January 22. Eight years ago at 10 a. m. I was married, and I could but think how quickly time has flown away and left me here alone. The 23d. Arrived home in the evening and found brother B. B. quite sick; business dull. Posted up the books and made arrangements for closing up business to return to the States.

Sunday, 25th. Oh, when shall I be free from the crowd of business (as there is more done on this day than all the rest of the week; as they all come in to get their supplies), and keep again the Sabbath day holy, as a day of rest, as I wish to?

Monday, 26th. Started for the city and for the States. Sacramento, February 3. Visited the State House again; heard several resolutions. February 8. Yes, here is Sunday; no meeting, only to desecrate the Sabbath. Oh, how I would love to have an hour alone on the mountain, where all the changeable events of life appear before me! Drytown. Was disappointed in going, as I could not make sale of my stock.

February 19. Chinese New Year. 20040. Had a conversation with one and referred to their cruelty to their women's feet, and he referred to our women's waists. I had no more to say.

February 22. Received several visits from different ones for the last time before leaving, and I hope the last Sabbath I shall ever suffer myself to violate in transacting business. Left store in charge of Homer. The 25th. Stage stopped at my front door and took Sister Mary, Lewis Cooper, and I to Sacramento. Forty-five miles pleasant ride. The 29th.

We all went to church; heard my friend, Mr. Briggs preach; very good speaker.

March 1, 1852. We engaged passage for Panama for three hundred and fifty dollars, cabin. Captain Henry Randle, passed through the Golden Gate, Tuesday, March 2. March 11. Enter the bay of Acalpuco, the first Mexican port. March 18, at 3 p. m., we near the port of Panama; the scene here was very interesting; the natives and small boats wanting passengers exceeded any excitement I had ever seen. The town looks very ancient. Five Catholic churches.

March 19. Started across to Golgona on the Chagres River. Had a shower and most excessive hot spell. I think I never suffered more with the heat.

March 20. At 7 a. m. took passage on a boat for the railroad; arrived and took the cars at 4 p. m. Time soon passed. We went down to the bay and took passage on the *Crescent City* for New York.

Sunday, March 28. Rain this the fourth Sunday on the big water. Oh, when shall I see one more Sabbath of rest and worship to my heavenly Father? Two hundred and fifty passengers; none regard the day on board.

The 30th. The pilot came on board off Sandy Hook, and we landed at pier, New York. The 31st. We stopped at the Battery Hotel and took a walk in city. April 8. 8 a. m., we got our ticket on the railroad for Dunkirk; at 3 a. m. one of the car wheels came off and dropped inside, that broke three or four of the passenger cars; no lives lost. Sunday, 4th. Attended church and at 2 p. m. continued our journey on the cars.

April 6. Just passed through Painesville. Here is Willoughby, three miles from Kirtland Temple, Ohio. Oh, how changed from seventeen years ago on the 6th, at the time of the General Assembly.

The 7th. Toledo; take cars for Chicago. The next day bought a span of horses and carriage for four hundred dollars, and at 1 p. m. started for my brother's. Arrived and found all well.

The 9th. Rested from all my two years' labors and let my work follow. The old place and the scenes of childhood have their influence to impress me with former things. The 11th. Spent the day at home. Oh, how sweet is the day of rest, where no bustle of business intervenes; not a bit like California. It was a day of rest to me. The 13th. Stephen P. Beggs visited us and we talked of old times, and I was presented with a cane from the isthmus.

Saturday, May 8. The Mississippi River at Montrose very high; crossed over and took dinner at the Mansion with Joseph's whole family. Mother Smith was there, visited Nauvoo city. Oh, how ruined. The 12th. Sold horses and carriage for four hundred dollars. The 14th. Took passage for Saint Louis on steamer. A fine city of 15,000; very much changed in eighteen years. Louisville, May 18, 1852. Visited William Oglesby, who gave me a fine dress, and named me thirty-five years ago.

The 23d. Cincinnati; went to the Presbyterian church and heard two fine sermons, but this way of reading them off does not suit me. May 27. Here in old Virginia, great election day and consequently in order to vote properly the old custom of getting drunk.

June 1. Arrived in Baltimore at 7 p. m. Went to the Convention Hall; deep excitement. Six hundred and ninety delegates from all parts of the United States awaiting the opening of convention on the 12th inst. You would think the rest of mankind hungry politicians. Heard loud and long speeches, met many Democrats, saw fine monuments, fine churches, and fine city.

June 3. Visited Washington Monument.

June 5. Met with the delegates, and I do think they are the most confused body of business men I had ever seen.

Sunday, June 6. The city rested from all its excitement. I went to Quaker meeting, then to the Episcopalian in the evening, but this burning candles in the daytime is what I do not believe in.

June 7. Took the 8 a. m. train for Washington and took a look at the fine white marble Capitol of the United States, and at the thirty acres of fine trees and shrubs and pools, and went in the building of fine drawings in the Rotunda.

June 9. Took steamer for Mount Vernon; visited the house and groves of General Washington. Thousands visit this place and many other places of note.

June 11. Visited the Navy Department, the shipbuilding and foundries, also the Smithsonian Institute and the Observatory.

June 12. Visited President Fillmore's wife and daughter in the White House; in the background was a large band of music and five thousand people taking a fashionable evening visit.

Sunday, June 13. At 9 a. m. Sunday school, and church sermon on justified by faith. The house was well filled. June 14. Visited Georgetown, one of the oldest towns; some of the buildings built in 1725.

June 15. Visited Daniel Webster and some other great men. Saw the house of Congress and heard a long speech, the whole day taken up.

June 16. Left Washington at 6 a. m. for Baltimore; then went down to the convention, met with several friends and other delegates. The 18th. Attended the convention; much balloting and much excitement, but it will all be forgotten one hundred years hence. Franklin Pierce was nominated for President of United States on forty-ninth ballot, and William H. King was nominated for Vice President.

June 20, 1852, Sunday, Philadelphia. By special request of the superintendent I delivered a lecture to about one thousand children of the Sunday school. Nothing more beautiful. The superintendent has attended regularly twelve years. This church was founded one hundred and twelve years ago. The 21st. Visited the noted places of the city; the same hall where Independence was declared in 1776, and the bank, etc. Left for New York the 22d. Visited the deaf and dumb institutions and other places. June 24. Left for Buffalo. June 25. My birth-

day, also my wife's; sent a dispatch to her at Cincinnati. June 27. Attended the Episcopal church.

June 28. Took steamer to Niagara Falls; the rushing, mighty torrents no pen can describe. June 29. Received the news of Henry Clay's death, who died to-day. July 3. Went to Warren, Ohio, to the great celebration; supposed to be seven thousand there. The fireworks were fine, but the oration was rather dry, too much reading to suit sensible Americans. July 9. Arrived at Cincinnati; wife not very well. July 11. Went to church; a fine building, but the speaker did not preach much like the apostles did when filled with the Holy Ghost. July 13. Engaged passage for Saint Louis; arrived the 22d. This is a beautiful city, but there are many cases of cholera, mortality therefrom two hundred and twenty per week. Left for my old home July 25. Went to meeting; old friends were glad to see me, and wanted me to speak before I left. July 27. Visited the graves of my two children and thought, Here lie my boys gone to the spirit world. Oh, who can feel a parent's love? July 30. Arrived at John Cooper's and all glad to see me. August 1. Rode six miles to a grove, heard a very good discourse from a Baptist minister. August 2. Delivered a discourse in the evening. August 3. Spent the day at John Cooper's and preached in the evening to a very attentive assembly. I have never felt more deeply impressed with the thought of that long farewell. August 4. The carriage was ready for me to depart, and it was one of the trying scenes of my life; no reasonable hope I should ever see them more. My sister Rhoda followed us some distance. Oh, that parting seemed cruel! August 8. Sunday. The people commenced coming very early, anxious once more to meet and hear one they had listened to years before. The assembly was large and attentive. I addressed them at 11 o'clock and by special request at 5 p. m.

The heart feels most when the lips move least; the eyes the gentle goodness speak. August 24, '52. Went with my brother to see a reaping machine. The weather very warm. August 25. Plainfield. Visited several and the old schoolhouse. Mr. Clifford is here yet, my old school-teacher. August 27. Chicago. Spent the day visiting the Old Fort where we were all during the war; all looked quite ancient. The 28th. Took train at 9 a. m., and soon we were rushing past cities, towns, plains, and prairie. Sunday. Met Julia and we went to the Methodist church. The cholera takes them right and left. How uncertain is life! All must pass away. September 1. Shipped our melodeon and things via New York to Sacramento. Left on the evening train. The 2d. Spent most of the day in Cleveland; took passage on *Northern Indian*; had a stormy night, four hundred passengers on board; very much crowded; arrived in Buffalo and found that the cholera was taking off two hundred per day.

The 5th. Sunday. Went to church three times.

The 6th. We took the cars on the American side for the Niagara Falls, and then the British steamer and crossed over the lake among

the thousand islands. The 8th. We started at 7 a. m. over the Green Mountains. Here I began to conclude the railroad could be built over the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and be of great benefit to those in California. September 9. Here we are in Boston, and took a stroll with wife and the children to Bunker Hill Monument. September 10. Left for Waterville, Maine, to visit an uncle of my wife. September 16. Returned to Boston, then to New York. September 18. Engaged passage on steamer *Illinois* and shipped our freight; did some shopping. Sunday, 19th. Went to Trinity Church; beautiful pictures, but in my opinion not much of the religion of Jesus. The 20th. Went on board the steamer, sailing at 3 p. m. Wife and children sick. September 28. Preparing our baggage for landing at Aspinwall, safe in port; very unhealthy climate. We take cars to Chagres River, where we take the boats. The rowboats were manned by naked negroes; the rain prevented the women from traveling. We had a very hard time. Hired three mules for fifty-three dollars, and with wife and children we rode over twenty-one miles of very bad road.

October 2. A description of the scene this morning in Panama would be something more than I could give; women anxiously waiting for their children, and others for their baggage. Mules give out, and women walking. Sunday, 3d. Went to an old Catholic church that must be two hundred years old.

4th. No baggage arrived, and there were many expressions of indignation because of our treatment. The 6th. Steamer left; we remained to see to our baggage and freight. The 8th and 9th. Spent the day trying to dry out our baggage. Considerable of it is ruined by being wet so long. Had the most bothersome job of my life. The 10th. Attended church. Not much Sunday in Panama. The 16th. The *Tennessee* from California arrived, but we packed up and came on the *Winfield Scott* for San Francisco. Wife quite sick.

November 2. Election day in the States for the Presidency. Subsequently heard that Pierce had seventy-eight electoral votes, Scott sixty-seven. Sunday, 7th. Was a solemn day for me. The storm at sea was something terrific; the waves mountain high. The 9th. We arrived off Golden Gate, but the fog prevents us running in. The 10th. At 10 a. m. we made the port, and heard the news of the great fire at Sacramento. November 11. Left for Sacramento and arrived the 12th. Landed at the levee where Sacramento was, but now saw heaps of ruins, all made in four hours.

November 14, 1852. Arrived in Drytown at 2 p. m. Found all well, but much changed. Some good houses have been built. Was soon busy making preparations for the winter.

Since coming to California in 1850 I was deeply interested in the cause of temperance, and have been a member of the Independent Order of Good Templars, having helped to organize the first lodges west of the Mississippi River.

In 1872, while Grand Worthy Patriarch of the Sons of Temperance,

I had opportunity to gratify the dream of my life to visit Egypt and the Holy Land. It was my desire to post myself carefully upon all the subjects of interest of other countries in regard to the liquor traffic, to lecture in the various countries I should visit in my travels around the world, and to organize temperance societies as I traveled. I hoped that I might be the means of helping some to be saved from the blighting curse of the present age.

Being a personal friend and acquaintance of General Ulysses S. Grant, letters of recommendation were given to me by President Grant to the crowned heads of Europe, and through them I was received with honor throughout my entire trip around the world.

When on the steamer I met a young man who visited the saloon frequently and drank wine at all his meals. For some time I said nothing to him, but one day when at dinner he called for wine. I said to him: "How far are you going on that ticket?" Said he: "Pardon me, but I do not exactly understand you." "In our country we have what is called the 'Black Valley Railroad,' which starts from a place called Cidertown, makes a short stop at Wineland, halts at Whiskyville, and has its termination at Delirium Station. I just wanted to know how far down this road you intend traveling." The young man looked at me in surprise and had nothing to say.

The byword on board during the remainder of the voyage was, "How far are you going on that ticket?" and before the voyage was ended every person in the cabin had discarded wine at the table.

When we reached the end of the voyage I was invited by the young man to whom I have referred to sit down to a banquet given by him, at which no wine was served. This young man vowed he would never drink anything intoxicating again.

July 25 and 26, 1872. I visited Edinburgh and spoke in Saint Patrick's Church. The 27th. Spent the day in looking over the great city of London. The Banking Houses, House of Parliament, Saint Paul's Church. Attended sermon at Westminster Abbey. I also visited the park, East India Mission, and the other places. Sunday, 28th. I crossed the Thames and went to the great Spurgeon's Church. He was just taking his text as I entered. There were about six thousand in the congregation. His subject was respecting Moses choosing to suffer affliction with the people of God. In person he is heavy set, English type, speaks plainly, and gives every word its full meaning, and with much pathos. He is altogether sensational. His church is well arranged, with three galleries. I also heard him in the evening at Regent's Park. I rode about ten miles on the underground railroad.

July 29. Hotel Langham. Visited the British Museum. Spent eight hours seeing the many ancient and wonderful things. The 30th. Received through the Banking House of Jay Cook, McCarlock and Company, my passport from Washington. I visited all the principal places of interest and saw many wonderful inventions; also saw the art galleries and the great temperance painting: "From the little child to the place

of execution." In the distance were the Alms House, Insane Asylum, and Jail. I saw many thousands of other things, and spent eight hours well. August 1. Took bus four miles, then the cars for Crystal Palace. Arriving I beheld one of the most magnificent sights of beauty and grandeur it was ever my lot to witness. Here is a representation of the world with its improvements and arts in miniature. The 2d. Temperance meeting in Doctor Spurgeon's church or tabernacle. Heard a number of good temperance speeches made to an audience of about four thousand, all of whom seemed deeply interested in the program, which was well adapted to the interest of our glorious cause.

August 3. Took train for Dover, and then steamer for Paris. This being harvest time afforded a good chance to see their mode of harvesting, which is fifty years behind time; women were reaping with sickles, as in the days of Ruth.

Sunday, 4th. Visited the various churches and parks; in the evening a large Catholic church; fine display and good music. The city of Paris for fine churches and parks and public display, fine arts and fashion, and beauty of graven images, saints and sinners. I presume it has no equal on the globe. August 5. Visited the great exhibition of the fair in about three-acre inclosure. The display was not finished, many of the things have not arrived, including our American inventions, and very many new inventions. In the picture gallery they far excel us. There was one of Mother Eve in the garden with the tempter which will never be excelled. August 7. Still raining; took train for Lyons at 3 p. m., passed through the main railroad center of France for one hundred and seventy-five miles to the beautiful city of Lyons, situated on the River Rhone. The population is three hundred thousand. The great fair is the center of attraction. The Crystal Palace covers six acres, and is doubtless the finest display in the world. Here is the great silk and alpaca manufacturing city. I found the best sewing machine I had ever seen.

August 9. Arrived at Marseilles 12 m., not far to the island of Sardinia, where Paul preached to the Galatians and established a branch of the church. August 10. Bought ticket for Rome. On the right is the shore of the Mediterranean, with French shipping. Passing towns and cities, through tunnels and around spurs of mountains, the scenery was very beautiful. The soil of this country looks worn out, and no wonder, with four thousand years of cultivation. Sunday, 11th. Arrived in the city of Genoa, the great shipbuilding city of Italy. Population three hundred thousand. The streets very narrow, houses built of stone on steep hills. After passing up the mountains sixty miles we come to as level a plain as I ever saw, extending for two hundred miles. The 12th. We passed a number of old-fashioned walled villages, and through the city of Pisa. From there to the beautiful city of Florence. Nothing excels it, not even Paris, in beauty of scenery. Here are the finest marble works I have, or ever expect to see. And here is the great Catholic church with walls and floors of the finest black and

white marble, and other colors, covering some six acres, and built four hundred and fifty-two years ago. One can ride in the omnibus for miles for one penny.

August 13. Resting one day and taking items from many things of deep interest. The fine marble statuary in the parks and cemeteries are true to life and never can be surpassed. August 14. Started for Rome, distance two hundred and fifty miles. The women appear to do most of the farm work. The olive, apple, and fig seem to be the principal fruits grown. There were many dilapidated walls and towers, on the highest hills. The land looks worn out, corn only three feet high; they plow with four oxen or cows. The cattle seem to be all of one color, a dirty white.

I can but contemplate the time some two thousand six hundred years since this Rome was founded or laid out by Romulus. Here Paul was brought from Jerusalem a prisoner, and here confined in that stone prison, near the Tiber River, for two years, and then under Nero crucified. Here Cicero lived. I was at service in the magnificent church of Saint Peter's, this morning, August 15. A hundred priests were performing at the altar, it being a great day. In brilliant display it has no equal on the globe. In beauty of marble statuary it far excels anything on the globe. Over the tomb of Peter and Paul a hundred lamps are always burning. Having visited many places of renown famous in history, I think it is justly said the art gallery has no equal in the world. Leaving Rome we rode through ruined cities, beautiful valleys where olive and fig in great abundance grew, and the homes were so different from ours. After nine hours' ride we arrived at Naples and Mount Vesuvius, one of the great burning mountains of the world. We drove about two miles to the American Grand, where we had a pleasant suite of rooms overlooking one of the most beautiful bays in the world.

August 18. The trip to Pompeii was of deep interest to me. A world of thought impressed my mind. This once great city destroyed by the burning Vesuvius some four thousand years ago, offers so much reflection one seems lost in deepest thought, as he looks on these ruins. I was taken ill while walking from street to street and house to house, and it was with some difficulty I reached my hotel.

Here in Naples I have seen, in an evening's walk through the parks, more than 20,000 people tarrying long at the wine and seeking strong drink, as though it was their chief good. August 19. Quite weak, but rode to the museum, a large stone building in the midst of Naples, which contains, it is said, the best collection of sculpturing and painting; and reaching back ages into antiquity, coming from Athens and elsewhere, including more than thirty thousand different kinds of mysterious heathen gods; among them the one Paul looked upon when they with one accord cried out, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." The mosaic work and painting on the walls of Pompeii is most perfect, having stood the ravages of time more than two thousand years under the ashes and debris of Mount Vesuvius; and it is still bright and beautiful. In the

afternoon called on the American consul and his assistant, Mr. Wood, who gave me a very interesting account of his visit up Vesuvius last April 24; at the time of the last great outburst. Along with them went a multitude of people from Naples and vicinity to see the flow of lava. Mr. Wood and a few others led the way up to the river of fire and turned back just in time to save their lives, as suddenly thirty people a little in advance, eight of whom were personal acquaintances, were lost as a fissure opened from which issued fire and smoke and steam; many others barely escaping with their lives, so terrible was the smoke and fire from the river of molten lava rushing down the side of the mountain. Words could not portray the grandeur, nor excite the mind to an understanding of the sight at night, so as to in any way sense this scene.

August 21. My health considerably improved. I rode out on the beach, where the view is beautiful; the place where Paul landed when a prisoner going from Jerusalem to Rome, Acts 28: 13. It fills my mind with deep emotions to stand on the very place where he took his start for Rome.

August 22. With several others we took a carriage and rode fourteen miles along the coast, and visited the city of Baiae, with its ruins. This city once contained hundreds of bathing rooms. It was the Saratoga of many large cities two thousand years ago; here is the great archway still standing where a temple of Diana of the Ephesians stood, and for three miles around the curve of this beautiful bay shore may be seen the ruins of houses, temples, and monuments. A terrible volcano seemed to have swallowed up most of the city, as down in the beautiful, clear water is plainly to be seen the walls and ruins of houses. On our return we passed many famous places recorded in the time of Nero and his defeat. The climate is much like California.

Friday, 23d. Visited the American consul, received much information from Mr. Wood, an artist. Here comes a cart with a white ox in the shafts, a cow on one side and a mule on the other side. Hundreds of goats are driven through the streets to be milked, to save the tax on milk shipped in as in France.

August 24. Ascended Mount Vesuvius from Naples. Five miles east you come to a city at the foot of the mount; here we procured a horse and guide and began the ascent; passed gardens of vegetables, olive, fig, and vineyards, as the soil is very productive, until nearing the summit. It has an appearance like ashes, and shows rugged rocks, as if they had been consumed by fire. The last mile before we gained the summit was the hardest effort of my life. But the view from the summit down the terrible crater, boiling and belching the molten sea of lava was indescribable. As there are two outlets, and many are suffocated from the fumes, great precaution must be taken in visiting this place. The view is magnificent, for thirty miles or more around. The scene is one that is never forgotten; the great streams of lava that went north and south some five miles, did their mission of desolation effectually; nothing

left in their pathway. Olive and fig trees all withered at its approach; a perfect parallel to the work of intemperance. In ascending I was beset on every side to drink wine. My guide said I could not stand it, but I did, thank God, and came out as well if not better than the others. The 25th. Went first to the Catholic meeting, then to the Episcopal. But little difference could be observed; all form and show, making long prayers that they might receive the greater damnation. Oh, how far from the preaching of the apostles eighteen hundred years ago, when it was the power of God unto salvation. The 26th. Visited again the museum at Naples, viewing the original statuary of Cicero and Demosthenes, the Diana of the Ephesians, and a multitude of other gods taken from Pompeii and Herculaneum that were destroyed some two thousand years ago; considerable pottery, brass, iron, and stone in good state of preservation. There were wheat and barley, and many plates of figs and other fruit, from the ruins, fine silk thread, and many other things that have been subject to this long seclusion, and to all appearance have been in use. The 27th. Bought ticket for Alexandria; twenty-four dollars gold. Was invited to take a ride through the great tunnel and out along a beautiful paved road, extending for about eight miles. Our landlady proved a most excellent guide through orchards of apples, olives, and fig, corn and wheat fields.

The 28th. Started to the steamer in a perfect storm of rain; the Neopolitans have carried on all the shipping without a dock; and freight and passengers have to be taken in small boats to the steamer; a perfect nuisance. 1 p. m. We are steaming out of the beautiful harbor, leaving the shore and islands, once the home and joy of thousands; now more resembling a desolate, rockbound coast.

August 29. Came in sight of Mount Stromboli, which is one of the few volcanoes that are always smoking. We soon reached Messina, in Sicily, beautifully situated. I visited some of the finest churches, finely finished in the interior with fine marble. The parks are very beautiful with flowers. The 30th. Again we are on the sea; the water of the Mediterranean is almost black. August 31. The last day of summer of 1872 I spent out of sight of land, only one or two of the passengers spoke English; all on board drink wine but me; men, women, and little children.

Sunday, September 1. Spent the day reading. No land in sight; the sea very rough, the steamer slow. Tuesday, 3d, 7 a. m. We are landing at the great Egyptian city founded and named by the man who conquered the world and here established the seat of his empire. Here a perfect swarm of Arabs cluster around you and seem very anxious to serve you in some way. Engaging a dragoman I visited the most prominent places of the city: Monuments round and polished, about 6 feet through and 120 high. One solid piece of stone. Another 80 feet high, 7½ feet square, solid block from the base; both were brought some two hundred miles, from upper Egypt, about four thousand years ago. September 4. Boarding a tramway railroad six miles out on the desert,

where they load the droves of camel with soft rock which they use in the city for building. Each camel carries three hundred and fifty to four hundred pounds; kneels down to receive the load and also to unload. There is one now drinking for a four-day trip. A number of large houses are being built of this rock, carried from six to ten miles, then sold by weight very cheap, seven or eight cents per hundred pounds. I met a number of rebel officers here assisting the Egyptian Government in a more perfect organization of the army.

Thursday, 5th. Boarded train for Cairo, and upon my arrival my heart rejoiced as I saw the Stars and Stripes waving above the American consulate. As I had not received any letters from home, I ordered them addressed in care of the consul at Cairo. When I called upon him I inquired for my mail. He thought for a moment and said: "Yes; there was considerable; but I had put it in the fire." I was sad and disappointed: here was a man representing our Nation so under the influence of liquor that he was not responsible for what he had done. That night in my grief and sorrow to have no letter from home, I dreamed I was going toward home, and having reached the blacksmith shop, inquired if Mrs. Clark and boy had arrived home safely, to which the blacksmith said, "There is the boy, playing in the street." I felt to rejoice and praise God that all was safe. On starting for the pyramids, the draw-bridge across the Nile being up, we were delayed quite awhile in the sun, so I was taken very ill.

Proceeded on my way to the pyramids; the largest covering eleven acres of ground, and is five hundred feet high. While I was examining these wonders, the others of our party left, a band of Arabs came up, and my guide told me it was very dangerous to be alone. These people are great beggars, and I told my guide to repeat what I said, so when they came I asked the Arabs to sit in a circle and I told them they were the sons of Ishmael, and Abraham was my father as well as their father; that we were brothers and would our father Abraham approve of robbing each other? I spoke to them some time. When through they told my guide if they had anything I saw that I would like I could have it. So we parted good friends, feeling to rejoice in God that his Spirit bore witness to those wild men of the desert that he was ever mindful of those that put their trust in him.

Friday, September 6, 1872. I feel now as if this is among the last pages of my history. It seems as if life is passing away and death claiming its place. Here I went up to my room and in humble prayer besought the Lord to deliver me. The following came unto me while the Spirit of the Lord was upon me: "Son of man, thou shall live and be healed, for I have a work for thee; get up out of Egypt and go up to Jerusalem and thou shall prosper." Then it was that I rejoiced in the Holy One of Israel and was healed. Arrived at the Suez Canal, uniting the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, at 4 o'clock p. m. Most of the way for fifty miles was over the desert of Arabia, and in sight of the place where the children of Israel wandered the forty years. While I was

in Cairo I remembered that this was the place where Pharaoh commanded the male children to be thrown into the Nile, where Joseph met his father and brothers after their long separation, and where the other Joseph was commanded to take the little child and flee unto. The sycamore tree they rested under is carefully noted here too, and many other relics reminding one of the past. Oh, what a world of thought fills my heart, for as much as I know their God still lives.

7th. I am to-day in view of the outlines of Mount Sinai, where the law was given to govern Israel, where the ground was holy and its thundering caused Moses to fear, and all Israel to tremble. At 8 a. m. I am on board the French steamer for Port Said, over one hundred miles through the Suez Canal, one of the grandest works of the age. We arrived at 2 p. m. and called on Mr. Page, the American consul. Met a gentleman from Boston who went up to Jerusalem with us.

September 8. Landed this morning at the old town of Joppa, now called Yafa. Here is where Peter was called to preach the gospel to the Gentiles (Acts 9: 36-43, and Acts 10: 9-18) when he had the dream of the sheet full of all kinds of beasts, and where God told him that in every nation, he that feared God and kept his commandments was accepted. At 3 p. m., in company with two gentlemen from England, we took horses and a guide, and were soon passing the old landmarks of the plains and towns of the Philistines and later of Judea and where Samson made the place as noted as the plains of Sharon. We came to Ramleh about 6 o'clock and rested until 12 m., then started for Jerusalem, arriving there at 8 a. m. Passed the Yafa gate and took up quarters at the hotel, and for the first time my eyes rested on Calvary, Mount of Olives and Mount Moriah, the great city of David and Solomon.

The 9th. At 12.30 we were again in the saddle, and as we passed up the hills of Judea my attention was called by our guide to a Jew about to pray; a black strap was first wound around his arm ten times, then with various motions he stands, muttering his long prayer. As I look upon this wonderful city, and we pass around, we see the Dead Sea; and the commanding view is one ever to be remembered in this sacred landscape, made so by the lives and death of the most noted men of the earth. The Jordan, Valley of Jehoshaphat, Pool of Siloam, and other places; and the potters' field, where Judas hung himself.

September 10, 1872. Was one of the eventful days of my life. At 8 a. m. we mounted our horses for Bethlehem, eight miles south of Jerusalem, over the road the wise men from the east went in search of the child Jesus. We passed David's well, where I drank. We rode down the narrow street to the inn, where we were shown the manger in the grotto where Jesus was born, and everything seemed to impress one with the great truth of his divinity, and a thousand things so true.

The town contains about twelve hundred inhabitants, mostly Arabs; a few Jews and Greeks. We met a number of women with large baskets of figs and grapes which they bring to Jerusalem for a better market. These women are far beyond anything I ever have seen, even among the

American Indians; they are made to do the packing, and most of the labor, while their husbands or masters are allowed to lie in the shade. For cruelty they certainly have no equal on the globe.

At 4 p. m. we mounted our horses for Bethany, about five miles east of the city. We, however, passed down the Valley of Hinnom and south to the Valley of Jehoshaphat and then turned to the left to the Pool of Siloam, where I went down and drank. We went up the Brook Kidron as far as the Garden of Gethsemane and then east to Bethany; went down into the tomb of Lazarus and could not help thinking of the time Jesus stood on this spot and said: "Lazarus, come forth," and the rejoicing of Mary and Martha. We rode from here to the Mount of Olives and viewed the Jordan, Dead Sea, Mount Pisgah, Mount Nebo, all on the east, while west the sun was setting on Jerusalem, one of the grandest sights of my life; and when I come to recall these memories of the past I can not help but weep. Close by here is where Jesus wept over this devoted city, and *here* he is to *set* his feet in the last days, in mighty glory and power. The great center of the fulfillment of prophecy. Over the entire face of the country here are limestone houses; hills and valleys and scarcely a green thing except the olive trees in sight, yet there is a beauty of landscape, while we remember the past history of this chosen land. And here God spoke to man, and *here*, last of all, his Son was sent for lost humanity, and here he broke the bands of death, and gave good gifts to men, and when received up into glory promised to come again. Every hill and valley is a place of history. September 11. We rode out on the Damascus road about six miles to the tombs of the prophets. Here has been a large temple, or reception house for the dead. Cut down in the solid rock some twenty feet, there was a large stone at one corner that opened into a large room; from each side were places cut in the wall to receive the coffins of the dead, and from one corner of the chamber a small passageway led to a like room below. Thus from each chamber parallel galleries run some sixty feet through solid rock. No inscriptions are left to show the age or history of these mansions of the dead.

The entire country to Damascus gate is in ruins. Except here and there an old olive tree, there is scarcely a tree to be seen, that has been set out in the last five hundred years. The old road, with its fine pavement, is all covered up with the rubbish of ages. Arches are in a good state of preservation, built doubtless two thousand years ago. There comes an Ishmaelite; the man generally rides leisurely and lets his wife walk barefoot and pack the luggage on her head in a basket or in a jar, her clothing in rags, and a veil on her face. The 12th. We mounted our horses and passed out the Yafa gate to the Tombs of the Judges, five miles. Like the other tombs they are cut out of solid rock, beautifully arranged. We counted sixty of them, resembling very much the catacombs of Egypt, but they seem to have been built many hundred years since. We returned, beset with beggars on every side; my small change all gone.

The 13th. We rode up on the higher ground, where the Russians' inclosure is. I measured a pillar recently uncovered from the rubbish, which is forty-one feet long, seven feet thick at one end, and four feet at the other end. How they managed to hew this pillar is more than I know. We then rode down to the south part of the city, where the Jews assemble by the side of the center wall of the temple, where a wall is built sixty feet high out of the large, square stone that Solomon had in the temple here. I found quite a large company of Jews weeping and kissing the stones of their old temple. This has been going on for several hundred years until the rock is worn several inches. It was the most lamentable sight I have seen yet. I could not help but remember that about forty rods from there where Pilate's judgment hall was, their fathers were assembled and cried out, "Let his blood be upon us and our children." At 5 p. m. we mounted and passed out the gate of the city, and as I took a long, lingering look upon Jerusalem, and those places, and the Mount of Olives where they laid Him, gloom filled my heart. I looked at the very room of the last supper, where he promised to come again. I was feeling much fatigued for a midnight ride, but my companions had been gone two hours and I lingered among the scenes most dear. With our guide we were soon dashing down the mountains of Judea. On our left is the hill country. We pass where Elizabeth lived when John the Baptist was born; also the little valley where David slew Goliath; also the place where the Ark of the Covenant rested for a while before the temple of Solomon was prepared to receive it, and many other places of interest. We passed over the same road traveled by Peter when he went to Joppa to preach the gospel to the Gentiles.

We slept four hours at Ramleh and at 5 a. m. we mounted our Arabian horses again. The nine miles to Joppa through the valley is beautiful. Adobe land most of the way just like it is in Petaluma, California. Now we are near the city. Here was once a beautiful little bay where King Hiram received the stone, marble, and timber for Solomon's temple. Hundreds of years have filled it up and now it is cultivated for gardens. Simon the Tanner's house and his large stone box for tanning purposes still remain in Joppa. I now read with deep interest Peter's preaching in Acts tenth chapter and the thirty-fourth verse. The 14th, at 4 p. m., in company with the American consul and some others, we went on board the Russian steamer *Dianna* for Port Said, where we arrived Sunday, the 15th, at 11 o'clock a. m. Here Mr. Spear presented me with a diamond and we parted, he to London, and I to Hongkong, Japan, San Francisco, and home. Monday, 16th. Called on the American consul, His Excellency W. R. Page, and other gentlemen. This city is built on the shore of the Mediterranean at the outlet of the Suez Canal. Bought ticket for passage to Hongkong.

September 17, 1872. Had a pleasant stroll with several English gentlemen, the consul and his daughter down the beach, and returned to the hotel. The agents here wrote a letter about the steamer and sent

to the hotel to my room, but the proprietor of this French cafe supposed four dollars per day too good to lose, so kept the information from me. So that just before the sailing of the steamer, by the merest accident I found the steamer was about to sail, and I was soon on board. The consul and others came on board to say good-bye, and introduced me to Captain Thompson, whom I found to be one of the noblest men on earth.

The 19th. We are on the great Suez Canal; looks like we are passing over a beautiful lake in the midst of a desert. Steamers pass very slowly. Can see sandstorms in the distance on either side; looks like a whirlwind for quite a distance, far as the eye can reach. This canal was built by the French Government, assisted by thirty thousand men sent by the Pasha of Egypt, at a vast cost. At 5 p. m. we are going out into the Red Sea, at the city of Suez, where we stop two hours. September 20. Arose early to enjoy a good view of Mount Sinai on our left, in the wilderness where the children of Israel traveled over forty years. What a glorious view! just as the sun comes like a halo of glory over the very spot once made holy by the presence of Him that weighs the mountains in his scales and taketh up the islands as a very little thing. I turn and read the history of the ten commandments given with profound interest. The 21st. Still passing down the Red Sea. We have kindest attendants, and seem to be making about two hundred miles per day. Sunday, 22d. The weather is very warm; still on our way. The 23d. Passed lighthouse and some islands; weather warm; 89 to 95 degrees in the shade. The 24th. In sight of a number of islands. Passed into the Gulf of Aden. Near here is where Alexander the Great landed his fleet on his way to India and where on a wager of drinking so many bottles of wine died a miserable death, and left his kingdom to his four generals. Along the coast is carried on quite a trade with the Arabs for ostrich feathers. The 25th. Are passing out the strait into the Indian Ocean. There is a lonely dove, finding rest on our steamer. Whence came the stranger? not from Noah's ark? Perhaps oppressed on some distant shore, it sought safety by flight. The cabin boy gave chase. "Stop, my boy," said I, "and give the stranger rest."

The 26th. Still on the billows; no land in sight; the mighty waves chase one another and some throw their waters on our upper deck. Now and then a drove of flying fish sport in the more genial field of air above, and then dive down again into their more natural element.

The 27th. I walk the upper deck and am thinking of home. 28th. The winds have made the waves so rough the steamer is tossed to and fro. Oh, how I would like a few hours on shore, just so I could feel like myself again; but alas, my Father in heaven suits the wind and the storms to his purpose. So all is for the best. What a world of thought in the wisdom of his ways and perfection of his work. Sunday, 29th. The steward brings on the cabin table the Bible and the English prayer books. These forms of prayers are too much like a last year "bill of fare," behind the times. We want a living faith; one fresh from the mercy seat, as their form is of but little use in the steamers of our

ever changing wants. September 30. Here comes the first rainstorm of the season. How it cools and freshens the air! Yet to see it fall on this vast ocean looks like a waste, yet it gives and receives, and it is said it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Far recollections pure as these
 Make one more fit for heaven,
 I reason thus for life to me
 Is like an ocean dreary.

October 1. I awoke; the sun up, but what means this? Ah, a stranger has entered the window of my stateroom and on the floor he has died. Oh, how willingly I would have gotten up and given water, but now it is too late. The beautiful flying fish in a spree, like some others more akin to our race, left off the course of water and sailed in the window and lost its life.

October 2. A still, smooth ocean, cloudy and some rain; no land in sight. We have good books and now and then exchange opinions on the temperance question. The doctor on board gave the following opinion: that the appetite for strong drink is not hereditary, disagreeing with six others, who declare it is. 3d. Having access to the maps of Captain Thompson, we find much to interest us; making 298 miles in the last twenty-four hours. 4th. No temperance lodge to-night. Cloudy, but at last, for the first time in six days, we got our reckoning so as to know where we are. We also passed an Arabian vessel who had lost her reckoning, and by running up signals of the latitude and longitude which were speedily sent aloft, she was located. This is the language of the sea.

October 5. There is some probability we will reach Penang Tuesday morning; the far distant coast commences to loom up. Oh, how anxious one is to get the first glimpse of land after so long confinement on the briny ocean.

Sunday, October 6. I suppose conference will meet, and thousands will hear the gospel preached unto them; but not on yon distant shore, where among the Hindoos many ten thousands bow down to gods of wood and stone. We have nine hundred on our steamer bound for Mecca, to do homage at the grave of Mohammed, on the shore of the Red Sea. 7th. Our ship is preparing her freight for delivery as we land to-morrow morning. We see a number of vessels of the east India trade.

The 8th. At 10 a. m., we enter the straits. A native from Penang pilots us into the little harbor between the islands and the mainland of Hindoostan. The island on our right is Penang, and is about twenty-six miles long and fourteen miles wide. We went ashore and for the first time set foot on the East India soil. The beautiful palm, cocoanut, coffee, nutmeg trees grow here in abundance, the first time I had ever seen these trees in their native state. The inhabitants are Malays and Chinamen. Here are several joss houses, also Hindoo temples, and others that worship the sun. Several and myself took a carriage to the falls, five miles. They are very beautiful, amid the jungle of every variety of

tropical tree and flower, making the scene perfect in beauty. The most of the work is done with small bulls in rude carts. The cattle are different from our cattle; much smaller, and having a hump like a hump of a camel on their shoulders. The women carry things on their heads. Some have the nose and ears all cut up from the rings they wear. The houses are built of bamboo. Spices and cocoanuts are shipped from here to all parts of the world.

Wednesday, October 9. About 5 p. m. we pass around the island on our way south, sighting land on both sides. Thursday, 10th. We are coasting along through the Malacca Straits, with now and then land on both sides, all in cultivation, which in this climate of perpetual summer, seems very productive. Friday, 11th. We are nearing the port of Singapore. Here are fine docks and large coal warehouses. The beautiful city is two miles back; the palm and other tropical trees of many varieties are plentiful. Here we hire a carriage and ride out five miles to the flower gardens; then to the jungle of gum trees, one hundred feet high and three and four feet through. Here I found a large swarm of bees hanging to a bush. They seemed larger and darker than those of our country. We rode back along a beautifully shaded road. Saturday, 12th. At 9 a. m., some of the captains of other vessels came on board and had breakfast with our captain, to whom I strongly recommended the temperance principles, if not for their sakes, it was the duty they owed to others.

About 2 p. m. I was invited to lunch up in the city with my friend. We then went into a reading room adjoining, for a short time. What was my surprise to see the American captain who was with me this morning, drunk, reeling around. He had lost his ship's papers and was cursing his wife and passengers, who were all waiting his return. Comprehending the situation, I took him in a little boat out to his ship. Here was a scene that will never be described. When we landed aboard his ship he said to the mate, "Put those men in irons, and let no man leave the ship." He then introduced me to his wife, to whom he had been married seven months before in Calcutta. "This is Mr. Clark, just arrived from Jerusalem, the place you have been longing to hear about. He can tell you all about it." So saying he left us. She seemed to comprehend the object of my coming, and at once disclosed to me in tears of deepest sorrow her devotion to her husband, who though a very moderate drinker seven months ago was now bringing ruin upon them, by reason of strong drink. She had set up most all night waiting his return. "What can I do?" she said. I told her I would try to get him to take the pledge before I left him. "Oh, do," she said, "for he will keep it on our return to shore." When he became more sober I made an appeal to him to sign the pledge. At last we found his ship papers in a bus where he had left them. "Now," he said, "I will sign the pledge, and by the help of God will keep it." He then took me to two other captains and tried to get them to sign. They declined, but spoke of the work in the highest terms. Meeting with a strong temperance man and president of the Band of

Hope, he gave out an appointment for me to speak at half past seven. We had a very attentive audience of English, educated Malays, Chinese, and others. They wished me to remain over, but my steamer was to leave the next morning. He invited me to dine and I found both he and wife very pleasant people. He took me in his carriage to the steamer and said should I ever visit here again a beautiful mansion called the Star of Temperance would be my home. Sunday, 13th. At 6 a. m., we are passing out of the harbor into the open sea again, with two new passengers and one hundred and eighty Chinamen for Hongkong. It is raining and storming.

I should have mentioned before that on landing at Calcutta I was required to show my passport, and took occasion to produce instead, my commission from the Independent Order of Good Templars authorities as a duly appointed right worthy grand lodge deputy of that order for the entire world. The custom house officials scanned it carefully, and according to custom kissed the great seal, saying, "It is all right."

Saturday, October 19. Awoke and found we were landed in Hongkong, China, the celestial kingdom. It is true, on shore I see men going to and fro in white raiment, but I soon discovered it was not the celestial kingdom of God, for I found drunkards here, and in heaven there are none. Sunday, October 20. Attended the Scotch Presbyterian church. A few Europeans and soldiers were present, while one of the heathens fanned the preacher all the time of service. This is quite a custom. At the banks, dining tables, and reading rooms, the native labor is so cheap that it is done out of formality, for dignity's sake.

Monday, 21st. Here come two Chinamen, with an easy Sedan chair, suspended midway on two long poles, to take me to the steamer landing, about half a mile. Fare, ten cents. The bell rings and we are off for the great city of Canton, about one hundred miles, at 3 p. m. We are nearing the great, celestial city; nothing like it had I seen before. Here I can count three hundred houseboats with families, some chickens or pigs in a coop on the end or side. Six or seven children to each house, many of whom pass all their lives on the water. The wharf is crowded with half-naked Chinamen and a few well-dressed custom house officials of the English persuasion, who obtained with the French quite a slice out of the heart of the city in the war thirteen years ago, on which they have some very good buildings, and a very fine Catholic cathedral which has been five years building, from the top of which we have a fine view of the city. When in Jerusalem I thought no city could be found with streets so narrow, but many of these are worse. I measured one or two of the main streets, where the emperor and thousands pass, also hundreds of tons of merchandise, and found it just six and one half feet wide. The chairs, when two meet, have scarcely room to pass. I was soon carried to Doctor Harper's, the learned Presbyterian minister, from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Here, with his very interesting family, he has spent many years trying to turn the hearts of those benighted heathen to the light of a better faith. I intended going to the hotel, but he would

not consent to that, but insisted on my stopping with them. His daughter, a beautiful young lady about eighteen years old, played on the organ at the hour of prayer, most beautiful music; and then with a good-night kiss the children retired to their rooms.

Tuesday, October 22, 1872. At 9 a. m. hired a basket and three Chinamen (coolies) and a basket for my dragoman. We passed through these narrow streets, passing thousands of shops and factories, where more than two hundred thousand are engaged in busy toil, some in iron, steel, gold, silver, brass, ivory, rattan, clay, silk, and satin. This vast beehive of industry supplies the world with thousands of little things peculiar to this people. The most surprising thing is to see all these things so much behind the times, and one is surprised to see what loads they pack. Here we are at the great temple of five hundred gods. All kinds and shapes of countenances that the most lively imagination ever contained; some fat, others lean, tall, short, just made to suit all. They are very expressive, but can neither hear nor foretell what is hereafter; all are dumb and powerless. Then we visited six or eight other temples, some having the largest gods and thousands of little ones. We then visited the place of execution and torture. Along the side of a high wall, near the prison house, are the crosses or the implements of death. Here, exposed to the sun, are a number of heads. They have many ways of torture, and many ways to kill instead of reform. We came to the great temple of Confucius the great god. A cannon ball passed through the wall and foundation where the god sat, when the city was besieged by the Europeans thirteen years ago. My guide remarked, "It could not hurt him." *Very true.* I saw a butcher dressing three dogs and two more in a basket. He was about to kill another, with six cats, and I saw some dressed rats, but I did not eat any sausage in Canton. At 3 p. m. We went across the Canton River to the American consul, who with his very amiable wife interested me with a recital of many home scenes until dinner. Wednesday, 23d. They invited me to see the great temple and sacred hogs. Now I have no objection to sacred things, or things worshiped, but to a large, well-fed hog, three or four hundred pounds, kept until old age takes him off, and then receive an honorable burial by reason of some relative's spirit having gone into him, is the height of folly, unequaled in any nation I have visited. I run the risk of wandering away several miles into the interior of the city. Sometimes thirty or forty men would gather around me and stare at me as if I were on exhibition, while the children would run and hide. One place I found I could get on top of the wall of the city, on which I walked for some time, where I had a good view of this wonderful beehive of industry. At eve I wandered back to Doctor Harper's, where I was sorry to find they had been very anxious about me. A good night's sleep found me on Thursday, the 24th, fresh and ready for another day's march. Before breakfast, at 7 a. m., I visited a Chinese school, that commenced at 6 o'clock. The seats and desks are much like ours; the room very poorly ventilated and poorly lighted. I made my way back along

the canal, and hog market. I give it up, no nation can handle or raise hogs like a Chinaman. Here they have hundreds of fat shoats in baskets; the large hogs are driven out of the boats into their pens, and when one is wanted he is driven into a basket, head down, and weighed in about two minutes. Friday, 25th. I bade my very kind friends, the doctor and family, farewell, and made my way to the landing among custom house officers. At 9 the bell rings and the steamer soon leaves behind us this world's wonder, the city of Canton, and its millions of human beings. We are passing many tall pagodas on either side of the river; also forts disbanded. Here we are at Hongkong and my steamer, the *Alaska*, is to start for my home Saturday, the 26th. In a basket I am taken to my hotel by two Chinamen. Now for packing and preparing for another six thousand mile trip. 3 p. m. Tickets bought, and I was soon stowed away in upper stateroom, number 32, for my long voyage. The captain gives the word and we are off. Passing out of the harbor of Hongkong seems very much the same as from the Golden Gate at home. We are soon on our way to Japan, passing hundreds of their Chinese junks or fishing boats for three hundred miles. I am satisfied we passed thousands, all about the same size, manned by six or eight men.

Sunday, 27th. We are fairly out in the great ocean again. Tuesday, 31st. Are encountering continual head winds, the waves tossing this large steamer as if it were a small boat; but she rides them gloriously.

Friday, November 1. We are nearing some of the islands belonging to the Philippines on our left. We are passing in full view of a burning volcano that resembles Mount Vesuvius, only not so high; the whitish sulphur down the sides from the crater much the same.

Sunday, November 3. The island, on our left, with their green trees, hills, and valleys, are very beautiful. He have a fine view of Mount Fujiyama, or sacred mountain of Japan. The whole face of the country very much resembles our coast range, at this time of the year. Here we come in sight of the Japanese fishing boats, so different from the Chinese. Here they have a regular canvas sail and in China they use matting.

Monday, 4th, 3 p. m. We enter the harbor of Yokohama. Room enough for all the shipping on earth, but not so well protected from the storms as some. The islands are beautiful, and every foot seems to have the most careful attention. The mountains in the distance show the terrace work much the same as in other countries. The little sampan soon takes us ashore and my trunk is taken to the hotel. About thirty natives want the job; they decided by ballot the lucky man. The moment one lands he is surprised at the good order and regulation. Instead of chairs, as in China, they have small, two-wheeled wagons drawn by a Jap in shafts. Sometimes, when on long journeys, two or three men are spliced ahead with ropes, and they go quite fast. We engaged a Genrichecha each, my two friends and I, and enjoyed a ride sightseeing. The most happy, ingenious, and industrious people I have met with in

my wanderings. It is true, one might say ignorance is bliss, and it is folly to be wise. Their habits and wages are like the Chinese, only the Japs are more advanced in western ways. Here at the hotel I witnessed what I feared would be the case with our European hotel and fashion! a fine bar room, and two fine ladies and two Chinamen attending the getting drunk department. Some few of the natives adopt the fatal habit, and like our own people soon find it too late to reform. If Japan could be blessed with our improvements, without our curse of strong drink, it would be a blessing. The city is finely situated in a valley in the form of a horseshoe surrounded by a high ridge of land on which the American minister and many others have very pretty homes, surrounded by tropical trees and flowers. My friend Delong was very kind to me in taking me around to the botanical gardens, and he presented me with a variety of seeds; also invited me to dinner at 7 p. m. with some officials of the Japanese Empire and legation. We have a very pleasant and social time. I was acquainted with Mrs. Delong, daughter of Senator J. I. Vinyard, of Wisconsin, many years ago. She was then fascinating and interesting, and I found she had lost none of her charms. After a very interesting visit and talk of "old folks at home," I returned to my hotel at 10 p. m., and at 6 a. m. next day with the chief steward I visited the fish markets, which were supplied with a great variety.

Wednesday, November 6, 7 a. m. We took passage on the railroad of thirty miles through rice fields and fine cultivated gardens. Upon our return with several others we were very soon in one of those little carts, Genrichecha, two coolies on each, and at full speed around about eight miles of the Yeddo city, with two footmen to clear the streets and do us honor. We first visited a large Japanese college, the public works situated midway in the city, the headquarters of the military department, consisting of six large brick buildings, sufficient to quarter two thousand five hundred or three thousand men. The brick is the best pressed I had seen, even better than in Rome. Also in college school I found good order and mannerly deportment. The great temple Shela with its deep-toned bells weighing forty-seven tons each, exceed anything I had ever heard before. The temple is by far the finest outside of the city of Rome. It would take pages to describe the gods and gilded altars of this vast building; all kinds of gods, in the form of animals. The notions of these devoted native worshipers were similar to those of the Mahometans, bowing themselves flat on the mats before the gods. We also visited many different stores and shops. In the afternoon we mounted black horses, real chargers, and as before two coolies to run ahead and two behind, to inform the people that important persons were coming, make room. Mr. Rice, of the United States legation was interpreter during my visit. To him, Mr. Ryan, Mr. C. Delong and wife, I feel under many obligations. They did everything to make my visit most agreeable. The streets of Yeddo are much narrower than ours, but generally well paved and very clean. As a people I found them always kind and generous and anxious to learn, and I found the best order with both old and young

that I have met with in any country. My friends went to the steamer to see me off, and at twelve the great wheels began to turn and we were leaving the harbor of Japan. On our left for some time the coast and green islands are seen, but as darkness closed upon us we saw no more land.

Sunday, November 17. We are ten days at sea and pass 180 degrees of longitude and consequently to meet California time we must skip two days. The sea has been quite smooth for this time of the year. But Sunday evening, the 24th, the storm commenced. Monday, 25th. Rain and storm. Tuesday, 26th. Still continues. Thursday, 28th. Terrible wind, having a small sail up, it was torn to strips, with parts of the rigging torn away. The Chinamen are sending out small, perforated papers, white and red, as prayers to Joss to save or they perish. Never before did I see so grand a sight. See those mighty waves clasp each other over the highest deck of our noble steamer, that mounts them like life, and then see the fierce wind lift up the white foam, filling the air far as we could see with spray that penetrates our very rooms. To see this mighty ship, one of the largest class, accommodating one thousand five hundred passengers and eight hundred tons of freight, tossed about like a chip, is wonderful. It is impossible to walk without holding on; the gale continued until the morning of Friday, the 29th. We were in doubt as to where we were, not having seen sun, moon, or stars for five days. Many thought we would surely be lost, and I said, "Whether the steamer sink or swim, I will land in safety." Some thought that man from stateroom thirty-two was crazy, but I felt I would arrive home in safety, for I had the promise in Egypt, that the Lord would see that I arrived all right. About 8 a. m. the fog lifted in time to see the Farallones outside of the Golden Gate. Here we had a narrow escape, as some thought the steamer was so close one could have jumped ashore. No joy could have surprised us more; once more to see the shore of the Golden Gate was like coming into life. Our usually sedate captain danced like a boy. On the glorious old shore every tree and rock looked good to us. At 3 p. m. we are nearing the dock; kind friends greet us. The Grand Secretary informed me of my reelection to Grand Worthy Patriarch, and of his preparing dispatches to the different bankers of Europe to find me.

Saturday, November 30, 1872, 2 p. m. Take steamer for Santa Rosa, to see my sister, Mrs. Cooper, and friends, and all are most happy. December 1. Sunday I spoke in the Christian church of my travels to a very attentive audience. Wednesday, 4th. Just six months to a day arrived at Latrobe and met Eugene and sister Mary with a carriage for home. Sunday, December 15, 1872. Left home for Sacramento thence to San Francisco. Wednesday, 18th. Petaluma; gave a lecture. Thursday, 19th. Santa Rosa courthouse. Friday, 20th. San Francisco. Thursday, 24th. Sacramento. Remained here in storm 25th and 26th. Sunday, 27th. Red Bluff. Monday, 28th. Marysville. Tuesday, 29th. Chico.

Wednesday, 30th. In company with General Bidwell and wife took train for Sacramento. Thursday, 31st. Arrived home.

Mr. William O. Clark was much of the time away from home, his store of general merchandise and livery stable were managed by his son, who took an interest to see that everything was looked after. Eugene was of a quiet turn of mind, and having been a graduate of the best schools he was well qualified to see to his father's interests. He did not live long after his sister Mary. Both died of consumption, at the age of twenty-one and twenty-three years. It was a great sorrow, and Mrs. Clark never fully recovered from the death of these three children, one having passed away previously. A son, Horace, was left them to comfort their loneliness.

January 29, 1873. Went to Sacramento. Lectured 30th and 31st in the sixth church on my trip around the world. February 1 to 7, to Sacramento, then to Stockton, spoke in the church to the Sunday school. The 8th. Train for Modesto; gave a temperance lecture; next evening had thirty-three to sign for a charter lodge. The 13th. Spoke in the courthouse in Stockton. The 14th. Brother Erle went with me to Modesto. After my lecture we organized a division with forty-four charter members. The same night at 11.30 I boarded train for Visalia; arrived Saturday morning and spoke that evening and Sunday evening and Monday morning at the high school. The 18th at Tulare, where I spoke in the railroad depot. A number wished me to return and organize a temperance division. At Turlock, 19th and 20th. Organized a division of twenty-five members. The 21st. At Sacramento. The 22d. My Eugene's birthday; arrived home. The 26th, at Plymouth. The 28th, attended lodge. March 1. Spoke in Amadore. June 25. My birthday. I am fifty-six years. Drifting along toward the other shore. Went to Amadore to hear Reverend Bellman lecture on temperance. July 26, 1874. Lectured in Omaha. August 5. Nebraska City, and by invitation returned to Omaha to lecture again the 10th.

In 1875. Being a warm personal friend of General Winn, who conceived the idea of organizing the Native Sons of the Golden West, I aided him in the organization.

January 5. Spoke at Comanche. February 17, 1878. Organized a division at Davisville, Yolo County. On the 20th I lectured at Dickson to Sons of Temperance. May 4, organized at Jackson Valley; twenty-two members. The 7th. Oakdale, twenty-six members on the charter. July 1. Left home; drove to Sacramento. The 3d, to San Francisco. In August, lectured at San Lorenzo, then to Boulder Creek, where I organized a division. October 24. Annual convention of Sons of Temperance,

twenty-four new divisions were reported; all but four organized by Grand Worthy Patriarch Clark, which increased the membership seven hundred. Finances were in a healthy condition. Grand Worthy Patriarch William O. Clark was elected for the sixth time. Total number of divisions fifty-four and membership two thousand.

January 5, 1879. Spoke at Washington Schoolhouse at 11 a. m. and at 1 p. m. 10th. Spoke at Volcano on temperance. The 12th. Lectured to the Sunday school. The 18th. At Baptist church, and at Iona 20th; then returned home. September 18. Returned home from a trip of twenty-three days, lecturing tour at Yolo, Colusa, San Francisco. September 22. Spoke at San Leandro, the 26th and 27th at Oakland. February 2, 1879. Was at San Francisco and was one of the committee to meet King Kalakana, of the Hawaiian Islands, he having once belonged to the Sons of Temperance.

October 29, 1879. Convention held at Santa Cruz. Having held the office of Grand Worthy Patriarch for the past six years, was succeeded by W. B. Wadman.

January 1, 1880. Lectured in Sacramento. The 11th. Oh, how I long to live where we can have our Sabbath, as of old! No Sunday school or church. The 18th was another day of rest, but not of worship. The 30th. I lectured at Comanche. March 30. Spoke in San Francisco on temperance. (Here there seems to be a year omitted.)

February 5, 1881. Sunday school lesson of Young Men's Christian Association, San Francisco, was the Pascal Lamb slain at the feast typical of the great sacrifice. The child twelve years old asking questions. And what his mother must have thought. His first words were: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" His last were, "It is finished." February 15. Arrived in Los Angeles and lectured. The 18th. Arrived at Tucson, Arizona, and spoke. October 26. Arrived in Sacramento; visited the Legislature, with others, on local option; spoke to the Band of Hope.

"Memory is the only friend that grief can call its own."

January 1, 1882. Amount of money in checks \$18,065. Aside from this Mr. Clark owned several fine ranches, and had all stocked with horses, cattle, and hogs. He was a great admirer of a good horse and was a fast driver. He would go among a band of loose horses, and when warned that he might get kicked, would say, "They all know me." Many have remarked: "That man surely has a charmed life."

March 18. Left Sacramento for Los Angeles; lectured the 24th; Tucson 26th; spoke at 11 a. m., and 7 p. m. April 1. At Benson, Arizona. Spoke here; then on 4th to El Paso, Texas, where I visited a church three hundred years old, and spoke at Demming, New Mexico.

July 9. Left home to attend the Prohibition convention in San Fran-

cisco on the 11th. December 13. Spoke at San Francisco, 25th. At Sacramento, 27th. Left for the East. January 21, 1883. At Evansville, Indiana. The place where my parents landed sixty-five years ago.

The 26th. Spoke in the opera house at Montgomery, Alabama, until Miss Frances Willard came. She made a short speech. Organized seven lodges and lectured twenty-four times in Alabama. March 3. Delivered two lectures to the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and the Band of Hope. The 17th. Tennessee. Organized one lodge and lectured.

In 1883 visited Galena, Illinois, then to Chicago, and May 1 arrived in Ottawa, where almost forty years before I married Julia A. She is alive and well. Lectured to Independent Order of Good Templars, 7th. Lectured to a large assembly at Merka; 11th at Chicago.

June 9. Returned home from a six months' tour over twelve States and three Territories, lecturing on temperance, and good will to man. August 21. Met San Francisco Knight Templars; had a great time.

"When the golden sun is setting,
And your heart from care is free;
When of absent ones you're dreaming,
Please reserve one thought for me."

In 1885 lectured in Saint Paul, Minneapolis, Montana, and Dakota, and had a very interesting time visiting nephews and friends. Rested in Montana, from where returned home via Portland, Oregon.

In 1886 lectured at Paris, Bear Lake Valley, Mount Pilen, (where thirty took the pledge) and Soda Springs, Idaho. Thence drove to Ogden, Utah, where on August 13 I spoke to the Sunday school. The 14th took train for home.

September 5, 1886, Julia A. Clark, wife of William O., died in San Francisco and was buried by the side of her children at Drytown. Having a good education, she could entertain well. She was a fine musician, and taught the first school in Drytown. She had a way peculiarly her own. Her great love for her children and the interest she had taken in their education, was such that after their death she was never the same.

At 1886 election Mr. Clark run for Congressman from the Second District of California on regular Prohibition ticket.

April 4, 1887, he took train for Utah and was absent ten days. June 25, 1887, was his seventieth birthday.

July 12, 1888, he married Mrs. M. G. Dennis. She died February 23, 1912, aged 68 years. 1889 was mostly spent at

home and in caring for stock on his ranches. His wife was part of time under doctor's care in San Francisco. It was a very dry year.

In 1891 visited Los Angeles. In 1893 himself and wife visited Utah. Was present at dedication of Temple, then after visiting relatives at Farmington, Utah, went on to the World's Fair at Chicago. He spoke seven times in Chicago and returned home May 31.

July 27, 1893. I left for Pacific Grove. I am much interested at the reports made at the recent session of the Supreme Lodge. At the World's Fair I saw the first engine ever built. There was a long line of engines. The first one in line was the first one ever built, then came others in the way of improvements that had been made along the line of mechanical engineering, until the last engine in the line represented the wonderful nineteenth century engine, which carries its load of human freight at the rate of a mile a minute. In the temperance work I represent the first engine made. I was to have spoken last night, but was switched off to clear the track for the later improvement, the powerful and polished nineteenth century engine, R. Foster Stone.

I have been fighting the temperance battle for many years, and have been riding on a through ticket all the time. Be sure, as Good Templars, you have tickets! Mr. Stone remarked, "At these meetings I have listened to no address that has interested me more than this one just delivered by Brother Clark, and I would like Brother Clark to remember that if we had never been blessed with the first and older temperance workers we would not have the younger and more polished ones. Brother Clark's address was a grand one and those who failed to hear him are decidedly losers. May, 1895. Leaving Sacramento with fourteen of the relatives we arrive at Farmington, Utah, to attend the golden wedding of Brother Ezra T. Clark. We all had a very enjoyable time.⁶ All the places

⁶It was related by one who was present on this occasion that as Elder William O. Clark had performed the ceremony that had united this couple fifty years before, he was chosen to perform the rite at this time. All things being in readiness, he took his place and repeated the ceremony used a half century before: "You mutually agree to be each other's companion, husband and wife, observing the legal rights belonging to this condition; that is, keeping yourselves wholly for each other, and from all others, during your lives?" The significance of this can be seen when it is known that Ezra T. had practically accepted the doctrine of polygamy and his second wife was present. Our informant said: "Uncle William looked amused but Uncle Ezra looked confused."—EDITOR.

of interest were visited and an excursion to Idaho made. We returned the 25th. May 13, 1896, I attended the Prohibition Convention which met in Stockton. A much larger delegation than I expected to find. Met General Bidwell, W. P. Mullen, Grand Chief Templar, and many of my old-time friends. No description can do justice to the speeches delivered in this convention by some of the best speakers of the State.

June 25, 1896. Visiting in San Francisco my seventy-ninth birthday with my son Holly. People came ten miles to call. Many old friends came to see me, and I enjoyed the day very much. Visited my sister Rhoda at Santa Rosa and delivered a lecture.

June 24, 1898. Left Sacramento at midnight of the 25th, my birthday. I am 81 years old. Celebrated it by traveling to Portland, Oregon. Spoke at Seattle, Idaho, Saint Paul, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Chicago, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Jersey, New York. Attended the temperance convention July 1 to 6, 1898, which I considered the most interesting of my life. I visited several of the soldiers' camps and saw the depressing and destructive effects of the army canteen. I was greatly impressed at Prohibition Park, at the report of Mrs. Hunt, of Boston, showing that sixteen million children are now taught scientific temperance instruction in our public schools. Delivered addresses in many cities, returned August 6 to Sacramento, having traveled through eighteen States and sixty thousand miles.

November 3, 1898, I was nominated candidate for Congress in the Second District.

June 10, 1900. Left Sacramento as a delegate for Prohibition convention in Chicago. The 27th. Spoke a number of times. July 4. Was at Independence, Missouri, on the Temple Lot where I stood sixty years ago with John Cooper. On the 7th. Called on Bishop May, was invited to dinner the next day. The 10th. Still visiting to view old landmarks. The 11th. Took train for Pueblo, Colorado. I am not well. Thence to Ogden, Utah. The 14th. Was at American Fork, Utah. August 31, 1901. Went to San Francisco and to the reunion meeting at the park, and heard Joseph Smith preach.

February 27, 1903. On my way home from Sacramento and San Francisco. I was gone nine days, all for the noble cause of prohibition.

May 23. Being one of the pioneer temperance workers of California, always ardent and consistent in the attitude toward intemperance for the individual, or the liquor traffic for the community, and the blighting curse, I turn to the fifth chapter of Daniel and read where these fine wines were served by his lords. God said wine was a mocker, and whoever is deceived by it is not wise; that at last it would bite like a serpent and sting like an adder, and then pronounced a woe upon anyone, committee or anyone else, who offered it to his neighbor.

August 10, 1903. At San Francisco. Spoke on temperance at the Re-organized Church out in the mission. Crossing Market Street in the

afternoon was struck by a runaway horse and quite badly hurt. I am now waiting for the Grand Army of the Republic encampment.

June 12, 1904. Lectured in Methodist Episcopal church, Plainfield, Illinois. 14th, the Congregational church. The 29th. Attended the National Prohibition Convention at Indianapolis, Indiana, as a delegate from California. Gave a lecture at Appleton City in the Methodist Episcopal church. They have no saloon, for they found out a saloon could no more be run without using up boys than a flouring mill without using up wheat, or a sawmill without using up logs, the only question, Whose boys? Now this whole intelligent people concluded they had no boys they wished to see wear striped clothes in the penitentiary or fill drunkard's graves, and so had no use for a saloon here, but in the great fair in Saint Louis I found the coming danger of our beloved country. The thousands in the beer gardens sipping at the wine that God says at last will bite like a serpent.

June 25. Left the beautiful city of Madison at 7 a. m. on the Ohio River on steamer for Louisville. One of the hottest days of the season. A friend received me kindly and took me to see the Confederate Soldiers' Home, in which were two hundred old soldiers. 26th. Sunday; spoke in the First Christian Church, and was invited to dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Logan in their beautiful home.

July 22. At Denver, Colorado. On my way home in a hard thunder storm. August 30. Attended as a delegate the state Prohibition convention at San Jose.

March 22, 1905. Left Drytown for San Francisco. March 24. The thousands that came to the Stanford University to pay respect to the funeral of Mrs. Stanford was the largest gathering I had ever attended. She and her husband have assisted me much in my work of temperance on this coast for thirty-five years. The fifteen hundred students here attending the finest institution on the globe will benefit by knowing the whole drink business is a curse on the world. The 25th. I have just returned from the funeral of Mrs. Stanford, the noble woman whose husband thirty years ago gave me a pass over all his railroads, to help me in the temperance work.

April 4. Salt Lake City, attending the Woman's Relief Convention. The 5th. Visited over the city, renewing old friends. Dear friends. In the long, bright chain of memory, add one golden link for me. But they are passing, and soon I will pass. The 6th. In the Tabernacle; a congregation of eight thousand listened to Joseph F. Smith, Ben E. Rich, Brigham H. Roberts, and others. At 5 p. m. took train for Farmington, where I visited brother's family. Returned to visit my son in Salt Lake, then home. December 5. Left for San Francisco, then to San Jose over the 10th and 11th, speaking also at Palo Alto.

April 28, 1906. Passing North Platte, Nebraska, spoke in Omaha, then to Joliet, Illinois. May. Visiting relatives at Lockport. Passed through Pittsburg, met John Mitchell, the head of the strikers. Washington, District of Columbia. Visited Friendship Park in a great crowd.

May 5, 1906. Met Senator Perkins in Congress in regard to my pension. Spoke in a church on "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap." On the 8th. Visited the Soldiers' Home. All were pleased to see an old soldier. It is a beautiful place. The 15th. In New York, with its three million inhabitants. Spent a very pleasant visit with my son. July 14, 1907. Here in the great city of San Francisco, where the strike is renewed, on Friendship, Commerce, and Finance, yet Calhoun runs his cars, while the law-abiding people throw rocks in the windows of the cars.

On October 24. In Sacramento, attending the teachers' state institute.

May, 1908. Visited Santa Rosa. June 3. Spoke in Oakland. July 28. Just returned from the convention; one of the best I have ever attended in the city by the sea, at Santa Cruz, where about thirty years ago voted no saloon, and the day before election I spoke on temperance, and gained it by only fifty votes. The population then was 1,200, and now is 13,000.

April 17, 1909. Visited my son in Chicago, and addressed the pioneers in Chicago on early recollections of the Black Hawk War. May 23. Lectured at Peoria and Plainfield. June 25. Delivered a lecture at Latter Day Saints' church at Montpelier, and stumped Utah, Idaho, and Wyoming for the cause of temperance.

January 21, 1910. Drytown, getting ready to go to Sacramento to do my Master's will. Oh, my Father, guide me. Leaving California in April, stopped at Farmington on my way, lectured at Peoria and several other places before I reached Chicago, where I am to speak to the Fort Dearborn Pioneers Association meeting. Arrived in New York May 9. Spoke several times at the convention, and heard one lecture that was well worth listening to. I would advise scientific temperance instruction in every public school, so that boys might learn that wine is a mocker and that strong drink is raging. It would lessen the accidents and expenses of life and would contribute to the longevity of the people.

September 2. At Santa Rosa, met in parlor of Native Sons, and delivered a very interesting address on pioneer days. September. At Irvington, California, at Reorganized Latter Day Saint reunion, where I lectured on temperance.

Returning from a lecture tour, I met General Sheridan in Des Moines, when he was on his way out West on some Government business. We both stopped at the home of Chief Justice Beck. He invited me to ride with him in his special car and tell him about my trip to the Holy Land, which he was about to visit. We got to talking about drinking and the effects of the habit. "Do you know," he told me, "that during the Civil War the drink habit cost the Nation more in deaths and every other way, than all other causes combined? Liquor was the worst enemy we had, during the four years' war." He gave it as his honest conviction and I think he firmly believed it, that "the blighting curse of the canteen is the greatest parasite that ever troubled the army, and the wanting to get it back is the greatest outrage. I have reviewed the

matter for twenty-five years, during which I have seen more or less of it in the army and I know what I am talking about." Sheridan explained that when he left the army to go back to Winchester, the day before he made his famous ride, the encampment was next to a distillery. He left positive orders that not a drop of drink was to be taken by the soldiers, but the latter disregarded the orders and got drunk. That was the cause of their defeat at first. General Sheridan said, "If I had forty lives I would have sacrificed them all that day. My soldiers were so drunk they left the breastworks." General Grant was even more emphatic in his statement against drink. I was one of three to congratulate him after a big banquet in San Francisco when he turned his glass upside down and refused to drink.

From Naples in 1872 Mr. Clark wrote:

Oh, Brothers and Sisters: Could you feel and see the importance as I have seen it since I set foot on the shores of the Old World, in the various places I have visited, it seems to me you would feel it your duty to devote your lives to the extermination of the drinking custom, which is filling the earth with its victims, with crime, misery, and death on every side. I never half appreciated its importance until I left California, a State believed elsewhere to be demoralized beyond all others; but what I have seen satisfies me that, bad as the Golden State is, temperance has taken a deeper root among its citizens than in any of the countries on this side of the Atlantic.

Please say to the Divisions, I sincerely hope the representatives will feel the importance of the work and return to their divisions fully imbued with the determination to wage a war of extermination with King Alcohol and his cruel allies. Please say to the several divisions, I shall be most happy to see them on my return, and to see them prosperous and greatly increased in strength, and happy, feeling each one has done his or her duty to the good cause. Thanking you from the bottom of my heart, for the confidence reposed in me by the gift of this office for the last year, I sincerely crave forgiveness for not doing more for the order. I humbly pray that my successor may be better prepared to advance our holy cause over the entire jurisdiction. With many considerations of personal regard, I remain, dear fellow workers,

Yours,

WILLIAM O. CLARK, *Grand Worthy Patriarch.*

The press represents him as one of the most ideal characters that the youth of our country could select as a model by which to shape his own conduct and habits. He has been an extensive traveler and has lectured in various countries of the world, devoting his brilliant talents to the cause of humanity without any thought of financial gain or selfish ambition. He is

well known to temperance workers all over the United States. He has repeatedly been a delegate to the National Prohibition Convention from this State, and, by his great ability and power as a public speaker, has done probably more than any other one man to build up a strong temperance sentiment among the people. Mr. William O. Clark gave lectures until his ninety-fourth year. He was able to travel alone, and is still an active worker in the cause of temperance.

INSPIRATION.

- "I show men things they do not see,
 So oft they pass them by;
 And some have found new things to love,
 New splendors in the sky.
- "I pull the veil from Mystery,
 And show her cynic's smile;
 Men look a foolish look, and feel
 They knew her all the while.
- "I give a youth the power to tell
 Old lore that is like new;
 The wise men wag their heads and frown,
 And know his words are true.
- "A beggar played his violin
 Where wind folk sob and sing;
 I whispered to his heart and now
 He plays before the king.
- "The crowd saw but the parts of steel
 Piled high before their eyes.
 'Long to the builder's heart I came—
 He saw his tower rise.
- "I am a guest that comes and goes
 Not lured by throne or mart;
 I give to Man the loaf of Life—
 Or else I break his heart."

BIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH F. BURTON.

BY EMMA B. BURTON.

(Continued from page 80.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

REVEREND WILLIAM BURTON.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I suppose because you wanted help.”

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

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

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

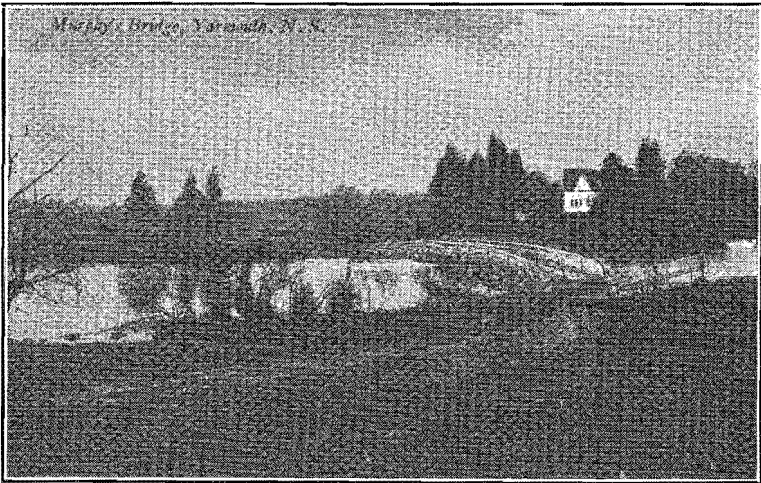
“Well,” he said, “I did not want to be drowned.”

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

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

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

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



Birthplace of Joseph F. Burton.

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

ERRATA.

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

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER CHARLES DERRY.

(Continued from page 60.)

January 1, 1867. The New Year comes in smiling but cold. Myself and family attended a meeting in Gallands Grove. We had a good time recounting the goodness of God. The gifts of the gospel were given, through which we were exhorted to do our duty. Some were reproved for neglect, but blessings were promised for faithfulness. I, too, was blessed with the spirit of instruction. I am glad to note the change for better in both the officials and the membership. At the close of the spiritual feast we had a temporal feast. Wife and I visited Uncle John A. McIntosh. Brother and Sister Ingvart Hanson visited with us and we had a pleasant time. There are some who have been delivered from the Utah net and rejoice in the liberty of the children of God. The people in the Grove are not given to books, except a few who feel the necessity of knowledge, but this will be remedied, as the interest in the latter day work increases. I feel the necessity of continual improvement for myself, that I may be permitted to teach others.

We visited Hanson's on the 2d and enjoyed their society.

On the 3d we returned to our little cabin and concluded there was no place like home.

Father Uriah Roundy visited us on the 4th. He is a fine old man, has been in the church many years, and would not follow Brigham to Utah, because of the abomination he saw among that people. Ezra Benson was sent back to gather up the people to the Salt Land, but many refused to follow his lead, whereupon he pronounced a curse upon the land between the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers, declaring there would not be any grain raised that year, but the fact was that was the

most fruitful year they had, and many settlers have expressed the wish that he would come and curse the land again. I have heard this from many old settlers besides Father Roundy.

On the 6th I preached twice. We had a fellowship meeting, during which Sister Absalom Kuykendall spoke in tongues, and Ingvert Hanson gave the interpretation.

On the 13th I preached twice in the Grove. Elders Roundy and McIntosh also spoke. It does me good to hear these old veterans testify of the work. Brother Joseph Smith writes me that Elder James Blakeslee is dead. A noble man is gone to rest. He will be missed from the Quorum of Twelve. Joseph says means is lacking for the publication of the Inspired Translation. I am using my influence to get money for that purpose. Frank Reynolds reports the work prospering in his part of the State. Elder Forscutt tells me that the Lord is blessing his labors. Thomas W. Smith inquires of me if there is any law demanding him to go and preach while his family are in need. I assured him that in the event the church did not provide, it was his duty to do so.

On Sunday, the 20th, I attended a meeting in the old log schoolhouse. We had a good prayer meeting in the afternoon. I felt encouraged. Some of the Saints contributed liberally to the Inspired Translation Fund. Ebenezer Robinson and Frank Reynolds want me to help raise means to build a railway. I wrote to Joseph asking if it would be proper for me to do so. I told him I did not think it was any part of the work of God.

February 2. I attended the Gallands Grove conference; the attendance small; not very many reported; even the district president had done nothing worthy of reporting. I could not pass it by in silence as my duty is to labor and stir others up to their duty, and I did so kindly, but earnestly. I reproved the president, also; I could not do otherwise and be a faithful

and impartial watchman and leader. We had a good prayer meeting at night.

On the 9th I went to Deloit, and on the 10th I preached to a full house.

On the 11th Elder Dobson went with me to Denison and I preached in the courthouse. Some wanted to hear more, but a Baptist had the use of the house. I wrote an article for the *Herald*, "A word to the little ones." Mark H. Forscutt writes me they have secured a hall in Keokuk. I continued my labors in the Grove, until the 23d, when I received a letter from a brother whose wife was in Utah, and in poverty, and I advised him to seek some remunerative employment, and some means to fetch his wife away from there.

On the 24th I preached at the Gallands Grove schoolhouse. Elder Putney informs me that the Union Branch is alive. Elders McIntosh and McCord came to counsel with me about the work here in Gallands Grove. I am glad to see the feeling that something must be done.

On the 26th went to Biglers Grove, and preached there. On the 27th I went to Preparation, and Brother Elijah Cobb thought my feet were not properly shod for carrying the gospel, so he gave me a pair of boots. I visited Brother and Sister Johnson near Little Sioux and instructed them in the good things of the kingdom of God. I closed the month with them. The snow melted and the country is flooded with ice, and traveling is very dangerous both for man and beast. But duty called me away and I must run the risk and trust in God. Brother and Sister Johnson treated me royally.

March 1, 1867, I went to Little Sioux. On the 2d and 3d I attended conference; Elder Condit in the chair.

On the 6th I returned to Biglers Grove to fill an appointment, but a Dutch Evangelical minister claimed the house. The majority wished me to occupy, but I thought best to give way, though the appointment was mine. His subject was, "The

value of the soul." He said there was no knowledge beyond the grave; man was the only being that had a spirit; portrayed the torments of the damned. There was a big clock in hell and its huge pendulum swung to and fro, saying, "Hither, never; hither, never." I reviewed his sermon. He branded me as a materialist. He found he was not able to defend his position, and one of his friends, a Scotchman, spoke in his defense, saying, "Mr. Derry, ye are a mighty smart man, but there's mony a smart man that's an infernal rogue." I told him that I had no quarrel with him on that score. I went from there to Twelve Mile Grove, visited Matthew Hall and wife. This man was a member of the church in England. His wife is a Presbyterian, but a fine woman.

When I returned I found wife worn out with sitting up with and waiting upon Sister Homer, who died to-day. She was the wife of Benjamin Homer. She was a faithful wife, a tender mother, and a true child of God. That was on the 10th of March, 1867. Elder James Caffall preached an excellent sermon for us. I also preached.

On the 12th Brother Caffall and I administered to Oliver Holcomb. He is very sick, but was greatly relieved. I visited Six Mile, Lelands Grove, and Union Grove. Brother Henry Halliday is the president of Union Grove Branch. He is an exceptionally good man. I find all things are not moving as smoothly as they might. I tried to show the necessity of living together as children of God. Howard Smith gives a good report of his labors in Cass County.

I preached twice in Union Grove on the 19th. I continued my labors in various places until the 27th, when I returned home.

On the 30th Oliver Holcomb and my son took me to the railroad, where I got in a way car, on a freight train, and rode to Boone. I stayed at a hotel for the night. On the next day,

I rode by stage to Fort Des Moines. There I found Mr. Robert Young, whose wife is a member, and he is favorable.

April 1, I arrived at Keokuk, went from there to Montrose. Here I met Joseph Smith and Thomas Revel. Joseph preached an excellent sermon on the way to obtain a glorious resurrection. I crossed to Nauvoo the next morning with Joseph and found Mark H. Forscutt and Robert C. Elvin. I stayed at William Redfield's.

April 13. Met in informal council in Saints' Hall, in Nauvoo, and on the 4th met with the Quorum of Twelve in council in Joseph's house, also on the 5th, but this night I went to preach in Montrose.

On the 6th a number of us had a pleasant voyage down to Keokuk in Solomon Tripp's yawl, where we held General Conference. I was the guest of Brother and Sister Bowden. We remained in conference until the 9th. I returned to Nauvoo and attended a council of the First Presidency and the Twelve. See minutes of conference in the *Herald*, April, 1867.

On the 10th we met in council. I took passage to Davenport on the steamboat *New Boston*. Brother Jerome Ruby being the pilot, gave me my passage free as well as the use of his berth.

On the 12th a desperate struggle is going on between the temperance people and moderators. So long as alcoholic drinks are made they will be sold and drank; and so long as its sale furnishes one of the greatest means of revenue for our Government, its manufacture and sale will be protected. Henry Vincent, a popular English lecturer, is lecturing on Columbus. He is full of laudations for our Government. He has splendid language, and a large stock of historic lore, is very witty, but is given to affectation, and talks for the popular applause and almighty dollar. While in Davenport I found an old English friend from Bloxwich. I find him inclined to Brighamism.

and he does not care to hear anything about the Reorganized Church.

On Sunday, the 14th, I preached twice in Davenport.

On the 15th I went to Buffalo. The president here thought it useless to try to hold meetings, so I visited and talked with Saints in their homes.

On the 17th I preached in a hall to a dozen people.

I preached again on the 18th. I returned to Davenport on the 19th. The Saints in both these places treated me with greatest kindness.

On the 21st I preached in Davenport and attended a prayer meeting. Brother Rowley suggested taking up a collection, but I objected. The Saints had dealt very generously with me without seeking for it, and I do not think it right to be like the horse leach, crying, "Give! Give!" We remained together singing the songs of Zion, at Father Houghton's, until a late hour, because it was very stormy.

On the 22d of April I started for home, via Marengo, and Blairstown. Floods carried away bridges and injured the track so we had to stop at Blairstown. Some talk of returning, but my face is homeward.

On the 23d we got as far as Boone, but could go no further, as the bridge over the river was unsafe. We stopped at a hotel. On the next morning a doctor whom I met the night before asked what salary I received. I told him I received none, but I went forth as Christ and his apostles, trusting in God to provide for my necessities. He then remonstrated with me in the public depot, declaring that my talents would command a goodly salary in any church. I assured him his pleadings were in vain, I was working for God and would not prostitute my talents for wealth or worldly honors; that I had preached this gospel twenty years, and had traveled one hundred thousand miles without price and had never been deserted of God or of good men and I believed I never should be. He

then remarked, "Well, you have good faith!" He requested my address, but I have not heard from him. He seemed very intelligent and his interrogations indicated deep thought.

I arrived home on the 24th of April, and was met at Boyer Station by George Montague, who took me home. The meeting with my family was a joyous one, and I am grateful to God for raising up so many kind friends to me on my journey, and for his care over my family. The weather has been so very inclement that there is scarcely a blade of green grass to be seen.

I remained at home until the 11th of May, as my wife had been suffering with chills and fever for two weeks. On the 11th, wife being better, I went to Denison. Visited Uncle Thomas Dobson, county clerk, at the courthouse. Saw what purported to be two "wild men from the island of Borneo." They weighed about forty-five pounds each, but were very strong. I saw one of them raise two men from the ground, whose united weight could not have been less than three hundred and thirty pounds, and he did it by placing his wrists to the hips of one of the men, who held the other in his arms. They are strange specimens of humanity, but seem perfectly formed. One was sullen, the other was sociable. It is said they were very old, but the only marks of old age I could see was their sunken eyes. They were said to have been caught in a cave on their native island. They were a real curiosity.

May 12 I preached twice in the Mason Grove Schoolhouse. Some additions have been made here of late. Elder Eli Clothier has labored here and is much thought of.

On the 13th I returned home and found wife still improving, but greatly troubled on account of a brother who had taken occasion to speak evil of me. I visited the brother and sought the aid of the Holy Spirit that I might not widen the breach. I found he was hurt because I had reproved him with others for neglect of duty, as the one in charge of the mission. He

agreed to banish his ill feeling. I employed the time I was at home in clearing my land.

On the 19th of May, I organized a Sunday school in Gallands Grove.

On the 20th Brother Robert and Charles Butterworth gave me two hundred feet of lumber for my house, and Oliver Holcomb hauled it on the ground for me. As nearly every house in the Grove is a log cabin, there is some murmuring about my aspirations for a frame house sixteen by twenty-four, but I intend my wife shall have a decent home. No woman can keep house decently unless she has a decent house. The true Saints honor us for our effort. Murder, rapine, and war seem the order of the day. There is great suffering in the South for lack of food. Much bitterness exists between North and South. I learn from Buffalo that the seed I had sown in weakness there, had brought forth fruit to the glory of God. May that fruit remain and increase in every gospel grace. I wrote a poem for the *Herald*, "The sacrifice of the last days."

On the 30th wife and Alice accompanied me to Deloit conference. I was called to the chair. Brother Jason W. Briggs was with us on a tour to raise subscriptions to Robinson's railroad scheme. He gave us some excellent instruction pertaining to church matters. A mission to Dallas, Guthrie, and Polk counties was given to John A. McIntosh and Eli Clothier. Other missions were given. Elder Thomas Dobson was appointed to preside over the district. He is an earnest worker and a safe man anywhere.

June 1. Alice Amelia was about to take a school at Masons Grove, but I learned there was a prejudice against her because she was a "Mormon preacher's" daughter. The director assured us she could have the school, but I concluded it was best for her not to have it, for it being her first school, and the parents being prejudiced against her, they would encourage their children in disloyalty to her, and she might become dis-

couraged, so I took her home. I remained at home cutting logs for lumber for my house until the 15th.

June 4. Brother Jason W. Briggs and wife visited us while I was at home, and we had a pleasant visit with them in our little cabin.

On the 15th I went to Union Grove, attended a two-day meeting at Six Mile Grove. Silas W. Condit and Jason W. Briggs were present. I visited Boyer Branch, which is chiefly composed of those who went with Lyman Wight to Texas. They seem a good people.

I returned home on the 17th of June. I pity the man who aspires to preside over any branch of the latter day work for the honor of the office. He will surely be a failure. I would much rather be a simple minister of the gospel and could not be induced to accept any greater responsibility, but from absolute sense of duty. May God give me grace to endure and wisdom to perform the duty. Maximilian, the would-be emperor of Mexico, and all his generals are taken prisoners. This ends the monarchy. I continued working at home until the 30th of June, when I went and preached twice at Six Mile Grove.

July 1. I went to Lelands Grove. My pony ran away from me, broke up my buggy. I found her at Six Mile Grove. Brother Colby Downs repaired the buggy without charge. I rode the pony to Brother Halliday's who repaired the iron-work on my buggy.

On the 3d I returned home.

On the 4th I administered to Lafayette Jackson.

On the 6th and 7th I attended a two-day meeting at Union Grove. Elders Condit and Gamet assisted in the preaching.

On the 9th I received a letter from Brother Joseph, telling me of trouble in the Keokuk Branch. Brother John H. Lake wrote telling why he had not been to Davenport as appointed. I went on to the Botna River. Held a two-day meeting at

Wheelers Grove. Elders Jairus M. Putney, William H. Kelley, and Howard Smith assisted me. Here I learn for the first time that I have a two thousand dollar house, and wife an eighty dollar carpet and a studio for my daughter, and living in luxury at the expense of the Saints. Surely if you want to hear news, get away from home.

We still live in the log granary loaned us by Father Holcomb. Wife has sewed rags for our "eighty dollar carpet" and good Sister Whalen wove it for her without charge. We shall be glad when we get into our two thousand dollar house, sixteen by twenty-four, for we shall have four rooms in that. William H. Kelley informs me that a brother says I am "overstepping my bounds of authority, that my duty is simply to preach." I would be glad to know that he is right, for I never sought it, and I would gladly resign my charge for my heart is sick and my spirit is wounded, and were it not for the trust reposed in me by God and his church, I would gladly resign what I have understood was my charge. I went with Brother Kelley to his home, where I have always been kindly treated by his mother and all the family.

On the 16th I went to Hog Creek, to the Union Branch. Elder Putney wished me to preach. I told him I would if the president of the branch desired me to, but President Gladwin would not consent. This was a new experience. My labors had always been anxiously sought. What have I done to forfeit the confidence of my brethren? The Saints desired me to preach, but I would not override the authority of the branch president. Brother George Wright offered to plaster my house free of charge when it was ready. I met with Elder Moffet, of Decatur County, who accompanied me to Council Bluffs on the 17th.

Brother Moffet accompanied me to Union Grove. The Saints treated me with kindness in every place and helped me by their means to build my house.

On the 19th I returned home. I attended a meeting of the Gallands Grove Branch. Brother Absalom Kuykendall was chosen president of the branch.

On the 21st Brother Dobson and myself preached in Gallands Grove.

On the 22d I went to Biglers Grove.

July 25, 1867. Just forty-one years old to-day. I thank God for preserving my life. I went to Council Bluffs. I returned to Boomer.

On the 26th I took wife to Sister Hartwell's. Sister Hartwell and family received us with her usual motherly, and their brotherly kindness. While here, Dexter saw my shoes were worn out; he ordered me a pair made by Brother John Hart, price ten dollars.

Sunday, 28th. Went to Crescent City to a two-day meeting. James Caffall did the preaching. I believe he is a noble man. Brother Putney said he had received strict orders to take my wife home with him. Thus evidences increase that we have not forfeited the confidence of the Saints. Wife went with Brother Putney's, I returned home. On the 30th I arrived home and found the children all right. I learn there is trouble in the Keokuk Branch. I preached in Lelands Grove on Sunday, the 4th.

On the 5th I helped Brethren Handy and Bell in the harvest field.

On the 6th I helped Henry Halliday in his harvest field.

On the 7th I secured the Leland school for Alice, at thirty dollars per month. I went to Harlan. This was my first visit there.

August 8. Alice began her first school. I was present at the opening by her request. The director and superintendent predict for her good success. I know she will do her best.

On the 9th I went to Boomer. Sister Bardsley told me that her first husband, Mr. Handbury, after he died, appeared to

her as she lay weeping upon her bed, and told her not to have his children sealed to anyone, they were his. He showed her a pamphlet adorned at the top with an all-seeing eye. He told her the pamphlet was false, and she must not teach it to his children. Sometime after, some one presented her with a number of the *Seer*, published by Orson Pratt, in which the bogus revelation on polygamy was published, and advocated, but which she had never seen before. Instantly she saw the all-seeing eye and she threw the pamphlet from her with disgust, and thus she was saved from going to Utah, where polygamy was taught and practiced.

Sunday, August 17, 1867. I preached in North Pigeon in the afternoon, James Caffall having preached an able sermon there in the morning. I preached in Council Bluffs this evening. I continued to labor in my mission, endeavoring to build up the Saints, and convince sinners of the verity of the gospel of Christ, and its power to bless. By letter from Alexander H. Struthers, I learn that some in the East are in a state of apostasy, denouncing Joseph as a highwayman, and applying other evil epithets, so I learn that I am not alone in this sorrow. Thomas J. Smith informs me that the Saints in Desoto, Nebraska, are doing well.

On the 26th of August, 1867, I finished paying for my land. Thanks to my Father in heaven and the Saints in my mission for the kindness manifest.

On the 27th I started to visit mother. I sent three poems to the *Herald*, entitled respectively, "Rally round the standard"; "Jealousy"; "Charity." There is some prospect of having a church house in Council Bluffs, as some party has offered to give a lot for that purpose. Omaha also needs a meeting-house. I collected means for the Inspired Translation, nor did the Saints forget my needs, but generously helped me on my way, which is proof to me that they do not deem me unworthy of their confidence.

On the 1st of September I preached in Desoto, Nebraska, and as my pony was sick, and I had left it behind, Brother Stephen Butler loaned me his pony to ride out to mother's, and I reached her on the 2d. By consent of her husband, she came out with Brother Leach and myself to visit the Saints in Desoto. The papers report that in India "one million, five hundred thousand souls have perished from famine, and in these parts the locusts are destroying every green thing in the way of vegetation." I returned to Brother Bullard's, near Council Bluffs, on the 8th, and the next day preached in North Star Branch. Here I found evidence of the Saints' love for me and mine.

On the 11th I went to Lelands Grove and found my daughter well and happy, at Brother Halliday's, and prospering in her school-teaching. I returned home on the 12th. George had been sick but under God's blessing, his mother had nursed him back to health and vigor. "What is home without a mother?"

On the 12th I received a letter from William W. Blair. He says: "I have the utmost confidence in you as a man of God." Brother Gamet writes me in the same strain. These letters strengthen my heart.

I remained at home until the 6th of October, cutting logs, and Brother Spencer Smith kindly sent his son Heman and team to haul the logs to the mill.

On the 6th I went to Union Grove to attend the conference. I met Joseph there. This day conference convened, President Smith in the chair. He preached to the Saints this morning and to unbelievers in the afternoon. We had a good prayer meeting this evening. I also preached during the conference. The Twelve were released from presidency, except in foreign lands. I made and presented a report of all the moneys I had received for furnishing my family a home, and the uses I had put it to. Conference approved the report and Bishop Rogers said I should have a house this fall.

After adjournment of conference, I returned home. The Saints did not forget to show their faith in me by their works. I did not utter that last remark as a boast, but as an expression of gratitude, that I should be thought worthy of their confidence and love. But especially do I acknowledge the goodness of God to me and mine, notwithstanding my weakness and shortcomings. My life should be one of continued praise to him; and I pray that it may be. My wife had knit twelve pairs of woolen socks, and sold them for twelve dollars at the store, and bought cloth to make me a coat. God bless her. On the 13th I preached in Woodbine, only a few attended. Everybody here carries on business on Sundays as on other days. It is a new railroad town.

I returned home on the 14th. Worked on my place till the 17th, when I took wife and baby to Brother John Pett's, late from Utah. They are English people and say they knew me in England when I preached in the Birmingham conference. They seem a good family and are firm believers in the latter day work, and have become identified with the Reorganized Church. It is good to meet with those with whom we have had sweet intercourse in the past, though I knew them not personally, they knew me through my public labors there. I fetched my boy home from Boomer, as Brother Wright had finished the work he had on hand. He paid George Nephi fifteen dollars for his work, which he handed me towards our new home. I asked him how I should repay him for that and the money he had already let me have. He put up his smiling face for a kiss, and said that was all he wanted. May God bless him for ever.

Robert Butterworth assisted us in hauling logs to his mill and brought them back as sills for the house. Brother Samuel Diggle aided us liberally in providing material for our house, and Sister Diggle contributed comforts for the family.

On the 27th Eli Clothier and myself preached in Gallands

Grove and Brother John Pett called for hands to help on our house. Several brethren responded, and two not of the church.

On the 28th Brother Pett and his helpers began to build it.

On the 3d of November Brother Joseph Smith preached and blessed our sweet little Rosetta Pearl. Joseph loaned me thirty dollars to buy pine siding. Brother Ingvert Hanson hauled it from Dunlap free of charge.

On the 6th I borrowed twenty dollars from Alma Ellison and thirty dollars from Father Ellison for the completion of our home, and thirty dollars from Sister Nellie Newman. They did not even ask for my note, but accepted my word, and indeed, our word should be yea and amen for all of our transactions in life. No brother or sister required of me any further obligation, and I am thankful to say I have never failed them. Needing more carpenters as cold weather was approaching, I asked the Lord to incline the heart of Samuel Schofield of Six Mile Grove to help, and when I went and spoke to him, he instantly responded, "Yes, I will, for I have a house to go into and you have not." And he did come, and did good service. Brother Colby Downs rendered good service on it too. Wallace Wood came on the 20th with his wife and worked until the evening of the 26th, boarding with us, and Elders Putney and Craven came sixty miles, with their wives, to work; not for money, but for brotherly love, and when our breadstuff was exhausted Brother Reuben Strong gave me five bushels of wheat. This was providential indeed, for we were just out, and I quickly converted it into flour, or rather the miller did. Sisters Putney and Craven made themselves very useful in assisting my wife to cook, etc.

On the 1st of December, Brother Wright of Boomer came to plaster the house. Snow fell, but he continued his work, and on the 7th we moved into the kitchen of our new home. Oliver Holcomb kindly hauled our goods, and on the 10th of December the house was completed. Brother Wright would

accept no pay for his work in plastering. May God reward all my brethren and sisters: those who have contributed means, and those who gave their labor, for all their kindness to me and mine. My obligations to God are infinite; I can never repay him. And now for the first time in our lives we have a permanent home. It seems like a dream! For twenty years I and my family have been strangers and pilgrims for the gospel's sake. But through the goodness of God and the kindness of my brethren and sisters we are provided with a home. Now I shall know where to find my wife and children when I return weary, worn, and heartsick from my mission, and they will have a comfortable home, surrounded by friends. Yes; "It is good to be a saint of latter days!" About this time I received a letter from A. Guinand, containing ten dollars, with the simple statement, "I shall be glad to know you have received it." If "cursings do not come singly," neither do blessings, as this gift at this time evidences. The brother is a stranger to me, except that about a year ago he sent me five dollars, or gave it to me in person. He was not in the church, and I know nothing of him, but I pray God to bless him for evermore.

December 25. At home with all of my family! This is a red letter day in our history, for it is the first Christmas we ever spent together in our own home. Grandmother is not with us, but we expect her every day.

December 29. Our darling Alice, having secured another school, leaves home to-day, which causes a pang of regret in our hearts, but we have been born to sacrifices; the reward will come by and by. I took her to Boomer, where she is to teach. She will board with Sister Bardsley. It is a comfort to know she will be with Saints. On the 30th I kissed her good-bye, commending her to our heavenly Father's care. I went to Council Bluffs. Here I met with the Inspired Translation of the Holy Scriptures for the first time. Thus the purposes of God are being fulfilled and his word is given to the

world in a more perfect form than found in the "Authorized Version." I visited the Union Branch on Hog Creek. I stayed with Brother Putney's, and had a good visit and a long talk on the doctrine of predestination.

This is the 31st of December, and the year closes upon us in better condition than it found us temporally and I trust no worse spiritually. Many and great have been the changes in the world, some for better and some to the destruction and sorrow of many. Spiritually, it has been one of my most trying years. I have realized something of Paul's feeling when he suffered from false brethren, but the bitter cup was sweetened by the kindness and fidelity of many who rallied around me as true and unswerving friends, and God has proven faithful to his promise to uphold me, but "my feet had well-nigh slipped," and but for his grace I would have fallen, for I am very human.

(To be continued.)

His soul was always violin
 To every soul that music drew
 Across his quivering heart. He felt
 In melody as taut strings do.

He knew the pang the singer has,
 The rapture that the poet hath.
 Confused not by his dearest dream,
 He walking, walked a sterner path.

Son of the sires of faith, along
 The quiet climbing road he trod
 Which leads by way of love to man,
 Up to the heights of trust in God.

But this, I think, will stay of him
 When all our honoring voices blend;
 Oh, poet, Christian, patriot!
 There never lived a truer friend.

—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

BIOGRAPHY OF ALEXANDER H. SMITH.

BY VIDA E. SMITH.

(Continued from page 40.)

The untiring and kindly ministrations of the western Iowa Saints was never forgotten by my father, and as, in the years that followed his mind turned to that time of illness, he often said, "They were good to me. May God reward them." But he returned to the farm home weak and still unwell. The suffering from malaria was not confined to the father of the family, however. It was an insidious foe to progress, and struck unsparingly at young and old, not excepting the beautiful baby boy born to my parents in May, 1877, and named Joseph George. With eyes turned often to the clock, my mother pushed her daily work, outdoors and in, for all the older children, with one exception, were ague victims, that when the hour for the baby's chill should come she might be free to shade the windows, hush the household noises, and devote herself to soothing the moaning little sufferer through the hours of burning fever that were sure to come; bathing the rosy little body and restless, aching head. It was wonderful the way mother met the trials of those years. Sickness incident to childhood, and accidents of various sorts all were immediately met by that alert, unwavering spirit and handled with alacrity, and often with wonderful ingenuity. There was no time to sit moaning; she must do something and get at it at once with the means nearest at hand; and she learned, to the regret of our childish palates, the virtue of many wild herbs, and bitter are the memories of those decoctions. Yes, bitter and nauseous; even some of the pungent odors, sweet to the sense of other spirits, bring poignant recollections of tearful scenes before a steaming cup of herb tea and the mingled feelings of heroism and rebellion as we were urged to drink by our laughing, but

not very lenient parents. Truly, I believe my courage would fail me to-day were I put to the test of some of those cures of the wildwood, and for years one of my nervous night dreams was a huge saucer brimming with steaming herb tea, on the brink of which I stood with trembling limbs trying to gain courage to plunge in.

If father took as deeply of those wonder-working bitters, as we were compelled to do, I do not know, but I remember his emaciated frame, intense color, and slow and dejected movements.

We had lived closely that time of stress in '76 and '77, as many others in the new land were compelled to do, and mother devised many unexpected and unsuspected triumphs from our one staple product—corn meal. Father was proud always to seat his friends, whatever the station from which they hailed, around a table laid under her supervision, and graced by one of her matchlessly finished dinners. He never had a doubt that everything would be above criticism. So when his old-time friend, with whom he had so often found a home in California, now wealthy, and traveled came from a trip abroad, he unhesitatingly invited him, with his family, to dine with him. And so it came that Thomas J. Andrews and family, en route from Europe to their California home, first sat beneath his roof to a dinner wherein not a spoonful of flour entered in the preparation, for we had none, nor time nor opportunity to secure it. Mother felt the little lack keenly, but father saw nothing for which to offer excuse in the delicious meal the ingenious little woman spread for his guests, from her garden and wild fruit and home-grown meat.

Well do I recall the grim look of desperate determination that settled on mother's girlish face when guests of distinction were expected. The three rooms on the ground floor were quite without carpet, paint, or rug, and bright and early they were scoured and left to dry without being walked upon if

possible, and then vegetables, chickens, and meats were set stewing; but as things drew to a conclusion, and perfection, the tension loosened on mother's face, and in her voice, and she grew merrier. Indeed, I think mother enjoyed nothing about housework so much as she did preparing a meal, a real, big, delicious, fully-developed dinner, with all possible goodies attached thereto; and didn't father enjoy it, too? Never had he occasion to quote the time-raveled phrase, "like mother used to do," for she had learned from his mother the fundamentals of all good cooking and added thereto the modern finishes, as the years brought development in the interesting and essential science of food values and their preparation. Many and curious the speculations and trials of baking powder, and other innovations in the kitchen arts, that at their best were but embellishments to the good old methods. But mother found many good hints in the household department of the *Toledo Blade*, an old-time favorite in our home, and looking over father's diaries I find here and there a recipe for some new viand that I remember as being afterward a familiar and often well-relished dish on our table. We all considered father's judgment excellent in the choice of viands, but mother seldom felt really satisfied with his choice of prints and gingham, although in the matter of cloth and linens he was an exceptional judge of values and quality.

But new scenes were being enacted near us. A railroad was surveyed and work begun on it close to us on the east. Where a few years before there were few carriages or buggies, the adequate and elegant democrat wagon was fast becoming old-fashioned and the hooded top of a vehicle, seen miles away moving along the country way, could not with surety be said to cover a certain man or one of his family.

The low bottom lands stretching along the creeks were green in fall and golden in the early summer with the wheat that men had thought could not be raised in this land of grasses

and white clover, and the art of making sweet wholesome "light bread" was becoming universal and taking the place of soda biscuit and corn bread to a great extent. Although my father had a neighbor who boasted that he never "eat white bread," who cracked shellbark hickory nuts with his firm old teeth when he celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday.

It was to the quiet of the farm home in August, 1876, that Uncle David came, making for some months his home with my parents, and roaming at will through the woodland near us. Among the many friendships formed in this new home was that with the family of Elder James P. Dillon, whose son Charles W. became an especial favorite of Uncle David's and spent many weeks an inmate of our home where he was regarded with high esteem and a friendly intimacy by the whole family, which years have not lessened.

There are trials in every life known only to the heart on which they press. There are dreary days and sleepless nights when the futility of endeavor seems to be crushing out the most vital and cherished of ambitions, and there are times when the trifles of the finite rise like armed foes between the eager spirit and the call of the infinite. Such times swept like black tempests over the big soul of my father during those years as he struggled to maintain a livelihood for his family, keep a home for his old age, and still magnify his calling in his beloved ministry to mankind; but his spirit rose quickly to the heights of light, from the very depths of shadow. The activity of farm life was pleasant to him, the growth of crops and the change of seasons a delight. He had in time his stands of bees and his field of buckwheat, and thinking on those bees I recall the labor and flurry associated with hiving a swarm of bees. The heavy, droning sound that announced them near, the beating of pans and throwing of water to settle them into the quickly improvised hive, sometimes a hollowed out portion

of log, sometimes a rude box. If the buzzing, excited, living cloud refused other inducements, a heavy volley from the shot-gun in not too close proximity, was brought into action, and if efforts were successful a new stand of bees stood in the line down near the fence and father was bandaged and cared for accordingly, for he seldom escaped without one or two stings, and an enormous amount of swelling and pain therefrom. From his little field of buckwheat he planned two crops, one of honey and one of cakes. The first took little work, but the last—I think none of us forget the curiosity which almost consumed us when he made two flails. What were they and what were they for, we questioned. The illustration was interesting to all but the participants. The swinging of those clubs over the dusty brown buckwheat was not athletic sport, but the result was the same in some respects no doubt, had there been more equality in the fun of it.

Our social pleasures were rare, indeed, compared with the good times of thirty years later. If we had fun we made it and mother and father helped both in “making and partaking.” Our time was filled with duties, many of them hard and distasteful, but life for a large, growing family offers many opportunities for recreation, and we were taught by our parents a very good motto for everyone: “If you want to have a good time, always take one with you.”

We were so far from the Lamoni Branch that we could not often meet with her people, and our religion was made a ridiculous point of difference with some of our immediate neighbors and most of the school people, very frequently affecting the teachers. Thus we were almost isolated and thrown upon family resources for pleasures. It was well for us that father and mother were merry-hearted and had not forgotten the gladsomeness of their youth, although the years were adding burdens rapidly. Often our little trips to gather wild fruit, etc., etc., were made the occasion of real festivity, and birth-

days and holidays were luxuriously observed with an extra dinner, and the use of the prettiest dishes and table linen. The giving of gifts was reserved for more prosperous days if they should ever come.

Not often in our childhood years had Christmas failed to bring us something in the way of a gift. If it were ever so simple and poor it kept the season fresh in our hearts; but one long, cold winter on the farm stands out in memory, full of queer and unexpected experiences to us. The snows were deep and constant from October until April, and the cold intense. Roads were slow in opening, and a road might be made anywhere, for fences and boundary lines seemed obliterated in the white world that had fallen on the familiar landscape. For Christmas the closely-covered, "holed-up" potatoes were opened and a portion not quite perfect enough for seed potatoes were with much labor secured. This was a hazardous thing to do, for the aperture thus made through earth and straw could never be quite as closely sealed as before, and this means of cold storage was the one way of keeping family vegetables and apples, if one were fortunate enough to have them. In this year but one man in the whole countryside had winter apples. His home was over a mile from ours, and the possibility of his parting with any of his treasures was very doubtful. But father started with a sack and a few pieces of money across the snowdrifts toward neighbor Jones's. Thinking on it now, I can estimate the joy a good pair of snowshoes would have been on that and similar occasions. In vain the children clamored to know where father was going. Mother had had enough of Christmas without any secrets. She had one now and proposed to have her fun with it. It was nearly dark when father came slowly back, looking like a veritable Santa Claus, with the frost on his brown beard and the big, bumpy-looking pack on his shoulders, and never did old Santa's pack hold such delicious treat as that half bushel of big, yellow, pink-cheeked

apples were to the family in the farmhouse; and never was a short journey much harder than the one by which they came that day.

The dark hair of my father was wet with perspiration, and he wiped frost from his beard and sweat from his brow with the same quick movement, so familiar to those who knew him. Among the diversions of the long winter I think we all enjoyed the old-fashioned game of jackstraws best. Father had finished several sets—let me see—there were twenty men, ten guns, five swords, and fifteen spears in each set, and a hook for each player. The feat of feats was to beat father. We grew quite fastidious, and acquired such nicety that no hook (which was but a bent pin in a smooth bit of wood) but our very own could please us. The smaller children sometimes chose the evening game, and then it was often “thumbs up,” in which all were expected to participate with interest.

When we went abroad in winter it was usually the occasion for much merriment, for into a wagon box of hay, set on bobs that father had made, we piled hot stones and buffalo robes and *ourselves* a family of eight or ten or more, as there might be abiding with us one or more friends or kinsmen, and then we glided over the snow to the time of the old bells that had rung merry chimes for father's youthful sleighing parties. Ah, they were deep and clear and full of unusual and jubilant intonations that have never been produced by other bells. And what care was taken before we started to bank the chunk fire in the wood-heater, so things would be warm to come back to—and how father tucked in the robes and shoved us closer together and—well, it's good to remember, and I would not tell his life story without it, for he was so alive at those times; his home was a good place to him, and he made it a good place for more than himself. True, sometimes the spirit of '37 and '38 broke through, showing that hereditary strain embedded in his na-

ture, and he brooded gloomily, but never for long, and not very often.

It was while living thus on the farm that we made the first really intimate acquaintance with father, and formed the biggest estimate of his possibilities as a companion and a real chum. Those of us who were permitted to labor beside him, or take tramps into the woodland where he often spent whole long days cutting wood, or if granted to ride with him on some cherished expedition for pleasure or business, found him a delightful companion. As daughters we received from him of course deserved but gentle-voiced criticism of action or language, but coupled with it was always the same chivalrous, courteous, gentlemanly consideration that he expected other men to bestow upon us. To meet with his disapproval in conduct or speech was almost unerringly to be deserving of it. Long after I was a woman, and when far from his guiding hand—a woman of his acquaintance said to me: "I always thought your father's standard of womanhood very difficult to reach," and turning that sentiment over in the light of mature years, I have wondered if the standard of womanhood to all men is not measured by their conceptions of the goodness and virtue and strength of the women they knew best in childhood.

It was on the farm that we learned many of the old church hymns, father and mother singing them together, and sweet old love songs, they had learned in the moonlight and sung to the accompaniment of the Mississippi's low-toned music in their youth, we learned from them here in the Missouri woods.

How often when I hear some old-fashioned favorite sung, I lose myself in a picture of father, a child on either knee, his head thrown back against a high-backed rocker, his eyes closed, and I hear his voice singing, "Home, home, shineth before us." How we loved to hear him sing that, and how he loved to sing it or any of the old songs. In fancy I can finish the picture best by touching his abundant dark hair and brushing it long

and carefully, as he took delight in having his wife and daughters do—long we brushed it because it was pleasant to each of us—carefully, because near the part, running down to the square, clear-marked brow, was a deep scar made years before in Nauvoo, and it was always tender. Often the little fingers of the smaller children traced its jagged outline, and asked for the story of when and how it happened, and mother would tell how the walls of the Riverside House collapsed one day when father and others were trying to finish it for grandmother's occupancy, and many of the workmen, my father with the rest, were seriously injured. It was a thrilling story for children, for that day brother Fred, a lad of eight or ten years, and a young companion named Fred Schoell, unconsciously saved their lives by removing their small boots and taking a toboggan down a long board to the ground. It was just for fun, but two minutes later the place where they had stood was lost inside the lower walls, amidst clouds of dust and crashing timber. Seeing the boots, in the bricks and debris that was falling about the men, their first thought was that the boys had met a terrible fate. How often this story interested the younger children, but those of us who recalled that awful day and father's wounded head always turned from the recital with a chilly, sickening memory, for never had we witnessed such a scene of distress as when father came walking up from the place of dust and confusion, mother white and wide-eyed on one side and Aunt Julia on the other, with that awful wound in his head. It seemed to us that a great and terrible cataclysm had befallen the whole earth, and the picture in its vivid intensity never faded, although the minute details of subsequent events grew dim and were lost in the days of his recovery.

My father was still fond of athletic sports, and delighted in riding, running, jumping, swimming, or skill at tossing and catching, with bow, rifle, or pocket knife. One of the events of real worth to our childish memory was a good menagerie

and circus with father as chaperon. He led our applause over a good feat of horseman skill, or what pleased him better, really good tumbling. It was not all over when we left the crowded tent, for as we jogged homeward he recounted more marvelous sights from his own life that truly seemed very eventful to us when compared with our own duty-driven course that seemed to lead far away from islands of pleasure and harbors of picture and song. A land that came close to us only through the touch of other souls who had been near to and become magnetized with the wonder-working force of learning. But what we may have to remember as losses in our quiet childhood can not overshadow the tender kindness of father's heart and its tremendous power in making duty delightful.

I recall the times when illness or accident made us objects of unusual solicitude: then he was as brooding and gentle as he liked others to be over him when he was under affliction. One time when recovering from a long and aggravating illness, in response to the continued suggestion of my parents, I suddenly announced that there was one thing I wanted to eat—it was bacon. That seemed an easy thing to procure in a country where the most delicious of hickory-smoked ham and bacon was a daily supply for the farm table, and father crossed the meadow and hillside to neighbor Brooks to get me a dinner of farm bacon. He was out of it, as it proved were all the neighbors. The soft Indian summer sunshine lay over the plains and filtered through the woodland branches as I impatiently waited for father's return, and when he came into the house yard empty-handed, I grew ravenously hungry for Missouri bacon. Taking pity on my long-faced and doleful condition, he laughingly made merry over my peculiar choice of dainty fare, and hitching up Doll and Nell rattled off to Sedgewick, known now as Lamoni, to find some bacon for a convalescent who did not want anything else. It was a useless journey. There was none to be had. Whenever in its history had this

bacon-fed land been so baconless? I greeted this announcement with tears. In vain was I tempted with delicacies seldom known in our home; nothing but nut-flavored, corn-fattened, hickory-smoked bacon would satisfy, and as a last hope mother suggested Eagleville, eight miles away. Onto gray Topsy went the saddle, and over the hills rode father after bacon. He returned by the light of an autumn moon and I met him at the barnyard gate, and he handed me a bundle of bacon. How good and smoky it smelled! I could have nibbled it raw, but waited until he sliced and helped to fry it a crisp brown. It tasted just right, and set the pace for other relished meals, unheeded for six months previous. I tell these little things to show how his big, warm heart kept pace with a big, busy, care-burdened brain.

Among the enlivening and sometimes very interesting incidents that broke into the routine of our prosaic round of duties was an occasional wedding in our little, low-ceiled front room.

The principals were usually perfect strangers to us, but we always felt an interest in them afterward. Missouri had been free to unite whom she would in matrimony, by minister or justice. Aspirants to the matrimonial field had but to cross the line, find an accommodating justice or minister and return to Iowa legal members of their chosen order.

Disappointment met them, however, when they came to father after the passage of Missouri's new law requiring a license for marriage. Entreaties nor bribes nor tears prevailed. It was curious how ignorant some intelligent men and women could appear in regard to the State's authority on this question. As an instance of this I relate one story.

Early one morning, even in the darkness of morning, there was a great hallooming in the bit of woodland between the farmhouse and the main road. Father stepped out and called, "Hello. What's wanted?" From the woodland came a man's voice, "We want to get married!" Imagine the hearty laugh

of my father ringing out into the hush of the hills, and you can tell why his invitation to drive up to the house and come in was answered with alacrity. Once settled in the warm, light, sitting room, there was a few moments awkward pause, as father studied the tired, disheweled, troubled looking party, consisting of the would-be bride, tear-stained and drooping, and her quiet brother, and the earnest-faced, determined-looking groom and his sister. It was the big voice of the groom that began in apologizing tones the story of the runaways. How the girl's father had beaten and abused his daughters and when it came to his threat of beating this girl, the lover brought his big brown fist down heavily and swore he "should never do it again." They had ridden all night across the prairies and been lost in Grand River Valley and turned from the door of minister and justice because they had no license. They were hungry, tired, and bruised from being thrown from the light wagon, but they were determined to have a wedding. Mother's heart was sore for the troubled little bride, drooping in the big rocker and weeping bitterly. She bustled about in preparation of a good hot breakfast and patted and soothed the weary girl. Father laid his hand on her head a moment and said, "There, daughter, don't cry, don't cry!" but he could not marry them without the license.

"Well," said the young fellow, his brown face flushing, "I'm going to marry her if I can on this trip. If I can't, I'll take her to mother. She'll not be beaten by any man," and they rode away deeper into Missouri.

Late that afternoon, as father was returning from Sedge-wick, he met the wedding party returning to Iowa. Somewhere down in Missouri they had found a parson willing to tie the knot and let the law go ignorant of who did it, and we could not help rejoicing over the protection we felt sure the young bride would have from her unreasonable and erratic father.

Although my father was absent more and more on missionary work, and mother took upon herself added toil in consequence, for stock was increasing and poultry and crops needed oversight, which she assumed in his absence, yet she kept unusually well and grew stronger than ever before, because of this life in the outdoors. As the years increased our comforts on the farm, they brought also more work and increased responsibility, but there was little in it that met a hearty, joyful response in the heart of the son old enough now to choose his lifework, and the one dependence for the farm work, the other boys being too small, although he agreed to stay and do his best on the farm. We all felt the added weight of care when father was gone.

There seemed to be so much more to worry about and so many hard things to do. I recall yet the luxurious sensation of sleeping unburdened with the responsibility of waking, resting that on father. The harshness of rising was gone when we awoke to the sound of a loving voice, "Come, daughters!" and sniffed the whiffs of warmth and breakfast already started—wasn't it a jolly change from a cold kitchen and a rush of the day's care!

If it be true that only good family men, men who are a blessing to their home, make ideal missionaries, then it seems to me father should have been an ideal missionary both at fireside and in pulpit. Although a good talker and fond of it—he had times of silence, and when things went wrong he was nearly always silent. It was the better part maybe for him, for he would say in the impetuous, intense outbursts of his nature, things that he would regret. So when he chastised his children—he waited sometimes for a week to mete out the punishment, lest he punish in anger—with all due reverence to his beloved and honored memory, I think it was the refinement of torture, that waiting, in his quiet, gentle, even at times jovial presence for the fulfilling of the law. Once he administered

reproof or punishment, however, the episode was at an end, pleasant and delightful relations were enjoyed, and no reference made to the little rift that had made the music mute. He believed in the old-fashioned punishment by switching, but was a sufferer himself in the execution of his belief, as I am sure is everyone who does it with the intent and purpose of a loving heart, and a conscientious sense of duty. The whippings he gave were rare and were always sad and tearful scenes, both for the father and the lad, but were often followed with a tramp together with gun or fishing rod if opportunity could in any way be made for it. Looking back to those times I feel assured that the longer the tramp and the oftener together by any father and son the fewer would be the scenes of antagonism between them, and that is where the children of the traveling missionary are the losers, and not only the children but the missionary. He loses the rich, keen zest in life, born of close companionship with his own young, for with these are the sensibilities often kept keyed to fine feeling and quickness of concept, in fact the soul, however shut in by years, is like one of Marconi's wireless dynamos—it needs only to be kept in tune, and fog or mist or wind or rain can keep it from responding to the call of kindred soul, be they young or old or poor or in plenty. I think father's heart was tuned to this touch of sympathetic response, but he had measured out to him a few near failures, and he knew it and suffered because of it.

In 1880 Elder Joseph S. Snively, the president of the district which included our home, organized a new branch of the church in our neighborhood in which there were eighteen charter members. The new branch was called the Hope Branch. Henry Hart was made president; S. F. Dillon, clerk. With this branch our family were allied, father and mother and the two eldest children making four of the original eighteen.

All the membership were withdrawals from the Lamoni

Branch. This was not a long-lived branch, however, for in a year's time changes made imperative the disorganization of the "Hope," in Harrison County, Missouri. For many years prior to that, and always since, that county in Missouri heard much preaching both for and against the church; in the former my father had active part. He was, during our residence there, missionary in charge of Missouri, in part or whole, and parts of Iowa and other States. During this time his health was almost never good. Among the many esteemed and honored friends who came to our home during those years on the farm, none could have been more like an angel of mercy than Mrs. Rosalia Dancer, the now deceased wife of David Dancer. Sweet and gracious and delightfully companionable, she went about the new country, with dainty goodies and substantial comforts for its malaria tormented inhabitants, and the richer, greater blessing of her serene and comforting spirit, that seemed to leave peace and rest with the souls it touched, however worried and discouraged they might be. Such at least was she to our household, and others that I know.

In February of 1879 father visited the Saints of Far West. Of this visit he often spoke, and quoting from a letter written soon after we find these words in reference to this, his first visit to the place of his nativity.

I left home February 1, and met Brother John T. Kinnaman at the depot in Stewartsville, on his way to the conference of the Far West District. I accompanied him, and near the place of my nativity I met the Saints, among whom I found Uncle William. It was with peculiar feelings that I joined in the business of the conference; and these feelings were intensified when I was called upon to speak, and subsequently to baptize in the immediate neighborhood of my birthplace, whence forty years ago, my father and mother were driven by mob violence. I could not help thinking that God in his own time and way was preparing for the return from exile those who are faithful, to their land of promise, and my heart was soft, my trust strengthened in the work.

At the General Conference in Plano of that spring there were but six of the Quorum of Twelve present, and father

acted as president pro tem. Returning from that point to his home he was shortly called by telegram from his adopted sister, Mrs. Julia Middleton, to the bedside of his mother at Nauvoo. His last letter to mother from that bedside lies before me, and I venture to quote portions of it. Eagerly was every word read by my anxious little mother. How she had longed to go to that dear one and minister to her comfort as she could. Instead she stood at the place of duty with her little people.

April 27, 1879, Riverside Mansion.

Dearest Lizzie: Once more I write you from this place. Mother is still alive, but oh, how she suffers. Joseph is here still. This morning he has gone out to Rock Creek, to attend a two-day meeting begun yesterday. Samantha and Jim Moffett were here yesterday. . . .

Mother needs some one constantly by her, she must be lifted up, about every fifteen or twenty minutes. Night before last I sat up all night and lifted her. Joseph sat up last night till four o'clock this morning and then called me. Mr. Bidamon is very kind and gentle to her, but is nearly worn out. . . .

Mary Nimrick was urging me to come back here to live, she is homesick to see you. She argued well, but I soon convinced her of the folly of such a move. . . .

April 27, Tuesday. Mother is gradually failing. She can not recognize anyone now without a seeming great effort. Her mind wanders constantly. Poor mother! Oh, Lizzie, it is hard to see her suffer so. Do all we can for her and still she suffers fearfully. . . . Solomon Salisbury, Don C. Millikin and his wife Sophia were here Sunday night and yesterday. I enjoyed their visit as well as I could under the circumstances.

We are simply awaiting the end, and it seems to be near, only God knows how near. I think sometimes I have passed through the worst, yet I know how hard it will be to give mother up.

I wish you could be here. Kiss all the children for me.

Yours always, until death,

A. H. SMITH.

April 30, 1879.—The battle of life is over. Mother died this morning at 4 o'clock and 20 minutes. I shall start home on Monday morning.

A. H. SMITH.

For some years the adopted daughter, Mrs. Julia Middleton, had spent all her time with grandmother in the historic and unfortunate Nauvoo House, known better as the Riverside Mansion. It was this same daughter that had come along with her twin brother to the warm mother arms of Emma

Smith long years before in the little Ohio town, come from the cold, dead breast of her own mother, who sleeps since under Ohio's sod.

Through all those years she never knew the lack of a mother's care, and at last she watched with her foster brothers the blessed life go out, and turning from the newly made grave found herself homeless and in the grasp of a fatal malady. And thus it happened that father brought to share our home this foster sister and our Aunt Julia.

In the spring of 1880, Aunt Julia, sick and worn, accompanied a visiting friend to Nauvoo, expecting to return to father's house in a short time, but her strength failed and at the home of that kind friend, Mrs. Samantha Moffett, she "crossed the bar" and her body rests in Nauvoo. She was a source of great delight to the older children of our home, for she was a delightful talker and had led a most romantic and unusual life that she picked stories from here and there and told to us in the shut-in weeks on the farm. Stories from a life as brilliant and wonderful and proud as the glowing pages of a fairy tale, and at last as sad and unlovely and poor as the most prosaic of life stories. It was indeed a strange story that begun in that little Ohio town among a hunted and persecuted people and soon had interests in both Josephite and Brighamite factions and hated both and ended in a Catholic deathbed.

At last father gave up the struggle. Running a farm successfully and doing missionary work successfully at the same time was an impossibility. Already the district school was proving far too inadequate for the desired education of his children. The eldest son was not finding in farm life, anything to take the place of his great ambition, born and fostered by environment during his childhood in old Nauvoo.

Often when driving across the prairies, he shouted above the rattle of the wagon, "Wouldn't I like to be the engineer driving

a steam engine whizzing over these hills." Then there was absolutely nothing in the rural life that appealed to him.

The second daughter, Ina, had been in Saint Joseph for some months learning dressmaking, and had returned home but a short time before our exodus from this county.

The farm was rented to mother's brother-in-law and the last wagon load of furniture was gone from the farmhouse, and with a big, comfortable, camp lunch stored in it, the home wagon stood ready for the family. Into it were loaded the children, Arthur Marion, the latest and of course very dearest of all the babies; Joseph G., dimpled, blue-eyed, and rosy; Eva Grace, black-eyed, brown-faced, and continually merry-hearted and winning; Don A., slender and fair, agile as a squirrel and brimming with fun, shared always with his impetuous, romping, smooth-cheeked, blue-eyed sister Emma; and Ina, the dainty, amiable, and ladylike, with tall, awkward me; these, with our gay-voiced little mother and rather stern-looking father, made up our load, with the occasional addition of the pet dog, Nero, a cruel and blood-stained name to bestow upon the best-natured, most honorable, little, long-haired dog that ever was befriended by man. He had made the trip from Nauvoo with the family, and entered into all our childish sports and discoveries, and as he was growing old and could not stand the long run so well he was often permitted to ride by father's side on the driver's seat, for my father was kind to the most ignoble of God's creations, and if he felt, innately, the broad sweep of the phrase that man should "have dominion over them," he had within him, apparent always the element that would make possible that other most desirable condition when the lamb and the lion should lie down together and none should be afraid in all God's wide universe. The fall had been long and splendid, and December was still pleasant, although her course was almost run, as we journeyed

away from the farm, never again to all meet beneath the shadow of its trees or shelter of its house.

As we waited for father's last errand after some forgotten trifle, mother, casting a searching and sorrowful eye about the houseyard, spied the shining cover to her wash boiler lying as it had dropped from one of the wagons. She frugally picked it up and tucked it into the wagon at the side, then took her place on her low spring seat, and soon father joined us and the low hung sun of a winter day glinted on the windows of the farmhouse as we looked back from Bethel Church, a mile to the west, before we passed from the view of it.

That night we spent at the hospitable home of Elder Joseph Snively and wife, beloved and estimable friends, known to the writer since her childhood. The vision of the faces in that household remain distinct to me always as they looked then, not as I have known them since, with the handwriting of time upon them. They were the last link in the chain of days that made our life in the farmhouse—for they were neighbors in the faith, and kind and helpful ones. When father, urged to go into the missionary field, stood perplexed and undecided, and brethren promised to look after the harvest—some one saw to it that the harvest was saved and that promise kept, and my youthful heart held a revelry of gratitude that has not grown less if it is more steady with the years between me and that field of waiting grain and the weary hands that garnered it for the absent one. There at the gate of Elder Snively we parted with known friends and known highways and journeyed southward, singing, laughing, and making merriment as we went. But there was a rattle about the equipment that bothered father; again and again he listened, and finally he discovered the boiler cover, and after seeking unavailingly for some other place in the arrangement where it could neither be seen nor heard, he impetuously tossed it aside and mother said, "Oh, you old proudy!" and grinning a little sheepishly

he drove on and mother laughed, for we were not a very elegant looking company, although we were fairly comfortable and happy. I wonder if we should admit it—why, the very rattle of that boiler cover was tuned into a triumphant melody for the children. Were not we going toward school and away, away from toil and persecuting taunts of unbelieving neighbors? How can I write of that year when my pulses vibrated to my finger tips with the joy of it! Were we not to be in a good school again? Father was a master hand at camp making, and mother's carefully planned camp meals were without a parallel to be eaten in the crisp winter air by the roaring camp fires.

The first day out a sad accident occurred to our merry party. In some inexplicable way the black Nero dog missed his hold and fell beneath the wagon wheel. Father sprang out and lifted the little fellow up and stroked his head, but the old favorite soon died. Tenderly father laid him in a fence corner near and in sadness we drove on. The weeping was energetic and the sorrow sincere in our little band for this dumb friend, and father and mother grieved with us and maybe for us. Toward evening a cold winter wind met us and merriment and fun were again turned into looks of apprehension and expressions of anxiety. Baby Arthur was not accustomed to change from his regular sleeping apartments, and his suddenly acquired rasping cough alarmed each of us. Father arranged the wagon so that none of the cold wind could reach him, and mother snuggled him close in her arms, but night found him decidedly croupy and everyone suffering in sympathy.

At the town of Albany we found "no room at the inn," a more pathetic than interesting condition for us. We were directed to a farmhouse near the outskirts of the little town, and thither we hastened through the gloom of a winter twilight to a low, rambling old house, far back from the main road, in a wild and untamed locality. The people were old

settlers and in some ways also seemed untamed. There was a mother with a grown son and daughter, and a very querulous old mother. However, she was given the preference in the use of the family pipe, mother and daughter dutifully awaiting her pleasure in giving them a smoke when she was satisfied. The incidents of that night on our trip were all very unique and romantic to the younger members of the family, but mother was truly afraid, not only because of the baby's croup, but she was afraid we should all be murdered by these strange acting hosts of ours.

By sunrise next morning we were on our way again. Baby was laughing gayly and everyone was in fine trim but mother. She had not slept. All day we journeyed, but the sun only shone out occasionally, and the roads were rough and many of them new. At night we lodged with a Sister Brown. Here mother gave up and slept a sleep of exhaustion, but awakened refreshed and ready next morning. That day we reached our destination in Stewartsville, DeKalb County, Missouri, where Uncle Frank Davis and Brother Fred awaited us with the household goods.

(To be continued.)

EARTH'S GLADDEST DAY.

A song of sunshine through the rain
 Of spring across the snow;
 A balm to heal the hearts of pain,
 A peace surpassing woe.

Lift up your heads, ye sorrowing ones,
 And be ye glad of heart,
 For Calvary and and Easter Day,
 Earths saddest day and gladdest day
 Were just one day apart.

THE PATHFINDER: THE HISTORIC BACKGROUND OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION.

BY HEMAN C. SMITH.

An address delivered before the State Historical Society, of Nebraska,
at Lincoln, January 16, 1913.

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, and Fellow Workers
in the Historical Field:*

Mark Twain is reported to have once said: "Anybody can write a book; but to write a preface—ah, there's the rub." I strongly sympathize with this sentiment when asked to write a thirty-minute paper on a subject which deserves and requires volumes to treat intelligently. Of course I can only present an introduction to this exhaustless subject: "The Pathfinder, the historic background of western civilization." There is, however, some advantage in presenting an introduction, as therein one can more easily conceal his limitations; and I have discovered that the reputation of a historian, like the reputation of some other people, depends largely upon his success in concealing his limitations.

I doubt not but there are ladies and gentlemen here who will readily discover my limitations, but they will doubtless exercise charity when they remember what the poet says about the quality that makes us wondrous kind.

The children of modern Egypt, India, Persia, Palestine, and other Oriental countries, when studying the history of their country find a rich, historic background, which dates backward into the centuries and furnishes inspiration for delightful research. The children of modern Europe have also a valuable heritage in their historic relation to classic Greece and Rome, and even our Eastern States have the history of the Colonial Period, of which we of the West can make no boast.

True, our western valleys are dotted with mounds, indicating a prehistoric civilization; and our western mountains reveal the strongholds of the Cliff Dwellers. Hence the study of Occidental archæology is of entrancing interest, rivaling the study of the same subject, in the far-famed Orient, yet our deductions therefrom are largely conjecture, and the historic value of these relics of antiquity is misty and uncertain, as no generally accepted history of former ages has been transferred to this generation.

We dream interestingly of the manners and customs of the people of antiquity who once inhabited our fertile valleys, and chiseled their habitation in the rocky ribs of our towering mountains. We ask the questions, "Who were they?" and, "Whither have they gone?" "Were they civilized or barbarian?" "Were they Christian or heathen?" "What was the extent of their enlightenment in arts and sciences?" We turn inquiringly to the contents of our large and accumulating libraries, but we find no answer. We speculate and conjecture, but our conjectures and deductions lack historic confirmation.

Fortunately the early pioneers of western civilization, the pathfinders, who traversed our fertile plains and scaled our romantic mountains, were dreamers. They dreamed of an Eldorado with its mountains of gold, and its perpetual springs, whose crystal waters were a fountain of youth. Those dreams, and the hope of their realization, moved them to heroic efforts; nor did they falter when in the quest of the fondly cherished goal; they met suffering and sacrifice, even to the facing of death itself. The love of gold is authentically declared to be the root of all evil, and yet, incidentally, good often springs from the quest of gold. Not always to those who make the sacrifice or bear the suffering, but frequently as a legacy to those who come after.

Such is the legacy inherited by the more practical people who now reap the fruits of the sacrifice made by the mystical

dreamers, who blazed their paths across our western wilds, and made possible the civilization which now bears fruit in the splendid industries which bless the great and growing country of the West, where the hand of industry and skill has made the hitherto desert blossom as the rose.

To our immediate ancestors who were the first permanent settlers of the West, great credit is due, for without their practical efforts, and great accomplishments, made possible by sacrifice and suffering, the dream of the dreamer would be like the baseless fabric of a night dream, "even as a hungry man dreameth, and behold he eateth; but he awaketh and his soul is empty; or as a thirsty man dreameth, and, behold, he drinketh; but he waketh, and behold he is faint, and his soul hath appetite."

Yet beyond all this effort, all these deprivations, all these splendid accomplishments is the historic background of the Pathfinder who has supplied the meager, yet authentic account of the twilight of civilization in this rich, in varied resources, Northwest.

As the streams that drain North America have a general trend toward the south, one would naturally suppose the course of migration would be either southward or northward; but some power not easy to explain had a stronger influence than the natural contour of the country and the trend of migration was toward the west or northwest. This, however, has not been peculiar to our western civilization, as the conquests of civilization since history began have been westward, in their tendency. From its oriental cradle civilization has ever turned its face westward. The hopes of this spirit have found realization, as Moses predicted, in speaking of the extent of the bounds of Joseph's land, "unto the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills," and thence onward until the globe has been encircled. There have, however, been a few exceptions to this

general rule, as in the instance of the earliest pathfinder among civilized men, who traversed these western plains, Vasquez de Coronado. He, allured by the reports of vast wealth brought by Marco de Niza, fitted out an expedition in a province of western Mexico, and started February 23, 1540, through a trackless desert to the north and northeast. The reports of riches still spurred him on, though often disappointed by finding abject poverty.

The exact localities visited by Coronado are difficult to determine, but all students are agreed that he was in the territory embraced in modern Kansas. Whether he ever entered the territory embraced in Nebraska, is doubted, though presented as probable by some writers. Authors differ widely, and the destination of Coronado is located from Genoa, Nebraska, to Junction City, Kansas. A map showing routes of all the principal explorers and early roads and highways, from data prepared by Frank Bond, chief clerk, issued in 1908 by the Department of the Interior, Richard Ballinger, Commissioner, shows the route of Coronado crossing the line of Kansas and Nebraska a little west of the center of the State and thence northeast to a point in Clay County, Nebraska, near the present location of Clay Center. According to the map his route crossed the south line of the State of Nebraska and the Republican River near the southeast corner of Harlan County.

Some color to the approximate correctness of this theory is afforded by the finding of the old sword on the Republican River some years ago. The theory is rendered even more plausible from an account published in the fourteenth annual report of the Bureau of Ethnology, which claims to give distances, times, and direction collated from all the accounts. Herrera, who accompanied the expedition, speaks of finding a river of more water, and more population, than others before passed, and Coronado is quoted as saying: "Seventy-seven days, nine hundred and fifty leagues from Mexico, where I

reached it is the fortieth degree." (Page 582.) "After nine days march, I reached some plains so vast that I did not find their limit anywhere that I went, although I traveled over them more than three hundred leagues." (Page 580.)

It is not our province, however, to discuss the merits of these theories, but doubtless the imperfect accounts of the Coronado explorations served to send other adventurers into this territory of the plains, and thus it contributed to forming the rich historic background of western civilization. Lan's map of 1721 indicates that the French had then explored the Missouri River as far north as Pierre, South Dakota, but the records of their explorations are very meager and indefinite. It is well known that the elder Verendrye, accompanied by three sons and a nephew, reached the Missouri River as early as 1738 and 1739.

The map issued by the Department of the Interior indicates that the Verendrye brothers, sons of the above, crossed the Canada line into North Dakota in 1743, in an effort to find the western ocean, and pursued a westerly course to a point near Fort Benton, Montana, and then turning south and east to the region of the Bad Lands of Wyoming, where they gave up the search and turned backward.

In 1769 Portales, entering the territory of California below San Diego, traveled through the rich valleys of the Pacific Slope to the regions of San Francisco.

In 1776, at the time our eastern seaboard was in the throes of the Revolution, Dominguez and Escalante were exploring some of the more rugged sections of our mountain regions. Starting from a point now in New Mexico they traveled westward through northern Arizona to near the southeastern corner of Nevada, and thence in a northeasterly course through the mountainous regions of southern Utah, and on to a point nearly as far north as the south line of Wyoming; thence east

and southeast through portions of Colorado and back into New Mexico.

The Commercial Company organized for the discovery of the nations of the Upper Missouri in their three expeditions led by Jean Baptiste Trudeau and James Mackay in 1794-95, made extensive surveys of the Missouri River and tributaries as far north as the forty-seventh degree, in the vicinity of Bismark, North Dakota.

All these explorers by land added to the incentives of later brave spirits to make history for our western civilization. Add to these those who sailed our western waters, following the Pacific coast and leaving no trail upon the trackless deep, but leaving impressions never to be obliterated from the mind by their reports of these wonderful regions, and we have a background for our history as rich and varied as that of any country on the globe.

In this latter class may be named Cabrillo, 1542; Ferrelo, 1543; Drake, 1579; Viscanio, 1603; Perez, 1774; Cook, 1778; Gray, 1792; Vancouver, 1792; Valdez, 1792; Heceta, 1779.

These, all of the eighteenth century, may be classed with the dreamers whose discoveries form our wonderful background of history, and yet with few exceptions they accomplished nothing practical towards the building up of civilization, and their work, so far as practical results are concerned, has perished except so far as they have served as examples for the practical generation following. With the beginning of the nineteenth century came what we might call the semi-practical dreamer, for though largely controlled by dreams of gold and adventure, these expeditions carried with them many men of practical mind, who, seeing the advantage of the rich soils and varied resources of the country, dropped out by the way, forming colonies and settlements which became the basis of our practical western civilization.

We can not in the space of this article speak of all these in

detail, but may briefly mention some of them with the passing remark that each adds color and luster to the background of our picture of western civilization. Among these may be mentioned Dunbar and Hunter, 1804, in Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas; Sibley, 1805, in Texas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Arkansas and Louisiana; Pike, 1805-6, in the Mississippi Valley, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, and New Mexico; Lewis and Clark, 1804-6, who traversed nearly all the northwestern States and Territories; Hunt (Astor) Party, which crossed the western part of the continent in 1810-12, as well as other expeditions of fur traders; Long, 1819-20, who crossing the Mississippi River from the east touched in his journey Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado, Kansas, New Mexico, Texas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma, and Arkansas; Bonneville, 1831-33, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Wyoming, and North Dakota, Walker, 1833, California, Nevada, Utah, and Idaho; Smith, 1836, California, Nevada, and Utah; Fremont, 1842-44, the extent of whose travels are too well known to need mention; and the Mormons, from 1844 through the space of several years.

The last mentioned are unique, not alone because of their peculiar doctrine, which it is not the purpose of this paper to discuss, but because it was not the love of gold, glory, or adventure that caused them to join the galaxy of Pathfinders.

Passing over their advent into the West in 1831 in Missouri; their finding uncongenial surroundings there, and subsequently in the State of Illinois; and the murder of their leading men in June, 1844, we find they became Pathfinders in their efforts to find a location where they could dwell in peace. Their advent into the world was received much as was the infant's by its elder brother who was led into the mother's room to greet the new arrival. He looked at it for a few minutes, then exclaimed: "*We didn't need that!*" But room had to be made for the little fellow, whether he was needed or not.

So with the Mormons, whether needed, or whether worthy

or not, they have made their place in history, so that now, not only the history of our western civilization, but the history of the United States, nor of the world, can be written without recognizing them.

In August, 1844, a company of these people under the leadership of James Emmett left Nauvoo, Illinois, and following up the courses of the Mississippi and Iowa rivers, wintered in the vicinity of State Center, Iowa. The next spring, over the then trackless prairies of Iowa, they proceeded westward into what is now South Dakota, until their progress was impeded by the swollen condition of the Missouri and Dakota rivers, and so the succeeding winter was spent in Vermillion. In the spring of 1846 they sent emissaries back to Nauvoo, who returned with the intelligence that the main body was on its way westward and would cross the Missouri River somewhere about Sarpy's old trading point.

This caused them to again move, this time going southward, following the course of the Missouri River, I think on the east side, until they made a junction with the main body in the vicinity of Council Bluffs, Iowa.

In 1845 another colony of these people under Lyman Wight, one of the twelve apostles, leaving Black River, Wisconsin, a hundred miles above Prairie du Chien, drifted down the river on rafts of lumber to near Davenport, Iowa, and there exchanging lumber for outfits, passed through Iowa in a southwesterly direction, through northwestern Missouri, Kansas, and Indian Territory, into Texas, where they founded settlements in Travis, Gillespie, Burnett, and Bandera counties.

The general exodus from Nauvoo begun early in 1846 and passed through the southern counties of Iowa, making settlements in Decatur and Union Counties, and made Winter Quarters, near Council Bluffs on the Missouri River, at Florence, Nebraska, just above the present site of Omaha.

A vanguard was formed of the James Emmett Company

before mentioned, and a company under Bishop George Miller. On July 7, 1846, this vanguard crossed the Missouri River with instruction to winter near Grand Island on the Platte River, but when at the Pawnee Village below Fremont, or the one on Loup River, they were visited by some Ponca chiefs who told them of good range for cattle on the Running Water, or Niobrara, Bishop Miller, under the impression that the Poncas knew more about the country than did Brigham Young, turned northward and wintered in the lands of the Poncas.

In the spring of 1847 they returned to Winter Quarters, on the Missouri River, where James Emmett and his followers became identified with the main exodus to the West, while George Miller disagreed with the constituted authorities and proceeded south to join the Lyman Wight colony in Texas.

The company under the leadership of Brigham Young, as is well known, followed up the north side of the Platte River, and near Fort Laramie they crossed the river and struck the Oregon Trail and followed it to the Rocky Mountains. From the crossing of the Loup to Fort Laramie they made their own road though from a point just west of the east line of Deuel County, Nebraska, they had paralleled the Oregon Trail, which was on the opposite side of the river.

Of the many companies that followed and the different routes traversed we will not have space to write.

All along the path of those Mormon parties through Iowa and Nebraska there were left men who were dissatisfied with the administration of the leaders of the western exodus. These formed the nucleus of a protesting organization and made homes on what was then esteemed the desert; and also formed the beginning of many a pioneer settlement, which turned attention to the cultivation of the virgin soil.

I mention the Mormons particularly because the public is less acquainted with them than with others. Not from the Mormons alone, but from many of these pioneer companies of

travelers have come the sturdy sons of toil who have caused the wilderness to blossom as the rose, and springs of water to burst forth in the desert. They have learned that there is more profit in the golden harvest than in the yellow dust for which the dreamer sought. To them we are indebted for the existence of our prosperous cities and towns, our smiling fields and richly-laden orchards.

While the dreamer painted the background in attractive and gorgeous colors, these later pioneers have painted the picture of western civilization now before us with a master hand, leaving only the finishing touches to be supplied by us.

Let us mark the trails of the dreamer so that we can follow with unerring certainty the footprints made on the Old Spanish, Santa Fe, Oregon, and other trails; while the more splendid monument of western civilization shall commemorate the deeds of the practical men who built our factories, our farms, our railroads, our churches, our schools, colleges, universities, and other evidences of advancing civilization. Though we would have been glad to have spoken of LaSalle, Marquette, DeSoto, and others, we have in this paper confined ourselves to the country of unfolding beauty west of the Mississippi, yet we hail with joy the rays of light that have illumed this fair country from the East, and we are profoundly grateful that the light of that great star which shone around the shepherds on far-away Bethlehem's hills nineteen centuries ago has cast its benign influence over the land we love, whose mountains and plains rejoice to-day under the influence of the greatest civilization the world has ever known—western Christian civilization.

Though a clumsy hand has presented these outlines, we know that back of it all there exists a picture that in beauty and harmony of color, in the conception of the grand and noble in human endeavor, equals the grandeur, and exquisite beauty of our mountains, rivers, and plains, and has no superior beneath the shining sun.

LOCAL HISTORIANS AND THEIR WORK.

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

(Continued from page 115.)

Chapter 30.

1903.

General Conference of 1903 gave us as missionary in charge, Elder Heman C. Smith, who also had charge of Indiana, Northern Illinois, and Wisconsin. For Eastern Michigan District: Andrew Barr, William Davis, Edwin J. Goodenough, Edwin A. Goodwin, and Osro J. Hawn. For Northern Michigan District: Levi Phelps, Amos Berve, George W. Burt, Henry J. DeVries, John A. Grant, John H. Hanson, William Hartnell, Richard W. Hugill, John Schreur, Abram E. Burr, Byrnie S. Lambkin, James W. Davis, and John W. McKnight. For Northern and Eastern Michigan District: John J. Bailey. And for Michigan: John J. Cornish and Charles G. Lewis.

During the winter and spring of this year Walter A. Goodwin, who is a brother of Edwin A. Goodwin, from the West (Condon, Oregon), visited Whittemore, Michigan, his former home, and while here did some preaching and teaching, assisted the Saints, and also assisted some of those without the church to a better understanding of the gospel. Brother Goodwin was baptized when he resided in Michigan years ago, and had been ordained an elder while in Oregon. His mother and her family still resided in Michigan.

Brother John K. Soper, a priest who had been in the church for some time, now resided in Central Lake, and although the Saints at that place were scattered very much, yet they met occasionally, and Brother John preached for them, administered the sacrament, etc.

Brother James Davis was ordained an elder by John H. Hanson at South Boardman January 4, 1903.

On the 1st of March, by John A. Grant and Amos Berve, a branch was organized at Rose City, Ogemaw County, known as the Rose City Branch. Brother L. Ross Ingleright was chosen priest of the branch; Harvey M. Nichols, teacher; and Sister Emma Nichols, clerk. There were ten resident members at the time of organization.

Elders James A. Carpenter and William Dowker made a united effort in Bay City to get some more interested in the gospel work, yet but few attended the meetings, except the Saints.

Elder James A. Carpenter, during the early part of the year, opened up the work in Munger, Bay County, and some were interested. This is where Elder Delong preached some years ago. Brother Carpenter also visited Reese, where years ago there was a lively branch of the church, but by reason of spurious gifts and false manifestations, by death, and others moving away, there remained but one member residing.

Some opposition to the work existed in Bay City, by reason of some one writing through the *Bay City Times*. Elder William Dowker made reply through the same paper.

The officers of the Eastern Michigan Zion's Religio-Literary Society are as follows: Lewis B. Shippy, president; Frank O. Benedict, secretary.

At the General Conference of this year, April 14, Elder Amos Berve was ordained to the office of seventy, and Brother John A. Grant was ordained to the office of high priest, by Heman C. Smith and Frederick A. Smith.

Brethren Wellington D. Ellis and George D. Washburn were taken away from the northern part of Michigan and appointed to labor in Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana District.

Elder David Smith was appointed to Washington, but arrangements were made by those in charge for him to remain in Michigan.

The work at East Fremont moved slowly on. They were working occasionally at the church building. July 26 of this year Brother William Grice was ordained to the office of elder and chosen as the presiding elder of East Fremont.

Brother John A. Dowker, a young brother, son of William Dowker, was ordained to the office of priest on the 18th of March, and commenced to preach, and on April 5 he baptized his wife with another lady. Brother John's wife was reared a Roman Catholic. Brother John also preached some at Munger.

Brother Henry J. DeVries has labored in Hersey, Fork, Farwell, and Bay City. His preaching was well received at Farwell. The following is a case of healing that occurred under his administration:

SUMMIT CITY, MICHIGAN, November 7, 1903.

Five years ago I was so crippled up with rheumatism that I could not walk without a cane, and Elder Henry J. DeVries administered to me and I was healed. I have not had a cane in my hand since that day, and I thank God and Elder DeVries for my health. I have not had a doctor nor taken a drop of medicine since that day, and I pray that others may take the same example and be healed, for I can say with a true and honest heart that I was healed, and I bless God and the elder for it.

I still remain your brother in the latter day faith,

BROTHER MILES S. COX.

And this one also was under his administration:

SUMMIT CITY, MICHIGAN, November 7, 1903.

I have suffered with my heart for twenty years and tried a number of doctors without help; they all told me that I could never be cured. They told me that they could keep those spells back, and that was all any doctor could do, and I prayed to God to send some one to help me, and I do believe he answered my prayer, for Elder DeVries came along preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and he administered to me, and I was healed four years and a half. I feel them coming back for the last six months, but it is overwork done it. It is my own fault, not God's, nor the elder's. May God bless Elder

DeVries in his good work, for I know with his help and God's I was healed. That was five years ago this November. May God help him in his good work, and may he heal many others is my prayer.

Your sister in Christ,

MRS. SARAH COX.

Brother James H. Peters, of Coleman, Michigan, died September 21, 1903. Brother Peters was a faithful and zealous man in church matters,—a business man, and one who was very kind to those who were poor, or in need of food or clothing; to such he administered freely of his substance. He had a very active mind, and studied too much for his own good (on certain lines). But his uprightness of character and godly walk before all men brought honor to himself, his family, and the church.

Eastern Michigan District's officers were: William Davis, president; Osro J. Hawn, assistant; James W. Davis, secretary; Andrew Barr, bishop's agent; Peter G. Hagar, treasurer.

The officers for the Northern Michigan District were John A. Grant, president; Charles G. Lewis, assistant; Charles B. Joice, secretary; and Alice M. Joslyn, treasurer; John J. Cornish, bishop's agent, also field missionary for Northern and Eastern Michigan districts for the year.

There were two-day meetings held in the Eastern Michigan District as follows: East Fremont, July 25, 26; Shabbona, August 15, 16; and Applegate, September 5, 6.

Two-day meetings were held in the Northern Michigan District as follows: Alpena, August 22, 23; and Fork, September 5, 6.

The officers of the Eastern Michigan District Sunday School Association were: Osro J. Hawn, superintendent; Edwin J. Goodenough, assistant; Grace McInnis, secretary; Sister F. C. Stevens, treasurer.

The Northern Michigan District Sunday School Association's officers were: Byrnie S. Lambkin, superintendent; Homer A. Doty, secretary.

Elders John J. Cornish and Byrnie S. Lambkin pitched the tent in Hersey in the latter part of August. Shortly after the tent was erected R. B. Brown (who is a member of the board of the Anti-Mormon League) sent word that he was now ready to discuss the tenets of his church at Shabbona, according to a previous agreement. Elder Cornish, leaving the tent work with Byrnie S. Lambkin, and others of the local force, repaired to Shabbona, where he and Elder Brown began the discussion on the evening of September 1, discussing the doctrine of the Reorganized Church over again for three evenings; then they spent three evenings on the Disciple Church; one evening each on the three books, viz: Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, and Inspired Translation of the Bible, making nine evenings, all told, of two half-hour sessions each. This debate was long looked forward to, on account of the previous discussion two years ago; hence many (for a country place) attended. From one hundred and fifty to two hundred persons attended every evening, although the roads were muddy, it having rained almost every day or night. Of this discussion Elder William Davis says:

FORESTVILLE, MICHIGAN, September 19.

Editors Herald: The work in eastern Michigan is moving along nicely. The debate held at Shabbona between Elder John J. Cornish, and R. B. Brown, of the Disciple Church, has now passed into history, and will long be remembered by many who attended; the Saints were strengthened and many outsiders were convinced that we have the truth. Our cause was ably defended. Brother John seems to be at home in debate.

Two charts were used by Brother Cornish, one representing the Latter Day Saints, the other the Disciple Church. The people could easily see the difference between the two churches. Elder Brown called the chart representing the Disciple Church, "Cornish's cartoon"; it made his side look very inferior, and he felt bad about it. Before the debate closed we baptized nine, and the day after it closed four were baptized, making thirteen in all. We are satisfied that the debate did good. —*Saints Herald*, vol. 50, p. 923.

Charles G. Lewis labored in and around Boyne City, doing

good, and assisting the church both financially and spiritually.

Heman C. Smith attended the Northern and Eastern Michigan district conferences in October, giving good counsel and advice, and assisting the missionaries and Saints generally.

Elder Osro J. Hawn did good preaching in and around his home (McGregor), at Blaine, Pigeon River, Richmondville, and other places. Brother Hawn is a spiritual-minded man, and does much good wherever he goes.

Brother James M. Baggerly, by agreement with missionaries in charge of Canada and Michigan, was transferred from the Canada field to the Eastern Michigan District until next General Conference. Brother Baggerly spent that part of his time in Sanilac County.

Brother John Schreur preached considerably in and around Inland, baptizing nine.

All of the missionaries were busy in the different parts of their fields, and some new openings were made, by some, while others labored mostly among the branches, as it seemed necessary in many parts to give the Saints a few sermons now and then, as in some places they needed it very much. Some good cases of healings, not recorded, are had among the members; many have been the blessings enjoyed by the Saints during the year.

There were not so many baptized into the church as in former years, although several were baptized both by the missionaries and by local ministers.

The missionaries baptized as follows: John J. Bailey, 7; John A. Grant, 3; John J. Cornish, 6; Levi Phelps, 9; David Smith, 9; Amos Berve, 3; Andrew Barr, 1; George W. Burt, 6; William Davis, 26; Edwin J. Goodenough, 3; John H. Hanson, 8; William Hartnell, 4; John Schreur, 10; James M. Baggerly, 1; James W. Davis, 6.

(To be continued.)

CURRENT EVENTS.

November 26, 1912. Debate begins eight miles east of Paris, Tennessee, between Elder Hyrum E. Moler and Elder J. D. Taut of the Church of Christ.

November 30, 1912. William Purnell Jackson, Republican, is appointed United States Senator from Maryland, succeeding the late Isadore Raynor.

December 15, 1912. Whitelaw Reid, American ambassador to Great Britain, dies.

December 18, 1912. Will Carleton, the noted poet, dies, aged 67.

December 21, 1912. President Taft leaves Key West, Florida, en route to visit Panama Canal.

January 1, 1913. Parcel post law goes into effect.

January 2, 1913. Jefferson Davis, United States Senator from Arkansas, dies, aged 50.

January 3, 1913. Joseph W. Bailey, United States Senator from Texas, resigns.

January 4, 1913. R. M. Johnston, Democrat, is appointed to the United States Senate to succeed Joseph W. Bailey, of Texas, resigned.

January 6, 1913. J. N. Heiskell is appointed United States Senator from Arkansas to succeed Jefferson Davis, deceased.

January 13, 1913. Judge Robert W. Archbald, of Commerce Court, is impeached by United States Senate.

January 14, 1913. The Massachusetts Legislature chooses John W. Weeks, Republican, to succeed W. Murray Crane, in the United States Senate.

The Colorado legislature elects John F. Shafroth, Democrat, to succeed Simon Guggenheim in the United States Senate,

and Charles S. Thomas, Democrat, to fill the unexpired term of the Late Charles J. Hughes, jr.

Michigan reelects William Alden Smith, Republican, and Idaho, William E. Borah, Republican, to the United States Senate.

January 14, 1913. State Historical Society of Nebraska convenes at Lincoln and continues in convention for three days.

January 15, 1913. Maine elects Edwin C. Burleigh, Republican, United States Senator to succeed Obadiah Gardner, Democrat.

January 21, 1913. Oregon Legislature elects Harry Lane, Democrat, United States Senator; Nebraska elects George W. Norris, Republican; Rhode Island elects LeBarron B. Colt, Republican; Minnesota reelects Senator Nelson, Republican; Iowa reelected Senator Kenyon, Republican, and Oklahoma, Senator Owen, Democrat.

January 22, 1913. South Dakota elects Thomas Sterling, Republican, United States Senator.

January 23, 1913. Tennessee elects Judge John K. Shields, Democrat, to the United States Senate.

January 24, 1913. James H. Brady, Republican, of Idaho, is elected to serve the unexpired term of the late Weldon B. Heyburn in the United States Senate.

January 25, 1913. James E. Martine, of New Jersey, Democrat, is elected United States Senator to succeed John Kean, jr., Republican.

January 25, 1913. Robert A. LaFollette, of Wisconsin, Republican, is reelected United States Senator.

January 28, 1913. Kansas elects to the United States Senate William Thompson, Republican; Nevada elects Key Pittman, Democrat; New Jersey, William Hughes, Democrat; Texas, Morris Sheppard, Democrat; South Carolina reelects Benja-

man R. Tillman, Democrat; New Mexico, Albert B. Fall, Republican; and Wyoming, Francis E. Warren, Republican.

January 29, 1913. Willard Saulsbury, Democrat, is elected to the United States Senate from Delaware; and Joseph F. Robinson, Democrat, from Arkansas.

January 30, 1913. Ex-United States Senator James H. Berry, from Arkansas, dies, aged 72.

February 16, 1913. A branch of the church is organized, of Saints living in Bloomington Township, northwest of Lamon, Iowa, to be known as the Bloomington Branch. John Smith, presiding elder; Vaughn C. Bailey, presiding priest; James Martin, sr., and Isaac Monroe, assistant priests; James W. Vail, teacher; Ernest R. Outhouse, deacon; Ida Monroe, branch clerk, Edith Monroe, organist; and Mary Mann, chorister. The enrollment is sixty-one members.

February 17, 1913. Judge George Edmunds, of Carthage, Illinois, dies at Chicago, Illinois. He has resided in Hancock County since 1845, first at Nauvoo and subsequently at Carthage. He was an intimate friend, and trusted counselor of the family of Joseph Smith, and was at one time the attorney of the Reorganized Church in the Independence Temple Lot Case. Judge Edmunds was universally acknowledged as an eminent jurist and an honorable man.

February 17, 1913. Cincinnatus Heine Miller, better known as Joaquin Miller, or the "Poet of the Sierras," dies at his home near Oakland, California.

CONFERENCES.

October 5, 1912. Toronto District conference convenes at Warton, Ontario, Elders Frederick A. Smith and Richard C. Evans presiding.

October 12, 1912. Northern Nebraska conference convenes at Blair, Nebraska, Elder James M. Baker presiding.

October 19, 1912. Southern Indiana District convenes at Indianapolis, Indiana, Elders Hyrum E. Moler and John Zahnd presiding.

October 26, 1912. Fremont district conference convenes at Thurman, Iowa, Elders Thomas A. Hougas and John W. Wight presiding.

October 26, 1912. Spring River district conference convenes at Webb City, Missouri, Elders James F. Curtis, Thomas W. Chatburn, and Henry Sparling presiding.

November 16, 1912. Western Maine district conference convenes at Mountainville, Maine, Elders Francis J. Ebeling, George H. Knowlton, and Henry R. Eaton presiding.

November 30, 1912. Western Wales district conference convenes at Aberaman, Wales, Elder William H. Greenwood presiding.

November 30, 1912. Florida district conference convenes with the Fairview Branch, near Pensacola, Elders Francis M. Slover and William M. Hawkins presiding.

December 14, 1912. Spokane district conference convenes at Spokane, Washington, Elders Oscar Case, Thomas C. Kelley, and William Johnson presiding.

December 28, 1912. Saskatchewan district conference convenes at Edmonton, Alberta, Elder John A. Beckman presiding.

January 11, 1913. North Dakota district conference convenes at Berlin, Elders William Sparling and James W. Wagoner presiding.

January 11, 1913. Northeastern Illinois convenes at Plano, Illinois, Elders Frederick A. Smith, Jasper O. Dutton, Jott A. Bronson presiding.

January 18, 1913. Idaho district conference convenes at Heyburn, Idaho, Elder New Madden presiding.

February 1, 1913. Central Illinois District convenes at Taylorville, Illinois, Elder Frank Izatt presiding.

February 1, 1913. Little Sioux district conference convenes at Moorhead, Iowa, Elders Sidney Pitt, Joseph W. Lane, and William A. Smith presiding.

OUR LIVES.

Our lives are songs. God writes the words,
 And we set them to music at pleasure;
 And the song grows glad, or sweet, or sad,
 As we choose to fashion the measure.

We must write the music, whatever the song,
 Whatever its rhythm or meter;
 But if it is sad, we can make it glad,
 Or if sweet, we can make it sweeter.

One has a song that is free and strong,
 And the music he writes is minor;
 And the sad, sad strain is replete with pain
 And the singer becomes a repiner.

And he thinks God gave him a dirge-like ray,
 Nor knows that the words are cheery;
 But the song seems lonely and solemn—only
 Because the music is dreary.

And the song of another has through the words
 An under current of sadness;
 But he sets it to music of ringing chords,
 And makes it a paen of gladness.

So whether our songs are sad or not,
 We can give the world more pleasure
 And better ourselves by setting the words,
 To a glad triumphant measure.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

NECROLOGY.

WILLIAM S. PENDER was born at Muscatine, Muscatine County, Iowa, December 23, 1861, and united with the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, May 23, 1880, at Columbus, Cherokee County, Kansas. The rite of baptism was administered by Elder John T. Davies, and he was confirmed under the hands of Elders John T. Davies and Walter S. Taylor. He was ordained an elder under the hands of the same elders who confirmed him, on August 8, 1886, at Columbus, Kansas.

His ordination to the office of seventy occurred at Kirtland, Ohio, April 10, 1891, under the hands of William H. Kelley, William W. Blair, and Joseph R. Lambert. In this latter office he continued to serve with earnestness and faithfulness until his death occurred at Muscatine, Iowa, the place of his birth, January 19, 1913.

Elder Pender first entered the general missionary field in 1888, when he was assigned to Wisconsin, where he labored, sometimes having Northern Illinois added, until 1895, when he was assigned to Kansas, and labored in that field until 1900, when he was appointed to the Rocky Mountain Mission until 1905; then in Washington and British Columbia for one year, thence he went to Arizona and was there as active as impaired health would permit, and in 1908 Mexico was added to his appointment.

When there was a call for some one to learn the Spanish language with a view of preaching to Spanish speaking people, Elder Pender was the one that responded, and hence his appointment to Mexico, where he labored in connection with Arizona until a short time before his death.

He in company with Elder Mannering, and their wives, was in Torreon, Mexico, when it was attacked by insurgents during

the late revolution and the house where they lodged was pierced by balls from the rebel guns. As soon as they could get safely away they left Mexico, expecting to return when they could with safety, but death overtook Elder Pender while visiting the home of his birth and childhood. He was ever faithful and zealous, always using the utmost endeavor to accomplish what he was assigned to do.

LEWIS GAULTER was born October 28, 1817, at LaRochelle, France, and when in his tenth year came to America with a sea captain, a friend of his father's, who resided in Bath, Maine. When about eighteen years of age he went to sea, and followed the sea about ten years. It was while first mate upon the ship *Swanton*, early in 1843, that he became acquainted with the Latter Day Saints, a company of whom had taken passage on his boat from Liverpool, bound for New Orleans. This resulted in his uniting with the church, being baptized in New Orleans in 1844 by Elder William Major. He then followed the sea for one year more, visiting Nauvoo in 1845. He was married in December, 1845. In 1847 he started west and spent the ensuing winter in Garden Grove, Iowa, and in the spring of 1848 went on to Kanessville (Council Bluffs), and then returned to New Orleans, leaving his wife at Saint Louis.

Returning from New Orleans to Saint Louis in the spring of 1850, they went by ox team across the plains, arriving in Salt Lake City, Utah, October 14, 1850.

His association and experience in Utah was unsatisfactory, and after residing in several places in Utah he went to Malad, Idaho, in 1864. In January, 1866, he united with the Reorganized Church. In 1868 he removed to Montana, where he resided until 1882; when he came to Lamoni, Iowa, where he resided until his death February 14, 1913, when he peacefully passed away in the ninety-sixth year of his age.

Father Gaulter, as he was familiarly called, was faithful in the office of elder, to which he was called soon after uniting with the Reorganized Church, and through the trying scenes of his life, his faith in the gospel never wavered. He was always diligent as a local laborer, and filled a few missions as a general appointee. The church trusted him implicitly, and he always proved faithful to the trust.

WEAVING.

Yes, I'm a weaver, and each day
 The threads of life I spin,
 And be the colors what they may
 I still must weave them in.
 With morning light there comes the thought,
 As I my task begin—
 My Lord to me new threads has brought,
 And bids me weave them in.

Sometimes he gives me threads of gold
 To brighten up the day;
 Then somber tints, so bleak and cold,
 That change the gold to gray.
 And so my shuttle swiftly flies,
 With threads both gold and gray;
 And on I toil till daylight dies,
 And fades in night away.

Oh, when my day of toil is o'er,
 And I shall cease to spin,
 He'll open wide my Father's door
 And bid me rest within,
 When safely at home in the heavenly light,
 How clearly I shall see
 That every thread, the dark, the bright,
 Each one had need to be.

Volume Six

Number Three

JOURNAL OF HISTORY

JULY, 1913

“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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A HISTORY OF THE SEVENTY.

[The Seventy have complied with the request of the General Historian, and appointed a historian for the quorum, which would be a very commendable thing for each quorum to do. The lot having fallen upon Elder James F. Mintun, one of the Presidents of Seventy, he has prepared the following general history, to be followed by autobiographies or biographies of those who have acted in the capacity of president. This will doubtless be a feature of profitable study and interesting research. As the autobiography of Elder Mintun will appear in the series we will refrain from further introducing him here.]

The Seventy as officers in the church is reflected historically in what is termed the "shadow of things to come,"—the Mosaic economy. After the gospel had been rejected by the children of Israel when preached to them by Moses, and the law contained in ordinances was administered, there was chosen as part of the official organization "seventy men of the elders of Israel, whom thou knowest to be elders of the people and officers over them." The history of their qualifications shows that they were to be already "elders," who were *active* in an official way, and this reflects to the extent that a shadow can, some of the qualifications of certain officials in the church;—there were to be seventy, they were previously to hold the office of elder, and to be those who would commend themselves by their activity in an official way. Then there was to be placed upon them some portion of the spirit that was upon Moses, and when it came upon them they prophesied. These specially chosen seventy elders performed both executive and judicial work, and in their qualifications they were specially fitted to minister for God unto the people, and for the people's good.

We have no record of the organization of the church previous to New Testament times, and while we conclude that the history of Christ's work in every dispensation when the gospel

was preached was the same, yet on account of it not being written we are compelled as a historian to be content with what we find on record, meager though it is.

After the law had served its purpose and came to an end by limitation, the church was builded by the Christ. He first chose from among his disciples twelve whom he named apostles (see Luke 6: 12-16), then "the Lord appointed other seventy also," the history of the work they were to do and did was like the work of the apostles, and they were to minister for the Lord in "every city and place whither he himself would come." These officials were to go "as lambs among wolves, carry neither purse nor scrip nor shoes. . . ." They were to heal the sick in whatever city they entered, and were to say to them, "The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you." And they went as commanded and "returned with joy, saying, Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through thy name." They were given also "power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy"; and they were promised that "nothing shall by any means hurt you." (See Luke 10: 1-19.)

When the church was again organized in the times in which we live, provision was made for these same officials, the history of their calling and the duties being more clearly outlined than in any other records now known to be in existence. The manner of their calling, or being chosen is:

The presidents of seventy are instructed to select from the several quorums of elders such as are qualified and in condition to take upon them the office of seventy, that they may be ordained unto the filling of the first quorum of seventy. In making these selections the presidents of seventy should confer with the several quorums before so selecting, and be guided by wisdom and the spirit of revelation, choosing none but men of good repute.—Doctrine and Covenants 120: 10.

Further instructions relative to the number of seventy and its organization as a quorum is found in Book of Doctrine and Covenants 104: 43:

And it is according to the vision, showing the order of the seventy, that they should have seven presidents to preside over them, chosen out

of the number of the seventy, and the seventh president of these presidents is to preside over the six; and these seven presidents are to choose other seventy besides the first seventy, to whom they belong, and are to preside over them; and also other seventy until seven times seventy, if the labor in the vineyard of necessity requires it.

The inspired history relating to the duties of the Seventy tells us that they are to "travel continually," with "no responsibility of presiding." They are to "be traveling ministers unto the Gentiles, first, and also unto the Jews." They are "to act in the name of the Lord, under the direction of the Twelve, or the traveling high council, in building up the church and regulating all the affairs of the same, in all nations." The Seventy are called "to preach the gospel and to be especial witnesses unto the Gentiles and in all the world." They form a quorum equal in authority to that of the twelve especial witnesses, or apostles. They are to form decisions, and they are to be formed in "righteousness, in holiness and lowliness of heart, meekness and long-suffering, and in faith and virtue and knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, and charity." They with the twelve are "traveling ministers and preachers of the gospel, to persuade men to obey the truth," and when traveling where the Twelve can not go when sent by the voice of the church or by the Twelve are "in the powers of their ministration apostles—those sent—and in meetings where no organization exists should preside," if none of the Twelve or the Presidency are present. They with the Twelve are "made by the law, their calling, and the voice of the church the directing, regulating, and advising authorities of the church," and "where cases of difficulty are of long standing, the council may require local authorities to adjust them; and in case of failure to do so, may regulate them as required by their office and duty." On April 20, 1894, it was decided by a joint council of the First Presidency, the Twelve, and the Bishopric that the Seventy was one of the

“presiding councils” mentioned in section 120, paragraphs 4 and 7.

Following the instruction of the Lord, as quoted above, Doctrine and Covenants 104: 43, the First Quorum of Seventy was organized February, 28, 1835, and the seven presidents were chosen at the same time, the following being those chosen to act as presidents: Hazen Aldrich, Joseph Young, Levi W. Hancock, Leonard Rich, Zebedee Coltrin, Lyman Sherman, and Sylvester Smith.

On this same date the following were ordained and blessed “to begin the organization of the first quorum.” These were chosen from among those who went up to Zion in the camp:

Hiram Winter, Elias Hutchins, Henry Shibley, Roger Orton, J. B. Smith, Harvey Stanley, Jedediah M. Grant, Lyman Sherman, Lorenzo Booth, Zera S. Cole, Leonard Rich, Harrison Burgess, Alden Burdick, William F. Cahoon, Harper Riggs, Bradford Elliott, John D. Parker, Daniel Stearns, Hyrum Stratton, Sylvester Smith, William Pratt, Ezra Thayer, Levi W. Hancock, Solomon Warner, Joseph Hancock, Lyman Smith, Peter Buchanan, David Elliott, Almon W. Babbitt, Levi Gifford, Joseph B. Nobles, Burr Riggs, Lewis Robbins, Darwin Richardson, Joseph Young, Alexander Badlam, Zebedee Coltrin, Solomon Angel, Israel Barlow, Willard Snow, Hazen Aldrich, Charles Kelley, Jenkins Salisbury, George A. Smith, and Nathan B. Baldwin.

On May 2, at a grand council held at Kirtland, Ohio, Elder Henry Herriman was ordained a seventy. It was decided at this time that “if the First Seventy are all employed, and there is call for more laborers, it shall be the duty of the seven presidents of the First Seventy to call and ordain other seventy and send them forth to labor in the vineyard, until, if needs be, they set apart seven times seventy.”

It was further decided that the seventies and their families are to depend upon the ministry for their support, “and they have a right, by virtue of their office, to call upon the church to assist them.” It was also decided that the Presidents of the Seventy and twenty-seven of the Seventy “should put themselves in readiness to travel in the ministry,” the Seventy to

go "at the call of the Presidents of Seventy, as the Lord opens the way."

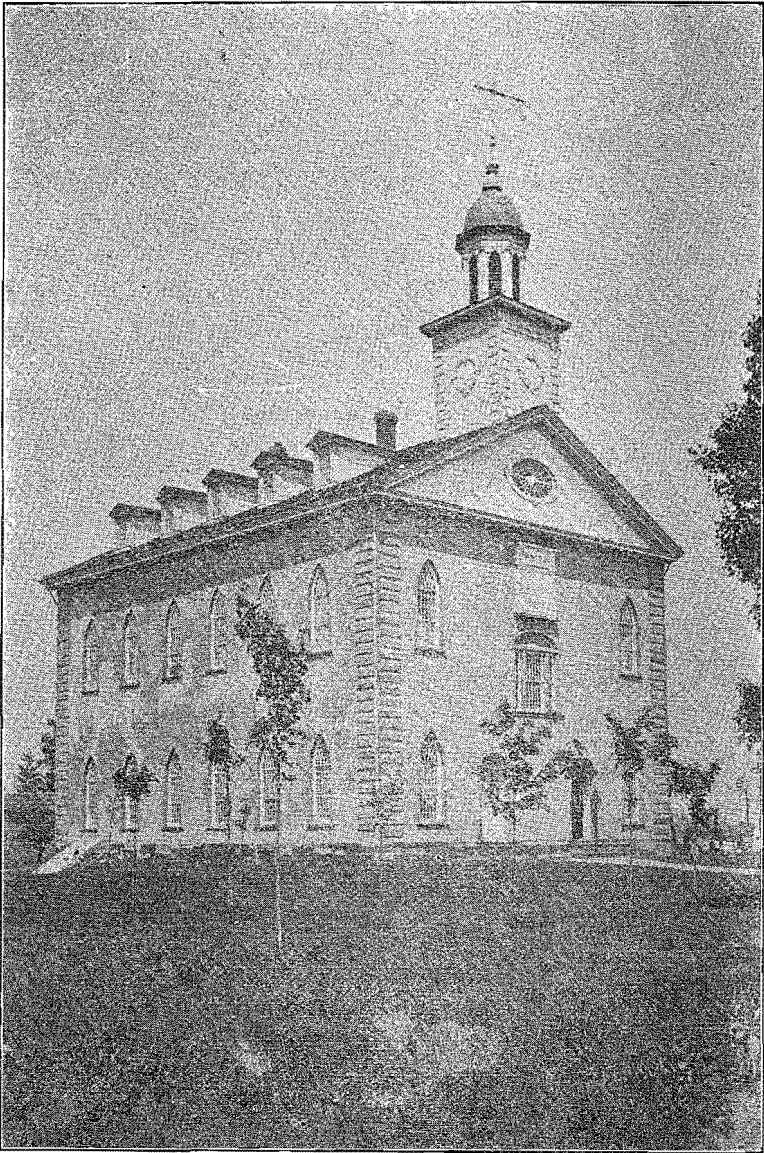
On December 27, Sylvester Smith, one of the Seventy, reported a meeting held on that date. He says, "They have traveled through the assisting grace of God, and preached the fullness of the everlasting gospel in various States, and generally with good success; many have become convinced and one hundred and seventy-five baptized into the kingdom of Jesus."

On December 28, the Council of Seventy met to render an account of their travels and ministry since they were ordained to that apostleship. Of this meeting Joseph Smith says, "It was interesting indeed, and my heart was made glad while listening to the relation of those that had been laboring in the vineyard of the Lord with such marvelous success."

1836.—The same ones continued to preside over the Seventy throughout this year. A spirit of division existed among the Seventy at the beginning of this year, as it also existed among other quorums in the church. Bickerings and contentions as a result of jealousy prevented the enduement until matters were adjusted.

On January 13 a council was held in Kirtland, Ohio, of which the Seventy formed a part. The record of this meeting says, "Elder Noah Packard was elected a member of the high council in place of Sylvester Smith, who had been ordained to the Presidency of the Seventy." There was adopted by this council on January 15 the report of the committee on "rules governing" the house of the Lord in Kirtland. On January 20 President Joseph Smith performed the marriage ceremony of "President John F. Boynton and Miss Susan Powell, and at this marriage the Seventy occupied the third seat, the Presidency and their companions the first and the Twelve the second seat in the Temple.

In the evening of January 22, the Presidency, Twelve, and Seventy met to administer and receive their anointings. After



KIRTLAND TEMPLE.

the Twelve had been anointed by the Presidency, they "then proceeded to anoint and bless the Presidents of the Seventy, and seal upon their heads power and authority to anoint their brethren." On the twenty-eighth, "in the upper loft of the Lord's house," Joseph Smith says that he attended "to organizing and instructing the quorums."

I found the Twelve Apostles assembled with this quorum, and I proceeded with the Quorum of the Presidency to instruct them, and also the Seven Presidents of the Seventy Elders, to call upon God with uplifted hands to seal the blessings which had been promised to them by the holy anointing. As I organized this quorum with the Presidency in the room, President Sylvester Smith saw a pillar of fire rest down and abide upon the heads of the quorum, as we stood in the midst of the Twelve.

When the Twelve and Seven were through with their sealing prayer, I called upon President Sidney Rigdon to seal them with uplifted hands, and when he had done this, and cried, "Hosannah," that all the congregation should join him, and shout "Hosannah to God and the Lamb, and glory to God in the highest."

After these things were over, and a glorious vision which I saw had passed I instructed the Seven Presidents to proceed and anoint the Seventy.

January 30, In the evening went to the upper rooms of the Lord's House, and set the different quorums in order. Instructed the Presidents of the Seventy concerning the order of their anointing, and requested them to proceed and anoint the Seventy.

Of Sunday, January 31, Joseph Smith says:

In the evening attended to the organization of the Quorum of High Priests, Elders, Seventies and Bishops in the upper rooms of the house of the Lord, I returned home. On February 3, "President Alva Beaman handed in seventy of his quorum, designed for another Seventy, if God wills."

On February 6, Joseph Smith says he

"called the anointed together to receive the seal of all their blessings. The high priests and elders in their council rooms, as usual, the Seventy with the Twelve in the second room, and the bishops in the third.

The Quorum of Elders had not observed the order which I had given them. . . .

The other quorums were more careful, and the Quorum of Seventy enjoys a great flow of the Holy Spirit. Many arose and spoke, testifying that they were filled with the Holy Ghost, which was like fire in their bones, so that they could not hold their peace, but were constrained to say, "Hosannah to God and the Lamb, and glory in the highest."

On February 12, Joseph Smith proposed some resolutions, among which were,

1. Resolved, That no one be ordained to any office in the church, in this stake of Zion, at Kirtland, without the unanimous voice of the several bodies that constitute this quorum who are appointed to do church business in the name of said church; viz, the President of the Church and Council; the Twelve Apostles of the Lamb; the Twelve High Councilors of Kirtland; the Twelve High Councilors of Zion; the bishop of Kirtland and his counselors; the bishop of Zion and his counselors, the Seven Presidents of the Seventy; until otherwise ordered by the quorum.

2. And further, Resolved, That no one be ordained in the branches of said church abroad, unless they are recommended by the respective branches of the church to which they belong, to a general conference appointed by the heads of the church, and from these conferences receive their ordination. The foregoing are concurred in by the Presidents of Seventies."

On February 14,

The Presidents of the Seventy expressed their feelings on the occasion, and their faith in the Book of Mormon and the revelations, also their entire confidence in all the quorums that are organized in the church of Latter Day Saints.

On February 24 some resolutions were presented and received the sanction of the Presidents of Seventy, as well as the presidents of all the quorums. These resolutions related to recording licenses, signing licenses, giving certificates of ordination, having present licenses renewed, publishing the names of all those whose licenses were recorded, and to appoint two persons to sign licenses for the chairman and clerk.

Also voted, That Twelve and Seventy see that the calls for preaching in the regions round about Kirtland be attended to and filled by judicious elders of the church.

1837.—During the winter the order established for the use of the house of the Lord at Kirtland was, "On Tuesday evenings the Seventy occupy the same rooms." (The west room of the attic story.)

On Thursday, April 6, the solemn assembly spoken of above, met, when considerable business was done, and among other items the following: Upon investigation it was discovered that some of those who were presiding over the Seventy were

high priests. These were directed to unite with the high priests, and it was ordered that new Presidents of the Seventy should be chosen in their places. These were finally ascertained to be, Hazen Aldrich, Leonard Rich, Zebedee Coltrin, Lyman Sherman, and Sylvester Smith. In the places of these were chosen James Foster, Daniel S. Miles, Josiah Butterfield, Salmon Gee, and John Gaylord; so that on September 3, when this point was finally settled, the Presidency of the Seventy stood in the following order: 1. Joseph Young, 2. Levi W. Hancock, 3. James Foster, 4. Daniel S. Miles, 5. Josiah Butterfield, 6. Salmon Gee, and 7. John Gaylord. Levi W. Hancock had previously vacated his place as President of the Seventy temporarily by reason that it had been thought by some that he was a high priest, but when it was determined that this was a mistake he was restored to his place on September 3, and John Gould, who had been temporarily occupying in the Presidency of the Seventy, was ordained a high priest.

1838.—On January 13 John Gaylord was expelled from the church, which made a vacancy in the Presidents of Seventy, and on February 6 Henry Herriman, who was formerly a seventy, was ordained to take his place. On March 5 the Seventy held a meeting at Kirtland, Ohio, which continued over the 6th. On the 6th they withdrew their fellowship from Salmon Gee, for “neglect of duty and other causes.” The same date Zera Pulsipher was chosen and ordained to fill the vacancy in the Council of Presidents of the Seventy. On the same day the record states that,

The Seventies assembled in the Lord’s House in Kirtland on the sixth of March, to devise the best means of removing their quorum to Missouri, according to the revelations; and on the 10th it was made manifest, by vision and prophecy, that they should go up in a camp, pitching their tents by the way.

On the 13th they adopted a constitution and laws to govern them on their journey which was soon signed by one hundred and seventy-five of the brethren. (Though we had made careful search and inquiry a copy of this constitution and laws can not yet be found.)

The privilege was for anyone to go who did not belong to the Seventies, provided they would abide the constitution. . . .

Elder James Foster, Zera Pulsipher, Joseph Young, Henry Herriman, Josiah Butterfield, Benjamin Wilber, and Elias Smith were commissioned to lead the camp.

On the fifth day of July they met about a quarter of a mile south of the Lord's House and pitched their tents in form of a hollow square.

On the 6th, at noon, they struck their tents and began to move towards the south.

While the history of the travels of this camp comprehends the history of the going of the Seventy as a quorum to Missouri, yet the events of this journey are not of vital interest as a part of this history. If anyone desires to make a more complete investigation of the journey they will find the information in volume 2 of the Church History.

We do not find record that there was any change in the personnel of the Presidents of the Seventies from this time till the death of President Joseph Smith, in 1844. During the time that the above-mentioned Presidents of Seventy were acting they were named in a revelation given January 19, 1841, see Doctrine and Covenants 107:44. They stand in this order as there named: "Joseph Young, Josiah Butterfield, Daniel Miles, Henry Herriman, Zera Pulsipher, Levi W. Hancock, and James Foster."

There was but one Quorum of Seventy till February, 1838. On the seventh day of this month the organization of this quorum began. We have no evidence that there were more than two quorums at the death of President Joseph Smith, but soon after this time there was a hasty increase in the number of those called to the office of seventy, the history stating that the number of quorums exceeded the number to which the church was limited by the law, and we conclude that this was one of the steps toward departure from the law.

1839.—At an assembly on the Temple Lot in Far West, Missouri, April 26, Darwin Case and Norman Shearer were

ordained to the office of seventy. This was the same time that the laying of the foundation of the temple began there.

A conference was held on this date (May 6), and the following seventies received the sanction of the conference to accompany the Twelve on the mission to Europe: Theodore Turley, George Pitkin, J. B. Nobles, Charles Hubbard, John Scott, L. D. Snow, Samuel Mulliner, Willard Snow, John Snider, William Burton, L. D. Barnes, Milton Holmes, A. O. Smoot, and Elias Smith.

On August 9, a conference was held in the East at which were present of the Seventy, Jonathan Durham, Benjamin Winchester, and Alexander Wright. Benjamin Winchester called the conference to order, and then was chosen to preside. He gave an address on the subject of ordination that was instructive.

1840.—At a General Conference held at Nauvoo, Illinois, April 6,

A letter was read from the Presidents of Seventy wishing for an explanation of the steps which the High Council had taken in removing Elder F. G. Bishop from the Quorum of the Seventies to that of the high priest, without any other ordination than he had when in the Seventies, and wished to know whether those ordained into the Seventies at the same time F. G. Bishop was had a right to the high priesthood or not. After observations on the case by different individuals, the president gave a statement of the authorities of a seventy, and stated that they were elders, and not high priests, and consequently Brother F. G. Bishop had no claim to that office. It was unanimously,

“Resolved, That Elder F. G. Bishop be placed back again into the Quorum of Seventies.”

At this conference “it was reported that upwards of fifty had been received into the Quorum of Seventies.”

On October 4, Elder Josiah Butterfield, one of the Presidents of the Seventy, was exonerated from the charges of a criminal nature made against him. The trial of this brother was held by the Quorum of Seventies, and the notice shows that he was “acquitted by the council and quorum.”

Up till December 12 of this year there seems to have been no record of the Seventies kept of quorum organization, although as previously appears, there have been seventies ordained and

the beginning of a second quorum made, with presidents of seventies who had been acting since 1835 as a council. A notice at the above date signed by Albert P. Rockwood, clerk, thus informs us, and in this notice it is stated that all the members of the "Quorum of Seventies" send their "names and place of residence" to the clerk, and this action was "done by order of the council and quorum."

Zebedee Coltrin, one of the Presidents of the Seventy, was present at the conference held November 26, at Lorain, Ohio.

1841.—On April 6 of this year a conference was called to order by Benjamin Winchester, after which Hyrum Smith was chosen to preside, and Benjamin Winchester chosen clerk. At this conference the Philadelphia Branch was "more extensively organized, with necessary officers; viz, a presiding elder, and two counselors to be ordained to the office of the high priesthood, to preside over the spiritual affairs of the church in this place; also that a bishop and his counselors be ordained, to take charge of the financial affairs of the church, and transact such business as the law directs," and this by direction of President Hyrum Smith.

On motion, Elder B. Winchester was chosen and ordained to preside in the branch of the church, Edson Whipple and William Wharton were chosen and ordained to act as assistant counselors.

Zebedee Coltrin was chosen to preside over a conference held at Grafton, Lorain County, Ohio, February 20: and on May 22, at a General Conference held at Kirtland, Ohio, he was chosen as one of a committee "to examine candidates for ordination." He was also selected counselor of the Stake of Kirtland, Ohio, at the same time that Elder Almon Babbitt was to preside over the stake there. Three seventies were in attendance at a conference held September 4, at Laporte.

1842.—At a conference held at Alexander, Genesee County, New York, August 27 and 28, there were "of the Seventy present, Charles Thompson, Harmon H. Hill, and Joel McWithey."

“At a General Conference . . . at Sewell Street Meeting-house, Salem, Massachusetts, September 9, there were present “Seventies 2.”

At a conference held in the City of New York, October 19, there were present of the “Quorum of Seventy, Moses Martin and Charles Thompson.”

1843.—“The hand of fellowship is withdrawn from William Howett, by the Quorum of Seventies, until he make satisfaction before said quorum.”

“NAUVOO, March 26, 1843. “A. P. ROCKWOOD, *Clerk.*”

1844.—The only mention that I find of the Seventy, either individually or otherwise, is in the list of names appointed on the various missions in the United States, where their names appear among the lists of elders sent to the various States, with those in charge. This record will be found in *Times and Seasons*, volume 5, pages 504 to 506.

While apostasy had begun at this early date, yet we give as a matter of history of what was being done at that time, and not because we vouch for the correctness of the proceedings, that not being the province of a historian.

At a General Conference held in October of this year, at Nauvoo, Illinois, the following actions were had:

Elder Joseph Young was sustained as “first president over all the quorums of the Seventies,” and “on separate motions the following were also unanimously sustained as Presidents of Seventy: Levi W. Hancock, Daniel S. Miles, Zera Pulsipher, and Henry Herriman.” Josiah Butterfield was cut off from the church, and the “Seventies had dropped James Foster, and cut him off,” so reported by “President Young.” Jedediah M. Grant was chosen and ordained to take the place made vacant in the Council of the Presidents of Seventy by the action had against Josiah Butterfield.

It will be seen by what follows that the manner of choosing

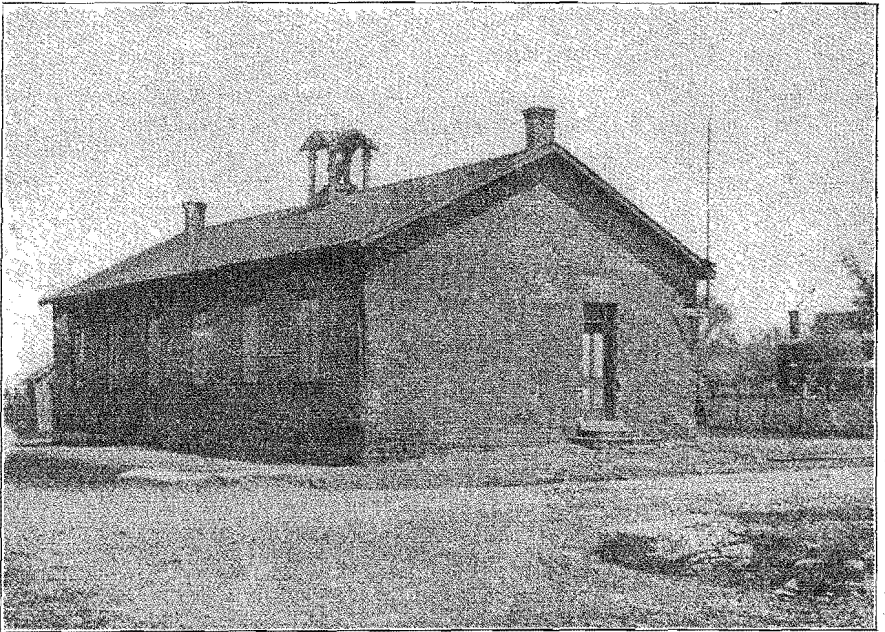
Seventies had become quite peculiar, and not in harmony with the law. From the minutes this was copied :

Elder G. A. Smith moved that all in the Elders' Quorum under the age of thirty-five should be ordained into the Seventies, if they are in good standing, and worthy, and will accept it. The motion was seconded and carried unanimously. . . .

Previous to adjournment the Presidents of the Seventies ordained upwards of four hundred into the quorums of the Seventies, and the High Priests' Quorum ordained forty into their quorum. . . .

Two o'clock p. m. Conference resumed business. Those Presidents of the Seventies who were present and had not received an ordination to the Presidency over the Seventies were called out and ordained, under the hands of President Joseph Young and others. . . .

The remainder of the afternoon was spent in filling up the Quorums of



SEVENTIES' HALL.

Seventies, and at the close, eleven quorums were filled and properly organized, and about forty elders organized as a part of the twelfth quorum.

By December they had increased the number of Quorums

of Seventies to fifteen. In this month the Seventies' Hall was dedicated at Nauvoo, Illinois.

1845.—On January 1 they began to build the Seventies' library.

Five of the Seventy were in attendance at a conference held in Manchester, England, April 6. At this time there were fifteen quorums of seventies.

1845 to 1853.—While I have no account of any of the factions except the Bickertonites and the Brighamites selecting seventies after they had become a separate faction, there is no evidence that the Bickertonites ever selected a full Quorum of Seventies, but the Brighamites exceeded the law many times over. The Rigdonites selected a Quorum of Seventy-three, but I do not know what their reasons were for such action.

During this period we have but a very meager account of those who were seventies previous to the death of Joseph Smith, and what they were doing. We are informed that Jason W. Briggs was a seventy previous to that time, and it is a matter of certainty that Zenos H. Gurley was ordained a seventy at Far West, Missouri, in 1838, but what month and day is not on the record. Loren W. Babbitt was a seventy in the early church and received into the church on his former baptism in October, 1861, at Sandwich Illinois. John Gaylord, who was one of the Presidents of Seventy in 1837, took an active part in the Reorganization, although the record claims that he was expelled in 1838. Daniel Bowen was ordained in 1840, Otis Shumway in 1836, John W. Roberts in 1840, David Jones in 1839, David M. Gamet in 1841, Andrew Hall in 1844, and Michael Griffith sometime in the 30's, but was reordained in 1853. These associated with the work of the Reorganization sooner or later.

1853.—At a General Conference held at Zarahemla, Wisconsin, April 6, the following were chosen and ordained to the office of seventy, but we have no record of how they were

chosen: David Newkirk, William Newkirk, Ira Gilford, William Kline, jr., George Godfrey, William Smith, William Harts-horn, Horace H. Ovitt, Edwin C. Wildermuth, Benjamin R. Tatum, John S. Newbery, Ethan Griffith, Major Godfrey, Samuel Blair, William Griffith, George W. Harlow, John A. Butterfield, Isaiah Harlow, and William Harlow. Others who were ordained this year were, Henry B. Lowe, David Howery, and Samuel Powers.

1854.—Brethren William White and William Day were chosen to be ordained in October of this year.

1855.—The record shows that Brethren Eli M. Wildermuth, Samuel H. Gurley, Isaac B. Newkirk, David Kline, William Day, and William White were ordained in October.

1856.—William Day was expelled for apostasy.

1859.—Crowell G. Lanphear was ordained a seventy.

1860.—On the sixth of April at the General Conference held at Amboy, Illinois, James Blakeslee, Edmund C. Briggs, Crowell G. Lanphear, William D. Morton, and Archibald M. Wilsey were ordained to the office of president of Seventy, and George Rarick and John A. McIntosh were chosen to be ordained to the same position, but were not ordained until later. George Rarick was ordained on the seventh of April, and John A. McIntosh June 3. George Rarick and the first five above mentioned were ordained by Zenos H. Gurley, sr., and Samuel Powers. Archibald M. Wilsey was appointed a mission to Northern Illinois and Wisconsin and Minnesota, and Crowell Lanphear, George Rarick, and John A. McIntosh as circumstances permit by this conference.

On October 6, at a semiannual conference held near Sand-wich, Illinois, President Joseph Smith said at the 2 p. m. ses-sion, "That it was necessary that the Quorum of Twelve Apos-tles should be filled, and that as many elders as are found wor-thy and qualified and properly situated should be ordained to the Quorum of Seventies."

Our attention is called by the record that at a special conference held June 1 to 3, at Council Bluffs, Iowa, John A. McIntosh was ordained to the office of president of Seventy by Zenos H. Gurley, sr., and that at the same conference Brethren William H. Kelley, John Thomas, Curtis F. Stiles, and George Outhouse were chosen and ordained seventies. Sometime during this year Benjamin L. Leland was ordained a seventy.

1861.—On April 8, at a General Conference held at Amboy, Illinois, the following motion was adopted:

That Brothers Georg Kerr, Walter Ostrander, W. J. Ruby, and H. N. Wright be ordained to the Quorum of Seventy. They were so ordained.

At a special conference held at Council Bluffs, Iowa, Alexander McCord was ordained a seventy June 9, in the afternoon.

Brother Charles Derry was ordained a seventy at a special conference held at Little Sioux, Iowa, from August 30 to September 1.

On October 8, at a Semiannual conference held at Sandwich, Illinois, Loren Babbitt, "an elder of the Quorum of Seventy" was received into the church on his original baptism. On the same date James M. Wait, Ebenezer Page, and Jonathan Delap were "ordained elders in the Quorum of Seventy," by Zenos H. Gurley, sr., and James Blakeslee. Sometime this year Henry Shaw, sr., and William D. Lewis were ordained seventies.

1862.—On April 9, at the Annual Conference held at Mission, Illinois, Daniel McCoy and Jesse L. Adams were ordained seventies by Archibald M. Wisley and James Blakeslee. At a special conference held at the same time of the General Conference at Gallands Grove, Iowa, John A. McIntosh was appointed in charge of the work in Monona, Shelby, and Crawford counties, Iowa.

At the Semiannual Conference held at Gallands Grove, Iowa, beginning October 6, the Seventy were by vote sustained.

Sometime in this year James C. Crabb was ordained a seventy.

1863.—At the Annual Conference held at Amboy, Illinois, beginning April 6, several of the Seventy reported their labors, among whom were Archibald M. Wilsey and Crowell G. Lanlanphere. The president of the Seventy and all the Quorum of Seventy were by vote sustained.

At this conference Loren W. Babbitt, Francis M. Reynolds, Eli M. Wildermuth, James W. Gillen, Charles H. Jones, Albert B. Alderman, Delorm T. Bronson, Isaac A. Bogue, Nathan Lindsey, Henry Cuerdon, Andrew Cairnes, Ransom R. Partridge, James B. Henderson, Jeremiah Jeremiah, Hugh Lytle, Stephen J. Stone, and James Burgess were chosen by the conference to be ordained to the office of seventy, and they were so ordained.

On October 9, at the Semiannual Conference held at the North Star Branch, Pottawattamie County, Iowa, Cornelius G. McIntosh, Daniel B. Harrington, and Joseph T. Speight were ordained seventies by William W. Blair and John A. McIntosh.

Sometime this year Michael Griffith and David Wilding were ordained seventies. Sometime during this year Brother Alexander McCord went with Edmund C. Briggs on the first mission to Utah. Brethren McCord and Briggs arrived there about August 7, Brother McCord being present at a meeting held in Salt Lake City sometime in that month.

1864.—Eight of the Seventy were present at the Annual Conference held at Amboy, Illinois, beginning April 6. April 8 John T. Phillips, Thomas E. Jenkins, and Riley W. Briggs were ordained seventies; John T. Phillips, Thomas E. Jenkins, and David Evans were appointed on a mission to Wales; and Riley Briggs was appointed to be associated with William H. Kelley during the year in Minnesota.

On October 6, at a conference held at San Francisco, California, over which Edmund C. Briggs presided, Abednego

Johns, Glaud Rodger, and Henry H. Morgan were ordained seventies.

On October 8, at a Semiannual Conference held at Gallands Grove, Iowa, David Jones was rebaptized, and at the same conference the office of seventy, which he held formerly, was reconferred upon him. At the first conference held in Utah, Richard H. Atwood was chosen and ordained a seventy. At this conference Apostle Edmund C. Briggs said: "The law of the Lord made provisions for seven quorums of Seventy only, with seven presidents to preside over them, not seven presidents to each quorum." This was said in order to correct a false idea that some had entertained where he had been laboring.

At a conference held at Gallands Grove, June 18, 19, Samuel M. Hough was ordained a seventy, by John A. McIntosh and Thomas Dobson. On June 10, at a district conference held at Biglers Grove, Iowa, Bradford V. Springer was ordained a seventy by Charles Derry and John A. McIntosh, but the record states that his license was removed in 1875. As we have no record of any further ordination, his license must have been restored, because he continued to act as a seventy till 1890, when, because of transgression, he was dropped.

Sometime during this year, I believe June 11, Thomas Revel and James M. McLain were ordained seventies.

1865.—At the General Conference held at Plano, Illinois, beginning April 6, eleven of the Seventy were present: Archibald M. Wilsey, Charles Derry, Crowell G. Lanphear, James W. Gillen, Riley W. Briggs, James Burgess, Loren W. Babbitt, Stephen Stone, Ransom R. Partridge, William D. Morton, and Isaac Bogue. During this year Charles Derry was ordained an apostle. "Archibald M. Wilsey and his associates as Presidents of Seventies Quorum were sustained."

George W. Shaw was ordained a seventy in the Landley Branch, Ontario, by John Shippy, one of the apostles. He

was released in 1882. Samuel Ackerley was ordained a seventy sometime this year, and he also was released in 1882.

Thomas Job, who was released in 1882, Andrew Hollisway, who was dropped, but the record does not say when; Jans Johnson, who was dropped, but no date given; Joseph Billings, who died, but the record does not give the date; and David Jones, of whom there is no record as to what was done with him, were ordained seventies previous to or about this time.

1866.—At the General Conference held at Plano, Illinois, from April 6 to 13, Thomas W. Smith, George Hatt, John B. Lytle, and Lucien B. Richmond were chosen to be ordained seventies. Thomas W. Smith was ordained April 9, and Lucien B. Richmond on the tenth by Zenos H. Gurley, sr., and Josiah Ells, and John B. Lytle and George Hatt were ordained the 11th by Jason W. and Edmund C. Briggs, and Samuel Powers.

The duties of the Twelve and Seventy were defined in an article published May 1, in the *Saints' Herald*, and signed by Joseph Smith. The duties of the Seventy as here defined are:

The Seventy are a body of elders set apart for the work of the ministry as a traveling quorum, working under the more immediate call of the Twelve, to preach the word, build up churches, officiate in the various direction necessary in spreading the gospel, and all acts that an elder may do by virtue of his office as such elder, a seventy may do. But there are certain conditions which require a seventy to travel, as special witnesses, that are not binding upon the body of elders.

There can be by the law seven Quorums of Seventy, seemingly too small a number for evangelization purposes; and yet when we consider the number of elders there may be in the church, we are forced to acknowledge that God is wiser than man, and does not wish to cumber the legislative bodies of the church with too great numbers.

The Seventy then are to be men of action; ready to go and to come, full of energy and zeal; prepared at a moment's warning to follow the lead of the Spirit, to the north, east, south, or west; proclaiming the gospel as they go, baptizing all who come unto them, laying their hands upon the sick in common with their brethren of the Twelve; under no responsibility of presiding, but when the Spirit so directs, or exigency requires, they may preside by virtue of their right to officiate as elders in the church.

The law also contemplates the Seventy as a legislative body, and a decision made by these quorums (if unanimous) is of like importance as a decision of the Twelve.

It may also be concluded that any act which an high priest might do, while abroad as a minister of the gospel building up the church, might be legitimately done by one of the Seventy; for in speaking of the difference between the two quorums, the law says: that those who belong not unto this quorum, neither unto the Twelve, are not under the responsibility to travel, nevertheless they may hold as high and responsible offices in the church; evidently carrying the inference that this was an office in authority greater than an elder, and if an elder *may*, why *may not a seventy*, or an *apostle* preside?

It is eminently becoming to the office of seventy to be contented and cheerful, full of the hope of a renewed covenant; free from the resident cares of a local congregation, nevertheless wise as a counselor both to the world and the church; having soberness as a safeguard against the levity of the world; always bearing about the consciousness of a slain and risen Redeemer, with the assurance of a realized hope; and ever able to give by precept and example a reason for that hope.

Is it an arduous undertaking? Most unquestionably it is; but while it is so arduous, there is a possibility that in its very arduousness lies the secret of its success, for in its successful ministry the devils are to be subject to the power of God.

May the Lord God help the Seventy is the prayer of every well wisher of the latter day work.

There is a duty devolving alike upon these two quorums, i. e., the Twelve and Seventy, that it is well to notice here. We mean the duty of being prayerful men, for by this shall come their power. Now if we could suppose that man could successfully propagate the work of the last dispensation, without the faith requisite to yield obedience to its laws, we could imagine a ministry without purse or scrip, going to the ends of the earth declaring the way of life, without prayer, but as we can not, it follows that these men must be cared for by the divine Ruler of all, and must exercise the faithful prayer, the earnest desire of the soul, by which they are blessed of God.

Purse and scrip are laid aside. It is the Lord's work. He has promised to provide for them. Self-denial is to become a pleasure, danger is forgotten, fear overcome and cast out; revilings accepted with humility; and scoffings without reproach; the goods of this world measured only by their usefulness to the advance of truth; wisdom taken as a companion—a lovely maiden of the Lord; and with the blue dome of their roof-tree the Lord their refuge in sunshine and in storm; his hand their guard, his Spirit their comfort and their guide; Christ their pattern, his followers their brethren, and all the world their neighbors, they pass out, away from the scenes dear to them into the great harvest field, there to wield the sword of truth as ambassadors for Christ, and him crucified. Here is the sublimity of their calling, the excellency of their hope, and

who shall then be found to deny them their reward? We trust not one.

Away with the bickering jealousy of place and of power, let the ultimate accomplishment of our salvation enable us to overcome the divisions of the hour, and the distraction of the time, uniting for the present redemption of Zion.

1867.—At the Annual Conference held at Keokuk, Iowa, beginning April 6, Thomas E. Jenkins was sustained as president of the Welch Mission, and Brother George Hatt was doing a good work in England. The Seventies were by vote sustained.

In the Epistle of the Twelve dated April 8 we have the following:

The ministry whom God has appointed the spiritual authorities of the church, are expected to be self-sacrificing—to carry the gospel to every creature—and we enjoin and beseech all who have received missions, presiding authorities over districts and branches, to be faithful in the discharge of duties, exemplary in word and deed, ensamples for the flock whom the Lord has called you to “feed.”

The Semiannual Conference held at Union Grove, Iowa, beginning October 6, adopted the following:

Whereas, In the opinion of this conference it is inexpedient that an apostle of the Quorum of the Twelve should have special local jurisdiction, except as the exigencies of foreign missions may require.

Resolved, That each member of that quorum now holding presidency involving such jurisdiction be and is hereby released; that the same rule be applied to the Quorum of the Seventies.

Not a seventy present at this conference.

1868.—At the Annual Conference held at Plano, Illinois, from April 6 to 10, the Seventies were unanimously sustained.

President Archibald M. Wilsey, of the Seventy, wrote July 1, and had published in the *Saints' Herald* for July 15 the following:

“Resolved, That the Presidents of the Seventies be requested to inquire into the conditions of the Seventies.”

According to the above resolution of the Annual Conference, I consider myself under obligation to inquire into the state or condition of my brethren of the Seventies, and I can not see how I can, except through the *Herald*, for there has not been a sufficient number of the Seventies at the last two conferences to form a quorum for business.

I would hereby request the presiding elder of each branch of the

church at large to advise every member of the Quorum of the Seventy in his branch to report to me by letter, individually, to my address, without regard to his situation or capacity for laboring in the vineyard, so that we and the Quorum of the Twelve may know, and that we may report to the next Semiannual Conference, the condition and intentions with regard to traveling to preach the gospel. All who write to me should give me their post-office address.

Dear brethren, let me say the harvest is great and the laborers are few, as in the Savior's day. Let us pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more laborers into the harvest. May you be diligent that you may receive your crown.

Your brother in Christ,

ARCHIBALD M. WILSEY.

PAVILION, KENDALL COUNTY, ILLINOIS, July 1.

From October 6 to 8 the Semiannual Conference was held near Council Bluffs, Iowa, during which time John A. McIntosh was ordained a high priest, having been one of the Presidents of Seventy.

No Seventies ordained this year.

1869.—At the Annual Conference convening April 6, at Saint Louis, Missouri, the following was adopted:

School of the Prophets.—The need for an educated, intelligent, and severely devout body of seventies to promulgate the gospel, and high priests to preside over the churches, has been and now is, felt very sensibly by very many who have the salvation of souls and prosperity of the church at heart. . . .

Church property contributes to the stability of the work, and we need a school wherein to educate our own young men.

As discipline detracts not from the courage of the soldier, neither would a proper ministerial education detract from the piety and earnestness of the ambassadors of truth; but on the contrary would give confidence, couple wisdom with their knowledge, and judgment with their zeal. . . .

In keeping with the above, I respectfully offer the following:

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

No seventies ordained this year.

1870.—There were seven seventies present at the Annual Conference that was held at Plano, Illinois, from April 6 to 13.

The resolution providing for a school in which to educate young men with a view to the ministry was not indorsed.

On April 9 this was adopted:

Resolved, That the president of the Quorum of Seventy examine into the condition of members of the quorum regarding their taking missions, and report this afternoon.

Resolved, That the Elders' Quorum report through their president the names of those who may take missions or be admitted into the Quorum of Seventy.

Brother Cornelius G. McIntosh's name was presented by the High Priests' Quorum for ordination as a high priest, but by reason of his ability and condition "to labor more effectually as a seventy," his ordination was not provided for. At the same time a resolution was adopted, a part of which reads:

It was clear to the president that a high priest or a seventy had a right to preside when called and the privilege given to him by the people. It is sometimes a question of prerogative and sometimes of privilege.

The question in regard to whether a seventy should preside was one of considerable discussion about this time, and President Joseph Smith presented his opinion in an article that appeared in the *Saints' Herald*, July 15. It is as follows:

It is our belief that the Seventy is a quorum in the church second in importance to that of the High Council *at home*; and abroad, to that of the Twelve. In this case, then, the nature of their office is a compromise between that of an apostle and that of an high priest; and any act therefore, which may be required of them as *special* witnesses while traveling abroad they *may* consistently and legitimately do; and while *at home*, any act which is by law made the duty of an high priest, they *may* by privilege perform.

About this date a notice appeared in the *Herald* to the Seventies that new licenses had been issued, and for them to forward by mail their old licenses.

From the pen of William Anderson appeared an article in the *Saints' Herald*, entitled, "Can seventies preside?" in which he says:

I affirm that the seventies have no right to preside from the fact they are not responsible, and if not responsible, why will the church uphold them in such positions? He cites to Doctrine and Covenants 107: 44.

On page 651 of volume 17, of the *Saints' Herald*, written by

Thomas Job is a reply to the article of William Anderson. This article is entitled, "Should the seventies preside over the churches?"

An editorial appeared on page 432 of the *Saints' Herald*, of this year, Joseph Smith and Mark H. Forscutt then being editors, on the subject, "May seventies preside?" In it is found this very clear statement: "The party who says they 'may' preside is the one holding the 'golden mean.'"

No seventies ordained this year.

1871.—On March 3, Josiah Butterfield died in California, well beloved by the Saints. He was one of the presidents of the Seventies in an early day. His last testimony was:

I can do no more here, but I want it known to the four corners of the earth that Josiah Butterfield lived and died a true Latter Day Saint, knowing that this was the work of God, and that Joseph Smith was a true prophet of the living God, and that his son, Joseph, is his successor.

Four seventies were present at the Annual Conference held at Plano, Illinois, beginning April 6. John H. Lake was ordained a seventy during the conference and by vote the Seventies were sustained.

On July 10 the secretary of the church made a request for the names of the members of the several quorums in the church and stated that the Quorum of Seventy had not been reported to him. Brother Thomas W. Smith, then secretary of the Quorum of Seventy, had published August 8, the Seventies on the record of the quorum. They are:

A. M. Wilsey, C. G. Lanphear, George Rarick, L. W. Babbitt, W. H. Kelley, J. M. Wait, Jerome Ruby, J. L. Adams, Francis Reynolds, Eli M. Wildermuth, J. W. Gillen, C. H. Jones, Nathan Lindsey, Jeremiah Jeremiah, S. J. Stone, Thomas E. Jenkins, J. T. Phillips, B. V. Springer, T. W. Smith, G. W. Shaw, Thomas Revel, W. H. White, Daniel Bowen, Otis Shumway, J. W. Roberts, B. L. Leland, J. B. Lytle, Andrew Hall, Gland Rodger, David Jones, George Hatt, Samuel Ackerly, C. F. Stiles, John Thomas, J. H. Lake, W. D. Morton, Jonathan Delap, W. Ostrander, George R. Outhouse, Jans Johnson, James Burgess, James C. Crabb, A. B. Alderman, D. L. T. Bronson, Isaac Bogue, Stephen Bull, and Joseph Billington. There were then forty-seven seventies on the record.

At the Semiannual Conference held near Council Bluffs, Iowa, beginning September 20, Archibald M. Wilsey, as president of the Seventy's Quorum, was sustained.

In the *Saints' Herald*, volume 18, pages 111, 112, appears an article from the pen of Elder Thomas Dungan, entitled, "Should seventies preside?" We extract from it the following:

The law provides that they (the Twelve) shall call on the Seventies, whose duty it is to respond to the call, and whatever might be requested of the apostles would be requested of the seventy, his representative, and he would be entitled to the same respect. In this case, we presume, none would demur against his right to preside.

1872.—At the Annual Conference held at Saint Louis, Missouri, beginning April 6, Archibald M. Wilsey, as president of the Seventy's Quorum, was sustained, and the same action was taken at the Semiannual Conference held at or near Council Bluffs, Iowa, September 12 to 15.

No one ordained as a seventy this year.

(To be continued.)

For three hundred years, or down to the time of Constantine, we had Christianity in the world. Although Christianity had to flee to the desert and hide in caves and catacombs, still it was the great spiritual power in the world, quickening the hopes and inspirations of men, lifting them above carnality and mere worldly interests. All this time she was a force militant, fighting mammon, unallied with the selfish principle of the world. Under the command of Jesus, Christianity was sent forth to conquer the world, to transform selfish passion into passion for the common good. But suddenly she yielded to the solicitations of Constantine, who was the embodiment of the world spirit, so that the church that was the impassioned antagonist of the worldly order became suddenly the stay and support of that order. The church that was sent forth to overcome the world was overcome by the world. That betrayal was the supreme tragedy of the church, the second crucifixion of Christ, for in that moment she renounced her mission to humanity, gave up the Christ kingdom and accepted the selfish world order.—Edwin Markham.

TRAVELS.

[It is our purpose to have short articles in each issue of the JOURNAL on the subject of Travels. Our people who have traversed the globe in different directions can evidently make this department rich with interesting events, having a fascinating feature of personal experience. If this is interwoven with historic incidents, customs, and manners of people in the places visited, it will make the story doubly interesting, as well as instructive, and bring it within the legitimate limits of a historical journal. We solicit articles of this character from brethren, sisters, and friends, who have had the advantage of travel either in our home, or in foreign countries. We do not wish long, continued articles, but would prefer a complete article in each issue. This will not exclude a single journey being described in several articles, but each one should take up some part of the trip and make it complete. The editor has written a description of a recent trip as an introduction, hoping that other pens may contribute to make this subject one of great interest, profit, and pleasure.]

Leaving Lamoni, the official headquarters of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, on June 13, 1913, we passed over familiar ground, seeing occasionally a well known face. When from the darkness that overshadowed the town we heard the familiar name "Garden Grove," our minds turned at once to the pilgrim band that in February, 1846, crossed the mighty Mississippi, and set their faces towards the setting sun, arriving at this place, then in the western wilds, on April 24, 1846. We thought of the settlement formed here, the farms opened, and the station established, and for several years maintained, where companies from the Eastern States and from Europe rested, and were supplied with provisions to pursue their western journey to the desert land

where they vainly hoped to establish a Zion in a much less productive land than this that they were leaving behind. We thought too of the devoted man who had followed the fortunes of the church, from Pontiac, Michigan, in 1831, until he breathed his last in this fruitful vale on August 16, 1846.

At Chariton, contrary to general experience, we are benefited by a late train. The Chicago train which, according to schedule, should have been gone, was waiting at the platform. To change cars was but the work of a moment and we are moving smoothly eastward.

But little occurred to attract attention until 7 a. m., the 14th, when we arrived at the Union Depot, Chicago. Leisurely we wended our way to the lake front and enjoyed an extensive view of Lake Michigan. Here on the coast of Lake Michigan, near where the restless waters lapped the shore in rythmatic order, we boarded the elegant train of the Michigan Central and passed around the southern extremity of Lake Michigan. Passing cities and towns in swift succession, we note the familiar features of Galien, where once resided the Presiding Bishop of the church, George A. Blakeslee, and is now the home of his son, Bishop Edwin A. Blakeslee.

We recall that, thirty-three years before, we visited this place in company with two others who, like ourselves, had then had but few years of experience. One brother, Morris T. Short, has gone to his reward, laying down the armor with honor, to enter triumphantly into the experiences of a happier sphere. The other, Brother Gomer T. Griffiths, after these years of faithful labor, is occupying the honored position of President of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles.

A little farther we hear the familiar name of Battle Creek. Though having no personal acquaintance with this place, the name had a familiar sound, as it had long been noted as the headquarters of the Seventh Day Adventist Church, where resided for many years that remarkable woman, Helen White,

who did so much for the cause of the Seventh Day Adventists. We remember this route as one passed over fifteen years before as we were bound for the British Isles beyond the sea. How different our feelings! Then we were expecting to soon place the ocean between us and those we loved, with no assurance of a soon return, but now we are nearing our destination, expecting to be home again within a few days.

Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti recall the subject of higher education, for which these places are noted. At Ann Arbor, situated on the beautiful Huron River, are the extensive buildings of the University of Michigan, which is attended by over three thousand students, the majority of whom are usually young women. It is richly endowed, and the State annually makes a liberal appropriation for its maintenance. Some of the best scholars of the age have been connected with this institution, and it ranks among the very best schools of the country.

The route in many places was picturesque and beautiful, but much of the land passed over had the appearance of unproductive soil. At Jackson we are reminded of the sad feature of human society requiring that some unfortunates be confined for the safety of their fellows, for this is the place where the State of Michigan has prepared a penal institution to take care of the unfortunate persons who prey upon the liberties and rights of others.

At 4 p. m. we arrived at the historic city of Detroit, situated on the beautiful Detroit River. We had but a few minutes here and we were soon aboard the interurban, bound for Port Huron. We passed Lake Saint Clair and up the picturesque valley of Saint Clair River. This appears to be a fertile spot, but the strange proximity of the old and the new—the past, and the present, was very apparent in the new, up-to-date residences along the interurban car line, with the old worm rail fence near by.

Having leisure as we sped through this enchanted spot, we

dreamed of this country when first known to Europeans. We thought of the fond dreams of La Salle, the first European who traversed these beautiful waters, whose dreams were never to be realized, and who viewed these shores of picturesque woodlands and lovely glens as early as about 1669, and of his return in 1678 in his vain search for a waterway to the south seas.

On this spot now occupied by the thriving city of Detroit, many busy scenes have been enacted. Here, in 1701, Sieur de la Mothe Cadillac, armed with grants from Louis the Fourteenth of France, came and founded Fort Pointchartrain to which the French sent colonists at intervals until it fell into the hands of the British in 1760. Detroit was a frontier post in the war of 1812, being alternately held by the British and Americans.

We move past Lake Saint Clair, the smallest of the great chain of northwestern lakes, which takes its name from General Saint Clair, the first governor sent to this Territory by the United States, after the War of the Revolution. Lake Saint Clair is at an elevation of about five hundred and thirty feet, is about twenty-five miles in diameter and is only about twenty feet deep. Further on we find ourselves on the bank of the swiftly-flowing Saint Clair River, passing some beautiful towns and villages, among which is the pleasant town of Saint Clair, where subsequently we spent a night with kind friends. Saint Clair River is about forty miles long, flowing southward, carrying the waters of Lake Huron into the shallow lake of Saint Clair, to be discharged into the River Detroit and borne on to Lake Erie. Lake Huron is a beautiful body of water at an elevation of about five hundred and eighty feet and is said to be in places seventeen hundred feet deep and covers twenty-four thousand square miles, encompassing several beautiful islands.

Just below the source of the River Saint Clair, where it

leaves the great Lake Huron, we arrive at the thriving city of Port Huron.

Just as the drapery of night enfolds this romantic city, we seek the camp of the Saints, where are gathered the faithful band representing the Eastern and Central Michigan districts. For eight days we enjoyed the society of a devoted and faithful company, whose faith, like our own, is based on the message of Jesus the Christ as revealed first in the faraway Judean hills, and restored in the latter days through the angel of the eleventh hour dispensation. As we enjoy the spiritual songs and impressive testimonies of the old and young we are reminded that we are very near the historic spot where a convincing testimony was borne in the church's early day. But a few miles away to the southwest lies the beautiful city of Pontiac, so named for the famous chief of the Ottawas, who from 1763 to 1765 led the confederated tribes of Indians in their bloody war upon the borders. To this place in the summer of 1831 came Mrs. Lucy Smith, mother of Joseph Smith the Seer, on a visit to relatives. While there she was introduced to a Presbyterian minister by the name of Ruggles. After some conversation on the subject of the Book of Mormon, the minister said: "Pooh, nonsense—I am not afraid of any member of my church being led astray by such stuff; they have too much intelligence." Mrs. Smith, claiming that the Spirit of God was upon her, replied: "Mr. Ruggles, mark my words—as true as God lives, before three years, we will have more than one third of your church; and, sir, whether you believe it or not, we will take the very *deacon*, too."

Shortly afterwards Jared Carter, one of the early elders of the church, went into the midst of Mr. Ruggles's church and soon had seventy of his best members converted, among whom was the deacon, Samuel Bent. Mr. Bent became quite prominent in the church and became a member of the high council

at Nauvoo, Illinois. He died at Garden Grove, Decatur County, Iowa, August 16, 1846.

Our camp was on a beautiful wooded lawn between the rivers Black and Saint Clair. From across the borders came many of the subjects of England's king, and though citizens of a different earthly government, and serving under a different flag, we all joined on equal terms, and with equal rights under the banner of King Immanuel. We enjoyed breaking the bread of life to this devoted band, and of hearing others declare the wondrous words of life.

Sunday night, June 22, we are on our return trip, this time passing over the Grand Trunk Railway to Battle Creek, thence by interurban through a fruitful country to Kalamazoo, and by the Fruit Belt Railroad to Hartford. Then a side trip to Bangor for a little girl who accompanied us to the Children's Home at Lamoni. Arriving in Chicago late, we are laid off until the night train of Monday, June 23.

This gives us time for contemplation, and as we view this great city, with its wonderful buildings, we reflect upon the magnificent works accomplished by man. Only a few years ago there was but a marshy swamp where now stands the metropolis of the prairies, the second city of the United States, embracing about two hundred square miles and occupying nearly thirty miles of water front on Lake Michigan.

As elsewhere in the northwest, the French missionaries were the earliest explorers, Father Marquette coming here in 1673, was later followed by Hennepin, Joliet, and LaSalle. The French built at the mouth of the river, Fort Chicagou, which was used as a trading post until the English conquered Canada. When the earlier American settlers ventured to this region they found the hostile Pottawattamie Indians occupying the regions of the lake. It was to control them that the Government built Fort Dearborn at the mouth of the river in 1804. When the war with England began in 1812 the Indians under

Tecumseh attacked and captured the fort, killing the garrison. When the town plot was originally surveyed it is said there were twelve families here in addition to the garrison of Fort Dearborn, which had been rebuilt. In 1831 the population was reported to be one hundred. In 1833 the town government was organized, to be controlled by five trustees. They reported a population of five hundred and fifty, with one hundred and seventy-five houses, and the collection of forty-nine dollars tax for the year. C. P. Huntington, the great Pacific Railway manager, related that in 1835 he visited this region, being "possessed of a good constitution and a pair of mules." He found at Chicago nothing but a swamp and a few destitute farmers, anxious to move. One farmer offered him a deed to his two thousand acre farm for his mules. Huntington says: "I was not very favorably impressed with the settlement and declined his offer, and finally continued my travel west, and that farm is to-day the business center of Chicago." Perhaps Huntington's constitution and the farm would have made a better combination than the constitution and the mules; but as the poet says: "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, It might have been."

In 1837 Chicago obtained her first charter and then reported about forty-two hundred population. Since then the development has been so rapid that it would be impossible to trace its changes. We can only look and wonder as we think this has all been accomplished during the life of some now living.

Soon after the dawning of the morning on June 24, we cross the "Father of Waters" at Burlington, and are again in Iowa, and soon after the sun had reached the meridian we are again at home to take up the thread of office life. Though the season everywhere is late, nowhere in our travels did we see as good crops, especially corn, as we found in Iowa. Let others boast of city's growth and the development of commerce, while we gather the great product of the prairie which first planted

by the white hands at Jamestown in 1608, now covers the great West, and is crowned king of the Occident, without whose munificence Chicago would still be a straggling village of the swamp; and with Whittier sing in the honor of King Corn:

“Heap high the farmer’s wintry hoard!
 Heap high the golden corn!
 No richer gift has autumn poured
 From out her lavish horn!

“Let other lands, exulting, glean
 The apple from the pine,
 The orange from its glossy green,
 The cluster from the vine;

“We better love the hardy gift
 Our rugged vales bestow,
 To cheer us when the storm shall drift
 Our harvest fields with snow.

“Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
 Our plows their furrows made,
 While on the hills, the sun and showers
 Of changeful April played.

“We dropped the seed o’er hill and plain
 Beneath the sun of May,
 And frightened from our sprouting grain
 The robber crows away.

“All through the long, bright days of June
 Its leaves grew green and fair,
 And waved in hot midsummer’s noon
 Its soft and yellow hair.

“And now, with autumn’s moonlit eyes,
 Its harvest time has come,
 We pluck away the frosted leaves,
 And bear the treasure home.

“There, richer than the fabled gift
 Apollo showered of old,
 Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
 And kneed its meal of gold.

“Let vapid idlers loll in silk
Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk
By homespun beauty poured!

“Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls!

“Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat field to the fly;

“But let the good old corn adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us for his golden corn
Send up our thanks to God!”

We are living in eternity now, just as much as we ever shall. God is right here now, and we are as near him now as we shall ever be. He never started this world a-going and went away and left it—he is with us yet. . . . We should remember the week day to keep it holy, live one day at a time, doing our work the best we can. There is no more sacred place than that where a man is doing good and useful work, and there is no higher wisdom than to lose yourself in useful industry, and be kind—and be kind.—*The Philistine.*

BIOGRAPHY OF ALEXANDER H. SMITH.

BY VIDA E. SMITH.

(Continued from page 232.)

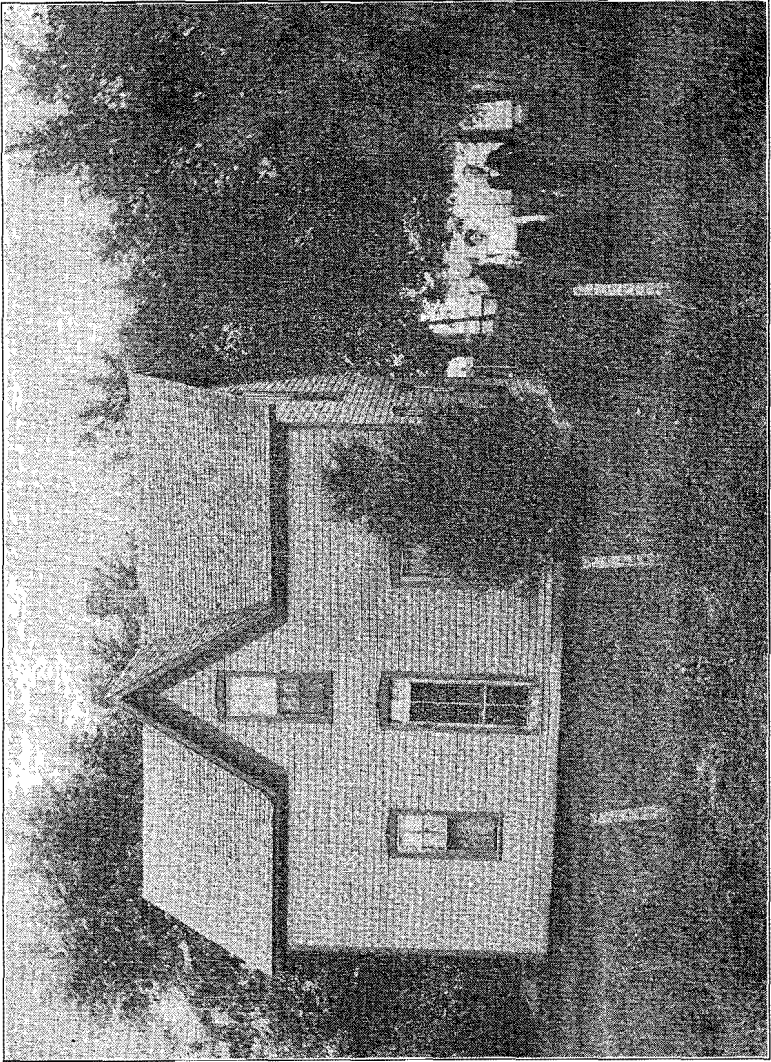
The welcome extended my father and his family by the Saints of Stewartsville was warm, and subsequent events have proven that it was genuine. The little town was a busy place during the school year as, besides its excellent public school, it had a small college that was well attended during the winter months. Every house was occupied, and through some misunderstanding, father's family was houseless but for the provision made by some of the kind-hearted Saints. Into one room of a brother's house, the more necessary household articles were carried and set up for a home. Other houses opened for furniture and "folks" until we felt like we were really part of the town.

In this rather unsettled condition we lived for some months. Father was forced to remain inactive for weeks because of a heavy and unusually long-continued snow blockade. His spirit was eager to take up the work of the ministry and follow it, untrammelled by other interests, to the end of his life and on into eternity. He had openly announced himself as "in the field for life."

Soon as the snow siege was raised he moved out into church work, and when suitable weather obtained, joined with the Stewartsville and German Stewartsville brethren in building a mission house on a lot situated on the northern edge of town. Quick as the frame was inclosed the scattered members of our household and all household goods were moved into this new home and the family were all under the same roof for a short season. Mother took some comfort in the new carpet and a few pieces of new house furnishings that the sale of some of the farm animals secured, and with the money realized from the sale of our old pet, the beautiful gray Topsy horse, we

secured a lasting monument to memory in a modest but sweet-toned Western Cottage Organ, which came to be known in the family as the "wooden brother." Before another winter father again filed his saw and tightened his hammer handle to assist in finishing the mission house, the family living in it during the process of lathing and plastering and further final touches inside and out. Inside this story and a half upright, two rooms and small hall below and two rooms above, his family spent the winter of 1881 and 1882, while he labored in the missionary field with a hopeful eye on the center place—Independence—and in March, 1882, he removed with his family to the spot of his dreams in Jackson County, Missouri.

It was while we were living in Stewartsville that a very obvious fact, in the eyes of a good brother, was most rudely thrust before my love-blinded eyes. In our home we were all children, each a royal heir, and welcome to all that our humble home possessed. The right to be there was never questioned of any, and when this brother asked me some questions regarding my father's presence at home, I frankly told him the family needed him to fix things up for winter, and I was shocked when he objected to the size of my father's family, urging the shame it was that a man of his ability and position in the church should be hampered with so many children. It was an entirely new viewpoint for my girlish mind. Such a thing as even one of us being unwelcome in the pleasant home circle had not crossed my thoughts and I wondered which one could possibly be left out. To me there did not seem to be any more than what was absolutely necessary to make all of us happy. A little bewildered, I stammered, "But, father likes all of us just as much as mother does, and we are just as much his children as we are mother's. I'm awfully sorry if we are a hindrance to him," and, rather dazed, I turned and walked slowly (a very unusual thing for me to do) through the twilight to the mission house on the hill. I can recall yet the



MISSION HOUSE, STEWARTVILLE, MISSOURI.

feeling I had as I looked through the window at the laughing, chatting circle about the table. Why, there were not many of them, and both my chair and Fred's were empty, too. Surely father should have some children, and who of the eight happy souls who called him father were the unnecessary? I said nothing to mother about it, for she was sensitive about the hindrance she might fear to be, in any way, to gospel work, but one day I told my father and he assured me with tear-wet eyes that there were none "too many of we," but it burdened my thoughts often as I came to know care-burdened missionaries' wives with the double load of being to their children both father and mother in daily counsel and direction.

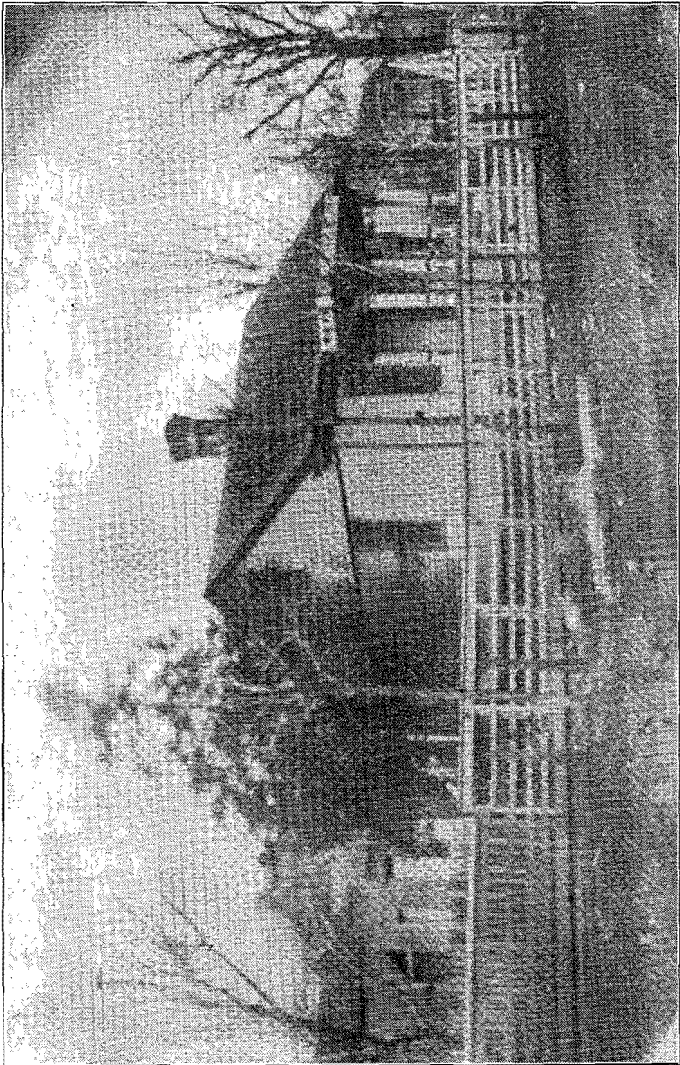
Must men and women forfeit not only the privilege of working together for food and life's comforts, but also the blessed associations of each other and the delightful companionship and joy of children in order to be acceptable missionaries for Christ? My eyes opened to observation and I am sure, quite sure, that the missionary in the field, who is faithful to wife and children, is the greatest missionary of all. Looking backward over years of close association with church men, I find the faithful and devoted husband, no matter what the wife may have been, and the loving and watchful father, little matter what the number of children, has made the most desirable and trusted emissary for Christ. Not that the wifeless or childless man is faithless or useless, but he is in a measure less devoted.

From the little mission house in Stewartsville come a hundred sweet memories to greet me, and it is always peopled, in my memory, with a youthful company and full of the sound of laughter and song in which my father and mother have merry parts. Of all the years in my parental home, I count the one in Stewartsville the shortest. Some way father's ministerial work took on new interest to me there. It became a matter of importance to us that he prove himself what he desired to be and was in truth "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

The life there was vastly different from the one on the farm. All of life took on new charm and more wonderful possibilities. We enjoyed schools and weekly church meetings, and constant companionship of our own church people, and the opportunity of testing our own earning capacity in the business world, and we also enjoyed the feeling of independence it gave to us. It was in fact the preface to a new book in life's story for each of us, and regretfully we watched the homely little town fade into the beautiful, rolling landscape as we left it that spring morning in 1882.

The historical setting of Independence gave to it a glamour no other place could have, and father assured us we should like it. He was full of pleasure at the prospect of living in the old place, and when on the morning after our arrival in the city, we stood on the sunlit little porch of our home and sniffed the breath of the sweet brier at the window, father said, "Well, daughters, you like it, don't you?" We cried, with the enthusiasm of girls in their rose-colored teens, "I love it, love it," and ever since that spring is to me a melody of sounds and sights of that first vision of Independence, Missouri. While we waited for our household goods to come, we were the honored guests of Elder John W. Brackenbury, a friend of my father's since their boyhood in Nauvoo.

A few short weeks before our visit to this home the industrious and efficient wife and mother had been laid to sleep in the beautiful old cemetery, and the oldest daughter, Luna, was trying to fill the vacant place as home keeper to the father and the rest of the family. It was an illustration of the spirit of those early times of the Reorganization in Independence, a very good illustration, too, when this good Saint, a widowed father with his nine children, threw open his home to be shared by this friend and brother with his wife and seven children. Such hospitality is not met with frequently in life's journey now, but in Independence in the 'eighties it was a feature of



INDEPENDENCE HOME.

the faith, and was tested in the month of April when the General Conference assembled there for the first time in the history of the Reorganization. Way out on the east end of Lexington Street stood the chapel lately built by the Saints of the Independence Branch, with some outside church help. It was calculated it would hold about four hundred souls comfortably. The interior was still in an unfinished condition, and father unlocked his tool chest and brought out its faithful old contents, of which he was always very particular, and joined with the volunteers to finish the house. Just before conference time our new home under the maple trees was blessed by the entrance into it of father's beloved friends, Elder and Mrs. Joseph F. Burton. I can not pass by that event, to my girlish memory a splendid occurrence, without a quicker heart throb and then a shower of tears, for however happy the spirits of my father and this dear friend may possibly be together in eternity, we miss them here, "for the heart that has truly loved never forgets." I stand to-day, a glad-voiced girl again, and see them as they stood hand clasping hand and both pairs of blue eyes wet with tears, big-bodied, big-souled, and full of one big purpose, they needed few words to impress upon each other the bonds that never fettered.

That conference in the historic old city was full of unexpected exigencies, and the hurried housewife had need of much ingenuity and even the best of them found good, sweet butter quite an impossible commodity in the home market. Through the medium of letter, Brother William Lewis heard of the shortage, and one day there was delivered on our pretty south porch a firkin of sweet, yellow butter. It was opened in the low-ceiled back kitchen. Here Sister Burton found us unfolding the treasure and grasping hands, we girls with mother and our girlish guest, danced the Maypole dance about the welcome treasure. Flushed and panting we paused to meet the twinkling eyes of the captain preacher, and father,

and again I hear the deep voices in merry raillery, and the ringing laugh. Ah! I know that heaven blesses the man who can unbend to merriment without losing any dignity. They were tired men that day, too, for they had been helping finish the chapel—how the little incidents of those first days in Zion crowd about me—Sweet Friendship, I bow to your shrine as I write, and pause to lay fresh flowers there for the many beautiful associations that were made possible to us by reason of our father's choice of friends. That was a season of great pleasure to my father—to have his home thronged with comrades in the great work of salvation, was like elixir to him.



ALEXANDER H. SMITH AND JOSEPH F. BURTON.

There were not many Saints to entertain the conference guests, and everyone expected to be comfortably crowded. Thinking over the guests at our own table and the questions discussed there, I recall the most important ones as the question of representation, and the change in the bishopric.

Soon after the close of conference father was called to Colchester, Illinois, to the bedside of his uncle, Arthur Milliken, husband of his father's youngest sister, Lucy Smith. There was a strong bond of love always between father and his father's people, as represented in the Milliken and Salisbury branches. He rejoiced with them on festal occasions and wept with them in sorrow and adversity. It was a sad watch by his uncle's bedside, and after preaching his funeral sermon he returned to Independence, early in May, doing missionary work en route, and was active in his ministry all summer. In the fall he attended the first General Conference held at Lamoni, Iowa, and there reported himself, "Still in the field and expect to remain there the balance of my life."

In October of 1882, father's ninth child was born in the long, low house under the maples on South Spring Street in beautiful Independence. She was a delicate, fragile little babe, and mother's health was a matter of considerable anxiety for all of us. Because the baby had older brothers and sisters, there was a great deal of good-natured controversy over the name she was to bear. Mother had decided on one name and father insisted on one, and each of the other eight felt it would be an honor to confer a name. Thus it was that as a compromise, they gave her three names, Coral Cecile Rebekah. Mother grew strong very slowly and there was a continual struggle with divers childish ailments, to keep baby alive. But father kept in his field, which lay all about him, close at home on the beautiful hills of Jackson County, or across the line onto the plains of Kansas, and his health was much better than when on the farm.

The school system in Independence' at that time was inferior to that in the little town of Stewartsville, but the courageous little band of Saints were progressive in their line, and although Sunday schools were not nearly so general in the church as they were a few years later, they had a real, live Sunday school and did excellent work in it. This was the first Latter Day Saint Sunday school that it was my privilege to do work in and it was a place beloved by me and many with whom I had association there in those early years of Zion Renaissance, I count in my rosary of happy memories. And the time and place were realization of many anticipations to my father, the principal source of worry being my mother's poor health. During the first year he had, at one time or other, charge of the Independence District and Independence Branch, besides his mission work.

Crowding into these years were events of marked importance in the church, the church incorporation in Iowa, the first general meeting of the Reorganization in Independence, and following it the first one in Lamoni, which proved to be the last of the fall conferences in the church history, and then the spring of 1883 the return to the old temple at Kirtland with the executive yearly meeting of the body, for the first time a delegate conference, and the development of church literature that marked an era when the *Saints' Herald* became a weekly issue instead of semimonthly, as formerly. The understanding of the financial system seemed to suddenly open the hearts of the people, although we know it had been turned and overturned in the minds of our thinkers for years. The question of tithing, how absorbing it was, and how the elders talked of it as they rode or walked together by the way. How various and sometimes curious the opinions ventured on the interpretation of the law. Father took active interest in its teaching and considered a great stride in advance had been made when it was at last permanently fixed in the hearts

and habits of the Saints. Eagerly he urged the observance of it, also the work of the gathering.

The first of the World Reunions of the church, held at Lelands Grove, in Western Iowa, in the fall of 1883, was another historical event in which he participated with pleasure and renewed spiritual light and generally good health. Among the places that furnished especial delight to him during his missionary care of Missouri was Saint Louis. There he spent some of his earlier ministerial effort, and it seemed good to him to renew old acquaintance. To him there appeared a glorious future for the work in Saint Louis, for among the young men at that place he predicted that some should be called to the ministry and fully expected much of them.

I can not hope to portray by my feeble word the work that my father did among the sons of men by instilling large-hearted principles of love, integrity, and courage. His perfectly fearless spirit would have led all to heights of zeal, and his detestation of the cowardly and ignoble brought quick words of censure, as herein shown :

An open and avowed enemy is an honorable foe; but the man who would stab you in the back, or go to work to injure your character, or destroy your influence for good, behind your back, is a snake in the grass, most contemptible. Such a one is a false brother or sister, who willfully slanders and backbites an innocent person. From such I pray to be delivered. I find the slime of such in some of my travels, and I warn such to beware, their sin will find them out.

The general outlook for the success of the work is good, and the ultimatum seems near at hand. Courage, brethren, the crisis is not fully past, the danger is not over, the struggle will be hard, but by God's Holy Spirit the victory shall be won. Much has been done, much remains to be done, and must be done, before the watchmen can say, "It is well; all is peace in Zion."

At the April conference held in Stewartsville, Missouri, in 1884, he was returned to the charge of his old mission field, California. His departure for that field was deferred for some time to allow the execution of his part in the comparison of the Palmyra and other editions of the Book of Mormon with

the original manuscript, then in the possession of David Whitmer, of Richmond, Missouri. The members of the committee on this work of comparison were by conference appointment, Elders William H. Kelley, Thomas W. Smith, and my father. By request of the aged Patriarch of the Testimonies, David Whitmer, President Joseph Smith became associated with the committee and took active part with the committee in the work. This meeting with the true and living witness of the Book of Mormon was a treasured memory with father, and the influence felt in the presence of The Witness when he bore his testimony to the truth of the Book of Mormon, always returned with a sense of joy to father when he reviewed the scene in after years. While at Richmond, he also met General Alexander W. Doniphan, and joined with his brother Joseph in expressing appreciation for his manly conduct toward their father and their people many years before in Missouri.

Just prior to this visit to Richmond my father and President Smith and others held a conference with Miss Kate Field, in the parlor of our house. Miss Field had been making a study of Mormonism and was seeking information from authentic sources in her research, expecting to use it in her journalistic work. She was especially interested in the apostate Mormons of the West, and was at that time soliciting means for the needy among them.

From these busy and interesting scenes father at last turned his attention to preparation for departure, and in August started for California, going through Colorado and over the scenic Denver and Rio Grande road, landing in Salt Lake City the latter part of August, and from there on to Sacramento after more than a month's work in Utah.

There was considerable difference in the appearance of this man, wearing the flesh and manners of the man of middle life, and the slender, boyish, young man who crossed the wonderful West to its sundown so many years before. Yet the same

fearless, love-lighted blue eyes looked out at God's people from under the same smooth, square brow, with the abundant dark hair above it, and the same servant of the same Master cried, "The field is great, the laborers few." Traveling through the State, from pulpit to fireside, from platform to the bedside of the dying, he lifted up his voice in persuasive entreaty and let it fall on busy brains in sane reasoning, and touch the heart of the mourner with sympathetic notes of comfort until he came again from the mountains and sea and widespread plain back to the cottage under the maples, in time for the April conference of the church. The hills of Zion looked more than ever beautiful to him, and yet there were many things to perplex and make annoyance. A family of lively boys and girls in close proximity to a large city and without home employment gave cause for consideration of the farm again, but the schools were growing better, and in answer to the call of the conference of 1885 he again returned to California, going as far as Utah with President Smith and Elder Luff, arriving in that mission field in June and then on to California, where much interest was being manifested in the new literary venture in the church at that place. This was the paper called *The Expositor*, edited by Hiram P. Brown and published in Oakland under a board of management, composed of California brethren. Father was greatly interested in this little "visitor" and hoped for its great success, particularly in the work of showing the difference between the true Church of Christ and the apostate church in Utah, and that many who had known and loved the old church might be led by this white-winged messenger to acknowledge the claims of the Reorganization. While deeply interested in church work, and following the lines of her calling, he was experiencing difficulties, of a nature known to most missionaries, of a financial character that were anything but exhilarating. Although part of the family were self-supporting, there was much sickness and consequent expense,

revenues were small, and he found himself face to face with perplexity and anxiety that threatened to take him again into the field of self-service. After considerable agitation over the matter and counsel with authorities of church work, he again accepted a mission. This time in charge of the field, comprising Illinois, Missouri, Minnesota, the Dakotas, and Manitoba, a new field of action for him. He had for years felt that he "must preach the word," and in the face of many oppositions, declared, "I have enlisted for life, or until the war is over; and shall labor and watch and pray for Zion's redemption till I see her walls erected, her temple built, and sheltered by the cloud by day and pillar of fire by night, showing that our God is there."

In his life I see exemplified the beautiful fact:

He has no joy who has no trust,
The greatest faith brings greatest pleasure,
And I believe, because I must;
And would believe in perfect measure.

Whatever else your hands restrain,
Let faith be free, and trust remain.

After a rather severe illness, he began work in his new field, having privilege of a visit to Liberty Jail, early in the spring of 1886, a trip greatly appreciated at the time, made in company with President Joseph Smith and Elders Stephen Maloney, John W. Brackenbury, and Frederick C. Warnky. The original jail house was at that time in a dilapidated state, the stone wall put on after the incarceration of his father and colleagues, having fallen away, and showing the square hewn logs of the original building and the decaying roof.

It was during the spring months of 1887 that a larger church building in Independence was first declared a necessity and a committee appointed to push the work of building one. The work in Independence ever was of absorbing interest, and much beloved by father, but finances crowded him, the boys

needed employment, and most serious of all the things that urged a change was the constant ill health of mother. And thus it was that the low-roofed little cottage under the maples was sold and preparation made for the move back to the farm where they had been so happy and mother had been so well. But with all her longing for the free, open, independent life of the farm, mother did not part with friends whom she had



RUINS OF LIBERTY JAIL.

loved in Independence without a pang of sorrow, for some of them were more than friends of a day, and her love for them is still a source of joy and their memory a consolation to her.

The return to the farm was not an unmixed blessing, but it brought the desired health to the little mother and a certain degree of independence. But the personnel of the group be-

neath the old roof was considerably changed. Frederick A., the oldest son, had married Miss Mary A. Walker some years previous, and was employed in the milling business; a trade learned in the Chatburn mills at Shelby, Iowa, in a measure propitiating the gods of his youthful dreams, who destined the man for other and more daring fields. In his home was a little son and daughter, but these were not alone in the claim made on father and mother as "grandpa" and "grandma," as early in June of 1886 I had married and accompanied my husband, Elder Heman C. Smith, on his mission to California, and there we were at this time, in a little brown cottage near the foothills in San Bernardino, telling our boy about these dear grandparents.

Instead of the two who were thus missing from their old places was the tiny baby girl born in Independence. Father spent much of the summer getting the farmhouse in comfortable condition for the family, and in September mother went with him to the World's Reunion at Harlan, Iowa. Immediately on the return from this trip preparations began for the marriage of the third daughter, Emma Belle, and on October 5, 1887, she was married to William F. Kennedy, of Independence, Missouri, the deep Missouri woodlands yielding a bounteous supply of blue October violets for the occasion. Soon after this father made an auspicious trip to the northern part of his mission field. If this visit was of happier concern to anyone else, it must have been to the young lad, whose deep blue eyes lit up with fond love light as they followed the big form or flashed with their own wonderfully inimitable twinkle over some of Uncle Alex's stories. The slender lad with his mother's keen, clear sense of humor and witty repartee, and his father's deeply poetic and artistic nature, found a near-father in Uncle Alex as they cleaned guns and tramped after game, and father gathered the boy into his big, warm heart with his own children and found a new hope springing where

had fallen tears and "dead sea ashes." For this was the only son of his adored brother David, living here with his sweet, brown-eyed mother and her father, Brother Hartshorn, on the farm in Buena Vista County, Iowa. Nor was the visit all jokes and merriment, for there in the cold waters of northern Iowa, father baptized the boy Elbert and his mother's two brothers, Manley and Fred Hartshorn, with the wife of the former and daughter of an old Plano friend, Effie A. Cook. Speaking of this visit of my father, the *Sioux Rapids (Iowa) Press* of Thursday, November 17, says:

Mr. Hartshorn's have been enjoying a visit from Mr. Smith, the second son of Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormon Church. The presence of so noted a person in the community excited no little interest. On Saturday evening he preached at the Gilmore Schoolhouse to a large gathering. If his doctrine had been as sound as his oratory, he could not well be excelled as a preacher.

(To be continued.)

THE DEPARTED.

I look around, and feel the awe
 Of one who walks alone,
 Among the wrecks of former days
 In mournful ruin strown;
 I start to hear the stirring sounds
 Among the cypress trees,
 For the voice of the departed
 Is borne upon the breeze.

I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles
 Still on me sweetly fall;
 Their tones of love I faintly hear
 My name in sadness call.
 I know that they are happy,
 With their angel plumage on:
 But my heart is very desolate
 To think that they are gone.

—Park Benjamin.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER CHARLES DERRY.

(Continued from page 211.)

January 1, 1868, I dined at Brother Putney's with the Campbell family and had a pleasant time. This evening I attended a festival in Council Bluffs, gotten up by the Saints there, in behalf of the Sunday school. Noble object! We had a good time and it yielded good to the cause. On the 5th I preached in Union Grove. The day was very cold. From here I returned home.

I received a copy of the Holy Scriptures as a present from President Smith and I highly appreciate the gift. I met Brother Blair at Dunlap. He preached there. We had a good visit. I continued preaching at the Jordan Schoolhouse, Dunlap, and in the Boyer Branch. On the 28th I received from Bishop Rogers the sum of one hundred and fifty-five dollars towards paying for my house, and I paid one hundred and seventy-five dollars and ninety-seven cents. I am not quite out of debt, but perseverance and economy will soon release me, and then we shall be satisfied. Brother John Pett would only charge ten dollars for his three weeks' carpentering.

Learning that my stepfather had left mother alone, I went to fetch her to our home. Brother and Sister Leach had kindly cared for her and took her to their home. I found her well and returned home with her. Brother George paid her way to Dunlap. I met Brother Blair on the train, returning from the Manti conference. They had released Father Wheeler Baldwin from the presidency of the Fremont District. There seems a desire for me to return to England, but I told them I would rather not, unless I knew it was God's will. Brother John B. Swain sent us home from Dunlap with his team. I found all well. Received a letter from Alice Amelia; she is well.

It does me good to know I have a comfortable home to bring mother to in her old age. President Smith sent me one hundred and fifty-five dollars by express.

On the night of the 19th of February, just as we were retiring to bed, Brother John A. McIntosh and myself were called upon to go nearly ten miles to administer to James Butler, formerly an elder in the church, but seeing the evils that had crept into the church, he had turned away and became a scoffer; but now, in the grasp of the grim monster, he remembered the Lord and sought his aid. We found him surrounded by scoffers. He was unconscious. In the midst of his agonies we lifted our hearts silently in prayer.

He seemed easier. On the next day he became conscious and recognized us, and desired to be administered unto. We complied with his request. He confessed his faith in God, and his great wrong in wandering from the path of righteousness; and when we administered to him, both Brother McIntosh and myself felt the assurance that God for Christ's sake accepted his repentance. In truth I never felt a greater blessing than when I administered to this dying man. He shortly passed away; I trust to the paradise of God. I returned home and worked until the 29th of February, when I went to Council Bluffs and administered to Sister John Lewis. I stayed with my good friends, Calvin A. Beebe and wife.

On Sunday, March 1, I attended a conference at the North Star Branch and preached and then visited the Saints. My Alice gave me twenty dollars. The school board had increased her wages. This is evidence of the satisfaction she gives as a teacher. Her earnings are cheerfully given to finish paying for our home, and to help the family. I continued my labors in my mission as much as consistent with the preparations to raise a crop. In the beginning of April, Bishop Gamet sent me sixty dollars to carry me to the General Conference, but I did not feel justified in going, so I returned the money. We

are living as frugally as we can and live decently, because we want to be free, and no man is free as long as he is in debt. The Saints are kind, but they are poor, and I do not feel like being a burden, hence this year I must give all the time I can consistently to raising a crop.

May. This month was spent between home duties and church work. Mother was received into the Gallands Grove Branch on the 3d. . . . I preached in Union Branch and Council Bluffs on the 17th. . . . Elder John Hawley, a Brighamite, preached in Gallands Grove on the 24th. He manifested a good spirit.

June 5 I went to a conference at Deloit. Elder Thomas Dobson in the chair. Attendance good. Reports from officers favorable. I instructed on tithing. Elders Hawley and A. Rudd requested permission to occupy at night. It was granted. Their preaching was quite flattering to us as a church, and the world might easily conclude we were all one church, "Brighamites" and "Josephites." So I announced that I would show the differences between us on the morrow. There was a large crowd on the Sunday, and I drew the line as plainly as I knew how. The Brighamite elders made no reply. I portrayed the history of the church in all ages, showing the liability of Saints and even prophets and apostles going astray. Hence it was no evidence that the church of these last days was not of God because of her apostles had wandered from God.

Polygamy was one of the chief causes of the downfall of the people of God in all ages, both on the Eastern and on the Western continents. Monogamy was God's order of marriage, and polygamy formed no part of the gospel of Christ. I continued my labors, preaching part of the time at Dunlap, Boyer, Harlan, Deloit, and Gallands Grove. During a prayer service, the Lord acknowledged us as his people through the gifts of tongues and interpretation.

I continued my labors in Gallands Grove District until July

19, preaching at Dunlap, Boyer, Gallands Grove, Harlan, and Deloit. The Spirit of God has cheered our hearts twice of late, speaking to the Saints through the gifts of tongues and interpretation, acknowledging us as his own, warning against evils, and promising succor to his people from calamities on conditions of faithfulness. . . . I preached and visited in Six-mile Grove, Boomer, and Biglers Grove. . . .

On the 25th of July I celebrated the forty-second anniversary of my birth in preaching at a two-day meeting in Biglers Grove. Being very weak in body, returned home on the 26th. . . .

On the 1st of August I went to Harlan and the next day I preached the funeral of Brother Swain's little daughter. On the 3d clouds of grasshoppers filled the air, and covered the land. Every prospect of crop seems blasted. Surely the signs of Christ's coming are seen on every hand; "Men's hearts are failing them for fear." But the world is deaf and blind.

I will here relate a remarkable incident of conversion. A few years back, Mrs. Nellie Newman, of the State of New York, visited her aunt and uncle, Brother and Sister Wickes of Masons Grove, and being ambitious to earn her own livelihood, and being fairly well educated, obtained a position as school-teacher in the neighborhood of Deloit, where she was surrounded by Latter Day Saints and attended their meetings. Her aunt and uncle were members of the church. After due examination into the faith of the Saints she united with the church, and as none who truly embrace this work can keep the "good news and glad tidings" to themselves, so Nellie must inform her mother of the good she had received. Her mother being an earnest member and a prominent worker in the Methodist Church, and having only heard things derogatory of the Latter Day Saints, felt that her daughter had been deceived and she was greatly scandalized by her daughter's acceptance of such "a gross delusion." She gave her husband no rest

until he came west to snatch their daughter from such a gulf of corruption, as she supposed the Saints to be. He came, made known his errand, visited with his relatives, and attended the Saints' meetings, and, being a sensible and liberal-minded man, after closely observing the lives and doctrines of the Saints, he finally advised Nellie to cling to her religion, and when his visit was over he returned to his home, leaving his daughter in the enjoyment of her religion, much to the annoyance of his wife.

By and by another daughter, Minnie Newman, decided to try the West. She visited her sister and aunt and uncle, found occupation as a school-teacher, and came in contact with our doctrines. Being convinced that they were in harmony with the divine word, she wrote her mother to that effect. The pious mother, now fearing that a second child was about to be drawn into the vortex of "The latter day delusion," decided to come herself and snatch her child as a "brand from the burning."

The mother came, inspired with sectarian prejudice, and determined to close her ears and heart to our teaching, believing it was all from beneath, the reasoning of her sister and daughter was blasphemy to her, although backed by the word of God. She tried to meet their spiritual arguments with the imaginations of men, and the silly stories she had heard against the Saints, but error could not stand against plain, simple truth. Finally she was induced to attend meeting, but prejudice had so obscured her mind that she could not see the truth. She set the day for hers and Minnie's return to New York, but she was too precious a jewel in the Lord's sight to lose, and so was her daughter. He took the case in hand and "When he works, who can hinder?" He laid his hand upon her in love. She must "learn obedience through suffering," and in affliction he visited her and taught her the truth.

On the evening of the 21st of August, 1886, I was milking

my cow. I heard footsteps coming up towards my home. Presently I heard a female voice; it was that of Miss Minnie Newman. She had ridden on horseback twenty-five miles to fetch me to preach the gospel to her mother. On the next day, being Saturday, I rode up with her and found her mother sick in bed, where she had been for several days. I was introduced to her. She seemed pleased to see me and was humble as a child. She then told me how the Lord had dealt with her, and had shown her the truth of the gospel as revealed in these last days. She was wrapped in a vision, in which the Lord appeared unto her and reproved her for her hatred to his cause. He held the Book of Mormon in his hand, declaring it was divine. He also declared the principles of his doctrine, and commanded her to repent and be baptized. She parleyed with him, urging the necessity of her returning home and being baptized there, but he commanded her to be baptized now. She was convinced of the truth and having heard of me, she desired I should be sent for, and from her lips I received the above narration of her vision, and as she lay upon her bed, she related her vision and bearing testimony in all the earnestness of her heart, and with the blessed assurance of one who knows of the truth and divinity of this work.

On Sunday, August 23, 1868, I preached. She was present, and at the close demanded baptism. Brother Eli Clothier led her into the waters of baptism, and buried her as Christ was buried by John. Her daughter Minnie followed and was immersed by the same hands. She was duly confirmed a member of Christ's church by the laying on of hands and prayer. She was now content to leave Minnie with the Saints, and she returned to her home. Being full of the holy fire, she let it shine among her Methodist friends, and though she had stood high among them as a leader, they had no room for her in their hearts for her testimony of God's truth, and turned their backs

upon her. The minister expunged her name from their records, but it was recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life!

She lived for many years the consistent life of a Saint and died in full faith and hope of a glorious resurrection when the Master shall come to gather his jewels.

I continued my labors in my field until the 8th of September, at which time I started for Saint Louis, Missouri. Rode to Council Bluffs, where I enjoyed the hospitality of Brother and Sister Calvin A. Beebe.

Arrived at Saint Louis on the 10th. Was kindly received by James X. Allen. I was introduced to Brother and Sister Kyte, where I am to make my home while here. I met Brother John Clark, whom I had known in Whitehall, England, in my early ministry. I made the acquaintance of many of the Saints in Saint Louis, and preached here and at Dry Hill, Gravois, Buckend, and Blue Ridge. I went to Gartside on a coal train; was met there and taken to Brother George Hicklin's, whom I knew with his wife and father-in-law in Dudley, England. I met several old-time friends who still keep a warm corner in their hearts for Charles Derry, and proved it by their kindly treatment in every way they could. I shall remember with pleasure the generous welcome of Sister Hicklin as she came out to me and set a large, steaming, English plum pudding before me on the table. It is good to be remembered for good; that of itself is a glorious reward. I can not record the kindnesses of all the Saints, but they are written where they will not fade from view, nor be dimmed by age. Here I met Brother George Bellamy, from Ogden, Utah, mentioned in a former part of this biography. He remains steadfast to the truth. I confess my astonishment at the great liberality of the Saints in this region. My expenses were more than met, and means given for the benefit of my family, and I can truthfully say unsought by me.

A Spiritualist lady told me that she was impressed "that Grant would never be elected." She believes that "Every man is essential to the well-being of every other man." "Evil is as essential as good." She predicted the mixing of the races in 1876; the burying of the Devil in 1877, as all will give up their belief in the personality of the Devil.

I set my face homeward on the 22d, and on the 23d found my old friend, Brother William Hawkins, at Oregon, Missouri. I have not seen him since our first meeting twenty years ago. But truly as "Iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." I found him still abiding in the true faith. I had a good visit with him and the Saints. I returned from Oregon to Council Bluffs, Iowa. I went to Omaha and from thence home. . . .

October 2 sent my wife by train to Council Bluffs to attend General Conference. Alice and I went with our buggy on the 4th. Stayed one night at Brother Diggle's, Union Grove. Next day we found wife and babe at Sister Hartwell's; all right. Sister Hartwell is kind as ever. She is a truly noble woman. Her door is open to every child of God, nor is it closed to any.

October 6, 1868, semiannual conference convened at Parks Mill, near Council Bluffs. Joseph presided. He told me the work never presented a better front. There was a good attendance, but the weather was stormy and cold. People suffered, as we were out of doors. No tent for meetings and only a few thin cotton tents for people to sleep in.

I was called to preach on the afternoon of the 7th. President Smith preached in Council Bluffs. On the 8th Brothers John Lewis, Joseph Smith, and Alexander Smith preached. Alice went with Father Brittain to Glenwood to attend a seminary conducted by "Reverend" Cooley. She works for board and pays for tuition. It was hard for her to leave us, but she has a brave heart. May God watch over her in love.

On the 9th we started for our homes. I preached on the way and arrived home on the 12th. . . .

I continued my labors abroad and at home when needed until December 31, 1868. I have sold a good number of copies of the Holy Scriptures, have preached the gospel in many places, and have found it necessary to work a good deal at home, cutting and hauling wood to pay my debts. But I have not done as much ministerial labor as I should have done, and I realize the truth of Christ's saying, "No man can serve two masters."

I feel that I need a more lively faith, a more earnest zeal, and a greater degree of light and wisdom, and I desire to progress in this divine work; but I seem as deficient as any from whom less is expected than myself.

January 1, 1869. The *Herald* size is enlarged. May its circulation increase until the world is enlightened by the truth it teaches. Father William Vanausdale passed away to-day. He was a faithful Saint of long standing in the church. We have much to be thankful for; my wife and my mother and our children feel at home, and I am glad to share with them that blessedness, when I return, wearied and disheartened in body and mind. It has been my life's work since I was free to do anything for myself to go abroad and proclaim the gospel of Christ to a deaf, blind, and ungrateful world, receiving only scorn and contempt for my pains, except from a few who desired to know God and his truth. It seems to this end was I born. I feel to have no part or lot in worldly things, and yet I but poorly appreciate the heavenly; I find a great many evils in my nature to subdue. My representation of the Christ life is a very feeble one. I was not born an angel, and my early surroundings did not tend to render my nature any more angelic, but rather tended to develop the evil in my nature, yet I felt and realized the whisperings of a better and purer influence, and had desires to follow after that which was good, but was weak, and had not sufficient light and strength to

enable me to resist, successfully the evil. The gospel has done much for me, and if there is anything of good in my life I owe it all to the gospel of Christ, hence I feel it my duty to spend my years, few or many, in the promulgation of its glorious truth. Come what may, poverty or opulence, scorn or glory, believing as I verily do that He who has called me and to whom I owe my being will give me the reward I deserve in the great day of awards. There are many things, even in my ministerial life, that I would be glad if they had never been. Jesus truly said, "The Spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." It is oftentimes weak in the right, but very strong in the wrong; hence the absolute necessity of our continually seeking divine aid. No man can stand alone.

I met with some of Sidney Rigdon's pretended revelations, and it is astonishing how the enemy mixes up truth with error in such a manner as to easily entrap the unwary, flattering the human mind, and holding out great promises of blessings to be received and exaltations to be attained unto, but always looking to selfish and personal emolument for Sidney. He flatters five men that had they lived in Sodom, that city would have been spared, because of their righteousness. These five men were Sidney Rigdon, Joseph Newton, Stephen Post, William Richards, and William Stanley, and but for their righteousness, we are told in Rigdon's revelation, "this Nation must have been devoted to entire destruction." Rigdonism, with its five righteous men, has long lost its savor, and the Nation remains and will remain till the Most High has accomplished his purpose in its establishment.

My time this year of 1869 has not all been occupied in the ministry. My boy and myself have grubbed and cleared off about twelve acres of brush land, planted some to corn, potatoes, and fruit trees, so that my family can have something to depend upon at home. We also cut firewood, and sold it for

railroad purposes. But my Sabbaths have been occupied in ministerial duties in the branches around, and the year has not been unprofitably spent, but pleasantly spent, and we have many friends. Of course some tongues must wag with idle gossip, not careful as to their truthfulness, and we have been victims of these unruly members.

We took a little orphan boy, a grandson of Sister Kuykendall. He was about five years old. The little fellow had been with different families and his culture had been neglected. His grandparents wished to have him bound to us until he was of age, but we refused to have him adopted or bound to us, so that if the time came when our home was not pleasant to him, he should be at liberty to seek another home. So it was agreed that he should remain on these terms.

January 1, 1870, I united in matrimony Henry Brown and Deborah Leland at Lelands Grove. I labored at Salem Branch and Harlan. Here I was refused the courthouse and preached in private houses until the 7th. I preached in Shelbyville on the 9th.

On the 11th I went to Mason's Grove and was kindly entertained by Brother and Sister Wickes. I preached to a full house at Deloit on the 12th and on the 13th Elder Thomas Dobson and I went to Glidden by rail, where we were kindly entertained by Mr. Beach and wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Glidden. We preached there two nights.

On the 15th we left for North Coon, where we preached on the 16th and until the 19th, when I baptized Elizabeth Ochenpough, and on the 20th Nancy Higgins. We were invited to visit a gentleman and lady who were Universalists. This man had announced his intention of opposing me, which drew quite a crowd. I delivered about seventeen discourses, but there was no opposition. The man declared he could not oppose for I preached the truth. Brother Dobson and I visited him, according to his request, and were well treated. . . . He

strongly advocated Universalism. I tried to show that salvation was a free gift to as many as were willing to comply with gospel conditions. Man's agency must remain, or his responsibility was gone. That only the willingly pure and good could be prepared to enjoy that salvation, and those who did not love righteousness must accept of that for which they have lived. That the Scriptures taught there was an unpardonable sin, and those who were guilty of it could not enter into and enjoy the salvation which God had prepared. . . .

Mr. Benan Salisbury took us to Camp Creek. I was the guest of a Mr. Thompson, an avowed infidel. When night came Mr. Thompson told me he was in the habit of asking ministers a great many questions, and he would make no exception with me. He presented his great question: How God could be just, loving, and no respecter of persons, and yet make choice of Abraham and his seed to inherit eternal life, and exclude all the rest of the world? I showed him that God made choice of Abraham and his seed to be the means in his hand of "blessing all the families of the earth" with the knowledge of the plan of redemption, that by compliance therewith they might all be put in possession of that eternal life equally with Abraham and all his seed. . . .

I preached in several places in this region, Brother Dobson preferring that I should preach and he would conduct the meetings. While preaching in Lake City, a Mr. Light came to the front one evening and claimed to "know all about the Book of Mormon and Mormonism, and that it was a fraud." The next night he begged my pardon. He had found he knew nothing, and declared I had told more truth that night than he had ever heard before, and he bade me Godspeed. . . .

On Saturday, 22d, Mr. Benan Salisbury took us to Lake City. We stayed with a Mr. Sereno Thompson, a professed infidel. I preached in the schoolhouse, assisted by Brother Dobson. . . . While in the vicinity I preached in various schoolhouses around

and also at Lake City. On the 28th Mr. Thompson's wife said, "If I thought I could stick I would be baptized." I encouraged her to obey the gospel and put her trust in the Lord, and he would give her strength to endure. Her husband opposed her baptism. I asked him plainly if he was willing to shoulder the responsibility before the bar of God. His infidelity weakened and he replied, "You can baptize her." The woman was very sickly, and the creek was full of ice, and the snow deep, but I baptized her and she never suffered from the baptism, but improved in health right along and was faithful to her covenant with God. I also baptized William Perkins and Jane Skinner on the 29th of January, 1870. Mrs. Cynthia Thompson was the name of the first mentioned candidate. Mr. Thompson became a friend to the faith, confessed his faith, but died without obeying, yet he opened his house to the servants of God and was ever ready to defend the truth and befriend its ministers.

Brother Dobson is not a brilliant man, but a man of excellent spirit, unshrinking faith, and buoyant hope; in fact, he is one of God's noblemen, and an excellent companion. One good old sister said she "liked Brother Derry's preaching, but after all it was not Uncle Tommy." He is highly esteemed for his real worth as a man. We returned and preached in the Kendall Schoolhouse, thence to Glidden, feeling God had been with us and blessed our labors. At home I found all well for which I am thankful. I was weary and worn with continued exertions day and night. I remained at home until the 4th of February, when I went to Lelands Grove to a two-day meeting. Here I preached, and on the 6th baptized Thomas W. Chatburn, and in confirmation predicted that he would preach the gospel and baptize hundreds of souls into the church of Christ. I also preached on Pigeon Creek and at Reeder's Mills. . . .

I continued my labors in Six-mile, Twelve-mile, and Gallands Groves. On the 26th Lehi Ellison and I started for North Coon,

going by train to Glidden; here we met Mr. Light who said he had been fighting for us all the time since I preached in Lake City. We visited Father Enos Butterick. They are very poor. We stayed with them all night and comforted them. We preached in Higgins Schoolhouse. Lehi bore testimony and aided in prayer and singing. On the 4th of March we visited Sister Higgins whose husband is bitterly opposed to the truth. Yesterday we had a very heavy snowstorm and were compelled to keep indoors. . . . On the 6th I baptized David K. Butterick and his wife, Matilda Jane Butterick.

March 7. A very cold morning. Father Butterick's house is so cold that we have to keep walking around the stove to keep warm. We administered to a child of Wilson Butterick.

On the 8th we went to Glidden. Visited Mr. and Mrs. Delavergne; they believe the gospel. We also visited others and talked to them in their homes. By letter from home I learn that wife and mother are not well. I prayed for them. On the 10th we walked to Lake City. I preached on the apostolic commission. We were kindly entertained by Doctor Hollenbeck, and Mr. Fleece, of Lake City Hotel, who had been to Utah. He thought the Bible I preached from was made up of quotations from Joseph Smith's revelations.

We went to Camp Creek on the 11th. Sister Thompson said she was happier since baptism than she had been since she was married. This was a terribly stormy night; snow, thunder, and lightning. I instructed Mr. Thompson and family and Mr. Williams and wife and prayed with them. Visited Ripleys and Skinners and instructed them in the way of the Lord. Brother Ellison and I preached in the Camp Creek Schoolhouse. Lehi is a good exhorter. We heard "Reverend" White in the evening. . . .

I talked with James Tippet, an immigrant, on his way to Cherokee County. He and his wife seemed interested. We visited Brother and Sister Perkins and talked with them on

gospel themes. Lehi and I started to Skinner's, but the snow-storm was so fearful that we had great difficulty in pushing through. . . .

We arrived in safety at Mr. Skinner's but nearly worn out, so severe and dense was the storm. We were stormbound three days. Mr. Skinner lost one hundred and fifty sheep; they perished in the yard. Our shelter is a log house, thirteen persons are in it. Four men were frozen to death near Carroll. We are grateful to our heavenly Father for protection, and to Mr. Skinner and wife for their kind hospitality.

On the 17th all was serene, the sun shone with all its glorious brightness. The earth was clad in a beauteous covering of snow, which, with the rays of the sun upon it, dazzled the eyes of the traveler; the fences were covered, and traveling was difficult.

We visited Mr. and Mrs. Ripley to fan the flame of truth that was enkindled in their hearts. Mr. Ripley desired to help us, but having no money presented us with some dress goods for our families, which was proof of his love for the truth. We preached in the Cottonwood Schoolhouse.

On the 29th we preached at the Kendall Schoolhouse. Hitherto we had not asked for aid, but as we had not sufficient to pay our fare, we made known that fact, and the friends gave us two and one half dollars.

We slept this night at Sister Hiron's, a faithful Saint. On the 21st I took the motherless girl of Mr. Delavergne's, at the request of Brother Matthew Hall's, as they desired me to find them one to raise. I arrived home on the 22d. Wife not well. All of the children were well, thank God!

On the 27th I received twelve dollars to take me to conference at Plano, Illinois. Thomas W. Chatburn gave me a dollar, and his father, Jonas, told me I could have what feed I needed for cattle if I would fetch it. I mention this to show the kind-heartedness of these people. Elder Dobson says Deloit Branch

will give me thirty-two bushels of corn; surely the Lord opens the hearts of the people towards us. I preached twice in the Boyer Branch to-day. I found Lehi Ellison a good companion and helper in the ministry. On the 28th I visited Mrs. Dow, of Dowville, and talked with her, showing the beauty and blessedness of the gospel and the unscripturalness of Spiritualism. She seemed deeply interested and shed tears as she listened to the inspiring and enlightening words of truth.

April 1. John Swain gave me a dollar; Brother Jonas Chatburn four, and David Wells two. The Saints at Harlan also paid my taxes, five dollars and sixty-nine cents. I rode with Brother Chatburn to Avoca; from there I went to Adair; stayed with Andrew J. Weeks. I preached his wife's funeral on the 3d. Jarius M. Putney and Dexter P. Hartwell were with me. . . .

On the 5th I arrived in Plano, was well received by President Smith; made his house my home during conference, which convened on the sixth. A grave question had agitated my mind for some time. Had I been called of God to the apostleship? Upon this momentous question I had grave doubts, and not receiving any direct evidence that would satisfy my mind I thought it best to resign, lest I should be a living lie among and to my fellow men. I had accepted the calling in good faith, though I had never desired it. I was content as an elder, and I felt that in that office was all the scope my talents could occupy. I had written and sent my resignation to President Joseph Smith to the General Conference to be held in Saint Louis, Missouri, but for some reason it was not passed on, and after that conference President Smith wrote me a kindly letter, which I here present:

PLANO, ILLINOIS, April 19, 1869.

Brother Charles Derry: Your letter to me at Saint Louis was read by me in humiliation and pain. My heart surcharged with its own sorrows and bleeding from the woes of Zion's children, needed little more to make it desolate, if not despairing; that little your letter almost made. Had

any man in whose integrity and virtue I had less confidence than I had in yours written that letter, I should have feared for his safety, but in you I have ever had the most implicit trust, nor is my esteem lessened, though I sorrow for the need which you seem to express for so serious a move. Your letter came during the session of conference; and after a day and night of continued prayer, I was impelled to withhold it from the conference, hoping that the Spirit which evidenced to me of your holy calling might in your hour of necessity also witness to you of the same. For this omission, if thereby wrong is wrought you, I ask you to pardon me. . . .

Brother Derry, I regret most sincerely the occurrences which have wrought you so much injury in feeling. I can not now offer to express a wish, though I strongly desire to, that you reconsider the subject matter of your letter of resignation of the office in the quorum. I shall continue to pray for you, that you receive that which you desire. Nevertheless, believe me, I feel assured of your faithfulness, your virtue, your integrity, and I shall ever pray that I may so live, and so walk as to retain your present esteem and regard. I remain as ever yours in gospel bonds,

JOSEPH SMITH.

I have never doubted the good faith, the honor and integrity of President Smith, nor the brethren who acted as a committee to select, by the guidance of the Spirit, the ones to be ordained at that time as apostles, and I accepted the ordination in good faith; nor did I resign because of lack of faith in God, or this his glorious cause, but I resigned because I had not the knowledge that I was called of God to that sacred calling. Moreover, I felt that my talents were not equal to the calling, and I could not endure the thought of simply being an apostle in name, and not one in reality. However, my conceptions of the callings and duties of an apostle may have been at fault; but whether they were right or wrong, I have acted conscientiously in asking to be released, nor have I felt condemnation for so doing.

At this conference, April, 1870, I again presented my resignation and President Smith presented the same to the conference. I have sat in many important councils and conferences, but never saw such solemnity of feeling as manifested itself in every countenance from the President through all the large audience when my letter of resignation was read. I confess I had to steel myself against the sorrowful influences that pre-

vailed. Nor shall I ever forget that deep feeling that prevailed as Elder William W. Blair, with tears in his eyes, and choked utterance moved that my resignation be accepted. Every eye in the room except mine was filled with tears as the motion was put, giving evidence of the reluctance with which the entire audience voted to relieve me of that responsibility. My love for the cause in which I have enlisted, increases with my years, and in it I expect to spend all the strength of my manhood. I requested to be permitted to stand as an elder, but the church determined that as I was ordained to the high priesthood I should stand there. I submitted, and have continued to stand as a member of the High Priests' Quorum.

If I erred in resigning my place in the apostleship, I am in the hands of a just and merciful Judge, who knows my motives, and I am content to abide his decision. During this conference Joseph appointed William H. Kelley and myself to go to DeKalb, Illinois, to confront the Reverend Alling, who was to preach the "funeral sermon of Mormonism." We listened attentively, took notes, and at the close of the obsequies this member of the supposed defunct body arose and requested the privilege of giving evidence that the "corpse" was still alive and objected to the funeral, being able by the grace of God, and anxious to defend itself against all the attacks of its foes, be he or they whomsoever they may be. But the reverend gentleman got scared at the ghost he had raised and backed squarely down. We returned to conference, where there was abundant evidence that what the world calls Mormonism is neither dead, dying, nor even sick.

On the 11th Bishop Rogers proved his love for the cause by giving the church four thousand and ninety-seven dollars. May God bless the donor.

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH F. BURTON.

BY EMMA B. BURTON.

(Continued from page 194.)

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

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

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

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

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



ADDIE BURTON.

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

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

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



FRANK BURTON.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



DORA BURTON.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



BISHOP GEORGE LEWIS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sister Burton, writing from Queensferry same date said:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

On July 11, he wrote from Wallsend again:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Theological Discussion at North Forester.—A public discussion took

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

(To be continued.)

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

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

LOCAL HISTORIANS AND THEIR WORK.
HISTORY OF EASTERN, WESTERN, CENTRAL, AND NORTHERN
MICHIGAN DISTRICT, BY ELDER JOHN J. CORNISH.

(Continued from page 248.)

Chapter 31.

1904.

During the year 1904 we had the following officers for Northern and Eastern Michigan districts:

John W. Wight, in charge of Michigan with other States, and for the Eastern Michigan District the following missionaries: Andrew Barr, William Davis, Edwin J. Goodenough, Osro J. Hawn, George M. Shippy, James M. Baggerly, and James W. Davis. And for the Northern Michigan District, John A. Grant, Levi Phelps, David Smith, Abram E. Burr, George W. Burt, Edwin A. Goodwin, John Schreur, and Byrnie S. Lambkin. For the Northern and Eastern Michigan districts, John J. Bailey. John J. Cornish and Charles G. Lewis were appointed to Michigan.

In the Northern and Eastern Michigan districts we have usually had men enough who have been raised up to do missionary work for those districts, and this year there are seven ministers who are missionaries—Michigan men,—who have been appointed to labor in other fields, viz, Brethren Amos Berve, Wellington D. Ellis, Willard J. Smith, John H. Hanson, George D. Washburn, Charles E. Irwin, Francis C. Smith, and James R. Beckley.

The Detroit Free Press published an article under the caption, "Mormon Church growing in Detroit." The article was accompanied by a cut of our church building and a portrait of George M. Shippy, president of the branch. The distinctive differences between us and the Utah people were shown.

R. B. Brown, Disciple minister, and one of the members of

the board of the Anti-Mormon League, challenged John J. Cornish or James R. Beckley to meet him in public discussion in the Fork Branch. They told Mr. Brown that they were ready to meet him or any other Disciple minister at any proper time or place. Cornish also told Brown that a debate at Fork might do good, as twenty-five persons were baptized at Shabbona after their last discussion there. Some months afterwards Elder Cornish met Mr. Brown and asked him when he would be ready to commence that discussion at Fork. He said, "Pretty soon," and he would inform him when he would be ready, but up to this time, 1907, Cornish has not heard from Mr. Brown.

Joseph Musser was again on the warpath in Sanilac and Tuscola counties. But his work of about two years ago has destroyed his influence, and but a few people are now willing to listen to his slang and abuse against the church.

The Detroit Branch at this time was doing well. Elder George M. Shippy had done splendid work there. They had fine social services and a very nice Sunday school. Elder George M. Shippy was taken into the First Quorum of Elders at the conference of 1904.

The winter just passed had been a very severe one. There had been much snow and terrible drifts, so that it was almost impossible to do much missionary work in rural districts.

Brother John A. Grant labored most of the time in Bay City, and the branch was in good condition.

Brother Edwin A. Goodwin, assisted by Brother John W. McKnight, opened up the work in McIvor in the Maccabees Hall, commencing on Sunday, March 13, having good interest.

Public interest in the Smoot Case, which was now pending before the Committee on Privileges and Elections, was warm. It had the effect of stirring up some of the sectarian aspirants for fame, who have been treating the people with a rehash of some of the old stories of Mormonism. As Brother Heman C.

Smith once remarked: "The same old song, sung to the same old tune." But our ministry were on the lookout and made replies, so that it resulted in our favor, rather than against the truth.

Brother James Baggerly, laboring for a time in Michigan, secured space in the *Brown City Banner*, also *Saint Clair Republican*, for lengthy articles, in which he ably set the facts of our position before the readers of those journals, showing clearly why we should not be confounded with the church in Utah under President Joseph F. Smith. Brother Baggerly is quite a forceful writer, and is quite well informed on church history.

Brother George M. Shippy, of Detroit, had success in his work in that city. Five adult converts were baptized there by him.

Brother Osro J. Hawn did a good work in Snover, Sanilac County, preaching some there the past winter, returning again in the latter part of May, when he baptized six persons.

The Peninsular State Association of Zion's Religio-Literary Society divided into two associations. This was done in October, 1902. Their boundaries were the same as those of the Northern and Eastern Michigan districts. Lewis B. Shippy is now the president of the Eastern Michigan District of Zion's Religio-Literary Society. John A. Grant is president of the Northern Michigan District Zion's Religio-Literary Society, and Homer A. Doty is secretary.

Osro J. Hawn, Charles E. Irwin, and William Hartnell were received into the Fifth Quorum of Elders at the same conference.

During the conference at Coleman in June, Elder Levi Phelps baptized seven persons. At the same conference, June 19, a resolution was adopted prohibiting any person known to be addicted to the use of tobacco holding any office in either

district or branch. Officers of the Northern Michigan District were John A. Grant, president; Joseph W. Shippy and Edwin A. Goodwin, associates; Charles B. Joice, secretary; Alice M. Joslyn, treasurer.

During the month of July Osro J. Hawn baptized several at McGregor, Sanilac County.

During the summer the *Cadillac Evening News* contained a nice article devoted to the condition of the Cadillac Branch, and also showing the difference between the Utah Church and the Reorganized Church.

Brother William Davis wrote to the *Saints' Herald* from Ubyly September 6:

The work in the district is moving along nicely. We had some fine two-day meetings. The Lord has wonderfully blessed us. We had some wonderful gifts of healing in the district this summer, for which we are thankful.—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 51, p. 870.

It may be well to insert the following as a matter of history:

AU GRES, MICHIGAN, January 30, 1904.

TO ELDER HENRY J. DEVRIES, and to whom it may concern:

Dear Saints and Friends: Brother Henry J. DeVries came to our house January 17, 1904, and preached some excellent sermons to us during his stay. I have been afflicted with severe pains in the head and body, also weak in body, so that I could but walk a short distance, and then would be almost out of breath; was administered to by Elder Henry J. DeVries January 19, 1904. At the time of the administering my head was in an awful condition with pain. After the anointing of the oil and the laying on of hands of Brother DeVries I told him that the pain was leaving my head, and from that time to this date, January 30, 1904, I have been free from pain in my head, with a little exception on one morning, and that was the last of it. I am also free from the pain in the body, so that now I can walk some distance in perfect ease. May God bless this testimony to all of God's afflicted people, is my prayer.

Yours in the one faith, a sister,

MRS. GEORGE S. SMITH.

Witness: a brother, my husband, George S. Smith.

And also the following testimony of healing:

Dear Brothers and Sisters: Wishing to bear my testimony to the truthfulness of this work, I will write an incident that happened to me twelve years ago. I was taken sick with scarlet fever, and when I got better, it was found that I had been left with a very bad ear. Medical aid could not cure it, until the 27th of March, 1904, when Elder DeVries

came here preaching, and by God's power cured me. I have had no trouble since.

Your brother in the faith,

ALPENA, MICHIGAN.

ELMER PARKS.

From the commencement of the work in the Northern and Eastern Michigan districts, the brethren understood that it was in order to ordain anyone at the time of conference who had been previously called to office, or might be called at any of the district conferences, believing that a vote by the conference, covered all of the branches in the district, and that said vote fulfilled the law which says, "No person is to be ordained to any office in this church, where there is a regularly organized branch of the same, without a vote of that church; but the presiding elders," etc. But during this year, under the administration of Brother Heman C. Smith, at the conference held at Bay City, when some one suggested the ordination of a certain brother, Brother Smith said: "Has the branch to which this brother belongs taken action in this case?" to which a reply was made, "No, sir." Brother Smith then stated what the Doctrine and Covenants said, in section 17, paragraph 16; whereupon Elder Cornish said that this had been the rule ever since they began the work, both in Canada and Michigan. Brother Smith then read Doctrine and Covenants, section 17, paragraph 16, and left the matter with the conference without comment. No one has since been ordained by voice of conference without first taking action in the branch to which the party belonged.

At the October conference of the Eastern Michigan District, held at Buel, Sanilac County, the following preamble and resolution was adopted:

Whereas the Lord has said by revelation to the church that tobacco was not good for man, and commanded his ministers to avoid its use, Resolved, That this conference request all in the district who hold the priesthood to refrain from the use of tobacco, and be it further resolved, That none who are addicted to its use shall be ordained to any office in this district, and be it further resolved, That none who are addicted to its use shall be sustained as branch officers.

During the latter part of October, all of November, and the first part of December, John J. Cornish was in the upper peninsula of Michigan. Of his work there we quote part of his letter in the *Saints' Herald* of March 15, as follows:

I look over the work of the past with joy and gladness to see so many of my children in the gospel ministering for Christ. I believe there is not a quorum in the church but one or more of its members have been baptized by me; and nearly all of the men laboring in the Northern and Eastern Michigan districts are my children or grandchildren in the gospel; besides others who are sent into other fields, who are doing a good work for the Master.

I also see men who attend my meetings in some new places I have of late been opening up, whom I feel will take hold of the work,—obey the gospel, and do a work for the Master; and to that end I “labor, and watch, and fight, and pray.”

At present I am in the upper peninsula of Michigan. Some six years since, I opened up in a place or two and baptized a few. I have just got through with a series of ten sermons at Gulliver and baptized two more in that place, and have left others who look with favor on the work, some of whom said they would investigate the same, and if they could understand it more perfectly they would obey when I should return in the spring.

Upper Michigan is still a wild, rough place; and on my first attempt to open up there six years ago, I was much opposed. This time I found things more favorable. Some who were then very bitter have moved away. The depot agent who put me out of the house, and said many hard things about me and my brethren, especially those to whom the heavenly messenger came, two weeks after I left, had his house burned down, it having been struck by lightning; sometime afterwards he was removed from the office, hence no persecution from that quarter.

The agent who is there now, a Catholic, seems to be an honest man, and treated me very kindly; and although we were to have the use of the Presbyterian church by consent of those there in charge, yet the reverend (?) man at Manistique wrote to the trustees not to let me in it (although any other faith who wished would have been permitted to occupy). This agent then, with others, hurried around and fitted up a nice dining hall; he furnished a stove, etc., and did all the janitor work. He attended the ten discourses, and stated when I left that it was between the Catholics and Latter Day Saints, and he almost thought we had it. May God's blessings be upon him, and all others who love our Lord and his gospel and people.

We are now right in the deer-hunting season here, and many hunters are here from the lower part of Michigan. Many deer have been killed, and some men; other men and deer have been wounded. At Corinne, where I had to wait a few hours for train, “deer” was all the talk;

and smoking, spitting, and swearing, etc., were all the go. It being rather cold outside, I had to remain in the waiting room, where I had to take a second-hand smoke,—the room was blue! Oh, the smoke of their comfort! and my torment!

The weather has been fine for our work this fall. I see good prospects ahead in many places for us. Our late conferences in Eastern and Northern Michigan districts, were well attended,—much of the Spirit was enjoyed. Six were baptized in the Northern District, and four in the Eastern District; and others were coming.

Brothers William Grice and David E. Dowker were doing local work in East Fremont and Crosswell, using the union church in the latter place. Not having large crowds, but good attention paid by those who attend.

Brother William Dowker also did some preaching at Crosswell, and Buel, of the Eastern District, and Munger and Bay City in the Northern.

Elder Andrew Barr labored chiefly among the branches in the Eastern Michigan District.

Evangelist John J. Bailey was among the branches in the Northern and Eastern Michigan Districts, having for his stenographer Eugene M. Wyman, a priest.

A two-day meeting was held at McGregor, July 3 and 4.

The number baptized by the missionaries for this year are as follows: Northern Michigan District: John A. Grant, 5; Levi Phelps, 8; David Smith, 3; George W. Burt, 19; John Schreur, 2; Byrnie S. Lambkin, 7. Eastern Michigan District: William Davis, 24; Edwin J. Goodenough, 11; Osro J. Hawn, 24; George M. Shippy, 28. Northern and Eastern Michigan District: John J. Bailey, 5; John J. Cornish, 12. For Michigan: Charles G. Lewis, 2.

Chapter 32.

1905.

This year opened with many bright prospects for the church. Brother John W. Wight was appointed in charge of Michigan, and other States as in the previous year, and as missionaries for the Northern and Eastern Michigan districts the

following were appointed: Northern: Levi Phelps, John A. Grant, George W. Burt, Abram E. Burr, Edwin A. Goodwin, Charles G. Lewis, John Schreur, Byrnie S. Lambkin, and Leonard Stover.

For the Eastern District: Andrew Barr, William Davis, Osro J. Hawn, George M. Shippy, and James W. Davis. For the Northern and Eastern Michigan districts, John J. Cornish.

Of the men who have heard and obeyed the gospel in Michigan, and who have been ordained and sent into the missionary field, we have lost one man from Michigan, viz, David Smith, who was appointed to the Southern Illinois District. This makes nine men who have been taken from Michigan and sent to other fields.

The Saints in Detroit purchased from their Episcopalian neighbors a nice little church building. It is beautifully situated in the central part of the city, corner Fourth and Hancock avenues. To the faithful sisters is credit largely due for the ready cash with which this building was purchased.

Northern and Eastern Michigan districts assisted Graceland College as much as they thought they were able, sending to the Bishop several hundred dollars.

At a business meeting in the Evergreen Branch at Detroit, Wednesday, February 15, by request of District President William Davis, the name of the branch was changed from "Evergreen" to "Detroit."

The Saints in Boyne City had been blessed with the presence of Patriarch John J. Bailey. Many of the Saints received their blessings which was a source of much comfort and cheer.

Brother Abram E. Burr kept busy in the work; laboring at Sage, Prescott, Smith Creek, Harrison, etc. He baptized several at Smith Creek, some at Harrison, and was blessed in his labors.

Brother John A. Grant was nominated, by President Joseph

Smith at the General Conference, a member of the standing High Council. This nomination was ratified by the conference, and he was ordained by Elders William H. Kelley and Joseph Smith.

Early in the spring of the year Elder Edwin A. Goodwin requested the field missionary to give his opinion relative to the publication of a little paper in the interest of the church, and more particularly in the interests of Zion's Religio-Literary Society; to which Elder Cornish replied that he did not think it advisable, saying that there was already one little paper published at Grand Rapids, called *The Glad Tidings*, and he thought that, with the other church papers would be all that would be necessary, and thought that it would be a failure financially, and advised Brother Goodwin not to attempt its publication.

Brother Archibald McKenzie did some preaching in Lapeer County, having good interest.

Elders John A. Grant and William Davis, presidents of the Northern and Eastern Michigan districts, kept busy in the branches of their respective districts.

Two-day meetings were held in the Northern Michigan District as follows: Prescott, Ogemaw County, July 29, 30; Rose City, Ogemaw County, August 5, 6; and Fork, Mecosta County, September 23, 24.

Two-day meetings were held in the Eastern Michigan District at Forestville, July 3, 4; Cash, Sanilac County, August 12, 13; Shabbona, Sanilac County, July 29, 30; and Berville, Saint Clair County, August 26, 27.

Elder Clark Braden, of the Disciple Church, residing in Canada, was secured by the local minister, Reverend Stilwell, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Rose City, Ogemaw County, to lecture and debate against the Saints. The Reverend Stilwell was very much exercised over the loss of two young ladies, members of the church, who had been baptized into the Lat-

ter Day Saint faith. Elders Edwin A. Goodwin, John J. Cornish, and Silas W. L. Scott were on the grounds of dispute and looking after the matter. Mr. Braden was up to his old tricks of lecturing, slandering, abusing, daring and defying the Latter Day Saints thus prejudicing the minds of the people against the church. Of this the *Bay City Times* of May 20, 1906, says:

ROSE CITY, May 20.—Reverend Clark Braden, of Grand Valley, Ontario, lectured here Thursday night on "Mormonism," giving a detailed and vivid history of the church and addressing some fiery remarks to Latter Day Saints present, calling them polecats, skunks, sneaks, and cowards. Among those so addressed were Reverends Burt, Cornish, Grant, Smith, and a number of other reputable citizens. Mr. Braden came here ostensibly to debate with a representative of the Latter Day Saint denomination, but no effort was made to meet them and agree upon propositions, but instead Mr. Braden lectured to an opera house full of people at ten cents a head. He objected to Elder Cornish occupying the rostrum after the audience had been dismissed, to read propositions which had been prepared for debate, but Mayor Rose, who was chairman, accorded Mr. Cornish that privilege. Excitement runs high and the people who were led to believe that there would be a debate are not well satisfied with the turn matters have taken. The Saints object to the door fee and say they will not submit to an admission fee if the debate is held. Reverend Stillwell, the Methodist Episcopal pastor, who got Mr. Braden to come here, had to give a guarantee of fifty dollars and takes this plan to raise the money.—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 52, pp. 554, 555.

Of the matter of this debate Elder Silas W. L. Scott says:

Editors Herald: I came to Rose City to engage Mr. Braden in a discussion but as yet no terms are agreed upon. As usual, Mr. Braden paved his way with misleading circulars. Began his lampooning in Rose Hall. The first evening about two hundred attended, dwindling until last evening, when we learn about twenty-five graced his presence. The majority element are being convinced that the prime object of Mr. Braden is the money. He demanded a guarantee of fifty dollars and expenses, which guarantee the honorable mayor refused. They then adopted the ten cent admission policy. He will debate but one proposition—Joseph Smith—as the only "pertinent" one involved. I called on him in his room at the hotel yesterday. He says he submits to arbitration. The disputants failing to agree, both sides choose committees—the committees select one man each; these two latter agree to select one more—final. This conical-shaped committee to do business. But this was inaugurated by one side, not both. The disputants never had the opportunity to even get together to effect an agreement, and when the printed cir-

cular was adopted by a vote of about twenty, indorsing the misleading and falsely formulated proposition, our brethren stood upon our rights to arrange fair terms, they were dictatorially commanded to "sit down"; "keep your mouth shut." Braden has proceeded to block every opportunity for fairness and justice. He it is who has issued the proposition, wording and ornamentation. It is he who has dictated terms, suggested and engineered his committee, adopted his circular, cut and dried the whole affair, without even a ghost of a show to his opponent; and because we could not consent to such dishonorable arrangements, he wants to know who is the coward. He absolutely refuses to "debate doctrinal propositions." Then what is the use of a committee to arbitrate? If arbitrators decide on fair, doctrinal propositions, Braden refuses to abide by decision "under any circumstances," as he both publicly and privately asserted he would "not debate doctrinal issues under any circumstances. . . ."

Stilwell was formerly an Episcopalian, but he is pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church here. The case stands like this: Clark Braden, a Campbellite, is employed by Stilwell, formerly an Episcopalian, to come to Rose City to lampoon the Latter Day Saints in the interest of the Methodists! What a happy combination! How beautifully they amalgamate! "Behold how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

But even should the committee be chosen by us, it could not be done until Braden closes his lectures. He refused us the use of the hall one evening for this work. The Methodists refused their church, and these two buildings are the only available ones here; and we propose acting in as public a manner as did the opposition. So at close of the lectures we may come to some conclusion. The business men of the town, the intelligent part of the community, are already disgusted. . . .—*Saints' Herald*, vol. 52, p. 567.

It may be well to also add an extract from a letter written at the time by John J. Cornish wherein it shows how Braden boasted of his being able to meet the Saints and they not being able to meet him as follows:

On the fourth evening, Saturday, 20th, Mr. Braden became boastful, as he had understood Brother Scott was to be present, but up to that time had not arrived; he told us a story about a colored man who sang,

"Where, oh where is the good old Daniel?
Where, oh where is the good old Daniel?
Where, oh where is the good old Daniel?
Away down in his southern home."

These four lines were repeated. Then says Braden, so I would like to know,

“Where, oh where is the Alphabet Scott?
 Where, oh where is the Alphabet Scott?
 Where, oh where is the Alphabet Scott?
 Away down in his Mormon home.”

These lines were also repeated, with the exception of the “Mormon home,” for which was substituted “coward home.” Then he went on, “He isn’t here, nor have they heard from him, nor will they hear from him.” I sat in front of him, and shook my head. He said, “Have you heard?” I said, “Yes sir.” He said, “Well, he isn’t here.” I said, “He is.” He had come to West Branch, and a brother had gone to meet him. On Sunday morning “Alphabet Scott” was on the battlefield.—*Saints’ Herald*, vol. 52, p. 571.

Braden evidently did not accomplish what he expected at Rose City. On May 31, being Decoration Day, there was quite a large crowd gathered at the hall, according to previous arrangement, where recitations were recited by young people of the place and short speeches were made by the leading men of the town. Clark Braden made a speech by request, and incidentally gave the citizens a snub by saying: “I am surprised that the leading citizens have not attended these lectures. I have not been treated with respect. I have never been used so mean before.”

In one of Braden’s public meetings he utterly refused to debate with Latter Day Saint ministers on Bible topics.

On Braden’s arrival at Rose City, Reverend Stilwell, with many of his friends and opposers of the Latter Day Saints, met Mr. Braden at the depot, accompanying him to the hotel. But on his departure Braden and Stilwell walked to the depot alone.

During the year Brother George Stover was added to the list of missionaries for the Northern and Eastern Michigan districts, being recommended by Elder John J. Cornish, field missionary, and appointed by Elder John W. Wight, missionary in charge, Joseph Smith and Edmund L. Kelley of the Presidency and Bishopric concurring.

Elder John A. Grant and Priest Leonard Stover erected the district tent at Gaylord, June 26. According to promise, Apos-

tle John W. Wight arrived in time to occupy the first evening, continuing several evenings. The frank and honest manner in which he presented the gospel seemed to meet the favor of the people. Brother Thomas Hartnell, ex-sheriff of Otsego County, with others, assisted the ministers considerably by giving them homes during their stay there. Brother Richard Hartnell, who has charge of the electric plant, voluntarily furnished the tent with electric lights. Much good was done and ten were baptized by Brother Wight.

Elder Henry J. Devries was expelled from the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints upon the charge apostasy, June 17, 1905, a court of elders having previously found him guilty of said charge.

At the conference of the Northern Michigan District, held at Cadillac, June 17, the following resolution was passed:

Resolved, That this body reaffirms the action of the Coleman conference, relative to the nonsustaining of ministers in branch or district office who are addicted to the personal use of tobacco; and be it further resolved, That the district presiding elder be and is hereby authorized to procure the license of, and place under silence, any local minister within this district, who is addicted to the personal use of tobacco; and that such local minister remain silent and inoperative as touching the performance of any official labor until he has overcome the tobacco habit, and so attest.

A measure was also passed looking with favor toward the division of the Northern Michigan District, and the conference appointed a committee of three to consider the question of, and the lines of, and division of said district. The names of the committee were John J. Cornish, John A. Grant and Charles G. Lewis.

At the same conference a measure was also passed which provided for the silencing of certain officers who persistently decline to labor in their calling.

By request of the committee and the consent of the missionary in charge, John J. Cornish attended the reunion at Plano, Illinois, also visited the branches at Chicago, preaching in each, and baptizing one lady who had been previously con-

vinced of the gospel, and had moved to Chicago, Illinois, from Michigan.

During this year Brother William F. Smith was ordained to the office of elder, and Charles H. Shepherd and Charles U. Grant to the office of priests; the two first named of Detroit, and the latter of Bay Port.

Brothers Byrnie S. Lambkin and John J. Cornish went to the upper peninsula of Michigan, in November of this year, spending all of their time from then until December 24. They opened up in a new place called Larch, and also Cottage Park and Kinross, and did more preaching in Whitedale, where an opening had been previously effected.

Brother Byrnie Lambkin met some opposition at a place called Whitedale, where a reverend gentleman, by the name of Hogg, had lectured against the Saints, and where Brother Lambkin made replies to three of his lectures, to the satisfaction of the hearers: but as usual some of the more prejudiced people did not attend. Brother Lambkin also did some preaching both in American and Canadian "Soo" (proper name, Sault Sainte Marie).

Brother Leonard Stover did not do much work in the church. The few sermons by him were well received, but he thought he was not doing much, and also thought he would do something to make a little more money; hence he quit the ministry.

Brother John Schreur spent most of his time at Freesoil, Inland, Bendon, Joyfield, etc.

Brother Edwin A. Goodwin spent some time in Bay City, Rose City, Cadillac, etc., up until the last of October, when he asked to be released, as he had accepted a position in a printing office in Cadillac, as he wanted to make a little money.

The *Religio Record*, a paper started by Edwin A. Goodwin and wife in the interests of the Religio work, appeared in July as a periodical of four pages.

Brother Levi Phelps spent most of his time in Farwell,

Coleman, Saginaw, and also effected an opening and preached a few sermons in Sand Lake.

Brother James W. Davis has done some preaching in Detroit, Flint, Crosswell, and Applegate, and taken charge of the district secretary work.

Elder George M. Shippy spent most of the year in Detroit, and also assisted in Port Huron and other parts in the Eastern District.

Evangelist John J. Bailey has labored both in the Eastern and in the Northern districts, attending the conferences, and administering blessings, and looking after that part of the work generally. Also doing some preaching and assisting the work.

Elder Charles G. Lewis did not do much preaching during the year, as his time was taken up considerably with his business affairs; his store building having burned, he was rebuilding, etc.

All of the missionary force did fairly well.

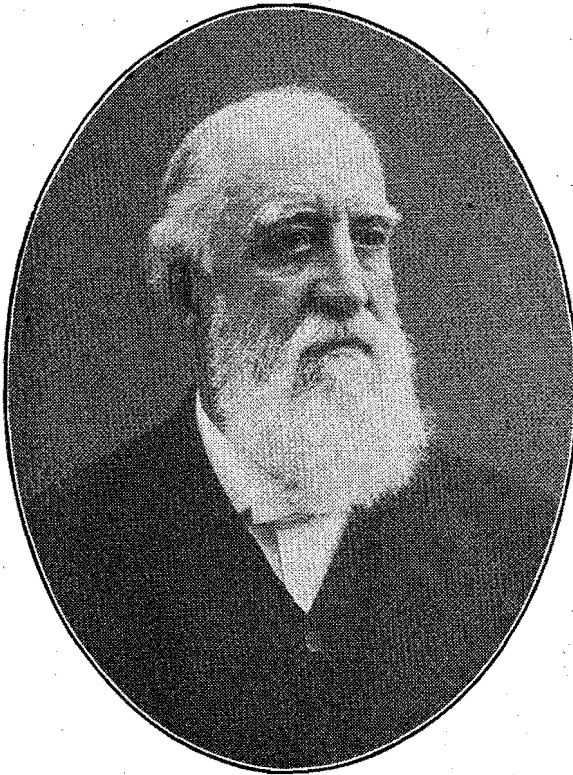
During the year there were baptized in the two districts as follows: John W. Wight, 10; John J. Bailey, 14; John J. Cornish, 7; Levi Phelps, 5; Abram E. Burr, 26; George W. Burt, 9; James W. Davis, 4; William Davis, 5; Edwin A. Goodwin, 2; Osro J. Hawn, 24; Charles G. Lewis, 1; John Schreur, 4; George M. Shippy, 18.

So ended a prosperous year for the church.

THE LATE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

BY H. C. S.

The annual General Conference of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, held in Lamoni, Iowa, April 6 to 21, 1913, was a very important one. It was thought by some to be one of the most important in results ever held in the church.



PRESIDENT JOSEPH SMITH.

President Joseph Smith, the eldest son of Joseph Smith, the first president of the church, who presided from April 6, 1830, to his death June 27, 1844, presided over the conference. He

was assisted by his counselors, his son, Frederick M. Smith, and his nephew, Elbert A. Smith. President Smith is in the eighty-first year of his age, having been born at Kirtland, Ohio, November 6, 1832. He is almost blind and quite deaf, but his mind is clear and connected. He several times addressed the assembly in a forceful and effective manner, though the parliamentary government of the conference devolved principally upon his counselors.

Representatives were present from almost every State and Territory in the United States, and from British Provinces, also there were several from foreign countries. There was a peculiar feature in the presence of four Indians, as delegates to the conference, who took a very lively interest in the proceedings.

The weather for the first week was very wet, with consequent mud, but there was no appreciable falling off in the attendance. The second week and to the close the weather was very fine. The delegates were entertained by resident members and friends.

President Joseph Smith presented a document purporting to contain divine revelations to him; which was, as is the custom, considered by the several quorums separately and after it was received and approved by each of the quorums, was presented to the body and approved by it. In accordance with the provisions of this document several important changes were made in the organization. The document read as follows:

To the Elders and Members of the Conference Assembled; Greeting:

1. In obedience to the spirit and design of the day of fasting and prayer I observed the day with the church. I have hitherto made supplication to the God whom we serve and renewed my supplication in the spirit of the desire of the church, for instruction and light, and I am now prepared to lay before the church what has come to me as the presiding officer, through whom the Master may speak to his people.

2. Thus saith the voice of the Spirit: In order that the Quorum of Twelve may be placed in better condition to carry on the work of the ministry in various fields of occupation, it is expedient that Elders W. H. Kelley, I. N. White, and J. W. Wight be released from the active duties of the

apostolic quorum, on account of increasing infirmities of age and incapacity, caused by illness of body, and stand with their associates among the high priests and patriarchs of the church for such special services as may be open to them, according to wisdom and the call of the Spirit.

3. It is also expedient that Elder Frederick A. Smith be released from the quorum activities that he may take the place of his father, Elder Alexander H. Smith, as the presiding patriarch of the church. According to the tradition of the elders he should be chosen and ordained to this office, thus releasing Elder Joseph R. Lambert from the onerous duties in which he has faithfully served since the death of the presiding patriarch.

4. To fill the vacancies caused by the release of these elders from the apostolic quorum, Elders James E. Kelley, William M. Aylor, Paul M. Hanson, and James A. Gillen may be chosen and ordained as apostles to take with others of the quorum active oversight of the labors in the ministerial field. These servants, so called and chosen, if faithful, will receive the blessings which those have enjoyed who have preceded them in the apostolic quorum, and will be entitled to receive such ministration of the Spirit as will continue to qualify them for the discharge of the duties of the position whereunto they are called. The Twelve in its reorganization for its work may choose its own officers (president and secretary) by nomination and vote.

5. The Spirit saith further: Elder E. A. Blakeslee is hereby called into the more active participation of the duties of the bishopric than he has hitherto engaged in, in order that he may give such assistance to the Bishop, E. L. Kelley, as is essential unto the success of the work intrusted to the bishopric. It is also expedient that he be ordained unto the office of bishop, that he may serve as did his father, George A. Blakeslee, who has preceded him.

6. The Spirit saith further: That the bishopric may be still further put in condition to perform the duties of the office of caring for the temporalities of the church, the imminent necessity of which appears clear to all, the church should authorize the presiding bishop to make choice of some one who may be qualified to take active participation in the work of the bishopric and become in due time a part thereof; and this one so chosen should receive the support and sanction of the church until he shall have approved or disapproved himself as a servant of the Master, in the office whereunto he shall be called.

7. The Spirit saith further unto the church assembled and at large: In order that the temporal affairs of the church may be successfully carried on and the accumulated debt of the church in its respective departments where debts have accumulated may be properly met and in due time discharged, the church is instructed, both as members and as the body at large, to avoid the unnecessary building of houses of worship or places of entertainment or otherwise expending the tithes and offerings of the church in that which may not be essential unto the continued onward progress of the general work; and both in private and public expenditure carry into active exercise the principle of sacrifice and repres-

sion of unnecessary wants; and thus permit the accumulation of tithes and offerings in such amounts as may be needful to properly discharge the existing indebtedness of the church as a body. And the Spirit counseleth the church in this regard.

8. The Spirit saith further that the elders and delegates assembled in business capacity are counseled to cease permitting the spirit of recrimination and accusation to find place in their discourse, either public or private, as it tends to destroy confidence and create distrust not only in those present at councils where they occur, but to those to whom the knowledge of such a course of procedure comes by the voice of those who are present and witness what is said and done. There should be harmony, and the Spirit enjoins it upon all, that the Master may be remembered as in meekness and due sobriety he carried on the great work to which he was called.

9. The Spirit saith further: That the church has been warned heretofore that the sons of the leading officers of the church are called and may be chosen to the respective offices to which the Spirit may direct, and the church should be prepared when necessity arises to properly choose such officers as may be pointed out as those who should fill the positions to which they are respectively called. There are others still in reserve who are fitted through the testimony that Jesus is the Christ and the doctrine is true to serve as those who are sent as apostles of peace, life, and salvation to those who are laboring in the valleys of humiliation and distress of spirit.

Given at Lamoni, Iowa, April 14, 1913.

Frederick A. Smith, Isaac N. White, and John W. Wight were ordained patriarchs, but William H. Kelley chose to remain a member of the High Priests' Quorum. Paul M. Hanson was in Los Angeles, California, and James A. Gillen in Independence, Missouri, but each responded to telegrams and came to the conference, where they and James E. Kelley and William Aylor were ordained to the office of apostle and received into the Quorum of Twelve. Edwin A. Blakeslee was ordained a bishop and retained as counselor to Presiding Bishop Edmund L. Kelley. Other changes in officers were made as follows:

Hyrum O. Smith was ordained a high priest and patriarch or evangelical minister.

Arthur B. Phillips was ordained a president of seventy.

Byrnie S. Lambkin, George W. Burt, and Samuel Harding were ordained high priests.

Alvin R. Ellis, Lester O. Wildermuth, Jesse L. Parker, Jott A. Bronson, and John B. Lentell, were ordained to the office of seventy.

Gomer T. Griffiths was ordained president of the Quorum of Twelve, to succeed William H. Kelley, and John W. Rushton was chosen secretary, to succeed Frederick A. Smith.

Among the interesting incidents of the conference was the presentation of Books of Mormon to the Indian elders in the assembly on Saturday, April 9. President Elbert A. Smith made the presentation speech as follows:

The matter before us now is not one of business; it might perhaps be termed a matter of sentiment. It involves the making of a presentation speech. It has been insisted that either Brother Fred M. or myself should make this speech. Brother Fred M. insists that I shall make it. . . .

You are aware that we have with us two men who are representatives of our Indian brethren,—Brethren Philip Cook and Chief Three Fingers, of the Cheyennes. Brother Cook is a medicine man, representing the spiritual interests of his people; Chief Three Fingers is one of forty chiefs, one of the highest among them, and represents the civil or temporal interests of his tribe. These are men of influence.

They assure us that they believe that many more of their tribe will follow them into the church. They also think that the Arapahoes will accept the gospel, though Brother Cook assured us yesterday that he could not say as to that, for, he says, "There is just as much difference between Indians as there is between white men and Dutchmen."

Of course these Indian brethren are in the minority among us to-day; but there was a time, not so many years ago, when the white man was in the minority and the Indian decidedly in the majority in this country.

But according to the Book of Mormon it had been predicted long centuries before that if the Lamanites and Nephites would not conform to the law of God they should be swept away to make room for other people. When the Pilgrim Fathers landed in this new country a little incident occurred that was typical of that which followed on a larger scale. A large Indian village existed near the point where they landed, but just a few months before their coming a pestilence swept the inhabitants away, with the exception of one Indian; so that when the Pilgrim Fathers landed they found the Indian fields all cleared for their planting. This was in a way typical of the manner in which the hand of God swept the Indian aside all over this land to make room for the white man.

This one Indian who remained taught the white men to plant Indian corn and to catch fish from the bay and fertilize the fields by putting a fish in each hill of corn. So if it is true that to-day we are teaching the

Indian agriculture, it is equally true that the Indian first taught the white man the rudiments of agriculture in America.

With the prediction that the Indians should be swept away was associated a promise that a remnant should remain and that the gospel should go to them and many of them accept it and be lifted up out of degradation to become once more prominent in gospel work.

You and I have lived to see that ingathering begun. Chief Three Fingers here has said that he has received the assurance from God that this is the true church; and since coming here he has felt assured that many of his brethren will follow him and Brother Cook into this church. So we welcome these men among us as the first fruits of this work.

Some of the brethren have thought that it would be well to present these men with copies of the Book of Mormon as a token of our esteem. Bishop Kelley has kindly furnished books for that purpose.

So, in the name of the church, I present to Brother Philip Cook a copy of the Book of Mormon containing the record of his fathers. And to you, Chief Three Fingers, I also present, in the name of the church, the history of your fathers, known as the Book of Mormon. We shall be glad to hear anything that you may wish to say to this conference.

Philip Cook replied:

I want to say to the conference that this is just what I am looking for, as I have said in my speech the other day that I was hungering for the word of God. I thank the Lord, and thank you people that I am indeed happy, that I have received what I am searching for, and I thank you more than words can tell.

Chief Three Fingers, through Elder Cook as interpreter, said:

I thank the Lord that he has given me a blessing to-day, that I may take it back to my people and that the Lord might so bless me that I may have such a broad influence in me so that I may turn the minds of those ignorant Indians into the new church by taking this gospel to them. I thank you ever so much, and will always appreciate your loving kindness towards us.

As Chief Three Fingers closed his remarks he turned and grasped the hand of President Joseph Smith, and was introduced to him, and at the close of the service the Indian women were introduced to President Smith.

The conference had been preceded by four days' sessions of the Sunday School Association and Zion's Religio-Literary Society, and each of these made favorable reports to the conference. The organization of the women of the church known

as "Woman's Auxiliary for Social Service" also gave encouraging report of service rendered. There was usually a prayer



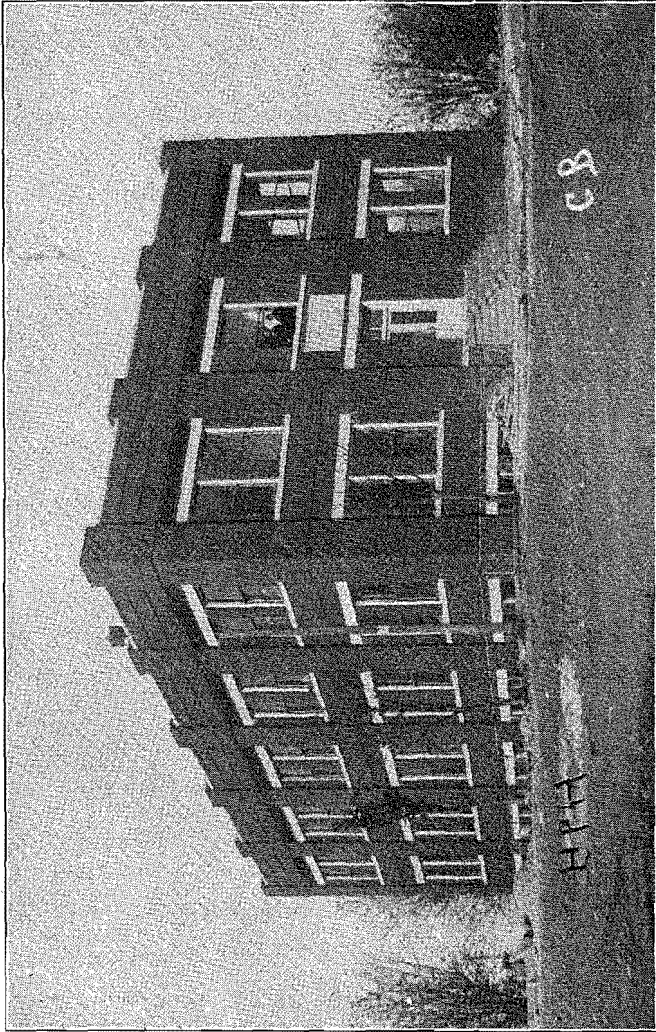
SAINTS' CHURCH, LAMONI, IOWA.

service in the morning followed by preaching, in the afternoon business session, and at night preaching. The sessions were held in the Latter Day Saints' church of Lamoni.

Ministers in charge of fields reported favorable conditions and general progress. The Church Recorder reported 3,383 additions, expulsions, 81; deaths, 536. Total net gain, 2,766.

The Church Sanitarium at Independence, Missouri; homes for the aged at Lamoni, Iowa; Independence, Missouri; and Kirtland, Ohio; Graceland College, at Lamoni, Iowa; and Children's Home, at Lamoni, Iowa, all showed excellent work done.

The General Church Historian's report, and the report of the Church Secretary indicated favorable conditions in all departments. The several standing committees reported work well in hand and in splendid condition for work. The Library



HERALD PUBLISHING HOUSE, LAMONI, IOWA.

Commission reported a slow but steady growth of library and library interests. The Board of Publication reported a flourishing business in the Publishing Department.

The First Presidency reported the organization of quorums of elders in Eastern Mission, Michigan, Northern Illinois, Ontario, Pacific Slope, Southeastern Mission, Western Iowa, and Nebraska districts, and in the Independence Stake, also the organization of quorums of priests in the Eastern Mission, Little Sioux District, Northern Nebraska District, Ontario, Pottawattamie District, Fremont District, and the Southeastern Mission. Teachers' quorums had been organized at Chatham, Canada, Knobnoster, Missouri, Little Sioux District, Iowa, and in the Southeastern Mission, and a deacons' quorum in the Southeastern Mission.

As an elders' quorum contains ninety-six; a priests', forty-eight; a teachers', twenty-four; and a deacons', twelve, this means the more complete organization of a local force of one thousand two hundred and twelve men.

The Church Physician, Joseph Luff, of Independence, Missouri, reported a vast and ever-increasing amount of work in his department, but that he had made no distinction between members of the church and nonmembers, and all appeals for help had been met with the best he had of skill and means.

An effort to change the basis of Rules of Representation caused more discussion than any other one feature and resulted in making the change of the number entitled to a representative from twenty-five to one hundred.

The Order of Evangelists or Patriarchs reported a reorganization of the order, with Frederick A. Smith president and Hyrum O. Smith secretary.

The First Presidency and Twelve Apostles conjointly nominated for mission appointment 11 evangelists, and 45 high

priests. The Twelve Apostles placed in nomination for mission appointment 131 seventies; 128 elders; and 20 priests. These appointments were each confirmed by the conference,



FREDERICK A. SMITH.

and this vast body of men dispersed to tell the good news in all parts of the Americas, Europe, Asia, Australia, and the islands of the sea.

CURRENT EVENTS.

February 14, 1913. General Stewart L. Woodford, United States minister to Spain at the outbreak of the war, dies.

February 16, 1913. Ground was broken for a new church at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

February 21, 1913. Judge Nathan Goff (Republican) is elected United States Senator from West Virginia.

February 25, 1913. President-elect Wilson resigns as Governor of New Jersey.

March 1, 1913. James F. Fielder, president of the New Jersey Senate, becomes Governor upon the resignation of President-elect Wilson.

March 2, 1913. A church was dedicated at Chico, California, Elder Francis M. Sheehy preaching the dedicatory sermon.

March 4, 1913. Woodrow Wilson and Thomas R. Marshall are inaugurated as President and Vice President, respectively, of the United States.

March 5, 1913. President Wilson sends the names of the ten members of his cabinet to the Senate for confirmation.

March 7, 1913. At a caucus of the Democratic members, James P. Clarke, of Arkansas, is chosen president pro tem of the Senate.

March 13, 1913. After a ten-week deadlock in the New Hampshire legislature, Henry F. Hollis (Democrat) is elected to the United States Senate.

March 18, 1913. King George of Greece is assassinated while walking in the street at Salonica, by a demented anarchist.

March 18, 1913. The birthplace of Grover Cleveland, at Caldwell, New Jersey, is transferred to an association, to be maintained as a national memorial.

March 21, 1913. Constantine I, eldest son of the late King George, takes oath as king of Greece.

March 23, 1913. A cyclonic storm ravages the Middle West;

in Omaha and vicinity a tornado destroys thousands of homes and kills 150 persons.

March 26, 1913. The deadlock in the Illinois legislature is broken, and James Hamilton Lewis (Democrat) and Lawrence Y. Sherman (Republican) are elected to the United States Senate, the latter for the short term.

March 28, 1913. The Ohio River reaches flood stages at many points; great damage is caused by floods at Rochester, Albany, Troy, and other places in the Hudson and Mohawk valleys of New York State.

March 31, 1913. Walter H. Page is named as American ambassador to England.

March 31, 1913. John Pierpont Morgan, the financier and art collector, dies.

April 1, 1913. Ex-President Taft takes up his duties as Kent professor of law at Yale.

April 2, 1913. General Sunday School Convention convenes at Lamoni, Iowa, and continues two days.

April 4, 1913. Zion's Religio-Literary Association met at Lamoni, Iowa, and continued two days.

April 6, 1913. General Conference convenes at Lamoni, Iowa, and lasts until the 21st.

April 6, 1913. Corner stone of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, church is laid.

April 6, 1913. Hyrum O. Smith is ordained a high priest, at Lamoni, Iowa, by Frederick A. Smith and Francis M. Sheehy.

April 7, 1913. The Sixty-third Congress meets in special session to revise the tariff.

April 8, 1913. Both branches of Congress assembled in joint session while the President in person reads his special tariff message.

April 8, 1913. The first parliament of the Chinese Republic convenes at Peking.

April 10, 1913. Arthur B. Phillips is ordained a president of seventy at Lamoni, Iowa, by order of the conference.

April 13, 1913. King Alfonso narrowly escapes assassination by an anarchist, who fires three shots at him while riding through the streets of Madrid.

April 14, 1913. A revelation is received at Lamoni, Iowa, through President Joseph Smith, providing for some important changes in the Quorum of Twelve.

April 18, 1913. Samuel Harding is ordained a high priest at Lamoni, Iowa, according to act of General Conference.

April 19, 1913. Alvin R. Ellis is ordained a seventy at Lamoni, Iowa, by Frederick A. Smith and John W. Wight, in harmony with act of conference.

April 19, 1913. Lester O. Wildermuth is ordained a seventy at Lamoni, Iowa, by Ulysses W. Greene and Robert C. Russell, in harmony with conference action.

April 19, 1913. Jesse L. Parker is ordained a seventy at Lamoni, Iowa, by John W. Wight and Frederick A. Smith, in harmony with conference action.

April 19, 1913. Jott A. Bronson is ordained a seventy at Lamoni, Iowa, by Robert C. Russell and Ulysses W. Greene, in harmony with conference action.

April 19, 1913. Edwin A. Blakeslee is ordained a bishop at Lamoni, Iowa, by Elbert A. Smith and Frederick M. Smith, according to the provision of the revelation.

April 19, 1913. James E. Kelley is ordained an apostle at Lamoni, Iowa, by Gomer T. Griffiths, Frederick A. Smith, and John W. Rushton, according to the provision of the revelation.

April 19, 1913. William M. Aylor is ordained an apostle at Lamoni, Iowa, by John W. Rushton, Frederick A. Smith, and Gomer T. Griffiths, according to the provision of the revelation.

April 19, 1913. James A. Gillen is ordained an apostle at Lamoni, Iowa, by Frederick A. Smith, John W. Rushton, and

Gomer T. Griffiths, according to the provision of the revelation.

April 19, 1913. Hyrum O. Smith is ordained an evangelical minister at Lamoni, Iowa, by Francis M. Sheehy and John W. Wight, according to the order of the conference.

April 19, 1913. Isaac N. White is ordained an evangelical minister at Lamoni, Iowa, by James F. Curtis and Peter Anderson, as provided for in the revelation.

April 19, 1913. Byrnie S. Lambkin is ordained a high priest at Lamoni, Iowa, by John W. Wight and Francis M. Sheehy, according to action of conference.

April 19, 1913. George W. Burt is ordained a high priest at Lamoni, Iowa, by Peter Anderson and James F. Curtis, according to act of conference.

April 19, 1913. Paul M. Hanson is ordained an apostle at Lamoni, Iowa, by Ulysses W. Greene and John W. Rushton, in harmony with the provision of the revelation.

April 19, 1913. John B. Lentell is ordained a seventy at Lamoni, Iowa, by Ulysses W. Greene and John W. Rushton, in harmony with the General Conference action.

April 20, 1913. Frederick A. Smith is ordained Presiding Patriarch at Lamoni, Iowa, by Joseph Smith and Joseph R. Lambert, in harmony with the provision of the revelation.

April 20, 1913. Gomer T. Griffiths is ordained President of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles at Lamoni, Iowa, by Joseph Smith and Joseph R. Lambert, by action of General Conference.

April 20, 1913. John W. Wight is ordained an evangelical minister at Lamoni, Iowa, by Frederick M. Smith and Frederick A. Smith, in harmony with provision of revelation.

April 26 to May 4, 1913. A discussion is held near Wilburton, Oklahoma, between Elder W. C. Austin of the Free Will Baptist Church and Elder Jesse M. Simmons.

April 30, 1913. Professor Erich Smith, formerly of Berlin University, dies.

May 2, 1913. Tancrede Auguste, President of Haiti, dies.

May 2, 1913. The United States Government recognizes the New Chinese Republic upon the completion of the organization of the National Assembly.

May 3, 1913. Both houses of the California legislature, with only five votes in opposition, pass a revised alien-land bill, which is objectionable to Japan and to the Administration.

May 3, 1913. Doctor Francis L. Patton resigns as president of Princeton Theological Seminary.

May 4, 1913. Senator Michel Oreste is elected President of Haiti by the National Assembly, succeeding Tancrede Auguste, deceased.

May 5, 1913. The lower house of the Arizona legislature passes a bill, prohibiting alien ownership of land.

May 5, 1913. The Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia upholds the conviction of Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell, and Frank Morrison (the labor leaders) for contempt of court in 1907, but modifies their sentences.

May 7, 1913. President Wilson nominates George W. Guthrie, of Pennsylvania, as ambassador to Japan; Gaylord M. Saltzgaber, of Ohio, as Commissioner of Pensions; and John Purroy Mitchell as Collector of the port of New York.

May 8, 1913. Mississippi Valley Historical Association meets in Omaha, Nebraska. Professor James J. James, of Illinois, was elected president for the ensuing year, and Clarence S. Payne, of Nebraska, secretary. The annual meeting for 1914 will be held in Grand Forks, North Dakota.

May 8, 1913. The House of Representatives, by vote of 281 to 139, passes the Underwood Tariff Bill, including the income tax provision.

May 8, 1913. Frank O. Briggs, ex-United States Senator from New Jersey, dies.

May 9, 1913. The Japanese ambassador at Washington formally protests against the anti-alien land bill passed by the California legislature.

May 10, 1913. A memorial statue of Carl Schurz is unveiled at New York City.

May 14, 1913. The church building at Runnells, Iowa, is struck by lightning and burned.

May 14, 1913. The Senate committee on Woman Suffrage orders a favorable report upon a resolution providing for woman suffrage by constitutional amendment.

May 15, 1913. John Hays Gardiner, formerly assistant professor of English at Harvard, and author of works on English literature, dies.

May 15, 1913. A debate lasting twelve days is held at Iuka, Kansas, between Elder James F. Curtis and W. G. Roberts of the Church of Christ.

May 22, 1913. General John C. Black, of Illinois, president of the Civil Service Commission, and William Washburn, of New York, the Republican member, resign, and Charles M. Galloway of South Carolina, is named for General Black's position, and George R. Wales, of Vermont, for the other vacancy.

May 31, 1913. William J. Bryan, Secretary of State, signs the proclamation, announcing the ratification of the seventeenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States, providing for the election of United States Senators by the direct vote of the people.

CONFERENCES.

January 18, 1913. Southeastern Illinois district conference convenes at Springerton, Illinois, Elder Samuel S. Smith presiding.

January 21, 1913. Sheffield District convened at Clay Cross,

England, Elders William H. Greenwood, Roderick May, and Charles Cousins presiding:

February 1, 1913. Des Moines district conference convenes at Runnells, Iowa.

February 1, 1913. Pottawattamie district conference convenes at Council Bluffs, Iowa, Elder John A. Hansen presiding.

February 8, 1913. Northern Nebraska district conference meets at Omaha Nebraska, Elders James A. Baker and Mike A. Peterson presiding.

February 8, 1913. Seattle and British Columbia district conference convenes at Seattle, Washington, Elders William Johnson and Parley W. Premo presiding.

February 8, 1913. Southwestern Oregon district conference convenes at Myrtle Point, Oregon, Elders Arthur A. Baker and Charles E. Crumley presiding.

February 14, 1913. The Southwestern Texas district conference convenes at Pipe Creek, Texas.

February 14, 1913. Texas Central district conference convenes at Cookes Point, Texas, Elder Samuel R. Hay presiding.

February 14, 1913. Central Oklahoma district conference convenes at Holden, Oklahoma, Elders Earl D. Bailey and Richard M. Maloney presiding.

February 15, 1913. Ohio district conference convenes at Middletown, Ohio, Elders Robert C. Russell, John A. Becker and Nephi L. Booker presiding.

February 15, 1913. Alabama district conference convenes at Pleasant Hill, Alabama, Elders James R. Harper and William S. McPherson presiding.

February 15, 1913. Winnipeg district conference convenes at Winnipeg, Manitoba, Elders Nelson Wilson, Thomas R. Seaton and John W. Peterson presiding.

February 22, 1913. Northeastern Kansas district conference meets at Atchison, Kansas, Elders Frank G. Hedrick and Fred A. Cool presiding.

February 22, 1913. Nodaway district conference convenes at Bedison, Missouri, Elders Thomas A. Ivie and Peter Anderson presiding.

February 22, 1913. Far West district conference convenes at Saint Joseph, Missouri, Elders Benjamin J. Dice and David E. Powell presiding.

February 22, 1913. Clinton, Missouri, district conference convenes at Rich Hill, Missouri, Elders James Moler and James F. Curtis presiding.

February 28, 1913. Southern California district conference convenes at San Bernardino, California, Elder Robert T. Cooper presiding.

March 1, 1913. The Eastern Colorado district conference convenes at Denver, Colorado, Elder Samuel Twombly presiding.

March 1, 1913. Mobile district conference convenes at Bluff Creek, Mississippi, Elders Francis M. Slover and Albert E. Warr presiding.

March 1, 1913. Lamoni stake conference convenes at Lamoni, Iowa, Elders John W. Wight, John Smith, Richard S. Salyards, and John Garver presiding.

March 1, 1913. Florida district conference convenes at Alaflora, Alabama, Clarence J. Clark and Isaac M. Smith presiding.

March 1, 1913. Western Wales district conference convenes at Neath, Wales, Elder William H. Greenwood presiding.

March 1, 1913. Kentucky and Tennessee district conference convenes at High Hill, Kentucky, Elder James R. McClain presiding.

March 1, 1913. Northern California district conference convenes at Chico, California, Elders Francis M. Sheehy, John M. Terry, and Charles A. Parkin presiding.

March 8, 1913. Independence stake conference convenes at

Independence, Missouri, Elders George E. Harrington, Myron H. Bond, and William Garrett presiding.

March 22, 1913. Southern Missouri district conference convenes at Springfield, Missouri, Elders John F. Cunningham and John T. Davis presiding.

March 22, 1913. Manchester, England, district conference convenes, Elder William H. Greenwood presiding.

May 17, 1913. Southern Indiana district conference convenes with the Louisville Branch, Elders Robert C. Russell and James Metcalf presiding.

May 17, 1913. Western Maine district conference convenes with the Stonington Branch, Elders Ulysses W. Greene, George H. Knowlton, and Henry R. Eaton presiding.

May 25, 1913. Potawattamie district conference meets at Underwood, Iowa, Elder John A. Hansen and associates presiding.

JOURNAL OF HISTORY

OCTOBER, 1913

“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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LAMONI, IOWA

TRAVELS.

BY THE EDITOR.

July, 26, 1913, with regret we leave the happy gathering of the Saints of Lamoni Stake and are off to meet a demand for service in the historic city of Council Bluffs, Iowa. Again we are passing over historic ground, and near Van Wert we cross the old trail made by the fleeing hosts of 1846 as they leave their pleasant camp at Garden Grove and push farther into the western wilds. There is nothing left to indicate the exact spot of their passage, but the route is sufficiently described so we know we are near the spot pressed by their weary feet.

At Osceola the time of our enforced waiting is occupied in thoughts of an earlier company who passed not many miles from here in the spring of 1845 en route from the pineries of Wisconsin to the western mountains of our native State of Texas. Our parents, then young and childless, having buried their first born in the land from whence they came, were in this company. We wondered if impressions made upon their young minds by passing over these rolling hills and flowing streams, produced any hereditary effect to cause us to look upon these extensive views with so much of admiration and entrancing delight.

Westward from Osceola and near Thayer, we cross again the trail of the 1846 exodus, and at the Great Western Crossing, we are near where they formed another settlement on the banks of Grand River, called Mount Pisgah, where several of their number sleep the sleep that knows no waking, many of whose names are now engraved on a monument erected to their memory on this spot of sojourn.

The name of Corning awakens memories of another people whose history, though entirely separate, is closely associated

with these pilgrims of 1846. When beautiful Nauvoo was abandoned by its builders, the French Icarians, under Etienne Cabot, came into possession, inhabited their pleasant homes, and partook of the fruit of their orchards and vineyards. Here they prospered for a time, but finally dissension and trouble visited them and dispersion followed. A part of them followed the trail of the people who left Nauvoo before, through the prairies of Iowa to this vicinity, and here established a colony in the vain hope of holding the scattered fragments together, but in due course of time the colony became extinct, though we believe there are descendants of the families yet resident here.

Somewhere on the route, near Red Oak, we cross the line of travel pursued by our father's family in 1861, when returning from Texas, anxious to get on the northern side of the line before the border warfare began. Well do we remember this slow and tedious trip, made with ox teams to draw the wagons, while we boys, mounted on ponies, urged along the loose cattle. Father, mother, four brothers, and a baby sister composed the company. Now, of the merry group who gathered around the camp fire perhaps in yonder grove of native oak, the father and mother have passed away, the eldest brother's whereabouts are unknown, and each of the others reside in different States—each growing gray and each answering to the endearing name of grandpa or grandma.

As we pass swiftly up the broad valley of the Missouri and catch a glimpse of the silent smoke ascending from the now great city of Omaha, we see in imagination the four missionaries, Marcus Whitman, H. H. Spalding, and their wives, as they in 1836 moved fearlessly out upon this broad prairie to carry the message of a crucified Savior to the wild men of the plains, in answer to the pathetic cry of the Flathead Indian, who four years before in the office of General George Clark,

then commander of the military post at Saint Louis, Missouri, said :

I came to you over a trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friend of my fathers, who have all gone the long way. I came with one eye partly opened for more light for my people who sit in darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back to my blind people? I made my way to you with strong arms, through many enemies and strange lands that I might carry much back to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty. The two fathers who came with me—the braves of many winters and wars—we leave asleep here by your great water. They were tired in many moons and their moccasins worn out. My people sent me to get the white man Book of Heaven. You took me where you allow your women to dance, as we do not ours, and the book was not there. You took me where they worship the Great Spirit with candles and the book was not there. You showed me images of the good spirits, and pictures of the good land beyond, but the book was not among them. I am going back the long, sad trail to my people of the dark land. You make my feet heavy with burdens of gifts, and my moccasins will grow old in carrying them, but the Book is not among them. When I tell my poor, blind people, after one more snow, in the Council, that I did not bring the book, no word will be spoken by our old men, and our young braves, one by one they will arise and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness and they will go on the long path to other hunting grounds. No white man will go with them and no white man's book to make the way plain. I have no more words.

Stirred by this pathetic appeal, these young people had left their pleasant homes, and accompanied only by Mr. W. H. Gray, of Utica, New York, and two Indian boys, Tac-i-tu-tas and I-tes, they leave the Missouri River, upon whose bosom they had been borne from its confluence with the Mississippi, and start in pursuit of the fur traders who left just before their arrival, and overtake them on the Loup Fork of the Platte. These young women, said to be the first white women who ever crossed the Rocky Mountains, reach the continental divide and enter the Great South Pass on the Fourth of July, 1836, where with their husbands they kneel with the Bible in one hand and the National Flag in the other, and take possession of the Great Western Slope as the "Home of American Mothers and the Church of Christ." Brave spirits these, who with

zeal and sacrifice such as few have ever possessed, contributed largely to our splendid western civilization. To such brave pioneers all future generations will owe a debt of gratitude, and their names must ever be remembered among the tried and true who, like the Master of men, died that we might live. But the Book they carried to these wild men of the mountain and plain, did not seriously appeal to their darkened minds. It was written by men far away across the mountains, plains, and seas. It gave an account of their communion with God and heaven, of the blessed Savior who walked among them, and by his divine touch filled their minds with peace and love, and healed them of their sicknesses and diseases. These self-sacrificing, noble missionaries did not feel authorized to promise these poor creatures the same close and intimate relations with God and the Christ that were enjoyed by the men who wrote the Book. Hence it is that the message seemed too cold, too distant, and their hearts did not respond.

The scene changes and a little more than ten years later there moves out upon these same broad prairies a large concourse of people fleeing from persecution and oppression which came to them beside the great water upon whose banks the Indian chieftain had laid his companions down to rest. These people, going to make their home in the country of the red man, carry with them the same Book carried by the earlier missionaries, but in addition they carry another Book, containing the same sweet story of the Savior's love, written by the red man's own fathers, and written here in the land he loves. These people also carry the message that the same sweet communion enjoyed by the red man's fathers and the white man's fathers may now be received by their children, and the same Savior of whom these books speak is very near to us all to-day with healing in his touch for the weary spirit and body of those who serve him. Surely these people have

the key to the situation and their message will appeal to the wild man of the forest and the plain.

But hark! there comes a sound like a funeral dirge, and a dark pall overspreads the bright vision, when we are confronted with the conviction that this people carrying both the white man's and the red man's Book of Heaven, and having this sweet message of peace, have betrayed their trust and are going to the land dedicated by the early missionaries as the "Home of American Mothers and the Church of Christ" to practice the same love-destroying things that had served to bring darkness to the red man before. Hence their message loses its power, and the messenger sent to bring good tidings to his people in the dark land, yet returns with broken arms and blinded eyes to see his people pass to other hunting grounds with unsatisfied longings.

Here, too, we are on the historic reservation granted to the Fottawattamie Indians in 1833 in exchange for their rich lands of Northern Illinois. Their reservation at first covered this vast territory from the mouth of the Boyer River on the north to the mouth of the Nodaway River on the south, but subsequently Congress changed the lines to extend as far north as the Little Sioux River and exclude the territory now in Missouri.

Just over there to the west, near the river bank opposite the mouth of the Platte, was situated Mission Saint Joseph, known as the Council Bluffs subagency, where Father Pierre Jean de Smet arrived May 31, 1838, to make his home and mission among the Indians. Of the Pottawattamies at this time, Father de Smet wrote: "Nearly two thousand savages in their finest rigs and carefully painted in all sorts of patterns, were awaiting the boat at the landing. I had not seen such an imposing sight nor such fine looking Indians in America:

the Crows, Iowas, the Sauks, and the Otoes are beggars compared to these."

Father de Smet pays the following tribute to these red men when uncorrupted by unscrupulous white men:

Providence has placed us at some distance from any great number of these savages, for since the arrival of the steamboat, which brought a large quantity of liquor, they are quarreling and fighting from morning till night. When they are sober the most perfect harmony prevails throughout the nation: whole years often pass without quarrels. They are not at all addicted to the pernicious practice of slander; the most corrupt regard a slanderer with disdain, while the more respectable avoid him as they would a snake. No one would dare make accusations against those who enjoy a good reputation, and as for the good-for-nothings, they do not lower themselves so far as to speak to them.

A little farther up and on the opposite side of the river is the old mission of Bellevue, still known by the same name, where the Reverend Moses Merrill established his mission among the Otoes in 1833. But the historical data of this section crowds in upon the memory so that space will not permit us to tell of the Lewis and Clark expedition in 1804, Manuel Lisa, and Hunt Astoria party in 1811, of Jean Nicholas Nicollet who visited this region in 1839 accompanied by John C. Fremont, commissioned by the United States Government to map out the upper Missouri Valley, and many other events rich with historic lore. It is well to note, however, that Father de Smet was visited at Mission Saint Joseph at different times by delegations of Flathead Indians still solicitous to learn of the white man's Book of Heaven, as related of those who visited Saint Louis in 1832.

At Council Bluffs we alight at a modern depot a little way east of old Fort Croghan established here in May, 1842. As we pass through the crowded streets of Council Bluffs and view the rugged hills rising above the habitations of man, we think of the change evidenced by these bustling scenes of activity since the French trader, Hart, in 1824, built his cabin on the bluffs above what after became known as Mynster

Springs. How long he remained here is uncertain, but it must have been for several years, as these bluffs were known to the fur traders as Hart's Bluffs or *les cotes a Hart*. What a wild scene this narrow valley between rugged hills must have presented to David Hardin and family when they arrived in the early spring of 1838 under an appointment as farmer to the Pottawattamies and located at a big spring on what is now East Broadway. Then memory glides on down the stream of time, when this place was built up by the Mormons in the late forties, and named Kanessville in honor of their friend, Colonel Thomas L. Kane. In 1853, when the city had assumed more modern aspects, it was named Council Bluffs, in commemoration of the council held with the Indians by Lewis and Clark in 1804 on the hills ten miles above on the opposite side of the river.

Our first remembrance of this historic city is of the autumn of 1861 when we accompanied our father here to market a hundred bushel load of oats, which we had brought from the farm of Mr. Simeon E. Dow, in Crawford County, Iowa, where Dow City is now located. The load was drawn by three yoke of faithful oxen, while behind was led a little gray pony, on which we rode each morning to gather the oxen into camp from the wild prairies. Great had been the change since then. We contrast the low, rambling buildings then occupied as residences, and business houses, with the splendid modern residences seen on every hand and the great business blocks lining Broadway on a splendidly paved street, where we passed with our heavily loaded wagon over muddy, rutty roads.

The next day we assemble with the faithful band of Saints in this historic city and have the privilege of addressing them and their neighbors on the occasion of laying the corner stone of their modernized house of worship on Pierce Street. As we speak of some of these now almost forgotten historic

scenes once enacted. in these regions a hush falls upon the waiting crowd and deep interest seems apparent.

We recall some of the faithful ones whose labors have made this scene possible. Among these are Elder James Caffall, of blessed memory, who resided here for many years and whose wise counsel has rendered our life richer in gospel love, and purer in moral tone; and that veteran of the cross, Elder Charles Derry, who organized this branch over fifty years ago; and now, after years of faithful labor, and purity of life in many lands, awaits the summons home, while his voice, still clear and strong, tells the same story of a Savior's love in which he found such sweet delight in youth and middle age. In him, too, in our youthful days, we found a counselor whose teaching rendered the gospel story sweeter, and the Savior dearer to our soul.

“There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

“Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

“Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.”

—Bishop Berkeley.

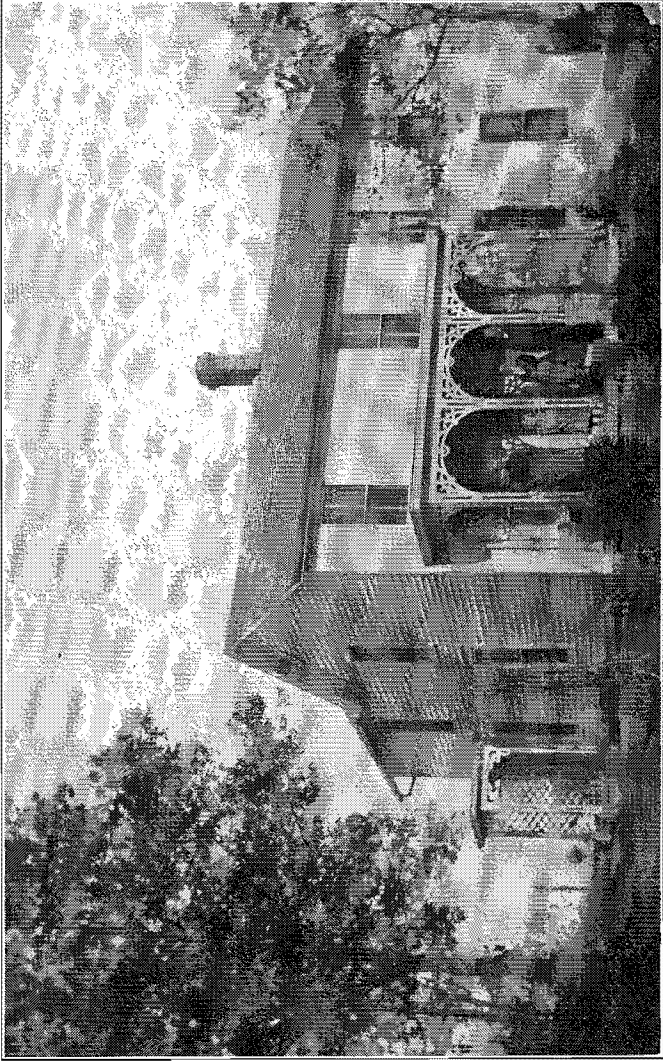
BIOGRAPHY OF ALEXANDER H. SMITH.

BY VIDA E. SMITH.

(Continued from page 310.)

In his new field in the North my father found great diversion in visits to the lakes and waterways of Minnesota and Michigan. For him there was companionship, always splendid companionship in nature, and these magnificent stretches of the water world were never failing sources of pleasure and inspiration.

The summer at home had been a busy one and a trail of improvements marked the path he made about the old place. In the spring of 1888 I met my father at the annual spring conference, held that year at Independence, Missouri. On April 6 of that year the corner stone of the Stone Church at that place was laid with becoming ceremonies. Father was one of the speakers on that occasion and after "making his talk" he came around to where I stood and took my year-old boy and held him during the remainder of the ceremonies. The other incidents of that day seem very dim to me to-day, but looking back over the bonnie head of my own little grandson, I fancy I see him press the little form of my boy close to him, his face radiant with loving emotions and his eyes lighting with pride and delight, his hat held in his hand, left his dark hair tossing in the cool spring wind, and I feel yet the loving admiration of my own heart as I noted my father's magnificent and beautifully formed head—measuring in his hat band, size $7\frac{5}{8}$, and well set up from his fine shoulders. That was more than a quarter of a century ago, and I recall how I came up from Independence and, alighting at the little village of Andover, walked with my baby, accompanied by my sister Ina and Brother John W. Wight across the field, through the



"There was my mother, well and strong, and brown and busy."

field, through the gap in the hedge, along the meadow's edge, to the north door of the farmhouse. And there was my mother, well and strong, and brown and busy, with her flocks and "growin' things." It was during this visit home that my sisters and myself accompanied father on some of his preaching trips in the "regions round about," assisting him with our faith and songs. As often as there comes to me good tidings of progress in that part of Missouri, I can not but think of the hours he spent breaking bread for the people there, and how little encouragement there seemed to be for him in his work. There, verily "we knew not when we scattered, where the precious seed might fall." There is never a good word from Andover that does not bring to my mind my father standing in some weather-beaten, cheerless old schoolhouse, spreading a royal spiritual feast for a few straggling but earnest hearers. When I left home that summer, sister Ina went with me to my home and only the five younger children remained with mother in the now very comfortable farmhouse.

The family worshiped with the Saints in Lamoni at the Brick Church. Sometimes, standing in the farm meadow we could hear the beautifully clear tones of the bell on the church in Lamoni, five miles away. Of course this was only when the atmosphere was particularly clear and the prairie winds favorable.

In Lamoni were many cherished and dear friends of my parents, and what had not given promise of a very pretty town in the early existence now proved to be Lamoni with promise of real beauty. It was during that visit that in conversation with my father regarding Lamoni's future, he mentioned the vision of his brother Joseph as given in Tullidge's History:

In the summer and fall [1853] several things occurred that served to bring the question up; my sickness brought me near to death; my

coming of age, and my choice of a profession were all coincident events; and during my recovery I had opportunity for reflection, as for weeks I could do no work. One day, after my return to health was assured, I had lain down to rest in my room; the window was open to the south and the fresh breeze swept in through the trees and half closed blinds. I had slept and woke refreshed; my mind recurred to the question of my future life and what its work should be. I had been and was still reading law under the care of a lawyer named William McLennan, and it was partially decided that I should continue that study. While weighing my desires and capabilities for this work, the question came up, Will I ever have anything to do with Mormonism? If so, how and what will it be? I was impressed that there was truth in the work my father had done. I believed the gospel so far as I comprehended it. Was I to have no part in that work as left by him? While engaged in this contemplation and perplexed by these recurring questions, the room suddenly expanded and passed away. I saw stretched out before me towns, cities, busy marts, courthouses, courts and assemblies of men, all busy and all marked by those characteristics that are found in the world, where men win place and renown. This stayed before my vision till I had noted clearly that choice of preferment here was offered to him who would enter in, but who did so must go into the busy whirl and be submerged by its din, bustle and confusion. In the subtle transition of a dream I was gazing over a wide expanse of country in a prairie land; no mountains were to be seen, but far as the eye could reach, hill and dale, hamlet and village, farm and farmhouse, pleasant cot and homelike place, everywhere betokening thrift, industry and the pursuits of a happy peace were open to the view. I remarked to him standing by me, but whose presence I had not before noticed, "This must be the country of a happy people." To this he replied, "Which would you prefer, life, success and renown among the busy scenes that you first saw; or a place among these people, without honors or renown? Think of it well, for the choice will be offered to you sooner or later, and you must be prepared to decide. Your decision once made you can not recall it, and must abide the results."

No time was given me for a reply, for as suddenly as it had come, so suddenly was it gone, and I found myself sitting upright on the side of the bed where I had been lying, the rays of the declining sun shining athwart the western hills and over the shimmering river, making the afternoon all glorious with their splendor, shone into my room instinct with life and motion, filling me with gladness that I should live. From that hour, at leisure, at work or play, I kept before me what had been presented, and was at length prepared to answer when the opportunity for the choice should be given.

And some way I became impressed with the thought that this might refer to Lamoni. Some years later when the Historian and President Smith were talking of the vision, the His-

torian asked him, "Have you ever seen the country you saw in vision at that time?"

He replied, "Yes."

They were sitting in the editor's room in the old Herald Office at Lamoni at the time, when the Historian questioned further, "Where did you see it?"

President Smith answered, "If you will look out of the south window there, you will see it."

Father had been acting president of the Quorum of Twelve, but in the spring of 1890, at the General Conference in Lamoni, Iowa, father was on April 8 called by the revelation of that day to be president of the quorum. The quorum presented to the conference a resolution asking that he be ordained, and on April 16, he was so ordained under the hands of the First Presidency, in these words of William W. Blair:

We lay our hands upon thee to set thee apart and bless thee with the blessings of the living God, that his Spirit may dwell in thee as a fountain of light, strengthening all the faculties of thy soul; blessing thee in thy spirit and thy body, and fitting thee well for the important position thou hast been called to, even to preside over the Council of the Twelve, and in their midst to preside with faith and ability with the Lord's Spirit. May God endow thee with judgment, with strength and with grace to perform the functions of thy office. O righteous Father, we pray unto thee for this thy servant that he may stand in thy power and strength; that he may be kept all along the journey of life; that his days may be long upon the land, and that he may be preserved to stand with the redeemed of the Lord.

And it shall be said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant; enter into the joys of the Lord; and, O Father, grant a double portion of thy Spirit to be with him that in the strength of thy Spirit he may be able to discharge all the duties devolving upon him: and we say unto thee, dear brother, that these blessings shall be received by thee. In the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

On the same day he bore a strong testimony in these words:

It has been said that Latter Day Saint preachers, when they follow each other, are something like the train of cars on the track—keep in the same line. I don't feel to depart the line that has been entered into, but to speak of some of the evidences that have been given to me, to strengthen and confirm me in this great work. In the spring of 1863—if my memory

serves me right—I attended the first conference of the church that I ever met with. During the time of my being there Brother Blair came to me and asked me if I wished to be ordained to the office of elder. I told him, no, I did not so wish, but that I had received the testimony of the Spirit that this was to be my calling. I told him that I had been instructed of God that “No man taketh this honor unto himself,” etc. He asked me if I was willing to accept should I receive a satisfactory testimony in regard to the calling. I replied that I was willing to do anything God required at my hands, using the judgment he had given me. He said if I would ask the Lord on the matter it would be told me and I would be satisfied. Before going to rest that night I made it a subject of prayer. I wanted to do God’s will but I wanted him to manifest to me, not in my own way, but in his own way, that I was indeed his servant. I felt that if the Lord would do this I would go in the line of my duty and leave the result in his hands. After retiring to rest, while thinking the matter over, I was conscious of a joy no one can express, no one can comprehend, only as they have felt this joy. I seemed finally to be shown standing on the hillside—the hill was conical, that is, highest in the middle like a mound—a multitude of people just as far as I could see. My attention was called to the top of the hill and I saw there a raised platform upon which appeared to be a rest for books like a preacher’s stand. My attention was so fixed to it that I noticed the material and that it was constructed very strong, and I wondered why they should build such a platform and make it so strong. There appeared to be two preachers on it. There were three books lying on the preacher’s stand like that [holding up a book.] These two personages on the stand had been talking to the multitude. While looking down they turned from the speaker’s stand and came towards me. The multitude around the stand seemed to open, giving them sufficient room to pass down side by side, and as they passed down the pathway they were in conversation with each other. I was impressed with a desire to get close to the stand, and began to make my way through the multitude until I met them. They shook hands with me, called me by name and one of them said, “Alexander, you go up and take your place: we are going away and will be gone for a season, but will come again.” I recognized them—my father and Uncle Hyrum. It was my father’s voice that told me to take my place. I realized my surroundings. I was bathed in tears. No man could express the thrilling joy of God’s Spirit, save he has felt it under similar circumstances.

I met Brother Blair the next day. He took me by the hand and said, “You have your witness.” Then when he proposed that I should be ordained to the office of elder I did not refuse. There are other instances of my life I might speak of, but I speak of this one as a guide in all my ministerial labor. I remember one more circumstance that I will relate.

While traveling in southern California, in one period of my ministry,

my surroundings were such that I was cast down in spirit, discouraged, worn and tired. I felt very much like giving up and going home. Retiring to rest I presented myself before the Lord. I asked him for some encouragement. During the night I received by the influence of the Spirit the following: I saw a city as upon a hill. I saw to the eastward of the city a rolling prairie country. The city appeared to have walls—surrounded by walls. I was so curious as to note the material of which the walls were built. They seemed to be built of a soft gray marble.

I came to the east side of the city and seemed to be standing on the top of the wall, and from me descended a flight of broad steps, and to the right of the steps was the main entrance to the city, towards the east. On gazing toward the east I beheld a band of people approaching. They seemed to be led by one that was riding a horse and as they approached the city they came singing.

I stood watching them until they came near to the gate, and as they approached it the one that was leader alighted from his horse, and instead of going through the gate, came up the broad flight of steps and approached me. I recognized him and I cried out, "My father! O my father!" He took me in his arms and embraced me. He said, "Be cheered, be comforted; the time is near when your position will be changed; let your heart be comforted."

I awoke, was filled with the Spirit, and weeping, I went to sleep and the city was presented to me again. In the center of the city there seemed to be a large building as a temple. It fronted to the east. On the front there seemed to be three openings or large arches supported by carved pilasters, and a flight of beautiful steps leading up to a platform at the entrance of the building.

The material of this building seemed to have a marble polish, bright and beautiful beyond conception. I stood at the head of the flight of steps and could look into the building, and could see what appeared to be scribes making records upon large books, as I was given to understand. I was placed at the head of the stairs to examine the credentials of those that should pass into the building. Numbers came up the steps—numbers that I knew passed into the building and their names were placed on record. Others passed on to other places and a record would be made.

While standing here I could hear the tread of the inhabitants of the city as they went to and fro in the avocations of life, and I heard music, and I say again, no tongue can express the joy and the intense feeling that pervaded my whole being, and for days that feeling rested with me. I was comforted; I was made to rejoice; I was glad.

Much more might be said in this connection, but this is sufficient now. I am glad and rejoice in this work. I am glad I am with you. I am glad that with you I can feel this warm feeling of the Spirit of God nerving us to move on in this great work. Now to-day this great platform is before me, and all these noble men are taking their stations in the front, standing shoulder to shoulder.

God is with his people. He will speak to them and be their God. Pray for me that I may fulfill the important calling unto which God has called me.

This is my desire in Jesus' name, Amen.

It was at this conference that he, as one representing the Quorum of Twelve, assisted in organizing the Standing High Council of the church. He was again placed in charge of the North Central Mission, associated with Elder Edmund C. Briggs. There were added to the mission, northern Illinois, western Indiana, and northwestern Ohio. In the summer of 1890 the condition of the property demanding it, he visited Nauvoo in company with his brother Joseph and arranged for the tearing down and removal of the east wing of the Mansion. I find this entry in his diary: "Let contract to tear down the old house to Lyman Beecher." This task was not unattended with regret and sadness. Wonderfully sweet and tender memories clustered about the dilapidated old "Well Room," east room, kitchen, and dining room. Every foot of the old house spoke of beloved hours and happy voices gone from it for ever. Even the thinking citizens of Nauvoo felt the loss it would be to the historic element of the place. Of the tearing down the Mansion the *Nauvoo Independent* says:

Workmen are tearing down the east wing of the Mansion House, the home of Joseph Smith. It was erected in 1843. Its condition had become so dilapidated that its removal was considered expedient. We dislike to have this famous building destroyed. It is one of the first objects visitors seek on their arrival in this historic city. An effort should have been made to preserve it.

The remaining wing of the Mansion father had repaired and cared for, and it is still a good and comfortable house.

In a letter written by father to me in 1892, I find this reference to his work on the old Mansion, and photos taken of the place:

The front view is the best, but a view from the east will show what I had done to the old home. I had to have all the big dining room and all east of the room where the brick oven was torn down and of course

the part thus exposed weatherboarded up, so it leaves the house as it was ere the addition was built. No. 9, the room you were born in, of course went with the rest. The house is a good house now. I had it newly roofed and painted red. George W. Dundee lives in it now. It looked real cozy and homelike when I was there last summer. Made me almost homesick. I love the old place yet, and would gladly go back if there were Saints enough to form a church there and I had means enough to fix up the old home as I would love to. I have purchased David's part of the lot, and the two rooms that were left, so own the entire building now. It did look buntzy for a while after tearing the long part away. The floor of the big dining room was so rotten it was dangerous to walk over it, the roof on the north side had rotted and fallen in, in places. I could have cried if it would have done any good. The south side was in preservation. Rooms 9, 10, and 7 were in a fair state except as the other part had settled and left the doors awry and the floors uneven. I would not stay to see it torn down, it was bad enough to see it after. So much for the old "House where you were born." Two of the pine trees mother set out are still living, one at the corner rises above the housetop now, the one in front is not so tall. . . .

Give my kind regards to those Saints who so kindly remember me. Would love to see them, and those babies, God bless them. How I would love to see them, and be Santa Claus to them indeed! They should have their cars and dolls and boxes, too, if I were there and able. When I think of the grandchildren, ah then it is hard to be poor.

Talk about the homesick heart. Sick, away from home, among comparative strangers. But I am in good quarters and every wish forestalled in a manner. Brother Green and family are kindness itself, but I am hungry to see my own loved ones. I want a kiss, a loving caress. Don't you know a loving caress from one we love, is better than medicine and your foolish old father is nearly starving for the little mother and his loving girls, but pshaw, I must stop or I'll make you homesick, too. Kiss those darlings for grandpapa.

To my father the innate things of life, with close association, became dear and cherished, but the living issues called strongest to his active and earnest spirit. To him there was never sweeter, cooler draughts than those he drew from the deep old home well, sheltered for many years by the roof of the old "Well Room," now so ruthlessly tumbled to the earth. From the old well he drank his last sip of water on earth, on a summer day, years later.

Of this visit to Nauvoo in 1890 President Smith wrote:

NAUVOO, ILLINOIS, June 30.—Arrive from Rock Creek this a. m., spoke

there twice yesterday, the evening service being a temperance effort, by invitation of the W. C. T. U. of Rock Creek. I have spoken nine times in the last eight days, each night last week; and what with the heat and the talking, I am quite worn. Am lying by for repairs. Brother Alexander remained at Burnside to occupy on yesterday in the Park. He is an excellent coworker, ready and willing to do what he can, and without jealousy. We have occupied the past two weeks at Montrose, Rock Creek and Burnside, profitably we hope.

Father had grown very portly, but his health was much better than in earlier years. When sister Ina came from California, where she had been for a few years with me, she wrote me, "I was tired and the crowd was great in the city, but suddenly I found myself in the arms of a portly gentleman and felt all my worry and weariness roll away." It was always like a tonic to meet father in the midst of confusion and weariness and irritating crowds. He was so sure and easy and comfortable, and we felt a sort of pride in being thus companioned and chaperoned.

And this feeling was not confined alone to his own daughters. His nieces felt the same loving care and tenderness and chivalry from him. Remembering his emotional nature, what a trial he must have had when meeting an urgent request, he preached the funeral sermon of Sister Zaide Viola Salyards, young wife of Elder Richard S. Salyards, and fourth daughter of President Smith. She was one of his most tenderly loved kinswomen, and her illness and death were sad memories to him, but his unflinching hope in the resurrection was an inspiration to others and often he stood thus a comforter in time of dire need to his own loved ones. Sometimes the inspiration of the Spirit broke forth in poetic language and similes, as upon one occasion when preaching on "The hour of Christ's coming,"

I saw one morning what seemed to be a twilight in the east and in the west. The light in the western horizon was the exact counterpart of the one in the eastern, both occurring at the same time. To me it was a wonderful sight. It may have been a common sight to many that have observed it, but to me it brought to mind the promises of the Lord that

are made in the gospel; it brought to mind the promises that have been held and cherished in the history of man since the days of the old patriarchs; the promises of God in the east meeting the promises of God in the west, the light of the Spirit meeting, bringing with it the power manifest in the gospel of Jesus Christ. . . .

And we to-day are a most favored people. I think the most favored people under the sun. Dwelling under the light and blaze of the wisdom of the nineteenth century—which is said to be the wisest age that has ever been known—and not only dwelling under the light and blaze of the nineteenth century, but under the light and inspiration of the kingdom of God; not that which was given to the prophets alone—we have that light, as the morning comes when the sun rises—not alone the inspiration that was given to the apostles that made them a power in their age; not that alone that we behold when the sun is rising, but as the noonday sun shines brightest came the presence of the son of God himself. We have also the glory of the setting sun is the law given in the age in which we live. Then does it not behoove us to accept the invitation to be ready for the hour of his coming?

It was during the winter days of 1890 that a trade was made in which the farm finally passed out of the family possession and a new home in Lamoni was dedicated by father and mother. Mother was happy. She had room for flowers and chickens and cows and for father a wide, fine garden and place for fruit, in fact all the comforts of a farm and also conveniences of a wide-awake town and none of the burdens of harvest and seedtime. Here mother thought to spend her days until the sun set. The first beautiful incident of family life to consecrate the new home walls was the marriage of sister Ina to Mr. Sidney G. Wright, of Australia, a marriage whose one element of sadness was the shadow of separation, for they went soon after to their Australian home and the years seemed very long to those left behind. That was an April wedding in the spring of 1891 and many an April went by before the dainty bride saw one of her "home folk." And before the year closed the new home held a sadder meeting presaged by a telegram from brother Fred for father to come to the call of the first dear, little grandson, David Alexander, sick unto death in Salt Lake City, where his father was employed as a miller.

Often had father journeyed those long miles, but this was a new experience and a sad mission to the little boy with big, soft brown eyes who had been the first to call him grandpa, and that same day mother started on a mission of anxiety and fear to the bedside of sister Emma, ill at her home in Independence, Missouri. The daughter recovered, but the little form of the first grandchild was the first of our family dead to be carried over my parents' threshold, although sister Emma had lost a baby boy of five weeks the year previous, the first break in our family by death. After little Aleck was laid in the little grave in Rose Hill, where the late summer glory quietly folded about by night and day and his parents turned again to their western home, father took up the missionary work.

At the spring conference of 1892 he accepted the Rocky Mountain Mission, and in his pastoral for the year, written from Chicago in January, he predicts that,

Zion's watchmen will see "eye to eye," and the voice of the Good Shepherd shall be heard in all the land, calling upon the pure in heart, "Come, come, come to the supper of the great Bridegroom." And the islands of the sea shall sing and rejoice, for the time cometh when all lands shall be married, and the sea roll back to the north, and the Israel of God be gathered. When the sons of Jacob shall no longer be afraid, nor their faces pale at the thought of oppression; but shall shine with the brightness of the light of the coming of their Redeemer. And they shall shout, "Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord."

Courage, brethren, be of good cheer. The time of bitter sacrifice is fast passing away. We are not called upon to make such sacrifice as was necessary sixty, thirty, or twenty years ago. The huge nightmare which rested upon the church, and then the shadow of its baneful influence over the ministry twenty and twenty-five years ago, is fast being driven back to its own abode in darkness, and the church is awakening with new impulses, and with renewed vigor is shaking off her drowsiness and lethargy and is making ready to answer to the call of her Lord, "Come up higher." She begins to breathe easier, and to expand and grow in spirituality, grow in order and organization. She begins to show the work of the "One mighty and strong" in being led out of slavery, darkness and confusion, into the light of God's dear Son. And now she no longer feels the pall of that degrading charge, unchastity, and the

epithet of unclean. She moves to the front and takes her place, meeting the issues of the day, rising each time brighter, fairer and more glorious than before. For this we praise God and give thanks.

Our faith has been attacked from every conceivable direction, all the mean and low subterfuges of the Adversary have been used, but as each soldier of the cross has engaged in its defense, he has come out of the battle cloud smiling and stronger, because he has felt the holy influence of the presence of the Spirit in himself, and the love of God which maketh strong and casteth out all fear. For this we also rejoice and give God glory. While the vision of the work opens before me, it seems the time is near for the fulfillment of the words of the Prophet, "Who are these who come flocking as doves to the windows?" Already we feel the inspiration of the word of the poet, "Give us room that we may dwell." The time to favor the waste places of Zion seems also very near, and I am constrained to say the time is not far distant when the church will be called upon to make arrangements for the establishment of stakes to meet the growing necessities of the work, and the keeping the commandments which as now, in her scattered condition, she is unable to do.

By June father was laboring in Utah with a company of congenial "friends in the harness." In July, Elder Thomas W. Smith, who was preaching in Salt Lake City, was stricken with paralysis, and father returned to Independence with him. Of this, Elder Thomas W. Smith said:

On the night of July 10, I was stricken down with partial paralysis. My left arm, side, and leg were rendered useless. I was on my way to Australia. I was unconscious for twenty-four hours. I was brought home to Independence by Brother Alexander H. Smith, whose kindness I can never forget. I am satisfied that I should have died but for the power of God displayed through the administration of the brethren and the prayers of others at the time and since.

I am thankful that I am now able to walk quite a distance without help, and can use my left arm some. . . .

I desire to express my gratitude to Brethren Alexander H. Smith, Joseph Luff, Hyrum O. Smith, E. Barrows, and others, for their care and attention from the first. May God abundantly reward them for the same. And I thank the Saints in general for their remembrance of me in their prayers. I lament my inability to labor as in former days more than I do the physical suffering. I still need and therefore ask to be remembered in the prayers of the Saints, and for the strengthening of my mental as well as physical powers.

Father started for his mission field late in August, after a hurried visit to Nauvoo and vicinity, in company with his

brother Joseph to attend to matters of a personal nature and some church work. This constant travel was not always pleasant but I think father put as much or more pleasure into it than would the majority of men of his age and inclinations. It appeared to me that he made his preparations for departure as quietly and with as little bustle and irritation as could have well been done by anyone. He moved quickly about the house, but quietly, and there was seldom any apparent hurry and never needless words or excitement. He knew what he wanted to pack and how he wanted it packed and proceeded to do it, only asking to be undisturbed. He usually knew where to put his hand on what he wished to take with him. His one disturbing characteristic being his big, soft heart, that felt keenly the pain and sorrow of parting, and the anxiety of separation.

Early in March, 1893, the return from his western field was made to his home in Lamoni. During that same month sister Grace, who had married the year before to Forest L. Madison, a nephew of President Smith, died at her home in San Bernardino, California. She was the fourth daughter in my father's home, a bright, merry-hearted child, who had but just passed her nineteenth birthday, when her spirit left her frail body which we laid in the warm, soft earth of the old cemetery at San Bernardino, 'neath a blanket of rare and beautiful flowers.

Sing sweet Pine thy plaintive lay;
Cypress guard the long, lone stay;
Myrtle, shower thy purple bloom
O'er the little sister's tomb.

Flowers, perfumed in southern pride;
Winds, that tell of restless tide;
Golden sunlight, twilight gloom,
All keep watch above her tomb.

To my parents we brought a few months later the delicate little baby whose life had been bought with hers, and to whom

she had promised the name of LaMont. The bitterness of this loss to my parents shadowed all time dating from that year for them.

At the conference of 1893, father accepted the appointment to the Eastern Mission in association with Elder William H. Kelley. He found much to delight him in the historic old places that he was permitted to visit while in this field, beginning at Kirtland, Ohio, where he lingered a short time waiting for Elder Kelley. The following year he again took charge of the North Central Mission, and again in 1895, Iowa, Eastern Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Northern Illinois, and Wisconsin, ministering with Elder Joseph R. Lambert. In his speech before that conference at its opening there runs a thought the spirit of which was elemental in my father. The previous year had been one of many trials, crop failures, and scarcity of means, and many of the elders had been prevented from attending the conference. And father missed them as shown in these words:

While I look around upon this occasion I recognize the fact that there are quite a number of our brethren who are actively engaged in this work that are not present with us who are wanting to be with us in this conference assembly; and as I feel the influence of that good Spirit that brings in it a strength and gives the force of this work this morning, I trust that we may realize that our brethren who are in the field who have made a certain sacrifice in remaining away from our number, will be remembered, that they, too, may feel that Spirit and its influences, encouraging them in the work that they are doing where they are; and I trust that we may not forget this fact, when we are assembled here to transact the business that shall be presented to us, if God is so gracious as to grant unto us his Spirit. We want that Spirit, that we may carry the influence of that Spirit out into the world, that wherever we go it may be recognized that the Spirit of God is with us and that we are his servants.

This remembering of the absent ones was a trait that endeared many friends to my father. I recall how this kindly memory was often extended to some very unfortunate people with whom fate had been less kind. One, an erring man but an affectionate one who was kept for many years under sentence in a state prison, received regularly answers to his sad-

hearted letters, and a friendly interest in his soul's good that could not have been lost.

In 1895, father was chosen one of the first Board of Directors of Graceland College, an institution in which he always had a keen and most appreciative interest. He truly loved Graceland and what she stood for to the church and the world. Often I found him sitting in later years, with his eyes on the College Hill, and almost as often he expressed his hope and sometimes his day-dreams of the future for her, when Graceland would be second to no school in her own peculiar field of work. The shout of her students at play on the campus, their songs and gay laughter were music to his spirit, and no one enjoyed more than did he their athletic sports and victory on diamond or gridiron. There was always an appeal to his spirit in the march of young people, in the sound of many feet falling in unison, and the sight of school children marching brought quick tears of emotion to his eyes. Thus in vision there appeared to him the hosts of Zion marching to heights of peace, and the eternity of God was to him reached by the quick step and erect form of men and women free in Christ Jesus to keep time to the eternal music of law and order.

In May father was called to Independence to comfort sister Emma on the death of her only daughter and child, Cecil Grace. Of that visit and what it meant to the heartbroken young mother, I will let her tell in her own words:

The joy that was mine when the knowledge of motherhood first came to me was closely seconded by his when I told him of the joy. I can even now, it seems, feel the pressure of those hands as he laid them on my head, and can hear again in fancy his fervently spoken, "God bless you, my child." There was true joy in his eyes that morning when we had our chat out under the old butternut tree on the old farm. My heart often thrills as my mind dwells on those days. Those memories are not unmixed with grief, for in such a few short days after I had felt the touch of my first-born's fingers, I was left alone, childless again.

Whereas in joy he was with me, so when grief was my share, my heart's call for father was heard and he suffered with me. Thrice came death to my home, and as I had ever found comfort on his breast I went

there in those dark, stormy hours. As I stood by the cruel grave and watched my fair, flowerlike little daughter laid out of sight, I found how deep was a father's love. I learned his gentleness in a new form.

One morning in those days of grief I felt I could be brave no longer; I felt that God had asked too much. Thrice had baby forms been mine to caress. And yet I was childless. Oh! then, the arms that had held me in my childhood troubles were opened to me. The breast that I had wept upon because my doll had been broken, was there to let my weary head rest upon. And those tender words of his were like oil on troubled waters. While those arms held me close and the storm of bitterness raged in the heart, those arms strengthened me in that storm even when I felt too bitter for counsel he could only hold close and pray, and again I heard his fervent, "Oh! God bless my poor child"; but then came an hour of joy when he held my boy in his arms and asked God to bless him and fixed the name upon him by which he should be known, both on earth and in heaven, Roger Alexander. Again he stood thus when the wee little girlie with her nut brown curls was named. I can see him, methinks, as he stands there, now, as the man of God with those dear ones in his arms. The same did his Master in his time. There were tears of joy as he said, "The Father has blessed my child."—Emma Belle Smith Kennedy.

At the spring conference of 1896 father found, as usual, much to edify and interest him. Brother Frederick A. was with him on that occasion, being actively engaged in mission work for some time. When returning from Kirtland they two, with Brother Joseph F. Burton, made a side trip to Nauvoo, Carthage, and the homes of the family cousins in that part of Illinois. The question of a church reunion at or near Nauvoo to commemorate the semicentennial of the exodus from the old town, had fired the heart of my father with a desire to see old haunts, and impelled him to great activity in assisting to promote the reunion of that year at the Bluff across from Nauvoo. Of this trip in the spring, Brother Burton wrote quite feelingly.

The conference is over. That noble band of Christ's ministers are moving out in every direction, to preach the gospel, to assist in the redemption of Zion, and to prepare a people to meet the coming Savior. And accompanied by Brethren Alexander H. Smith and Frederick A. Smith, I left Kirtland, the Temple, and all its hallowed scenes behind, and wended my way westward, and was privileged to enjoy a day in the great city of Chicago, under the care of good Saints there; then on

to Montrose, on the banks of the great river, and there the mysterious wires flashed the sad news to us that Brother Blair, from whom we had parted but a few hours previously, had ceased his labors—his life's work was ended; and while much anticipated work of Zion's good was yet undone, while in the car of Nahum's chariot on his way, and about his Master's business, he was called hence—earth may not retain him longer. . . .

And now the boat is all ready and we will row across to beautiful Nauvoo. See the grassy streets, now disturbed only by an occasional pedestrian; they were once without grass because of the multitude of feet of boys and girls, of men and women, of the gentle horse and faithful ox, then so noisy with activity everywhere, now so quiet, so still! But we saw the far-famed Nauvoo House, the Mansion House, and the homestead where the servant of God lived, the Prophet of God; and while I heard the slight swash of the river upon the gravelly beach where he so often stood and prayed, and talked of his Savior's love to man to the multitudes assembled to hear him, and to witness the beautiful ordinance of burial in the water in the likeness of Christ's death, I could not but meditate upon the past and grieve because of the wickedness of men.

But we wend our way up towards the hill where the Temple once stood, and as we near the brow of the hill Brother Alexander said, "You better take a view from here, as it will be better than farther on.

I will now relate an incident in my life: In May, of 1874, at Brother Jasper H. Lawn's in San Benito, I was ordained an elder by Brethren Alexander Smith, Daniel S. Mills, and Hervey Green. At that time I saw the following picture: I was ascending a large hill, walking between two men, each of them holding one of my hands in his, and as we neared the top of the hill I saw a large temple facing the west and saw these three men and a number of others entering it; and while viewing the building with admiration, and especially delighted with it for its solid and firm appearance, one of my guides said, "Turn and look." I did so, and before me was a beautiful sight. From the foot of the hill upon which we stood I saw a plain before me, divided by streets running parallel to each other and others at right angles to them, into small farms or lots, and clean looking and tidily kept houses, and fields dotted the landscape and made it appear beautiful; and a peculiar feature of the scene was, that looking westward as far as you might the horizon seemed to incline upward instead of curving downward; and when Brother Alexander told me to look now, I turned and before me was the picture I had seen twenty-two years before.

After viewing these scenes we went on to where the Temple once stood, now no sign of such a building is to be seen, and but a very few Saints are left in the city by the river to keep the name "Latter Day Saint" alive there. . . .

But now Brother Alexander must return by the first train to Chariton and Lamoni to do whatever willing sympathy may do to make the funeral

obsequies befitting the memory of an honored Saint of God, and to ameliorate the grief of the widowed mother of Israel and her children. Brother Fred returned to Burlington to deliver the message of life on the Sabbath day, and on Monday he met me again and we went with horse and buggy across the beautiful country between Nauvoo and Carthage. It was night when we arrived at the hospitable home of Brother Salisbury, so we tarried with them, and on the morning continued our journey on to Carthage jail. . . .

From Carthage we went across the river to Keokuk, up to Montrose and on to Burlington.

When the news of the sudden death of President Blair reached father he hurried on to Lamoni. How that sad time crowds upon us with a sort of overwhelming gloom. Elder Blair had been closely and fondly associated with father in his early church experience, and his influence had been felt in the decision made by father to accept the call to eldership, and under President Blair's hands he had no doubt felt the ordination to his calling in the city of Amboy, Illinois, on April 8, 1863. With him he had made his first missionary venture of any considerable importance, and through all the years a bond of love had existed between the two men.

At the council held in Lamoni, April 22, 1896, following the death of Brother Blair, father assumed new and arduous duties, as the account of the council will explain:

At a council held at Lamoni, Iowa, Wednesday, April 22, 1896, by President Joseph Smith, President Alexander H. Smith, James W. Gillen, Joseph R. Lambert, Heman C. Smith, and Joseph Luff of the Twelve, and Bishop Edmund L. Kelley, it was considered and determined that in the absence of divine direction otherwise, and pending the necessity for calling of a special council or conference for more authoritative action, President Alexander H. Smith should, by virtue of his office as president of the Twelve, act for and with the Presidency, as counselor, the work of the church to be carried on during the current conference year, as already provided by action of conference at the late April session.

At this council Elder Joseph F. Burton was set apart to and blessed for the charge of the Society Islands Mission. Father and Uncle Joseph being spokesmen in the order named.

The action of this council in a measure removed him into a

field of activity in addition to that of the Quorum of Twelve, which was finally sealed in the spring of 1897 when on the night of April 7 a revelation was given President Smith setting him apart as a counselor to the President of the church, and a patriarch. The revelation is as follows:

Thus saith the Spirit of your Lord and Savior Jesus Christ: Your fasting and your prayers are accepted and have prevailed.

Separate and set apart my servant Alexander Hale Smith to be a counselor to my servant, the president of the church, his brother, and to be patriarch to the church, and an evangelical minister to the whole church. Also, appoint my servant E. L. Kelley, bishop of the church, to act as counselor to the president of the church, for the conference year, or until one shall be chosen to succeed my servant W. W. Blair, whom I have taken unto myself; he to sit in council with his brethren of the presidency and act with and for them and the church; though he shall still be and act in the office of his calling of bishop of the church with his brethren of the bishopric.

The quorum of twelve, my servants, may choose and appoint one of their number to take the place of my servant Alexander H. Smith, and if they shall choose William H. Kelley, from among them for this place it will be pleasing unto me; nevertheless, if directed by the spirit of revelation and wisdom they may choose another.

And on Monday, April 12, the revelation came formally before the church and was accepted, the Twelve accepting it by a unanimous vote. Father responded in these words:

I accept the appointment and will say that to me the appointment was not altogether unlooked for, for intimations of the past for a number of years have directed my mind in that direction. I wish to say that I have never felt to fully give myself into the hands of the Lord for this appointment until this spring. There was that bond of affection for the quorum over which I presided that I felt that I wished to remain with them; but since it has been made known that it is the Lord's wish that I should labor elsewhere, I am willing to do the very best I can, using my powers in doing the Lord's will so far as he shall give me strength, leaving the result in his hands. All that I have, all that I am, all that I ever expect to have or to be, is put into this work. I have given myself wholly to the Lord.

He was ordained April 12, 1897, by President Joseph Smith, counselor and patriarch and evangelical minister to the whole church. On the evening of the same day the quorum of apostles met at father's home in Lamoni and passed this resolution:

LAMONI, IOWA, April 12, 1897.

Resolved, That we tender to President Alexander H. Smith our thanks for his excellent service as president of this quorum; and that while we regret our loss of his services as a member and quorum president, we nevertheless rejoice in the fact of his promotion to the offices of patriarch, and counselor to the President of the church. And further; That we hereby assure him that our love for him shall continue, as well as our prayers, that God may graciously bless him in his new relations and inspire him unto service therein as acceptable to God and the church as his work with this quorum has been.

Attest: { HEMAN C. SMITH, *Secretary.*
JOHN H. LAKE, *President.*

The severing of his associations in close service with the men of that quorum affected my father very deeply, and he turned from it to his untried fields with a deep sense of bewilderment and real loneliness. There was so little to direct him in the new office of patriarch. The past year had held many pleasures for father, one of the greatest, the reunion at Bluff Park, which mother attended with him. He was active in his mission field and his work was pleasant to him, but the year 1897 he felt under pressure, expected to act in the office of patriarch, he hesitated to move until he was sure of the light, and was more quiet and less buoyant in spirit than usual, meditating and praying often. The care and perplexity affected not only his spirit but his general health. In August he attended the Old Settlers' Reunion, at Nauvoo, Illinois, making a speech on that occasion. He was undoubtedly as old a settler as was present at this time, as he had come into the county in 1839, just fifty-eight years before. In September he was a happy participant in the Bluff Park reunion again. Having a cottage there in company with my brother Fred.

The winter of the next year was one of considerable trial to father because of illness and rheumatism that kept him from his ordinary exercise. But he did quite a world of thinking and some writing as he was recovering. And some of those reminiscent hours were very pleasant to those who were per-

mitted to share them with him. In the spring of 1898 he made the following statement in the General Conference in Independence, Missouri:

I realize that the church members, many of them, have been wondering, and have asked in their thoughts, What is the patriarch of the church doing? And I have thought to make some statement to the church relating to the matter. You will bear in mind that my call to the position of patriarch was made last spring, and I made the effort to enter in upon the duties of that office, but I discovered that there was very little written in the records concerning the duties of the patriarch so far as I understood them since my call, but earnestly desire more light in regard to the matter. Those wishing their blessings, of course, desire a copy of that blessing, and to obtain a copy I should have some one to make that copy,—take it as the blessing is given. I have felt very delicate about making or writing out a blessing after the blessing had been given. Again, I needed a record, for if a blessing was given there should be a record made of it. There was no provision made for this; and other things in like manner presented themselves as obstacles in the way.

I consulted, also, with the President of the church, and receiving no light or instruction that seemed to justify me in moving forward, I have not moved in that direction. However, I sought to improve the time in the line of evangelist.

To me, it seems that there never has been so bright a prospect for the work as at the present time. The work is moving onward and accumulating, assuming proportions that are grand; and a realization of this fact encourages me in the call that has been made upon me; and my only desire is that I may make myself worthy that I may be used by the Lord, in the calling whereunto he has called me, acceptably to him. I have not felt inclined to move forward hurriedly, but rather to move cautiously. I want to be right, and move in the right direction, but have not been inclined to push this matter at all—on the matter of my duties in the office named. I have felt myself ready when the Spirit would direct me to move forward, and I am still ready to move; and should it be the good pleasure of the Lord that these things that seemed to have been hindering should be supplied, the obstacles that have stood in the way should be removed, I shall enter in with joy and gladness upon the mission that has been assigned me in that direction. I shall make the effort in the future to make myself an approved servant. I have tried to in the past.

I would say that during the year what time I have been able to labor I have received the evidence of the Spirit confirming the work as strong or stronger than ever before. It has moved upon me in strength and power, and at times has caused me to weep and tremble and rejoice in the work.

It is the work of God, and I desire to be an instrument in his hands to help move it on.

It was during father's illness of the winter of 1897 that he wrote some of his ministerial experiences published in the *Autumn Leaves*. Early in the spring my younger brother, Joseph G., who was employed in Saint Joseph, Missouri, yielding to the wave of patriotism that swept the country at the call of President McKinley for volunteers to go to the assistance of the oppressed by Spain, went to the barracks in Saint Joseph and joined the army. The lad was not yet twenty-one, but full of the fire of the volunteer. Making a short call home, he finished preparation when he left his mother and father in tears and sadness but carried their blessing with him, and how pathetic the cry of his chum brother, "How I wish I could go too." Having enlisted in Missouri, brother Joe joined the Sixth Missouri and with them went into detention camp in West Virginia.

Father traveled that year in the Eastern Mission and how he had grown to love some of the Saints in that interesting field, but in the fall he was called to the Hospital Barracks to the bedside of his soldier son. For a time it seemed that he was too late, but through the kindness of Brother Walter W. Smith the boy was located and cared for. What an angel of mercy and kindness has the young man seemed to members of the family, whenever memory goes back over those times, for Walter was a Missouri soldier too, and it was good to know that such a young friend as Walter was with our brother and son. Brother Joe spent a short furlough at home, recuperating, and then went south with his regiment, where he acted as bugler for his company during the winter. Father felt a sense of deep concern for his associations during the time and was relieved when the boy returned home. In May, 1898, father wrote his first patriarchal greeting.

To the Saints; Greeting: It is with feeling of gratitude towards our heavenly Father, that I address these lines of greeting.

For the past year I sought light on my duties as "patriarch to the church, and an evangelical minister to the whole church," feeling a great timidity upon entering in upon a field of duties I knew so little about, and upon which there was so little written. I earnestly prayed and hoped that the Lord would be so gracious that he would give some instruction at the late General Conference, but was disappointed.

I did receive encouragement in spirit and was promised that if I would move forward the spirit of my calling would rest upon me and I should be blessed, and others through me should receive a blessing, and the Spirit's influence would attend me.

Since the General Conference I have tried to enter upon my patriarchal duties and have verified the promise. The Spirit has been with me, for which I am thankful. Thus being encouraged, I shall continue in those duties and take this means to inform the Saints that at any time when it is possible for me to get a stenographer, I will attend to blessings. Brother Edmund L. Kelley has kindly offered me Brother E. Bell, the stenographer who writes for him, to aid me in Lamoni. My office will be at my residence until other arrangements are made.

There is a question of finance which all ought to understand in relation to these blessings. I am often asked: Is there a charge made for blessings? I answer, in one sense, No; and again, in another sense, Yes. That is, it rests with the party who receives the blessing. They should remember that the patriarch must live, his family must live, and he must defray the expense of stenographer, who also must live; and records must be kept, and these expenses must be borne, and necessarily those who are benefited should supply the means to meet them. The patriarch can not, the church ought not to be expected to do so without receiving some return; hence it is expected that the parties blessed will give as their circumstances will permit or the Spirit may direct. As the patriarch is expected to report every dollar received and from whom received, it will at once be seen there is little chance of the patriarch making merchandise of the blessings of God. The patriarch draws his support from the bishop just the same as any missionary in the field. Thus you see the poor can receive blessings as well as those who are well off in this world's goods; yet all should remember that as God gives with a liberal hand and freely, so as God has blessed the individual, so let him give.

In my travels, until I can have a stenographer to travel with me, as I said above, when possible to get one, I will do the best I can to bless the Saints. And may God bless us all, letting his steady hand guide all along life's rugged way, bringing us off conquerors at last, giving us a bright inheritance in his celestial world, I shall ever pray.

ALEXANDER HALE SMITH, *Patriarch.*

LAMONI, IOWA, May 31, 1898.

The fall and early winter were spent by father in the New England States. He found added health and spirits recuperated along the coast of the Atlantic. The life near or on water was full of tonic and inspiration to him.

All through the year of 1899 he was busy spending his time in counsel, preaching, and doing some blessing. Gradually light came on the course to be pursued, and as his purpose became more definite his voice rang clear and his step took on its usual quick spring and his silences were not so frequent. From my kitchen door I used to watch him going to town or returning, and he never failed to wave his hat or hand. Father was as decided in his political faith as in any other. Sometimes when the political campaigns grew very interesting and the discussion quite heated he shut his lips tight and refused to enter into discussion of issues. Sometimes he hotly defended his faith, but always he was a decided Republican. I recall an instance where a friend in jest said, "But your daughter here is a genuine Jeffersonian Democrat." Quickly drawing my hand up against his face he replied, "Not a Democrat. No; she is an old-fashioned Lincoln Republican," and there was a twinkle in his eye that left you with a feeling that silenced further remarks along that line.

(To be continued.)

The longer on this earth we live
 And weigh the various qualities of men
 The more we feel the high, stern-featured beauty
 Of plain devotedness to duty.
 Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
 But finding amplest recompense
 For life's ungarlanded expense
 In work done squarely and unwasted days.

—James Russell Lowell.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER CHARLES DERRY.

(Continued from page 328.)

Conference closed on April 13, 1870, after a very peaceful session, my resignation being the only disturbing element. On the fourteenth I went by rail to Davenport. I reached Harlan on the fifteenth. Here I found quite a snowstorm. I preached twice in the Harlan courthouse, and on the eighteenth I arrived home. Wife and mother not well. . . .

Bishop Rogers sent me some fruit trees. . . . Brother Wickes, of Mason's Grove, gave me some apple trees. On the thirtieth I went to Nebraska City to a conference, and on May 1, conference convened, during which I preached three times besides attending a Sunday school which was well attended and well conducted. On the third I returned to Council Bluffs and preached there. Thence to Omaha. Replied by letter to a soul sleeper. A terrible storm did much injury and continued to rage during the sixth.

May 7, I attended Central Nebraska Conference, Elder Henry J. Hudson in the chair. Brethren Thomas J. Smith, Henry J. Hudson, and myself preached. . . .

About eighty people came from Utah, utterly disgusted with the doings there. On the tenth I found all well at home. On the fifteenth I went to Six-Mile Grove and preached the funeral of Sister Beebe, nee Runyon. This sister's house was the first I entered in the Reorganization at Council Bluffs in 1861, mentioned in a former part of this journal. She died in the faith of Christ. Sisters Calvin A. Beebe, Annetta Straus, and Alma Ellison's wife are her daughters. I baptized Thomas Wilkins of Reeders Mills. I continued my preaching, though suffering from a violent cold, until I could not preach for coughing. I attended a conference at Deloit on the tenth day of June, but could not preach.

I returned home and remained there until the fifteenth of June, when mother and I started to visit my brother in Nebraska; a distance of eighty miles. Brother met us at Blair, arrived at his home about sundown. . . . I preached twice in the schoolhouse on the nineteenth. Audience paid good attention. From this place I started out to look for the Reorganization the last of February, 1861.

I little thought then, as I bowed with my family before God and confessed my sins, that I should preach the gospel on that ground, but I did and am invited to return. Then it was a wilderness, snow eighteen inches deep on the level; now it is a fairly well-settled country, fruitful farms and comfortable homes dotting the prairies on every hand.

On the twenty-first Charles N. Hutchins came to fetch me to preach in his neighborhood, about eighty miles further up the Elkhorn River. I went and preached at De Witt; felt well in spirit, but distressed in body from my severe cold. Father and mother Hutchins kindly received me. Since the fifteenth I have written for the *Herald* and *Hope*, the following: "Ambition," "I would not be forgot," "Keep within compass," and "Courage," also two letters. I also preached at the Simmonds Schoolhouse. I baptized David and Christine Simmonds and confirmed them, and received Brother Joseph Emley and wife on their former baptism, as they formerly belonged to the church, but refused to go to Utah. They were baptized in 1842. I visited R. E. Farley, once an elder, but now a Morisite from Utah. On the thirtieth Brother Simmonds brought me to Blair, having been nearly two days on the way, camping out at night. There I found Brother Magnus Fyrando and wife who treated us kindly. I arrived home about 10 p. m. and found children suffering from whooping cough and wife worn out caring for them.

On the second day of July I went to Six-Mile Grove and

preached the funeral of Sister Cox. Rains have refreshed the earth here, but drouth reigns in several States. . . .

On the sixth day of July, 1870, I started for the Coon River, in Carroll County, Iowa, reached Deloit and stayed at Brother Thomas Dobson's, and on the seventh he and Jesse Mason went with me to Camp Creek. . . . We were kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. Skinner. On the eighth we opened meetings in Camp Creek Schoolhouse. Brothers William Jordan, Ira Goff, and Thomas Dobson assisted in the meetings. On the tenth Brother Dobson baptized William Carroll, Malinda Culvein, and Myrtle Medora Kendall. . . . I preached to about five hundred people in the open air, and in the afternoon I united in marriage, William A. Carroll and Martha Jane Skinner.

On the twelfth I returned home and was thankful to find the children better. Brothers Blair, Swain, and Nicholas Stamm visited us. I baptized Robinson Kearns and John Cross. . . . Brother Blair preached. He is always a welcome visitor among the Saints. His teachings are uplifting and his influence is for good. On the sixteenth I attended a two-day meeting at the Salem Branch, at Lelands Grove. Brother George Sweet visited me there. On the eighteenth I went to Harlan. . . . I continued preaching in the Boyer Valley and on the twenty-fifth returned home. My horse fell down on my leg and came near breaking my thigh. July 31 I preached in Gallands Grove. . . . President Smith requests me to compose some hymns for the new hymn book. I sent him eight the next day. . . .

August 6, 1870, George took me to Dunlap. I went by train to Omaha, attended conference there, was called to preside, good feeling prevailed, and the work is in fair condition. . . . On the eighth I went to Desoto, found the branch cold, too much looseness in their dealings and in their conversation, yet there are those who are seeking to honor the cause of God by right liv-

ing. A mere profession of love for the truth satisfies too many, and they become stumblingblocks in the way of others. I returned and preached several times in Omaha, and was blest of the Saints in return. I came back to Iowa and continued to work among the branches; holding a series of meetings at Reeders Mills with good results, but there is opposition everywhere. I attended conference at Six-Mile Grove, Brothers Silas W. Condit, David M. Gamet, and George Sweet assisting in the preaching. I next attended conference at Gallands Grove. John N. Burton was declared not a member of the church, being illegally rebaptized. Some were there who defended him in spite of his corruption, but the conference would not sustain him. He next appealed to President Smith, who told him he would appoint a committee of three to investigate and report on his case, naming James Caffall, Charles Derry, and Thomas Dobson. "Oh, hell!" says Burton, "you may as well send me to the Devil at once." He never applied again, but started a system of his own,¹ I think in Kansas. This man's influence is for evil wherever he goes. In fact, he is a disgrace to humanity. I do not speak from prejudice; I speak only from everyday facts.

September 13, I took my family with me to General Conference at Parks Mills. Weather threatened all around, but in our prayer meetings, we supplicated the Throne of Grace for fair weather and while it rained all around us, . . . we had a pleasant time during the four days of conference. All were pleased to see President Smith, who of course occupied the chair. Edmund C. Brand was present with a number from Utah, among whom was Thomas J. Franklin, who on accepting the gospel as taught by the Reorganization, abandoned his former practice of polygamy, he having three wives, but he

¹This is the organization known in Kansas and Oklahoma as "The Brethren."—EDITOR.

divided up his property among them. . . . They left Utah and came and dwelt among us in separate locations, and he with his legal wife settled in Missouri. Both the other women proved themselves to be honorable and virtuous, and were well respected by all who knew them. One became the wife of Brother John B. Hunt, of Gallands Grove. Her children, by Franklin, grew up among us and are worthy members of the church and honorable citizens; so with the children of the other sister, who never married again. They had been drawn into polygamy through the cunning misrepresentations of the Utah leaders.

The gifts of the gospel were manifest in our prayer meetings. Joseph gave us excellent instruction. My brother George was present with us during conference. I thought some manifested more zeal than knowledge in testimony. God wants us to be truthful, and if our experience has led only to believe let us acknowledge our faith. If we have attained to knowledge it is our privilege and duty to testify thus far, but to be truthful and consistent in all things. If we have not attained to as high a degree a knowledge as others, we need not be ashamed to tell of our faith. Eternal life is promised to the humble believer in Christ Jesus.

President Joseph Smith visited our home on the twenty-seventh. I continued laboring in different locations and on October 16, 1870, organized a branch at Reeder's Mills . . . with thirteen members. Thomas Wilkins, president, being called for in Nebraska, I attended conference at Omaha, Henry J. Hudson presiding. Stephen Butler was appointed to go on a tour with me through the district. . . .

I preached a number of times at Primrose on the Elkhorn, in the Christian church. Its minister, William Denton, opposed me every night, and one night he shook his fist in my face three times, at the same time insisting that I retract a statement I had made which was simply his own utterance

reviewed by me, which made him appear ridiculous when presented in its proper light. I calmly told him I never took back the truth; when one of his own members arose and said, "Mr. Denton, you did make the statement which Mr. Derry says you did." At this, he sat down like a whipped cur. His opposition did us good, as it served to develop the truth, and it cost him several of his influential members, who openly confessed the truth. A branch was afterward organized in that vicinity called the Valley Branch.

I visited my brother on Maple Creek and found a new-born nephew, whom I had the honor of naming George Herbert Derry. At this present writing, he is the honored mayor of Lamoni. I visited Lake View, was the guest of Brethren Emley and Simmonds. . . . I visited a family named White, who had belonged to the Brighamite Church. He and wife favored our position.

While preaching at Lake View, a Campbellite minister opposed me in a bombastic manner, peculiar to that class. I had preached on the second coming of Christ. He denied the personal reign of Christ, declared the millennium was past, and the great judgment began in Peter's day; and further, he charged me with preaching false doctrine. He promised to prove all this when I came again. I told him I would be there in two weeks and would gladly give him an opportunity. I returned in the time and found he had boasted he would skin me alive. I preached on the same subject and then submitted to the skinning ordeal, inviting him to unsheath his knife, but he simply said, "I want no discussion." But Father Emley unsheathed his knife and gave him a severe tongue lashing, until I begged for mercy for the poor, dumb preacher. I continued to preach in that vicinity. . . .

A Mr. and Mrs. Trowbridge visited me at Brother Simmonds', desiring to hear more of the doctrine; they said they

had believed it fifteen years, but had never heard it preached. Joseph Emley, Robert E. Farley, D. Simmonds, Mr. White, and Mr. Anderson contributed liberally to pay my traveling expenses. I went by train to Fremont.

On November 20, I preached in the courthouse at Blair. My appearance was not very parsonic. I was not even "tipped in black," as Cobbet would have it. The coat that wife had bought the cloth for, years before, and which Magnus Fyrando had made for me, was a "Manchester gray," but time, and sun, and weather had browned it. It had been dyed and again faded, and over this was an old blue soldier coat. My head covering was a cap, perfectly in keeping with the rest of my apparel, and at the moment of opening, as I doffed the blue and exhibited the brown and faded dress coat, I saw the furtive glances of the audience, the curled lips, the laughing expression of the eyes, and also the whispers from lip to lip, all of which seemed to say, "The last of them is come." The nods and winks answered back in confirmation of that fact. I arose in the desk, announced that I was opposed to murdering music, and as I was no singer, I would read a chapter. Before the whole chapter was read, faces began to straighten; I bowed in prayer; when I arose lips were uncurled. I then presented the gospel as Christ revealed it; every funny expression of the faces began to fade away; soon every mouth was open and eyes were intently fixed upon the preacher; the old blue coat had faded from their gaze, and they saw only a gospel minister, and heard only the words of life as given forth by the inspiration of God, not in man's wisdom, but in the power and might of Him who said, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end." At the close a man spoke up, "Say, tell us to-morrow night how Peter baptized three thousand in one day." I promised to tell how they were baptized. The next night I greeted my audience again and solved the problem of the immersion

of three thousand souls on the day of Pentecost. Not a single exception was taken, some expressed a desire to hear more. One old man said he was one of the Coons at Nauvoo, but had got bothered with the Spiritualists. I talked with him and found there was yet a latent spark of love for the truth, but he was handicapped by his dependence upon relatives, so that he was not free to follow the convictions of his heart that even Spiritualism could not drown.

I was kindly entertained by Brother and Sister Fyrando. They had a little boy named Alma. Sister Fyrando told me that prior to his existence in the flesh she had besought the Lord for him, pledging herself to dedicate him to, and train him up for the Lord. He was now about three or four years old, when I first saw him. The impression made on my mind has never been erased, it was like my mother's dedication of myself. I have watched the little boy through his childhood, his youth, and into his manhood. He was a great sufferer as a child, but outgrew it, became a man, but this dedication was not forgotten of God. This mother's prayers and teaching had a glorious sequel. He took hold of the gospel plow and became a polished shaft, and has labored faithfully for years; but some two years ago his nervous system broke down under the terrible strain he was subject to, by calls for his services in every direction, and, up to this writing, he has been unable to do any preaching, and despite all the prayers and tears of his brethren and sisters and those of his aged mother, he still remains under the rod. Yet his zeal for the cause of truth is unwavering. Truly "God moves in a mysterious way," but he doeth all things well.

But to return. On December 3, 1870, I attended conference at Little Sioux, John A. McIntosh in the chair. I preached the dedicatory sermon for the church at that place. Elder Hugh Lytle resigned the presidency of the district—Brother James

C. Crabb was chosen in his stead. On the fifth I visited James Ballantyne, to whom I was owing twenty-five dollars; but he only accepted ten. May his barns always be full.

I continued my labors in different parts until the close of the year 1870. The year goes out more like spring than winter. I see no marks of divine displeasure upon us. I wish I could say as certainly I had not deserved it; but God is kind and long-suffering, and his tender mercies are continually unto us. Alice is prospering in her school. George works at home and sometimes out, and wife carefully watches over the interest at home. The Saints, everywhere I go, manifest their love and confidence.

January 1, 1871. The new year comes in with a high wind. I preached this day in the Cadwell Schoolhouse; also in Biglers Grove. This month I continued to labor in Harrison County, was generally blessed with good liberty and, I trust, accomplished some good. We now feel the realities of winter. On the twenty-ninth I preached the funeral of Grandma Chapman.

On February 4, 1871, I attended a conference in Omaha, was called to preside, preached three times by request. The Saints kindly and generously aided me. Though I sought no aid, yet it was very timely. I have always found the Omaha Saints very kind and thoughtful of a missionary's need. I went to Council Bluffs and preached on the eighth, also on the eleventh. Snow fell the last four days. On the fifteenth I returned home and found family all well. I stayed at Brother Putney's on Kegg Creek two days and had a pleasant visit with Brother and Sister Putney. We have always been as one family since we first met. They are noble people, and truly love the work of God. On the twenty-second wife and I took our little Rosetta Pearl to see Alice, whom we found prospering in her teaching at Lelands Grove. I preached in the Salem Branch. On the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth I attended a conference

of the Pottawattamie District and preached there three times, being blessed in my efforts, for which I acknowledge the kindness of our Father in heaven. He sustains me in my efforts or I would be found wanting. We returned home on the twenty-seventh, having also preached in Council Bluffs. I went to Gallands Grove and preached there on the fifth day of March. On the eleventh and twelfth I attended conference of that district. . . .

There is a break in my journal until the twentieth day of July, 1871, when I filed on a homestead in Madison County, Nebraska, the cause of which I now record. I went into Nebraska and preached on the Elkhorn River, a Brother Hutchins had visited me and requested that I should visit them in that part and preach to them. After conversation with my wife I concluded to take up a homestead. A number of Saints had gone from Deloit into that region of country, among whom were some of Brother Thomas Dobson's family, and it seemed that I could do some good there, in building up the work. Brother Blair sought to dissuade me from my purpose, as he thought my labors were needed in the more thickly settled parts of the country. But it seemed to me under the conditions which existed, that it would be the best for the family. The Saints in Gallands Grove generally had treated us well. . . . I filed upon a homestead in Madison County, Nebraska. But as the homestead law allowed six months after filing, for the homesteaders to get on to their claims, I continued my labors in my mission field, and on September 20, 1871, I attended General Conference, President Smith presiding. Excellent instructions were given by Brother Joseph and Brother Blair. We had a profitable time. . . .

The year 1872 came in mildly, and on January 1 Brother John Cross fetched us to his home to spend New Year's Day with them and Alfred Jackson and wife, and at night I united

in marriage, Abraham Crandall and Carema Wight, at the home of Ralph Jenkins. On the twenty-seventh a terrible snowstorm, which rendered travel by train impossible for a while. . . . Before going upon our homestead we returned the little boy, John Thompson—whom we had kept two years and a half—to his grandparents, as we could not take him out of the State. Little Pearl did not like for him to be left behind.

I sold our home in Gallands Grove to Stephen Ferry, and moved to our homestead in Nebraska. The worry and perplexity of moving so harrassed my mind that I realized that I had not yet obtained the mastery of myself, and my mind became darkened and doubts would creep in, but I determined to cling to the "rod of iron," and sought God for help. We commenced making improvements on the homestead. Brother Hutchins built a frame cottage, fourteen by nineteen, for which I paid him sixty dollars, the material costing me about three hundred and forty dollars, lumber being very high. George and myself broke up some land and put in corn, wheat, and potatoes, hoping to raise something. A young man named John D. Askwith, with whom Alice had formed acquaintance while teaching in Shelby County, Iowa, took up a homestead or pre-emption near us, and we joined teams and worked together, and on the twenty-seventh day of May, 1872, in my own house, Deer Creek, Madison County, Nebraska, I performed the marriage rite that made them husband and wife. Alice had obtained a school and continued teaching as before, and George proved a far more efficient hand on the farm than myself, but I did the best I could. On April 21, 1873, Alice Amelia gave birth to a sweet little cherub whom I called "My Little Snowflake" because she was born in a snowstorm. She was named Alice, after the first name of her mother.

John Askwith was a surly, reticent man, and selfishly inclined. His one aim in life seemed to be the gratification of

his own carnal desires, but from expressions that fell from his lips, he was not pleased when that gratification bore its legitimate fruits. And he did not seek to provide for his family as he should. Her labors in the schoolroom had furnished their shanty and largely their provisions. Sometime after the little one was born, he went to Columbus, and left nothing at home for his wife to subsist upon, hence she came home. After three or four days he returned, went to his home, and found no one there, but he found his wife and child at our house. He demanded to know if she was going home. She instantly arose and went with him without a murmur of dissent. She had not known when to expect him, and if she had known when he would return, he had left her destitute of provisions so she could not have prepared him anything to eat. But he did not consider that, and on their way home he commenced to abuse her with his tongue. Without suspecting any wrong, I looked through the window and saw Alice turn round with the child in her arms, and he quickened his steps towards his home. I was now strongly impressed that something was wrong, and I went to meet her. She was crying bitterly. I inquired the cause. She told me he had ordered her to go home, to our home, and stay there. . . . She declared she would never live with him again. I told her so long as I had a home it was hers. I knew he did not provide as he should, but I had not thought of any further ill treatment, but some short time before I had gone to take her some milk and was about turning out of the house when her head fell on my shoulder while she wept bitterly, and I inquired what was the trouble, but I could elicit nothing further at that time. Now she unbosomed her grief, and revealed his brutal treatment toward her. When he began to realize what a fool he had been he came and tried to persuade her to return, but she firmly, but respectfully told him he had broken his marriage vow, and her confidence in him

was entirely destroyed, and she should never return to him. It was a trying time for our family. I sought almighty and allwise guidance and it was given. I treated him kindly when he came around, but I narrowly watched to see that he took no advantage of her. My wife stood nobly by her and I did not seek to irritate him. . . . Alice would not apply for a divorce but after several years he applied and obtained a divorce from her on the ground of desertion, of which we were glad, for now he could have no claim upon her.

Alice resumed her occupation as a school-teacher and thus supported herself and little one. After we had got fairly settled upon our homestead, I turned my attention to preaching the word in various schoolhouses and private homes, but I neglected to keep a record of my labors as completely as I have done before and hence can not give particulars of the same. But most of the time we were on the homestead we were visited by clouds of grasshoppers which destroyed our crops to a great extent, and made it very hard to sustain ourselves, but we determined to live within our means and hang on to our land until we had made our title clear to it, and could obtain a warranty deed from the Government. Of course we endured hardships, and sometimes it would seem as though we must suffer, but the Lord opened up our way at the extreme moment, and thus gave us the evidence of his fatherly care for us. One time, when every way seemed closed, I was strongly impressed to go down to the post office, which was about four miles away, yet I felt certain there was no letter for me, as I was not in correspondence with anyone, but I followed the impression and I found at the post office an envelope addressed to me, bearing an Illinois postmark on it. In the envelope was a ten-dollar bill, but not a word or sign as to whom or where it came from. This relieved our present necessities, but we never knew who was used as the instrument

in the hands of God in thus blessing us, but our hearts overflowed with gratitude to our heavenly Father for his watchful care over us. On another occasion, as our crops had been mostly destroyed, and it seemed almost impossible for us to secure our home, and as we had spent all our means that we had obtained for our Iowa home in improving our present homestead, I found myself advancing in years, I felt greatly depressed in spirit and wondered if it was not my duty to give up the ministry entirely and devote all my energies to provide my family with a suitable home. In this hour of need I sought counsel from God, when I was very strongly impressed to take the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, and close it, letting it open of itself, and wherever it opened, there I would find the answer to my prayer. I did as directed, in a prayerful spirit, and the book opened to section 8, page 78, and my eyes only seemed to see the last paragraph of that section, which reads as follows: "Do this thing which I have commanded, and you shall prosper. Be faithful, and yield to no temptation. Stand fast in the work wherewith I have called you, and a hair of your head shall not be lost, and you shall be lifted up at the last day. Amen." If ever mortal was impressed with the verity and divinity of the word of God, I was assured that it was divine instruction to me. I made it known to my wife and children. Wife declared it was of God and declared her willingness to trust in him, and urged me to continue in the ministry. While Alice, in the fervency of her soul, said, "Father, if you will continue in the ministry, I will see that the family does not suffer want." With this evidence and encouragement, what could I do but buckle on my armor and wield the sword of truth with all my former diligence? I so resolved,—and although at the present writing, which is twenty-eight years after this manifestation was received, I can truthfully say that God has been true to his word, and we

have been prospered in all we have put our hands to. My daughter has been faithful to her pledge and has assisted whenever necessity demanded. My wife has nobly aided by her wifely and motherly care, and her wise economy in the use of means which came to her hand. George rendered efficient aid until we had secured our homestead, and even little Pearl did all she could to help, and as she grew in years fitted herself for the occupation of teacher, during which time she gladly rendered efficient aid. Another incident worthy of mention occurred. Sister Wight, the widow of Lyman Wight, was visiting us while on the homestead, and one day upon going to the door of our little cottage, I saw a long, narrow cloud coming from the northwest, and stretching from the northwest to the southeast. It was moving very rapidly and was attended with a very heavy wind and rain. I looked to the east and saw a beautiful rainbow, one of the brightest and most perfect I ever saw. Its two sides were north and south. It was almost in the form of a horseshoe, the sides seemed to come closer together, then it stood upon the eastern line of my homestead, forming a beautiful arch, its top reaching up, perhaps, one hundred and fifty yards in the air, then it laid itself down upon my land, the ends being on the line. I called Sister Wight and wife to see the beautiful sight, and told them it was the Bow of Promise, assuring us of divine protection, and so it proved, for while the storm wrought considerable damage around us we were not injured at all.

On April 14, 1873, I went to preach at Father Hutchins's house. On my way there I saw a cloud arise in the northwest. It increased in size and blackness. I felt assured a terrible storm was approaching. When I arrived at Hutchins's I found no one there, and believing that the coming storm would prevent them, I rode back home with all speed. I fixed up my sheds and made what preparation I could for the storm, both

for the stock and home. I was none too soon, for a fearful blizzard came up, which continued for eighty-four hours with great fury. One could scarcely see a yard before him, and the only way we could get from house to stable was by means of a rope fastened from one to the other. No sooner would the foot be lifted up but the track would be filled with snow, so that it was impossible to see which way we had come, if we loosed the rope. Many of my neighbors lost many head of cattle and some lost all they had; but nothing of ours was injured, for which we acknowledged God's care for his own. The people in Nebraska were not friendly to the cause of truth, and used their efforts to misrepresent us as people. A local Methodist preacher boasted of his power to confound any "Mormon preacher" who would come into that part of the country, but he was very careful not to attempt any open opposition. Two families living near us reported that we would steal. Mr. Hamley, being the son-in-law of a Mr. Blake, the former rented his place to a Danish man and moved with his family to live with his father-in-law, and they took particular pains to warn their renter against us, which of course rendered him very shy of us, and he took pains to avoid us, but seeing that we had a goodly crop of turnips, he was desirous of getting some and ventured to speak to me, inquiring if we would let him have some. I told him he could have what he wanted. I was not then aware of the stories that were going around; I only knew they were very shy of us. The man came for his turnips and I measured up what he wanted. I noticed he was particular in watching me measure them. He then asked me the price, and was surprised when I told him that I was not selling them. I had told him he could have what amount he wanted and I did not break my word. He seemed very grateful, for he was a poor man.

During the spring of 1876 we had terrible rains. This man and his family were living in a sod house and the rain washed

it partly down so they could not stay in it. He went to his landlord, who lived in a frame house, and asked for shelter for his family, but he was denied. Early that morning we heard the noise of a team coming to our little cottage, fourteen by nineteen feet, and presently a rap at the door, where stood the Danish man and his family pleading for a shelter from the storm. Nor did they plead in vain. They found a shelter under our roof for six weeks. They were six of a family and we were six when Alice was at home, but we got along all right, and when they were prepared to leave, they were warm friends and none could afford to blacken our character in their presence. When we left our homestead, he and his wife assured us that if we ever needed a home we should find one with them.

One incident I may relate here. Mr. Hamley, the Danish man's landlord, came to my house and charged me with turning my stock into his crops, which was false. He insulted me in my house. I arose to resent the insult, but he fled. I began to think I was not properly representing the character of a follower of Christ. I mounted my horse and rode after him. He quickened his steps, but I overtook him. He feared I was going to whip him, but I quickly dismissed his fears, by asking his pardon for my unchristian conduct, and assured him that I desired to live in friendship with him. He gladly accepted my apology and the unhappy affair closed. I have always found it better and cheaper to live in peace with an enemy than at war with him.

On September 19, 1874, I attended the fall General Conference, near Council Bluffs. The Saints and all the authorities greeted me with great cordiality and I was just as pleased to see them. I realized the saying of the wise man, "As iron sharpeneth iron, so man sharpens the countenance of his friends." I had traveled hundreds of weary miles in the settled part of northern Nebraska, through heat and cold, sunshine

and storm, to present the truth to the people, and was glad once more to get to the bosom of the church. During this conference I was chosen to preside over the Quorum of High Priests and ordained to that duty by President William W. Blair, Alexander H. Smith, and Joseph R. Lambert. On the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh I attended a quarterly conference at Columbus, in Nebraska. We had a good, spiritual time, but sad news of the death of Brother and Sister Spencer Smith's son Levi, caused a gloom over every heart. He had been dragged to death by a horse. The parents were almost broken-hearted. My nephew, Charles H. Derry, had ridden on horseback sixty miles to bring the sad news. I preached his funeral October 18, on Cedar Creek. One man, speaking of the sermon said, "It was good enough, what there was of it; and enough of it such as it was." Brethren William Lewis, George W. Galley, and myself held a series of meetings on Deer Creek, during which service Hyrum O. Smith, Charles H. Derry, and my son George were baptized, the first and last named renewed their covenants, and my heart rejoiced to see their noble resolve. During these services I blessed the infant daughter of John D. Askwith and Alice Derry Askwith. She was named Alice Derry Askwith. I continued my labors in Platte, Antelope, Madison, and Holt Counties, and also preached at Covington, opposite Sioux City. Thus closed the year 1874.

I spent New Year's of 1875, and until the tenth of January at home. Charles H. Derry took me to Shell Creek, now called Newmans Grove, where I preached twice, and thence I walked to Columbus with Brother Abinadi Stow. I preached there three times; from thence I went to Purple Kane and preached there three times; thence to Fontanelle and preached five times. There was good attention at all these places. The summer was spent in preaching in Burt, Madison, Platte, Antelope,

Butler, and Holt counties, and partly working on my homestead. In the fall I removed my family to Columbus for the winter, and returned to the homestead early in the spring of 1876, to find myself defrauded of about twenty bushels of wheat by a Methodist to whom I had rented my house. I let it go, realizing that it was better to suffer wrong than do wrong. I can not forget the kindness of the Columbus Saints, who always administered to my necessities, but I am sorry to record that the children of the Saints did not seem to have any desire for the work. There was no Sunday school among them, but the one who had the greatest influence in the church and community, was prominent in a sectarian Sunday school. The families of the Saints comprised a goodly number of children, who, if they had been gathered in a Sunday school of their own, might have been lead to see and obey the gospel, and out of all their families, I know of but two children who became members of the church. My family spent a pleasant winter with the Columbus Saints. Elder Henry J. Hudson is president of the branch, Brethren George W. Galley and Charles Brindley are elders, James Warner is teacher, I believe, and Father Shepherd is deacon, but they make no increase, and the audiences consist mostly of members. There are devoted souls there, who desire to see the work spread, but the most devoted are the sisters, who, I believe, contribute most of the spiritual growth of the flock.

(To be continued.)

Self is the only prison
That can ever bind the soul;
Love is the only angel
Who can bid the gates unroll;
And when he comes to call thee,
Arise and follow fast;
His way may lie through darkness,
But it leads to light as last.

—Henry Van Dyke.

BIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH F. BURTON.

BY EMMA B. BURTON.

(Continued from page 350.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Brother George was a single man, about twenty-three years of age, and a good Latter Day Saint. It was a beautiful morning when they drove out from Brother Argent's yard. The parting had been tearful, and there were sad hearts left behind. The missionary women felt a greater degree of security in going over those hills because Brother George was along instead of a small boy, for then neither driver would have been acquainted with the road, or the places of stopping. All went well with them, and when bidding good-bye to join the stage, Brother George put a one-pound note in Mrs. Burton's hand. She quickly passed it back to him, saying:

"No, Brother George, I can not take this, for you will need it to hire help to clean out that corn field when you get back. He refused to take it back. Then she thanked him and said fervently:

"May the Lord reward you fourfold and more."

The next morning after his arrival home, he went to look after his corn field. None of the family had been to see it. In writing to Elder Burton he said: "I expected to see nothing but weeds. Imagine then my surprise after I got where I could look down into the valley and saw a fine stand of corn and not a weed among it. The caterpillars had taken all the weeds and left the corn." He recognized the hand of the Lord in the preservation of his crop, and there poured out his soul in thanksgiving. He added: "Yes; tell Sister Burton that four times the value of that done for you would not have paid for the work done by the caterpillars, and I do not think they have harmed a stalk of corn."

On December 23, 1886, Elder Burton wrote from North Forester as follows:

We got back here about the first of the month, leaving the branch at Nambucca in excellent condition spiritually, and with an addition of ten

to their membership, added during our stay among them. . . . Shortly after our arrival there, I baptized eight more and the following week went to the Manning to see what we could do. We were all the week there before we could get a meeting. About twelve or fourteen present; three of them ministers. After I had preached they fired questions at me for a time, trying to cover the main issues, Inspired Translation, Book of Mormon, polygamy, etc. I wanted the leading one to meet me on the stand, to a comparison of faith and doctrine.

No; he would not. I found no difficulty whatever in answering their catch questions, and next evening I had a good houseful, and excellent liberty on restoration.

More questions, without the least difficulty in answering them. The next day, in talking to some of the leading men of the town, Taree, they stated that I had answered fairly all the questions they would give me time to, and that they were satisfied that I was not a polygamist, and knew what I did believe, which was more than they could say for the others.

In the same letter Elder Burton speaks of a clergyman coming to North Forester and challenging him for a debate on the Book of Mormon, which challenge was accepted, and arrangements made; but after an hour or two of talk on the faith of the Latter Day Saints, he backed down. Elder Burton then offered to meet him on any, or all the principles of faith he represented, but to no avail. There were some in the village of North Forester, who had attended the meetings, who could not themselves successfully controvert what they heard, but thought perhaps their minister could, and since the one who had come would not debate, they sent for another to come and lecture on baptism; sprinkling versus immersion. Elder Burton was present, took notes, and replied in the same place the next evening, of which he writes: "No harm was done by the lecture to correct the mode of baptism." At the close of the letter he said: "A grand land this for about fifty or more elders: it would then be to the Reorganization what England was to the former church." The union Sunday school that existed in North Forester was remodeled shortly after the branch was organized to a union Sunday school indeed, and became the most interesting Sunday school in the mission.

The dawning of the year 1887 found the missionaries still in Forester, where they remained until the nineteenth. Preached in North Forester on January 2, and at a place called Failpood on the fourth and fifth. Back to Forester, again and preached twice on the ninth. On the sixteenth confirmation and sacrament meeting, in which Sister Burton spoke in tongues, and before twenty-four hours had passed they again repaired to the waters for baptism. At seven-thirty of the seventeenth there was confirmation again and blessing children, in which meeting Elder Burton spoke in tongues. The eighteenth at seven-thirty he replied to W. Thomas, "An explanation on tongues."

January 21, 1887, arrived in Newcastle from Forester, having been away from Newcastle since July 18. He had baptized fifty persons during this time, confirmed them, and blessed about forty children, preaching, discussing, etc.

January 23 finds him holding meetings again in Wallsend and Hamilton branches where he continued until March 6, holding twelve meetings at Wallsend, four of which were in the Mechanic's Institute, and two on the street, and the rest at Brother Broadway's. Elder Burton, with his wife and daughter, then returned to the colony of Victoria. It was evidently during the month of February, while at Wallsend, that he wrote his report to the General Conference for 1887, which gave the sum total of his work during the previous conference year. I quote from the "History of the church in Australia."

He says, "The work on this continent is progressing as well as can be expected under the circumstances. There has been, since last report, an increase in membership of seventy-nine. Seven of these had been baptized by the local ministry. I have confirmed the greater part of them, blessed upwards of thirty children, administered to several persons for various afflictions, and nearly always the Lord has bestowed the blessing asked for, sometimes markedly. There have been two branches organized, Hamilton and Forester; three elders, five priests, one teacher, and one deacon ordained. Some of the old branches are suffering from the evil doing of some of the members, and it seems difficult to either

discipline or convert them. But generally the branches are in excellent order. Diligent and faithful officers and Saints are having a marked influence on their neighbors. The New Forester Branch includes, with one exception, all the Protestants in the community (and one Catholic). This is largely due to the wise instruction and upright life of Elder John Wright and companion. The local ministry in the branches are doing excellent work, and some of them are holding services outside their villages every Sunday. When sending last report I was in the colony of Victoria, and since last May have labored in this colony (New South Wales) and expect to go to Victoria again in a few weeks. The view of the future for the work in this land is brighter and better than it has been since my arrival here.

In pursuance of his above-mentioned intention of going to Victoria, Elder Burton with his wife and daughter left Newcastle, March 21, 1887, and arrived in Melbourne April 4, and in Hastings April 5. This time they rented a cottage in the village of Hastings and went to housekeeping. It was a home, cozy and comfortable, where the brethren could gather and talk with the missionary as long as they pleased, which sometimes reached away into the small hours of the night.

The good work was continued in Hastings until April 21, then a short visit to Queensferry. Brother Jones kindly took them across the bay in his fishing boat. It was a fine sail. After a most pleasant visit with Saints they returned. Elder Burton preached in the hall in Hastings from May 15 to June 5. In the meantime he organized the Hastings Sunday School, and continued preaching services till June 24, with good prayer and testimony meetings interspersed. The latter were held in the homes of the Saints. Writing from Hastings July 7, he speaks of a lecture delivered by a Reverend J. Bailey Sharp, of the Church of England. The lecture was headed, "Among the Mormons," purporting to be what he saw in a visit to Salt Lake City. He spoke about ten minutes or less from notes in his diary. Then for one hour and three quarters he retailed slander and scandal. Elder Burton was present and took notes and gave notice of reply for the next evening. In this letter he says:

Before we started for our reply a few of the brethren gathered to our rooms and we together invoked our God for his Spirit that evening, that we might be so Christlike as when reviled not to revile. We had an excellent spirit with us and felt clear to defend the innocent, and strong to maintain the truth. The neighborhood after Mr. Sharp's lecture was like a flock of sheep frightened by wolves. After the reply they were as quiet as though no wolf had been seen. The lecture was on Friday evening, the reply on Saturday evening and Sunday morning. I baptized three persons. . . . The work is all alive in this district, and calls from every quarter for the word. We want about fifty elders at once in Australia; everything is working on for the great consummation of all things as fast as possible.

On the evening that Elder Burton was to reply to Elder Sharp's lecture, his wife was aware that some of the brethren had gathered in the front of the house, and that they were going to have a season of prayer. She was hurrying to finish a bit of work in order to join them. Having finished, she started with hurried steps to the room but by some means did not look into the room though the door was open—until she felt confronted by a force that detained her. It was like coming in contact with a wall of wind that was not blowing. Standing there for a moment she looked into the room and saw the brethren engaged in earnest prayer. She scarcely dared to enter. The room was filled with a power, a faith that could be felt, and believing that the Spirit had deterred her, that she might not disturb their devotions by rushing in, she tiptoed softly to the nearest chair and knelt.

July 18 finds Elder Burton in Moolap, after returning to Hastings; he wrote of his visit thus:

August 5, I am just in from Moolap, a settlement five miles beyond Geelong, one hundred miles from here (Hastings) where we found a people hungry for the bread of life. Visited and preached in houses and halls for two weeks or more, baptizing eight persons. Among the number was the Methodist local minister, the Sunday school superintendent, and the organist. Day and night Brother Ashton Woolley (who had been there about a year ago and sowed the seed), and myself were employed in explaining the things of the kingdom, while the people listened with wondering countenances as the words of Christ and the apostles reached their ears with clear light and meaning, untarnished by the darkness of uninspired interpretations and comments.

About this time Elder Burton had tidings of some trouble in the Newcastle District, and for the good of the work found it necessary to make a short trip to that district. He left Hastings September 1 and arrived in Sydney on the fifth at 10 a. m., and left Sydney for Newcastle the same night at 11 p. m. The trouble existed in the Hamilton Branch. After seeing it satisfactorily settled, he made a flying visit to Forester, that haven of rest, peace, and quiet, to be refreshed in body and spirit. His stay there was about ten days, in which he baptized five.

Left Forester on the twelfth and got to Newcastle on the fourteenth. During this visit Brother Gregory, who had been seriously injured in a mining accident, was administered to frequently and upheld by the prayers of the Saints. The neighbors thought it strange that he should recover when another man, not so badly injured, died soon after. Brother Gregory still lives.

October 17 Elder Burton started for his home in Hastings and arrived at midnight on the twentieth. How cheery it was after the long ride on the "fish wagon" from Krenkston in a cold, drizzly rain, to open the door of home, and find a warm room and a cheery fire burning in the whitewashed fireplace, and find a warm supper waiting for him. He was in need of all this warmth and comfort, for he had taken passage from Sydney to Melbourne on a second-class car, where there were neither springs nor cushions nor laprobes. He left Sydney on the eighteenth, and got to Melbourne the twentieth. The cars were not like the American cars, but had narrow compartments. The doors opened at each side of the compartment. There was no such thing as getting out of the cold draft from a door when a door was opened. He ever spoke of that ride as being the coldest he ever took. As a result the cold he had already had become intensified, and so fastened itself on his

bronchial tubes that he could not speak audibly for some time. However, on the twenty-second he with wife and daughter went to Queensferry to see Brother Stuart, who was bad with cancer. On the thirtieth baptized Georgie Stuart and Mrs. Griffiths. On the thirty-first we came home to Hastings, leav-



THOMAS W. SMITH.

ing Addie to be company and assistance to the daughters of Brother Stewart who were nursing their father. On November 10 Elder Burton, though far from being well, went to Geelong, and on the twentieth organized the Leopold Branch. William J. Trembath, elder; James D. Craig, teacher; Richard H. Trembath, clerk. He returned home November 23.

Since Elder Burton's arrival in the Australian Mission, he and Elder Thomas W. Smith, who was president of the whole

South Sea Island Mission, but who was still in Tahiti, had kept up a regular correspondence. Elder Thomas W. Smith was intending to visit Australia so soon as his work in the islands would justify him in doing so. The Burtons had urged his coming and had looked forward to that event with pleasing anxiety. Elder Smith and wife arrived in Sydney November 26, and in Hastings, Victoria, about the middle of December, in time to celebrate Christmas with the Burtons. It was a happy family that occupied the pale green house, and Elder Burton could now let his tired throat rest from preaching. Sister Smith rendered cheering help to the prayer meeting. She and Sister Burton worked together in a most harmonious way in their domestic affairs, as well as their missionary work. There were social, cheerful days, enjoyed by Saints and missionaries, with a seasonable merriment interspersed. The district conference convened at Hastings on December 30. There were visiting Saints from all the branches in Victoria. It was a very pleasant and profitable season.

On Saturday evening Elder Burton told his wife that he had been informed by Elder Smith that on the morrow he was to be ordained to the office of seventy. The ordination took place in their dwelling house, where a number of Saints had gathered. Before Brother Smith laid his hands on Elder Burton's head, he prayed in his simple, matter-of-fact way, when desiring some special favor, that the Lord would permit an angel to be present and assist in the ordination, since there was no man present holding the proper authority to lay on hands with him. During the ordination Brother Smith spoke with much feeling and liberty and evidently by the spirit of prophecy. Among other statements was one that he, Elder Burton, was about to return to his native land, but would not remain there long. He would again cross the ocean, and that he would do a greater work than that which he had done (which was fulfilled in the Society Island Mission). While eating supper that

evening Brother Smith laid his knife and fork on his plate and looking at Elder Burton said: "You had some experience during your ordination that you are keeping back; now I want to know what it was." Then he testified to having distinctly felt two pairs of hands on his head at the time. The ordination took place January 1, 1888.

In his report to the General Conference of 1888, Elder Burton asked to be relieved from the mission. He said:

It is more than three years since I landed in Sydney. During this time I have assisted in restoring the three branches organized by my predecessors and have organized four others. There have been one hundred and forty-five baptized; I have confirmed the most of these, ordained five elders, nine priests, two teachers, one deacon, blessed seventy-seven children, administered to the sick, and attended to all the duties of my office as well as I have been able, not sparing myself when duty called. But the exposure, out-of-door preaching, and the changeable weather of these colonies, have resulted in a throat affliction which for sometime hindered me from preaching, but by the blessing of God and ordinance I have been much relieved; still, I deem it wise to change to a more equable, warm climate, that my recovery may be permanent; therefore I request you to release me from this mission, that I may return to southern California, where with God's blessing I may resume my labor in full.

Feeling confident of his release under the circumstances, Elder Burton and wife proceeded to make their good-bye visits in the mission. They went from Hastings to Geelong in February, that being the extreme end of the mission in Victoria. After a pleasant and profitable stay in which Elder Burton instructed the Saints in the things of the kingdom, both militant and triumphant, the sad good-byes were said, and the missionaries returned to Hastings, where they were joined by Brother and Sister Smith and all proceeded to Queensferry, Mills, and Mount Eden. The memory of those visits remains undimmed. I will quote a few lines from a letter written by Mrs. Burton from Hastings, March 15, 1888:

We have just returned from our good-bye visit with the Saints of Queensferry Branch, dear, kind-hearted, loving Saints! How our hearts ache to leave them! I can not realize that I am never to meet them again on the shores of time. It is sad to part with those we love, and

yet I would rather that than not to have known them. We have been mutually benefited by each other's society, have we not, dear Saints? We are making all haste to be ready to leave Victoria by the first of April, and before many months pass, I hope to see our native land.

The few remaining days spent in Hastings were pleasant, but filled with work; a few words from a later letter will give the situation.

April 8. We have bid good-bye to Victoria, and are now on board the steamship speeding our way to New South Wales. Brother and Sister John Grayden wished to be with us as long as possible so they accompanied us to Melbourne. . . . They with Brother Smith and some Melbourne friends stood by us till all others had gone ashore and the men began to take in the gangway. Brother Grayden was the last to leave the ship, just as he was the first one to meet us on the jetty, to help us with our baggage whenever we came home from Queensferry.

Though Brother and Sister Smith remained in Victoria a few months longer, they were cared for by the Saints; so the pale green house, where so much light and warmth had been diffused, was empty.

A few weeks' stay in Wallsend and vicinity, then the Burtons moved on to Forester, where most of the remaining time was spent, and where also they had some of the best meetings of their mission. The Sunday before the last one spent in Forester was one long to be remembered in that mission. Elder Burton took occasion to preach his farewell sermon to the people of Forester, for the next Sunday would be during conference. His sermon was like a summing up of gospel truth as taught in this latter day dispensation, and showing the scriptural evidence of this truth. His discourse led him to speak of how the gospel won its way eighteen hundred years ago, and of the marvelous outpouring of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost. His wife had felt the unmistakable evidence of the presence of the Holy Spirit as soon as she entered the house, and as the preacher spoke of the Holy Spirit descending like a mighty, rushing wind, filling the whole house, and those who were therein, it carried her in spirit to the scene, and so

vividly too, that for the moment it was as though she were really present with them. She became so filled with the Spirit that she was about to rise to her feet and give utterance to it; but remembered that it was a preaching meeting and sought to reason herself quiet by saying, "It is not wisdom to speak and thus interrupt the servant of God, while preaching the gospel," for the Spirit was with him. But before she was aware of it, she was on her feet giving utterance to the surging power within. Never did the gift of tongues rest upon her in greater force, neither had she ever spoken with greater assurance, though she knew not the words. Elder Burton stood silently while she was speaking, then gave the interpretation, which was:

The same gospel that Peter preached on the day of Pentecost is now being preached in your midst by one having the same authority to make the same promise that Peter made to the people on that day, and the Spirit that was poured out upon the people on that day is this day made manifest in your hearing; therefore those who hear the words, and witness this manifestation, will be as much without excuse in the day of judgment as were those on the day of Pentecost, who saw, heard, and believed not.

After giving the interpretation, the preacher said:

That is the point I intended to have made, but the Spirit has testified it in my stead, and in even stronger terms perhaps than I would have used.

Then he continued his discourse, not so much in reasoning of the part as evidence of the present work, as in showing the complete harmony which existed between the latter day gospel and that in the days of the apostles. He endeavored to fasten upon the minds of the congregation, not more than half of which were members of the branch, the great importance and the glory of the latter day work. Both the tongue and the interpretation made a solemn impression on the people, and they listened as if spellbound during the remainder of the service. When all was over, they passed slowly and quietly out, as if reluctant to leave the place. It had been announced the

week before that Elder Burton would preach his farewell sermon on that day, and a larger number of people came from across the river in boats than had before attended at one time, and some came from a distance in wagons.



JOHN W. WIGHT.

During the following week the Saints from various localities gathered to Forester for conference; among them the recently arrived missionaries from America, Elders John W. Wight and Cornelius A. Butterworth; also Brother and Sister Thomas W. Smith from Victoria, and all enjoyed the conference. Shortly after which came the sad parting.

It was a dull, cloudy, windy morning before the light of day had dispersed the gloom, when a tearful band marched solemnly from Brother Wright's house to the wharf, where a miniature passenger boat, in reality a steam fishboat, was bobbing about on the slightly disturbed waters, which indicated a rough sea outside the bar, and took the parting hand at the water's edge. Doubly sad was this parting for Elder John Wright and family, because their son Sidney was going, in company with the Burtons, to America. By the time the little ship was ready to pull away from the wharf, daylight was making inroads in the morning fog, and before she rounded the point, they had a clear view of the quiet little village of North Forester, and of the comfortable, hospitable home of Brother and Sister Wright, just as the sun was gilding it o'er.

On arriving at Newcastle, they made a flying visit with Sister Ann Webster, and with Brother and Sister Broadway, and others at Hamilton. With Brother Merriett at Warrata, and the Saints of Wallsend, and then took the overland—a train route scarcely completed to Sydney, where in a few days they took passage in a fine American steamship, *Alameda*, and arrived in San Francisco August 4, 1888. Thus ended their work in Australia. As has been said of Elder Burton, "He never advertised," and his natural modesty kept him from doing himself justice in regard to his work. When writing of it, he gave others all the credit he possibly could, even anticipating in some instances, especially of his work in Australia, where the power of God wrought with him mightily. His work there was one of the latter day marvels. On his arrival in those colonies, he found just need of missionary work. The work which had been done by his predecessor, with much labor and sacrifice, was fast drifting back. No preaching anywhere, and only two of the branches that had been organized were holding meetings. Those were prayer and testimony meetings.

He found but one member in Hastings, but in three weeks' time spent in that place there was a branch built up of eleven members, ten of whom were baptized by Elder Burton. In North Forester, where he found but two members, he, in six weeks time had baptized twenty-eight, all new converts. True, in both of these places, the members that were found there were good-living people. Brother Jones never failed to drop a word in season, and he personally lived his religion, that is, he was a good neighbor, had no bad habits, was always kind and cheerful, and ever ready to render a good service where he could. Brother Wright was a man of few words, but his life was a continual sermon. In his house he was devotional. He was a man of business, and had a large family; but all were seated at the table at very nearly the same time, the bell announced the time, and all bowed their heads while the father offered a short prayer of gratitude, praise, and invocation, and none left the table, not even the baby in the high chair, till all had finished eating and had returned thanks. His hospitality knew no bounds. His house was headquarters for all ministers who visited the place, irrespective of creed or denomination. But these same people lived when other missionaries were there, both before and after Elder Burton, therefore all had the same advantage. The key to effectual missionary work is that the missionary be thoroughly in earnest himself. To let the people know that he has come to them with a God-given message of life unto life, and that he is in duty bound to deliver that message and make it plain to their understanding, then they are at liberty to choose for themselves whether they will accept or reject. The writer is aware that the work done is through the power of God, and gives God the glory. There are certain requirements to be complied with in order to obtain, and retain, the converting power. The credit that is due Elder Burton is, that he faithfully performed his part in those

things. He was prayerful, and all absorbed in, and devoted to his work. He spent no time in light reading; that was altogether foreign to his work and interest. He fearlessly preached the gospel of Christ, the restoration being his theme of themes. His preaching was like as he described the flow of the Spirit: deep, calm, placid, not interrupted by the fashionable snags called anecdotes that turn the ears of the people from the truth into fables. The same Spirit that converted, also brought all the dissatisfied members and branches into harmony, and none were lost, but all enjoyed a greater measure of the Spirit than heretofore, according to their own testimony.

(To be continued.)

The ideal of God regarding man should be our first duty, and to express that ideal was the work of the Master; God was humanized in him, that men might be "divinized." You can not sin without influencing others in your sin; you can not do good without influencing others in your goodness. The life of the convent and the monastery is an everlasting disgrace, a stain upon the history of mankind, for man can not isolate himself. Those men, who in the fullness of their youthful energy, and the indomitable will of their manhood, will slave for the advancement of the race, they only have moral value, even though at times they have failed and have known the bitterness of defeat. God made you for that.

JOHN W. RUSHTON.

HISTORY OF THE SEVENTY.

BY JAMES F. MINTUN.

(Continued from page 284.)

At the Annual Conference held at Plano, Illinois, a revelation was presented April 9, to the church, containing the following that relates to the seventies:

Let my servants, Archibald M. Wilsey, William D. Morton, and George Rarick be ordained high priests; and let my servants E. C. Brand, Charles W. Wandell, and Duncan Campbell be appointed as special witnesses of the seventy in their places; and let my servants, Joseph Lake-man, Glauf Rodger, John T. Davies, and John S. Patterson be also appointed as witnesses of the seventy before me.—Doctrine and Covenants 117: 8.

The revelation was adopted, and the following actions growing out of it prevailed:

Edmund C. Brand was recommended to be ordained a seventy in the place of Archibald M. Wilsey, Charles W. Wandell in the place of William D. Morton, and Duncan Campbell in the place of George Rarick; and John S. Patterson, Glauf Rodger, and John T. Davies were by vote recommended to be ordained seventies.

Duncan Campbell was ordained a seventy by Edmund C. Briggs and Josiah Ells, and then ordained a president of the Seventy by Joseph Smith, Edmund C. Briggs, Josiah Ells, and Jason W. Briggs, the latter being the spokesman. To the latter position he was recommended to be ordained as signified by the revelation. Said recommendation was signed by Crowell G. Lanphear, president, and Francis Reynolds, secretary.

On the same date the following resolution was presented by the Quorum of Seventy to the conference:

Resolved, That we recommend to the conference the name of Brother George W. Brooks, who was a member of the Quorum of Seventy in

old organization, to be received a member of the First Quorum of Seventies in the Reorganization.

They also adopted and presented to the conference the following recommendation:

We recommend the name of Nicholas Stamm for ordination to the Quorum of Seventy. Also the names of Joseph S. Snively, John Gilbert, Leonard F. West, John H. Hansen, John C. Foss, James McKiernan, Joseph C. Clapp, and Robert Davis.

Of the above who were recommended the record says that at the same time of the ordination of Duncan Campbell, these brethren were ordained: Robert Davis, John H. Hansen, James McKiernan, and Joseph C. Clapp. Brother Brooks was received as per resolution.

At this conference the following was adopted:

Resolved, That the Quorum of Seventy travel in the ministry and labor under the direction of the Traveling High Council, according to the law of God.

August 22 Brother Charles W. Wandell was ordained a seventy by Alexander H. Smith, who on the following day ordained him a president of the Seventy at San Francisco, California, and at the same date ordained Brother Glaud Rodger a seventy, who had been ordained to that office by Edmund C. Briggs in 1864, but the previous ordination was considered invalid, as was all other ordination of men to the office of seventy whose ordinations had been recommended by district conferences, and it was decided that such ones be given a proper ordination as soon as convenient by the direction of General Conference or Traveling High Council.

We gather the following items from the minutes of the Semiannual Conference, held near Council Bluffs, Iowa, beginning September 3:

Brother E. C. Brand upon request, stated that if his appointment had come through the President, he should have declined, had it come from the body he would have hesitated; but coming as it had, he did not feel at liberty to do otherwise than to accept it and strive to do the will of God, as ability should be given him.

He was then set apart to the office of seventy, under the hands of Joseph Smith, Jason W. Briggs, and William W. Blair.

Thirteen of the Seventy were present at this conference. The president of the quorum was authorized to issue licenses to those of the Seventy present. Some were recommended by the quorum to be ordained to the office of seventy, but none of them were prepared to accept the office.

Those of the Seventy that had been issued licenses prior to 1860 were by resolution of the conference granted new licenses.

It was decided by the Quorum of Seventy that a request for items of the Seventy should be made, and if not complied with would be sufficient reason for action to be taken against them.

November 6, Charles W. Wandell and Glaud Rodger sailed from San Francisco, California, for Sydney, Australia, where they had been appointed a mission. They arrived at the Society Islands December 13, of which trip quite a lengthy write up will be found in Church History, volume 4, pages 40 to 55.

An opinion was adopted at this session that it was considered inexpedient for licenses to be issued by the officers of the quorum, except upon recommendation of the branch or district, or by the president of the district or vote of the quorum. This action was repealed April 12, 1886.

Brother Edmund C. Brand having been ordained a seventy was by vote of the quorum received into the First Quorum of Seventy, and granted a license. It was moved "That he be set apart to be ordained a president of the Seventy," but by his request a vote on the motion was deferred till more of the Seventy were present.

James C. Crabb was president pro tem of the session of the Seventy at this conference, and Francis Reynolds was secretary. Joseph Lakeman was ordained a seventy September 28,

in Grand Manan, New Brunswick, by Thomas W. Smith and John C. Foss.

1874. This year began under the inspiration of the previous year, and greater activities were seen. The Seventies formed the greatest factor as missionaries, and it was greatly desired that the Quorum of Seventy should be placed in a better condition.

Accordingly President Crowell G. Lanphear wrote on January 17 to the members of the quorum, requesting them to state whether they are ready for missionary service, and if not to try to so arrange.

On the twenty-fourth of the same month the president of the Twelve had published in the *Saints' Herald* this letter:

Dear Brethren: In view of the wide, and every day extending field inviting laborers, together with the increasing desire to hear on the part of all classes, and the activity of the enemy of truth, we feel prompted to address you, and bring to your consideration the present want of a more numerous and active traveling ministry. The world is ripening; creeds and theories changing; new questions arising; and new issues forced upon the religiously inclined, as well as upon the religious teachers. The spirit of irreligion is rampant, and Christianity is attacked at all points. The iconoclasts (breakers of images) of to-day, are seeking to break down the temple and altar of God—the pillars of gospel truth, and obliterate (what sectarians have obscured) the fountain of hope.

At this juncture an unusual disposition is manifest to lend an ear to the words of life; the church feels this increased weight of responsibility to furnish an increase of laborers corresponding to the increased demand; and its main resource in the matter is the Seventy. How many of you will respond like the ancient of the Lord, "Here am I, send me"? How many can so respond and take the field from the next annual conference? As many as can, and will probably do so, please inform us of their willingness and intention; and if drawn to any particular region, name it and the principal reasons for choosing such locality. If any are willing, and are prevented by obstacles they can not remove, advise us of such facts. Those already in the field, whether upon home or foreign missions, we request to communicate with us upon the condition, prospects, and wants of their several missions, of any change of labor contemplated by them. By complying with this request at as early a day as convenient, we will be the better enabled to provide for the various wants of different localities by having a better understanding and preparation against the conference. And we would here suggest, that it will be a praiseworthy act

on the part of local brethren and branches, where a seventy is resident and in shackles, to "loose him and let him go." Brethren, try it; and may the God of all grace reward you, and inspire those to help move the cause of Zion, and in hope of its complete redemption.

We remain your coworker in the vineyard of the Lord,

J. W. BRIGGS.

During the Annual Conference held at Plano, Illinois, beginning April 6, 1874, it was decided by vote,

That the elders of the Quorum of Seventy use all practical means to be at liberty to labor in their calling, and that the tithing fund, as far as practicable, be applied for the sustaining of their families while in the field.

There was no report by the Seventy to the conference.

John T. Davies was at the Annual Conference of 1873 recommended to be ordained a seventy, but at that time he was on a mission to Wales and did not arrive home till June 18 of that year. In 1874, April 10, he was ordained a seventy, at Plano, Illinois, by Jason W. Briggs and Crowell G. Lanphear, then appointed another mission to Wales, leaving for his mission the sixteenth, where he arrived June 9. He remained there till August 26, 1875, when he "arrived at Plano, on his way home from Europe."

Although John S. Patterson was recommended to be ordained a seventy in the spring of 1873, yet he was not ordained till at the Semiannual Conference held near Council Bluffs, Iowa, beginning September 19, 1874, and continuing till the twenty-third, at which date he was ordained by William W. Blair, John H. Lake, and Joseph R. Lambert.

The Quorum of Seventy was sustained in righteousness by the vote of this conference.

There is no record of a report of the Seventy being made to this conference.

1875.—In January a letter from Australia, written by Brethren Wandell and Rodger of the Seventy, reported that the work was moving slowly, a few having been baptized by them.

March 14 Brother Wandell died at his post of duty in Australia, Brother Rodger being with him and caring for him to the last. This left Brother Rodger a lone missionary in that vast territory. The last entry in the private journal of Brother Wandell is dated March 2, and reads as follows:

The swelling of my limbs, caused by heart disease, has developed a dangerous sore in my left leg. The point is to keep this sore from mortifying and killing me at once. Know all men that I want all my bound books and other church books to be the property of the Australian Mission of Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

I want my clothes, all of them, to be given to the elder whom the church may send out to take my place. The trunk goes with the clothes. I here (March 2) feel it my duty to state that I believe young Joseph Smith to be the true leader, and President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, as against the claims of Brigham Young to that office; and to be the legal prophet, seer, and revelator thereof. He must increase, but Brigham shall decrease. After my decease I wish the church to assemble in a conference capacity, make action with reference to me that may be just and proper. I feel more than ever convinced that a splendid work will be done here. Also I bear record my unlimited faith in the atonement of Jesus Christ as the world's Savior. It is in view of the completeness of that atonement that I am enabled to think so calmly about it. God and Christ are true, and so is a universal Providence.

After the conference spoken of shall have been holden, I want this diary to be carefully and properly prepared for the post office, and sent direct to Plano, to Brother Joseph, to be preserved in the archives of the church.

To any of my personal friends in America who would ask after certain inner emotions, etc., I will say that all is calm and serene. The eternal future is bright, and one night last week the angels sang a beautiful song. The Adversary has not showed himself in any distinctive form, and I am truly greatly blessed.

CHARLES WESLEY WANDELL.

During the sessions of the Annual Conference held at Plano, Illinois, convening April 6, Crowell G. Lanphear presided over the Seventy. The quorum consisted of fifty-two members, twenty-five of whom were laboring actively, and twenty laboring locally. Seven were present at the conference.

The report of the quorum showed what each member of the quorum was doing so far as the president of that quorum could determine. Besides this the following actions were had:

Resolved, That the quorum consider the acts of the Buffalo Prairie, Illinois, and Leon, Iowa, branches, in disfellowshipping members of the quorum, as being premature and illegal, as the charges and evidences sustaining them should first have been presented to the quorum. And we hereby request the officials of said branches to present the charges and evidence to substantiate the same, to this quorum for our consideration. And we also further request that all other branches or districts in the future having grievances against members of this quorum requiring trial, shall refer said cases to us for adjudication. . . .

Whereas, Much misunderstanding exists regarding the legality of the ordinations of some of the quorum, by reason of their having been ordained at district conferences; therefore,

Resolved, That we request the present conference to settle the question as to the legality or illegality of such ordinations.

Resolved, That we sustain Crowell G. Lanphear as president, and Frank Reynolds, secretary, together with all members of the quorum in righteousness.

Resolved, That we sustain President Joseph Smith, his counselors, and all the other quorums in righteousness.

Adjourned to meet at the call of the president.

C. G. LANPHEAR, *President.*

J. S. PATTERSON, *Secretary pro tem.*

The request that the conference decide upon the legality of certain ordinations was deferred until the Semiannual Conference of this year.

On July 19 John T. Davis wrote from Wales that the work had to meet with much opposition, yet was gaining ground.

On July 27 Glaud Rodger wrote very encouragingly of his success in the Australian Mission.

The Seventy's Quorum requested the ordination of Edmund C. Brand to the office of a president of the Seventies. This was at the Semiannual Conference held from September 8 to 12, at or near Council Bluffs, Iowa. He was ordained on the twelfth by Joseph Smith, Israel L. Rogers, Thomas W. Smith, and Zenos H. Gurley.

The subject of the ordinations of seventies that was deferred from the Annual Conference, was considered, and this action taken:

Resolved, That until it shall be otherwise decided by revelation or act of a General Assembly, the ordinations of seventies prior to April, 1878,

shall be held as legal, and those so ordained authorized to act as such officers; but that this action does not warrant the further ordination of seventies except as provided by the rules and precedents of the April session of 1873; and further,

That it be ordered that the secretary of the quorum record the names and issue license to those seventies acting under the ordination referred to in the Reorganization.

An address "To the Seventy," was issued by Crowell G. Lanphear, December 7, 1874, and appeared in the *Saints' Herald*, volume 22, page 29.

TO THE SEVENTIES.

Dear Brethren of the Seventy, Greeting: I have thought it well to express to you by letter through the *Herald*, that my prayer and desire to the Lord is at all times that his blessings may be with you; that you may be favored with his divine assistance and grace in all labors and duties of your high and holy calling. Let us be encouraged to go on in the good work, knowing we are engaged in the labor of the Master, who is Christ the Lord, who will give to every man; and reward according to their works. Let us strive to so work acceptably to the Master, that when the great day of reckoning is at hand, we may be accounted worthy to receive a reward. And while there are trials, hardships and difficulties to encounter, there are also many things to cheer and comfort in the travel and labor of the seventy. Many things ennobling, beautiful, grand and sublime in the calling. They are to travel in all the world. The hills, the mountains and the plains are before them; the broad expanse of the ocean, with rolling waves, bears them to the islands of the sea. Let us thank the Lord that he has made all these things to gladden and cheer the heart, and prepared a way for his gospel to be published in all the earth.

I feel my weakness, I ask your prayers that I may receive divine sustenance and aid in the position I occupy in the Quorum of Seventy. And may the sustaining grace and blessings of the Lord abide with the Seventy, is the prayer of yours in gospel bonds.

G. C. LANPHEAR, *President of Seventy.*

SAVANNAH, WAYNE COUNTY, NEW YORK, December 7, 1874.

The president also had published another address "To the members of the Quorum of Seventy," February 4, 1875, contained in *Saints' Herald*, volume 22, page 156.

Licenses were issued to Samuel Ackerley, Jesse L. Adams, Albert B. Alderman, Bradford V. Springer, James W. Gillen,

Stephen J. Stone, Jeremiah Jeremiah, Abednego Johns, Charles H. Jones, and George W. Shaw.

The following memorial was adopted by the Seventy because of the death of Charles W. Wandell:

Resolved, That in the decease of Brother Charles W. Wandell, of the Presidents of the Quorum of Seventy, we recognize the hand of God in his removal to his rest with Christ, yet deeply deplore the loss of his earnest and devoted service in the extension of our Redeemer's kingdom; and while expressing this tribute of respect to his memory, would not forget to extend our sympathy to his afflicted and sorrowing family, who must feel, in a manner into which we can not fully enter, the loss of a kind husband and affectionate father.

President Crowell G. Lanphear issued an address. (*Saints' Herald*, volume 23, page 127.)

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE QUORUM OF SEVENTIES.

Dear Brethren in Christ: Whereas the time of the Annual Conference of the present year is drawing near at hand, and it being necessary to obtain a knowledge of those of the Quorum of Seventy who are in readiness to labor in the vineyard of the Lord; so that I may present to the Twelve the names of such as are at liberty to take missions and labor in their calling, I take this method of inquiry to learn relative thereto; and desire that as many as are in readiness for duty (as provided by law in the Book of Covenants), to inform me by letter between this and the first of April next. And it is also desirable that as many of the quorum as can consistently do so, attend the conference. Brethren, let us be moved upon to go forward and rally to the rescue in Zion's conflict. The harvest is great upon every hand. The great day of the Lord is drawing near. The conflicting powers of the world are fast assuming shape for combat and deadly strife towards each other. Let us be prepared as a quorum to act our part by the help of the Lord in lifting up the ensign of peace, and showing the earnest seekers of truth, where is the good way, that they may find rest to their souls.

THERESA, NEW YORK, February 4, 1875.

The Seventy reported to the conference this year, the record of which is found in *Saints' Herald*, volume 23, page 316.

At the Annual Conference held at Plano, Illinois, beginning April 6, there were fifty-four members of the Quorum of Seventy reported, thirty-five of whom were on missions.

The Twelve recommended during the time of this confer-

ence, for ordination to the office of seventy, Robert J. Anthony, Joseph F. McDowell, and Heman C. Smith. Joseph F. McDowell was ordained by Wililam H. Kelley, Josiah Ells, and James Caffall. The other brethren not being present, their ordinations were provided for. Heman C. Smith was ordained at Council Bluffs, Iowa, October 8, by James Caffall, Edmund C. Brand, and James W. Gillen. Robert J. Anthony was not ordained till February 27, 1877, when he was ordained at Farm Creek, Iowa, by James Caffall and Edmund C. Briggs.

On account of some of the branches having cut members of the Seventy off from the church without the knowledge of the quorum, the quorum demurred, but the Twelve did not support the demurrer. This was the occasion for the following action, and its presentation to the conference:

Resolved, That we request the conference to speak authoritatively regarding the right of trial in the various quorums, that we may in future have some definite rule to govern us, and in order to reach this matter the following resolution is offered:

Resolved, That while it is the privilege of districts, branches or individuals to prefer charges against members of the church—officials or nonofficials—yet the right to *try* official members is held only by the quorum to which he belongs, or by a court of his peers in the event of his not being united with any quorum.

President Crowell G. Lanphear published in the *Saints' Herald* another request. (*Saints' Herald*, volume 23, page 575.)

REQUEST TO THE SEVENTY.

Members of the Quorum of Seventy who think of taking missions, or who are in readiness for action in their calling, are requested to make the same known to me by letter.

1877.—President Crowell G. Lanphear published another address, entitled, a "Call to the Seventy." (*Saints' Herald*, volume 24, page 64.)

Members of the Quorum of Seventy are requested to write to me in time for the Annual April Conference, making known their conditions and purpose relative to labor in their office and calling, for the coming summer and season. A lengthy or detailed report of past labors is not

necessary. Also as many of the quorum as expect to attend the conference will please thus mention it in their correspondence.

DAVIS CITY, DECATUR COUNTY, IOWA, January 27, 1877.

There is no report of any sessions of the Seventy held at the Annual Conference this year, but there were several of the quorum appointed to missions.

There being none of the Presidents of the Seventy at the Semiannual Conference held at Gallands Grove, Iowa, Brother Robert J. Anthony was chosen to preside pro tem. The quorum recommended Brother Mangus Fyrando for ordination to the office of seventy upon written advice from the president of the quorum.

Sixteen of the Seventy were appointed missions.

The Seventy's Quorum was sustained by vote.

On January 7, President Crowell G. Lanphear issued another call through the *Saints' Herald*, volume 25, page 47.

TO THE SEVENTY.

The brethren of the Quorum of Seventy are hereby reminded of the approaching Annual Conference, and are requested to let me hear from them previous to the convening of it, so that I may be enabled to report who among the quorum are in readiness for the field. Address me at Independence, Jackson County, Missouri. I will also say to them, to be of good courage. Let us draw nigh unto the Lord in earnest prayer and desire, that he may draw nigh unto us, and strengthen us, for the high and honorable calling whereunto we, as a quorum, are called. May we, in the present year, (fraught with so great prospects for the good of Zion's cause), be able to make an excellent record in our behalf, by our earnest endeavors in the gospel.

INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI, January 7, 1878.

At the sessions of the Quorum of Seventy at the Annual Conference held at Plano, Illinois, beginning April 6, there was but little business done. There were in the quorum at this time fifty-five members, only ten of whom were on missions, and about twenty laboring locally.

Elders Charles N. Brown and Morris T. Short were recommended for ordination, the latter was ordained the fourteenth

by William H. Kelley and Zenos H. Gurley, but the former not being present, his ordination was provided for.

About twenty-five were appointed missions. Francis Reynolds, the secretary of the Seventy, published a book entitled, *The Jewish Monitor and Guide to the Holy Land*. A copy of this book was sent to the Queen of England, for which she expressed her thanks.

The following is a part of the record at this time:

Taking into consideration the depleted condition of the treasury, and the lack of means to assist the families of the ministry during their absence in the field, it is gratifying to state that there is as much earnest expression of willingness to sacrifice and of interest as is found with the quorum, as a body; and while there is a number in the quorum who are advanced in years, and who are not able to do more, or but little for the cause; yet nearly all of those who have been added to the quorum in the few years past are those who are in the vigor of life, earnest workers, and doing nobly for the cause.

This request was made of the church:

We ask the church to loose the hands of those of our quorum who earnestly desire to go forth in their calling, but who are retained at home to provide for their families.

The license of George Hatt, which was relinquished by him pending the settlement of difficulties in Nebraska, was now restored to him, the difficulties being amicably adjusted.

On May 13, Elder Jeremiah Jeremiah died. Of him it is said that he "served the interests of the cause faithfully." He had been a missionary to England and Wales. This death was not reported by the quorum to the conference till April, 1879.

The Semiannual Conference was held at Gallands Grove, Iowa, beginning September 7. The quorum held three meetings during this conference. Edmund C. Brand was president, and Joseph F. McDowell secretary pro tem.

The president of the quorum reported the inefficiency of some to occupy as seventies, without specifying exact cause, and he was requested to furnish the quorum the necessary

information, Joseph F. McDowell to be associated with him in the investigation.

Nine members of the quorum were present at this conference: Morris T. Short, Andrew Hall, Cornelius G. McIntosh, James C. Crabb, Edmund C. Brand, Robert J. Anthony, Nathan Lindsey, George Outhouse, and Joseph F. McDowell.

In answer to the question, "What qualifications an individual is required to have to be a seventy," the president said,

The qualifications should be such as having a proper conception of the church doctrines, and he should be able to fulfill the duties of said office, and also should have strict moral qualifications.

At this conference the quorum recommended for ordination Davis H. Bays, Thomas W. Chatburn, Eli T. Dobson, Robert M. Elvin, and Isaac N. Roberts. Davis H. Bays was the only one of these who was ordained at that time. He was ordained September 14, by Joseph R. Lambert, Edmund C. Brand, Charles Derry, and Joseph Smith. The members of the quorum who were on missions were sustained by the confidence of the quorum. Twenty-one were appointed on missions from this conference.

A notice from President Crowell G. Lanphear was issued October 14, 1878. (*Saints' Herald*, volume 25, page 335.)

TO THE SEVENTY.

Those of the quorum desiring licenses, can obtain them by making proper application to the secretary, Brother Frank Reynolds, Shelby, Shelby County, Iowa. They are requested to give the date of their birth; the place of their nativity; the date and place of their baptism; by whom administered; by whom confirmed; also their former ordinations to lesser offices; time and place of being conferred; and name of the one administering at each ordination, up to the date, including their ordination to the office of seventy. Likewise to obtain a recommendation from the branch, the district conference where they belong, president of district or vote of the quorum.

SANDWICH, ILLINOIS, October 14, 1878.

1879.—Early in the year President Crowell G. Lanphear had a notice published in *Saints' Herald*, volume 26, page 63.

TO THE QUORUM OF SEVENTY.

The members of the above quorum are requested to address me before the next April conference, relative to their recent labors in the ministry, and their desire and purpose for the present year. If they have preference of points of location for ministerial labors they will please to mention it in their correspondence. Also I wish them to represent the general prospects and wants of the gospel in their respective missions and localities. Brethren, be prompt.

SANDWICH, ILLINOIS.

Charles N. Brown was ordained February 2, by Thomas W. Smith.

Twenty-one of the Seventy reported to the Annual Conference held at Plano, Illinois, beginning April 6.

At this conference Crowell G. Lanphear was ordained a high priest, thus leaving a vacancy in the presidency. Twenty-three reported their labors, and twenty-five were appointed on missions.

Brother Delorme T. Bronson was, after due consideration, dropped from the quorum, for persistent neglect of duty and refusal to officiate in his office, and for the further reason that he requested to be released from the office, because he thought his ordination had been unwise and improper.

A general inquiry was made into the condition of the quorum, and the belief of some of its members.

Resolutions of condolence and respect because of the deaths of Jeremiah Jeremiah and Otis Shumway were adopted by the quorum.

At the Semiannual Conference held at Gallands Grove, Iowa, beginning September 24, this resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That we present to the body the following names as men worthy of enrollment in the quorum: David Chambers, J. F. Mintun, W. C. Cadwell, E. T. Dobson, G. T. Griffiths, R. M. Elvin, George Montague, Joseph Luff, George Yarrington, George S. Hyde, W. T. Bozarth, J. R. Badham, and I. N. White.

The conference approved of the names of Isaac N. Roberts, James F. Mintun, Gomer T. Griffiths, George Montague, George S. Hyde, and William T. Bozarth, and they were ordained on September 30, by James Caffall, William H. Kelley, James C. Crabb, and Robert J. Anthony.

The quorum called the attention of the members of the quorum who should attend the coming Annual Conference to the depleted condition of the quorum, and urged on them the necessity of endeavoring to fill it with proper material.

During the session held at this conference, Edmund C. Brand presided and George R. Outhouse was secretary pro tem. Three sessions were held.

An item on the record gives the information that all records up to the year of 1880 were supplied by Heman C. Smith from the *Saints' Herald* after he became secretary of the quorum in 1885.

The quorum authorized Edmund C. Brand to call the quorum together in April, 1880. Twenty-two were appointed on missions, and two were released from missionary work pending investigations.

1880.—On January 21, Francis Reynolds, secretary of the quorum, died at his home in Chicago, Illinois.

Notice was issued by Edmund C. Brand for the quorum to convene at April conference. (*Saints' Herald*, volume 27, page 112.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA, March 3, 1880.

Inasmuch as the Quorum of Seventies is without an acting president, by the removal of Brother Lanphear into the High Priests' Quorum; and without a secretary, death having removed Brother Frank Reynolds; therefore, I respectfully ask them to report to the coming conference their condition and informing the quorum who are ready to take the field, requesting all that can to meet with the quorum. E. C. BRAND.

At the sessions held during the Annual Conference held at Plano, Illinois, beginning April 4, Edmund C. Brand was president pro tem and Joseph F. McDowell, secretary pro tem.

Resolutions of condolence and respect for Francis Reynolds, deceased, were adopted. They are,

Whereas, In the providence of God, our beloved brother, Frank Reynolds, has been removed from us by death, by which we have lost an efficient secretary, and, in common with the church, a worthy member; and

Whereas, Our loss has been and is in direct sense a still more serious loss to his family, to whom his virtues most fondly endeared him; be it

Resolved, That we do hereby tender to his bereaved wife and family our sympathy and condolence, praying for them, that He who has promised to be a "husband to the widow" and a "father to the fatherless" may be their sufficient helper, defender and guide.

The quorum chose as their secretary Joseph F. McDowell. He was authorized to secure the records from the widow of the former secretary.

Glaud Rodger was recommended by the quorum and presented to the conference to be ordained president of the First Seventy and the senior president of the Presidents of the Seventy. He was so ordained on the fourteenth by William H. Kelley, John H. Lake, and Mark H. Forscutt.

George Hatt was dropped from the quorum for the reason that he had been expelled from the church for unchristianlike conduct.

Brethren Columbus Scott and John L. Bear were recommended by the quorum to be ordained seventies, and they were so ordained on the fourteenth by John H. Lake, William H. Kelley, and Mark H. Forscutt.

John H. Hansen having been under the necessity to leave his mission to provide for his family, the quorum asked the conference to take steps to liberate him from this necessity, that he may continue in the active ministry.

Twenty were appointed to missionary labor.

(To be continued.)

HISTORY OF THE PRESIDENTS OF SEVENTY.

BY JAMES F. MINTUN.

[Accompanying the "History of Seventy" now running in the JOURNAL we present a history of the Presidents of Seventy.—EDITOR.]

It is historically true that there must be a head to every organic body, the Seventy being one, yet in the Old and New Testament history we have no mention made of such officers as Presidents of Seventy. The first mention made of such officers is in the organization of the church in these latter days when they are not only mentioned, but their duties so outlined that we must conclude that if the history of the Seventy was more fully given in other dispensations these officers would be mentioned, as the existence of the Seventy as a quorum is dependent upon the exercise of the duties assigned to these officers by the Lord.

While no revelation is recorded in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants as having been received in which there is any account of such officials in the church as Presidents of Seventy previous to March 28, 1835, yet from the history of conditions we must conclude that the Prophet of the church had been given instruction in regard to this matter before the time of this first recorded revelation, for on February 28, 1835 the seven presidents were chosen as evidenced by the following:

On the 28th, (1835) the church in council assembled, commenced selecting certain individuals from the number of those who went up to Zion with me, in the camp; and the following are the names of those who were ordained and blessed at that time, to begin the organization of the First Quorum of Seventies, according to the visions and revelations which I have received. . . .

After sacrament the council continued the ordination and blessing of those previously called; also John Murdock and S. W. Denton were ordained and blessed; Benjamin Winchester, Hyrum Smith, and Frederick G. Williams were blessed; and Joseph Young and Sylvester Smith were

ordained Presidents of the Seventies.—Church History, vol. 1, pp. 549, 550.

In Kirtland, Ohio, on March 28, 1835, in the afternoon “the Twelve met in council and had a time of general confession.” At that time they said:

“The time when we are about to separate is near; and when we shall meet again, God only knows; we therefore feel to ask of him whom we have acknowledged to be our Prophet and Seer, that he inquire of God for us, and obtain a revelation (if consistent), that we may look upon it when we are separated, that our hearts may be comforted. . . .

“In compliance with the above request, I inquired of the Lord, and received answer.” Then follows the revelation recorded as section 104, in Book of Doctrine and Covenants.—Church History, vol. 1, pp. 552-558.

In this revelation is this instruction relative to the Presidents of the Seventy:

It is according to the vision, showing the order of the Seventy, that they should have seven presidents to preside over them, chosen out of the number of the Seventy, and the seventh president of these presidents is to preside over the six; and these seven presidents are to choose other seventy besides the first seventy, to whom they belong, and are to preside over them; and also other seventy until seven times seventy, if the labor in the vineyard of necessity requires it.—Doctrine and Covenants 104: 43.

A Grand Council was held at Kirtland, Ohio, “composed of the following officers of the church: viz, Presidents Joseph Smith, jr., David Whitmer, Oliver Cowdery, Sidney Rigdon, Frederick G. Williams, Joseph Smith, sr., and Hyrum Smith, with the council of the Twelve Apostles, Bishop Partridge and Council, Bishop Whitney and Council, and some of the Seventy, with their presidents; viz, Sylvester Smith, Leonard Rich, Lyman Sherman, Hazen Aldrich, Joseph Young, and Levi Hancock; and many elders from different parts; President Joseph Smith, jr., presiding.”—Church History, vol. 1, p. 560.

At this council President Joseph Smith gave counsel in accordance therewith. In considering the work of the presidents of the Seventy at this time the record says, “The circumstances of the Presidents of the Seventy were severally considered, relative to their traveling in the vineyard; and it was unanimously agreed that they should hold themselves in readiness to go at the call of the Twelve, when the Lord opens the way. Twenty-seven of the seventy were also con-

sidered, and it was decided that they should hold themselves in readiness to travel in the ministry, at the call of the Presidents of the Seventy, as the Lord opens the way."—Church History, vol. 1, p. 561.

On January 19, 1841, the Lord points out by revelation who are to preside over the Seventy.

And again, I give unto you Joseph Young, Josiah Butterfield, Daniel Miles, Henry Herriman, Zera Pulsipher, Levi Hancock, James Foster, to preside over the quorum of seventies, etc.—Doctrine and Covenants 107: 44.

From the choosing of the seven presidents on February 28, 1835, to the time of the above revelation, we have this brief history of this council as gleaned from various sources:

The first seven chosen continued to act till April 6, 1837, when it was determined that some who had thus been acting had been ordained high priests, and they became members of the high priests' quorum, and the following brethren were chosen to fill vacancies thus occasioned: John Gould, James Foster, Daniel S. Miles, Josiah Butterfield, Salmon Gee, and John Gaylord. September 3, 1837, Levi W. Hancock, who had temporarily vacated the position of president of Seventy, was again restored to his place, and John Gould was ordained to the office of high priest. January 13, 1838, John Gaylord was excommunicated from the church. This vacancy in the council was filled February 6, 1838, by choosing and ordaining Henry Herriman. March 3, 1838, the Seventy held a meeting at Kirtland, Ohio, and withdrew their fellowship in the quorum from Salmon Gee, for "neglect of duty and other causes." On the same date Zera Pulsipher was chosen and ordained a president of the Seventy, to fill the vacancy. From the time of this revelation we find no evidence of any change in the Council of Presidents of Seventy till the death of Joseph and Hyrum Smith. From this time till the conference held at Amboy, Illinois, April, 1860, we find no history in regard to

the Presidents of the Seventy, but at that time we have the following:

James Blakeslee, Edmund C. Briggs, Crowell G. Lanphear, William D. Morton, and Archibald M. Wilsey were ordained Presidents of Seventy, by Elders William Marks and Zenos H. Gurley, sr., George Rarick and John A. McIntosh were chosen Presidents of Seventy, and subsequently ordained.

George Rarick was ordained the next day, but John A. McIntosh was not ordained till June 3, 1860.

Of these first chosen Presidents of Seventy, Archibald M. Wilsey, William D. Morton, George Rarick, John A. McIntosh, and Crowell G. Lanphear were ordained high priests and James Blakeslee and Edmund C. Briggs were ordained to the office of apostle. At the same time that Archibald M. Wilsey, William D. Morton, and George Rarick were called to be ordained to the office of high priest, Brethren Edmund C. Brand, Charles W. Wandell, and Duncan Campbell were called to be "special witnesses of the Seventy in their places," and they were all ordained Presidents of Seventy, Duncan Campbell April 11, and Charles W. Wandell August 23, and Edmund C. Brand September 12, 1873. Of these Charles W. Wandell and Edmund C. Brand died while occupying that office, but Duncan Campbell was ordained to the office of high priest, and now occupies as one of the Standing High Council of Lamon Stake. Elder Glaud Rodger was chosen by the Quorum of Seventy to be ordained to the office of Senior President of the Seventy, to fill the vacancy occurring by the ordination of Crowell G. Lanphear to the office of high priest, and he continued in that office till his death, August 3, 1884. Of the above mentioned presidents of Seventy, Archibald M. Wilsey, Crowell G. Lanphear, Glaud Rodger, Edmund C. Brand, and Duncan Campbell have occupied as senior presidents of Seventy, the latter occupying till April 30, 1901, since which time Columbus Scott has been occupying in that office.

This covers the period of the Reorganization and the prominent features of the history of the Presidents of the Seventy till in 1885 the President of the church had spiritual instruction in regard to that office.

This was by the action of the General Conference of 1894 approved, and its publication in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants ordered.

This instruction was given to the Seventy, and the following is a part of their record in relation to it:

April 14, 1885.—Seventy met at the house of John C. Foss. Prayer by Brother Foss.

The President of the church reported that he had received no communication further than had before been reported.

After prayer by each member of the quorum present it was "Moved, That we accept the revelation coming through Joseph Smith, which reads: 'My servants of the seventy may select from their number seven; of which number those now being of the seven presidents of seventy shall be a part, who shall form the presidency of seven presidents of seventy as provided in my law' as the word of God to us." This was unanimously adopted by a rising vote. The result was the choice of John S. Patterson, John T. Davies, James W. Gillen, Heman C. Smith, and Columbus Scott, to occupy with Edmund C. Brand and Duncan Campbell.

On the same day, at 5 p. m., the quorum met with others by order of conference at the house of John C. Foss, when the five brethren chosen as presidents were ordained under the hands of John H. Lake and James Caffall of the Twelve, and Edmund C. Brand of the Presidents of Seventy.

Brother John H. Lake was spokesman in the ordination of Brethren Patterson and Smith; Brother James Caffall in the ordination of Brethren John T. Davies and Columbus Scott; and Edmund C. Brand in the ordination of James W. Gillen.

Up till the year 1886 the record of the Presidents of Seventy is in part the record of the Seventy, and much of their history forms a part of the history of the Seventy. April 2 of this year the President of the church called the presidents of Seventy to assemble in council, and they did so. The council consisted at this time of Edmund C. Brand, senior president; John S. Patterson, James W. Gillen, Heman C. Smith, and

Columbus Scott, who were present at Lamoni, Iowa, where the General Conference was to be held, and Duncan Campbell and John T. Davies who were absent. At this first meeting Heman C. Smith was elected permanent secretary.

The following important resolution to govern the council in choosing presidents of quorums and in making choice of seventies was adopted:

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this council that the Quorum of Seventy should choose from the presidency of the quorum the one who should act as first president; and after such choice is made the remainder of the presidents should rank according to seniority in ordination.

The last paragraph of this resolution was repealed and the following was adopted in its stead, April, 1891:

Resolved, further, That in case of death of a senior president, or any of the presidents, we recognize the privilege of the remaining presidents to recommend one for appointment as senior president, of the presidency subject to the action of the quorum.

On the same date, April 2, 1886, this was adopted:

Resolved, That no name be presented to the conference for ordination to the quorum only by the unanimous voice of those of the council present.

The record is now clear that the council began at this time to prayerfully consider the names of elders who were in a quorum, with a view to their selection for the office of seventy. We note that even elders who were not in quorums, but some brethren in the priests' quorum were under consideration. After a very prayerful consideration the council chose Myron H. Bond, George H. Hilliard, Henry Kemp, Joseph Luff, Joseph F. Burton, John Alfred Davies, Hiram L. Holt, Willard J. Smith, Hans N. Hansen, John Smith, Isaac N. White, Evan A. Davies, Alonzo H. Parsons, Peter Anderson, Arthur Leverton, Thomas Daley, Thomas Taylor, (England,) Luther R. Devore, Richard S. Salyards, John S. Roth, Frank M. Sheehy, John Arthur Davies, Amos J. Moore, and William M. Rumel.

On April 3 Duncan Campbell offered his resignation, but

the causes that led up to it were in a measure adjusted, and the brother continued to act with the council. Up till this date the Twelve had been selecting Seventies, but the council now reported themselves ready to assume the responsibilities of their office, and sent the following resolution and request to that quorum:

Resolved, That we now report to the Quorum of the Twelve that we are organized as a Presidency of the Seventies Quorum, and ready to assume our duty as the law directs; and

We respectfully ask that if there are not as many in the Twelve and Seventies Quorums as necessary to supply the demands of the missionary field, that they call upon us to select men, as provided in Doctrine and Covenants 104: 43.

On April 13 Richard C. Evans was indorsed by the council to be ordained a seventy.

1887.—During this year there is no record of a session being held by the council.

1888.—The first meeting this year was on April 4, at Independence, Missouri, with Edmund C. Brand, Duncan Campbell, John T. Davies, and Columbus Scott present. Since the meeting of the council in 1886, two of the presidents had been ordained to the office of apostle; viz, James W. Gillen and Heman C. Smith, and one had been expelled because of transgression; viz, John S. Patterson. This left only four in the council, but they entered into their specific work in choosing men to occupy as seventy, there being at this time only fifty-six seventies. Among those whom they chose at this time who were ordained at the conference, were, Orlin B. Thomas, Martin M. Turpen, Thomas J. Beatty, Isaac M. Smith, Thomas Matthews, James Moler, Hiram O. Smith, Hiram H. Robinson, Ulysses W. Greene, James A. Carpenter, John W. Wight, and Warren E. Peak. Brethren Isaac N. White and John C. Foss had been recommended to be ordained presidents of the Seventy, and on the fourteenth day of April an informal meeting was held to bid them welcome to the council meetings

and business. The council decided by vote that they had the right to convene at any time to transact necessary business.

1889.—No record of council meeting this year, but on April 9, we have the record of the ordination of Robert J. Anthony, who had been previously chosen to thus occupy.

1890.—The council convened at Lamoni, Iowa, on April 7, for business, there being present Edmund C. Brand, Duncan Campbell, Isaac N. White, Columbus Scott, and John C. Foss. There were chosen to be ordained seventies, Cornelius A. Butterworth, Francis M. Cooper, John A. Currie, jr., Levi Phelps, Lorenzo Powell, and Evan B. Morgan. When these were ordained the First Quorum of Seventy was filled, the first time in the Reorganization.

1891.—The council convened April 4 of this year in the Temple at Kirtland, Ohio, with Duncan Campbell, Isaac N. White, Robert J. Anthony, Columbus Scott, and John C. Foss present. The senior president, Edmund C. Brand, had died during this year, that is, this conference year, October 12, 1890. On April 6 Duncan Campbell was chosen senior president, and ordained on April 10, at which date James McKiernan was ordained a president of Seventy. On April 7 the council reported to the conference as having chosen as seventies, Brethren Emsley Curtis, William S. Pender, Rudolph Etzenhouser, John J. Cornish, and John R. Evans, who were later ordained.

1892.—The council convened this year at Independence, Missouri, April 5, with Duncan Campbell, Robert J. Anthony, John C. Foss, James McKiernan, Columbus Scott, Isaac N. White and John T. Davies present at part or all of the sessions. Davis H. Bays had been labored with by the secretary, Columbus Scott, for denying the faith, and it was decided that he was unfitted for the ministry. A resolution providing for the organization of the Second Quorum of Seventy was

adopted, and the concurrence of the Presidency and Twelve was received.

Brother George H. Hilliard had been ordained to the office of a counselor to Bishop Edmund L. Kelley, and for that reason was released as a seventy by the recommendation of the council.

The council recommended to the First Seventy John Kaler and Charles R. Duncan to become members of that quorum when ordained, which ordination followed the approval of the conference. They also recommended to be ordained to the office of seventy, and become the charter members of the Second Seventy, Isaac P. Baggerly, Silas W. L. Scott, Thomas W. Chatburn, Thomas W. Williams, John W. Peterson, Willis A. McDowell, Jefferson D. Erwin, Edward E. Wheeler, Dexter L. Shinn, George W. Shute, Mad P. Madison, Charles H. Porter, Thomas C. Kelley, David M. Rudd, Daniel E. Tucker, and these were ordained, and on April 14 the organization of the Second Quorum was completed by selecting as president, Columbus Scott, and as secretary, Thomas W. Williams. Senior president, Duncan Campbell, who assisted in the organization, gave those present instruction as to their duties as Seventies and in quorum work.

1893.—The council met this year at Lamoni, Iowa, on April 3, there being present at the sessions Duncan Campbell, Robert J. Anthony, John T. Davies, Isaac N. White, James McKiernan, Columbus Scott, and John C. Foss. The council thought to consider names from which to choose seventies, but the Spirit did not so lead. The Twelve presented two names, but the Spirit directed the council to make no selections.

1894.—The council met for their first session April 3, at Lamoni, Iowa, with all the council present. The first session was devoted to fasting and prayer, and the First Seventy at the request of the council also held a session of fasting and

prayer. After one session was occupied in considering names on the fourth, the session of April 6 resulted in choosing for seventies, John Davis, Edward Delong, Vardaman D. Baggerly, Hyrum E. Moler, Samuel Brown, Leonard F. Daniels, John Shields, Charles H. Burr, Floyd C. Keck, James W. Jackson, Eli A. Stedman, Samuel W. Simmons, and on the tenth William Thompson, Alma M. Fyrando, Henry Sparling, James W. Scott, John R. Roush, Charles J. Hunt, Frank J. Chatburn, Frederick A. Smith, and Robert E. Grant were chosen. All were ordained except Samuel W. Simmons, whose ordination was deferred for one year, and Alma M. Fyrando, whose name was referred back to the council, as his name had also been selected and presented by the Presidency to be ordained a high priest, but his selection was renewed and presented to the conference.

The Second Seventy requested that the name of Columbus Scott should be changed from the First Seventy to the Second Seventy, on account of being the president of that quorum, but the council decided that he should remain with the First Seventy.

1895.—The council met this year at Independence, Missouri, for their first session April 5, with Duncan Campbell, John T. Davies, Isaac N. White, Columbus Scott, and James McKiernan in attendance. The following questions were answered by the council affirmatively:

“1. Do the Seven Presidents of Seventy belong to the First Quorum of Seventy?

“2. Should they all remain so identified?”

Then the following questions and answers followed as presented by the Second Seventy:

“1. Is there provision in the law for more than one quorum of seventy?

“Yes.

"2. If so; should they meet independently (separately in quorums) in quorum work?

"Yes.

"3. If so; has the First Quorum any preeminence over the second, and in what respect?

"No.

"4. If so; how shall vacancies in the quorum be filled?

"As the law directs. See Doctrine and Covenants 120: 10.

"5. If so; which quorum shall render decisions to be equal with that of the First Presidency and the Twelve Apostles?

"Decisions shall be rendered by one or all the quorums that are in condition to render such decisions.

"6. If so; has each quorum the right to choose its own president?

"Presidents should be nominated by the Seven Presidents, and should be of the members of the Seven Presidents, said nominations to be presented to the quorum for their approval or disapproval.

"7. If so; shall the presiding officer's name be enrolled upon the record of the quorum he is chosen by?

"No.

"8. Can a man preside over a body, when at the same time he is neither an ex-officio nor an accepted member of that body?

"Yes."

Columbus Scott was recommended to the Second Seventy for their president, and was so approved.

The council received notice on the twelfth that the answers to their question in regard to a president of a quorum was not satisfactory, and requested the council to submit the questions to the First Presidency and the Twelve. The council advised the Second Quorum of Seventy to present these questions to these quorums if they desired to appeal from the answers given.

1896.—The sessions this year were held at Kirtland, Ohio, beginning April 7. James McKiernan, John C. Foss, Isaac N. White, and Columbus Scott were present. The Twelve submitted to the council by their request a list of the names of elders whom they were considering for missionary appointment.

The council chose to be ordained seventies, Thomas J. Shepard, Gomer R. Wells, David L. Harris, George W. Robley, Samuel D. Payne, Richard W. Davis, Charles J. Spurlock, Richard T. Walters, Francis M. Slover, on the eighth, and on the ninth after fasting and prayer, Swen Swenson, Milton F. Gowell, Charles L. Snow, Jerome L. Goodrich, Joseph Ward, Silas D. Condit, William W. Blanchard, with the renewal of the choice of Samuel W. Simmons. Four others were chosen by the council, but for various reasons their ordinations were not approved. The first seven of those chosen were assigned to the First Seventy and the remainder to the Second Seventy.

Communications were received from the First Presidency and Twelve, relating to the organization and prerogatives of the Seventy, and for a time considered, but no action was taken thereon.

One joint session of all the Seventy was held at the Temple.

1897.—At the call of the senior president, the council met April 3 at Lamon, Iowa. Duncan Campbell, Robert J. Anthony, John T. Davies, Isaac N. White, James McKiernan, and Columbus Scott were in attendance.

A new form of license was adopted. The work of choosing seventy occupied much of the time of three sessions. The ones chosen to occupy as seventy when approved and ordained were, Hubert Case, David Smith, Alma Barmore, Andrew V. Closson, William H. Kephart, George Jenkins, Gomer Reese, Francis J. Ebeling, and these were assigned to their place in the quorums by the council.

Isaac N. White, having been chosen and ordained to the office of an apostle, Frank M. Sheehy was chosen to fill the vacancy, and he was so ordained.

1898.—The council convened this year at Independence, Missouri, April 6, and held seven sessions. Brethren Duncan Campbell, John C. Foss, James McKiernan, Frank M. Sheehy, Columbus Scott, and John T. Davies were in attendance. Robert J. Anthony was on a mission to Utah.

There were chosen to occupy as Seventies Frederick Gregory, Daniel Macgregor, Robert J. Parker, David W. Wight, William A. Smith, David C. White, Arthur M. Baker, and Moses R. Scott, jr., but the ordination of Arthur M. Baker was postponed for one year. On the thirteenth Swen Swenson who had been chosen the previous year, and all the above mentioned except Frederick Gregory and Daniel Macgregor were ordained, these brethren not being present.

A long consideration was had by the council of the temporal law of the church.

1900.—The first meeting of the council this year was on March 29, at Lamoni, Iowa, with Duncan Campbell, John T. Davies, John C. Foss, Frank M. Sheehy, Columbus Scott, and James McKiernan, in attendance. Robert J. Anthony had died May 26, 1899.

The first session was very interesting, one in which all engaged in a discussion of the importance of the work of the council, and their responsibilities, each expressing a heartfelt desire to be faithful to the trust imposed.

The senior president read a lengthy epistle which he had written since last meeting on "The duties and responsibilities of the Seventy," which is too lengthy to be used in this connection, but will be placed in the hands of the Church Historian and may be published at a later date.

On account of the death of Brother Robert J. Anthony, the

council considered the filling of this vacancy, but after taking several votes, and seeking the Lord in fervent prayer, the council was not permitted to make a choice for several days. On the seventeenth Francis M. Sheehy and John T. Davies were chosen to be ordained high priests, which left three vacancies. These were filled on the twentieth by the selection of Hyrum O. Smith, James F. Mintun, and Warren E. Peak, who met with the council in their concluding session at 7.30 in the evening.

There was chosen to be ordained seventies, Francis C. Smith, John W. Adams, Arthur Allen, Richard Howlett, Benjamin Saint John, Wellington D. Ellis, James R. Beckley, James W. Morgan, Amos M. Chase, William C. Marshall, Arthur E. Mortimore, Jonas D. Stead, Frank A. Russell, Richard M. Maloney, Benjamin F. Renfroe, and Alerick L. Whit-eaker, ten of whom were ordained on the twelfth, nineteenth and twentieth.

On the second the following was adopted and referred to the two quorums of seventy for their concurrence:

Resolved, That the principles of consecration and tithing as taught in the revelation of God ought to obtain in practice among us now.

On the fourth this was adopted:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this council that no official of the church has the authority to condone the sin of adultery, even though privately confessed to him, without making record of it in order to constitute it the first offense, so that the law governing such matters as found in Doctrine and Covenants 42:22 may be honored.

This resolution grew out of the fact that one of the seventy has so confessed to one of the ministers in charge and it had been kept a secret on the grounds of what is found in Doctrine and Covenants 42:23.

1901.—The first session of the council was held on April 6, at Independence, Missouri, with all the council present: Duncan Campbell, James McKiernan, Columbus Scott, Hyrum O. Smith, James F. Mintun, and Warren E. Peak.

There was chosen to occupy as seventies, Oscar Case, Washington S. Macrae, Richard Baldwin, Walter J. Haworth, Romanan Wight, Lewis E. Hills, Elam A. Erwin, Eli Hayer, John W. Rushton, James M. Stubbart, William M. Aylor, George W. Thorburn, James R. Sutton, and Peter Muceus. The latter was sent on a mission to Scandinavia.

Brother Duncan Campbell was ordained a high priest on April 30.

(To be continued.)

THE BRIGHT SPOT.

Make a bright spot every day
For some heart along the way;
Make a place to rest and lean
With the blue sky in between;
That the weary passing there
May be glad of sun and air,
And beyond their lanes of gloom
Hear the birds and see the bloom.

Make a bright spot as you go
Where the cheerful heart may grow
With a word or with a deed
Plant the kindly spirit's seed
That some far-on day of need
Some one weary with his load,
Passing by the golden road,
May beneath its foliage find
Joy and rest and peace of mind.

—Folger McKinsey.

LOCAL HISTORIANS AND THEIR WORK.

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

(Continued from page 365.)

Chapter 33.

1906.

This year Brother John W. Wight was appointed in charge of Michigan with other States as in the year just past. And for the Northern and Eastern Michigan districts the appointments were about as in the previous years. Northern: John A. Grant, Levi Phelps, Abram E. Burr, Osro J. Hawn, Charles G. Lewis, John Schreur, and Byrne S. Lambkin.

Eastern Michigan District; Andrew Barr, William Davis, James W. Davis, George M. Shippy, Jared L. Sweet, and David Dowker.

Northern and Eastern Michigan districts; John J. Bailey.

For Michigan; John J. Cornish, Edwin J. Goodenough and John H. Hansen.

All seemed to go to work with a will and entered into their respective fields having a determination to accomplish something for the Master's cause.

During the winter Elder George W. Burt did some preaching at Alpena, and baptized four persons.

William Dowker, of the local force, did all he could in a local way, in Bay City and vicinity.

John J. Cornish, in the early part of January labored some in Bay City and Saginaw.

Lewis F. Shippy, a young minister from Detroit, (George M. Shippy's son) has spent two weeks in the city of Flint, and has done some good preaching.

At the October conference of 1905 the Eastern Michigan District sent a communication to the General Conference asking them to decide upon the constitutionality of a resolution adopted by said district, to the effect that a failure of any of the priesthood to report to the district conference once a year would forfeit their license. The conference moved that the resolution of the Eastern Michigan District held at Port Huron, 1903, be the opinion of this conference. The motion was lost.

The committee appointed by the Northern Michigan District, viz, John J. Cornish, John A. Grant, and Charles G. Lewis, to outline the desired boundaries and division lines of the Northern District if divided into three districts, made their report March 20, 1906, and sent it to the General Conference. That conference appointed a committee of three, consisting of Heman C. Smith, Charles G. Lewis, and Asa S. Cochran, and on April 13 the committee reported as follows:

To the First Presidency and Conference Assembled: We the undersigned committee appointed by you to investigate and report upon the petition of the Northern Michigan District do beg leave to report as follows, to-wit:

That we find said district to cover thirty-four counties of the northern half of the southern peninsula of said State, and having within its borders thirty-eight branches, with a membership of about two thousand one hundred Saints.

We do therefore recommend to this body that the said petition be granted, and the said district be divided into three districts, same to be divided and named as follows, to-wit:

The Northern Michigan District, to be bounded on the south by the southern boundary lines of the counties of Antrim, Otsego, Montmorency, and Alpena.

The Central Michigan District, to be bounded on the east by Lake Huron, Saginaw Bay, and Tuscola County; on the south by the southern boundary line of the counties of Saginaw, Midland, and Isabella; on the west by the western boundary lines of the counties of Saginaw, Isabella, Clare, Roscommon, and Crawford.

The Western Michigan District, to be bounded on the east by the eastern boundary lines of the counties of Kalkaska, Missaukee, Osceola, and Mecosta; on the south by the southern boundary lines of the counties of Mecosta, Newaygo, and Oceana; on the west by Lake Michigan.

INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI, April 12, 1906.

The report was adopted.

And at the June conference held at West Bay City, June 23, in what is called the Valley Branch (John J. Cornish presiding, John A. Grant assisting) the district was divided. It was thought wise for all members of the Northern Michigan District to do the business of the conference together, except the choosing of officers for the respective new districts, at which time the house was divided into three parts. Each district then chose its own officers, as follows:

For the Central Michigan District John A. Grant was chosen president, and Joseph Sheffer, associate; Sister Adaline Grant, secretary. Edward S. White was recommended to the Bishop for appointment as bishop's agent.

For the Western Michigan District, James Davis was chosen president, Joseph W. Shippy, associate; Homer A. Doty, secretary. John J. Cornish was recommended to the Bishop for appointment as bishop's agent.

The appointments for the Northern Michigan District were Charles G. Lewis, president; Leonard Dudley, associate; Charles Burtch, secretary. John C. Goodman was recommended to the Bishop for appointment as bishop's agent.

Each officer for the three districts was elected by a unanimous vote, and the Bishop appointed all three of the brethren as represented by their respective districts.

May 16, 1906, Brother William Dowker was appointed by Brother John W. Wight, to labor in the Eastern Michigan District, Bishop Edmund L. Kelley, approving. Brother Dowker entered upon his labors at once, spending some time in Bay Port, Mud Creek, Gotts, and other parts of Huron and Sanilac counties.

At the General Conference of 1906 Brothers Charles G. Lewis, James W. Davis, and John H. Hansen, were taken into

the quorum of seventies. James W. Davis was ordained to the office of seventy by Joseph Luff and Gomer T. Griffiths; Charles G. Lewis was ordained by Ulysses W. Greene and Francis M. Sheehy; and the ordination of Brother John H. Hansen was referred to John W. Wight, minister in charge. The ordination was attended to at the conference at Boyne City, September 29, 1906, by John W. Wight and John J. Cornish.

Two-day meetings were held in Michigan as follows: Eastern Michigan District: McGregor, July 3, 4; Shabbona, August 4, 5; Bereville, August 8, 9; Minden City, September 1, 2; and at Buel, September 8, 9. Ministers were in attendance, good speaking was had, and good was done.

Central Michigan held two-day meetings as follows: Sage, August 18, 19; Smith Creek, August 25, 26; and Prescott, September 15, 16. Those meetings were well attended, especially by the young people of the church, who took an active part in the work.

Brother Charles E. Grant volunteered to labor some during the summer. Accordingly he and Brother Dowker labored in Huron County in Gotts, Pigeon River, Bay Port, Mud Creek, etc., and did good.

Patriarch John J. Bailey visited the conference of the Southern Wisconsin District. He also visited the upper peninsula of Michigan at Grand Marias, and some other parts.

Brothers George M. Shippy and Edwin J. Goodenough operated the tent in the Eastern Michigan District. Brothers William Davis and David Dowker labored together in Sanilac County and James W. Davis and Jared L. Sweet labored in Sanilac and Saint Clair counties.

Brother George Stover was appointed to labor in Michigan, subject to the supervision of John J. Cornish, by authority of

John W. Wight and Joseph Smith, missionary in charge and president of the church.

By authority of the missionary in charge, Brother James W. Davis was transferred from the Eastern Michigan District to the Kewanee, Illinois, District, subject to the supervision of Elder Frank A. Russell.

Elder John A. Grant attended two-day meetings and conferences during the summer months, and visited and labored among the Saints most of the time.

The Sunday schools in the Northern, Western, Central, and Eastern districts did well, being properly officered, and in good working order.

The Zion's Religio-Literary Society likewise. These two auxiliaries to the church separated and organized in like manner as the district, at the Bay City conference.

Brothers George M. Shippy and David E. Dowker opened up the tent work at Marlette and held forth for four weeks, with fair interest; four were baptized and others left believing.

Elder John W. Wight did good preaching and assisted the work along the line.

At the conference of the Central Michigan District held at Coleman, the Gilmore Branch was declared disorganized, (as there were but few remaining) and those remaining were authorized to unite with the Farwell Branch, which they did shortly afterward, Gilmore being only a few miles south of Farwell.

A resolution also prevailed: "That all ordained officers discontinue the use of tobacco after being duly labored with; or at the expiration of one year they be required to tender their license to the president of the district until they do quit."

At the conference another motion prevailed, granting the request of the Munger Saints, that they be organized into a branch. All of the items were not obtained, but the branch

was organized at Munger, by John A. Grant. Michael A. Summerfield was chosen president.

Elder Osro J. Hawn held a discussion with a Reverend Roe, a Free Methodist minister, in Alpena County, northwest of Alpena. Because the chairman would not allow Brother Hawn's opponent to leave the subject under discussion mentioned in the propositions, he refused to continue, and the matter rested there.

Brother Ulysses Grant (priest) did some local work assisting Brother Hawn in his labors in Alpena County.

Thinking his health would be better, Brother Charles G. Lewis requested a change from the Michigan field to a western field. The missionaries in charge of each field, John W. Wight and Frederick A. Smith, granted the change, Bishop Edmund L. Kelley concurring.

On July 23, 1906, a branch was organized at Hamilton Center, known as the Hamilton Center Branch, by John A. Grant, district president. Brother George W. Bailey, who had previously been ordained to the office of priest, was chosen to preside as presiding priest, and Sister Rosetta Bailey, secretary.

Brother John H. Hansen did some preaching in the upper peninsula of Michigan, doing a little preaching near Gulliver, to the Swedes in their language; he also labored at White Dale, where there were a few members of the church who were baptized a few years before.

Byrne S. Lambkin and John C. Goodman went to the upper peninsula and labored together in Chippewa County, at Kinross, Cottage Park, Larch, Garlinghouse, etc. At Kinross five were baptized by John J. Cornish.

Brother William Davis of Eastern Michigan District did more labor in the country near Millington, Tuscola County, where some were baptized by him.

As a whole the work was onward; the missionaries did

about all they could during the year, the local brethren assisting well, considering their circumstances; several were baptized during the year.

THE WEAVER

A weaver standing at his loom one day,
 Wrought with uncertain hand some strange design:
 A tangled mesh it seemed, line blurring line,
 Unsuiting contrasts,—warp and woof astray
 Sometimes he paused and pushed his work away,
 “The task is hopeless,” said he, and sighed,
 But patiently resumed; and one by one
 The broken threads were mended.

When 'twas done
 He turned the frame, and lo! upon that side
 A radiant light his startled eyes did greet.
 What seemed confusion had been hidden law,
 And the designer's dream at last he saw
 Resulting, lovely, perfect and complete.

Like the old weaver, troubled, faint with fears,
 We weave the fabric which we call our life;
 And our ignoring fingers through the years
 Hold most incongruous threads,—hard-knotted strife,
 Broken ambition, and entangled love
 Faint hope, contrasting with intense despair
 Dark hues of sorrow,—all these things are there.
 But when the day shall dawn on heights above
 Some gracious light upon our work may shine,
 Revealing clearly how the Master's hand
 Guided harmonious each discordant strand
 And from the human fashioned the divine.

CURRENT EVENTS.

PREPARED BY RUPERT WIGHT.

May 15, 1913. Elder Alma C. Barmore and wife, Elder Frederick G. Pitt and wife, and Brother and Sister Cornelius arrived in San Francisco.

May 19, 1913. The California anti-alien land bill is signed by Governor Johnson.

May 19, 1913. In reply to Japan's protest, the United States maintains that the California anti-alien land law does not violate treaty rights.

May 19, 1913. Doctor David Starr Jordan, for twenty-two years president of Leland Stanford, Junior, University, resigns and is appointed chancellor.

May 20, 1913. The Senate confirms the nomination of George W. Guthrie as ambassador to Japan, and Gaylord M. Saltzgeber as Commissioner of Pensions.

May 20, 1913. The third president of Cuba, General Mario G. Manocal, is inaugurated.

May 22, 1913. General John C. Black, of Illinois, president of the Civil Service Commission, and William Washburn, of New York, the Republican members, resign, and Charles M. Galloway, of South Carolina, is named for General Black's position and George R. Wales, of Vermont, for the other vacancy.

May 22, 1913. Anthony Caminetti of California is nominated Commissioner-General of Immigration by President Wilson.

May 24, 1913. Princess Louise, the only daughter of the German Emperor, is married to Prince Ernst Augustus at Berlin.

May 25, 1913. At Atchison, Kansas, a Latter Day Saint church was dedicated, Elder John W. Rushton preaching the dedicatory sermon.

May 29, 1913. The Senate votes unanimously to investigate the President's charges that a lobby is at work in Washington to influence the action on the Tariff Bill.

May 29, 1913. President Wilson sends the following nominations to the Senate: Andrieus A. Jones, of New Mexico, as First Assistant Secretary of the Interior; Clay Tallman, of Nevada, as Commissioner of the General Land Office; and Cato Sells, of Texas, as Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

May 30, 1913. The Spanish Cabinet, headed by Premier Romanones, resigns, following an attack by former Premier Maura.

May 30, 1913. A treaty of peace is signed at London by representatives of Turkey, Bulgaria, Greece, Serbia, and Montenegro, ending the eight months war between Turkey and the Balkan Federation.

May 30, 1913. Secretary Bryan announces that Great Britain, France, Russia, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Brazil, and Peru have responded favorably to his proposal for an international peace agreement.

May 30, 1913. Mr. Page, the American Ambassador to Great Britain, is formally presented to King George.

May 31, 1913. William J. Bryan, Secretary of State, signed the proclamation, announcing the ratification of the seventeenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States, providing for the election of United States Senators by the direct vote of the people.

May 31, 1913. Secretary of State Bryan and Ambassador Spring-Rice sign a renewal of the five-year general arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain.

June 1, 1913. Count de Romanones resumes the premiership at the request of King Alfonso.

June 1, 1913. Thomas Witherall Palmer, ex-United States Senator from Michigan, and former minister to Spain, dies.

June 2, 1913. Japan announces that it favors the Bryan peace plan, which is already indorsed by ten nations.

June 2, 1913. Alfred Austin, poet laureate of England, dies at the age of seventy-eight years.

June 2, 1913. President Wilson nominates Thaddeus Austin Thompson, of Texas, as minister to Colombia.

June 3, 1913. James Whitcomb Riley, "The Hoosier Poet," was given an impressive welcome upon his arrival in Anderson, Indiana.

June 3, 1913. Richard L. Metcalf, associate editor of the *Commoner*, is appointed civil governor of the Panama Canal Zone.

June 4, 1913. Preceding the resignation of Doctor Ladislas and his cabinet in Budapest, Hungary, was a scene of wild uproar and violence, surpassing anything yet seen there.

June 4, 1913. Samuel Allen Burgess was inaugurated President of Graceland College.

June 5, 1913. Secretary Bryan announces that Germany, Bolivia, and Argentina have approved his peace plan so far as to ask for tentative drafts of the treaties.

June 7, 1913. Elder Harmon A. Higgins was ordained a high priest at Nebraska City, Nebraska, by Apostle James Arthur Gillen and High Priests Jacob W. Waldsmith.

June 8, 1913. The Reverend Doctor Charles Augustus Briggs, noted theologian, dies in New York City.

June 10, 1913. The President sends the name of Cornelius Ford, of New Jersey, to the Senate, as public printer.

June 10, 1913. The Supreme Court, in deciding the Minnesota rate case, holds that States have a right to fix intrastate rates if they do not make them confiscatory.

June 11, 1913. Secretary of Treasury McAdoo announces the Government is ready to lend \$500,000,000 in National Bank notes, under the Aldrich-Vreeland emergency currency act, to relieve any money stringency.

June 12, 1913. The Danish Cabinet resigns after an adverse vote in the recent elections.

June 13, 1913. President Wilson sends the following diplomatic nominations to the Senate: William E. Gonzales, to Cuba; Benjamin L. Jefferson, minister to Nicaragua; Elward J. Hale, minister to Costa Rica.

June 13, 1913. The appointment of William H. Berry as collector of the port of Philadelphia is confirmed by the Senate.

June 14, 1913. The Japanese Ambassador notifies Bryan that Japan is willing to renew the arbitration treaty.

June 15, 1913. The Servian Cabinet resigns.

June 15, 1913. The church at Clinton, Iowa, is dedicated, Leonard G. Holloway preaching the dedicatory sermon.

June 17, 1913. President Wilson nominates Thomas Nelson Page, of Virginia, to be ambassador to Italy, and Pleasant A. Stovall, of Georgia, to be minister to Switzerland.

June 18, 1913. The Hamburg-American liner *Imperator*, the largest ship in the world, arrives at New York upon the completion of her first trans-Atlantic voyage.

June 19, 1913. Thomas Manson Norwood, former United States Senator from Georgia, dies.

June 20, 1913. Archdeacon Hudson Stuck, an Episcopal missionary, sends word to Fairbanks, Alaska, that on June 7, he and his party reached the summit of Mount McKinley, the highest point in the North American Continent.

June 20, 1913. Major Sydenham W. Ancona believed to be the last surviving member of the House of Representatives at the outbreak of the Civil War, dies.

June 21, 1913. President Wilson nominates Reverend Doctor Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton, New Jersey, to be minister to the Netherlands, and John D. O'Rear, of Missouri, to be minister to Bolivia.

June 22, 1913. The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary

of the battle of Gettysburg on the scene of the engagement, is begun.

June 22, 1913. The Servian ministry resign for the second time because of complications with Bulgaria.

June 22, 1913. Judge Henry C. Jones, of Alabama, last surviving member of the Confederate Congress, dies.

June 25, 1913. The Democratic caucus of the Senate adopts, with six votes in opposition, the free wool and free sugar paragraphs of the Underwood tariff bill.

June 26, 1913. President Wilson selects Justice J. W. Gerard, of New York, to be ambassador to Germany; nominates Albert G. Schmedemann, of Wisconsin, as minister to Norway, and Benton McMillin, of Tennessee, as minister to Peru. William J. Harris, of Georgia, is confirmed by the Senate as Director of the Census, succeeding E. Dana Durand.

June 26, 1913. Governor Dunne signs the equal-suffrage measure passed by the Illinois legislature.

June 28, 1913. A renewal of the general arbitration treaty between the United States and Japan is signed by Secretary Bryan and Ambassador Chinda.

June 29, 1913. Rear Admiral George Brown, United States Navy retired, dies.

June 30, 1913. President Wilson signs the Indian Appropriation Bill, carrying \$10,000,000.

June 30, 1913. The State Department receives word that Portugal approves in principle Secretary Bryan's peace plan.

June 30, 1913. Count von Kanitz, leader of the Agrarian party in Germany, dies.

July, 1, 1913. Henri Rochefort, French politician and man of letters, dies at the age of eighty-three years.

July 2, 1913. Charles Green Rockwood, professor emeritus of mathematics at Princeton University, dies.

July 3, 1913. Belgium becomes the twentieth nation to accept the Bryan peace plan.

July 4, 1913. The Gettysburg reunion closes after President Wilson delivers an address.

July 4, 1913. The Perry Centennial Celebration, commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Lake Erie, is begun at Put-in-Bay, Ohio, with the laying of the corner stone of the Perry Memorial monument.

July 7, 1913. General Armado Riva, Chief of the Cuban National Police, is fatally shot, and he accuses General Ernesto Asbert, Governor of Havana Province.

July 8, 1913. General de la Barra, foreign minister for Mexico resigns.

July 9, 1913. Doctor Horace Jayne, former dean of the College of the University of Pennsylvania and an eminent biologist, dies.

July 10, 1913. Count Tadasu Hayashi, one of the leading statesmen of Japan, dies after a surgical operation.

July 10, 1913. Doctor Joseph Swain, president of Swarthmore College, is elected president of the National Educational Association, in session at Salt Lake City, Utah.

July 10, 1913. Burton E. Baker, of Hartford, inventor and manufacturer of X-ray apparatus, dies.

July 11, 1913. President Wilson names Joseph E. Willard, of Virginia, to be minister to Spain.

July 15, 1913. United States Senator A. O. Bacon, of Georgia, is renominated without opposition.

July 16, 1913. Henry Lane Wilson, Ambassador to Mexico, leaves for Washington, having been called home to tell about the serious condition of affairs in Mexico.

July 16, 1913. Doctor Robert Bridges is appointed poet laureate of England.

July 18, 1913. The President nominates William L. Chambers as the first commissioner of Mediation and Conciliation, and G. W. W. Hanger as assistant commissioner; Charles S.

Hartman, of Montana, is nominated for minister to Ecuador.

July 19, 1913. Rioting sailors from United States warships sack the headquarters of the International Workers of the World and of the Socialist Party in Seattle because of alleged insults to the American Flag and following a speech by Secretary of the Navy Daniels, denouncing the red flag.

July 19, 1913. Alford W. Cooley, formerly Assistant Attorney General of the United States, Civil Service Commissioner, and justice of the New Mexico Supreme Court, dies at the age of forty years.

July 20, 1913. Brigadier General Carl A. Woodruff, United States of America, retired, a veteran of the Civil War, dies.

July 22, 1913. Sixty-three women and girls are burned to death in an overall factory in Birmingham, New York.

July 22, 1913. Archibald C. Hart, Democrat, is elected to Congress from the sixth New Jersey district, succeeding the late Lewis J. Martin, Democrat.

July 22, 1913. The President nominates Royal Meeker, of New Jersey, to become Commissioner of Labor Statistics.

July 23, 1913. George W. Hays, Democrat is elected governor of Arkansas, to succeed Joseph T. Robinson, resigned.

July 23, 1913. President Wilson nominates James M. Sullivan, of New York, to be minister to Santo Domingo.

July 24, 1913. L. E. Pinkham, of Hawaii, is nominated by the President to be governor.

July 25, 1913. Postmaster-General Burleson announces he will put the changes on parcel post into effect on August 15.

July 25, 1913. President Wilson nominates George E. Todd, of New York, as Assistant to the Attorney-General, and Charles S. Hamlin, of Massachusetts, as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of customs.

July 26, 1913. Ambassador to Mexico, Henry Lane Wilson, arrives in Washington to report on conditions in Mexico.

July 26, 1913. The President nominates John William Davis of West Virginia, to be Solicitor General.

July 26, 1913. Governor Tener signs bills creating a public-service commission in Pennsylvania and reducing the working hours of women from sixty to fifty-four a week.

July 27, 1913. The corner stone of the new church at Council Bluffs, Iowa, was laid by Heman C. Smith and local authorities.

July 28, 1913. Secretary McAdoo issues a statement accusing the New York banks of conspiracy to depress the values of two per cent bonds.

July 29, 1913. Charles F. Marvin is appointed Chief of the Weather Bureau.

July 29, 1913. The Senate confirms the appointment of Frederick C. Penfield as ambassador to Austria-Hungary.

July 31, 1913. Secretary McAdoo announces readiness to deposit \$500,000,000 to help move crops in South and West.

July 31, 1913. Doctor Hiram Collins Haydn, former president of Western Reserve University, dies.

August 1, 1913. According to the state department, eight nations, including England, Russia, and Turkey have declined to take part in the Panama-Pacific Exposition, while twenty-seven have accepted the invitation.

August 4, 1913. The President accepted the resignation of Henry Lane Wilson as ambassador to Mexico.

August 4, 1913. Ex-Governor John Lind, of Minnesota, is sent to Mexico as the personal representative of President Wilson, to attempt a settlement of the revolution.

August 5, 1913. Doctor P. S. Reinsch, of the University of Wisconsin, is nominated Minister to China.

August 6, 1913. The President nominates Preston McGoodwin, of Oklahoma, to be minister to Venezuela.

August 6, 1913. Justice Samuel P. Hall, of the California Court of Appeals, dies.

August 7, 1913. The President nominates Madison R. Smith of Missouri, to be minister of Haiti.

August 8, 1913. The Peruvian towns of Caraveli and Quicacha, State of Arequia, reported destroyed by an earthquake.

August 8, 1913. The Government's agricultural experts estimate in their August report a loss of 300,000,000 bushels of corn as a result of the July drouth. The combined spring and winter wheat yield is placed at 744,000,000 bushels, the greatest since the record crop of 1901.

August 8, 1913. Senator Joseph F. Johnson, of Alabama, dies of pneumonia.

August 8, 1913. Father Ohrwalder, the famous Austrian missionary in the Sudan, dies.

August 9, 1913. William R. Finch, ex-Minister to Paraguay, dies.

August 10, 1913. Ex-Governor John Lind, of Minnesota, special envoy to Mexico, reaches Mexico City.

August 10, 1913. The tax paid to the Federal Government on whisky, brandy, and beer during the fiscal year was \$222,788,000; on cigarettes, cigars, smoking tobacco, and snuff, \$75,890,000, and the revenue from playing cards and oleomargarine swelled the total to \$344,424,453.

August 12, 1913. Representative Henry D. Clayton, of Alabama, is appointed by Governor O'Neal to succeed the late Senator Joseph F. Johnson.

August 13, 1913. F. August Bebel, the famous German socialist leader, dies in Berlin at the age of seventy-four years.

August 13, 1913. The New York House of Representatives impeaches Governor Sulzer for alleged perjury, bribery, and false statement of campaign contributions.

August 20, 1913. Representative Francis Burton Harrison, of New York City, is nominated by President Wilson to be the Governor of the Philippines.

August 21, 1913. Financiers representing \$15,000,000 assemble in Chicago to protest against the Owen-Glass Currency Bill.

August 23, 1913. According to a Washington dispatch, Great Britain, France, and Japan urge Huerta to accept President Wilson's plan of mediation between the contending forces in Mexico.

August 26, 1913. Secretary McAdoo, of the Treasury, announces the apportionment of \$46,500,000 of the funds of the Government deposits offered to the South and West to facilitate the movement of crops.

August 26, 1913. The world's largest dam, costing \$27,000,000, is dedicated at Keokuk, Iowa.

August 27, President Wilson reads his message to Congress on the Mexican situation; also accepts the resignation of W. Cameron Forbes as Governor General of the Philippines.

CONFERENCES.

May 24, 1913. Minnesota district conference met at Clitheral Minnesota, district presidency associated with Byrne S. Lambkin presiding.

May 31, 1913. Montana district conference convenes at Bozeman, Montana, Amos J. Moore and George W. Thorburn presiding.

May 31, 1913. Northeastern Nebraska convenes in business session at Decatur, Nebraska, with James M. Baker and Mike A. Peterson presiding.

June 7, 1913. District conference of Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana convenes at Lansing, Michigan. District Presidency, with Bishop Edwin A. Blakeslee, presiding.

June 7, 1913. Kentucky and Tennessee district conference convenes at Bethel, near Cottage Grove, Tennessee. President James R. McClain and Hyrum E. Moler were chosen to preside.

June 7, 1913. Western New York conference is held at Ni-

agara Falls, New York, Albert E. Stone with Elders Ebeling and Mesle presiding.

June 7, 1913. Des Moines district conference meets at Des Moines, Iowa.

June 7, 1913. Far West conference convenes with the Third Saint Joseph Branch, Benjamin J. Dice and John W. Rushton presiding.

June 7, 1913. Kewanee district conference meets with the Mathersville Branch, Illinois, Elders Oral E. Sade and Charles L. Holmes presiding.

June 14, 1913. Southern Wisconsin district conference convenes with the Wheatville Branch, Soldiers Grove, Wisconsin, President Willis A. McDowell in charge.

June 14, 1913. Spokane district conference convenes in Saints' Chapel, at Spokane, Elders Thomas C. Kelley and Evan A. Davies presiding.

June 14, 1913. Northeastern Illinois conference meets at Mission Branch, Jasper O. Dutton and Jott A. Bronson presiding.

June 14, 1913. Eastern Iowa district conference convenes at Clinton, Iowa, with Charles G. Dykes and Leonard G. Holloway presiding.

June 14, 1913. Galland's Grove district conference convenes at Mallard, Iowa, with district president Charles J. Hunt and minister in charge James A. Gillen presiding.

June 14, 1913. Mobile district conference convenes at Bay Minette, Alabama, with Hale W. Smith and district president presiding.

June 14, 1913. Fremont District convenes in conference at Henderson, Iowa, Thomas A. Hougas and William E. Haden presiding.

June 21, 1913. Central Illinois district conference meets at Beardstown, Illinois, district president Frank Izatt and John W. Rushton presiding.

June 21, 1913. Nodaway conference convenes with the Sweet Home Branch, three miles northeast of Ravenwood, Missouri, Thomas A. Ivie and John W. A. Bailey presiding.

June 25, 1913. District conference is held at Fargo, North Dakota, James A. Gillen and William Sparling presiding.

June 28, 1913. Nova Scotia district conference convenes in the tent at River Philip, Francis J. Ebeling presiding.

June 28, 1913. Northern Michigan District meets in conference with the Hillman Branch, President John C. Goodman, William Davis, and George W. Burt presiding.

July 12, 1913. Sheffield District meets in conference at Priestley Road, Council Schools, Sutton-in-Ashfield, William H. Greenwood, Charles Cousins, and John Holmes presiding.

July 12, 1913. Florida district conference meets at Santa Rosa Church, near Berrydale, Florida, Clarence J. Clark and Francis M. Slover presiding.

July 18, 1913. Saskatchewan district conference is begun in Ribstone, Alberta, lasting three days.

REUNIONS.

June 13-22, 1913. Eastern and Central Michigan reunion is held at Port Huron, Michigan.

June 22-30, 1913. North Dakota and Minnesota reunion is held at Fargo, North Dakota.

June 27-July 7, 1913. Northern Wisconsin reunion is held at Chetek, Wisconsin.

July 3-6, 1913. Saskatchewan district reunion is held at Viceroy, Saskatchewan.

July 5-21, 1913. Toronto Branch held reunion at Low Banks, Ontario.

July 12-21, 1913. Kentucky and Tennessee District held reunion at Foundry Hill, Kentucky.

July 18-27, 1913. Chatham district held reunion at Erie Beach, Ontario.

July 25-August 3, 1913. Lamoni Stake reunion held at Lamoni, Iowa.

July 26-August 10, 1913. Eastern reunion is held at Onset, Massachusetts.

August 1-10, 1913. Southern California reunion is held at Formosa Beach, California.

August 8-17, 1913. Southern Nebraska reunion is held at Nebraska City, Nebraska.

August 8-17, 1913. Eastern Oklahoma reunion is held at Avery, Texas.

August 15-24, 1913. Northern California and Nevada reunion is held at Irvington, California.

August 15-24, 1913. Little Sioux district reunion is held at Magnolia, Iowa.

August 15-24, 1913. Des Moines district reunion is held at Rhodes, Iowa.

August 15-24, 1913. Northwestern Missouri reunion is held at Stewartsville, Missouri.

August 22-31, 1913. Eastern Iowa, Kewanee, and Nauvoo, districts reunion is held at Montrose, Iowa.

August 22-31, 1913. Northeastern Nebraska, Pottawattamie and Gallands Grove districts held a reunion at Missouri Valley, Iowa.

August 22-31, 1913. Northeastern Illinois and Southern Wisconsin held a reunion at Belvidere, Illinois.

NECROLOGY.

GEORGE M. SCOTT was born October 5, 1835, at Medino, Ohio, but came west in his youth. In the early fifties he was in Monona County, Iowa, where he was prominently associated with Charles B. Thompson in what was known as "Jehovah's Presbytery of Zion." After the failure of Thompson, Brother Scott remained in the same location, where he united with the Reorganized Church, February 14, 1864, the rite of baptism being administered by William W. Blair.

He was married September 16, 1860, to Miss Maria Cobb, by whom he was the father of four children. For many years prior to his death he was a resident of Little Sioux, Harrison County, Iowa, where he was engaged in the mercantile business, from which business he retired a few years ago.

He was ordained an high priest at Little Sioux, Iowa, June 28, 1891, by David Chambers and William W. Blair. He was very active in church work and was president of the Little Sioux Branch for nearly a quarter of a century. He was ever true to his charge, and was much beloved by the congregation over which he presided; while he was respected and honored by those without.

He died at his home in Little Sioux June 23, 1913, and was buried on June 26. The funeral sermon was by Joseph Lane, for many years his intimate friend and colaborer.

EDMUND C. BRIGGS was born February 20, 1835, in Wheeler, Steuben County, New York. In June, 1838, he with his parents removed to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and a year later to Jefferson County, Wisconsin. In February, 1842, he first heard the Latter Day Saints. His brother, Jason W., had received the angel message while absent from home, which so humiliated Edmund that he wept when hearing the news. About this time, however, Jason returned and preached in the neighbor-

hood and Edmund became seriously impressed with his message. He did not, however, unite with the church until July, 1852, when he was baptized by David Powell, and was, by Elder Powell, ordained an elder the same day. He immediately entered zealously into the work of promulgating the truth as he had received it. He, in company with Samuel H. Gurley, visited Joseph Smith at Nauvoo, Illinois, in 1856, delivering to him a message from the Reorganized Church, inviting him to affiliate with the church. Elder Briggs was the pioneer missionary of the church, and for a time the only one.

In 1862 he and Alexander McCord were the first missionaries to Utah, where, amid many dangers, they fearlessly invited wandering latter day Israel to return to the truth. In April, 1860, he attended the General Conference held at Amboy, Illinois, and witnessed the installation of Joseph Smith as president of the church. At the same conference, Elder Briggs was ordained one of the Seven Presidents of Seventy. At the semiannual conference of the same year he was selected as a member of the Quorum of Twelve, and ordained an apostle. In this quorum he served until 1902, when he was ordained an evangelical minister, and in this latter office continued until his death, which occurred at Independence, Missouri, July 4, 1913. His body was brought to Lamoni, Iowa, where funeral services were held, the sermon being delivered by President Elbert A. Smith, and he was laid away in Rose Hill Cemetery.

Elder Briggs was a man of great faith, and untiring zeal. Among his chief characteristics were unflinching courage, and an entire absence of jealousy, always rejoicing in the success of others.

The history of the church would be incomplete without a considerable portion of it was devoted to the record of his acts.

He leaves a wife, two sons, and one daughter.

SAINT JOHN THE AGED.

I'm growing very old. This weary head
That hath so often leaned on Jesus' breast,
In days long past that seem almost a dream,
Is bent and hoary with its weight of years.
These limbs that followed him—my Master—oft
From Galilee to Judea; yea, that stood
Beneath the cross, and trembled with his groans,
Refuse to bear me even through the streets
To preach unto my children. E'en my lips
Refuse to form the words my heart sends forth;
My ears are dull, they scarcely hear the sobs
Of my dear children gathered round my couch;
God lays his hand upon me; yea, his hand—
And not his rod—the gentle hand that I
Felt, those three years, so often pressed in mine,
In friendship such as passeth woman's love.
I'm old; so old I can not recollect
The faces of my friends; and I forget
The words and deeds that make up daily life:
But that dear face, and every word He spoke,
Grow more distinct as others fade away,
So that I live with him and holy dead
More than with living.

Some seventy years ago
I was a fisher by the sacred sea.
It was at sunset. How the tranquil tide
Bathed dreamily the pebbles. How the light
Crept up the distant hills, and in its wake
Soft purple shadows wrapped the dewy fields!
And then He came and called me. Then I gazed,
For the first time, on that sweet face. Those eyes,
From out of which, as from a window, shone
Divinity, looked on my inmost soul,
And lighted it for ever. Then his words
Broke on the silence of my heart, and made
The whole world musical. Incarnate love
Took hold of me and claimed me for its own.
I followed in the twilight, holding fast
His mantle.

Oh, what holy walks we had,
 Through harvest fields, and desolate, dreary wastes!
 And oftentimes he leaned upon my arm,
 Wearied and wayworn. I was young and strong,
 And so upbore him. Lord, now I am weak,
 And old and feeble! Let me rest on thee!
 So, put thine arm around me. Closer still!
 How strong thou art! The twilight draws apace.
 Come, let us leave these noisy streets and take
 The path to Bethany; for Mary's smile
 Awaits us at the gate, and Martha's hands
 Have long prepared the cheerful evening meal.
 Come, James, the Master waits; and Peter, see,
 Has gone some steps before,

What say you, friends?
 That this is Ephesus, and Christ has gone
 Back to his kingdom! Ay, 'tis so, 'tis so.
 I know it all; and yet, just now, I seemed
 To stand once more upon my native hills,
 And touch my Master. O, how oft I've seen
 The touching of his garments bring back strength
 To palsied limbs! I feel that it has come to mine.
 Up! bear me once more to my church! Once more
 There let me tell them of the Savior's love;
 For, by the sweetness of my Master's voice
 Just now, I think he must be very near—
 Coming, I trust, to break the veil, which time
 Has worn so thin that I can see beyond,
 And watch his footsteps.

So, raise up my head.
 How dark it is! I can not seem to see
 The faces of my flock. Is that the sea
 That murmurs so, or is it weeping! Hush,
 My little children! God so loved the world
 He gave his Son. So love ye one another.
 Love God and man. Amen. Now bear me back.
 My legacy unto an angry world is this,
 I feel my work is finished. Are the streets so full?
 What, call the folk my name? The Holy John?
 Nay, write me rather, Jesus Christ's Beloved,
 And lover of my children.

Lay me down

Once more upon my couch, and open wide
 The eastern window. See, there comes a light
 Like that which broke upon my soul at eve,
 When, in the dreary Isle of Patmos, Gabriel came
 And touched me on the shoulder. See, it grows
 As when we mounted toward the pearly gates.
 I know the way! I trod it once before.
 And hark! It is the song the ransomed sang
 Of glory to the Lamb! How loud it sounds!
 And that unwritten one! methinks my soul
 Can join it now. But who are those who crowd
 The shining way? Say!—joy! 'tis the eleven
 With Peter first! How eagerly he looks!
 How bright the smiles are beaming on James's face!
 I am the last. Once more we are complete
 To gather round the Paschal feast. My place
 Is next to my Master. O, my Lord, my Lord!
 How bright thou art! and yet the very same
 I loved in Galilee. 'Tis worth the hundred years
 To feel this bliss! So, lift me up, dear Lord,
 Unto thy bosom. Here shall I abide.—Anonymous.

INDIAN WORDS ABOUT THE FAMILY, HOME, LOVE, CHILDHOOD, ETC.

Very few people of our own race and stage of culture seem to appreciate the extent to which the so-called "lower race" are capable of feeling and giving tender and beautiful expression to the motions and sentiments bound up with the experiences of family and domestic life. Like the Englishman who failed to find a word for "home" in the language of his Gallic neighbor, and, therefore, to the day of his death, looked upon him as more or less of a barbarian, our (often pitiful) lack of knowledge concerning the language and customs of the Indians leads us, mistakenly, to believe them devoid of the fundamental traits of love and affection, in their higher

reaches at least. But who can read (much more, hear sung in its proper setting) the Navaho "Song of the house," or listen to the Omaha "medicine man's" prayer before the tent of the new-born child, without believing that the togetherness of man and woman, and the cooperation with human life and its activities of all things in sky, air, earth, and sea, are ideas with which the Indian mind is altogether familiar. The little "Fire-Prayer" of the Navaho woman and the Cherokee doctor's "Birth-incantation," like the Sioux Indian mother's "Song" (after seeing her dead boy in a dream), reveal a sympathetic and tender appreciation of childhood, heartily welcome wherever human beings exist. Humanly human, too, are the words of the Omaha parent to his grandson, the prayer of the priest of the Indians of the Sia Pueblo before the unborn child. Reading these primitive documents, all must agree that the Indian is one with men and women, wherever they may be found,—men at the highest moments of the great races of all time.—Alexander Francis Chamberlain, in *Proceedings of American Antiquarian Society, April, 1913.*

I look forward to a great spiritual awakening, a great wind of God, that shall blow over the barren world, quickening the social passion in man, quickening the comrade love in man. Then the church will awake from her hypnotic dream under the hypnotic hand of Mammon. Then she will no longer be a stay and a support of injustice, for she will be the church of the Divine Carpenter. She will be the evangel of industrial freedom for all those who labor and are heavy laden. In that day she will not excuse child labor, she will not excuse stock-watering and the gambling of high finance; she will not apologize for the special privileges that enable the few to pick the pockets of the many; she will not sit complacent, with cruel riches on the right and cruel poverty on the left.—Edwin Markham.

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