

with these ye cannot prevail. When, oh when, will my people learn that it is not by might nor power, but by my Spirit their work shall be made to succeed. He who receives most of my Spirit can best serve for the good of my church and my glory. Be admonished, therefore, and remember that by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye truly love one another,"—Zion's Ensign, October 19, 1905.

VISION BY PRESIDENT JOSEPH SMITH.

In 1883, some of you will remember, I had a controversy in writing with L. O. Littlefield in the far west, and some of you thought I had picked up a job that I could not get through with. After I had written the third letter and they had published it in the Logan paper, I was something in doubt, and I made it a matter of prayer and study as to what should be the character of my fourth letter in reply to Mr. Littlefield. I suddenly found myself, after my evening devotions, in a room where my mother was. It is just as literal and real to me as I see you people this afternoon. It was a two-story house such as we frequently see, about sixteen by twenty-four, without a division in the center; upon the one side at the end was her stove, and right over at the other side was her table, and next the door to the right was the chair where I sat. Mother had just got her dishes done and had wrung out her dish cloth and hung up her pan against the wall as you women folks do, you know, and she had taken her side comb out of her hair and combed her hair as they did in the old fashioned way. She took some hair down on either side of her face and rolled it up and stuck a pin through it—you've seen it done, many of you. She took off her apron that she had been using and put on a clean one, drew the white handkerchief like some of you used to wear, across her breast and sat down on the chair and said to me, "Now Joseph, your father is

here and you can ask him the questions that you have been asking me, to see whether I have been telling you the truth or not." Now, remember, mother died as I told you awhile ago, aged sventy-four, with all the marks of age upon her; and as she sat in that chair, she was as I remember her to have been when she was about thirty-five years of age. All that she seemed to have lost was restored to her. I did not mark it at the time, but when she spoke of my father, I turned to the left and there, on an old fashioned settee, I saw my father. In my estimation father presented an appearance more matured than when I saw him last; he was an older man, such as he might have been had he lived to be forty-two. That is my understanding of it. I turned and asked him the question, "Father, do you know what mother and I have been talking about?" He said, "Yes, my son, I do." Are you prepared to answer the question whether she has told me the truth or not? "I am." What is you answer? "You may depend upon it that your mother has told you nothing but the truth." My way to answer Mr. Littlefield was made clear; he could not have told me in clearer terms possible what my answer to Mr. Littlefield should be; and I answered Mr. Littlefield according to that proposition, and Mr. Littlefield has never replied to it to this day. Then the brethren thought that I had accomplished the job that I had undertaken.—Zion's Ensign, December 22, 1894, in sermon on "Future Conditions."

THE LATTER DAY WORK.

A song by the Spirit.

Be up and doing, now while the day lasts,
 The night is soon coming, the hour will pass,
 When Zion no longer in bondage will be,
 The gospel will triumph, the Saints will be free.

Then be up and doing, the day will soon come,
 When Jesus from heaven in clouds will come down,
 And thousands of angels his escorts will be.
 The Gentiles will tremble at their destiny.