

## Memoirs of Clara B. Stebbins



The author as she appeared in 1905

I WAS BORN December 13, 1858, in Sheawassee County, Michigan. My father was William Revers Sellon and my mother Alma Sophia Fletcher Sellon. My patriarchal blessing tells me that I have been saved from danger time and again. It may be that this protection began in my infancy, and I have recognized it at other times, spiritual as well as physical.

My father was at the head of an academy in a small Michigan town. The school was giving an entertainment, and my mother was present with me as a baby. In the midst of the program the floor of the second story room gave way and the audience dropped to the floor below. In the fall the end of a bench bore down across my neck. A man caught the bench and swung it around, and my life was spared.

My father was a lieutenant colonel in the Civil War. The family moved from Michigan to Pittsfield, Illinois, the home of Grandmother Sellon Bush. At the close of the war we moved to Burlington, Iowa.

My mother's mother had been a member of the old church, but the apostasy under Brigham Young held her family from association with any members of it. Finally Brother John Lake came to Burlington, and my mother learned of the Reorganization. She was baptized by Brother Lake.

My father was a shorthand reporter, and once when he was away at court my mother ordered a *Saints' Harp*, the old hymnbook with words only. When he came home she put it in his hand and told him about sending for it. When he saw what it was, he dropped it to the floor. Like many others he wanted nothing to do with Mormonism. My mother explained about the Reorganization and he was mollified.

After a time he offered to go through the church books with her and show her where she was wrong. She could ask nothing better. They read and talked together, and when they had finished the study he was ready to be baptized. He was a faithful member and was fully converted to the financial law. He wrote articles on tithing for the *Herald*.

Brother Lake's daughter, Oracy, in the last stages of tuberculosis, was cared for at our house until she died. Later on, his youngest child, Carrie, eight or ten years old, lived there for some time. The mother had died years before and the girls had lived in different homes.

My mother was a good example and counselor to her children, and she was devoted to the church.

The elders made their home with us when holding services in Burlington. Brother Mark H. Forscutt preached a month's series of sermons there, at the end of which my younger sister and I were baptized. This sister in later years was known as Hortense Sellon Cramer, a writer for the *Herald*. My older sister and her husband entered the church years later.

I WAS SEVENTEEN years old when I came into the church. At once I began teaching in Sunday school and acting as organist for the meetings which were held in the courthouse.

I grew up and received my schooling in Burlington. I have many pleasant memories of it. My health failed before I finished high school. In an optional course I had studied German. I think Latin would have been of more advantage to me because of the derivation of many of our words from the Latin.

I was fortunate in having parents who spoke good English and who encouraged their children to use the dictionary. When any word was in question we went to the dictionary for spelling and definition. All of us were readers with plenty of literature in the house, the church books and papers with the rest. I had read the Book of Mormon and the Doctrine and Covenants before I was baptized.

My father, my sisters, and later my husband, always called me Callie. I accepted this, and in writing I signed Callie B. Stebbins. In later years I was "Aunt Callie" to many.

I WAS MARRIED to Henry A. Stebbins on October 7, 1879, at the home of my parents in Burlington, Iowa. We went at once on our wedding trip to the home of Brother and Sister David Dancer. Arriving in Lamoni, Brother Dancer met us with team and carriage to take us to his home two miles west of town. We had stepped from the train into a cornfield. The station had not yet been built. Ours was the first passenger train ever to enter Lamoni. Only construction trains were coming through while the road was being built.

Brother Stebbins had lived with the Dancers while their home was in Plano, so he was like one of the family. At that time his health was very poor from exposure in the army, and Sister Dancer had been like a mother to him. With them in their farm home was Aunt Libby, Brother Dancer's sister; their youngest son, Walter, and Sister Copis, who was later our good neighbor in Lamoni. They had two married sons living not far from them.

Brother Dancer was president of the Order of Enoch and Brother Stebbins was secretary. Saints from different parts of the country were settled on the colony farms scattered over the southern part of Decatur County, Iowa. Brother Dancer made daily trips to these farms, and Sister Dancer often accompanied him. She was known as the good angel of the colony. In an unobtrusive way she carried gifts to the families, sometimes dress material for the mother, at other times clothing for the children, always with sympathy and interest in their work. They took us with them on their rounds, and we visited in more than thirty homes during our month's stay.

They drove with us straight east from their place into Main Street of Lamoni. On Linden, the cross street, there were a few small houses, a meat market, a millinery shop, a small grocery, and some other buildings, while on the two west corners of Main and Linden two large buildings were being constructed. One was the Tilton store, the other the Teale store. These still stand, and through the years have had only a few changes of occupants. The post office was still in the country, a mile east and one south of town.

AT THE END of our vacation we went to live in Plano where Brother Stebbins resumed his work as assistant editor of the *Herald*. Here our daughter Helen was born. We lived in Plano only one year. At the end of that year we moved to Lamoni to spend the rest of our days.

Brother Dancer had started a lumber and grain business. He offered Brother Stebbins a one-third partnership in the business with himself and Brother Asa S. Cochran. Henry was to keep the books and help with the work in the lumber yard. It was thought the outdoor work would benefit his health, which was not good. It did help him, but he was not satisfied to be out of church work, so he resigned at the end of one year. His share of the profits for the year was one thousand dollars. His brother Roscoe sent him a check for five hundred dollars. This, with three hundred dollars he had saved, paid for our house. Recently it has been priced at five thousand.

Some years before this Henry's brothers had offered to take him into the banking business with them, but he could not think of leaving church work. They had five banks in the West—at Denver, Silver City, and three other places.

We had come back to Lamoni in the fall of 1880, but our house was not built until the next year. We stayed for a time with Brother and Sister Thomas in the original farmhouse of this section where the high school now stands. Later Patriarch Alexander Smith had his office in this house, and still later it was occupied by the Criley family.

We rented a small house southeast of the depot and lived there until our house was ready for us in July, 1881. Just as we were moving into the new house the check came from brother Roscoe. At the same time he sent a walnut bedroom set and a marble top oak sideboard. He was moving with his family from Atchison, Kansas, to New York City and they were disposing of their old furniture. This bedroom set will go to the Mansion House in Nauvoo at my death. Sister McDowell bought the sideboard to include with her antiques in Independence.

THE comfortable feeling that we were assured of a debt-free home (Brother Dancer had given us the lot) made us grateful to God, and we felt that he had opened the way in a time when the church allowances for families was very small. We appreciated the addition of this rare furniture which has increased in value all these years and has been admired by many people. Of these, one was Brother Elbert Smith who made a request for the bedroom set for Nauvoo.

As church recorder my husband brought the big record books into our home and counted his time when he worked on them at twenty-five cents an hour. Later he was given space in the *Herald* building. After that was burned and the new one built in 1907, he was given a large room with adequate space for work on the large books. At home he had spread them on the table, the couch, and the floor in the living room. In the new office Brother C. I. Carpenter was his assistant. He boarded for some months at our house.

In the fall of 1881 *Herald* Publishing House was moved from Plano to Lamoni. This brought with it the men and their families connected with the work of the office. First of these was Brother Joseph Smith and his family. Liberty Hall, the name he gave to his house, was built that year a mile west of Lamoni. His daughters, Carrie and Zaide, stayed with us while their rooms were being finished. With them was Mary Cazaly, who was in the millinery business here for a number of years. Later she married Daniel Garner and lived with him on a ranch near Fresno, California. After getting settled at Liberty Hall, the three girls were our frequent visitors.

In that early time Brother Joseph's eldest daughter, Emma McCallum, her husband and two young sons were visiting at the Hall. One day the boys did something of which their father disapproved. He said: "If you do that again, I'll take a switch to you."

Quickly the boys said: "You can't. There aren't any switches. Zaide said so."

And they were right. There were no trees except along the creek. All the new people were setting out shade and fruit trees, but there was nothing large enough to furnish a switch. The wind had the sweep of the prairies, and it blew all the time. After a while we grew accustomed to it, but visitors would say, "How do you endure the sound of it?"

The home of our next-door neighbor on the east, our beloved Uncle Asa Cochran and his family, was built in 1880. With them lived Mother Morse, Uncle Asa's mother. Next to them were Sister Cochran's parents, Father and Mother Church, and their sons Charles and Eddy; then the Isaac Bogue home and Mother Lysinger's. As the years went on others were added.

THE FIRST MEETING PLACE for the Saints in Lamoni was a house built by Rosalia Dancer. This stood just west of Katie Dancer's home on Main Street and was called Alberta's house. This was to be used as a chapel until the church could be built. Then partitions were put in and it was rented as a family home. Here, at one time, lived the Isaac Carlile family, followed by others. Later this house was moved a few blocks east and south, and where it has since stood. Howard Dancer built a fine large home, later occupied by Max Jones, owner of the drugstore.

Through the years the houses spread west, south, and north to where at the end of Silver Street the Saints' Home was built. For many years Miss Alice Dancer, niece of Brother David Dancer, was the much-loved matron of the Home. Here my husband was always welcome as he ministered to the old people. Other matrons later made him welcome, too.

In the Cochran home were two children, Frank and Clara (she became Mrs. Elbert A. Smith). Wilbur and Cora came later.

Across the street west of us was the house built at the same time as ours by David Dancer for his son Peter, who with his wife Katie lived in it only a short time. He became ill and died at the home of his parents. Katie, with her little daughter Alberta, born after her father's death, lived with them for a number of years. Later Katie married Lewis Gaulter. They lived in her house, where he died. Katie continued to live there until her death in 1953. We were fast friends. Her son Arthur and his wife Elsie lived with her. She had two other sons, Wilbur and Wayne.

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FOR SOME YEARS two sessions of General Conference were held each year, one beginning April 6, the date of the organization of the church, the other in the fall. In 1882 the fall conference was held in Lamoni, Iowa. A place was provided for it on the north end of the Herald House lot. An arbor was built covered with boughs hauled from the woods south of town where later the Lamoni Reunion was held for many years.

Meeting under this arbor were the General Church officers, the people of the little new town, and a number from the surrounding country, some of whom came in lumber wagons. President Joseph Smith presided over the business sessions. This furnished a thrill to those who had not met him before.

The prayer meetings were full of interest, as also were the proceedings of the Conference, especially to those of the church. Then there was the pleasure of entertaining the visitors. This was the last semiannual General Conference.

Helen was eight years old when she was baptized. In that year a baby sister brightened our home and made her happy. Ruth was truly a gift from heaven with a smile for everyone and a peaceful outlook on life. She stayed with us only one year. Her going left such a hurt in my heart that Sister Dancer said I never looked the same afterward. She could sympathize. She had lost two baby daughters.

The Dancers had moved to town. They built the large square house, always painted white, three blocks south of Main on State Street where Highway 69 later passed it. This was a familiar place to us where Helen and Alberta played and Henry was at home with his old friends. Sister Dancer came often to our home and was like a mother to me.

Two incidents in Helen's school life made us glad to note her sympathy with other children. One day two little boys in her room were kept in at recess. In a whisper Helen asked the teacher if she might stay, too. Having gained permission she kept her seat while the rest were out. She told me at home that she didn't want to be out playing while the boys had to stay in.

On another day when school was out, the children came streaming down Main Street from the East Side schoolhouse, across Linden and on to where two small boys had their wagon caught in a crack of the old board sidewalk. They swung out around the boys and passed on, all but Helen. When she came to the boys she stopped and worked with them to help them free the wagon. When it was loose they all started on together. The boys soon ran on with the wagon, but Helen didn't mind. Two men, standing in a shop door, observed the incident and told what had happened.

When the wind blew cold while on their way home from school, Helen would bring Laura Kelley into the house to warm and wrap her better for the rest of her way up the hill to her home.

Helen's cousins—Carolyn, Herbert, and Edith Jarvis—visited her at vacation time. Their home was in Burlington, and their father was assistant secretary of the Burlington Railroad. His family traveled on passes and this privilege was often

extended to Helen and me. On this basis we visited them, sometimes when Helen's father was away preaching.

My sister, Mrs. Cramer, lived with us for one year after her husband died. We wanted her to stay longer, but she said, "No more zero weather for me." Her home was in Florida. Earlier, when her children were small, her two daughters, Tonsie and Adore, had visited us. One day while they were here I was lowering the upper part of a window when it dropped suddenly and caught my hand between the two sashes, causing pain. Tonsie was sympathizing with me. Then I got the oil and applied some of it on the bruised part of the hand. The pain was eased and soon it was gone. Tonsie said: "Oh, we do need some of that oil in our family."

With three boys and two girls someone was always getting hurt. I said: "Yes, it is good to have," and then I explained to her how the help comes from the Lord and we must have faith in order to receive it. Her father was not a member of the church, so they had not had the oil in their home.

Sometimes I have had remarkable help with the use of the consecrated oil, but not always, depending, I suppose, on the need and the degree of faith exercised. Thinking about the right to bless the oil, I traced it back to the authority bestowed by the angel who restored the gospel to earth. From then on I thought how it came down through the succession of ordinations to the elder who consecrated our oil, an unbroken line, to bring us one of the blessings of these latter days.

HELEN AND I had happy times at home together. I read Bible stories to her and taught her the Sunday school lessons. She was interested in some things beyond her age; for instance, the return of the Jews to Palestine and the fulfillment of prophecies by Joseph Smith. When ten years old she was much disturbed by Clark Braden when she went with us to hear him lecture in the church. It distressed her when he repeated the name "Old Joe Smith," discrediting his character and his work. On the way home she gave expression to her feelings and she said, "Doesn't he know the rains have come back to Palestine and that Joseph Smith was a true prophet?"

Helen was in Miss Cazaly's class in Sunday school with others of her own age. Once when the teacher was sick, Helen taught the class. Sister Walker, then superintendent, said: "Mark my words, that girl will be a leader." But she did not live to verify the prediction.

There were not many fences in town, and we did not keep ours after it needed renewing. For many years there were no sidewalks. Then we had board walks and later cement walks. At first, even going to church in the little chapel, we had to wade in the mud. Going out to Brother Joseph's after a rain, we had to pick our way, but if we wanted to go we didn't wait long. I remember going out to see if I could help after David, the eldest son, died.

I think we were most grieved for Brother Joseph and Sister Bertha after their six-year-old Azuba died. Her death was caused by a stroke from a ball bat. On the school ground she ran past the boy just in time to catch the stroke as he swung the bat. It was unintentional, but how bad the boy must have felt! This was a shock to the whole family.

On his way to the office Brother Joseph often stopped in to see us. One day some time later he came to bring for Helen Azuba's little white fur muff and tippet, a tender token of friendship from the sorrowing father and mother. It was after this that he wrote "Beneath the Darkest Cloud." Their daughter, Lucy, born some time later, was a great comfort to them.

Still in the home were Carrie and Zaide, Audentia, Fred M., Israel, and Hale. Carrie married Frank Weld; Zaide married Richard Salyards. I kept their little Richard for three months during his mother's illness prior to her death. His Grandmother Salyards then assumed the care of him.

**I**N 1892 diphtheria took the life of our daughter Helen. One day near the end she said: "Mamma, I am all you have, and I'd like to stay with you, but I think I'll have to die. You have told me that love is the best thing in the world, and now I know it is. The Lord seems so near I feel as if I might reach out my hand and touch him, and if you will stay with me, I'll not be afraid."

I kept smiling on at her in the midst of my grief until she passed away.

Mother Gillen stayed by us to the last. Her daughter Lulu was one of Helen's playmates.

I was much alone the week after the funeral, but I was upheld in the comfort of the Spirit, and I could sing, "O grave, where is thy victory, O death, where is thy sting?"

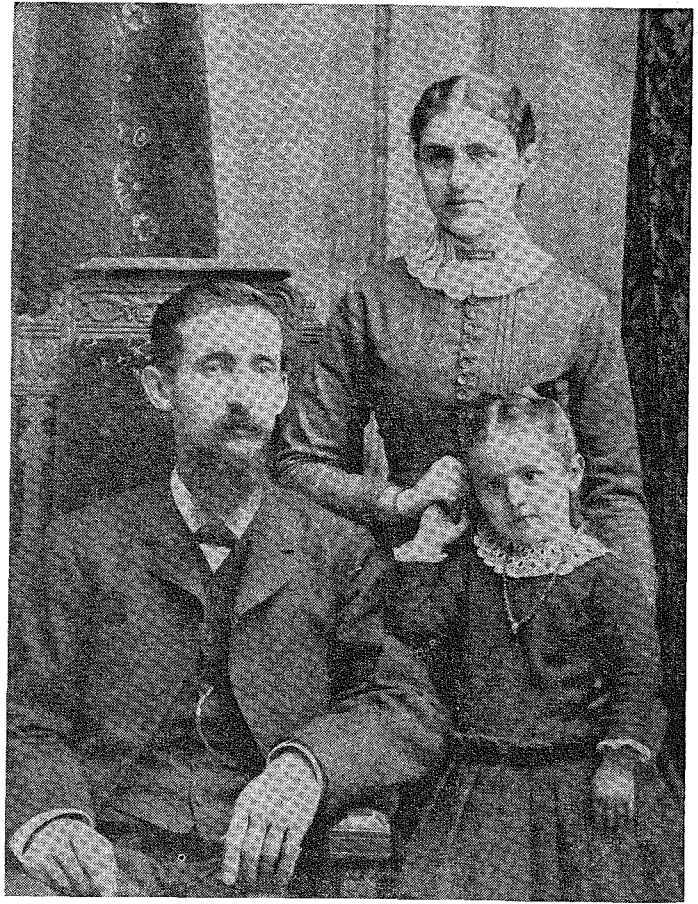
After that I was left more to myself, and I suffered with the feeling that my heart was in a vise under actual physical pressure. That continued for a long time.

That spring we attended the General Conference in Independence, and from there we went on to Glendale, California, to visit my sister and family who had moved there from Burlington, Iowa. We also spent some time in the Daniel Garner home near Fresno. Mrs. Garner, the former Mary Cazaly, was our friend. Before returning home we visited Saints in San Bernardino, San Francisco, and other places where Henry preached. At a two-day meeting in Santa Ana a brother was given a message by the Spirit which he wrote for me. In it I was told to be looking for work that would be opening for me.

Shortly after we returned to our home the Daughters of Zion Society was organized; I was chosen secretary. This opened work for me that lasted for a number of years. I kept on with my work as superintendent of beginners, and in giving myself for others the burden was lifted from my heart.

Helen's death was a hard loss for her father, but he kept on in faith, administering to the sick, and in other ways being faithful to his calling. He and another elder were called to administer, after the first prayer meeting we attended, just after the funeral, and I came back to the empty house alone.

Peter (Albert Pierre) Dancer, was the first one buried on the hill west of Lamoni. The plot was laid out by his brother as a cemetery and named Rose Hill. His monument is in the form of a broken tree trunk with a vine twined around it. From the entrance to the cemetery a driveway runs straight up the hill to the north. Near the foot of the hill a drive branches out each side to go around up the



Henry, Clara, and Helen Stebbins in 1884

side of the hill to the east and to the west. These are bordered by walnut trees. The name Rose Hill, in white letters, appears at the left of the entrance on a long raised mound.

Alex Hopkins had the first furniture store in town. It stood where the drugstore now stands. He bought the first hearse in Lamoni. It was used the first time for our Helen's funeral. Before that a spring wagon had been used.

We attended the wedding of Audentia Smith and Benjamin Anderson, and Henry performed the marriage ceremony in the presence of the family. This was in the parlor at Liberty Hall with the pictures of Joseph's father, and his mother, Emma, overlooking. Here, in later years, the prayer meetings at Liberty Home have been held. In the room next to the north of this one, we have been told, Brother Joseph received revelations for the church.

Audie and Ben and their daughters, Bertha and Doris, born in Lamoni, have been my very dear friends.

**S**ERVICES were held in the basement of the Brick Church until the upper part was ready for use. I remember the first Thanksgiving dinner held in the church. Long tables were placed and chairs brought in. The unfinished west part was used for a kitchen that day. We stepped through the door past the stone foundation onto the bare ground where a stove had been placed. Here Sister Glaud Rodger presided over such cooking as needed to be done. I know we had appetizing hot mashed potatoes, turkey, and gravy. Many of us women were willing helpers. Brother Joseph was present with his family, and the blessing he asked expressed our sincere gratitude that we were to have the satisfaction of worshiping in a real church home.

(To be continued.)

# Memoirs of Clara B. Stebbins

**B**EFORE LONG we were holding meetings in the one large room. This was heated by two stoves which sometimes smoked. Several mornings, just as we were ready to open Sunday school, our eyes filled with tears and we went outside to wait until the smoke cleared away through open windows. But that was soon corrected.

Of those who preached there I especially remember Father Lander, Sister Sal-yards' grandfather, and Brother W. W. Blair. Both preaching and prayer services were held there for some years, and week-night prayer meetings were always held there. There were funeral sermons, Christmas entertainments, Sunday school conventions, and even the 1886 General Conference was held there. In course of time the furnace was put in, and the two west rooms were finished. These were occupied by the beginner and primary departments of the Sunday school. The folding doors connecting them were often open for joint services.

I knew more about Conference appointees and visitors in my home where I was busy with help providing meals for the tableful of guests invited each day. I first met J. W. Rushton as our guest, whom we knew in after years as our wonderful speaker and servant of the Lord. At that time he seemed a retiring young man who sat and listened while others talked.

My husband was then church secretary and recorder, and he had been in correspondence with branch secretaries, some of whom attended the Conference. He also had a wide acquaintance with the ministry. We tried to have as many of these friends at the house as possible during the Conference.

**O**NE YEAR at General Conference time I was very sick. It was thought that my life hung in the balance, and word went out that the end was near. In one of the morning prayer meetings Sister Mollie Brewster spoke by the Spirit. She said I would live. Brother Hilliard met her as they were leaving

the meeting. He said to her, "Now, Mollie, you have put yourself on record." She answered, "It is all right, Brother Hilliard; she will live." By the power of God, in whose name she spoke, I lived.

Brother Pitt and Brother Luff were close friends of my husband. When I was the lowest they and he administered to me and I made the turn toward recovery. I slept and was better. At my request Brother Pitt taught my class of boys the following Sunday.

More than once I have been brought back when close to the end. After the birth of baby Ruth we all thought I was going, but by administration I was restored. Good old Sister Pickle, while praying for me at home in her bed, saw in vision a pair of hands reached out to save me. The next morning when the doctor looked at me she said, "One would never know you had lost any blood."

Truly, by miracle I have received blessings, and in praise to the Giver, I tell about them.

One night in a sudden sickness I woke to feel that I was dying. As I lay wondering, I was conscious of the words "Death—and underneath are the everlasting arms." My soul was filled with peace, and then I prayed. The thoughts that I had at that time are expressed in the following verses, given by the Spirit and written afterward:

When life seemed almost ebbing,  
Its duties nearly done,  
The peace of God was given  
And every fear was gone,  
As one his mother comforts,  
The everlasting arm  
Laid underneath, about me,  
Held safe from every harm.

I prayed for strength to finish  
A task to me assigned,  
For help then quickly given,  
I praise the Master kind.  
And still my days are lengthened  
That I may do his will.  
May all my days be ordered  
His purpose to fulfill.

Though I can do but little,  
Oh, may I faithful prove  
To him whose every dealing  
Gives token of his love.  
My own strength is but weakness,  
Alone I faint and fail,  
But he has given promise  
Of help that will avail.

The Most High is my Shepherd;  
He surely will provide.  
In pastures green he's led me,  
The waters still beside.  
And so, this tender Shepherd  
I'll trust whate'er betide;  
In death I'll fear no evil,  
He'll still be at my side.

I was up the next day and continued my work.

**S**ISTER WALKER was our first Sunday school superintendent in the Brick Church. She was followed by Brother George Blair.

Sister Walker soon started a plan for beautifying the church park. She had classes busy planting and tending flower beds during the week. Then bluegrass was sown, and lawn mowers soon were heard. Before long the planting of trees was in order. This was taken over by the branch officers, and soon a beautiful grove was growing, where later picnics and prayer meetings were held. Two reunions also were held there.

I attended the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893 with my sister, Mrs. H. E. Jarvis, and her family. Sister Walker was with us a part of the time. Again in 1934 I was there at the Century of Progress Fair. At that time my niece, Mrs. Edith Jarvis Alden, was living near Chicago and I stayed with her. A friend of hers would go with me down to the city where we would meet Mrs. Alden, and together we would go to enjoy the evenings at the fair. At this late date I do not attempt to comment on the wonders of the fair.

We spent one highly profitable and enjoyable evening at the planetarium, viewing the marvelous movements of the heavenly bodies.

**I**N FEBRUARY, 1894, Brother Stebbins gave a series of lectures on the Book of Mormon in Independence, Missouri. The lectures were presented on nine successive evenings in the basement of the Stone Church at the joint invitation of the Religio Society and the Sunday school of that branch of the church. There was deep snow on the ground, but the lectures were well attended.

My niece, Carolyn Jarvis, was visiting us that winter. She and I accompanied Henry and were present at all of the lectures. We were entertained in different homes of the Saints.

The lectures were reported in shorthand by Sister Belle Robinson (later James) and their publication was immediately begun in *Zion's Ensign*. Also one thousand copies in paper covers were issued that summer. They were soon sold and demands for them continued to come in. After some years an edition in cloth binding was issued. This contained the lectures revised and enlarged by the author. Quoting from the preface:

The only wish of the author was to get the work before the people, therefore it was given into the hands of the Board of Publication, to be published without profit to him.

The work was well received, apparently filling a place in the advocacy of our cause which [at the time] no other book did, . . . and taking the various colonies in their order, also therewith giving proper proofs from many antiquarians, historians, and scientists, . . . with the synopsis of the story of the peoples that came to America in ancient times.

Since this book was published there have been wonderful discoveries, and much has been written for church readers to keep them informed of developments.

In one of these early years Sister Christiana Stedman (later Salyards) made her appearance in church circles. How little we guessed the greatness of mind and spirit of this unassuming person. She came from Illinois and made her home with Sister Walker, editor of the Mothers' Home Column in the *Herald*, and of the children's paper, *Zion's Hope*. In this home Miss Stedman made the beginning of her lifework in Sunday school quarterly writing. Later her books made a rich addition to church literature; the last one, *The Enduring Word*, was much appreciated by the ministry and other church readers.

Miss Stedman fitted admirably into Lamoni educational work. She taught in the public schools and in our Sunday school. She and I worked side by side for years, she as superintendent of the primary department and I of the beginners. She made one of a group of friends

who often met at Sister Walker's; her niece, Mrs. Lucy L. Resseguie, Mrs. Mary Garner, sometimes Carrie Smith, and I made up the group. It was a sad time for me when Sister Salyards moved to Independence. We corresponded until near the time of her death. No one has ever taken her place, though Sister Hilda Loving was a comfort with the friendship of her family also. I deeply regretted losing them when they moved away. I still hear from them.

Miss Martha Young succeeded Sister Salyards as superintendent of the primary department. In that position she gave such satisfying service that there was sore regret when she had to resign because of failing health. I went to see her in the afternoon of the day when she was honored at her resignation in the morning service at the Coliseum.

I found her at home lying on a couch, feeling that her world was about at an end.

She welcomed me as a fellow sufferer in having to give up the work we loved for lack of strength.

We had worked in rich fellowship in the old Brick Church during the years before I gave out, and our joint work in the reunions was highly gratifying. I remember the time when children wandered over the grounds during the services in the big tent. Some sat with their parents, but others strayed around the edges, looking as if they didn't know what to do with themselves.

**A**LL THIS was changed when the Sunday school work became better organized and tents were provided for the various departments. Now the children had their own worship homes where together with their teachers they were made happy talking about the way of love and thankfulness. They were led to think of the love of Jesus for them and of the many things God has provided to show his love for us.

One day a group of women happened to come together and we teachers of little children were asked: "How can you bear it to miss the good meetings in the big tent while you are busy with the children?"

It was in the days when Brother E. C. Briggs's "Bless your heart" was familiar to all, and I said: "Why, bless your heart, don't you know that each one gets her blessing where she is doing her own part?" And I am sure they knew we were happy in doing ours.

I had recovered sufficiently so that I gave occasional talks in the children's departments. Also, at times, I addressed young people's or adult classes. I attended Mrs. Hyde's class for a time, and

before that I was in Miss Condit's class at the Coliseum. This was a class with enthusiasm for the teacher and for the spiritual matters discussed. A highlight was a visit from Brother Cheville. He came in one day to talk about the important meaning in the name of the church of Jesus Christ. The name "Jesus" refers to his life on the earth as a man; the name "Christ" to his God nature—a perfect combination inspiring our love and devotion. I remember the influence of the Spirit that remained with us in thinking these thoughts after him.

**I**N THE COLLEGE YEAR 1903-4 my niece, Miss Carolyn Jarvis, as a member of the Graceland faculty was the teacher of English and Latin. In March, 1904, her mother died at her home in Burlington, Iowa, and Carolyn was called home. I had been there with my sister a short time before she died. After the funeral Carolyn and I returned together, and she went on with her work at the college until the end of the year.

Sister Audentia Kelley (then Miss Hayer) who was in her classes speaks very highly of her ability as a teacher. Richard Kelley substituted for her while she was away. He appreciated her plan of teaching the Latin grammar, which he said he had not had at Iowa University.

For a number of years Sunday afternoon prayer meetings were held in the upper auditorium of the Brick Church. This made a full day with two meetings in the forenoon and one at night. Two thirty seemed to come soon with preparing dinner, often for company, and getting the dishes washed. After the hurry was over, if I thought of staying at home, habit and the incentive were too strong to let me miss the meeting. Sometimes after it started I was so tired I couldn't keep my eyes open. Then I relaxed and kept them closed for a few minutes. After that I could brighten up and enjoy the rest of the meeting. We listened to testimonies that built us up in the faith. The hymns warmed our hearts and brought us near to the Lord. One day we heard the testimony of one for whom we had waited; until recently she had been satisfied in the faith of another church. She told how the Lord had shown her the greater light, and we rejoiced to hear how he works with those who will hearken to his voice.

In the meeting far at the back an anxious little daughter arose to ask prayers for her sick mother. She is a grandmother now, still bearing a faithful testimony. We had been told of answers to prayers offered in these meetings.

(To be continued)

# Memoirs of Clara B. Stebbins

**M**Y FRIEND, Sister Mary Garner, returned to Lamoni after the death of her husband in California. She brought her daughter, Callie, my namesake, then two years old with her. She built a house just north of the west side schoolhouse, where I was a frequent visitor. She did some canvassing to help with their living, and when she was away from home she left Callie with me. Her mother expected her to have a nap in the afternoon, and I tried to see that she got it. She would lie on the couch in different positions, but it seemed increasingly difficult for her to get to sleep. One day I asked her, "Callie, don't you like to take a nap?" "No," she said. "It makes me feel like hitting the world."

But as a rule she finally succeeded. I admired her self-discipline in her effort to heed her mother's wish. If I had known about relaxing as I do now, I might have helped her more. She grew to seem like my own. In 1922 her mother died and then she lived with me, but not for long. She was married in my home, and from here she went to live in Kansas City.

Sister Walker and all my friends who met at her home are gone. Sometime before she died she stayed with me for two weeks. She had a great desire to write a tract on the atonement. She hoped she might do this while with me so I could help her, but her strength was too far spent and she had to give it up. She said: "Well, if I don't do it, someone else will."

She went from here to her daughter's home in Los Angeles, California, where she died. I have the love of her daughters, and Fantie writes me as "Mother's dearest friend."

Sister Glaud Rodger and her daughter Dollie were often with us, helping us over hard places, coming close in sympathy for each other. After his wonderful mission in Australia, Brother Rodger was with them a year while he built for them the one-story square house south of the Barrows' home. After they were settled in their new home he went to

Nevada on his last mission. He died out there, and his faithful wife and children were left to mourn. A monument for him and his wife stands in the Lamoni cemetery.

While Sister Walker was staying with me she received an ovation by the college faculty and students. We had word of their coming, and she sat on the front of the porch while the student body and instructors spread over the lawn. In unison they called, "Greetings to the Mother of Graceland." There was singing and a short address by President Briggs for the college. Sister Walker could respond only very briefly. After a few personal words with Sister Walker, they were gone, leaving a pleasant memory for her few remaining years.

**W**E NAMED our last baby Alfreda, from Alfred, her father's middle name. She lived only six months. All our hope and care were in vain, and so we have three laid away in Rose Hill Cemetery.

Except while the babies were small I taught in Sunday school. Before Helen was old enough to go with me a neighbor kept her so I could go. I had read in the Doctrine and Covenants, "Who-soever desireth to thrust in his sickle and reap, the same is called of God." I felt this same desire, but I thought the call was to men only. This made me sad until I read that "All are called of God according to their gifts," and I was happy in believing that I was called to this work with little children.

One Conference when Brother Thomas Chatburn was passing through the roomful of children he asked, "Sister Stebbins, are you the mother of all these children?" I answered, "Yes, Brother Chatburn, to the joy of my heart, I am." I felt that I was blest and had been led in my work. When I needed a song to fit my purpose, it was given to me to write one, though I never before had written poetry nor a tune. I was indebted to others for the harmonization. My songs were published in the *Sunday*

*School Exponent* where I had a department. I gave Sister Salyards some help with primary quarterlies.

As cradle roll superintendent I visited the homes of the babies, talking with the mothers and leaving the cradle roll paper published by David C. Cook. We had a little white cradle in the Sunday school room. When we had word of a new baby we laid a card, bearing the baby's name, in the cradle. Two children from the room touched the cradle lightly while we sang:

Rock the cradle softly,  
Sing with tender love  
For the precious baby  
Sent from heaven above.  
May he learn of Jesus,  
Like him may he grow,  
Love and truth and goodness  
In his life to show.

Then we transferred the card to the wall roll of member babies.

For visiting babies we sang:

Welcome to Sunday school, baby dear,  
Welcome here, welcome here;  
Here where we learn of our Father's care,  
We welcome you, baby dear.

On the street one day I came near to Baby Ruth Grenawalt sitting with her mother in their pony cart. She said: "See, Mama, Sunday school baby dear."

Little minds carry more impressions than we realize. It is good to impart pleasant ones to tie them to the church we love and want them to love.

**W**HEN the Daughters of Zion Society was organized I was made secretary, and I held that office after the name was changed to the Women's Auxiliary. I wrote articles to be read in their meetings. These were published in the *Herald's* Home Column.

I was secretary of the Children's Home during the time of its existence. I worked closely with Sister Marietta Walker, who was the prime mover in its organization. We had received children from many states, but a state law was passed which allowed us to receive children from Iowa only, so the Children's Home was closed.

Sister Minnie B. Nicholson and I were alternately president and secretary of the local women's group. When she was president I was secretary, and vice versa.

For a time the whole Sunday school met in the upper auditorium. After the opening exercises all but the senior classes went to the rooms below. It was found inconvenient for the small children to march down the stairs, so the juniors and all lesser grades met in the large basement room and from there the primaries and beginners passed to their own rooms.

Preaching services were held in the upper auditorium morning and evening on Sundays. Looking back through the years I might say, "How highly favored we in Lamoni have been, as we have been given spiritual food from week to week by men of great minds whose background is the truth of the everlasting gospel restored to earth in these last days!" There was William W. Blair, of benign countenance, who testified of the inspiration in the reorganization of the church after the apostasy. And Joseph Smith III who by revelation came forward to take his father's place as president of the church. One night after he had preached a wonderful sermon I said to his daughter Carrie, "Aren't you proud that he is your father . . . and aren't we happy that he is our 'Brother Joseph'?"

I remember Heman C. Smith's masterly refuting of the misrepresentations by Clark Braden, who lectured in the church. It left the assurance that the Lord's work is invincible, and that Heman Smith was an able defender.

OF the singing in the church, I best remember at the close of one service Brother Joseph's fine tenor voice as he sang the "sweetest carol ever sung, Jesus, Jesus, Holy One."

From early times the Lamoni Branch had a choir. Always there were good voices and there were some members with ability to lead. Of these Brother Amos Chase was among the early ones.

In 1923 when our cousin, Paul Craig, was with the Graceland faculty as a voice teacher, he had charge of the choir. He was succeeded by Miss Mabel Carlile, who served in this capacity for more than twenty years, the last two years as Mrs. Charles Hyde.

The name of the choir was changed to the Lamoni-Graceland Oratorio Society. This Society became famous for its rendition of the great oratorios, *Elijah* and *The Messiah*. At one time the members of the society numbered one hundred and eighty-five. Those were

great occasions when *The Messiah* was given in a Christmas concert. At times during the summer months the choir was directed by Sister Wallace Blair or by Sister Cyril Wight.

IN the upper auditorium of the church there was a balcony across the east end and part way up the sides. Raised seats were provided for the choir across the west end, extending from the back of the speaker's platform high against the west wall. Choir members met in the rooms below and came to their places by the stairway on each side. In General Conference time these seats were occupied by the leading quorums of the church.

After the church burned in 1931 the singers occupied the balcony in the Coliseum. For the concerts they were seated on the rostrum. Guest soloists added to the enjoyment of the concerts.

For some time after the upper auditorium in the church was ready, the General Conference was held alternately one year at Independence and the next at Lamoni. The seating arranged for the choir was good for the Conference.

Members of the First Presidency were seated on the speaker's platform, the Presiding Bishopric in the choir seats just back of them, the order of bishops at the left, the high priests at the right, the Seventies at the front in the body of the church; other quorums farther back, delegates and other members on the sides.

This was an orderly arrangement, and the Conference was presided over with dignity and fairness for many years by President Joseph Smith, succeeded by his son, President Frederick M. Smith.

In April of 1901 the Lamoni Stake was organized. This included Lamoni Branch and Decatur District, of which Lamoni was a part. John Smith, an Englishman from the East, was the first president. He had been in Lamoni for some time and was highly esteemed in the new office. He was followed by John F. Garver, whose life and work are known and appreciated throughout the church. Cyril Wight was ordained president of the stake when Brother Garver was called to the office of Apostle. Cyril threw himself wholeheartedly into the work of his office until other obligations caused him to resign. Wilber Prall, who had been his counselor, was his successor. He became pastor of Lamoni Branch, which office is included with that of stake president. Brother Prall won appreciation then and later.

Stake organization provides for two counselors to the president, and for a

high council composed of twelve men. With this fuller organization the church is better prepared to advance the work of the Lord. Succeeding presidents of the stake have been R. A. Cheville, T. S. Williams, David Dowker, Blair Jensen, D. B. Sorden, E. J. Gleazer, Jr. and Robert S. Farnham.

A notable event in the old Brick Church in Lamoni two years before it burned was the marriage of Nelle Weldon and Roy A. Cheville. It was the more notable because everyone was invited. This was unusual at the time. Since then, in the new church, it has become a pleasant custom.

Other weddings had taken place in the church after the morning preaching service, when those to be married stood in front of the pulpit. The people were surprised and pleased, and the ceremony was impressive as always. The congregation was there, but it had not been invited.

There was widespread interest in this young couple, not only at the college where he was teaching and she was college nurse, but throughout the branch because of his church activities. They had been observed during the time of their engagement, and now their many friends were invited to share in the happy occasion. The invitation warmed every heart.

The people gathered in the afternoon at the time appointed and the beautiful marriage ceremony was witnessed. The happy pair as they left were followed with sincere congratulations and good wishes.

ONE YEAR for a Christmas entertainment in the upper auditorium of the church we trimmed a Christmas tree, placed at the right of the speaker's platform, with silver-winged fifty-cent pieces. (All contributions were put into fifties.) These were to be sent to the Presiding Bishop for the Sanitarium, which was new at that time. The children as well as adults were enlisted with sympathy for the sick, and a talk was given during the program in regard to the purpose. The shimmering wings of the silver pieces gave the tree an attractive appearance.

Much thought and planning were given to our Christmas entertainments in which all ages took part. I was especially concerned with the small children, and we had happy times practicing together. Some of those children, now with grandchildren of their own, remember those times with pleasure and the parts they took.

(To be continued.)



## Memoirs of Clara B. Stebbins

THE HOME of my grandfather, Hugh Fletcher, was in Erie County, Pennsylvania. I have heard my mother and her sisters tell of their wonderful peach orchard overlooking Lake Erie.

Solomon Spaulding of mistaken Book of Mormon fame lived in this Pennsylvania neighborhood. He had borrowed money of my mother's two uncles, Erastus and Ciprion Rudd. He was writing a story about the Indians of Ohio and Kentucky.

I have heard my mother speak of the near-by Conneaut Creek where, in his story, Mr. Spaulding placed a cave in which ancient records had been hidden. He hoped, when finished his story would bring him an income, and then he would repay mother's uncles the money he had borrowed of them.

Naturally they were interested in his story, and as he wrote it, chapter by chapter, he would come to spend the evening and read to them what he had written.

My grandmother and her two brothers, Erastus and Ciprion, were members of the early church, and they were believers of the Book of Mormon, having no idea that the Spaulding story would ever have any connection with the Book of Mormon.

In his story Mr. Spaulding mentions Conneaut River. Near the river he found a shallow cave or excavation in which were twenty-eight rolls with writing in the Latin language. He translated this into English and then wrote of the wars between neighboring tribes, also of their progress in ways of civilization.

Mr. Spaulding died, leaving the manuscript of his story with a printer in Painesville, Ohio. The contents of this printing office, with a lot of books and manuscripts, were sold to Mr. L. L. Rice, who later took them to Honolulu. The President of Oberlin College, while visiting there, learned of the Spaulding manuscript. The paper wrapper was marked, "Spaulding Story, Conneaut Creek."

This manuscript was placed in the care of President Fairchild to be held in the library at Oberlin College. Some time later, under the direction of President Fairchild, a verbatim copy of the story was made for Bishop E. L. Kelley with permission to have it printed. This has been published and has been available since 1885.

For more than fifty years representatives of the Latter Day Saints Church had to meet and refute as best they could the story that the source and inspiration of the Book of Mormon was the Spaulding Story. Elder Mark H. Forscutt, grandfather of Roscoe Faunce of the Graceland family, was for many years a church appointee and had this claim to meet. Three of our family were baptized by him.

ONCE when he was in Burlington he heard of the early experiences of the family in Pennsylvania with the uncles and Solomon Spaulding when some of the family were members of the church and believers of the Book of Mormon. Brother Forscutt thought this would be good evidence to refute the Spaulding story as the basis of the Book of Mormon. He asked that an affidavit of the story be secured for him for use whenever the Spaulding story might be presented to him.

After the publication of *Manuscript Found*, of course that seldom was necessary; still the story kept cropping up and had to be refuted.

Brother C. Ed Miller tells of the time when he killed a chicken while his little daughter was with him. When it kept flopping around the child said: "The chickie doesn't know it's dead, does it, Daddy?" He thought, "Like the Spaulding story, it doesn't know it's dead."

Among the women who came to Lamoni, Iowa, with the Herald Publishing House were some who had been members of the Mite Society in Plano. They soon decided there should be a Mite Society in Lamoni. The society

was organized in 1882. One who came at that time was William Deam, son of one of the original members of the Reorganization. His wife was the daughter of William Marks, counselor to Joseph the Martyr.

Mrs. Glaud Rodger, who was the first president of the Mite Society, was the wife of our missionary to Australia. Mrs. Phoebe Smith was the vice-president, and Mrs. Viola White the secretary. Mrs. Katherine Gaulter was the first treasurer; later she became secretary-treasurer. After serving for a number of years, she gave up the job and I became secretary.

Mrs. William Marks was a very efficient helper. Her experience with the work in Plano added to her fitness as an adviser.

From the start the purpose of the society was to aid the needy and contribute to the church. It began with few members and no money. At first the women sewed rags for carpets or rugs. They did sewing or mending for needy families. Then they made sunbonnets and aprons. The sale of these articles gave them a working fund. Later they took up quilting, and their price is still one and a half cents a yard for the thread used. Through the years they have had expert quilters, and their work has become famous. Quilts to be quilted have been sent to them from California, Minnesota, Florida, and even from Honolulu.

When the old Brick Church was built, they paid for the bell that called Saints to worship for over forty years. Also they paid for the board sidewalk from the depot to the church. After some years they bought a building and had it moved to its present site at the corner of Linden and Eighth streets.

MEETING AT FIRST in the homes of the members, they increased in numbers and met for a time in the Herald building. Then in their own commodious building they expanded in numbers and amount of work and were recognized as a force for good in the community. They paid for the cement paving

on two sides of their building, contributed regularly to the church, and in two years, while the new church was being built, they turned in \$600.

The Mite Society is now affiliated with the women's department of the church, as a unit of the general organization. The name Mite Society has never been changed, and its members' work has always been a labor of love. They turned over their building to the church, and it is now occupied by the Commodity Shop. The Mite Society is conveniently located in the kitchen of the new church where cupboard space is accorded them for the storage of their materials.

For a number of years I was a regular attendant of the Mite Society, serving as secretary, conducting the devotional program, and reading books and articles to them.

Numerous clubs of good purpose have engaged the attention of many of our women, but the Mite Society and our women's group meetings have been sufficient for my time and strength. In late years I have been a shut-in most of the time.

When my husband was president of Decatur District, he often made the rounds of the branches, and I sometimes went with him to places where he preached. Lucas was an old established branch with many good members. Henry enjoyed his work among them. A number of young men he worked with there later became active in the ministry of the General Church. I visited with him there and we made friendships that have lasted through the years.

Allendale was another place where we often went. This was a small branch

where the faithful few kept the work going against strong opposition; they were glad for Henry's help. The branch grew and in later years many of our ministers labored there.

At Lone Rock (with the Charley Jones family), at Davis City, and at Pleasanton we made lasting friends. At Allendale there was one hotel kept by Sister Hunt, and we were given a room in it when we went there. I think of that room as a place where I received a blessing. One night I was suffering from a strange nervous condition, distressing to endure. Henry administered to me, and soon I was free from the affliction; I had wonderful peace of body and mind. We were there to help others, and the Lord was mindful of us.

WE ATTENDED different General Conferences in Independence, staying once in the Mark H. Siegfried home with my cousin Madge; and at other times in other homes. In 1891 we attended Conference in Kirtland, Ohio. In a program at that time I read a paper written by Miss Anna Stedman (later Salyards).

At one time I was in the Independence Sanitarium for a minor operation, staying before and after with my good friends, Brother and Sister Clifford R. Smith. Tessie's mother had been my dear friend and close associate in the Daughters of Zion work.

On one of our trips farther from home we visited several places in Wisconsin. I remember members of the DeLapp family. In different homes we were made welcome and were kindly cared for. This we have remembered with appreciation. We visited Brother and Sister W. A.

McDowell, parents of F. M. McDowell. In Janesville we were made to feel at home with Sister Effie Hield, my Daughters of Zion associate and mother of the Hield brothers who are now giving wonderful service to the church.

Some miles out in the country was the home of old friends of my husband, the family of Ormond Dutton, father of Jasper. Years before this, Henry had attended business college in Janesville and had spent much time with the Duttons. They had made him feel like one of the family, and now they accepted me in a similar way.

When Henry was president of the Northern Illinois District his work sometimes called him into Wisconsin and earlier his relatives had lived in this state, so it was familiar ground to him.

At a later time, when he was staying at the Duttons without me, he became very sick with a throat infection. It was so serious they feared he would die, and they sent for me. I was in Sandwich, Illinois, where Brother F. G. Pitt lived; he went with me to the Dutton home. No elder had been in reach, and if needed Brother Pitt could administer to him.

When it had seemed that his breath would be cut off, before we got there, he was healed. He told us he thought how he had laid his hands on the heads of others and they had been healed. He put his hands on his own head and asked the Lord to do the same for him, and instantly he was healed. When we came in he was breathing with ease, and he told us how the help had come.

"The Lord is a present help in trouble."

*(To be continued)*

## Passport to Paradise

*(Continued from page 10)*

attain will have been determined (Alma 16: 228-236). There may be divisions and gradations within the various glories. We cannot yet be sure about that, but at death the main boundaries of our future state shall be set, whether it be celestial, terrestrial, or telestial (or no glory at all, as in lake of fire and brimstone). It is comforting to know that the death of the righteous shall be sweet unto them, but the wicked shall find their death bitter (Doctrine and Covenants 42: 12).

Thus we have one more evidence that the righteous need have no fear of death

nor of that which comes after death. Neither should we think the price of godliness too high. We are persuaded that it is ridiculously low. In the words of Micah 6: 8, "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" And in Doctrine and Covenants 59: 5: "In nothing doth man offend God, . . . save those who confess not his hand in all things."

Now what about that thief on the cross? Whatever men may think, he was celestial material developed through the process of faith and repentance with complete honesty in spite of past errors. Whatever discipline intense suffering develops, he had doubtlessly absorbed that also. At any rate who would dare say the Lord was deceived in him and

erred in consigning him to paradise? Here is another case among many where-in the only answer to various queries concerning it must come by way of the words and acts of Jesus. Whatever our judgment might tend to be in this episode, Jesus consigned a condemned criminal to the abode of the spirits of the righteous. We have no choice but to conclude that the Lord saw in him that which the average human failed to see; namely, the basic characteristics of a citizen of Zion, the city of God.

In all of our blunderings and perplexities may we learn to append to our own feeble judgment, always and without fail, the wisdom that comes from the careful observance of that which Jesus *said* and *did*. How else can *we* receive a passport to paradise?

# Memoirs of Clara B. Stebbins

ONCE I HAD A LESSON that served to remind me that it is better not to boast. Sometimes, if Brother Stebbins urged me to be on time for an appointment, I would say, "Well, I never have been late at Sunday School, and I never missed a train."

Then one morning in Burlington we were to take the seven-thirty train from the union station. We walked over from my sister's home to my cousin's where we could get a streetcar that would take us to the station. Cars left that corner at fifteen-minute intervals. We were in good time, but as we waited I found that I had left my handbag at my sister's. My husband went back for it. We took a later car that might just get us down in time for our train. When we left the car we walked hurriedly through the station and out to the yard just in time to see our train pulling out. It was not important that time, for we could take a later train, but I could never again say, "I never missed a train."

I received my partiarcal blessing in 1908 during the time I was writing for the *Exponent* and the *Herald Home Column*. A certain amount of copy was due at a stated time each month. At times when I was writing, my mind would go blank. I couldn't remember what I had thought or what was to follow. I would lay down my work, go to my room, and on my knees pray for help. Each time my mind would clear, and I would finish my work before the deadline. As these experiences were repeated I thought they might result in a breakdown. I mentioned it to no one, but I thought the Lord knew if I ever needed a blessing it was then.

I fasted and prayed and I asked Brother Joseph Lambert to give me my blessing. He came to our home, knowing nothing of my condition. From the first I felt that he spoke by the Spirit of the Lord. After the opening paragraphs he said: "I bless thee that thou mayest continue thy work. When thou hast been

weak in body and weak in mind, He has quickly answered thy petitions because of thy desires to do good. . . . He will sustain thee until thy work is accomplished."

This has helped me to realize more and more as the years have come and gone how our every thought and desire is known and recognized of the Lord. His Spirit is always present with us.

I kept on without more trouble with that writing until the *Exponent* was discontinued, and other changes made my work unnecessary.

My blessing also contained this promise: "In the darkest time that will come He will not forsake thee, but . . . will lead thee lovingly, wisely and safely."

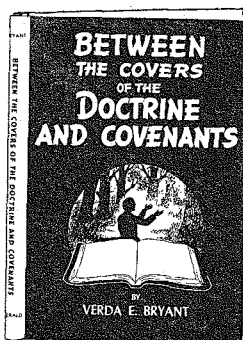
IN 1918 I had the flu. This was followed with slight paralysis of my left side, and my heart was affected. I could move slowly about the house, but I could not leave home. As this condition continued I saw it meant the end of my Sunday school and women's work. This was a heartbreaking realization. One night as I prayed and wept I said aloud: "I guess there will be no more leading," for the work in which I had been led was gone. Then the Lord, in an audible voice said, "Has he forsaken you?" I said, "No." "Then will he lead you?" I said, "He surely will. If one part is true, the other must be, too."

Then I was made to feel the melting tenderness of the love of God. I was gently reminded of the verses that had been given me, and as I said them through, the words, "And so this tender Shepherd, I'll trust whate'er betide," added to the wonderful comfort already received, and I slept in perfect peace. And now I can say, I know that God lives and that he cares for his children.

*This God is the God we adore,  
Our faithful, unchangeable friend.*

A short time before this when I had questioned whether I had received the abiding Spirit promised, the Lord made me realize the presence of his Spirit so

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I knew he had not forsaken me, but nothing has ever equaled that realization of the love of God.

After I found that I could not serve away from home, I prayed earnestly that if there were anything I could do, the Lord would show me and help me to do it. Then one day Brother Kueffer came to our home. I had not met him before this, and I was surprised when he asked me to write the stories for the hymns of the Reorganization. He said he had read my writings in the church papers and he had talked with Sister Salyards who had recommended me. I gladly agreed to undertake the work. Here was something I could do at home. Here was the answer to my prayer, and I was blessed in doing this God-given work.

My husband had been failing in health for quite a long time, but at the last he was sick only four days. I was alone the first days, but friends came in and were kind. Relatives were here, and Brother Luff came from Independence. Henry had preached many funeral sermons. A young man who had heard him often remarked after one of his sermons, "Someday there will be a big funeral when he will not preach." And it was so. The church was full, and his voice was silent. Brother Luff preached (and now Brother Luff is gone).

Henry had many friends because of his interest in them and the help they felt he had given them. He was always ready, night or day, near or far, to go to administer to the sick, and many were healed under his hands. He always noticed the boys in their homes or on the streets. Sometimes he would stop and talk with them.

After his funeral service, an unusual scene occurred in front of the church where the hearse was waiting. A number of small boys gathered around and waited until the casket was placed within and carried away for burial. This was a silent tribute from his young friends.

We went again to Rose Hill, and now the earthly tabernacle of the father of my three daughters lies there with them, and I am left alone without his love and thoughtful care. I turned to the Lover of my soul, and He has been my unflinching support.

**A**FTER HENRY'S death, church support was continued for me. In 1931, with the Civil War pension and some other income, I felt that I no longer needed the help from the church. I wrote Bishop DeLapp and asked him to stop my allowance. He did this and he wrote asking me to let him know if ever I felt I had need.

In 1954 I wrote him reminding him of his offer. I said that now with less income I should be glad if I might re-

ceive fifty dollars monthly from the church. He willingly agreed. So now, once more, my name is on the allowance list. It was Henry's wish that our home property should finally go to the church. This has been arranged in accordance with his desire.

**I** HAVE held sacred my stewardship in the use of money and have counted it a duty and a privilege to comply with the financial law of the church. As a rule, I have considered carefully and conscientiously each expenditure, and yet in some instances I have been beguiled by unprincipled salesmen into investing in something that proved unsatisfactory. Naturally trusting, I accepted what seemed a good opportunity to be seized at that time, when calmer thought with prayer would have saved what I saw later as the Lord's money unwisely spent. This caused me unhappy periods of repentance.

My last error of this kind was in buying a small hearing aid to replace a larger one which was not satisfactory. The new one seemed to be exactly what I needed, and I felt it was justified. The agent did not come back, and try as I could with competent help, I could find no batteries for it. The money was spent in vain. Then followed real repentance and deep regret for not having sought the guidance of the Lord.

After my husband died I had different people staying with me. One was Hallie Gould, then proofreader in the Herald Publishing House. We became fast friends and since have been regular correspondents.

In 1924 Brother and Sister Fred Shepherd came from England; finding a room in my home, they lived with me for three years. The latter part of the time Fred was working in Chicago. Their first baby, Malcolm, was born while they were with me. When he was eight months old he with his mother joined his father and they still live near Chicago where his father works.

My cousin, Emma Lacey, was a brave, intelligent, spiritual woman. We were like sisters, so I knew her struggles with sickness and other misfortunes. She made the best of trying circumstances and gave of herself in many ways to others. I believe she came through as one of the purified, ready for celestial glory. Her daughter, Ethel A. Lacey, has lived with me ever since her mother's death in 1933. We recognize this as an ideal arrangement because of our common church interests and our mutual needs.

**E**THEL had to give up secretarial work in the railroad office in Burlington because of cataracts. She had the cataract removed from one eye, after which she was able to serve as stake secretary here in Lamoni. This work was interrupted by the need for a change of glasses too long delayed, and then by neuritis in her arm. Just as her eyes were recovering, an accident broke open the scar from the cataract operation, leaving her practically blind. She has only slight vision in the other eye from which the cataract could not be removed.

*(To be continued.)*

Be sure to read

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by Morris and Olive Mortimore

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## Memoirs of Clara B. Stebbins



The Author in 1930

ETHEL does wonderfully well caring for herself and the house and for me. She needs some help from one who can see, and this help I have been glad to give, as for instance in making her checks and in keeping the bank account. It is a joint account, but I keep two books. She has been able to type her letters, but at Christmas time she wrote too many and her arm warned her to do only a little at a time. She has written for *Daily Bread* as she has been able. I proofread for her to catch an occasional bit of "pi." I read to her as my eyes permit. They are not very good. I have need of her answering the telephone and to hear at other times when I cannot hear.

Mabel Shepherd's mother died in England after she came over here, and she calls me her American mother. While she was living with me our Australian friends, C. George Mesley and George Lewis, were attending Graceland College. We had them over for an English dinner on Christmas Eve. This was the beginning of a lasting friendship with them and their wives.

Mabel has visited me once or twice each year, and I hear from her by letter and through my niece Edith Alden, who is secretary of the Burlington Railroad. Both wrote me of the approaching marriage of Mabel's daughter, Barbara, born when Malcolm was four years old. Mabel used to bring the children with her while they were small when she came to see me. Later they were away at school or working, so I have not seen much of them. Malcolm was married in the fall of 1953.

I began with a bay window full of house plants; but I kept reducing them until now I keep only ferns. The first fern we had was a gift from Sister Yarrington's "fluffy ruffles" fern when Ethel was in the stake office where Brother Yarrington had a fern. From this one we started others, and every now and then we could divide with someone. My ferns, two or three of them grown large, form a background for my chair where I have had to sit so much of the time in later years. They bring a little freshness into the house, and they keep in mind our lasting friendship with the Yarringtons.

Our good friends, Gene and Judy Closson, have cheered us with lilies at Easter time and poinsettias at Christmas time. These have been brought to us by one or the other of them or by one of their sons, keeping up the family feeling of friendship. My niece, Edith, and other friends have sent potted plants. Some have come from my college daughter, now Mrs. Edith Peterson of Beaverton, Michigan.

Bishops McGuire and Carmichael helped me with financial matters after the death of my husband. Other bishops who have given financial counsel have been Brethren Yarrington, J. F. Wildermuth, and T. A. Beck.

Ministrations through the years by E. J. Gleazer, Jr., J. A. Gunsolley, and L. G. Holloway have been much appreciated. More recently I have profited by the counsel of Bishop Earl T. Higdon and Evangelist Roy A. Cheville. Robert S. Farnham has given encouragement in pastoral visits; Wilbur Prall and David Gamet as assistants to the branch president have given most acceptable service.

Our doctors, E. E. Gamet and G. W. Swanson, have given double service as servants of God administering to the sick as well as being physicians for the body.

In the fall of 1951 I was able a few times to go to our group prayer meetings, the first in years. In 1952 I attended the Communion service in the new church, also a union prayer service, and I have been present there at three weddings.

Through trying sick spells, and during other needs, we have found Sister Luella Campbell a devoted friend and helper to whom our gratitude is due.

We had many fine spiritual visits at Lone Rock in the country home of Brother and Sister Charley Jones and their family. He was famous for his readiness to talk gospel under any and every condition where there was an opening or where others might see no opportunity.

When their son, Charles, was a young child, the family with Brother Holloway and others witnessed a very remarkable case of healing when he was restored after being at the point of death.

Once when Brother Holloway was preaching in a northern state, he saw Brother Jones in his Missouri home, on his knees, praying for him. Brother Holloway was feeling great need of help from the Lord. The petition was answered with liberty in his preaching.

EACH YEAR for a number of years I had one or two college daughters whom I remember with pleasure. Some of them remember me with letters or cards at Christmas time. Our interest in Graceland students brought many of them, both boys and girls, to our home where we took pleasure in serving them with occasional meals or between-time lunches. It is with regret that because of the frailties of age and other health conditions we are no longer able to do this, but we welcome any from the college who call on us.

I remember the first time I met Sister Lester and her two daughters, Carrie and Martha. It was the day before our baby Ruth was born. Carrie was a shy little girl. Martha was a few years older. We were friends through the years. Carrie married Randall Robinson and they have three sons with families of their own. Martha prepared herself for teaching, and became our famous fourth grade teacher. Recently she was

honored at the fiftieth anniversary of teaching the same grade. Parents and grandparents of her present pupils who had been in her classes joined in the celebration. And still she goes on teaching. She is a member of the Robinsons' household.

Randall was a son of Brother and Sister W. P. Robinson who for some years were the highly appreciated superintendent and matron of our Children's Home. A recent visit from their daughter, Helen Robinson Knight, has given us much pleasure. She was here to attend the funeral of Clarence Lester, brother of Martha and Carrie.

Roscoe and Grace Faunce have been our faithful friends in sickness and at other times, and their youngest son Billie has been our stand-by for odd jobs. Each Christmas Eve they have come in with the whole family, three boys and Janice, to sing carols for us. As shut-ins we have been favored by many carolers from the college, the high school, and the grades. At some other times a whole roomful of children would come to sing for us.

Our group, Number Two, always remembers us at Christmas with a basket of fruit and some caroling. One cold time they all came into the house to sing around the decorated dining table. The juniors, primaries, and beginners are sometimes brought into our home for talks and singing.

The neighborhood children have given us much enjoyment with their brief visits. The children of Brother and Sister Deam Ferris have come often. We have had some serious talks with Tary who likes to talk about her spiritual life. We have been pleased when she has told us of times when she felt the influence of the Holy Spirit.

**T**HE LAST prayer meeting I attended in 1952 was in the new home of Brother and Sister William Gould that replaced the frame house where Bishop E. L. Kelley and his family lived before they moved to Independence. The following week the meeting was in the Cheville home, and we were planning to go.

I had a pan of bruised peaches that I wanted to prepare for canning the next day. They were the last that fell from a tree of fine large peaches that would be picked the next day, and I wanted to get done with the bruised ones. A little after five o'clock as I sat down to work with them there came to me a gentle prompting of the Spirit to let them wait until the next day. I thought, "I have plenty of time to finish these and rest awhile before getting ready to go to the meeting."

I had eaten no supper; I would eat some of the bruised peaches and let that be my supper. The doctor told us later that that fruit on an empty stomach would cause nausea, but I did not know it then. And how little did I realize what I was doing in not heeding the kind advice I had received.

I finished the peaches, put them in the refrigerator, and put away the work things. I sat with Ethel long enough to have our *Daily Bread* lesson and prayer. Then I lay across the foot of the bed till I thought it was time to be getting ready for the meeting. When I arose I became dizzy and fell, bumping my forehead. I got up, reached for the camphorated oil, and rubbed the lump that already was forming. I lay down again and Ethel came to care for me, for the nausea was severe. When that was over, she helped me undress and get to bed where I stayed for six weeks or more. It was three months before I left my room.

The blow caused severe pain in the back of my head, neck, and shoulders, which gradually grew less, but left some effects for a long time. At times I cried with the pain, but that was not as hard to endure as the suffering in my mind and heart. I thought, "Oh, what have I done to my dear Savior and friend?" I had been so assured of acceptance with God, and so happy in the comfort of the Spirit. My blessing tells me that the directing influence of the Holy Spirit will be given me "more and more." This that I received was in fulfillment

of that promise, and I failed to heed. In a moment, by my fall, I saw my nothingness. How dared I prefer my own judgment? Perhaps I was too confident to sense my danger. How could I ever ask to be forgiven? I found that the Lord can and does forgive, but he cannot save us from the consequences of our wrong choices.

**M**Y WRONG choice this time involved not only myself, but my cousin, Ethel, who was constant in her attentions; Nellie Newlin, our faithful helper; and my niece, Edith Alden, who came from Chicago to help care for me. With night travel she came seven successive week ends, and others at longer intervals, going into office work at once when she got back Monday morning.

I was weighted down with remorse. One day I read in the Psalms: "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven." I wondered if mine would ever be forgiven. I had received evidence that I had not been "forsaken," but though I truly and deeply repented, it was hard for me to believe that I had been forgiven, and the remorse continued. When I read the Twenty-third Psalm I prayed that the time might come when I could say, "He restoreth my soul."

After I was able to leave my room I sat with my cousin to resume our Scripture talks. We read one day that after giving faithful service one's whole life through, one is still an unprofitable servant. We wondered how this would accord with "Well done, good and faithful servant." We reasoned it out to our satisfaction.

The next morning I awoke early and in the light of these Scriptures I was going over my problem. I wondered if any kind of approval could ever be spoken to me.

As I pondered I was conscious of sweet music filtering into my brain. It was not in the room. I was not hearing with ears. As it kept on I got the tune and then the words:

The sweetest voice e'er known  
Says, Child, am I not with thee,  
Never to leave thee alone?

That was the end—just the message to me. When the music stopped, the Spirit remained in a measure. I had feared I might never again receive it. When it receded, as I tried to take in what had been given to me, I said, "He restoreth my soul." This was the answer to my prayer. The shadow was lifted and Ethel said I had a different look from that time on.

O hope of every contrite soul,  
O joy of all the meek;  
To those that fall, how kind thou art,  
How good to all who seek.

**H**OW COMFORTING this experience was, and how gracious of our compassionate Lord! But nothing can ever restore to me what I had lost. Oh, the happiness that would have followed my compliance with the heavenly direction. The weather was beautiful all that fall, and I might have been in the group prayer meetings if I had not fallen. I did not walk far, but I had walked across the street and on to the church entrance for forenoon services. I had attended three afternoon weddings in the church and one evening union prayer meeting.

Soon after getting around this time I took the flu and had three months more in my room. Now I move about very slowly in danger of falling from weakness. This may not be strange at my age (I write in my ninety-fifth year). Still I think it partly the result of my one hard fall. I tell this story of my loss in the hope that it may cause some others to be very careful to heed the promptings of the Holy Spirit. I am sure they are always given in wisdom and love.

(To be continued.)



The author in 1950

## Memoirs of Clara B. Stebbins

DELMAR GOODE AND HIS WIFE, Anita, have kindly taken us to the reunion and to group meetings. A musical family, they and their children, Louita and Denny, have sung favorite hymns for us.

Three young girls from Norway, students at Graceland, came to see us and sang very sweetly for us. They had a book of hymns in the Norwegian language; the words were fitted to the familiar tunes of our hymns. This translation was made for their people by our missionary, V. D. Ruch. These girls attended our 1953 reunion. With tears they said they wished so much to bear their testimonies, but they could not do it in English.

At different times Brother and Sister Wilbur Prall have taken us to the reunion. We deeply appreciate his service as assistant pastor of the Lamoni Branch, and his wife Beth, his assistant.

In 1950 I attended some of the meetings of the Lamoni Reunion, sitting in the car drawn up near the big tent, by the kind permission of the pastor. I did not feel able to sit in the tent.

One morning near the close I woke early with a strong impression of the Spirit that I was to bear testimony before the close of that reunion. That morning it was rainy and the car could not come up near to the tent. I waited and the next day Brother Farnham, the pastor, was at the house. I told him about my impression about the testimony, and he said, "I will arrange for you to give it." Sunday morning he sent the microphone to the car, and Brother Shedd, in whose car we rode, held it while I gave the following testimony:

COMING INTO THE CHURCH I believed with all my heart that this is God's Church, restored by the angel, and I wanted to do his will. I went along for a time seeing as "through a glass darkly," but I believe the Lord was watching over me, awaiting my development.

I read in Doctrine and Covenants, "The Holy Spirit is given in answer to prayer," and I made that my prayer. I was uncertain whether I had received the promised gift because I could not distinguish between my own good feelings and the influence of the Spirit, but this was made plain to me later on. I had faith in the promise, "Seek and ye shall find," and I want to say to the young people, "Do not be discouraged. Keep on seeking. The promise is true. It has been fulfilled to me." The Lord says, "I will be found of them that seek me," and he is true and faithful.

I received my patriarchal blessing in 1908. I was writing for the Sunday School *Exponent* and for the *Herald Home Column*. A certain amount of copy was due at a stated time each month. At times when I was writing, my mind would go blank. I couldn't remember what I had thought or what was to follow. I would lay down my work and go to my room and on my knees pray for help. Then my mind would clear, and I finished my work in time. This experience was repeated. Each time the Lord came to my help. I thought this might be unwise, and if continued it might result in a breakdown. I mentioned it to no one, but I thought the Lord knew that if I ever needed a blessing it was then.

I fasted and prayed. Then I asked Brother Joseph Lambert to give me my blessing. He came to our home, knowing nothing of my condition. I felt from the first that he spoke by the Spirit. After the opening paragraphs he said: "I bless thee that thou mayest continue thy work. When thou hast been weak in body and weak in mind, he has quickly answered thy petitions because of thy desires to do good. . . . He will sustain thee until thy work is accomplished." This has helped me to realize more and more as the years have come and gone how our every thought and desire is known and recognized of the Lord. His Spirit is always with us. I kept on with that writing without more trouble until the *Exponent* was discontinued, and other changes made my work unnecessary.

My blessing contained this promise, "In the darkest time that will come, he will not forsake thee, . . . but will lead thee lovingly, wisely, and safely."

In 1918 I had the flu. This was followed with slight paralysis of my left side, and my heart was affected. I could move slowly about the house, but I was unable to leave home. As this condition continued, I saw it meant the end of my Sunday school and

women's work. This was a heartbreaking realization.

One night as I prayed and wept I said aloud, "I guess there will be no more leading," for my work in which I had been led was gone. Then the Lord, in an audible voice of his Spirit, said, "Has he forsaken you?" I said, "No." "Then will he lead you?" I said, "He surely will. If one part is true, the other must be too."

Then there followed the melting tenderness of the love of God that filled my soul. I was gently reminded of the verses given me some time before:

And so this tender Shepherd  
I'll trust whate'er betide;  
In death I'll fear no evil;  
He'll still be at my side.

I was filled with peace, and now I can say, I know that God lives, and that he cares for his children.

MY LIFE HAS SHOWN a succession of marvelous evidences of the goodness and power of God to help in times of extreme need. All this calls for praise beyond my power to express. Another case of healing has been added to the long list: Preceding my ninety-fifth birthday, I had an attack of the virus prevalent here at the time. The effect was in my right arm and hand; I could not hold my pen. This was relieved. My eyes and ears were affected, and I suffered in various ways. I began to improve, and it seemed I was getting well. Then a reverse set in; the doctors reported I was gradually getting weaker, and it seemed the end was near.

My cousin, Ethel Lacey, has been my constant attendant, and Nellie Newlin has given us faithful service. Kind neighbors and friends have given night help.

As Ethel watched my breath growing fainter and my voice weaker, she called Brother Higdon who administered. She had asked the doctor if she should call my niece, Edith Alden, from Chicago. He said, "Yes, but tell her not to be

disappointed if Callie is not here when she gets here."

But by morning I was wonderfully revived, and I knew my niece when she came.

Ethel said she could not pray selfishly for my recovery; but in accord with the word of the Lord, she asked that my life be spared "if it be expedient." She said she was amazed at the change that took place, as was everyone else who saw it. Our good doctors, Gamet and Swanson, said I embarrassed them, my sudden recovery being so contrary to their prediction, but all knew it was the marvelous work of the Lord. I was beyond exercising faith at the time, but I had placed myself in the hands of the Lord to do with as he knew would be for my good and his glory, and this was his answer.

**L**YING SO LONG made me too weak to stand alone, but I can walk when supported. I have had much time to think, and in my mind I have revised some of the hymns. I love the one beginning, "Jesus, the very thought of thee with sweetness fills my breast." But I say of Jesus not "my only joy," but as another hymn has it, "my chiefest joy, enhancing all the rest." Then I go on thinking of him as my healer, my teacher, my abiding comfort, my Redeemer and my Lord. With all his power and glory, how can it be that he cares for a humble child like me? And yet I know he does, and he invites me to put my trust in him so he can bless me.

These thoughts lead to a review of his earth life, his love, his wonderful sacrifice for us, his continued love, and the assurance that "because he lives, we, too, shall live."

**T**HE LAMONI REUNIONS for 1953 and 1954 were housed largely in the Graceland buildings. The general prayer meetings and the preaching services were held in the Student Center Building. In 1953 I was able to attend. Delmar and Anita Goode took us with them in their car. The following year Edith was here. She and Ethel rode with Beth Prall in the morning and with the Goodes in the evening. I was mostly confined to my chair. Knowing I could not be at the prayer service, I wrote my testimony. Our pastor, Robert S. Farnham, brought the tape-recording machine, and I recorded my testimony.

It was read in the prayer meeting on Tuesday. The theme for that day was "He has given me a testimony of the gospel." The spiritual gifts are part of the blessings of the gospel. Of some of these I have had testimony, and of much else.

Healings are listed with the spiritual gifts. James tells us to send for the elders, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick. The prayer of faith has saved me.

I have had the rare experience of receiving the gift of faith for the removing of a tumor. When Doctor Gamet examined my breast he said he thought he could remove the tumor. I said, "Yes, but I think I have the gift of faith that it will disappear." After some days there was a little softening in the edges of the wide-swollen part. The gift of faith was with me unwavering for months while the imperceptible but sure lessening of the tumor took place. When only a little of it remained Dr. Swanson told Ethel that I had received a wonderful blessing. To me he said that the little of it that was left would never bother me. I said: "Maybe not, but I look for it to be completely removed. The gift of faith assures me of this." And the process continued.

**T**HERE IS FAITH that comes by hearing; there is faith that must be nurtured from a very small beginning; there is faith that seems natural, as if inherited; and there is the gift of faith listed with spiritual gifts.

After referring to my faith for a long time as the gift of faith, I wondered if I could be mistaken. Then one day I received the witness of the Spirit that I was right in calling it so. It was indeed "the gift of faith by the same Spirit" as the other gifts.

I have held as a very choice bit of Scripture Philippians 4: 6, 7, 8, and 9. To a cautious person the first words, "Be careful for nothing," may seem unreasonable; what this means is "be not filled with care." Taken with the advice that follows, it is recognized as wholesome counsel. "Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."

If we do as this tells us, not failing to give thanks for the good we have received, "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." What a reward! And it is sure. I have tested it at different times of anxious care.

Then when the mind is free from anxiety it is ready to think on more profitable things, as reasoned by Paul.

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things. . . . And the God of peace shall be with you."

**D**URING MY SICKNESS friends came at night to watch over me. Ethel usually stayed close by too. After I was able to sit in my chair in the living room, Ethel had Nellie's half day of help. She started with me in the morning things Ethel couldn't see to do, getting me up, giving me the bath and alcohol rub, then she was free for work in my room and to do other housework until noon.

Ethel says I am her stewardship, and that there is nothing else she would rather do than take care of me. Sometimes her own physical condition makes it difficult, but she is brave about enduring the pain. I could not have a more dependable, loving helper than she has been.

My cousin, Edith Jarvis Alden, resigned as secretary of the Burlington Railroad in May, 1954. She spent more time with me than usual that summer.

During the following fall and winter she was with us part of one week in each month when the weather permitted. She always gave us wonderful help wherever we needed it.

My deepest desire for God's children is that each of them will test his promise, "I will be found of them that seek me." It has been true for me.

THE END

## GOD'S CREATION

I think all men feel small  
Within the vastitude of earth;  
Unlimited the sky—the waters—  
The myriad phenomena of birth;  
Yet men are little less than angels  
At creation's cycle-wheel,  
Dominion written on their brow  
And fang of serpent at their heel!  
Sensitivity to good or bad,  
To beauty or neglect,  
To freedom or to bondage,  
Pursues the men elect,  
For in their hands, reflecting,  
Hangs the balanced scale  
That weighs their own life first  
With merciless travail.  
And if, in this soul-searching,  
Exposed are feet of clay  
God's man in judgment on himself  
Will turn his face away  
From all the graces he may know,  
The beauty of his soul—  
The well-framed body, cultured mind,  
That was creation's goal!

Frances Hartman