

*This is the first of a series of articles based on the letters of the late President Joseph Smith to his daughter Audentia, who has selected, arranged, and annotated them. The reader will notice that we have preserved the writer's style, which has a charm and interest that might be lost if changes were made.*

# My Father's Letters

By AUDENTIA ANDERSON

## Part One

THE YEAR 1932 marks the centennial anniversary of my father's birth. The thoughts of many church members will be frequently turned towards him, in varying degrees of appreciation of his character, his ministry, and his valued contribution to the integrity, vitality, and progress of the Reorganization.

That phase of his nature which was shown in his family relationships is, naturally, less familiar to the general membership than those which were manifest in his official ministry and public utterances. It has seemed fitting and desirable that there shall be thrown upon the screen of our church publications a series of such side-lights as shall give their readers a clearer perspective of the man whose life, beginning a century ago, meant so much to the church. That this series might include a picture of some of his home contacts—those circles wherein an individual is most likely to exhibit his true character—these intimate letters are offered.

My father seemed ever to recognize and respect the individuality of children. When a stranger came to our home, each one of us, no matter how young, would be introduced to the guest, with all the grace and courtesy which marked that formality when offered to adults. Too, he seemed able to put himself quite completely in the child's position, to view people and events through the child's eyes, and to understand the child's reactions to them. This ability caused him to avoid words and actions of thoughtless injustice such as too frequently mar the relations between child and parent.

From a prized collection of over one hundred and seventy-five letters written by my father to me, I have selected some from the earlier years, as being interesting, amusing, instructive or illuminating. Some passages show his ready sympathy in the problems of his children; some show his patient effort to counsel or instruct them. In others may be sensed his eager de-

sire for knowledge, his quick perceptions of beauty, his keen analyses of human conduct, his hearty reactions to humor, his unusual powers of observation, his retentive memory, his intuitive understanding of nature, his deep appreciation of friendships, his colorful and sparkling descriptions, his wise and loving counsel, his gentle reproofs and effective criticisms, and, through it all, his steady, affectionate and personal identification with the welfare and interests of the young lives so closely associated with his.

These old missives, with such comments as may seem necessary for a clearer comprehension of some allusions, are offered with the hope that the reader may enjoy their perusal, and find in them some measure of profit and encouragement.

\* \* \*

The oldest letter in my prized collection is one written to my mother twelve days after my birth. He had gone to Nauvoo on his way to general conference, his eldest daughter, Emma, accompanying him that far, where she became a member of his mother's household—an arrangement that continued for the major part of the time thereafter until her marriage.

The envelope bears the following "return" directions: "If not delivered, return to True Latter Day Saints' Publishing House, Plano, Kendall Co., Ills. H. A. Stebbins, Business Manager."

"Davy" was David, my mother's first-born, then about nineteen months old. "Little Mary," of course, referred to myself, though it was a name I have seldom used. J. X. Allen was the maternal grandfather of our Church Historian, Samuel A. Burgess.

NAUVOO, ILL., April 4th, 1872

Bertha:

We, Emma Henry and myself, arrived safely at our journey's end, this old, loved spot, Monday night, 9:30. I was glad to get here. Tuesday I roamed all

## VISION

over the place, unable to do anything 'til I saw what I could see, &c.

Yesterday—a cold, raw day—I accompanied Alexander to Carthage, our county seat, and there finished up the business of our trade. Alexander is now paid for our house in Plano.

Mother's health is comparatively good. Emma is quite cheerful and seems pleased to get here. Henry has had a sick spell, but I am quite well. We shall start for St. Louis to-day, and expect to arrive there Saturday morning.

Please kiss Davy and the little Mary for me. Also Carrie and Zaide. Write me at St. Louis, care of J. X. Allen, 1019 Morgan Street, until the 10th; then to Nauvoo until the 15th, after which I shall be on the road home, God willing.

Remember me to Grandma Stiles. Love to all at home.

Yours, Jos. Smith.

The next letter is dated five days later, but instead of being written on plain paper as was the other, he had used some he had carried with him from the office. The letterhead is interesting, historically. Inclosed within a fancy border in the upper left-hand corner is the announcement that "The Job Printing Department is supplied with Three Power Presses and a Steam Engine. New Type. Neat Work. Prompt Delivery by Mail or Express, and Reasonable Rates." Across the other space at the top are the words: "Publishing House of the Reorganized Church of Latter Day Saints, Joseph Smith, President. M. H. Forscutt, Secretary." The envelope has a "return" card inclosed in a lateral oval: "If not called for in 30 days return to the Steam Publishing House of the True Latter Day Saints, Plano, Kendall Co., Ill. Joseph Smith, pres." The date line "Plano, Kendall Co., Ills." of the letter has been crossed out, and the words "St. Louis, etc." written in.

St. Louis, Mo., April 9th, 1872.

Bertha, Wife:

I arrived at St. Louis Saturday morning at a little before seven o'clock.

Conference convened at 10 o'clock. We have had a very fair session, so far; whether it shall continue or not.

Enclosed please find a 5. \$ Please hand it to Mother Scott, to pay for her present of the "Mary Audentia," lately given to us.

I am well in health, better than for some months. I shall likely return home sooner than I at first expected. Mark will stop a while, and I will return home. I have not time to write much. Write me

at St. Louis, Mo. care of Wm. Anderson, 808 N. 7th St.

Your husband,  
Joseph Smith.

The first letter from my father to me came in an envelope addressed in pencil to "Miss M. A. Smith, Box 50, Plano, Kendall Co., Illinois," with the word "Audie" in parentheses in the lower left-hand corner. The penciled communication was in the form of printed characters, full length capitals being interspersed with the "low case" letters, all very legibly and cleverly traced. The "J" in his signature shows some attempt at ornamentation. The lines of the letter run across the upper half of a full-size sheet, the lower half having been cut away in an attempt to make the missive appear diminutive and thus attractive to the child of four-and-a-half to whom it was addressed.

CARSON CITY, NEVADA, Nov. 4th, 1876

Dear Audie:

Your letter was a good one. Pa was glad to get it.

Be a good girl and learn fast, so that you can always write long letters to pa when he is away.

Your Pa,

Joseph Smith

Accompanying the above letter to me, was the following one to Fred, then not quite three years old. It was written instead of "printed," and was unsigned.

CARSON CITY, NEVADA, Nov. 4th, 76

Freddie,

What a nice letter that was, to pa. Write again, my little fellow, and it will be all right.

It must have been that postal facilities improved rather rapidly in those years. The envelope of 1872 requests the return of the letter *after 30 days*, if unclaimed, while the fourth one in my collection, dated midsummer 1885, sets the limit at 10 days!

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, July 19, 1885

Audie, daughter:

I was agreeably surprised yesterday, on my return to this city, to receive your pleasant letter; though I was grieved to learn of the death of Sr. Hansen; but not surprised at Mrs. Wood's death.

Yes, I had an exciting 4th. I am pleased to learn that the 4th with you was enjoyed so well as you write; and hope you did not suffer from too much singing. Am pleased to know you were capable of the effort to add to the pleasure of the day by en-

gaging in the singing. I expect that Sr. V. Blair was quite a help.

No, I think no war will result from the half-masting of the Flag here on the 4th. If any trouble occurs it will be either from an effort to arrest some leading man who may have shown himself that day, or from some drunken row. Whiskey is sold in several places in the city, which I am sorry to have to write. . . . There are many things in this country I wish you could see. If you could only go out on the lawn in front of our house there, and jump up high enough and stay up long enough to let the earth turn around under you until you were over Salt Lake City, and then jump down, stay until you wanted to go back, and then reverse the process, would not that be nice? And it would not cost a cent, either, you see!

I am glad you wrote the news. Did you learn that Mr. George Steward was shot and killed a few days ago?

Your pa,

J. Smith

SALT LAKE CITY, July 21, '85

Audie:

I send you two photo's, one of the King of Sweden and Denmark, and his family, including Prince of Wales and his wife Alexandra, the lady at the left, who is daughter to King Christian. The other photo you know.

Last night I received an excellent photo of Emma, Carrie and Zaide; I was glad to receive it. . .

Saw some of our cousins yesterday.

Yours in love,

Joseph Smith

SALT LAKE CITY, Aug. 3rd, 1885

Audie:

I thank you and Freddie and Israel for the tintypes. The likenesses are fair, but the pictures themselves are execrable. Hale's is a splendid tintype. I was pleased to see your faces once more, if it was only on tin.

You asked about second cousins. I am second cousin to my father's cousins; he is second cousin to me. Duckie and Aunt Ellen are also right, I suppose. The children of cousins are second cousins. Second cousins are the second remove in cousinship and apply to cousins' children, both to cousins and their children; Duckie's children would be second cousins to you as well as to your children. Let that pass.

Am sorry you had such a storm. I have not seen rain enough to lay dust since I left home. It looks cloudy here this a. m. but I guess it will not rain. Dust! you can have no idea of it from our roads at home. Why, the street on which I am stopping is sprinkled by carts every day—all day long the carts are going—and yet toward night you would go over shoe top in dust, in places.

Be good children; help mama all you can; be good natured to each other, and be happy.

Your papa,

Joseph Smith

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, Aug. 5, 1885

Audie:

The photo is of three second cousins,—Elias A. Smith, Lucy Elizabeth and Edith Ann Smith, born and raised in Utah.

There is not much to tell you, my daughter, and I am not in much humor to tell it. It has been very hot here; this afternoon just a trifle cooler, but still hot in the sun. A slight rain, just a sprinkle, last night served to cool the air a little.

Last Thursday I went with others out to Salt Lake to bathe in the salt water. It is *very* salt, but clear, so that one can see 'way down deep. It is hard to swim in it, though one can stand up, lie down in it, or float. Large as I am, I could hardly sink in it. It is considered the fashionable thing here to go to the lake. Hundreds go every day.

Monday we had "music by the band" all day. It was election day, and bands played at the polling places all day. Women vote here, and it was curious to see them coming and going, and standing around the polls like ordinary voters. One thing I noticed: I hear but little profane language. But beer is drank freely. Saloons are plenty.

Besides the Mormon, there are Catholic, Episcopalian (Church of England), Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregationalist and Jewish congregations and places of meeting here.

Yours, Papa, in love,

Joseph Smith

SALT LAKE CITY, Aug. 6th, 1885

My dear girl:

I send you a fragmentary *Juvenile Instructor*, for the sake of the music there is in it. I could do nothing with your piece "My Mountain Home," as there are no "singists" in the family where I board; and none nearby that I am acquainted with, of sufficient training to sing it. There is a young woman who plays the organ in church; but she plays so loud, and sings so loud, too, that her music is harsh, to my thinking. So I will wait till I get home for it. You may not like this piece; if not, put it in the Waste Basket.

Your papa,

J. Smith

As a tree is fertilized by its own broken branches and fallen leaves, and grows out of its own decay, so men and nations are bettered and improved by trial, and refined out of broken hopes and blighted expectations.—  
*F. W. Robertson.*

# My Father's Letters

By AUDENTIA ANDERSON

## Part Two

UPON the occasions of his first visits to the West, my father was greatly impressed by the many characteristics of the flora, fauna, terrain, soil and other physical aspects to be noticed that differed so greatly from those that he found in the Mississippi valley region, with which he was familiar. This interest frequently found expression in his inclosing pressed flowers in his letters or in his sending home occasionally a box of stones, shells, or other heavier specimens which had attracted his attention. It is well known that he was "color blind." Red and green, for instance, did not mean much to him, as they presented to his perception only varying degrees of the same color; but flowers that were yellow or blue invariably called forth his admiration, especially if accompanied by noticeable perfume. He considered the striking California poppies the most gorgeous of blossoms, and seemed not to tire of admiring them.

Malad, Idaho, Aug. 8th, 1885

Audie:

I send you some specimens of stones picked up on the mountain near Malad, when Brother Luff and I went out this morning for a ramble, away up. The dark ones are allied to the moss agate, I expect.

This valley is a most beautiful one. Just across on the other side are the cities of Samaria and St. John. All the valley for forty miles up and down, and ten to twelve miles wide, is covered with wheat, oats and grass, including the alfalfa (or lucerne), a sort of tall clover with a purple flower. Looked at from the mountain top the valley made a wonderful picture, like a map in colors.

Yours in Love, Joseph Smith

Oats, 25 cts, wheat 30 to 35c per bushel. They feed horses on wheat.

I can not be certain, but I fancy the humorous salutation in the following letter was called forth by some closing signature of my own. It may be I had recently stepped on some scales and had been rather aghast at its disclosures!

*This second installment of the letters of Joseph Smith to his daughter grows in breadth and interest as the writer was conscious that the little girl to whom he had begun writing was developing in understanding and appreciation of beautiful things.*

Soda Springs, Idaho, Aug. 15th, 1885

Dear—though fat—daughter:

This morning at a little after 5:30, Captain John Codman, Brother Luff and I drove out to Sulphur Lake. It lies at the mouth of a canyon, as the mountain gorges are called, about five miles from town. Before we were within a mile we began to smell the sulphur; and when we reached the lake, we found a spot as big as our barnyard, or larger, covered with water, bubbling and boiling, and giving off sulphurous smells. The water looked hot, but was cold.

We dipped and drank. The nasty stuff smelt and tasted like rotten eggs! The sulphur, red, blue, purple and yellow, lies all around the edges of the lake. Grass grows thick around it and in one place the rushes are thick and tall.

We drove back in 30 minutes the five miles, a pair of ponies doing the work. Our breakfast was composed of egg on toast, with bacon; chicken done in brown gravy; coffee; bread and butter, batter cakes and syrup. A finer breakfast one would not want. The mountain air had given us keen appetites. Captain Codman had taken his gun with him. We saw a lot of chickens, but could not get to shoot any. The Capt. got three turtle doves, however. Saw a heron, but too far away to shoot.

There was no dew on the grass, though the air was cold.

Mr. and Mrs. Codman have traveled all over the world, almost, and they say that these springs are the finest anywhere. I drank a quart of water this morning, before breakfast, and yet enjoyed my coffee and toast thoroughly.

Your father—fat,

J. Smith

Bozeman, Montana, August 26th, 1885

Audie:

Enclosed, I send you a few more flints and, what is a more curious thing if it gets to you safely, a couple of twigs or roots, covered over with an encrustation of soda, or lime, from the Formation Springs, near Soda. It is soft and friable and may not stand the trip. Grasses, weeds, roots and limbs that grow or fall into this water take on the lime, as do plants, &c, immersed in alum water; the wood finally decays and leaves the lime. In some instances it turns into harder stone, but I have seen none. The flints are from Malad Valley, Idaho.

I am now fifteen, yes 25 miles north, almost 40 miles north of the head of the Missouri river. Get your map, find Bozeman, and 15 miles north of that I am now.

We had peas for dinner. I saw raspberries and ripe, black gooseberries on the bushes this morning.

Thank you for letters and news. Funny about the calf, though.

I send Hale a few flints also.

Brother Joseph Clapp and Brother Luff are gone "trouting," or trout-fishing. Tell Mother that here within forty miles are Madison, Jefferson and two Gallatin (East and West) rivers, besides Willow, Reese and other creeks, all abounding in trout.

Brother J. J. Reese was at our house in 1871, on his way to Wales; he slept at Brother Forscutt's, however. She will remember him.

Find Ross' Peak on the map, and think that I am within 8 miles from its top, and it is away up, high; but bald mountains are yet higher and farther off. I can see the other side of the Valley; about halfway over is the afternoon freight on the Northern Pacific, creeping towards Bozeman; about six or eight miles straight southwest to where the long black streak, called the train, is moving.

Wheat and oat shocks dot the fields, like spots in a "polka dot" dress, "thick as spatter," or thicker!

Love to all. Write all the news.

Yours in love, Jos. Smith

During these years my father was a great sufferer from facial neuralgia. Indeed it was an affliction which began soon after his taking up church work, and from which he was never wholly free thereafter.

Bozeman, September 5, 1885

Audie:

My face is better, thank you. For two days now, I have had comparative quiet in that region of my anatomy. And for this, I am extremely thankful.

I would like this valley for a summer residence; but for a home I do not like it. It is, however, the "garden spot" of Montana; so say those with whom I have talked and who are well acquainted with other parts.

One peculiarity of the mountainous country is that *altitude* (height from the level of the sea), has much to do with the coldness or warmth of the atmosphere. Lamoni is, for instance, 700 feet above sea level; Bozeman is some 5000, Soda Springs 5830. Five thousand, two hundred and eighty feet are a mile. Hence Lamoni is about an eighth of a mile up in the air, Bozeman about a mile, and Soda Springs over a mile. Schleswig Holstein, Germany, is in latitude 54, north; Bozeman in 46, north; and though the former is 8 degrees, or about 480 miles further toward the north pole, the latter is by far the colder place of the two; the winter in Holstein being mild as compared with Bozeman. One reason for this is that Holstein is low in altitude, and near the ocean current, running northward toward Norway, which modifies the atmosphere.

Snow fell on the mountains to-day. One could see the clouds hanging heavily over the valley and around the mountain tops; and could see the snow storm as

it was passing. It was chilly in the valley; but it seemed curious to sit with the door open and be able to see all around under the canopy of clouds, for 40 to 50 miles; and yet these same clouds hiding a part of the mountains from the sight; and then to see, under the clouds as they rolled in the wind you neither saw nor heard, the ground getting gray with the snow that you could see was falling on these tops.

It seems cold enough for frost to-night; but while there may be, lower down in the valley, we at Bro. T. Reese's may not get any; just as the frost may fall on the bridge at the foot of the hill at home and be none at the house—do you see?

I found a little yellow flower in a hollow to-day, and plucked it to send you; but it looked so pitiful, with its drooping petals and almost leafless stem, that I threw it down, as I feared it would not show when it would reach you.

Bro. Luff and I were at a Mr. Ben Hamilton's, in Bozeman, night before last and yesterday. Mrs. Hamilton is dark skinned and has eyes blacker than Maggie Crick's. She has a boy 4 years old, whose name is Vivian, and a little girl whose name is Audrey. How's that?

If Willie Scott would name his boy Joseph Hudson, it would do; but no one need to tell him that I said so.

We are three Joseph-ite elders here—Joseph C. Clapp, Joseph Luff, Joseph Smith.

They have a small band of good singers here, but no organist. Sr. Clapp, it is said, can play, but I think not readily, from an effort I heard her make on Sunday last.

Sunday, Sept. 6th. The highest peaks this a. m. are clad in a light robe of gray, from the snow and the green foliage of the cedar and the pine. All below is fresh and green, except where here and there the white rock shows out. We can see clear across the valley. The mist and smoke are cleared off; the air is cool and clear; only overhead is the same sombre curtain of cloud that was there yesterday, lifted a little higher, that is all.

We have had a fire in the sitting room every morning and evening for over a week, and yesterday all day.

I took supper at Bro. Joseph Clapp's last night; had a fine visit. They have three boys, Carlos, Holly and George Adams. If you see Bro. & Sr. George Adams at church, tell them that Bro. Joseph Clapp has named his youngest boy, a fine little fellow just running alone, after him.

We were to hold meetings outdoors to-day; but I expect that is played out—too cold.

Yours &c, Joseph Smith

Many of his letters at this period were encased in long envelopes, in order that he might inclose whatever of flowers or plants caught his fancy. On the outside of the cover of the next letter, besides the inscription, "Pressed flowers and plants," is the line, "The Cedar is the Juni-

per," a classification name which had escaped him until the envelope was sealed.

Bozeman, Sept. 7th, 1885

Audie:

I send you a batch of the flora of Montana, gathered on one of the mountains and in one of the canyons. Among them is a sprig of aromatic cedar, with berries; pinch one of the riper ones and you will discover the fragrance; it is very nice.

And there is a branch of "Oregon grapes," two sprigs of the leaves attached. These berries grow on quite low bushes. This bunch I send you had three or more little branches of "grapes" like the two now on it, but I was afraid the grapes would mash and stain the mail.

There is a sprig of evergreen called "larb" which the Indians smoke with tobacco; it is fragrant. There are some yellow flowers, one a wild sunflower. The small pale blue flower on top of a pod is "cockle," that grows here among the wheat.

Bro. Luff and I were up on the mountain, but it was too smoky to see far.

Yours,

Jos. Smith

Ross' Peak, Smart's Ranch,  
Sept. 10th, 1885

Audie:

Enclosed find a few flowers, and two sprigs of a parasitical plant growing on the trees here, called clematis, or "old man's beard," as it is vulgarly called. The other flowers are from a woman's garden here who was once "Belle Chamberlain," now the wife of Judge Davis. You will know their names.

Bro. Luff and I spoke in the city last night and night before. The first night about 50 were out, last night 17 by count. It rained.

Yours,

Joseph Smith

The cedar I sent is juniper, or cedar.

September 11th, 1885

Yesterday I forgot to enclose a curiosity which I had for you. They are three letters, or communications, from living Chinese to dead friends, which I took from a grave in the cemetery at Bozeman, in the Chinese quarter. There are quite a number of Chinese buried there. Nearly all of the graves had these papers, or similar ones, on, held from blowing away by clods of dirt. I took two from one grave and picked up a loose one from another. Perhaps you and the boys can figure out what these letters say!

The clouds gathered day before yesterday and at night it rained quite a bit in the valley. Yesterday all day it was raining on the foothills in spots, and snowing on the higher levels. So that this morning, to the east, south and west, the valley is fringed with a whitened border of peaks and edges of land.

It was a cold night; ice formed in places, and frost lies pretty thick everywhere. The air in the valley is clear, and for the first time we can see all around to

the edges of this big basin. To the west one can hardly tell where the mountains end and the clouds begin, so much do the snow-capped peaks resemble clouds, and the clouds, snow-hills.

Steam is rising in places in the valley, where busy threshers are at work. We are at Bro. James S. Smart's, ten miles from Bozeman and five from Reese Creek, almost under the direct western shadow of Ross' Peak. This Peak and a creek which flows from a canyon close by it are named for an old brother in the church, Melvin Ross, an eccentric old fellow who got away from Utah, came into this valley, and settled at the foot of the peak which was named for him; raised horses and cattle until he was worth from 40 to 50 thousand dollars. He sold out here and went to Kansas. I think he is dead now.

The grass in the valley and on the mountains is dead and dry, yet the cattle are round, sleek and fat; they come up at night full as ticks, blowing, and chewing the cud, as if the grass were green and luscious.

Bro. Smart has threshed 3000 bushels of wheat off 60 acres of land, 50 bushels to the acre. Mr. Story, the miller here, says that the wheat of this region will not make as good flour as that raised in the states, because there is too much starch and not enough gluten or albumen in it. The climate and soil are too dry. Yet the wheat is fine and the bread splendid. They feed chickens and hogs wheat.

Yours,

J. Smith



It is peculiarly important that all education should clearly bring out the fact that no one in this world *can* live unto himself, that one person alone is no person, that every individual is like the half of a return ticket, "no good if detached."—*Dr. Rufus M. Jones, in World Unity Magazine.*



## The Chrysalis

(Continued from page 79.)

"pat-pat" was perched a beautiful yellow and black Tiger Swallow-tail Butterfly. Its wings were slowly opening and closing, revealing a bit of bright velvety blue.

"Well, fer lan' sakes," murmured Hepzibah Lemon.

The butterfly spread its wings and flew out the open window and the "pat-pat" hung on the wall.

[The End.]

# My Father's Letters

## Part Three

LETTERS OF JOSEPH SMITH TO HIS DAUGHTER

ARRANGED BY AUDENTIA ANDERSON

Reese Creek, Mont., Sept. 16th, 1885

Audie:

No, I cannot say that I like the scenery here much better than I did at Salt Lake City, or Soda Springs. It is in some respects finer, for the reason that this valley is well watered. It is a little over forty miles long, instead of 60 as I wrote you, and about 25 miles wide at its widest part. It is wonderfully watered. The East and West branches of the Gallatin river flow through it, the first coming in at the southeast corner and the latter at the southwest. They flow together about ten miles from the north end of the Valley, and empty into the Missouri about a half mile below the point where the Madison and Jefferson rivers join. These three then form the Missouri and start on their way to the Gulf as such, through a rocky canyon called Missouri Canyon. The Missouri Pacific runs out of the Valley in the same gorge.

In driving into Bozeman last Tuesday week, we counted 24 running streams of water, all in a distance of 15 miles travel, and all clear, bright water; some of it cold and very pleasant to drink. It is right from the mountains, the streams being fed by springs from the depths of "the everlasting hills."

Across the Valley from here, a little north of west, is a mountain known here as "Old Hollow Top," from the fact that it has a circular basin, or valley, on the top, slightly inclined to the north and east. In that hollow snow always lies. At least Bro. James Green, who lives within about 20 miles of it, 12 in a direct line from its foot, says that for 16 years that hollow has never been without snow. As seen through a field glass from Bro. Green's house I should judge that there was about forty, sixty, or a hundred acres of a snow field right there on the top of that mountain.

One curious phenomenon that a newcomer notices is, that the mountains look very near; one would think that a half or an hour's travel would take one to them, but they seem to visibly

recede as one goes toward them, just as if they were not to be approached. For instance: to me it does not seem to be more than a mile to the top of Ross Peak; yet it is ten miles to Union Mills located at its foot on a stream running out of the canyon there—a rugged, rocky glen situated high up and still many miles from the top, and the way very steep and difficult. When you are going straight to it, it just seems to be sliding away from you, in a fashion so strange and weird-like you are inclined to be startled on first noticing it. We rode yesterday, thirty-five miles in a general direction toward Ross Peak, having it in plain sight all the time except in one or two places in the road, and yet we stopped at night still fifteen miles from its foot.

I have a nice lot of specimens to send you. I will send them by express, as I fear to carry them with me all the time will wear them, or my satchel, out.

The smaller moccasins were for Miss Mary Audentia Smith. Do you know such a girl?

Poor Dora Chambers. And poor Mrs. Green. I am not surprised that Sr. Wilson is gone; poor woman; she has suffered long.

There are some reasons why I would like to live in a mountainous region; and there are others why I would not. It gets fearfully cold here. The hills and the plains are now dry, and barren looking. No rain of moment has fallen in the Valley for months. All flowers and plants incident to our country can not flourish, or even live here—the season is too short. Sweet corn, summer squashes, melons, tomatoes and fruits of the cherry and apple sort do not mature or ripen here; not even the grape. There are a number of berries. They grow on large bushes, something like one of our sorts of oak, with thorns like a red haw tree, or crab apple, or plum; the berries are red, small, having a seed like a currant; it is a sharp but pleasant sour, and a little acrid. I liked them.

I am, dear girl, your loving papa,

Joseph Smith.

## VISION

*If there was one characteristic prominent above another in my father's nature it might have been his love of learning. Early in life he began to inform himself, as best he could, about everything that came under his observation. This habit, coupled with his fine memory, provided him with a wealth of knowledges about many things. He was always ready to tap this resource for the benefit of his children, and he considered no question of theirs too inconsequential to receive his most intelligent answers.*  
—A. A.

Butte City, Mont., Sept. 24th, 1885

Audie:

I send you some flowers and bits of shrubs picked on the mountain on which Butte City is built, some 8000 feet above sea level. The pale, whitish, bunchy buds are the yarrow. There is a sprig of sage, one of *greasewood*, pale yellowish blossoms, wild rose buds, two of Oregon grape vine, two of a sort of ivy which grows profusely over the mountainside and looks like pursley, some mustard, a sort of ground plant—long, soft-looking leaves—and two limbs of the quaking asp. Mother will know what that is.

Butte is a "mining camp." Gold, silver, copper and lead are found here. The city is about 6000 feet above sea level and has about 16,000 inhabitants at present; has been founded about ten or twelve years. Some of the principal mines are the Anaconda, the Alice, the Magna Charta, the Moulton, and a lot of *minor* mines.

The two principal reduction works are the Colorado and the Meaderville. The two principal streets run at right angles, one up the hill, the other across, . . . The one up hill is Main, the other Park. The city takes its name from a single peak, standing alone, called a butte. The first settlement was made close to it; hence the name.

Yours,  
Jos. Smith.

Malad City, Idaho, Sept. 29th, 1885

Audie:

I send you some sage and yarrow, and some of the leaves of the mountain currant, colored by Father Time. Give Carrie one each of the two colors; she may give you in return a sprig of the grease wood I sent yesterday.

The weather is fine here as yet, though they

had a "cloud burst" not long since, that almost drowned the town.

Your Papa,  
Joseph Smith

Address me after this at Salt Lake City, Box 307.

*That fall of 1885 Mother took her household and went by wagon to the County Fair, at Leon—truly a thrilling and exciting journey for the youngsters. Evidently we had written the far-away missionary from that "city."—A. A.*

Salt Lake City, Utah, Oct. 2nd, 1885

Audie:

Yours and Mother's from Leon received at Malad, whence I came yesterday.

I send you a flower plucked from a shrub by the wayside yesterday. It was a gaudy thing when we first saw it, flaunting in the sun, from an almost moistureless bed of gravel. The stalk looked some like a thistle, but with more branches than that pest. The petals were bright yellow and the center was a crown of thread-like filaments, as you can perceive. I doubt if you can keep it in any shape, but you see what it must have been like.

I shall be anxious to know how you all enjoyed the Fair, how you got home, &c.

Your pa, Jos. Smith

Salt Lake City, Oct. 8th, 1885

Audie, my daughter:

Yours of a late date was duly received, but I have been too busy to write you. I reached the city last Thursday evening; and sent you, next day, a peculiar flower which I found in the desert road side.

Please hand the enclosed letter to Hale. Don't open it; let him do that. It contains some "rocks" which I picked up on the mountain at Malad.

The city is pretty busy now, but the Mormon Conference is at Logan, and that has prevented the place from being as lively as it would have been had they met here.

Yours, Papa.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Oct. 9th, 1885

Audie:

Yesterday, as I went down town, I saw two little squaws. They were about as tall as you, but "wider out," as the Dutchman said of his



wife. One was possibly 30 years old; the other seemed much younger. Both wore calico gowns, with loose sleeves, low-necked with a three-inch turned-down ruffle at top; strings of beads and ornaments of other sort were 'round the neck and hung down over their breasts; and each had a blanket, red and black, around her; both had moccasins on the feet and nothing on the head but the blackest of hair, black as Bell's mane and tail—dead black. I am not sure but that they had some small strings of white beads braided into the hair at the sides and back.

One, the younger one, had a "papoose" (Indian baby) strapped on her back to a sort of bow, shaped with dressed deer skin stretched over it. It may have been a board with deer skin over it, but I don't think it; the top, the bow, I am sure was not, as I could see as I passed them. The baby was tied in, clear up to its arms and shoulders, some strap across the breast and over the shoulders; its head was covered thick with the same sort of black hair that its mother, as I suppose she was, wore. It had a round, copper colored face, and eyes as black as sloes, round as buttons. It was playing with its hands, rubbing one over the other and flourishing them around much as white babies do.

There were flies settling on its face near its eyes; and on each cheek, just under the eye, was a sore looking spot where it seemed that flies or other insects had bitten the little thing. It looked as happy and good nature as a little pig. The mother's face looked clean and smooth. Her hair was parted in the middle as straight as any belle might wish, and when she spoke to the older one she showed teeth white as milk.

It looked odd to see such a sight on the streets of a busy city.

Yours,

Joseph Smith

Salt Lake City, Oct. 17th, 1885

Audie, my girl:

I send you to-day, by U. S. Express, a box of specimens, of ore and other rocks. I send them all to you; but as there are several of one or two sorts, when I come I will divide them with you and Carrie. Enclosed I send the express receipt; the charges are prepaid by me, here. I sent them by express because I am going south for a while; and Sr. Warnock's folks expect to move from the house they now occupy while I

am gone; and the specimens might bother them some.

The finest and brightest pieces of rock contain pyrites of iron. The yellow piece is simply crude sulphur. The piece in paper is a piece of gold, lead and silver ore. In a tiny box I am sending you by mail accompanying this letter is a piece of pure native silver and some pure gold dust; also a bit of metal as it runs from the smelter—copper, silver and gold all together. You can easily tell which is which by the differences of color.

There is a quack doctor selling a lot of patent medicines in the street, here. He has a remedy for tape-worm. Last night in his harangue from his buggy he said: "This is the wormiest country I ever struck! I have looked all 'round; analyzed the water, wells and running streams; examined the water with a microscope, but cannot discover any worm germs. In California they have none; in Nevada, but few; but here in Utah there are lots of worms, *lots of them!* I just can't understand it!"

To-day is a wonderfully pretty day outside. As I came up the street I met some baseball players in their uniforms, headed by a Brass Band, going to the playground. Salt Lake and Idaho nines are pitted one against the other.

Yours always, J. Smith

Am glad Sr. Lucy is home again. Do the best you can with your music. Hunt up "I hear the Words of Jesus," in the Gospel Songs or Hymns, and learn it. Yours.

Springville, Utah, Oct. 29th, 1885

Audie:

The dark piece of ore, in paper, was a piece of gold-bearing ore. I do not remember the piece you mention as having dots, &c. The gold dust is worth \$18. per ounce; by taking the weight of it and dividing the price with it, you will get the worth. I think perhaps it is not more than \$1.50 or \$2. worth.

The whitish piece you wrote of is silver, lead and copper, principally copper; the silver was the piece like wire. I presume the piece with dots was copper ore; it is usually the prettiest. The whitish rock with pretty ends is pyrites of iron, or "fool's gold."

A late writer on mines is of the opinion that gold is a deposit left after the elimination of

(Continued on page 131.)

with from the flower garden. Then we have the delicate little Pansies and the beautiful Sweet Peas that are both beautiful and have a lovely fragrance, and they take the attention of everybody. We must not forget the Nasturtiums, that have such a lovely, spicy fragrance; and none the less than named above are the Flowering Bean. These are not only pretty on the vine, but they make the most beautiful cut flowers, as beautiful even as the Sweet Pea, but without any fragrance.

I might mention many others, but these will make a lovely start, and with all of these I am familiar in this section of the country and know them to be good as stated.

We will experience some difficulty at times in getting one and another of these to grow or to do well, but I have found it necessary to try, and then sometimes try again, for sometimes I did not have success at first; but we must continue till we reach our aims, for much can be accomplished with flowers in the church as well as with plantings on the landscape.

It is difficult to give any definite rules to work from or to tell just how to do at all times, for there are so many things that may happen to interfere with your plans. Then the rain or the weather sometimes is against us when we plant, or afterwards; and so it takes patience and perseverance to reach success. And above all we must have a love for our work, a love for flowers and the beautiful, before we can ever attain to any great degree of success in this work.



## My Father's Letters

(Continued from page 123.)

pyrites by the chemical action of water and the sun's rays on them. He states that the Snake River "placer mines" (get Bro. Walker to tell you what a "placer mine" is) show evidences of supporting this theory.

I noticed that you spelled the last syllable of specimen, "man," and the last of curriculum, "lam." You abbreviated the word hours, writing it "hrs." Do not allow yourself to fall into the habit of abbreviating your words in writing. Remember "abbreviations are the printers' abomination."

There are several specimens of ore bearing

gold in connection with copper; and one or two of gold bearing quartz. Gold bearing ore is usually dark and not very pretty to look at.

I am next door to Mt. "Kolob," where many of the Mormon leading men hid up during the excitement of Johnson's Army's visit to Utah; it is about a mile high.

I visited an old acquaintance\* this morning who has nearly bled to death from the nose; he was attacked about two weeks ago. I hope he will live, as he is one of those of whom I have heard, who knows so much; I want to learn what he knows.

Yours,  
Joseph Smith.

*\*This man was William Huntington, son of William Huntington, senior, who was member of the High Council at Nauvoo at the time of the martyr's death. It was his sister, Zina D. Huntington, who, is is claimed, was one of the first women to embrace the doctrine of polygamy. Father was very zealous in his determined attempts to interview any and every individual who was said to be possessed of knowledge of facts concerning affairs at Nauvoo prior to his father's death. He has stated he would prefer to face the truth, even if it disclosed things damaging to the respect in which he had always held his father, here on earth than to go through life denying it only to meet it on the other side. These early visits to Utah were marked with many such interviews, concerning which he has stated that they only resulted in confirming him in the opinion that his father was innocent of the introduction or practice of what he is known to have branded as an evil and corrupt doctrine.*

*This letter is the last one received from him while he was on that western mission in 1885.*  
—A. A.

## The Reward of Persistence

Every noble work is at first impossible.—*Carlyle.*  
Victory belongs to the most persevering.—*Napoleon.*

Success in most things depends on knowing how long it takes to succeed.—*Montesquieu.*

Perpetual pushing and assurance put a difficulty out of countenance, and make a seeming impossibility give way.—*Jeremy Collier.*

"Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

The nerve that never relaxes, the eye that never blanches, the thought that never wanders,—these are the masters of victory.—*Burke.*

# MY FATHER'S LETTERS

## Part Four

### Letters of Joseph Smith to His Daughter

Arranged by AUDENTIA ANDERSON

OVER two years intervene between the date of our last letter and the one which follows. A description of its letter-head may be interesting. It was one which he used often during that visit. Two thirds (in upper right) contains the words: "Office of The Expositor, Published Monthly, In the Interest of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ, No. 1801 Polk Street, San Francisco, Cal." In smaller type, in the upper left-hand third is the following: "Board of Publication: Thomas J. Andrews, President, 436 Brannan St., San Francisco. George S. Lincoln, Treasurer, 1801 Polk St., San Francisco. R. Ferris, Secretary, 630 Chestnut St., Oakland. Albert Haws, 711 Castro St., Oakland. H. P. Brown, Editor, 911 Broadway, Oakland. Business Communications must be sent to the Treasurer. Matters for Publication must be sent to the Editor."

The postscript refers to a fire at Lamoni in which the postoffice was involved.

San Francisco, Cal. Feb. 7th, 1888

My dear daughter:

Florence M. Smith is my cousin Samuel H. B. Smith's oldest daughter; a good, kind girl of about 18 years old, I judge. She is a fair musician, and is desirous of becoming acquainted with her cousins east. She is a native of Salt Lake, by her father's first and only wife Mary, and I recommend that you correspond with her. I gave her your address, and cousin Ina's also. Her father's father, Samuel H. Smith, was my father's brother, older than uncle William. Her aunt Mary B. Gatewood, of St. Louis, Mother will remember, for she was at our house once when David was sick, at Plano.

I was pleased with your letter, and am glad the snow is melting and giving water to the parched land. It is cool and damp here to-day, is cloudy and smoky, and I am writing in a room by a fire, and "snuffling."

As soon as I get time I will write of the strange city scenes I see. Can't now, as I have already written seven long letters this morning, and am due at 1633 Clay St. soon.

Your loving Papa,  
Joseph Smith.

Is the P. O. so demoralized that our Box 47 is played out? Or did Sr. Lyons save her boxes?

My father seemed to find considerable amusement in the loyalty of the Californians to their widely advertised "climate." He said he saw men bundled in overcoats with fur collars turned up about their ears, exchanging compliments about the lovely weather, while he himself was chilled to the marrow from the salt winds coming in from the bay. One clever Independence girl once wrote to her mother from that land of sunshine and flowers: "All you said about this country is true, mother. Why, I have gooseflesh on me *three days old*, and I positively can't get rid of it! But these *Californians* freeze and seem to like it!"

San Francisco, Cal. Feb. 15, 1888

My dear daughter:

I sent you by mail last Friday some singing books, which I presume you have, ere this received. Bro. H. P. Brown, from whom I got them, likes many of the pieces in them very much. You will likely find some good ones. He thinks the system of musical notation used is preferable to the sol-fa system.

I bought some apples day before yesterday, and paid 10c per pound for them—Spitzenbergs. "Apples is apples" in California at \$6.00 a bushel. I hope you are not paying so much as that. Potatoes are 1½c per lb., about 90 or 95c a bushel. Asparagus about 25c a pound; oysters 25, 40 and 50c a dozen. Oranges 25 to 75c per dozen. I have bought as good at Council Bluffs for 35 and 50c. Flour, corn meal, preparation from wheat, and farinaceous foods are about the same here as there. I have seen no grapes in market here; but figs are 25c a pound, for the Smyrna sort, natives a little less. Dried fruits and canned goods are cheaper a little than with us. Meats are a little higher. Take it altogether we can live cheaper at home than they do here.

Mrs. Lincoln, where I am stopping, has now three weeks' washing waiting for a "drying" day. It rained night before last, and yesterday; and the city is covered with fog this morning; things are decidedly damp. This is California winter, and while one does not freeze, it is by no means pleasant to sit without a fire, especially mornings and evenings. So far I am not in love with the weather of California; the climate may be lovely, but the weather is not so heavenly. The little girl said that the difference between the climate and the weather was that the climate lasted all the time but the weather was only every once in a while. Since my stay here, there has

been by far more *weather*, fog, rain, or mist nearly all the time. I am told, placidly, that there is "great deal of fog in San Francisco." Yesterday the morning was fair for a hour or two, then it was "nasty" the rest of the day.

There are many queer sights to be seen in this great city, which is about half the size of Chicago, or about 350,000 people. The noise of city life is an almost continuous roar, rush, rush of every sort of wheeled vehicle from the two-wheeled road cart to the street railway car. I saw one team of large dapple gray horses, drawing a huge wagon loaded with beer kegs. It was a brewer's outfit.

Yours, Joseph Smith.

Write me if you get the music books, and how you like them.

Father was very much interested in those early years in meeting various members, more or less remote, of his father's family. Upon the occasion of his very first visit to Utah he formed friendships with some of them which continued through life.

Los Angeles, Cal. 3/7/88.

Daughter Audie:

Your letter was received yesterday. I was pleased that you stood so well in your grammar studies. May you be successful in others.

It has been cloudy or rainy nearly every day since I arrived in this southern California city. Yesterday was pleasant and fine, however, though a little cool outside in the evening; to-day it is again cloudy and looking like rain.

Charles Nichols is the son of Sarah, Aunt Lucy Millikin's oldest girl. His mother is my cousin, of course; he and his sister are second cousins to you. Cousin Sarah married C. S. Nichols, which is, I believe, Charles Sumner Nichols, but in his paper it is C. Sum Nichols. He is publishing the *Evening Times* in Salt Lake City; came in there and opened up while I was there. Cousins Charlie and Carrie are nice young people. Charles is a printer; works in his father's office. Carrie is very pretty.

You must not waste your school time in writing letters, to the loss on other studies. I am glad you are established in your kingdom [a suite of rooms I "inherited" upon the marriage of my sister Carrie the fall before.—A. A.]; I wish I could embellish it for you. Establish good relations with Lucy, and you two occupy. We will make it pleasant for you both, someway.

There is a parrot on the porch and he is "just gaudy" as a talkist; calls the cat, meows, whistles for the dog, says "Here, Rover," and I can hardly tell what he does not say. Bro. Eams taught him and left him here at his death.

Yours, Joseph Smith.

It was in June of 1888 that I graduated from the Lamoni High School, and in September went to Shenandoah, Iowa, and enrolled as stu-

dent in the music department of Western Normal College. Frances, daughter of Sister Marietta Walker, was a roommate, as she had been classmate. Mary Evans was another member of Lamoni's first graduating class. Carrie Lake, daughter of Elder John H. Lake, was a protegee of Mother's; Sue McMullen was a friend of hers from Independence. Minnie McGaughey was a domestic helper, extremely capable but with quick tongue. Sister Valentine White was branch organist.

Lamoni, Iowa, Sept. 3rd, 1888

Audie:

We are all well at home but me; I have a bad attack of hay fever—sneeze! sneeze!! sneeze!!! all day. It has subsided some; but I am as hoarse as one of the big frogs in our pond.

Yesterday, nearly all Lamoni went to the Holiness Camp meeting, out near where Cora Leonard lives. Bro. Deam reports that the preacher, Rev. George More, said that he "was sorry to have it to say, but not *one soul* had been saved by that effort, and he never worked harder in his life." Deam's folks had the *cake* stolen out of their dinner basket.

I saw Mrs. Evans in the butcher shop Saturday. She said that Mary was nearly wild to go to Shenandoah, too.

I advise you that you write but *few letters*.

It is a tax on your time and will interfere with your studies; it will keep you sitting at a desk when you ought to be walking, running, or taking exercise of some sort, which is necessary to your health. *Write few letters*. Let your purely friendly correspondents wait. "He that hath a large list of correspondents is a *galley slave* bound to an oar."

I requested the Prof. Croan to give you a statement of the remainder due on the term, and the privilege to pay Oct. 1st. I have heard nothing of it yet. Did you get your trunk, bedding, and key? We will send you a pillow and shams after a while. The straw, if clean, and we presume it is, will not hurt you.

Carrie Lake has had to be called but once (this morning) since you left. Peace reigns in our borders since the feud between the clans Lake and McMullen subsided. Minnie stirs us up now and again, but on the whole we are enjoying a peaceful season.

Bro. Chase and wife go across country in a wagon to the reunions. Sr. White has returned from the Plum Hollow meeting; 25 were baptized there.

Yours, Joseph Smith.

Pen caught and "sputtered" [as he wrote his name.—A. A.]

I have often considered that brief period when I was permitted to attend college in Shenandoah. The courses in music, vocal, piano, harmony, etc., were doubtless far more expensive than the normal training courses. Father's

means were extremely limited, and it was necessary for all of us to count every nickel. In spite of that he had a great desire to give his children some advantages beyond those available in the then very new prairie town of Lamoni. In these desires Mother shared largely, and began to interest herself in various enterprises which she believed would prove remunerative. Some of these were successful; others were not. About this period several people in Lamoni were interested in the opening of government land in Arkansas. Mr. Jacobs was the Irish architect and contractor who built our home, "Liberty Hall." Sister Johnson was a widow who lived across the street. "Richard" refers to R. S. Salyards, a son-in-law. Mrs. McGaughey, the "Emma" mentioned, was the niece of a neighboring farmer; prior to her marriage she had worked for Mother. "Fantie" was our nickname for Frances Walker, my roommate. Wilcox and Pace were a firm of Latter Day Saints. The *Patriot* was a predecessor of the *Lamoni Chronicle*; Daniel F. Lambert was for years its editor. "Clint" Ross was a laborer on the place, a slightly deformed young man.

Lamoni, Iowa, Sept. 13, 1888

Audie:

1. Get you some shoes with the \$5.95, and a pair of rubbers, if you have none. I will send the \$15.00 due for room and boarding by Oct. 1st. Better get a pair that will stand some walking.

2. Send me the account of what you paid and what for, &c.

3. Mother's Arkansas fever broke out on her Tuesday; she packed her "grip" and Mr. Jacobs' trunk, took Lucy, and in company with Sr. Johnson, fled away to the land of "peaches" at 30c per bushel, &c., &c. I thought that was about the only cure left. I hope when she returns that the fever will have run its course and burnt itself out. We are under Minnie's rule, now, and are doing the best we can.

To-day there is a Pic Nic in the woods south of town, and a long string of wagons and buggies, and children on foot, has gone from the church. They were led by the Band in their wagon. I expect they will have a *time*.

I ordered the *Patriot* sent to your address for 3 months.

Mother sold Brownie for \$90.00. She also traded Nell Frisby for one of uncle Martin Madison's mares, called "Sis;" she is brown like Tatty and a much safer animal, Mother thinks. So now we have "Big Nell," Tatty and Sis for a team.

Carrie Lake stays, or is to stay, with us until Mother returns; but she has been out until ten

o'clock two nights, and last night brought Hattie Hudson home with her. They were not up when I left the house at 8.25 this morning. When I called them I told them that the team would leave the house at 9, and if they were ready they could ride; if not they would have to "hoof it." I do not know whether they got up or not.

Richard is learning to milk, preparatory to buying a cow.

"Bud" McGaughey drove Simonson's team to Terra Haute Sunday afternoon, his wife and two children, and several others in the wagon; the horses became frightened, started to run, ran over or through a ditch, struck a stump, and threw Mrs. McGaughey out with her children. The baby struck on its head and was killed outright; Emma was hurt and so was the boy Clarence. The funeral was Monday, and Minnie was gone all day.

Twenty-two went from here to the Missouri State Fair at St. Joseph. They started at 3 o'clock, Monday morning, and returned at midnight Monday night. Clint went—and has been grunting ever since.

I expect that Mother will attend to the bed and pillow affair when she returns. In the meantime sleeping on a straw bed will not hurt you, if the straw is clean and sweet. I am sorry that Fantie is sick. It is hard work to study if one is well; but to be sick and study is "orrid." Go to Wilcox and Pace's store for to buy your shoes. I think you can do as well there as anywhere else.

Yours paternally,

Joseph Smith.

From earliest boyhood my father was fond of poetry. He filled, in middle manhood, a number of scrapbooks, the selections reflecting quite interestingly the trend of his thoughts and fancies in those days. I believe these have been placed in the church's historical archives. I recall that many poems touched upon the question of temperance, or intemperance, many of which he used in his activities as a lecturer in the interests of reform along these lines. It was a common thing for him to clip and pass on to us little poems which attracted his attention.

My other roommate was Sister Julia Hensen, from near Council Bluffs.

Lamoni, Iowa, Sept. 21st, 1888

Miss M. A. Smith;

Daughter mine:

I did not mean to ask you for all the little expenditures, to know how you spent all the money. What I wanted was the items of tuition, board rent, &c, that I might know what was still due to the College, that I might send the amount knowing what it was. Perhaps it is as well, however, that I have the whole, so that I may make an estimate of what it will take

for another term if we decide upon continuing the experiment that long.

I regret that we are under the necessity of counting so closely; but as I can not now avoid or help it, there is no need to feel overmuch badly about it. However, I thank you for your painstaking.

Enclose find a pair of one dollar bills, which you may spend for gloves and other incidental expenses. I will send more when I remit for the board and room rent, about Oct. 1st, as I stated to Professor Croan. I wish you to bear your full share of expense with your room mates, and you need have no fear but what I will attend to it, if I possibly can; if I cannot, then pack up and come home. We are all well. I enclose a little package that came in yesterday, by mail. You will relish the "po'try" I enclose.

Yours, Joseph Smith.

BOB WHITE

Look! the valleys are thick with grain

Heavy and tall;

Peaches drop in the grassy lane

By the orchard wall;

Apples, streaked with the crimson stain,

Bask in the sunshine warm and bright;

Hark to the quail that pipes for rain:

Bob White! Bob White!

Augur of mischief, pipes for rain—

Bob White!

Men who reap on the fruitful plain

Skirting the town,

Lift their eyes to the shifting vane

As the sun goes down;

Slowly the farmer's loaded wain

Climbs the slope in the falling light;

Bold is the voice that pipes for rain:

Bob White! Bob White!

Still from the hillside pipes for rain—

Bob White!

Lo, a burst at the darkened pane,

Angry and loud;

Waters murmur and winds complain

To the rolling cloud;

Housed at the farm, the careless swain,

Weaving snares while the fire burns bright,

Tunes his lips to the old refrain:

Bob White! Bob White!

Oh, the sound of the blithe refrain—

Bob White!

Lamoni, Iowa, Sept. 27, 1888

Dear Daughter:

I wrote you this morning, but was so much in a hurry that I failed to state to you that the bank draft which I sent you is the same as money; you can hand it to Prof. Croan, or their receiver of moneys, and he will credit the \$15.00 on your bills, and give you the change. Put the \$5.00 in your purse for contingent expenses, washing, &c. Be as careful in expenditures as practicable, but bear your proportion. Please ask Prof. Croan from me to give you a receipt for the full amount you have paid him to date, if he has not already receipted for the amount you paid at the first. You may either keep

the receipts, or forward them to me—the latter preferred.

Mother returned yesterday morning at 1:30, getting home tired, sleepy, and with two or three boils on her body—none of which is conducive to her peace and enjoyment. I went to the Junction for her and Mrs. Johnson. Lucy is quite well and has lots to tell of having been to "Arkansaw." Mother brought home a yam—large specie of sweet potato. I have not seen any peaches yet; she says she has some in her trunk; but this trunk missed connection at Albany, and so we wait its arrival to see peaches from "Arkansaw."

Bro. Israel L. Rogers is here from Sandwich, visiting. I expect to go to Independence, next week, and to the reunion the week after, possibly at the close of the week. Emma B. Kennedy is here visiting her mother, aunt Lizzie. She will go back to Independence with me, I expect.

There is no gossip a-stir that I have heard—absolutely a dearth of scandal!

Eleven were baptized at Pleasanton, Sunday. Bro. Frank Weld, Carrie, Lucy Lyons and myself went to High Point and Lone Rock, Sunday, stayed until night meeting, and rode back by moonlight, getting home at two in the morning.

The boys are well and toot their horns in the morning early, Fred and Israel. Hale is full of mischief, as ever.

Bro. Joseph Rodgers caught the forefinger of his right hand in his corn mill someway, and has lost the first joint of it. Bro. Bemis is buying chickens for the California market, until the 15th of October.

Yours affectionately,

Jos. Smith

P. S. I saw Mary Evans in the P. O. since writing the above. She wishes you to write her, and if you can, to send her a circular of the College. You may write her giving her costs of your stay at the College. She says she will answer you.

## SODA, THE HUMBLE FRIEND

(Continued from page 162.)

After two more doses of the soda the boils disappeared entirely and he was soon well.

A good many people dangerously harm themselves by attempting to cure sickness and disease with home remedies. Perhaps the first motive is economy; but they should realize that what begins with an inexpensive home treatment may end as a hospital bill. A second motive sometimes appears when a person fears to go to the doctor because he thinks the doctor may find something wrong with him and try to operate; this is a superstition, and sometimes a fatal one.

A good rule to follow is to use home remedies for only the lightest and mildest of cases. For all others, call the doctor.

www.LatterDayTruth.org

# MY FATHER'S LETTERS

## Part Six

### Letters of Joseph Smith to His Daughter

Contributed by AUDENTIA ANDERSON

*In the following letter from my father is a slight reference to the trip we, as a family, made to the fall reunion of 1887, held at Harlan, Iowa. We were accompanied by my uncle, Martin Madison and his wife, and Cora Leonard a domestic helper. Two covered wagons and a light "buggy" were in our overland caravan. Father was an unusually resourceful camper, and his provisions for our convenience and comfort were quite remarkable.*

*In the hope that his suffering from facial neuralgia might be overcome, he had had all his teeth removed, some time before the following letter. His son-in-law, Alex. McCallum, was his dentist.*

Independence, Mo. Oct. 4th, 1888.

Dear Audie:

1. Do not accept a position as singer in a M. E. church choir.

2. I received the receipt; but I do not know now whether it left you with 3, 5, or 8 dollars for incidentals. I rather conclude it only left you 3 out of the 20 I sent you last. Let me know so that I can send you more if you need it.

Eunice Allen was burnt by gasoline Sunday noon. When I left home it was only a chance for her to live—a poor chance at that.

I came here Tuesday noon. Emma Kennedy traveled with me. I have the upper set of teeth in; will get the lower to-morrow. It will be some time before I can wear the lower with any comfort—gums are so sore and tender. The upper seem all right.

Attended a Republican Young Men's Club meeting last night. J. S. Crosby, candidate for State Senator, was the chief speaker. A Mr. Dickey, candidate for the Assembly of the State, was second speaker. Mr. Crosby was teacher of elocution at St. Joseph for several years. In his lower tones his voice was pleasant, but when he spoke in the upper register he fairly screamed, so that it was difficult to understand him.

I should have liked to go to the reunion this fall with the team again, if Mother would have gone with me; but she preferred the trip to Arkansas. Besides, she has "boils," and could not stand the joggling of the wagon. I sent the tent on Saturday, and have my clothes and bedding with me; so that, if I feel that I can stand the talking—my face has been bad now since Tuesday week—I will go from here. Yes, indeed; we had a pleasant trip last fall, and *how we did eat, eh?*

Emma McCallum is better than when I was here in July.

Dust was deep and roads, rocks, cliffs and fields were dry when I came. Last night it rained a little, just a sprinkle, and at 5:30 this evening it commenced blowing, and rain and hail have both been falling. The dust will be laid.

It is expected that Jennie Robinson and a Mr. Newton will soon be married. So goes the rumor.

I was to have taken supper at Sr. Shaw's\*; but the impending storm scudded me home; I did not want to get wet and muddy.

The stone work on the church here still goes on, but it is very slowly. Bro. Luff went to K. C. ("Kay-see" here stands for Kansas City) to-day, to see if he can raise money to finish the roof this fall.

I have not seen Susie‡ here yet. Carrie Lake lost three days of school last week, and Monday of this she was complaining and stayed out. I think that so far as graduating next June is concerned "her goose is cooked." I do not think she has the ambition to endeavor to catch up. It is too bad, and is not treating her brother Charley anyways near right. She and Hattie Hudson are very "thick," too thick to last, I fear. They were at the fair at Leon the three days Carrie lost.

I had no ink, and so wrote in pencil; beg pardon.

Yours, Joseph Smith.

www.LatterDayTruth.org

## VISION

Address me at home; mark "personal" on the envelopes.

*\*This was Sister Marcus Shaw, formerly Sister Bentley of Lamoni.*

*‡Susie McMullen, mentioned earlier as a helper in the housework at Liberty Hall.*

*Shortly after the reunion that fall of 1888, Father visited me at the college in Shenandoah, and one morning addressed the students and faculty at chapel. He was treated with marked respect and courtesy by Professor Croan and his associates.*

Lamoni, Iowa, Oct. 22, 1888.

Audie:

I arrived home, safe, at 3 this afternoon. Find things in town and at the office all as usual; have not yet been home.

The receipt is all right. Just wanted it correct, that is all. Yours, J. Smith.

Lamoni, Ia. Oct. 23rd, 1888.

Audie:

I send you this a. m. a Hymn Book, and a Book of Mormon. The Harp is for you. The Book of Mormon is for Mrs. Croan. Please ascertain her given name; write the following inscription on the fly leaf, and present the book to her.

To Mrs. Croan,  
From  
Mary Audentia Smith  
of Lamoni, Decatur Co., Iowa  
Oct. th, 1888  
A Token of Respect.

You may write it as neat as you choose; or, if the foregoing does not suit you, use words to suit yourself. Yours, Joseph Smith.

All well at home.

Lamoni, Iowa, Oct 23, 1888

Audie:

I left the shawl straps, lent us to wrap those pillows in, on the pillows I returned to Sr. Briggs. Please call and get them; coil them up closely; wrap them, and send them to me by mail. I send stamps, I think enough to carry them. Bro. Elvin will want them, and I "clean done forgot 'em."

I wrote you yesterday and this morning you.

Oysters this evening; I do not expect to be there. Proceeds are to go for a reading room in Lamoni. All well at home.

Jennie Robinson and Bro. A. L. Newton were married at Independence the 20th.

Yours, Joseph Smith.

I dropped my pen on the envelope and made a long mark. 'Scuse.

Lamoni, Iowa, Oct. 29, 1888

Audie:

Sr. Walker and I have sent Frances, Sr. Julia and you a barrel of apples, for consumption in your room, if not against the rules. I enclose the freight bill, prepaid, and a quarter to pay the dray man to bring it to the College. I presume you can store it in your room; or unload the barrel and carry the apples upstairs and store them in your rooms till they disappear. And I presume you can hardly get away with them by "Sunday evening," as you did the cake. If not permitted to store them in your room, get them in at Bro. Wilcox' cellar, where you can have access to them.

Anyway, manage to eat the apples till they are gone—you girls and your companions. They cost here \$1.00 for the barrel—4 bushels.

Yours, Joseph Smith.

Lamoni, Iowa Nov. 1st, 1888

Miss Audentia Anderson,

Dear Audie:

I can not consent for you to go home with Julia, as she requests, because I feel that the money so spent would be better applied in meeting some of the necessary expense attendant upon your stay at the College. It will be all I can do to meet the outlay, and every dollar counts. Julia must understand that it is on no account because of her or her people; for I have the highest respect for them; it is a matter of prudence with me. Besides, I think that even a temporary diversion from your studies, such as would occur in such a trip, would require two or three additional days to overcome, and your mind grasp your studies again. I hope Julia understands me.

I shall send you to-morrow a box of nuts, a hammer, and a stone. In the box will be a pair of slippers for you. Mother will arrange about the dress. Shawl straps came yesterday; thank



It is rumored here that Bro. Alex McCallum has lost one of his eyes by a blow from a stick of wood he was splitting. Don't know how badly he is hurt; have not heard from himself or Emma.

Elvira, Bro. Lyle's daughter, was married to Mr. John Graham, that elderly Scotchman who sometimes comes to church with Bro. Lyle. They were married at our house, in the sitting room. Elvira looked blooming.

Carrie Weld is at Sienna Wight's at Ridgeway, on a visit; went Saturday last.

What you wrote about my conversation with Prof. Croan is quite comforting. I was fearful I had monopolized the conversation unwarrantedly; I was ashamed to talk so much about myself; guess it is all right.

Take care of the hammer so that you can bring it home when you come. Don't crack nuts with your teeth. And I noticed you cracking your finger joints and knuckles with your fingers. Don't do that; it has a tendency to enlarge the joints and spoils the smooth appearance of the hand. It makes the joints appear large and coarse. *Don't Do It!*

It has been unusually warm for three days past. I baptized Ben Anderson and his wife yesterday—Austin Anderson's brother.

Yours, Joseph Smith.

*As will be noticed, the next letter is written in verse, though he did not arrange it in the form of poetry. However, by following his use of capital letters, the intended rhyming is apparent. His idea of sending apples and nuts to us indicates a good conception of what young folks at school enjoy. They afforded us many joyous moments, and our sitting room (there were two rooms in the corner "suite" we three occupied) became quite a famous center for evening gatherings. It is interesting to know that along with the hammer and stone mentioned, he sent six bright, new horseshoe nails—very adequate substitutes for nut picks. Why six, I wonder! The round smooth stone he enclosed, I may add, is still in my possession. It is about four inches in circumference and an inch and a half in thickness, and has, throughout these many years, given valiant service along the line intended when he sent it—that of cracking nuts! Uncle Alexander was living*

*then upon a farm, some few miles into Missouri, straight south of Lamoni.*

Lamoni, Iowa, Nov. 2nd, 1888

Audie:

Nuts in a box, with hammer and stone, Went forward by express to-day; A bill I enclose, which when it is shown, Will state that you've nothing to pay. The stone I picked up on uncle's A.'s farm, Not far from the well in the run; This adds to its use a memory's charm, With the girls, of past frolic and fun. Use the hammer and stone, When the nuts you would crack, For your teeth were not made for such work; Then in your old age, in oft looking back, You'll have no regret for advice you did shirk—Which saved your good teeth and sweet breath! At home all are well, in the house on the hill, From Lucy, clear up to Mamma; So that when this you receive, I am sure that you will, End it all up with a hearty Ha! Ha!

Yours, Joseph Smith.

P. S. I send bank draft for \$30.00 which please hand to Prof. Croan, taking receipt therefor. J. S.

Lamoni, Iowa, Nov. 14, 1888

Audie:

Enclosed find draft for \$32.00. Please pay to Prof. Croan the amount due on the term and send me a receipt. The \$5.00 is yours for incidental expenses. *I expected you would have to pay for the music you use;* but was not aware of what the amount would be. Now that you know that you will have to pay for it, do not buy more than you need. I presume the charges for it are not extravagant; but they get—they must get—all it *costs them.* Is it yours after your pay for it? Or does it return to the College after its use?

Use your opportunities while you have them. It will be out of my reach to give you another term after the present one closes. Do the best you can; and may God help you to keep your soul pure.

I was at Lucas, Iowa, Sunday; returned yesterday.

Bro. McCallum has, I expect, lost the sight of his left eye.

Mother has the dress business in her hands.

Yours, as you know,

Joseph Smith.

Lamoni, Iowa, Nov. 26th, 1888

Audie: We are all well. Mother goes after corn, to Uncle Martin's this morning. It is cool and frosty. Mother sold Midget to Minnie; soon after Minnie got her home to the mother's, the animal got something to eat that disagreed with her, and died.

Sr. Louise Derry, Ada's mother [Sister George Derry.—A. A.] died Saturday morning at about 2 o'clock; was buried yesterday afternoon, from the church. The singing was good.

Sr. Banta has a niece from Minnesota visiting her; a Miss Hattie Garrett, a school teacher and teacher of music; rather a nice looking body.

You have not stated whether the nuts, hammer, &c, reached you, or not. I presume they did; but do not know. Sort your apples, and don't let them spoil; three healthy girls, like you three, ought to get away with a pile of them. If you can not eat them fast enough to keep them from spoiling, get help from your neighbors.

There is not much gossip moving nowadays. Carrie Lake and Hattie Hudson are going to school together. They stop at Bro. Frank Hopkins' out in the country. Carrie thinks it the nicest sort of an arrangement. Uncle Alexander, Gracie, Joe and Arthur were up yesterday. Uncle Alexander preached last night, good and strong.

Yours as you know,

Joseph Smith.

P. S. Remember me to Prof. Croan and Mrs. Croan, Profs. Colbert, Longwell, and others; not forgetting your teacher Miss, or Mrs. Myers.

*As can be seen from the foregoing group of letters from Lamoni, Father's letters written from his office were usually short and business-like. In these few short months I was away from home, he tried to keep in touch with me, and to pass on the general news of the town. In quite different tone are the ones written when he himself was away from home, for, having then more leisure, with attention given to less familiar sights and faces, he fills the sheets with impressions, descriptions, narrative and comment, happily reflecting his freshly-attracted interest.*

San Bernardino, Cal. Dec. 15, 1888

Audie:

I arrived here on yesterday at 10 in the morning, all safe and well. Left Independence at 7 in the evening of Monday and "K. C." at 10, in an excellent company and an elegant, easy-riding coach. I had berth No. 1 in Room 10; which means the lower berth in section 10 of the car. In the day time I had the whole section virtually to myself, for the young man who occupies overhead at night would go off into the smoker, or day car, or lounge in the seats ahead.

My right hand neighbors (I was on the left side of the train looking toward the engine) were two elderly women, both having false teeth, like myself. One wore a wig and glasses; the other had a head crowned with silvery brown hair, a pair of bright, sparkling, hazel-brown eyes, and a laugh that would do you good to hear. She had been a widow twenty years, having three girls, one 5, one 2½, and one a babe in arms, at the time of her husband's death. She had raised and educated them all, and was now enjoying a green old age, running here and there visiting among her children, friends and relatives. Her name is Mrs. Sarah Beale. In her youth she was called "Saucy Sally Beale," who *would* laugh, whether it was sunny or cloudy weather. She was a hearty, healthy woman, fond of fun and joke, enjoying her breakfast best of any meal of the day. She was about such a built woman, and about the same size, as uncle David's wife Clara.

The other lady was Mrs. R. A. Spring. She was a tall, dark-faced woman, with kindly gray eyes that might have been blue forty years ago; a shrewd, loving, great-hearted woman, I judged, whose house must be a delight to grandchildren, if she has any.

Both live at Topeka, Kans., but the last named comes to Los Angeles to live with her youngest daughter, lately married, whose husband is auditor of accounts in the office of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe R. R., at Los Angeles.

The young man sought other company, but these matronly belles were attractive to me who detested tobacco smoke and whose days of flirting with transient beauties, if they ever existed, were past. They were good natured; we

were traveling companions for four days and nights, sharing alike the dangers, the pleasures over new sights, and the attendant comfort and misery of a railway ride from the Missouri river to the fertile delta of the sunny southern California region—why should we not be so-  
ciable?

And we were. Emma McCallum had put up for me an abundant lunch, a basket overflowing. I had a little quart pail, with cover and bail; these good ladies had their tea-cups, silver or planished tin, but no steeper. So my pail was muchly in requisition to boil water and make tea, not only for my immediate neighbors, but for others. Emma had made some mince pies. I had more than I could eat, so I divided, and all who ate of them praised them. They thought I was not only an old, seasoned traveler, but a thoughtful and provident one who had an excellent cook for a daughter.

A Mrs. Nickerson, wife of a Boston Railway magnate, 76 years of age and going with her husband to San Diego to winter on account of his age, was profuse in her praise of the pie. She got away with two pieces, and said she had not eaten anything with so much relish in two months. She was a solid bunch, so fat and full that she can hardly walk! They had a German servant along, a man with blue eyes, white skin, and light, sunny hair fluffy as cornsilk. He has been in this country three years and thinks it the grandest country ever. "Why," said he, "in Europe a man may start on a railway journey, and 24 or 36 hours brings him to the end. But here we have been traveling for seven days in one direction, and the end is not yet! 'Tis a big, big country!"

A little woman whose home is in Riverside, ten miles from here, had been to England and was on her way home, nearly worn out with travel. Hers was a seat or two ahead. She had two friends come on board at Albuquerque; one got sick on the second night—which was the last one for me—but, aside from being pale and languid, no lasting injury seemed to be done.

An Englishman, his wife and two pretty children, four young men, three women with no traveling companions, and two evidently married, middle-aged women, complete the roster of our party—none sick, no children to cry in the car; all was serene.

In the mountains in Arizona a truck (set of wheels) under the car forward of ours, jumped the track, ran on the ties a rod or two, and then turned across the way. The train stopped instantly; no one was hurt, though some were nervous the rest of the way. There was a delay of three and a half hours, so that we were until ten, yesterday, instead of 6:30, in getting here.

I was tired, and shaken in the long ride; so when night came I lay down *to rest*, lulled by the sough of the wind, and the lullaby of the frogs outside. Their voices ranged from the little "neep," "neep," of the small ones to the bass "Over here!" "Drown him!" of the big one in the corner.

It rained the night before I arrived here, and it was muddy—oh, so muddy. This morning I slept late; the air was full of dampness; clouds were lying all over the valley and around the mountain rim. The flies pester me as I write; the room is partly warmed by a stove—a little iron box about 20 inches long, eight wide, and a foot high! It is about as big as Mother's sewing machine cover. In it some cedar wood from the mountainside (at \$9.00 per cord) is just smouldering. The frost has killed the chrysanthemums under the window; but, under the ministry of the rain, the grass is reviving from the long drouth of the summer, and all the trees hang full of freshening foliage. Hedge rows of privet and Monterey cypress are green; the eucalyptus and pepper, the palm and the pine, that line the streets, and the olive and orange of the gardens, combine to make a fine appearance.

The distant mountain tops are whitened with snow, while the nearer tops and hollows are alternately brown and green, with here and there a strip of white where the snows lie yet unmelted. Over the mountains the clouds are flitting, gray and white, or, as the haze lies against them, blue and leaden. The sun tries to shine through, but only succeeds in breaking, here and there, the sullen cordon, when, momentarily, may be seen the blue skies—God's blessed blue skies over us all, mute emblems all, of the grandeur and beneficence of Jehovah.

Vida is well; will be a mother again before long. Ina Inez is well and happy; Vida says she is "pooling her interests in California!"

(Continued on page 255.)

## OUR KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOR

(Continued from page 252.)

and every action in life have but a single objective—the glorification of God through service to human creation—then carrying out those thoughts, ambitions and actions your whole soul shall be filled with the light of God and with enlightenment of his Spirit. The spiritual light which you receive as the result of your singleness of purpose will make you even better fitted for a continued glorification of God through service, and the continuous outpouring of spiritual light which you give to men along with your service rendered in singleness of heart will make it possible for God to bless you with a constant replenishing of your own store of spiritual light.

But if one's eye turns to evil, if it is seeking light for selfish purposes, or if it is trying to pay attention to all the attractions of the world as well as to the things of God, to that extent is the light of God obscured, and the whole body shall be full of darkness.

The scriptures also say that you should let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven. If you attempt to let your light shine so that men may glorify yourself rather than your Father in heaven you will soon find that your light has ceased to shine.

*We are writing a gospel,  
A chapter a day,  
By deeds that we do,  
By words that we say;  
People read what we write,  
Whether faithless or true,  
Say! What is the gospel according to you?*



### MY FATHER'S LETTERS

(Continued from page 247.)

(His name is Charles Poole—so they say.) Heman, the elder, is well and busy with the yard, hedges and out-of-doors affairs. He has just failed to get Heman, the younger, to sleep.

Bro. and Sr. Burton are here. We will dedicate the church to-morrow. The choir is training for it, and the building will be decorated this afternoon.

This gossipy letter will do you for the first cold, nipping day. Hope you got the box Mother sent you the day I left home.

Father. "Papa."

versation took place between two members of our party though I shall modestly withhold the names of those involved. "Where is that Spanish leaflet?" "Here it is. What do you want with it?" "Oh, I want to look for something." (Takes leaflet and searches through it frantically and impatiently.) "My stars! What in the world are you looking for?" "If you must know, I'm trying to find some words to cuss that dumbbell with." We got to Morro Castle that afternoon.

We parted with Henri in Miami, he going on to his boyhood home in Canada and we to Tampa, thence to Mobile and our little home in the wildwoods of southern Mississippi. It was early in the morning, but few places of business were open so it was no fault of Henri's that we had no box of candy to take with us. He tried hard enough to get one.

Since that morning we have neither seen nor heard from him, but we often speak of him and we shall ever cherish our grateful and happy memories of "Our Knight in Shining Armor."



### THE EVENING STAR

See how her body pants and glows,  
See how she shakes her silver wings!  
Ten thousand stars, and more, are mute,  
And she, and she alone, that sings.

Ten thousand stars, and more, are mute,  
All listening in the quiet sky,  
While that bright star sings wildly there,  
And happy they hear more than I.

Bring me my strange invention now,  
That I may sit at home in ease  
And have fresh music brought by air  
From towns beyond our curly seas.

In vain, in vain; the power to hear  
The music of those heavenly spheres  
Is but a wild, fantastic dream—  
But who can read the unborn years?

—W. H. Davies, in a *Poet's Calendar*, by permission of Jonathan Cape (London).

# MY FATHER'S LETTERS

## PART SEVEN

### Letters of Joseph Smith to His Daughter

Contributed by AUDENTIA ANDERSON

*My "college career" ended with the half year's work, and I returned home several weeks before the date of the next letter in my collection. Leona Austin, of Independence, and Ina, Uncle Alexander's second daughter, were both visiting Vida and Heman in San Bernardino. Brother John H. Hansen was a practicing physician of Lamoni.*

San Bernardino, Cal. Mar. 8th, 1889

Audie:

Yours containing "my sister Lucy's" picture is received. Accept thanks for photo. It is very like her.

It will be safer for you to wait some time rather than have your tonsils clipped, or compressed, if I understand it. To clip them is to make them sore; and the result is very doubtful. I would not be satisfied to risk it, without the advice of a more experienced man than Bro. Hansen, much as I believe in his judgment at times. No; wait until I get home, and we will talk it over.

But just quit singing and declaiming for awhile, and avoid much exposure. Bathe your throat each morning in cold water; exercise enough to keep the blood circulating, and keep the bowels regular.

Your uncle David used to have the quinsy—sometimes three or four times a year. He finally outgrew it. To clip or burn the tonsils is often to make the throat permanently disabled.

Have not time to write much. Had a turn of the throat and face and jaw trouble myself for the last two weeks; am a little better.

Leona and Ina send regards. Yours in bonds of love,

Joseph Smith.

*Irene was the daughter of Brother A. B. Wise, to whose home Father removed following his visit at Cousin Vida's and Heman's. Sister Leonard was the widow of Brother William Leonard, and lived on a farm west of Lamoni, the mother of a son Ammon and daughter Cora. With her husband she had been pres-*

*ent at the historic conference of 1860, at Amboy. About the calves! Liberty Hall, as Father christened his home situated a mile west of Lamoni, was located on a little farm of forty acres, well-stocked and cultivated. There was always the understanding between Father and Mother that she was to have all the heifer calves born on the place, and he the male ones. Hence, considerable interest, speculation and good-natured rivalry centered about such events.*

San Bernardino, Cal. Mar. 22, 1889

Audie:

I think that I have written once a week, at least, since arriving here; and I thought I had written early enough to reach you with proper directions about mail. I was glad to get yours to Los Angeles, anyway; had not heard for some days, and was naturally anxious. Your letter is quite newsy, and very welcome.

Mother is in luck with the calves this spring so far, isn't she? Good! But what cow is "Christie?" Do you mean "Esther?" I suspect it is the Crick cow.

Sr. Leonard reached here on Tuesday morning, about 10 o'clock; and in the afternoon was married to Bro. Andrew W. Thompson whom she had known only through correspondence. He lives in Laguna Canyon, his house standing in the shadows of the everlasting hills and has neither fence nor tree to shelter it from sun or tramp. Sr. Leonard will find it a lonesome old place, especially in summer and fall. Bro. Thompson has six children, all under 14 years. So, so!! It was a "marry in haste," sure enough, whatever the result may be.

It is true, I had to "shut up." My neuralgia came in for remembrance, and my throat just swelled up and turned very sore. Yesterday I passed the pleasantest day for three weeks. Pain, yesterday and to-day, has been in my right ear, at the opening; it has "just ached." But I am feeling much better, and am encouraged; ate breakfast with but one hard tussle, and have not had many since, though the sides of my head are considerably sore yet.

The weather is quite fine now, though it rained heavily day before yesterday. Yesterday the dust flew from the Cajon (Ca-hoon) pass, in great clouds, clear across the Cucamonga plain. The mountain tops are all snow capped, but much of it is fast going in the sunshine.

Irene, aged eleven, is pounding away at the piano, and making lots of mistakes in her haste; so it is: "Over again, Miss Irene."

Yours gave me a good picture of the home life. Am pleased that aunts Ann and Josie are happy. Hope Hale and Lucy and all the rest are well by this time.

Yours in hope,  
Joseph Smith

*Brother Samuel Fry Walker was the husband of Sister Marietta Walker, so well known in the church. He was a deep student, and the author of an archeological book, "Ruins Revisited." Brother Joseph Rodger, now of Independence, was "village blacksmith" in Lamoni for years—an inventive and progressive one. I believe he built one of the first gasoline engines in the country. Brother Gunsolley was in charge of Lamoni public schools for a time; later identified with Graceland College at its organization.*

San Bernardino, Cal. Mar. 30th, 1889

Audie:

Yours of the 25th—five days ago—was received this a. m.

I am shocked, I cannot tell why, at the news of Bro. S. F. Walker's condition. I have been aware for over a year that he was running down in strength, but supposed that there was much vitality in him yet. I fear the end has come. It was no surprise to learn of Bro. Banta's demise; but I had not thought that Bro. Walker would be down. Such is life.

If to be seventeen makes you feel "aged" and sedate, how must I, more than three times seventeen, feel as the sands in Time's dial tells off the years? You may realize, by your sober reflections respecting the uses of time as it passes, what the active warfare in which your father has been engaged so long may mean to him. But while I do not regret that the number "17" makes such impression upon you, I trust that you will not be so much overcome by the portentousness of your age as to become

sombre, dull, or melancholy; for life is given to us to use and enjoy—not in selfish pleasures but in using actively all our powers *for good*. Do this, and the heart is always young, though the body may become infirm and the head white with the frosts of years.

When I took your letter out of the office I thought to get one from Mother; but one from my wife's oldest girl reconciled me to disappointment on that score.

I am pleased that Bro. J. L. Gunsolley has the school; hope that he will prove equal to the situation.

It was my intention, when I sat down, to write you a long letter; but intrusions occurred which put that intention "into the soup," and I am done.

Your news about Freddie's engagement with Bro. Rodger is unique. I think I will write him. I hope he will like "the trade."

My heart goes out to the mourning ones!

Yes; I am having a "time" with head, face and throat; though I am encouraged because the pains are not quite so severe as last summer, and have not yet reached so far up into my brain. To-day they are largely in the opening of my right ear. I eat and drink in dread, and sometimes speak with my left cheek and jaw all a-quiver with "nerves." Don't worry, nor let Ma worry about me; I shall come out all o. k., by and by. I may be in at Conference.

Yours as you know,  
Joseph Smith

*In some manner Father's letter to Fred, referred to above, was among those in my collection. It is most interesting, from several angles.*

Sunday, March 31st, 1889

San Bernardino, California

My dear son, Freddie:

From Audie's letters I learn that you are taking lessons at Bro. Joseph Rodger's shop. To this I have no objection, if you are really striving to learn. If I had been permitted my own way when I was 16, I would have learned the blacksmith's business. I was not allowed to have my way, and so I became a farmer—and not much of one, at that. If you really make up your mind to study mechanical engineering, including the blacksmith's trade, I will help you all I can; and possibly together we can make it

go. Of this we will talk when we are home together again.

This country is full of young fellows, and far too many have nothing to do; especially is this true of such cities as Los Angeles, San Francisco, San Diego and others in southern California. The climate is almost one unbroken summer. Even now, while the farmers are seeding back home, here but little is doing in the fields. The grain is ripening, the grasses are seeding, and the long, dusty, dry summer is about begun. The days come and go in an almost unbroken succession of sunshine and glare, heat and dust. Cool at night, and hot in the day time. Yesterday morning fire was needed in the family room, and at 3 o'clock mercury marked 84° in the shade on the north side of the house. I am tired of too much summer, already.

I should like to describe the valley to you, but cannot—for two reasons: one is, I have not time; the other, I fear I could not do it adequately. If you will get the map of California, you will find that San Bernardino County is a very large one. San B'd'no Valley lies between the S. B'd'no and the San Jacinto ranges of mountains, and is about 85 miles long, from San Gorgonio Pass to Los Angeles; and is from 5 to 20 miles wide. There are vallies reaching up into the mountains in different places, larger and smaller, in all of which there are villages, settlements and farms (ranches.) In the upper end of the Valley are the towns of Redlands, Lugonia, Crafton and Highlands. S. B'd'no is in the center. Strung along on one side are Mound City, old S. B'd'no, Riverside, Colton, Rialto, Lordsburg, Ontario and Pomona; on the other are Duarte, Cucarnonga, N. Ontario, Garden of the Gods, Arrowhead Springs and Messina, and some that I do not call to mind.

In coming from Los Angeles by buggy, not long since, with Bro. J. F. Burton, we came through the old Mission of San Gabriel (the Angel Gabriel.) There is an old church made of adobes, sun-dried bricks, plastered and white-washed, outside and in. It was begun in 1771 and finished in 1778. Inside, the roof is sustained by a series of timbered arches, massive and heavy and unpainted, but, having been oiled and kept clean, the timbers shine as if varnished. It stands with the door to the southeast, I think; is perhaps 30 feet wide and 70

feet long, inside. There is a door at the side through which we entered. At the back is the altar, on which are arranged the cloths, candles, relics and other paraphrenalia of the Catholic worship. Over the altar stands a sculptured figure, having wings, a legend in the Latin tongue marking it as "San Gabriel."

At the left of the altar, standing on separate pedestals, the lower about even with the altar top, the other a man's height above, stand two figures, carved, (statues about the size of Hattie Hudson). The lower one is "San Augustine," the founder of the Augustinian order of Monks, the Monks of Saint Augustine; the upper one is "San Antonio," (St. Anthony), the Patron and Saint, Warrior and Defender of the Church. To the right of the altar, and arranged similarly are: above, "San Francisco," (St. Francis), the founder and patron of the order of Franciscan Monks, or Monks of Saint Francis; below, "San Dominicus," (St. Dominick), Founder, Patron and Saint of the Order of Dominican Monks, or Monks of St. Dominick.

Along the walls, at intervals, are paintings of: The Virgin Mary, mother of Jesus; San Pablo (St. Paul); San Pedro (St. Peter); San Bartolimi (St. Bartholomew); Santiago, Major (St. James, the great); Santiago, Minor (St. James, the less); San Luca (St. Luke); San Juan (St. John); San Mateo (St. Matthew). I do not remember that there were others.

There was a priest, or sacristan, in attendance, who, after we went in at the open door, gave us a short history of the founding of the church, who was the "father" when it was begun, who when it was finished, named the statues and pictures, and told us whence they came and by whom given to the Mission. It seemed a curious thing to do, and almost like sacrilege, but Bro. Burton slipped a quarter into the priest's hand, and I, 15c—all the small money either had. I should not have thought of doing that, but we saw a lady visitor drop a dime into his hand furtively—and took the cue.

The town San Gabriel is an old one; over a hundred years; and it made one feel like he was standing among the long-time dead to stand in that old church, 111 years old, and look on those sculptured statues and painted figures and faces of the apostles who represented the Lord's work in His day, on the one hand, and on the

old-time piety of the Catholic Church in her days of monks and friars, on the other; to read the Latin inscriptions, and to hear the phrases intoned by a Catholic priest, who was either a German or a Frenchman. And then to think of giving that living priest of an old-world theology, standing there upon the verge of an impious civilization, money which he took as largess from strangers whose curiosity led them in at the open door! It seemed very weird to me, I tell you!

The town is a Spanish town, and is one of the few relics of the rule of the old Castilians who brought Catholicism, fire-water, and the small-pox to depopulate this earthly paradise of its Indian races, to found an old-world dynasty upon a newly-discovered land, and in turn, to give way before the gold-hunting, land-grabbing, pleasure-loving civilization whose restless, conquering force is typified by the steam engine and the electric light, the *real estate office* and the printing press! If I felt that Fernandez and Pizarro were the forerunners of evil to the Indians, I also knew that the Anglo-Saxon was the relentless tyrant who overrode both Indian and Spaniard, soon to sweep both into a barbarous grave, dug by Christian (?) hands. Bah! Don't you tell anybody how nasty (pronounce it nawsty) I felt!

I wish you could see this country, and it may be that you can, by and by. Kind love to all,  
Yours, Joseph Smith

If you do not hear that I have reached St. Joseph this week, write me here, you and Israel, care of Box 637.

*One of the clearest memories of childhood centers about Father's very fine collection of stereoptican views. He used frequently to bring home additions of much beauty and educational value. They were kept in a walnut rack made for the purpose. Equipped with two stereoscopes, many a right chummy hour was spent with companions over those marvels.*

*The 1889 conference was the only spring conference Father ever missed.*

San Bernardino, Cal. April 3rd, 1889

Audie:

Your welcome letter of the 28th ult. is received to-day. I was glad to get it.

Leona left for home Monday, Apr. 1st; will

be in to-morrow evening, if all goes well.

I hope by this you have had a taste of oranges, fresh from the Sunny land. I hope they did not spoil.

My face has given me some hard twinges yesterday and to-day. I will not be at Conference, as you will most likely learn by the time this reaches you. I felt that I could not bear the strain the conference would put me in, as I am now. So here I am.

I sent to-day, two photo's. They are of that old church of which I wrote at length to Freddie—one of the outside and one of the inside. The shadows hide the upper figures over the altar in the picture. I have not found any stereoscopes of the church as yet, but may come across some.

Yesterday and to-day weather was and is pleasant. Saturday mercury was 84 in the shade. Sunday it was over 80; Monday 89, some one told me. Yesterday 73 and a fraction, and to-day about the same.

I hope Fred will like his "trade" until he gets it. I advise him to study horseshoeing; it is an excellent trade, and few really understand it.

Yours, Jos. Smith

Love to Lucy and all.



## EXPERIENCES FROM LIFE

(Continued from page 317.)

mendous impression on all of us. Here we were, poor, illy clad, hurrying to get out of sight—and he, busy and intent upon the affairs of the church, still had time to notice us and help us—never seeming to observe that we were different from anyone else—and almost it seems I can still hear his vibrant voice which, like the voice of the singer, also carries well: "Sister, is this yours?" This is only one of the many instances that have come under my observation where our prophet has shown himself a true Saint with real character, even in small things. And it is the small things that test us out, and tell what we are. There are many kinds of culture in this world. We can be proud that our leader has the right kind, the kind that a Christian and a Saint should have.

(To be continued.)