[from Journal Of History vol. 4, 1911]

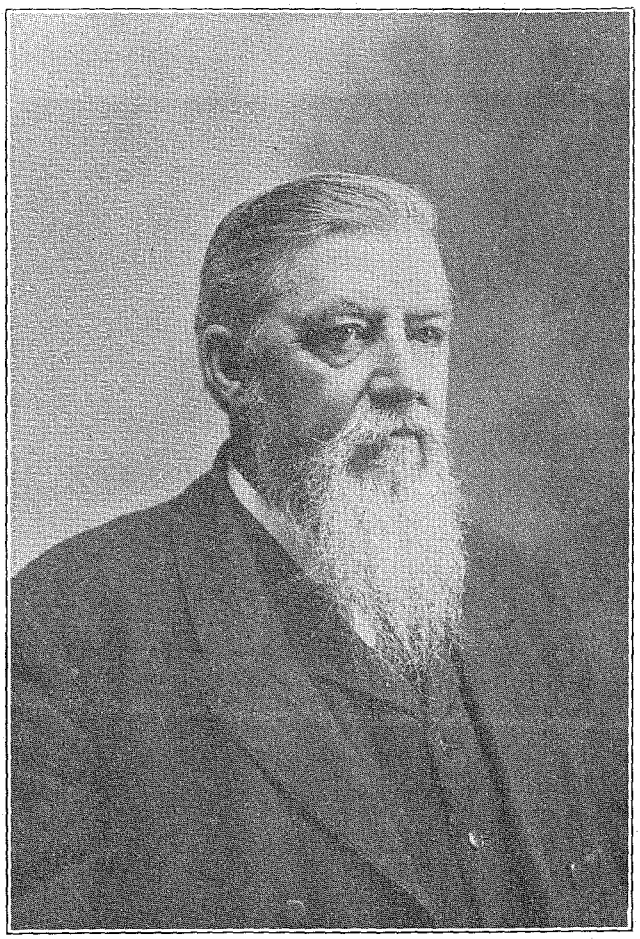
BIOGRAPHY OF PATRIARCH ALEXANDER HALE SMITH.

BY VIDA E. SMITH.

I have just returned from a little pilgrimage into Missouri. A pilgrimage to the birthplace of my father, where once a city sprang up as by magic and wore the name of Far West; yesterday I found the quiet of an agricultural district. Where stood the tavern, where Joseph Smith, sr., and his dauntless wife Lucy lived, now stands a field of ripened corn. Serene and silent the landscape lay under the autumn sun.

Down in the softly rolling pasture land I found numerous depressions; grassy and brick strewn, that marked the site of homes long since gone. One of these was pointed out to me as the place where stood Joseph Smith's home. Seating myself on the warm green earth I looked away over the beautiful, rolling hills to the north and northwest. To the northeast the temple lot, and to the north of it the public square where Joseph Smith, Lyman Wight and others were ordered to be shot, and from which fate they were saved by the interposition of one humane act, bright as an oasis, on the barren desert of inhumanity, marking the history of Far West, for ever immortalizing the name of Alexander W. Doniphan in the hearts of Latter Day Saints. I looked to the southeast, from whence came marching the militia on that memorable morning in the history.

Turning my thoughts again to the place near me, I pondered that here, some place close by, Emma Hale Smith, wife of the young prophet, gave birth to a son. It was the second day of June in eighteen hundred and thirty-eight. These same hills lay green and inviting under the spring sunshine. The winter had been long and hard. With her adopted daughter Julia,



PATRIARCH ALEXANDER H. SMITH.

and two brown-eyed little sons, Joseph and Frederick, Emma Smith had made the journey from Kirtland, Ohio, by team. All the longer hills on that wearisome way, she had climbed; walking in rain and mud and wind and storm. But the suffering and weariness of that journey were almost lost sight of in the hurried and harrowing scenes that followed. Truly the "Mormon" people "made history" with swift and startling

FAR WEST.

"Where once a city sprang up as by magic, and bore the name of Far West."

strokes. In June this boy child came to the little home, standing here on this hillside. In Joseph Smith's history of the church as found in *Millennial Star*, volume 16, pp. 152, 153, we find this small item. "Pres. Hyrum Smith returned to Far West on the 30th, and I returned on the first of June on account of my family for I had a son born unto me." This was the boy Alexander. The first child in the little family to

inherit the father's blue eyes and ruddy complexion. And those old time Saints who had known *his* father, the Martyr, and afterwards knew and heard Alexander, testified he inherited a striking resemblance to his father in voice, gesture, and manner of presentation in the pulpit. And small wonder when we consider the anxiety that attended all those months crowded into the years of thirty-seven and thirty-eight. How every word that fell from the lips of Joseph Smith was weighed for or against him and his people, both by enemy and friend. If hereditary influences *ever* counted, it should be easily traced in this instance. Who more anxiously interested in every word and action of the young leader than the wife of his heart and the mother of his children? And from the gloom of his prison comes this letter to show the yearnings of the husband and father for the little group warm and waiting in the glow of the fire here at home in Far West.

RICHMOND, MISSOURI, November 12, 1838.

My Dear Emma: We are prisoners in chains and under strong guards for Christ's sake and for no other causes; although there have been things that were unbeknown to us and altogether beyond our control that might seem to the mob to be a pretext for them to persecute us; but on examination I think that the authorities will discover our innocence and set us free; but if this blessing can not be obtained I have this consolation, that I am an innocent man, let what will befall me.

I received your letter, which I read over and over again; it was a sweet morsel to me. O God, grant that I may have the privilege of seeing once more my lovely family in the enjoyment of the sweets of liberty and sociable life; to press them to my bosom and kiss their lovely cheeks would fill my heart with unspeakable gratitude. Tell the children that I am alive, and trust I shall come and see them before long. Comfort their hearts all you can, and try to be comforted yourself all you can. There is no possible danger but what we shall be set at liberty if justice can be done, and that you know as well as myself. The trial will begin to-day for some of us. Lawyer Reese, and we expect Doniphan, will plead our cause. We could get no others in time for the trial. They are able men and will do well, no doubt.

Brother Robinson is chained next to me, he has a true heart and a firm mind; Brother Wight is next, Brother Rigdon next, Hyrum next, Parley next, Amasa next; and thus we are bound together in chains, as well as the cords of everlasting love. We are in good spirits and rejoice

that we are counted worthy to be persecuted for Christ's sake. Tell little Joseph he must be a good boy. Father loves him with a perfect love; he is the eldest—must not hurt those that are smaller than he, but care for them. Tell little Frederick father loves him with all his heart; he is a lovely boy. Julia is a lovely little girl; I love her also. She is a promising child; tell her father wants her to remember him and be a good girl. Tell all the rest that I think of them and pray for them all.

Brother Babbitt is waiting to carry our letters for us. Colonel Price is inspecting them; therefore my time is short. Little Alexander is on my mind continually. O, my affectionate Emma, I want you to remember that I am a true and faithful friend to you and the children for ever. My heart is entwined around yours for ever and ever. O, may God bless you all. Amen. I am your husband, and am in bonds and tribulation, etc. JOSEPH SMITH, JR.

To Emma Smith.

P. S.—Write as often as you can, and if possible come and see me, and bring the children if possible. Act according to your own feelings and best judgment, and endeavor to be comforted, if possible, and I trust that all will turn out for the best. Yours, J. S.

Twice in the month of December, the jail at Liberty was graced by the presence of this noble lady, to visit her prisoner husband, and again in January her name appears among visitors there. Then we turn with her from this city of lost hopes and persecution. Keeping the babe warm by her own sad heart beats, she made the others comfortable as possible and crossed the wintry land and frozen streams by carriage. Reaching the Misssissippi she gathered her two youngest into her arms and with the hands of the two older ones clinging to her skirts, she walked across the freshly frozen waters to the freedom and shelter offered by the State of Illinois; crowded to this hard and wearisome journey by the exterminating order of Governor Boggs.

Heartbroken and sad, she found shelter in the city of Quincy, at the home of a man named Cleveland. Faithfully she waited; fearing, hoping, alternately, for tidings from the prison-bound husband. And how glad was their meeting and how blessed the freedom from Missouri's bitter oppressors!

It is not possible to separate, even in story, the life of any one of the Smith boys from their mother. In sequence and

effect the life of mother and sons are woven together for ever. Her fidelity and care and companionship are like strong and shining threads woven into the warp and woof of their destinies. Robbed, most cruelly robbed of a father's love and

"I don't want my picture taken." Alexander H. Smith in childhood.

care, the burden of rearing and providing for them fell upon the mother; and with it, unconsciously maybe, the future of the church purified and reorganized.

And following the course of life as it flowed, we find Alexander celebrating his first birth anniversary in the log house bought of Hugh White by Joseph Smith, near the little town of Commerce, Illinois. Here I take up the life story of Alexander Hale Smith with feelings of deep and tender love.

And I wish that I could vitalize the scenes of my father's life and make them to throb with life, and glow with light; in fact become immortal in the hearts of those who shall come after him, as they vibrate in the memory of those who knew him. Ah! if I could: but my hands fall down! But considering his desires I must try, and if I fail it shall not be because I have not a noble and worthy subject. I found my simple structure on the facts of his life and those prenatal influences going before them. Besides, honest parenthood and sturdy ancestral stock, I remember the softening and tender influences that accompany scenes of pain and suffering to our fellow-beings, when viewed by great and noble souls, as was his mother's. He was but a child of six years and three weeks, when the awful and bewildering scenes connected with the tragedy at Carthage whirled about him. Vague and terrifying was their effect on his youthful mind. He knew that a great calamity had fallen upon his world and his mother's. When the little, blue-eyed brother, David, came into the home circle, a few months later, the horizon of his happiness widened marvelously. His loving, sympathetic nature found joy in the very dependence of the baby. And this feeling of strong and protective affection never lessened; being succeeded in later manhood by a strong and deep love for David's only son, Elbert A.

Warm hearted, impulsive, easily moved to quick and decisive action or tears of pity and repentance, he moved through the years of infancy and early childhood; a childhood spent in Nauvoo and its vicinity, save for a short sojourn in the fall of eighteen hundred and forty-six, when Emma Smith sought more peaceful surroundings in Fulton City, Illinois, a town about one hundred and forty miles up the river. The stay here was but a few months. In the spring, the family moved back to the hotel home in the Mansion House at Nauvoo. Athletic sports were favorites with my father. An active, out-of-door life made him a swimmer, wrestler, and skater of some skill.

Jumping, running, and rowing received attention. Sometimes the mother, with the boys, lived on the family farm. Sometimes the mother stayed in the hotel and had help at the farm. My father received common schooling in the public schools of Nauvoo, although the things that *educated* him were not infrequently far from the desk in the old hall, for he was a lover and a student of nature in all her moods. The signals of wind and tide, bird and animal, were known to him, in wonderful measure. He laid his hand to the rudder and the simple river craft answered to his will like a thing of life; he placed his finger on the trigger and the firearm responded with unerring result; he placed a caressing shoulder close to her nose and immediately the high-spirited little filly yielded to his guiding, soothing voice, and there were confidential relations established. Singing and whistling, he tramped with his brothers and fellows through the Old Mansion. Sometime in each year the town held a shooting match "free for all," but Alex. Smith and another young man of Nauvoo, because of the skill of these two they were barred.

Here again, we find the possible consequence of hereditary influences. During the troublous times in Far West, previous to the birth of my father, the only recourse for protection was the gun—arms. Prowess in their use was considered desirable. Women, clad in men's clothing, stood guard, gun in hand, where other women slept. Couple these influences with the native proclivities, due to ancestral necessities, for his was a family of pioneers, and we account for this seeming love for a gun.

In contradistinction to this very marked characteristic in Alexander, we produce the disposition of his brother David on the same point. Back of the sorrowful scene in the dining room of the Old Mansion, following that twenty-seventh day of June, eighteen hundred and forty-four, when Emma Smith bent over the silent, bleeding form of the father of her unborn

child, now called David, back of that scene, I say, lay the militia, the glitter of military trappings and the death dealing gun. Fear of its awful work had lain close to her heart as the embryo child, and from his earliest childhood the boy David had an abhorrence for all manner of firearms. Though Alexander loved also the peaceable things of life, the dauntless spirit of Far West seemed to be with him, and fearlessness was part of his strongly emotional nature. His mother's word was law; her decision, the end of all controversy. She was the center of the universe to him. His tendency to cry when angered or irritated, won for him a disagreeable little nickname from his older brothers and sister. On the other hand, his insistent and determined pursuit of any fixed object or purpose made him a desirable ally in game or work. The unselfishness of boyhood rendered him poorer in worldly goods but secure in the love of friends. This very element in later life developed into a hospitality luxurious by reason of its very simplicity.

He found delight in the use of tools, and in their manipulation developed a certain amount of genius. With his pocketknife and a small piece of glass, he produced from half a shingle or a bit of pine, really artistic little articles. Often have I seen him the center of a group of interested little people, they eagerly watching the growth of some article, wonderful to them. It was not alone the Yankee knack of making shavings, but an inborn creative faculty that guided his hand. In our childhood his clever hand often supplied our playthings; cupboards and the wooden plates and daintily finished sets of "jack straws"; while the woman of the household thanked him in her heart many times for the trifles that he provided to make her lot easier. We children considered his creative ability as bounded only by economic conditions. I remember watching with appreciative concern the building of a rowboat by him. To us children the growth of that boat was nothing

less than marvelous, from the first curling white shaving, to the putting on of the creamy white paint and then the green trimmings. The launching of the boat was an event of interest, but it faded into the glory of a lesser type when one day I found it christened with my own name. I fairly went dizzy

ALEXANDER HALE SMITH.
(In late boyhood.)

with the honor of it. A boat made by father, named by himself and mother—for me! What this power and love for making things might have become in the hands of our manual training people of to-day, I can only conjecture, but it counted to *him* for good without any training.

There was not a spot in or about Nauvoo with which my

father was not familiar. The islands, the river, the prairies, the timber, the hills, and the old houses in the romantic, beautiful place; he loved them all, in a way. He knew the shifting scenes that drifted over Nauvoo, although their deeper significance was not so plain to him in boyhood as in later years. Then, it lost nothing in retrospect. The discovery of gold that presaged the wild rush for Pikes Peak, caught his youthful spirit in its adventurous meshes, and he joined a party starting for that promising field. He was then strong limbed, swift and free of action, merry hearted and chivalrous, in the nineteenth year of his life. He did not get far, however, on this gold hunt. The party turned back from the plains of western Kansas. The disappointment was great, but subsequent events bear out the thought that the hand of destiny overruled. The crossing of the western plains, with all its dangers, and with other than fields of gold in view, lay yet before him.

In the year when his brother Joseph took his place in the church, the home circle was much agitated. A mighty force tugged at the bonds of peace. Alexander was not religiously inclined. His experience with religion had not been of a character to induce him to give it much thought. The fundamental principles of the gospel must first awaken him to a love of God. His mind was in a tumult. His adored younger brother, David, joined himself to the church, while the mother stood stoutly by him. It was a serious outlook. Already friends were turned against them. A warning had come to his brother Joseph from the citizens, that he must neither preach nor pray in public, nor in any way attempt to promulgate his doctrine in the county in which he lived. This threat did what nothing else had done for Alexander. He began to search such books as were at his command, and began to believe the principles therein. Their beauty and power appealed to his mind as true and desirable. Still he lingered.

There had come often to the home of Emma Smith, a widow named Elizabeth Kendall. Sometimes from the home in one room of the Brick Row she brought her little family of three small children. To Emma Smith she told her story, of the death of her husband, an elder in England, and these women may have found comfort in each other's society.

The years went by. Elizabeth Kendall, my maternal grandmother, slept deep and unwaking, and her children were scattered. In time, the little English babe, Elizabeth, came into the household at the Mansion. She was now a small girl of fourteen and needed the love and tender care that Emma Smith gave to her. Henceforth she knew a mother's watchfulness and kindly interest in her health, morals, and eternal welfare. She was like some shy little plant transplanted into a strange garden. She grew into womanhood in the Mansion, and in the old parlor there, she was married to Alexander, in the spring of eighteen hundred and sixty-one. The young couple went onto the family farm and began their new life.

Among their many privations they yet found much to recall with pleasure. That first year taxed the young husband's inventive skill. There seemed an endless array of "necessities," and small means to procure them. It was his pocketknife that whittled from a piece of hard board their first washboard. Even and straight and true to line, he notched the board, until there was a square of little hills pronounced and rough enough to "rub" the most soiled of linens clean, when the light-hearted little wife got it in hand. That following winter they carried the little wife and her baby boy, on a sled, to town; lifting her on her bed into the shelter of the good old Mansion again. Here the mother of Alexander nursed his wife back to health and rosiness. The mother's hands were tireless now, for her second son, Frederick G. W., lay in his death sickness. In April they carried him over to

the family burying ground at the Homestead and laid him down to sleep; and the brother David wrote feelingly:

"They have laid him to sleep, in the warm hillside,
'Neath the shade of the green locust tree;
Where the birds will sing and the wild flowers spring
And the long grasses wave mournfully."

But my father found cause for deep perplexity. His brother had died without baptism, and he knew days and nights of sorrow, as he contemplated the possibilities. The cheerful, generous nature of Frederick endeared him to all who knew him. His was a peculiarly happy and sunny temperament that has won for him to the third generation a reputation for his many lovable qualities. His was the merriest heart of all the merry household. His soft brown eyes held no accusation nor severity in their gentle depths. Tearfully, the grandmother gathered the little son of Alexander into her arms, and thanked the fates that had prompted them to name him Frederick Alexander.

But the separation of death still had the bitterness of a nameless fear added to it for my father. That his beloved brother was lost was a horror such as has filled many hearts; but to his there came a balm, the testimony of the Spirit, the first communication direct from that Comforter, saying, "Grieve not; Frederick's condition is pleasant; and the time shall come when baptism can be secured to him," admonishing him to do his duty and all would be well. Satisfied of the necessity of baptism for the living, and comforted by the evidence of its possibility for the dead, on May the 25th of the same year, his brother Joseph baptized him in the grand old Mississippi, confirmation following under the hands of the same, assisted by Elder Nathan Foster. In July of the same year his wife followed him, receiving baptism by Joseph Smith and confirmation by his administration the same day.

My father was now in his twenty-fourth year; tall, straight,

and lithe. The brown hair of earlier years had grown black. The stern realities of life were before him. His delight in mechanism led him to partnership in a photograph gallery. This venture did not hold him long. He found employment at carpenter work, and gave it attention and enjoyed it. He had not overcome his love for the hunt and the spirit of Nimrod led him forth through many a wild hunt for ducks or long tramp after quails or prairie chickens. To such scenes his mind often recurred in later years. I recall one wintry day a few years ago; he had been confined to his chair for days with rheumatism in his back. The clouds flew in little, scudding groups, low over the sodden prairies. I found him at the table writing. There was a dreamy look in his eyes. "What you writing?" I queried, leaning over his shoulder. He laughed softly and handed the manuscript to me. "It's the river-lust in me, daughter; the river-lust; why I can see the white caps riding in, and the fret-line on the shore, and I'm hungry for it; sick for the sound of the river. I want to go to Nauvoo!"

I glanced down the page he had given me. "Can I have it, father?" indicating the paper.

"Yes; I just wrote it to ease my homesickness. Keep it or use it or burn it as you like. I want the river and Nauvoo and mother!" and through the big windows to the south and east of his warm sitting room he looked away to the Iowa hills but saw a scene dear to his boyhood; now changed, and changed sadly. I laid the little roll of paper by, not guessing *how* I should finally use it.

The little sketch will serve to show the strong love of the man for the hunt, and also his freedom of spirit, and perhaps give us an idea of the youthful proclivities that in later life turned and tuned to "greater love" made him a fearless and faithful *"hunter of men"* even unto that *last* sunset over the waters he so dearly loved, flowing past Nauvoo.

One evening, when a young man, I arose from my seat beside the fire,

for the cool weather made a fire necessary to comfort, and passed to the door, and looked out; my wife noticed that I was restless and uneasy and remarked, "What *is* the matter with you?"

Now, that the reader may the better catch the thread of this little story, I will say I was then a young man of about twenty-four. Was married and lived in the Old Mansion, situated on the brow of the hill on the east bank of the broad Mississippi, whose beautiful waters shone in the light of the afternoon sun with enticings strong for me, for I

Elizabeth Kendall Smith and oldest son Frederick Alexander.

dearly loved the old river. My wife saw the spirit of unrest was upon me, and was uneasy, because she and our baby boy had ere this been left alone for days, while I was off on the river, or in the woods, no one knowing exactly where nor at what time I would return.

Our brown eyed, dark haired baby boy was a joy to her, and a comfort when I was gone, but her heart was always filled with fear when she knew I was on the waters, or when I was gone and she knew *not* where. I was a good enough sort, had few bad habits, but unfortunately for my

wife's peace of mind, I was descended from a great hunter, only two removes, and in my blood was the taint;—a love for my gun and rod—and as the seasons for hunting or fishing came round, my blood became fevered with a longing for the woods, or river and lakes, and I could seldom resist the "call of the wild"; and so my wife many times found herself alone with our baby for days. With this explanation, the reader can understand with what uneasiness she asked the question, "Now what *is* the matter with you?" She had heard the call of the quail that afternoon, and knew that I also had heard it. Three separate times I left my seat and went to the door and listened. At last I sprang to my feet, caught down my gun, and saying, "I'm going to see if I can find those quail; I'll not be gone long," I passed out, crossed the road, and was soon out of sight in the neighboring fields.

Now when I started out with my gun, I really had no thought of going beyond that neighboring field; but the spell was on me, and I could no more be content to abide in the four walls of a house than could the little martins stay when the time to go had come. In the first field I did not find the quail, so in the next I must *needs* go. I knew that the evening meal would soon be ready, but little cared I, while the impulse to roam was upon me. My footsteps soon led me past the dwelling of a neighbor, one Sam Chambers, whose love for a gun and the fields was as great as my own. As I approached the dwelling, I shouted and Sam came out, and as soon as he saw that I had my gun, he said, "Wait a minute and I'll go with you." Now Sam was a married man, too, and had a family, but the hunting nature was strong in him also; so, when he joined me, his blood was fired by the same fever and unrest that made me reckless of time.

When he came, he said, "Where to now?" I replied, "Oh, anywhere; let us go up the river." So up the river we went. Field after field was passed through, until just before the sun reached the horizon, we found ourselves some three miles and a half away from home and near the river bank. Then I remembered I had a canoe which had been left, still a half mile above where we were. The proposition was made to go and get the canoe and ride home. It suited both, and we were soon in the frail vessel speeding towards home.

The canoe was a small one, barely able to bear up two full grown men, and when we were seated and had pushed off from the shore it appeared that but two or three inches of the gunwale was above water; but both of us were expert boatmen, and used to that kind of vessel, so we felt no fear. The weather had been cold several nights before, and ice had formed in the river north of us, and was now floating quite thickly in midstream. As we pulled out into the stream, some wild ducks flew past and settled in the water near the opposite shore. The river here was nearly a mile wide, and to reach the opposite side we hunters had to pass through the floating ice. But as it seemed very little out of our way, we at once proposed to run across and try for some ducks. True, by this time the sun was disappearing, but we did not mind that, as the evenings were light, as a rule, long after sunset; but unfortunately

for us, as we neared the farther shore, a fierce squall, or gale of wind suddenly arose, and swept over the river, and our frail craft would not live ten minutes, in such weather, so we hastily sought shelter on shore. With the wind, came clouds and rain. The wind blew so fiercely it would catch up the water from the top of the waves and blow it in great sheets through the air. The night settled down in earnest and it became very dark. We were in for a night's stay on an island. So long as the wind raged, there was no escape. To add to our discomfort, we began to get very hungry, but there was no show for supper on that bleak island; no human habitation within miles and miles of us.

Through the island, which was large, some miles in extent, ran deep but narrow sloughs; the landing had been made near one of these.

I remembered a deserted woodchopper's cabin, a mile or such a matter across the island, on the banks of this water way, and I proposed to take to the boat and keep close under the bank, and if possible reach the old hut for shelter for the night; and now began a voyage of danger, under the best of conditions; with the wind blowing as it was, it was a hazardous undertaking; but in the dark, it was doubly so. The banks were abrupt, the wind from the west, and by keeping in touch of the shore with our paddles, we slowly coasted across the island, till the shapes of tall trees overhead told us we were near the shanty.

How often since that, I have wondered how we ever made that trip and found the hut; but we did it. We built a fire in the hut, and by its light we found, carefully laid up, a loaf of dry bread some woodchopper had left, and having killed a duck, we roasted it over the fire and feasted on roast duck and bread, and chatted and talked till sleepy, then stretched ourselves on the wooden bunks in the shanty and went to sleep. It must not be thought there was much comfort in the woodman's shanty, but it was a shelter from the fierce west wind. There were no blankets, nor even straw in the bunks. We were glad to be even sheltered from the cold wind, however. It was a long, weary night, but daylight came at last.

As soon as it was light enough to see to shoot, Sam went out to see the river and if possible get a duck or two, while I roasted what remained of yesterday's catch, which was scant enough for two hungry hunters. Sam returned and reported the main river too rough yet to venture on with our light canoe. Here we were, two men on an island, one of many miles long, with main river on the east, and several wide waterways or sloughs on the west between us and the mainland. Thus we were obliged to wait till the wind ceased blowing, ere we could leave the island.

After breakfast, we both went to the bank on the main river, to wait for the going down of the wind. It was cold; neither one had overcoat or gloves, and we were forced to keep moving to keep warm. Noon came, and still the gale swept the waves aloft. Toward evening, to add to our misery, there came a fierce shower of rain and sleet, and wet us through. After the rain, the wind increased in force. We feared to leave the river, being anxious, if the wind ceased blowing as the sun went down, to

hasten across the cold water. We gathered a huge pile of driftwood and succeeded, after many trials, in lighting a fire. Everything was wet and it was very difficult to get the wet wood to burn. The sun went down, angry and red. We watched the wind-tossed waves from beside the huge fire we had built. The ground was too wet and cold to lie down on, and weariness began to overcome us, to say nothing of hunger, which had become intense by this time, for we had been unsuccessful in killing any more game. However, we gathered brush and piled it near the fire, and lay down on that to catch, if possible, a little sleep. But the cold was so severe, we had to keep turning to keep warm; one side freezing, the other roasting.

The long, wretched night passed at last, and day came, but no cessation of the wind. Storm bound and miserable, wet, cold, and hungry, stiff and sore, we roused ourselves and sought for something to eat. One poor little duck was all we could find that day, and that seemed only to aggravate our hunger. It did seem strange, but the very ducks were hid away, or refused to venture to face the storm. We wandered up and down the bleak river shore, and at last resolved to seek the old shanty and spend another night within its walls; but on further thought, we resolved to risk a move, one in the canoe, and one on shore, and coast along down the river. On reaching the sloughs, or waterways, we both entered the canoe and crossed them. Several times the water splashed into the little boat, and as many times we were in danger of sinking. We could not have lived twenty minutes in the cold water, if we had been plunged into it, even if we could have kept on the surface so long, but by great care and skill, keeping close under the bank as much as possible, we finally reached the mainland and thus the town, some four miles below where we were held upon the island. It was evening, just before dark, when we came ashore there, and recognized the boat of a friend who was looking for us. We soon found him, and I got into his boat while Sam paddled the canoe, keeping close to the larger boat; thus we crossed the wide river. It was late at night when I carefully let myself into my own home, and found my way to my wife's room. I found her wide awake, a bright light in her room, and as I opened the door and walked in, she turned pale and for a moment was silent, then she said, "You're a pretty fellow, aren't you? Where have you been?" A little shamefacedly, I answered, "Aren't you glad to see me? I'm hungry! Can you give me something to eat?"

And the baby looked up from the bed and laughed, "Papa, papa!"

(To be continued.)

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BIOGRAPHY OF ALEXANDER HALE SMITH.

BY VIDA E. SMITH.

(Continued from page 19.)

Whether the many noble men, who did not rush into the volunteer ranks of that lamentable war of 1860, are subject to censure or praise, I leave it for others to say. I can not think there were not brave hearts that beat neither under the blue coat of the North nor the gray cloth of the South.

When Lincoln made call for soldiers in 1864, my father was among the number drafted from Illinois. He was at this time an ordained minister in charge of the Saint Louis District. He made preparations to meet the call. He had never received his portion of his father's limited and harassed estate. My mother thought that in justice to herself and babe provision should be made for their occupancy. Accordingly search was made for the "legal" papers touching his rights, but they were not to be found, the supposition being they had disappeared by theft. By legal procedure he received his portion of the family farm and a deed to the Mansion House and grounds. This deed bears the date of October, 1864, but was not recorded until the following June. His discharge from the draft (Nauvoo having furnished her full quota of men) bears date of November, 1864. Those early days of the sixties were spent in new lines of thought and venture. Father traveled in western Iowa and southern Illinois, and preached, laboring in the time between for means to support his family.

There was a small branch in Nauvoo called the "Olive Leaf" —a humble and earnest little band who met in the Brick Store Room on the northwest corner of the Homestead lot. Sometimes in their simplicity of faith they stood in a row and with bowed heads and folded hands offered prayer, one following one down the consecrated line. From this hopeful hearted little band went out some who stood in line of battle for defense

of the truth, bravely and unflinchingly. My father was called to the office of teacher in 1862; after this wise he tells of it.

The branch to which I belonged, called the Olive Leaf, was in need of a teacher; and at a meeting for the purpose of electing officers, a member arose and nominated my name and moved that I be ordained, and then bore testimony that the Spirit witnessed to him that it was my calling. Imagine, if you can, my surprise. My feelings were such, I scarce realized that what he said was in earnest, until my elder brother arose and confirmed the testimony and supported the motion. When I fully realized what was being done, I sprang to my feet and objected. I held a very exalted idea of what a teacher in the Church of Jesus Christ ought to be, and I knew that I did not fill the measure of requirements a teacher should possess. I was young, inexperienced, ignorant of the law of God and the order of his church, had been a wild, thoughtless boy; and in no sense, in my own estimation, was I worthy to be made teacher over members who had been in the church nearly as many years as I had been in the world. The task seemed altogether too huge an undertaking for me, and I tried to avoid it, for I felt that the office of teacher was one of great importance in the church. I argued that I could not talk in meeting—it was out of the question; but I was met with the objection that my plea was not well made, as I had already been speaking twenty minutes very rapidly. Not wishing to appear rebellious, I finally consented to do the best I could, and was ordained a teacher.

The first years of his ministry always held a charm for him, and his experience at that time was a delight to him in retrospect. He had sufficient experience in modern spiritualism to satisfy him that he wanted none of it. The forces back of it were to him unlovely and not desirable. Although sometimes mysterious and wonderful things held charms for him, he turned from the modern seance to nobler and loftier evidences of a higher and better power. His natural tendency to skepticism kept him alert to the study of cause and effect, and his faith in God did but increase as he studied. It was while on his first mission, in 1863, that he had a remarkable experience in the healing power of God made evident to man. This he tells as follows:

Brother Blair and I were making one of his characteristic tours. Calhoun, Crescent City, Council Bluffs, Omaha, and Florence were our objective points. At one of these points we were called in to administer

to a sister who was afflicted with cancer of the eye, or as I discovered when she removed the plaster, the cancer was fixed between the eyelid and the eyebrow, above the eye proper, but under the brow bone, and of course it affected the eye. She said she had consulted a physician as to the possibility of having the cancer cut out. He had given her no hope; said the cancer was so near the brain that in all probability its roots had already fastened upon vital parts, and he would not run the risk of an attempt to cut it out. She could expect no relief from human aid, but must look death in the face until by slow process of a spider-cancer eating away the vital spark, which might entail years of suffering. She wept as she told us how hopeless life seemed to her, unless God would have mercy and relieve her.

We talked with and tried to comfort the poor woman. My heart was deeply stirred by her condition, and I could have wept with her, I so deeply sympathized with her. We administered to her, remaining in the neighborhood a week. Just on the eve of leaving we visited her again. There was no visible effect for good. I confess I was fearful; and thoughts of doubt would arise. However, we administered to her again, and the Spirit promised her relief. At once I stored up the promise, and resolved to watch the results. Ten days or two weeks passed ere we returned, but on our return trip we called in to see the sister, and found her at the washtub. She was in the habit of wearing a court-plaster over her eye to hide the sore.

Brother Blair began to converse with her, and asked how she was getting along with her cancer. She began to tell him it had not given her much trouble of late, but she still wore the plaster, and as she said this she put up her hand and passed her fingers over the afflicted part. Her face first flushed red, then turned pale, and she sank into a chair and said, "Oh, thank God, it is gone, it is gone!" and broke down and wept like a child. This time I did not weep with her.

Upon examination there was not a trace of the cancer; not a scar, not a mark. The brow and eye were as smooth and white and fresh as the other one. I shall never forget the happy, relieved look which came into that poor sister's face when she realized that God had sent a reprieve, and given her life again. And for weeks I dwelt in wonderland, constantly thinking of God's love and his wonderful way of manifesting it. The promise of the Spirit was verified, my faith confirmed, and the truth vindicated, for I knew there was no power in our hands to remove that cancer; but God had done it; to him be the glory, now and evermore.

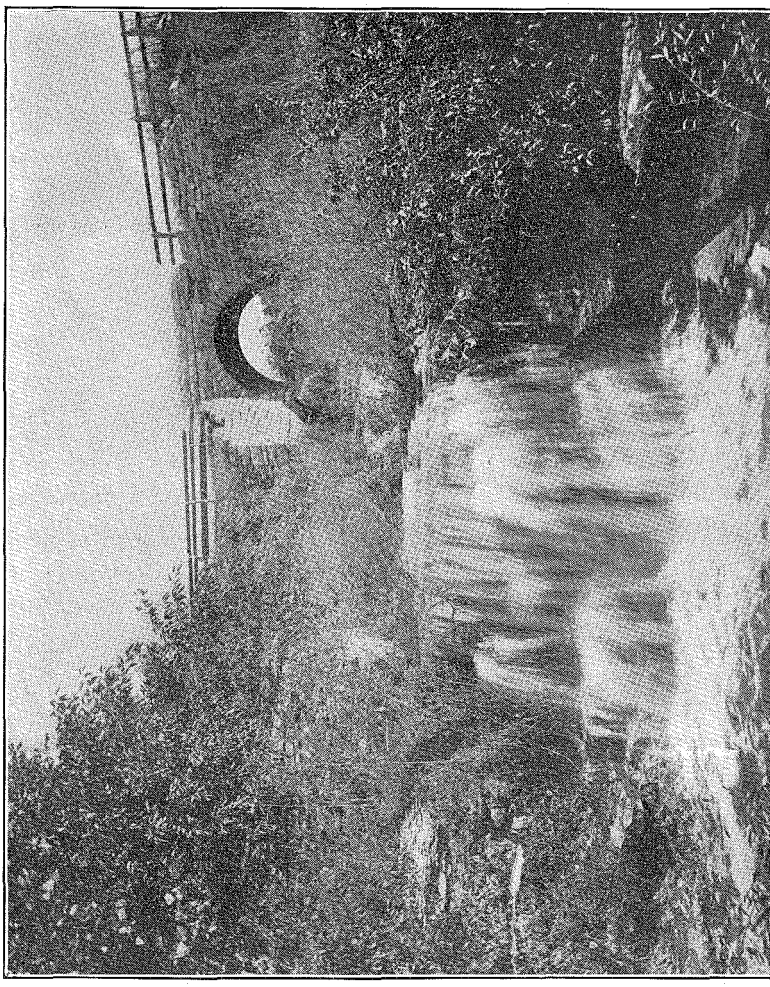
God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.

In December, 1863, Elder Charles Derry visited Nauvoo. From his writings at this time we quote regarding my father: "Alexander Smith is not so tall as David, nor so heavy as

Joseph. Is of light complexion, free and sociable, intelligent, and takes a great interest in the work. His wife is a pretty, neat little body and in the church. All of them [the Smith boys] are working men, but David also goes to school. I never saw a family pay more respect to their mother than all three do." He bears testimony also to their training in ways of honesty, industry, and virtue. The eventful summer of 1864 my father learned many things from old time Saints in the Saint Louis District, where he went with Henry Cuerdon. Later Elder Cuerdon was released and William Anderson became the fellow-laborer of my father. Of his friendship with this man I would like to tell much that space forbids. Some of his earliest missionary experiences were had in company with this gentleman of culture and close reading. A man of refined manners and handsome appearance, and a preacher of ability and depth of thought. Their friendship endured, warm and sincere, until the death of Elder Anderson in Oakland, California, in 1888.

In January, 1865, I had the honor of being presented to Alexander H. Smith as his second child and first daughter. My home coming being celebrated in the little chamber on the south side of the long hall, upstairs in the Mansion House. The room was near the stairs, and was one of the two in the many along that hall that could be heated. The Homestead had been honored with the birth of grandchildren, and the farm by one, now old Number 10 held the first grandchild born in the Mansion, but not the last. They gave to me a revision of my Uncle David's name Vida, and Elizabeth for my bonnie little mother. Of course Number 10 was a peculiarly interesting place to me, and when a decade later my Uncle David's only boy was presented to the young parents in that same room, it was robbed of none of its glamour, although I must admit that the beautiful sweep of the river and its attendant view was not so enchanting as from the room near the end of the

hall. Does this attach to my father's story? Oh, yes. Everything that meant anything to his children was part of his story, and the old Mansion House was to him a shrine of



THE WATERFALL.

sweet memories. Dear to him the old haunts, of the bridge, the waterfall, the winding river road, the old apple trees, the aged men and women or merry young folk, and always "right gladly did he greet the homely old front door, that opened to

the street, by locusts shaded o'er." In March of 1865 he was appointed to labor close to his home. On some of these little trips, accompanied by his brother David, he received wonderful blessings and had great pleasure; albeit many times he traveled on foot and weary. His splendid outdoor life stood him in good hand.

The following year, 1866, he attended the annual conference at Plano, Illinois, his brother Joseph being at this time a resident of the place. At this time James W. Gillen was appointed to labor in Utah and William Anderson in England. Later in the conference provision was made for a mission called California Mission. This was to comprise the States of Nevada, California, and Oregon, and the Territory of Washington. Alexander H. Smith was appointed in charge, with power to choose his fellow-laborers. Such choice making these men the same as appointed by the conference. Immediately after this William Anderson's appointment to England was reconsidered. The mover of the resolution withdrew it. Alexander H. Smith then chose William Anderson and William H. Kelley. On April 12, 1866, my father was ordained a high priest, under the hands of Joseph Smith and Jason W. Briggs. Arrangements began at once for the prosecution of the mission.

My father left Nauvoo on May 20. His heart wrung with sorrow at the parting from wife, children, and mother, but his spirit burning with the fire of sacrifice that impelled him forward.

A shadow fell on the little group in the Mansion as the sound of the springing footstep died away on the soft spring air. Long and terrible that journey stretched before them, and the mother and wife wept together. Dull and heavy the time dragged sometimes, as they waited, and sometimes the tales of massacres by the Indians on those lonely plains gave them troubled hearts and sleepless nights. The varied and busy days of travel made time move faster for the one journeying,

but for the home keepers, letters seemed few and long on the way, and who shall not say they suffered in measure as much as the wanderers. My father tells of his journey thus:

At this time in the history of the church, the bishopric and temporal laws of the church were not as well organized as at present, and missionaries who were appointed were expected to get into their field and prosecute their work "without purse or scrip"; and they endured many hardships, and made many sacrifices which they are not now called upon to make. I make the above statements in order that the reader may better understand what follows in my narration of events which occurred in the experience of an elder in the earlier days of the Reorganization.

I had passed through some very peculiar experiences in the ministry previous to this appointment, but none of so grave a nature as the one which now stared me in the face. I had been educated to believe the law required the elders to go "two by two" and to start out literally without enough means in hand to buy a meal of victuals. I had so gone twice before on short missions, but now I was required to go a long ways from home, seventeen hundred—nearly two thousand miles. That is not far now, with the fast trains and quick transit, but at the time I speak of there were no steel roads and iron horses with palace coaches to cross the weary, sandy plains, and lofty Rocky Mountains, and instead of three days and nights as now, with all the comforts of modern improvements in railway carriage, it required three long months by team.

By some interposition of providence, Bro. W. H. Kelley could not go, so Bro. William Anderson and I prepared to face the, to us, unknown dangers of such a mission. I remember that when Brethren Anderson and Gillen visited me we talked the matter over, realizing that some one would have to act as cook; my mother gave us some very useful information in that direction. However, the time for departure was at hand. Brother Anderson and I had some talk about taking two coats, and in packing my valise I was in doubt. I had no overcoat, but I had a light alpaca frock coat, which I put in my valise, thinking it would be nice to wear indoors. I bade my wife, children, and my mother good-bye, and started on foot, satchel in hand, for a journey of nearly two thousand miles. I had walked nearly across the street when I remembered that I had fifty cents in a forgotten wallet in my pocket. I set my valise down in the road and returned to the house and gave it to my wife. I am thus particular to show how the earlier missionaries understood the law, and were willing to abide by it.

There was now, as my first stage in the journey, one fourth of a mile to the ferry across the Mississippi River. In returning and giving up the fifty cents I deprived myself of means to pay the ferryman. I thought of this as I took up my bundle and started on. Perhaps half the distance to the ferry had been passed when I met a boy of my

acquaintance who asked, "Where are you going?" When I told him, "Well, I will take you over the river in my skiff if you like," he replied. This came so unexpectedly and so unasked for, that it rather startled me, and I thought it a good omen and a fair beginning. I thanked him, accepting his aid, and soon placed the beautiful river between me and my home. I met Bro. William Anderson at the house of father F. Burley, Montrose, Lee County, Iowa. A few of the Saints had met in prayer service and to see us off. Here once again the question of two coats was sprung and discussed, an appeal to the law was made, and we were convinced that two coats were prohibited. This was a little hard on Brother William, as he had been so fortunate as to have obtained a nice, warm, new overcoat, but he folded it up and sent it right home with his wife, who had come thus far on the way to see him off; and my poor little alpaca came out of my grip and was also sent back. Well, we were making a good beginning, but it was just a little hard on two high-spirited, ambitious young elders.

It was with weeping eyes that we bade the little band of Saints good-bye. It was nine miles from Montrose to the String Prairie Branch, and we intended to make this distance that evening on foot; but just as I was bidding the good people good-bye at Brother Burley's door, William having gone ahead of me, a two-horse wagon drove up to the door and a cheery voice cried out, "Get in; I'm going right out to String Prairie," and my heart jumped again at the evidence that a kind providence was aiding us at the start. Brother William had passed out through the garden, taking leave of his family unobserved, thus getting the start of me. We drove on and soon overtook him, beneath the shade of a friendly tree, his eyes showing the state of his heart. Thus we were fairly on our way, and in comparative silence the time passed till we drew rein at the door of Bro. James Newberry, who received us gladly.

After supper we went, in company with several others, to attend prayer meeting, as it was Sunday evening. The Spirit was present, and we felt refreshed. The president of the branch told the Saints that we were on our way to California to our mission field, asking them to do their duty and aid us on the way, and a collection was taken for us, and all this without a word of request from us. Next morning one of the brethren took us by wagon to a wood station near on the railroad then building up the Des Moines Valley. We flagged the train, it stopped, we got on, having some means to satisfy the conductor, thanks to the generosity of the Saints at String Prairie. That line of railroad was in course of construction, and Ottumwa was then the western terminus. . . . We went to a hotel, washed up, and got supper, and booked for Leon by stage. For the first day and night the stage was full, and we were forced to travel slowly. I remember that about midnight the second night the kingbolt broke, and we were left to wait till our driver found a blacksmith shop to make repairs. . . . The next day our numbers were so reduced that there were but four of us in the coach.

A young man from Pennsylvania was going "way out west," as far as Harrison County, Iowa. The young man had never been away from home and was keenly alive to every new feature of the country and people. Rain, rain, rain! Mud, mud, mud! was now the order, and sometimes, especially at night, we could but think an overcoat would have been very comfortable. However, we sat closer together and economized the heat. Our conversation ranged upon almost all subjects.

I ought to say the fourth person in the stage was an elderly gentleman, and from the first I took him to be a minister; but for a long time he kept us in doubt. The natural curiosity of our young man from the East finally gave a turn to our conversation, which opened all the batteries along the line. He asked the simple question if there were many Indians in this country, meaning western Iowa. The old gentleman spoke up right quickly, "No; and what few there are ought all to be killed off." Immediately I asked him why they ought to be killed off, and expressed myself as surprised to hear a Christian gentleman, if not a minister, make such a statement; and then we went at it, I advocating the Indian's side of it and he the adverse. The history of the past was canvassed and brought in, William occasionally getting in a good point. So the discussion went on for two days. We drove him from one position to another, and caused him to contradict himself repeatedly. Finally the old gentleman said, "Young men, will you answer me a fair question?"

"Certainly, if we can."

"Are you not Mormons?"

"Well, no, not exactly; but we are Latter Day Saints."

"Ah, I thought so."

I replied, "May I ask what made you think so?"

"Well, sir, from your positive way of bearing testimony. I've heard of you before." And then again we drove him from one position to another until it was pitiable to see his confusion.

At last we arrived at Leon, late in the evening. It was raining, and cold, and chilly. As we descended from the stage our elderly friend invited us to call and see him; he was pastor of one of the leading churches of Leon. We stepped out on the sidewalk to discuss what it was best for us to do, for our money was all gone but fifty cents. If we went to the hotel our supper would cost us fifty cents, our lodging would cost fifty cents, and we were on the point of going to bed without supper, when the young man who had been traveling with us stepped up to us and said, "Won't you men come in and eat supper with me?" We were forced to tell him we didn't have the means for supper and lodging also.

"I understand *that*," he said; "I will pay for the meals." Once again we were cared for. After supper we retired to the hotel and went to bed, thanking God for his care.

Morning dawned, and we arose, made our toilet, paid our lodging, took our grips, and started for Pleasanton without breakfast, for our last half dollar was given for our lodging. It was very muddy, but we

sought out the best walking and waded along. I began to tire about nine o'clock, and as we were approaching a grove of timber, I remarked to William that I thought we had better have a season of prayer. "The same thought is in my mind," was his answer. So we found a convenient place and both prayed; and while on my knees the Spirit urged, "You are sent out to prove the world; how can you, if you don't make your wants known?" And as I arose to my feet I told William, and said: "I shall ask for food at the first house." We soon came to a log cabin in the woods. I knocked at the door. A fair faced woman, perhaps thirty years of age, answered my knock. I asked for a drink of water; she cheerfully brought it. I then told her we were ministers of the gospel, traveling without purse or scrip, and as yet had had no breakfast. We were without money to pay her, but would be glad if she could give us breakfast. She at once asked us in and introduced us to her mother, an elderly lady sitting near the fire, and made our wants known to her. We were given chairs, and the old lady engaged in conversation. We soon discovered that she was very intelligent and well posted in the Scriptures.

The younger woman soon prepared us a good meal, and we enjoyed it. William was the principal speaker in the conversation, and I had ample time to observe the influence of his discourse upon the two women. While the younger woman was busy getting the meal, she was very much interested in the talk, and would stop and listen a moment and then hurry on with her work. The gospel was the theme, and both talked well. However, we took our leave, and when we thanked them they shook hands with tears in their eyes. The old lady said, "I am so glad you came; if you ever come to this section you must call on us; you are the only men I have ever met who really preach the gospel. We are more than paid for all we have done for you!" I have always regretted that I did not make a memorandum of their name. I have forgotten it.

You may try to imagine how we felt! From weary, hungry men, feeling humiliated because we had to ask for food, we were comforted and fed, and rested; so we resumed our journey with more cheerful hearts. I remarked, "I shall ask the first team going our way for a ride."

William observed, "You seem much encouraged since you had your breakfast."

I answered, "I am; I have had a good lesson, and I'm going to profit by it."

As we journeyed I saw across the fields a team apparently on a crossroad coming towards the road we were on. I made up my mind that if we could reach the crossroad in time, I would ask for a ride. The mud was deep and the walking heavy, and I began to fear that my hope of a ride would be dashed away from me, as the team was in a fair way to beat us to the crossing; but I lifted up my voice and succeeded in making him hear. He stopped, and we came up. I inquired if the driver knew anyone in that section by the name of Morey.

"Why, yes, he is my father" (or father-in-law, I am not sure which).
"We would like to see him."

"Well, get into the wagon, and I'll take you right over there."

Ah, here we were again, providentially cared for. Well, we took dinner at Father Morey's, then he took us over to Brother Moffett's, and we learned that Bro. Charles Derry was holding meeting at Boothtown.[1] We attended and had a talk with the brethren on the best mode of getting on to the next branch west, at Manti. Of course we had no means, and everybody seemed to be busy. We were on the point of shouldering our grips and starting on foot when old Father Morey said to us, "Come home with me; I will manage it some way, if I have to hitch up and take you myself." So on the 25th of May we started in Brother Morey's covered wagon for Manti.

We had to face a cold northwest rainstorm most of the way. On the 27th we drove twenty-three miles, facing the rain, without breakfast, in order to get to Manti for preaching service, it being Sunday. We arrived at 9.30 a. m., Bro. S. S. Wilcox making us welcome at his home. On Monday morning Brother Wilcox hitched up his carriage and took us to Plum Creek, where Bro. Noah Green made us welcome, and in the evening we held services at Father Gaylord's. Here the Spirit bore witness that our heavenly Father was well pleased with us and would continue to bless us.

Here, in consultation as to how we were to get on our way, Brother Green kindly offered his services to carry us by wagon to Council Bluffs City; so in the morning we were en route, early. Arriving at the city we parted with Brother Green and lodged with Bro. D. P. Hartwell. Here we were obliged to walk out to Bishop Heywood's, some three or four miles from the city.

The outlook was not very bright; we felt oppressed and began to wonder what we should do. We were nearing the frontier, and would soon be beyond the jurisdiction of any church organization of which we had any knowledge. However, we laid the matter before Bishop Heywood, he studied over the matter a little while, then he asked, "Can you boys ride on a plank on the running gears of a wagon?" I answered, "I guess we can, if there is room enough for our satchels. It will beat walking a long ways." He then told us he wished to counsel with Bro. David Gamet, who was also a bishop, who was living at Little Sioux, some fifty miles northwest. He also wanted a load of hardwood lumber. Bro. Amos Chase was running a sawmill near Little Sioux. He would hitch up and we would pull right out; so we tied our grips

[1] Elder Charles Derry, in his autobiography, refers to this meeting with the missionaries as follows:

"On the 23d of May Alexander and William Anderson came in, on their mission to Utah and California. Alexander is dejected about leaving his family. It is a new and sad experience to him, but he is not inclined to flinch from the sacrifice."

onto the hind axle of the wagon, and got astride of the plank and thus rode fifty miles, or to within three miles of the town, when the brother turned into the road to the mill, and we walked into town and lodged with Bro. David M. Gamet. We met Bro. James W. Gillen here; he preached the night we arrived.

We remained here over Sunday and until Wednesday, while Brethren Gamet and Heywood counseled and went to Council Bluffs to procure a team and outfit for crossing the plains, as instructed by the Presidency. While here we held meetings and were busy. On Wednesday we started on our return to the city to outfit for our long and tedious journey over the plains. We lodged at Crescent City. The brethren, Gamet and Heywood, bought the team, a pair of small ponies; we loaded our provisions, and on account of the light weight of the team were compelled to skimp or the load would have been too much for them.

On June 13 we started. We soon learned that our team was too light, but what could we do? Brother William was discouraged. We walked to lighten the load, sometimes footsore and sick. At Shell Creek a storm had flooded the road. Our load was too heavy. I paid a dollar to have our wagon pulled out of a mud hole of four miles in length. And so we worried on until we reached Columbus City, near the Loup Fork of the Platte River. We camped for dinner about two miles from town, and here the adversary came very near dividing our party. To make time pass pleasantly we were in the habit of joking each other, and sometimes we indulged farther than we ought. We soon learned that while some could stand rough jokes, others were more sensitive. Bro. William Anderson became offended at me, and although I asked pardon, he could not or would not be reconciled; and told me afterward that if he could have secured any position in a train going through, even as a teamster, he would have left me and gone. However, he became reconciled, and we still journeyed together; but we had had our lesson, and profited by it.

When we broke camp after dinner I was the driver; William and James were walking. I stopped at a well to water the team, and the brethren passed me and went into the village ahead of me. As I drove up to the post-office the brethren hailed me and I stopped. A medium sized man with spectacles on came out bareheaded, and I was introduced to Bro. H. J. Hudson, post-master of Columbus, Nebraska, and as I felt his handclasp I knew I held the hand of a friend and brother. The very pressure of his fingers was encouraging, and the hearty welcome he gave me I shall never forget. "Well, brother, where is your team?"

"There it is," and I pointed to our ponies.

"Where?"

I led him up close to them, and pointed down at them. "What! that team of rats? Why, my God, brethren, you don't think of trying to cross the plains with that team, do you? Drive your wagon right round into

my yard; you shall never leave my place on such a trip with that outfit, with my consent."

Imagine my feelings when one hour before all had seemed dark; no prospect but that of suffering in view, no thought of turning back; a grim determination to go on, whatever our fate might be. We had traveled far enough with that team to prove the little horses good for their size, but far too small for the work demanded of them, and it was only a matter of time when we would have to leave the broken hearted little fellows on the roadside.

Columbus was then the last town on the frontier. Neither one of us knew there were any Saints there, but by inquiry for mail, we were recognized and received a warm welcome, and learned there was a band of warm-hearted Saints there, who made us feel at home, while Brethren Hudson, Martin, and others, hustled around for a team of mules. Not being able to find us a pair, it was decided that some of us were to return to the Missouri River with Brother Martin, and exchange our team for mules if possible; so it was arranged that Brother Gillen and I should go, while William held meetings to while away the time. We were successful and returned, so that we were able to resume our journey westward on the second day of July.

Brn. Charles Derry, H. J. Hudson, and George Galley went with us across the Loup Fork of the Platte River, and after a season of prayer we parted in tears from those beloved brethren. I shall ever remember that little prayer meeting and the assurance of the good Spirit there received.

We were now outside of civilization, and could scarce expect any more such marvelous interventions for our benefit, but we were made to feel that God's special watchcare was still over us.

We are again permitted to introduce Brother Derry's testimony to this pleasant and comforting memory that sustained these lonely young elders as they journeyed away on a mission of love.

June 22 I preached twice in North Star Branch and again at night at Council Bluffs. Here I met Bro. A. H. Smith, who had returned from Columbus, Nebraska. The Saints there seeing their team was so weak, have given them about $60 to get a better team with; and he had returned to get one. He obtained what they needed and returned to Columbus. This was a noble act of the Columbus brethren, nor will it be forgotten by the Master. . . . I went with Alexander to Columbus, staying at Florence that night. From there to DeSoto, and preached. On the 30th we arrived at Columbus.

On the 1st of July we preached in Bro. George Galley's house. Two acknowledged the truth and were baptized by Elder James Brindley. Brother Gillen preached in power, and at night Brother Anderson. The ones baptized were confirmed by J. W. Gillen and myself. . . . On the

2d of July the three missionaries and myself crossed the Loup Fork River. There we bowed in prayer together, and at their request I laid my hands upon them to invoke God's blessings upon them. Every heart was melted and every eye filled with tears, and we felt the divine blessings as we humbled ourselves before the Lord, and as we gave the parting "God bless you" all felt that brotherly love that only the children of God can know. At Alexander's request I wrote a letter to his wife and mother. I returned to Columbus; they bent their steps towards the setting sun, to call wandering Israel back to the way of righteousness.

Of their visit to Columbus we quote from the *Golden Age* for June 21, 1866.

DISTINGUISHED VISITANTS.—Alex. Smith, James W. Gillen and William Anderson, elders connected with the Mormon church, are in the city en route for the Rocky Mountain country and California, where they intend building up new churches in addition to those already established. They are members of the Joseph Smith branch of the church, and have no affiliation whatever with the Brighamites, except their conversion.—*Columbus (Nebraska) Golden Age, June 21, 1866.*

(To be continued.)

JUST FOR TO-DAY.

Lord for to-morrow and its need
I do not pray;
Help me from stain or sin and wrong
Just for to-day
Let me both diligently work
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed
Just for to-day.

Let me be swift to do thy will
Prompt to obey.
Help me to sacrifice myself,
Just for to-day.
Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set thou a seal upon my lips,
Just for to-day.
So for to-morrow and its needs,
I do not pray,
But help me, guide me, hold me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

[from Journal Of History vol. 4, 1911]

BIOGRAPHY OF ALEXANDER HALE SMITH.

BY VIDA E. SMITH.

(Continued from page 156.)

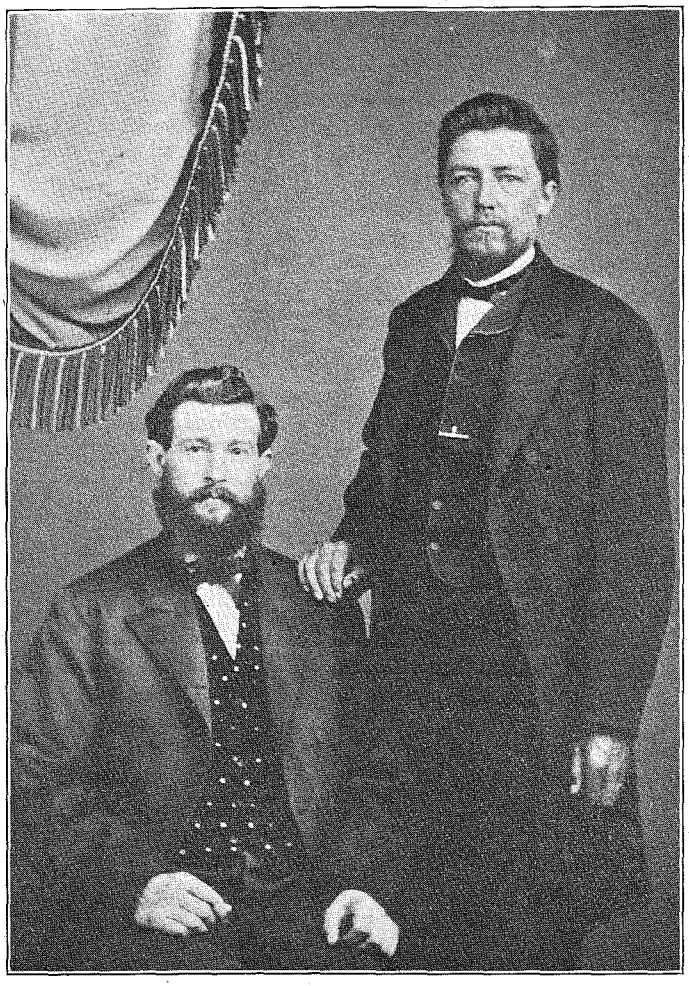
Leaving Columbus, we traveled twelve and a half miles and went into camp. Matters had so shaped themselves that I was considered cook, and so I immediately knew what was expected of me when we got into camp. Nothing of importance occurred until the 4th. At noon, being camped near the Platte River, we concluded to take a bath, so plunged in. Our animals took advantage of the occasion, and kicked up their heels and started back to their old home. There was hurrying and scurrying and dressing in haste, and a hot run. We came up to them in a corral, where they had trapped themselves by being too inquisitive. The owner of the yard only wanted two dollars and a half for shutting his gate till we came up. Our mules were in his yard not to exceed ten minutes. Of course we felt disposed to argue the matter; he was cross and insisted; we were stubborn and went in and captured the mules, and left him swearing mad at us. We rode off, leaving him cursing.

Our next experience was our arrival opposite Fort Kearney. We expected letters from home there, so sought to cross the river. We soon learned that we were outside of civilization, if we had not already learned it. The cost of crossing by ferry was only four dollars. We found an old skiff; and William, with another man who wished to cross, managed to paddle and wade across. William did not return until in the night. He got letters from home, and brought me news that there was a letter for me; but the office being at a military post, rules were strict, he could not get my letter without a note from me authorizing him.

We had up to this date been traveling alone; but now we were entering a country where Indians roamed at will, so we were anxious to get into a train going west, for protection. The morning after William got his letters, a train of eight wagons came up and passed us. I gave up hopes of getting my letter, and we moved on to catch up with the train. About noon we came up to them, they had broken down one of their wagons. They decided to take the wheel back to Fort Kearney and get it fixed. These wagons were loaded with corn for the government troops on the Powder River route.

I considered it a good time for me to get my letter, so I volunteered to go back as one of the three men detailed for the purpose. When we got to the crossing we found the boat was on the wrong side of the river; we spent nearly a half day trying to signal and have some one come and take us over. The men I was with gave it up, and were on the point of starting back to camp. I told them if they would stay and take care of my clothes, I would swim over and get the boat. The river here was

said to be a mile and a quarter wide, bank full. They agreed to it; so I stripped off and plunged in and went over safe, got the boat, and brought it back, took the wheel over and spent the night at the fort. I got my



A. H. SMITH AND WILLIAM ANDERSON.

letter, we got the wheel fixed, and were back to camp about ten o'clock the next night. Was I tired and weary? I thought I was.

On the 11th we met a train of Danish and English Saints returning to the States, in charge of Brother Anderson. We stopped and held

a meeting. I baptized three—Brother and Sister Neilson and Sister Christenson.

On the 14th we came to a lone grave; I. F. Manning, who was killed by the Indians. This grave, considering the nature of the death of its occupant and our surroundings, had a sad and depressing effect upon the whole train and the next day being Sunday, we laid up and did not travel, allowing the teams to rest. We were now on the sand plains indeed. Sand, sand, sand; some days we traveled five miles, some days seven or eight, seldom fifteen, until we passed the forks of the Platte.

We were losing time; it was getting late in the season; we were very anxious, for we were informed that after a certain date no trains were allowed to pass Fort Laramie. We were on the north side of Platte River, and all emigrant trains this year were on the south side. So on August 1 we left the train we were traveling with and pushed on. We saw on the south side a large train, which in some way we had learned was the last train to leave the Missouri River this season. We were ninety miles from Fort Laramie, and in the worst Indian country on the route.

On the 3d day of August we drove into the fort, between 10 and 11 o'clock a. m. At Fort Laramie one of those peculiar circumstances occurred which convinced us that God was watching over us. We came to the crossing of the Platte at about 9 o'clock at night. On the very banks of the river we met an Indian, who asked us if we wished to cross. We said we did. He went back and called the ferryman, saying it was unsafe for us to camp on the north side as the Indians were bad. The ferrymen, two fine looking Germans, came over and took us over in a flat boat, and counseled us to camp with them, as we could not get into the fort so late at night, and it was unsafe to camp alone. These men had Indian women for wives, and lived in tents; they charged us nothing extra for crossing us at night.

We drove into the fort over half a day ahead of the train we were seeking. Here we found Bro. Richard Atwood, quartermaster of the commissary department; and weren't we glad when he said, "Boys, how are your provisions holding out?"

He gave us tea, sugar, and bacon, which he said he had a right to do. He said, "How did you ever travel alone on the north side for such a distance? Why, the night before last the Indians stole one hundred and twenty-five head of horses from the fort."

We saw no Indians but the one we met at the river, for at least ninety miles. And now we turned our attention to getting into the train which we learned was waiting to be examined, for no train was permitted to leave the fort for the west unless it was well armed, and was a strong train in men, because of trouble with the Indians. Brother Atwood introduced us to the inspecting officer, and made known our desire to cross the plains westward with the incoming train from the Missouri River. The officer was a jolly fellow; he examined our guns, revolvers and team, and remarked, "There will be no trouble at all; three lusty

looking fellows like you, without any women incumbrances, will be a desirable addition to any train."

Some one mentioned our mission, and the difference in our faith; for we had learned that the train was a Mormon emigrant train en route for Salt Lake City. The officer used a little profanity and said, "I don't care anything about your religion; that cuts no figure in this case."

He told us to hitch up and drive out where he and his aids were inspecting the train. We did so and found the train drawn up in line; the soldiers examining the men and their arms. The train numbered about fifty wagons, laden with merchandise and the dunnage of the emigrants, who numbered about two hundred and fifty souls. These teams had been sent down to Omaha by the church authorities at Salt Lake City to bring out the emigrants; most of the teams were volunteers; the owners sending the teams, and the drivers being allowed a certain amount as tithing for their services. I learned that all, or nearly all, the drivers and the men in charge were faithful Mormons, who had passed through their endowments. The train was in charge of Thomas Ricks and Appy Wolf, from Bear Valley, if I remember rightly.

But to return to my story. We had been on the ground but a few minutes before the captain of the train and the officers from the fort came up to our team, "Do you intend to travel with this train?"

"Yes, sir; that is our desire; but there seems to be some objection to it."

"What is it?"

"They require us to pay them ten dollars for the privilege."

"What is that for?"

"They explained that it is to help pay their herders for taking care of the mules at night; but we propose to take care of our own mules."

They passed along up the line. Pretty soon they came back, and as they got opposite our team, the officer said to the captain of the train, "Are you going to allow these men to travel with you? I think you better, they are well armed, and will be quite an addition to your fighting force if you should have trouble with the Indians."

"No, sir; they can't travel with us."

"But why not?"

"Because they refuse to comply with the rules of the train."

The officer turned to us and asked, "How is that, boys?"

"Why, sir, they want us to pay them ten dollars for herding our mules and we prefer to herd our own mules. We don't want them to herd our stock, and we haven't got any ten dollars to squander in that way."

Captain Ricks then said, "They can't travel with us unless the ten dollars is in hand," and turned away, as if that ended the matter; but the officer stopped him.

"See here; I think you better let the men go with you."

"No, sir."

"Well, now see here; you can do one of two things, either take these men along and treat them well, or I shall be obliged to send an escort

of soldiers along with you as far as Fort Bridger, and you will have to take care of the soldiers, also. Now you can do as you —— please."

After consultation with his aid, Mr. Wolf, Mr. Ricks rode up and said, "You can fall in as the train pulls out, and go with us."

The officer said, "I thought so. Boys, have you got anything to drink in your outfit?" He then instructed us to telegraph back at every station and let him know how they treated us, and if they did not treat us right they would hear from him at Fort Bridger, and bade us good-bye. And once more we were made conscious that the good Father was watching over us. . . .

We were on the eve of starting west in a Brighamite emigrant train—a rather queer position, we three missionaries called Josephites, strongly antagonistic to the Utah church, going on a mission to Utah and California, with instructions and intent to do our best in opposition to that peculiar organization, en route in company with about three hundred souls, all, with two or three exceptions, strong in their faith, and many of whom had passed through the endowment house and received their endowments. And in their company not by their good will, but by force of circumstances and against their expressed desire. Having been forced upon them against their will, it is but natural they should show some resentment. We expected it, and were on our guard, and really, what was there to hinder their working their will upon us when we should find ourselves hundreds of miles from settlements or the soldiers who were so kind to us at Fort Laramie? We appreciate the situation and counseled that it would be best not to reveal our identity, nor to let the emigrants know our mission, but to treat all with the utmost kindness, do our part in all camp duties, such as night patrol and day guard, just the same as any other member of the train, and so reported to the captain of the train.

It seemed that the same mysterious power which had so markedly attended us all along was still with us, for while we were still watching the inspection of the company a young man came up to me and shook hands, but whispered to me, "Don't seem to recognize me. I am the driver of one of the teams in the train; am a Josephite, will see you later!" and passed on. I was surprised, but soon fixed the young man. I knew him; he was indeed a member of the church; had relatives in Bear Valley, Utah, and was going out to visit them; his father and mother were also members of our church. Being thus warned, I of course kept my own counsel.

At last the train was in motion, and as it drove past we drove in behind and were on the road. The train was a large one and consequently moved slowly, traveling only from fifteen to thirty miles a day. We soon discovered that we were watched very closely, and speculation was rife as to who we were. Several efforts were made to draw us out, to reveal our object in crossing the plains; but for a time we remained unknown to them. I remember that at our first meal after joining the train, we were watched, and when we asked a blessing upon our food it

was immediately reported to the captain that we were either apostate Mormons or Josephites, as no other class of religionists continued to keep up service and have prayer and ask a blessing upon the food so long after striking the plains. So we must be backout Mormons or Josephites.

It may seem strange how we could so soon learn what was reported to the captain, but you will remember the young man who made himself known on the first day of our meeting the train. He was supposed to be a good Mormon and attended their counsels and meetings and reported to me all he heard touching us in any way; so we had a spy in their camp.

About the third day out from Laramie one of their number came to me and said he was in charge of the corral guard and was making a list of all the names of the able-bodied men in order to organize more perfectly for the protection of the train. I at once recognized that it was simply a subterfuge to learn who we were. I told him at any time he wanted one of us men to let me know and I would furnish the man. This did not satisfy Captain Ricks, so I gave them our names, except that I only gave him my first and second name; so my name on his list was Alex. Hale. My purpose in doing this was to avoid any undue curiosity among the emigrants, for if it was known there was a son of the martyred Prophet in the train, there might be too many questions, and confusion ensue, or a collision on religious matters, which we desired to avoid while on the plains.

For a few days all went smoothly, then we were called upon to take our turn as advance guard. I mounted our pony and reported, and was placed with several others far in advance of the train to guard against surprise by Indians. As I was riding along the captain himself rode up alongside and saluted me. I returned his salute. This was the first time I had had an opportunity to converse with him. He had heretofore seemed to avoid me, but now he addressed me and said:

"Where did you say you hailed from?"

Instantly I was aware of what he wanted and resolved to tell him and evade nothing. "I came from the State of Illinois," I answered.

"What part of the State?"

"The western part."

"What county, or town, may I ask?"

"Certainly, sir; I came from Nauvoo, Hancock County."

"Ah! I thought so;" and he looked me straight in the eyes.

We understood one another.

I explained my object in withholding my full name, and he confessed the wisdom of it, and from this time forward Captain Ricks treated me with the utmost kindness; so also did Appy Wolf, his aid in charge of the train, while they were not quite so courteous to my brethren—Anderson and Gillen.

About this time a little incident occurred which pleased me, and left a pleasant memory to relieve some of the strain which affected us. One

day I was assigned the position of advance guard. I mounted our pony, and rode out in advance of the train. We were in the mountains and traveling among them, small and great. As I rode along I noticed a beautiful little mountain to the right of the train as we advanced—that kind of a hill called sugar loaf, because of its shape. The idea at once occurred to me that I could obtain a fine view of our route from its top, so I climbed up its sides, which by the way were quite steep towards the top, and when I reached it I was more than repaid for my labor. Of course I had to dismount and lead "Billy," as he could hardly scramble up with my assistance. I wish I could describe the scenery as viewed by me upon this mountain among mountains, detached and alone it stood, like a sentinel doing duty there among his fellows, grand, noble, and inspiring. As I stood resting my elbow on the neck of my horse, taking in the beauty of the scene, there came upon me a feeling of awe and reverence for the nobility and magnitude of the works of God; and while this feeling was upon me I became conscious of sweet musical vibrations of sound filling the air all around me. The volume of sound seemed at first above me, and I unconsciously looked upward to solve the mystery. Gradually the music seemed to draw near and tune and words came out full and distinct in singing. It was human voices, but I am sure angelic singing could not have affected me more just then. It was the emigrants as they passed around the base of the mountain. Whether they saw me and had been informed who I was, I had no way of knowing; but the words of the hymn led me to think so. These were a band of good singers and they were singing, "We thank thee, oh God, for a prophet." I have heard the hymn sung by a good many choirs, including the famous Salt Lake City choir, since then; but never have I heard it equaled, as it was sung at the base of my little mountain.

One other incident I relate here which may be of interest to my readers. It was our coming to what is called Independence Rock. We had been traveling over a weary stretch of level plain, passed Soda Lake, or what was once a lake, but the heat of the sun or other causes had caused the evaporation of the water, leaving an incrustation of clear soda from one eighth to one and a quarter inches thick, covering acres and acres of ground. The soda was pure, crystalized sediment, looking much like alum. Many of the emigrants gathered the crystals for cooking purposes. As we passed this peculiar lake we could see a range of mountains in the west, but between us and the mountains there rose right out of the level plain a huge rock detached from any mountains near. You may have seen what are called bowlders of granite in the prairies of the West, isolated and alone, no quarry or known ledge of such formation within thousands of miles; such was this huge rock in a dreary waste. Independence Rock! It is rightly named. I may exaggerate if I try to tell just how high it was. My memory of it is that it seemed fully one hundred and fifty feet high and covered about ten acres of ground. We climbed upon it, and saw hundreds, I suppose, of names inscribed or painted on it, but none engraven in it. Being naturally

ambitious we thought it would be a nice idea to have our names registered there also, so we set about to find a nice smooth place to make the inscription. We had no paint, but thought we might cut our names with a hatchet we had along with us, but on making the effort learned the rock was so much harder than our steel hatchet, that we could not make even a noticeable scratch on it, so we must resort to other means. Upon close examination I discovered that many of the names on this Nature's Album were written with wagon grease from off the axles of the wagons. We had nothing except some dry powder with which, by mixing with moisture, we succeeded in fixing our names much like writing them in sand, for the first heavy rain would obliterate all evidences of our being there. However much I might feel to moralize upon this grand sentinel set in the weary land, it was an interesting lesson to me; but I will not weary you, but pass on, as we did, towards the west.

If my memory serves me right, eight [four] miles travel by the road brought us to the Sweetwater River, at the gap in the mountains where the river rushes through, called the Devil's gate. Sometime in the dim past the mountains by some throe of nature have been cracked or broken, as a huge cut, clean from top to base, and moved apart; and the river taking advantage, rushed through and has ever since kept its channel, although huge quantities of rock have from time to time fallen from the ragged walls on either side, which rise thousands of feet, sometimes perpendicularly, sometimes overhanging, and sometimes receding, raising upward, making a grand sight, which to be appreciated must be seen. It was thought that parties could pass through the gate on foot, but teams and horses must go around the point of the mountain by the road. It was Bro. J. W. Gillen's turn to drive our team, so William and I started out on foot. As we reached the outlet where the cold, clear water came tumbling over the rocky way, seeming glad to escape and rush away towards the plains, I determined to climb to the top, and cross the mountain, rather than risk a long, weary tramp back in case we could not get through. I suspected that we would have to cross the rapid running stream several times ere we emerged from the canyon on the other side. I knew the water was very cold, and that to cross meant to plunge in and wade it, so I concluded to scale the mountain. I found the ascent was rough, but not of a hazardous nature, and as I climbed upward I found an abundance of interesting matter, which well repaid me for my labor. But ah! when I reached the summit what a grand sight was spread out before me! And as I turned and looked back the way we had come, I could see the wagon trail winding around the huge rock in the desert; and away towards the east the vast plain which seemed limitless; and to the south I could see occasionally the glint of silver as the river came in sight in its meanderings; while to the west lay a valley, a beautiful valley; and beyond, range upon range of rugged mountain scenery. North of me was the deep chasm, with the mountains rising higher and thus cutting off any extended view in that direction. I sought out a fine resting place beneath a rugged pine tree, and rested,

and enjoyed myself until the sun's rays warned me that I better begin my descent.

I must here digress a little at the risk of making my story tedious. On the plains, the day before we reached Fort Laramie, I cut my hand badly. It happened in this wise: we came to a large patch of wild mountain currants. The fruit was ripening nicely. These were the first of the kind I ever saw; they were very palatable, and being the cook of the party I at once conceived the idea of adding stewed currants to our menu. I was in advance of the wagon, so I ran back to it and secured a two quart pail. I soon had it nearly full, but when I looked up to see where the wagon was I discovered that they had left me, and I knew how hard it was to catch up; but I had not yet secured all the currants I wanted. The idea occurred to me to cut some of the best laden bushes and carry to the wagon and pick the berries at my leisure. I took my knife and bent several bushes and drew my knife hastily across them, when from some cause it slipped and struck my left hand, cutting it badly. I was surprised as well as hurt, and the rapid flow of blood scared me a little. It is enough to say that I dropped the bushes, caught up my pail and hurried on to the wagon. I didn't want any more berries. We had nothing to put on the wound, in the shape of salve. One of the company used tobacco, and I had heard tobacco was good for wounds and bruises; so I bound up my hand in tobacco, renewing the plaster from time to time; but the cut would not heal, and a small roll of angry proud flesh formed the entire length of the cut, about one inch and a quarter long, and was very painful. Eight days I suffered with what patience I could muster, until I lost all faith in the curative virtues of tobacco upon my flesh.

And now I resume my narrative on the mountain top. I noticed a gummy substance exuding from the bark of a sugar pine, or balsam fir tree; I gathered some, intending to try it on my sore hand. I started to descend, and the way seemed easy for a time, and I made my way down what seemed to be a hollow or depression. The soil was light and dry, and my feet would sink into it, leaving a well-defined trail. As I passed along I noticed tracks leading downward, but I soon came to the end of the depression, and as the track led on I approached what at first seemed a bench or abrupt drop off. I carefully crept to the edge and looked over. I fully expected to see the rocks but a few feet below, for the tracks plainly led right over the edge; but imagine my dismay as I looked over, away down, down, five hundred feet or more I saw the waters of the river rushing madly through the rocky channel, roaring like a torrent! I was not long creeping away back up from that route and onto more secure ground, for I imagined that light, loose soil was creeping, creeping down over that fearful verge to the depths below. I finally made my way down on the western slope of the mountain, where I could distinctly hear the people conversing, and where they had gone into camp. I climbed out on a huge pile of rocks where I could see every movement in the valley. Professors Savage and Ottinger were in

the train, photographers, taking views, and I saw them getting ready to take a view of the very mountain side I was climbing down. I could plainly hear all they said, but I shouted as loud as I could and for a long time, it seemed to me, but they could not see me. I waved my hat and shouted; but it was no use; I could not get them to see me. It seemed to me that I could pitch a stone right in among them. I continued my downward course until I finally reached the camp and looked up. I saw the point I stood upon when I made such frantic efforts to attract their attention, and lo, it was fully one half mile away. William had made his way up through the gate by wading some places waist deep in the cold water. He insisted that I owed the Devil toll. I told him nay, that I did not go through his gate, but that he did, and if he did not pay the old gentleman he was the one who owed toll. "Ah, well," said he, "you climbed over, and the good book says that 'he that climbeth up any other way is a thief and a robber'; and you have cheated the Devil." I told him that was the intention; that the very mission I was on was to cheat the Old Boy.

But I wish to relate how my hand was treated. I tried to get the brethren to cut the roll of proud flesh out and put on a plaster of pine balsam, but neither one would do it, so I cut it out myself and put on my plaster, and in less than a week the wound was entirely healed, and that alone paid me for climbing over the Devil's gate.

It is with pleasure I recall events occurring on my mission across the plains. And while I may not fill my lines with doctrine, I shall endeavor to weave in enough to show a general watchcare of divine providence, and some events which denote almost miraculous interposition for the welfare of the weak ones sent out in the Master's name; also some events which show the bent of the human kind when in an apostate condition.

It must not be thought that a form of godliness was not kept up in the journeyings of these modern children of Israel; for as I remarked, discipline was observed from early morning till 10 o'clock at night. There was a call to prayer in the morning, when all who were not taking care of the teams were expected to attend prayer service; then the daily routine service at meal time. But the climax in service was at the close of the evening prayer service, when it was the rule to get out the violins and a general dance was indulged in. Old and young engaged alike when not too tired. At 10 o'clock, however, the word was passed around, "To your tents, and in twenty minutes lights out." It did seem a travesty on religion, but many who were too tired to assemble at prayer did engage in the dance, and seemed to get rested marvelously thereby; and to be just I must say, many who attended the prayer service seemed disgusted at the conduct of many at the dance, and some preferred their tents or wagons to either, but were visited by the teachers if they failed to be present at the evening assemblings.

Our next adventure happened at the crossing of Green River. When we arrived upon the east side of the river the ferryboat was sunk, the

river was high, and the ferryman lived on the west side. Brethren Anderson and Gillen being anxious to get over the river, and in order to meet the excuse of the ferryman that his boat was sunk, volunteered to help raise the boat and repair it so we could get on and not be delayed too long on the road. There seemed very little energy either on the part of the trainmen or the ferrymen. The water was cold and some one had to get wet. After a hard day's work the boat was raised. The next day crossing began, but our turn came last, and it seemed for a time as if we were not to get over at all. We assisted others, and then had in a manner to do the work of crossing ourselves. The ferryman did not so much as turn a hand to aid us; and when I asked what the charge was he quietly said, "Two dollars and a half," and when one of us remonstrated, he gave us to understand we were not in the States, and we could pay it or suffer worse. This man's name was Robinson, and when I paid him there was some change coming to me, and I received two badly executed counterfeit fifty-cent currency notes. I knew they were counterfeit, but there had been so much ugly feeling manifest towards us here I deemed it best to say little about it. This Mr. Robinson was a Mormon and kept a supply store, so called. The major part of his supplies were tea, coffee, tobacco, and whisky. I gave Bro. J. W. Gillen the "shinplasters," and he bought some supplies and nothing was said on the presentation of that kind of money, for they knew very well I had received it from them not thirty minutes before. The church teams did not bring the ferry much money, but he got receipts on or for tithing as his pay, and he did not feel over rich by reason of crossing so large a train, hence his exorbitant charge of the only ones who paid him money. So I made all the allowance I could for his treatment of us Josephites.

During our weary journey we witnessed many things which surprised us and made us feel sad, but of such a nature that we could not help. I remember upon one occasion I heard some angry talking, and made my way to the place from whence it came, and some of the women of a mess were quarreling. I got there in time to see one sister strike another aged sister and knock her down right over the campfire, or so nearly so, I was afraid she would get burned. I was so shocked I could only look on for a moment, and when I interfered and tried to calm the troubled spirits, and sought to shame them into better conduct, an elder, John Hammer, came to me and laughingly said,

"O, that's nothing, Brother Smith; they will all have to be baptized over again when they get into the valley. It matters little what they do on the plains, their rebaptism will set all things right, you know."

This was the first time I had heard of their wholesale rebaptism and I was interested, and asked for further information, and was told that every man, woman and child who was baptized in the old country was required to be rebaptized on his arrival at Salt Lake City. What about those who were ordained in the old country? Oh, they were like all the rest, they had to be rebaptized and reordained to make their priesthood

valid. Everybody who crossed the plains and went in over the rim of the basin had to be rebaptized. I did not understand it then, but I do now. The church in Utah was a new church under the leadership of Brigham Young, and was really the Brighamite church, and during their reformation a change had been effected and all had been baptized out of the true order into the apostate organization, apostles and all. This John Hammer was a volunteer driver from Bear Valley, Utah, and a good, sincere man, and certainly one of the best drivers in the train. He was a quiet man, and drove the team next mine, in the lead or ahead of me. He was well-informed, and after we became well acquainted, conversed freely with me. He took a wagon across the plains with a load of sixteen hundred pounds of merchandise and some baggage, the spokes of the hind wheels of which were loose in the hub when he started from Omaha. Good management and careful driving did it.

We reached Cache Cave at the head of Echo Canyon, quite a large cave near the summit of the mountain, to the right of the wagon trail. We visited the cave and found the walls and the ceiling covered with names carved in the sandstone. Here again I was seized with the mania, and I wanted to have my name registered on the tablets of this natural album. I sought in vain for space on the walls, but by standing up in my saddle on the back of my pony I found space right in the very top of the cave. I carved my name standing up on my horse to do it. See how easily we fall into the follies of the world!

I had partial charge of the train that day, and was riding back and forth along the line to keep them together. In riding up to one wagon, one in which I knew there was a sick woman, I heard a groan. We were just well started down the descent into Echo Canyon, and the jolting of the wagon with brakes on was something fearful. I hastily rode forward to tell the driver to be more careful. As I got far enough forward to look into the wagon, I saw the driver (whom I knew to be a married man, whose wife lived in Bear Valley,) with his arm around a young woman evidently in the act of kissing her. He looked up with a silly grin on his face. I was so surprised and disgusted I rode on in silence, fearing if I said anything I would say too much. That night, if my memory serves me right, we camped on the Weber River, near a village called Coalville. At night I was on corral guard, and in making my rounds I came to the wagon in which I had heard the groan in the forenoon, and I learned the woman was dead. The prayer service was short so the dance could begin early. The bishop called out two men and I saw them take the poor woman out of the wagon, and wrap her up in the quilt she died in, and carry her out and dig a hole in the loose, gravelly soil and bury her,—not a hymn, not a prayer, not a mourner, and the dance went merrily on in the meantime. I being on corral guard, was permitted to see what others did not. I was grieved, dazed. I could not believe human beings, let alone professed Saints of God, could be so heartless. There was no necessity for such unseemly haste. We had arrived within the outlying settlements. Two hours of the next day

could well have been taken to give the poor woman a decent, Christian burial. There was no contagious disease to cause such an unusual procedure.

I remember one other burial on the plains. A child died. The mother was sick of fever and could not leave her wagon. It was the second one she had lost since leaving the old country. The father was worn out with care and the weary journeying, but the father and the bishop, with one other, took the little body and carried it out at night and dug a grave and buried it, with nothing to mark the place to show where the little one lay. The poor woman grieved so sorely it was feared she too would die. Brother Anderson and I looked for a board, a stone or post or something suitable to mark the grave, but could find nothing more suitable than the cover to our cracker box. We took that, and I carved with my knife and marked with a pencil the name, age, and date of death upon it, took it to the mother and showed it to her, and went and planted the board at the head of that lonely little grave. Frail as was the mark, the mother was comforted, and we were glad to see a better light come into her eyes. But I must return to our camp on the Weber.

Having passed through the Indian country and arrived within the radius of the settlements in Utah, we were told we would have to take our mules five miles away from camp for grazing. It being my watch I took them and started, but something said, "Don't do it. There is danger!" I turned about and returned to the wagon, and tied the animals to it. The brethren asked,

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to get them some hay."

"Where, I'd like to know?"

"O, back on the road a little ways."

I had noticed as we drove into camp, some grass cut and raked up in the yard of a farm not more than half or three quarters of a mile away. I took a rope and started back. The brethren laughed at me, but I went on all the same. I went into the yard. A big dog came towards me barking and acting quite ugly, but I paid no attention to him. I walked up to the door and knocked. A voice said,

"Come in."

I went in and found a man sitting beside a fire in a wide, old-fashioned fireplace. I made my errand known and asked him if he would sell me an armful or two of hay.

"No, sir; I have no hay for sale."

After some little talk he said, "Do you belong to that train camped down on the river?"

"Yes, sir."

"They tell me a son of Joseph Smith the Martyr is in the train. Do you know anything about it?"

"Yes, sir; you are rightly informed."

"Well, I don't believe it. They tell so many infernal lies you can't tell when they are telling the truth. Do you know the man?"

"Yes, I am tolerably well acquainted with him, as I am the man myself."

"What, you?" and he sprang to his feet and grasped my hand. "You the son of Joseph Smith? Which one of the boys?"

I told him, Alexander. All the time he was looking sharply at me.

"Yes, I see it. You are like him. Yes, sit down, sit down."

I sat down and we had a long talk. He was a Josephite—belonged to the Reorganization. Finally he said, "Yes, you can have all the hay you want for your mules. Bring them up here and I'll feed them. Tell the brethren to come up. I want to see them. Say, how would you boys like some nice, fresh potatoes, and some good cheese?"

And when I went back to the wagon I carried some fresh potatoes and some of the finest cheese I ever ate. And I could not help thinking that God was good and was still watching over us. Praise his holy name!

(To be continued.)

A PSALM OF THE DISTANT ROAD.

Happy is the man that seeth the face of a friend in a far country:
The darkness of his heart is melted in the rising of an inward joy.

It is like the sound of music heard long ago and half forgotten:
It is like the coming back of birds to a wood that winter hath made bare.

I knew not the sweetness of the fountain till I found it flowing in the desert:
Nor the value of a friend till meeting in a lonely land.

The multitude of mankind had bewildered me and oppressed me:
And I said to God, Why hast thou made the world so wide?

But when my friend came the wideness of the world had no more terror:
Because we were glad together among men who knew us not.

I was slowly reading a book that was written in a strange language:
And suddenly I came upon a page in mine own familiar tongue.

This was the heart of my friend that quietly understood me:
The open heart whose meaning was clear without a word.

O my God whose love followeth all thy pilgrims and strangers:
I praise thee for the comfort of comrades on a distant road.

—Henry Van Dyke.

[from Journal Of History vol. 4, 1911]

BIOGRAPHY OF ALEXANDER H. SMITH.

BY VIDA E. SMITH.

(Continued from page 278.)

Those days on the western plains were full of peculiar kindnesses and strange rebuffs. Perhaps those young missionaries walked to a greater extent than imagined, by faith; at least they turned what came to them to the best interest they could and kept cheerful and healthful as possible; laying the burden of care on the altar of morning and evening prayer. The letters of my father to his home people were full of interesting and sometimes rather appalling details of their open air journey. Unfortunately, these letters are not at my disposal, and many things that I write may be as "thrice told tales" to many who read. As my father left the friend of the wilderness with his gifts of potatoes and cheese, this little incident occurred, related in father's words, with the question leading to it:

"Have you a jug or large bottle in your outfit?"

At first I did not "catch on," using a western phrase, but he told me he had some prime valley tan, and if I would accept he would give me a quart. He must have seen that I did not yet understand him.

"Don't you know what valley tan is? Whisky, man, whisky; homemade, valley made whisky."

"Oh!" I said, "we none of us use it."

"That don't make any difference; you better take some along. It may serve you better than money. You don't know what you may be called upon to pass through yet."

So I got out a large square bottle I had in my cooking outfit, and he filled it for me. I accepted it more to please him than for thought of any good it would ever do for us, but subsequent events proved that our friend and brother knew the West better than we did, as I will record further on. But the brethren took occasion to rally me on my new addition to our missionary outfit, saying:

"Going to convert the heathen with a Bible in one hand and a bottle of whisky in the other."

At last we reached the rim of the basin, crossing Little Mountain, we turned down through Parley's Park, on the headwaters of Cottonwood,

and on down through Cottonwood Canyon. In this canyon we met some horsemen. Among them was my cousin, John Smith, patriarch of the Utah Church, oldest son of Hyrum Smith the Martyr. I was riding our pony and was greeted quite warmly by Cousin John and those with him, and while the others went on and mingled with the emigrants, welcoming them to Zion, John turned back with me, and we rode together into the Great Salt Lake Basin, my cousin pointing out to me the points of interest as we entered the valley.

I noticed a large adobe building, inclosed by high adobe walls, some distance to the left of the road, and inquired what it was.

"The penitentiary," was his answer. "Would you like to go through it and see where we keep troublesome characters out here?"

*

And thus my father entered into this wonderful and treacherous mission field, the Zion of the West, visiting first the penitentiary, and in company with his cousin John going next into his home. This story will be incomplete without the relating of one or more of the Indian encounters associated in his memory with those days of wonder and activity on the plains, and he has made the choice.

Between Fort Kearney and Fort Laramie, along early in the afternoon one day, we saw what aroused our suspicion. On the hills to the north of the road, we noticed occasionally a horseman come into view for a moment and then disappear. Spyglasses and opera glasses were brought out, and we were soon satisfied there were Indians in the hills, and they seemed to be watching us. As we traveled on they became more numerous, and we could occasionally see two, three, or four, in groups. We fancied we could see them come to the brow of the hills and look down over the valley, and then ride back, to come again with others. Our men began to get nervous. There were only nine wagons and thirteen men in the train at this time, so the order was given to go into camp. We corralled our wagons, five on one side and four on the other, and stretched ropes and chains across the opening at either end to keep our stock in the inclosure thus formed. We got out our guns, revolvers, and weapons, and got ready for an attack if such should be made.

Towards evening we discovered, some two miles west of us, a large encampment of Indians, and we began to think we were in for it. Some one also reported a large train coming up on the trail we had just passed over in the forenoon. I saw the train, and others saw it. We confidently expected it to come up and camp with or near us. It seemed a very large train, perhaps fifty wagons. Night drew nigh. We set out guards, and those who could do so lay down to rest. But no train drew in. We expected perhaps a visitation of the Indians before morning, but the night passed in peace.

Morning dawned bright and clear, but we could see no train behind us,

but *could* see Indians before us. We remained in camp two or three hours, expecting at any minute to see the big train, but no train came. In the meantime the Indians began to move. A chief came to our camp, having with him one young Indian, armed with bow and arrows. I gave them breakfast and managed to talk with them. He asked me where the train was going. I told him Powder River country. I noticed he looked glum at my answer. I asked him why the Indians objected to the white man traveling through their country. His answer was to the effect that they had no objection to emigrants going through, but they were opposed to the soldiers, or "Blue Pants," as he called them. I asked him what harm the "Blue Pants" did to the Indians.

"He kill and drive away all the buffaloes, and the buffaloes are the Indian's bread. When the buffaloes are all gone, Indian's papoose will starve."

"Do not the emigrants kill the buffalo also?"

"Yes; but he don't stay and drive the rest way off."

"How many papooses have you got?"

He held up his hand with two fingers opened out, and pointed to the young man with him, and nodded his head, "Him one."

After I had given him some slapjacks as bread for his other papoose he called me to one side and asked me for some whisky. I shook my head and told him we did not have any; the Great Father would not let us sell whisky to his red children. He looked at me and shook his head, then put his hand in under his blanket, and took out half a dollar and a little tin cup which would hold about a gill, and made me understand he would give me the silver for the cup full of whisky. Then I told him there was none in the train. He did not believe me, and intimated that he knew better. I said to him,

"Come on and show me."

He started quickly, leading me to one of the wagons, which had what was called a side pocket, in which was a keg. I knew what was in the keg, so told him to hold his cup, but when molasses began to come instead of whisky, he turned away with disgust.

"Wah! No good!"

However, he could not give up the idea that I might get him something to drink. He again put his hand under that old blanket and held out a whole handful of silver half dollars, and wanted me to fill his cup with whisky. Instead I gave him some sugar and sent him off.

We soon broke camp and started on. We met many Indians who greeted us with the word, "How?"

Bro. James Gillen, who had been on guard all night, climbed into the wagon and went to sleep. Bro. William Anderson drove the team, while I rode the pony.

This little pony grew strongly into the affections of his slender, blue-eyed rider, and seemed to like his quick and

vigorous movements and cheerful, animated voice, who got beat in his first Indian trade.

I soon met an Indian who carried a nice, new, double-barreled shotgun, who bantered me for a trade for my rifle. Now I had no desire to trade. My rifle was an old one, muzzle loader, had been a good one of its kind, but was worn out. The shotgun in the States was worth three or four of the rifle, but out on the plains where shot could not be had, the rifle was the better possession. I wanted some buckskin for some purpose, and the thought came to me that I could get it in the exchange. So I told him if he would give me a pair of moccasins and a deerskin with his shotgun, I would swap. He consented, gave me a pair of new moccasins and his shotgun, I gave him the rifle and we started back to the village to get the buckskin. My Indian was on foot, I was mounted. We met several mounted. One of them looked so much like the one I was trading with I thought they might be brothers, and I asked if they were. He said they were, and called his brother and instructed him to ride back with me and get the deerskin.

I never for one moment thought the poor Indian would play a trick on me, and swindle me in the trade. The mounted Indian was riding a rather tall, American horse, a good one by the way, and as we trotted along, Mr. Indian bantered me for a swap. I shook my head. Then he bantered me for a race. I laughed at him and told him his big horse could easily outrun my little pony. But as we rode along he increased his speed until he led me in the race. Our horses were now running. I tried to keep up, but to an observer it looked as if I were chasing the Indian. I was armed with a brace of revolvers and a shotgun, he with bow and arrows only. It occurred to me, just then, that the Indians might not look upon my chasing one of their number as an altogether innocent proceeding, and might deal summarily with me. I was chasing him right into their village, or camp. I checked my mad career and rode slowly into the camp, but my Indian had given me the slip. I could not find him, so I appealed to the chief, and told him my story. He said he would get me the buckskin. He rode round to the tepees and came back to the road where I was waiting for the train, and unrolled one of the finest buckskins I ever saw. It was white as muslin and soft as velvet, but lo! he wanted five dollars for it. It was not to be mine unless I paid him for it. That was altogether a new deal, but I wanted that deerskin, so I offered him two dollars and a half for it. No; he shook his head. I then told him I did not want it. He wanted I should have it, however, and offered to take four dollars. I shook my head. Then he came down to three dollars. I told him I would not take it at any price, for he had a double tongue and would want it back. This seemed to touch him. He didn't like it a little bit, and I did not get my buckskin. There were about five hundred warriors in this band. They formed in two lines, one on each side of the road, and we drove between them. They belonged to the Cheyenne Sioux. They were a fine looking lot of men, and well armed with heavy rifles. They were friendly enough. They told me they had

just been up to Fort Laramie to get their annuity. Brother Gillen slept soundly as we passed the Indians drawn up on dress parade, and never knew till we told him, that we had been at one time completely surrounded by an armed body of about five hundred mounted Indians.

And now I will relate the sequel to my gun trade with poor Lo. That evening after we had camped I got out some lead and cut up some to make shot and loaded my shotgun and went out to hunt a rabbit. I had on my new moccasins with rawhide soles. A jack rabbit got up and started off, I fired and broke a leg. I tried the second barrel but it would not go off. Something was wrong. As my rabbit was crippled, I thought I would catch it, so off I ran. Round and round we went. I forgot I had on moccasins and undertook to head off my game by running through a patch of small ground cactus. But I stopped quite suddenly. Only about three steps among the flat green leaves was far enough. I forgot the rabbit in my new employment of picking the cactus points out of my feet. The soles of my moccasins were literally pinned fast to the bottom of my feet, and when I examined the gun, one of the tubes was bursted, so I had only a one-barreled shotgun after all. The Indian knew he could not get that gun repaired on the plains, and was glad to catch a tenderfoot like me; and, by the way, my feet were tender after my plunge into that cactus bed. I want to say right here, I didn't blame that Indian, and if I ever had any compunctions of conscience for trying to cheat the poor Indian, I lost every whit of it in pulling those cactus thorns out of my feet. But, after all, it was not a bad trade, aside from my lesson. I afterwards traded the shotgun to a white man for two large revolvers, one of which was broken, but when I got to Salt Lake City I got it fixed —cost a quarter. I left it at the city, when I went west, and Brother Gillen sold it for twenty dollars. I wrote him to use the money in hiring a hall to preach in, and he used it for gospel work.

Thus did he make the best of things and turned to account the "broken things of hope."

By invitation Elder Anderson and my father made their home with John Smith, Utah's patriarch, and they were royally treated by both him and his brave and noble wife. Elder Gillen was in his final field, and rested at the home of Elder Mark H. Forscutt. There was indeed joy in a few hearts in that city at the coming of these Josephites.

We follow the diary further:

As soon as we learned that the train had arrived in the city we hunted it up. At first we could not definitely locate it, but we finally found it shut up in the tithing house yard. M. H. Forscutt, William Anderson, James W. Gillen, myself and my cousin, John Smith, presented ourselves at the gates and requested to go in and see the emigrants. There was a guard at the gates who asked us what we wanted. We explained that we

had traveled across the plains with that train and naturally we desired to see the folks.

"No, sir; you can't go in. That man didn't cross the plains in this train," pointing to Brother Forscutt.

John Smith now stepped forward and introduced me to the guard as the son of the Prophet.

"Well, you two can go in," said the guard; but I was not willing to go in and my brethren barred out, and I said,

"No; I'll not go in if my brethren can not go also."

To say we were surprised is a mild expression. Here was a whole emigrant train of nearly, if not quite, two hundred and fifty men and women, in a free country, corralled or shut up, and not permitted to see or be seen by those who had traveled with them day after day for weeks. We felt just a little indignant, but were to meet other surprises still while we sojourned among the "faithful."

We turned away from the yard and started down towards the business part of the city. At the crossing of the street, in front of the tithing house office, almost, we met several women whom we recognized as part of our train. As we met them I spoke, but received no recognition, and instantly I was impressed, "They don't want, or are afraid to recognize us," so I did not repeat the salutation. But William, not to be set aside that way, stepped forward and repeated it, but got a cold stare, and "We don't know you, sir." He tried to call to their minds the fact that they had tramped day after day together coming across the plains, but the women still said: "We don't know you, sir."

"Oh, come along, William! Don't you see they don't want to know you?" I exclaimed.

Numbers were beginning to collect, so we hastened on, joking Brother William on his meeting his friends. We returned to Cousin John Smith's to talk the situation over. I made inquiry why we were not permitted to see the emigrants, and finally obtained the information that they were engaged in securing notes from man, woman, and child for the cost of transportation from Liverpool to Salt Lake, and none were allowed to escape or go their way till they had given an ironclad note of hand that they would pay such amount to the church or perpetual emigration fund. This note was in such form that anything they had or might acquire was at any time subject to attachment, so if the party became disaffected religiously, or desired to move from one settlement to another, they must have a permit from the bishop, or their goods were attached to pay that note.

This may be explanation sufficient for the fact that so many who were disappointed and disgusted with the church affairs made no seeming effort to leave there.

These same emigrants were assigned locations in different settlements and must at least abide there until they paid such obligation to the church; and was told by one who spoke from experience, that he knew

these notes were a standing menace held over many a poor soul for months and even years. . . . Many who had paid their allotment, but took no receipt, had to give their note or pay it over again, for they learned that elders on missions in the old country, who were dependent upon the Saints for their daily bread, were very different creatures when they got into Utah; and many who made homes for the brethren and gave them freely of their hard earned means while in the old country, when they came to Utah were not recognized by the recipients of their bounty. They would pass them in the streets with a cold stare, and when spoken to would say, "There is some mistake. I don't know you."

I remember a little instance of this kind of ingratitude. We were camped at Red Butte one evening, when there came up a storm which threatened to be serious. Elder Pusey and his associate, Elder Stayner, who were returning home from a long mission to England, had up to this time slept under the wagons, there not being tent room for them. Our tent was large enough for a double or field bed for four, and as one of us stood guard every night we invited the two elders to bring their blankets and share our tent, for the night at least, to be out of the storm. But it turned out the storm was mostly wind, a cold blast from the mountains. They came in, and from that on until we arrived at the city, the two elders shared our bed. Well, we never dreamed of such a thing as the cold shoulder from these two men; but on the first Sunday after we got in, we attended meeting in a temporary bower built on the temple lot, I met those two, Elders Pusey and Stayner, face to face in company with John Smith, their patriarch, and they gave me the cold stare and passed by on the other side, like the priests of old did the poor man who fell among thieves. I've always kind of patted myself on the shoulder, so to speak, that I did not make a fool of myself at that time, but I felt like booting the contemptible ingrates.

Cousin John asked me if I would go up and sit on the stand, if requested to do so. I told him yes, but he need not trouble himself; there was no danger of my getting an invitation. However, he went up to the stand and I saw him in conversation with the presiding officer. I saw him point me out. I saw the man shake his head, and John came back to me and said he told him he thought it wouldn't do. John seemed hurt and plagued, but I felt like laughing. He, too, had some surprises in store.

I subsequently met some of the emigrants on the street who told me they had been sent to one of the settlements at some distance from the city and had been warned to have nothing to do with apostates, and especially to avoid the Josephites; "But you have been so kind to us we feel ashamed to treat you so. We are confident there is something wrong here. We are not treated with the same cordiality here we are in the old country." Thus in conversation with the emigrants themselves we learned how they were treated, and the process of distributing them among the faithful in outlying settlements. . . .

My father and companion stayed in the city fifteen days,

each one full of interest in memory and in purport. We can only notice a few of them.

Bro. William Anderson, in company with Bro. J. W. Gillen, immediately began mission work south of the city, and in the southern part of the city. In company with my cousin John I made some visits and filled some appointments but did not meet the general good fellowship my cousin anticipated for me. The reason, I presume, was apparent. As soon as I was introduced to anyone, at once I was catechized on the differences in our faith, and everybody had a testimony, which I was in the habit of comparing with the books and written history in the *Journal of Discourses, Millennial Star,* and *Times and Seasons.* The contrast and discrepancies in their testimonies, as compared by the books did not please them, and more than once I was told, "The books are a dead letter." "We don't care anything for the books. They are not worth the ashes of a rye straw." "We have the living oracles."

I well remember a conversation with a one-time prominent member. When I quoted the Book of Covenants he said,

"Oh, yes; that was well enough in its time, but we can't be governed by those cast iron books. We have outgrown them. They did well enough for the church in its infancy, but they are too narrow and straight for the church now."

Another one, when I remarked that either they lied in their testimonies or else Joseph and Hyrum Smith lied in the *Times and Seasons,* answered:

"Oh, that's nothing; I hold the priesthood, which authorizes me to lie for the good of the church."

My answer to this was, "That may be, sir; but of one thing I am certain; you never received that priesthood from God."

The time finally came for William and I to start on our way west, for our field was California. The day was set, but two days before we were to leave some one came to me and asked me if I would speak in public, if a place could be got for me. I answered yes. Two of the Utah church members had formed a company and fitted up a public place of amusement, an open air resort, a public garden, and thought it a good idea to advertise it by having me preach in their garden, and so billed the city, and we delayed our going. I spoke in Line and Fox's Garden and at this time drew the ill will of those in authority, by speaking plainly upon the subject of polygamy and showing it to be condemned by the Bible, Book of Mormon, and Doctrine and Covenants; also by Joseph and Hyrum Smith in *Times and Seasons.* I called the attention of the people to the inconsistency of voting to indorse Brigham Young as prophet, seer, and president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in all the world, when Mr. Young himself publicly denied being "a prophet or a son of a prophet." Immediately my statement was denied and a voice made the statement: "It is not so. It was a mistake of the reporters."

I answered: "If so, it was never corrected in the manuscript nor in the proof reading, and was published in the *Journal of Discourses, Millennial Star* and *Deseret News.*

Another voice; yes, dozens of voices said: "That is so." "We heard him." "There are over three hundred witnesses here who heard him say so." "We heard him." I was told afterward that President Young was present at that meeting.

For a few minutes there was great excitement, but I dismissed my meeting in quietude. I had noticed a tall, military looking individual standing near, but a little to one side and behind me. At the close of the service he pressed forward and grasped my hand in a firm grasp and said,

"Go ahead, Mr. Smith; you have taken the right stand. You have more friends here than you know of."

Myself and cousin, Joseph F. Smith, came in contact at this meeting, and at its close he came to me. We had a long talk, he claiming that I had injured his feelings *personally*. I told him if I had wronged him and he could show me my error or injustice I would correct it. As we conversed we were walking towards the central part of the city. I had intended to stop that night at Bro. M. H. Forscutt's, east of the theater. I noticed among the many who were going in the same direction a man who walked just behind us. At first I thought nothing of it. Joseph F., his wife, Lovira, and Samuel B. Smith, with myself, made up the party. But I finally noticed this man kept pace with us and seemed to be listening to our conversation. I walked on past where I should have left the party to go to Mark's and stopped in front of the theater building. The streets were well lighted here, just near what used to be the wood market. Here we stopped and were engaged in conversation. I expected here to take leave of my relatives for the night. I had said some bitter things for them to hear, and was aware that what I had said would create great excitement, so we were talking over the matter. Joseph F.'s first wife and Samuel were rather inclined to indorse my position, but Joseph F. was contentious. He remarked, however, ere I left him, "So far as the books are concerned, you have them on your side."

While we were conversing a man approached us, in the street, off the sidewalk. There were trees growing at the edge of the walk and a water ditch between the sidewalk and street proper, where the shade of these trees fell on the street from the brilliant lights in front of the theater. From this deep shade this man approached us. Something seemed to say, "Beware of that man." I noticed how he was dressed, as well as I could in the semidarkness. He was a short, thickly-set man, apparently dressed in the garb of a farmer, but wore a large shawl, thrown around his shoulders, with his right arm free, his hand thrust beneath the shawl, which was held in place by his left hand. He wore a dark, broad-brimmed felt hat, slouched over his eyes a little to one side. As he approached us, he remarked:

"I would like to see Mr. Smith."

Some one remarked: "Which Mr. Smith do you want to see? We are all named Smith."

"Mr. Alexander Smith," was his answer.

"That is my name, sir," I replied. "What do you want of me?"

"I would like a few minutes' talk privately with you," was his answer, and he stepped back into the shade of the trees.

I told him: "I have no secret or private business with any man in the Territory. These parties with me are relatives. If you have anything to say to me say it in their presence."

"My business is of a private nature with you and concerns you only," he replied.

Instantly I changed my mind as to where I would pass the night, and I told him to meet me at John Smith's in the morning. I would remain there until ten o'clock and await his coming. Joseph F. had stepped to one side during this conversation, but Samuel had drawn closer to me, and now stepped right in before me and the strange man and demanded:

"Who are you, sir?"

"My name is Jones."

"Where are you from?"

"I live in the country."

"Well, this is no time for business. It's near midnight. Come around in the morning. My cousin will meet you at the house of the patriarch." At this the man withdrew into the darkness of the street and shadow of the trees.

It is needless to say that the man never came to see me. Now I do not know whether that man intended me any harm or not, but the circumstances were suspicious, to say the least of it. . . .

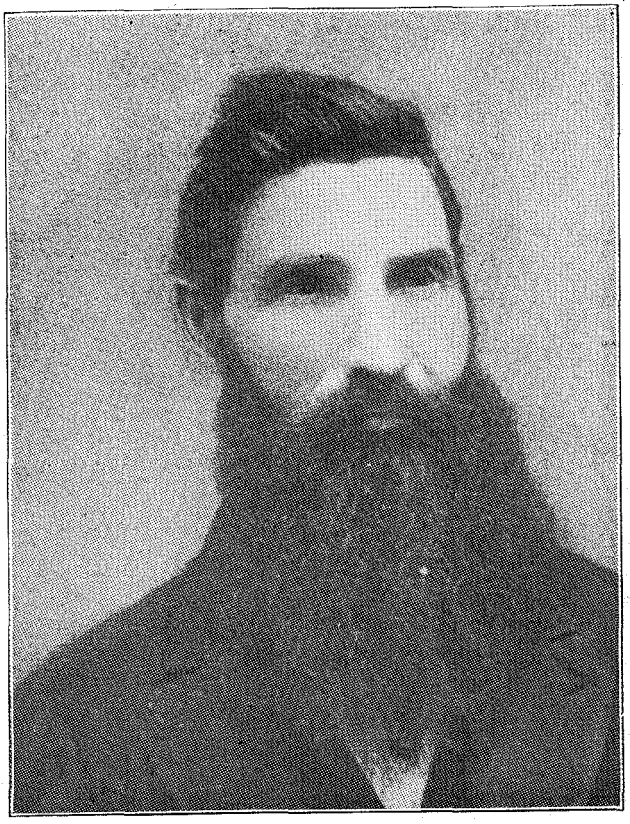
I carried out the change of plan so instantly formed, and walked with my cousin to the residence of John Smith, where I remained till nearly ten o'clock next day, waiting, thinking perhaps Mr. John Jones might possibly call on me; but I waited in vain. [As I remember my father's relation of this affair the man was thought to be a life guard of Brigham's, named Ross.—V. E. S.]

Finally Brother Anderson and I bade Bro. J. W. Gillen good-bye and took up our journey westward. We could not shake off a sense of fear that perhaps we might be followed and lost on the plains, as William had offended by his outspoken criticism of ways, men, and principles he found promiscuously spread around in the city by the salt Dead Sea of America. And I had spoken grievous things, hard to bear, in my last effort in Line and Fox's garden; so we resolved to be cautious, at least for a time, in choice of camping ground.

Our first camp, if my memory serves me right, was at the settlement of Tooele. Here there were a few who were hardy enough to bear the name of apostate and Josephite. . . .

After leaving Tooele our next camp was in Rush Valley, and here we were alone. We went into camp early and fed our mules; were visited by several inquiring our destination, who we were, etc., etc. Our camp had the appearance as if we were fixed for the night, but when darkness had fully come down on the valleys, and all was still, we quietly geared up our team and drove on four or five miles, turned off from the road

and made a dark camp, at least one half mile from the road, among the wild sagebrush. Our team had once been government mules, and we learned incidentally that one of them had been a pet of the soldiers and had been taught many tricks, and this mule became very useful to us in our night watches. She was afraid of Indians. She seemed to be able to smell them if they were within a quarter of a mile of her. An Indian,



JAMES W. GILLEN.

a wolf, or a strange white man could not come near our wagon, with Jenny tied to it, without her awakening anyone sleeping in the wagon. She would be very quiet so far as noise was concerned, but would put her nose against the wagon cover and rub in a manner that would surely attract attention, and if anyone of us spoke to her, or put out a hand and stroked her nose, we could soon tell if anything was wrong on the

outside. If a wolf, coyote, or dog was around she would quiet down when spoken to; but if an Indian was prowling around, one or both of us had to get up and move around, and see that all was right, before Jenny would quiet down. We were not molested, however, and for several evenings we made false campings in the same way.

We frequently met Indians, and of one of these I got some pine nuts, a very fine flavored nut which grows on the sugar pine tree. They form in the cones of the pine. The Indians use them for food. I traded some crackers and a little flour for perhaps two quarts of them. They are very rich and oily. . . .

Our route took us through Bingham Canyon, gold mining district. In this valley we camped near the residence of the man who killed James Monroe. Our provisions were running low, so I took a sack and went over to the house and tried to purchase potatoes. Of course we made known who we were in the course of our conversation, and I secured all the provisions I needed. I here learned that this man, to use his own language, was "Simply living on borrowed time," and at any time the destroying angels might find him, and then his friends would find him in a water ditch or on the roadside with his throat cut or a bullet hole in his head. He talked with me with tears in his eyes, and I saw the wreck of a once bright man. He now was scarcely ever sober, or free from the influence of liquor, and said he had been sentenced to death and only waited the execution of the sentence. Whether this was true in fact or whether it was one of the vagaries of a diseased mind, I am not prepared to say. Certainly it was a reality to him. His family treated us very kindly, but this man was a living evidence of the truth of the saying, "The way of the transgressor is hard." . . .

From this settlement we traveled over the stage route to Austin City, Nevada, a route evidently only traveled by the stage, and which led across mountain, desert, and plain, and in our journey, we ran short of food for our poor mules. The grasses gave out, and for days we could not find grass for our team. We camped generally at or near stage stations where relays or changes of horses were kept, to change and keep Uncle Sam's mail moving. I saw fine large stacks of hay in the corrals around the stables, and I thought perhaps I could buy an armful for the mules, so at one of our camps I told William I was going to try it. He took the mules to find some grass if possible, while I began the task of getting supper. I had plenty of time, so I went into the cabin of the station keeper and started a conversation. The man was inquisitive, and asked what kind of an outfit we had, etc. I finally asked him if he would not sell me an armful of hay for my mules. "No, sir; not a pound!" After a little more talk he asked me if we had any whisky along with us. Instantly my valley tan came to mind and I said yes, that I believed we had some, somewhere in our kit, and if he would come out I would try and find it. Well, he came out. I got out the big brown bottle and told him to drink. I thought perhaps one drink would be enough. He drank, and it was like oil to his tongue. He talked glibly then, and

one of the best things he said was, "If you boys want any hay for your mules go and get it"; and when William came back, not only his supper, but a good supper for the mules was ready, and the station keeper had taken a second drink from the brown bottle.

Next morning a fine roll of hay found its way into the back of our wagon and that man's heart was warmed towards us by another drink of our valley tan. When our hay gave out, I once more asked a station keeper to sell me a little hay. "No, sir; you can't get a pound of hay here. Why, we have to haul it a long ways, and we can't spare it."

"All right, I will pay you well for it."

"Money is no object in this case, sir."

I turned about and went to my wagon, took out my mess chest, and sat the big brown bottle down on top of it till I got out the stove and built a fire. I felt impressed that my man was watching me. By this time I knew what a drink of whisky meant to those mountaineers or plainsmen. I was not deceived; in less than five minutes that man came sauntering out, careless like, and stood watching me, and I as careless like asked him if he would not have a drink. "Well, yes; I believe I will; we men don't often have a chance to taste a drop"; and this man turned back as he started for the house and said, "If you want some hay for your mules, go and help yourselves." I then thought of what that brother told me when he gave me that homemade whisky: "It may answer better than love or money before you get across the mountains."

Brother William rallied me on my missionary effort, but said it was like the mission of the whites to the heathen: "The Bible in one hand and a bottle of whisky in the other."

And so the mules were fed on "valley tan" a few times, if only by proxy. And hay they had to have, as my father's recital will disclose.

We were fortunate in getting hay, for we had desert to cross; one stretch of ninety miles without grass or water; we had a barrel, and at the last good water we filled it and began the terrible journey, traveling by night and resting by day during the heat. One twenty miles' distance, the ground was white with salt and alkali, not a living shrub or tree, neither animal nor bird; a dreary waste. Brother William lay in the wagon asleep while I drove. I had read of the desert and heard tales told of the dreary wastes of sand, but this was salt and soda; a crust one eighth of an inch thick covered ground and everything. The road looked like a narrow gray ribbon stretching away into the darkening distance. A feeling of gloom came over me, and like the boy going through the graveyard by moonlight, I whistled and sang to keep my courage up; and still that creepy feeling would come over me. I wonder if any of my readers ever felt that way?

Before entering upon this weary waste we filled all our vessels with water from a clear, cool spring on top of a mountain, called Diamond Springs. I thought, what a queer place for a spring! and the water was

as good as any I ever drank. We came to one station called River Bed, situated in the middle of a dry river bed. The stream had once been a river of some magnitude, for it was deep and was near, if not quite, half a mile between the two banks. Where the station had been the land had sunk down for acres all around and water had raised, a strong, brackish, alkaline water, and the water was literally filled with a large black water bug from one half to an inch in length. The surface of the earth had the appearance of having been burned; rocks, ground, everything, had been passed through the fire. It may have been volcanic, but it had been burned just the same.

Ninety miles of such utter desolation and then we came to Willow Springs; water slightly brakish, but possessing wonderful magnifying qualities and filled with thousands of little fish. The water was warm and pleasant to bathe in. I undressed and plunged into a basin which was perhaps thirty or forty feet across, and seemed to be about eighteen inches deep; but I soon learned how deceptive appearances were, for when I stood upon the bottom the water came around my neck. William began to laugh at me. I did not know what pleased him so, but soon he told me that my body and limbs had shortened until I was not two feet tall and I had widened out in proportion until I was a monster to look at. I could not prevail upon him to get into the water so that I might also see the phenomenon. I could only realize the power of the water when I waded out to the bank, and as I neared it there seemed to be a bench of eighteen or twenty inches upon which I had to step. I raised my foot to make the step, when down I went. There was no bench there, no rise of earth, but a gentle grade to the water's edge. Brother William laid down on the ground and laughed at me, but would not as much as wade in above his ankles to allow me to laugh also.

Nothing was quite so tempting to my father as a good swimming hole or "fishing quarry." He loved the water and was happy and at home in it. The little incident back of the divide was closed, but not finished, as this little story will prove.

We were getting short of feed for the mules. I mean grain. I had paid as high as ten cents a pound for ground barley to keep my team in good heart. Our meat supply was also gone, and what was worse, our money was all gone. We were in the desert and slough of despond. We were driving along one day, nearing a station called Jacob's Wells. By the way I must describe a station on this route. A small adobe brick, or sun-dried mud cabin, a pole fenced corral or yard, broad, low shed, or stable for the horses, also built of poles and mud. I often wondered where they got the poles and water enough to make adobe or sun-dried mud bricks in that desert country. These miserable buildings constituted a station. This day we had the wagon cover off, as it was cooler without it; one of my revolvers was hanging upon the wagon bows, one

of the two I traded my Indian shotgun for. A man on horseback came along the road; he saw the revolver, reined up his horse, and inquired, "Whose revolver is that?"

"Mine, sir;" I answered.

"How will you trade it for a smaller one?"

"Anyway to make you safe, sir. What kind of a gun have you to trade?"

"A Colt. I am hunting horse thieves and my gun is too small." And he handed me a citizen's Colt revolver, a new one.

I looked at it and said, "I'll trade for five dollars to boot." He passed over to me a five dollar gold piece, and I handed him my revolver. I told him I had some cartridges which I would also sell him. I paid seventy-five cents a box for them at Council Bluffs. I showed them to him.

"What do you want for them?"

"A dollar and fifty cents a box."

"I'll take all you have of them."

I turned out seven boxes, I think, and he paid me the gold for them. When the man rode away I took off my hat and shouted. I turned to William and shook the shining gold pieces at him and said: "When we get to Austin, we will get some bacon and tea, also some feed for Jenny." I fancy that the Lord had something to do in sending that man along that desert road, to meet us and help us just in the nick of time, when most needed. At any rate, a few days later when we drove into Austin, Nevada, I was able to buy a good supply for both man and beast; and I came to the conclusion that the Indian did not get so much the advantage of me if he did swindle me out of my buckskin.

That mule Jenny was a source of amusement and incidentally profit to the travelers.

At Austin we found a brother in the church, and concluded to rest a day, so drove up near his residence. The next morning was Sunday. We took an early ramble to see the mines, tying to the end of the wagon tongue by a full length lariat, so she could reach both ends of the wagon —our watch mule Jenny. On our return we found a stranger standing a respectable distance with the mule between him and the outfit, with her ears laid back, looking cross and ugly. "What kind of a mule have you got there? She won't let me come near the wagon."

"That is her business; that is what she is there for, sir," was our answer.

Our stay at Austin was brief, as we were anxious to go on over the mountains ere cold weather set in, and snow made the wagon roads impassable. There was no event of much importance occurred until we passed over the forty-mile desert at the sink of the Carson River. Our grain food for the mules getting lower than we desired, when once more our guardian angel seemed hovering near, for we very unexpectedly came upon a party who had more of a load of freight than he wanted

for his team to pull, and he very kindly let us have a couple sacks of ground barley at twelve and one half cents a pound. It seemed a high price to pay, but we were glad to get it, even at that price. We would not have been able to buy it at all but for my trade with the Indian and the subsequent revolver trade.

On and on that Indian lived for ever in my father's kind heart, as long as it beat on earth.

Arriving at Carson City, Nevada, I spent two or three days visiting a cousin who lived there. The nights were getting cold. Ice an inch thick would freeze in our water pail over night and camping out was getting tedious. My cousin, Mr. Warren Wasson, proposed that we sell our outfit and make the balance of our journey on the stage. We still had the Sierra Nevada Mountains to cross, and snow had fallen already on part of the range. We made the effort to sell, but found no market, no buyer, so we were compelled to move on. We started on with the intent if possible to make the crossing of the mountains before the roads were blocked by snow.

We were moving quietly along in the afternoon of the day we left Carson. I was walking. William was driving the team. We saw a comfortable farmhouse on the right side of the road. Here the road ran between two good fences and evidences of thrift were on either side of the road. I saw a woman come to the door and look up the road in the direction that we were. She went back in the house and in less than a minute she came to the door again. She raised her hand to her head and shaded her eyes and gazed fixedly at us, and then came out and walked down to the fence to a large gate, opened the gate, and as we came on near enough she called out:

"Drive right in here, brethren. You are not to go any further now. You need not look so surprised. I know you. I know who you are."

By this time she was near me and held out her hand and said: "This is Bro. Alexander Smith," and she grasped my hand in a firm handshake. "That man driving is Bro. William Anderson."

I stood as if uncertain what to do.

"Oh, drive in. You are to stay with us a while. I saw you in vision several days ago, and have been looking for you every day since. I recognized the very clothing you have on. My family belongs to the church, and you have a home right here, and are going no further until you rest up." She rattled on as rejoiced and glad as if we were her own kindred just returned from a long stay away from home.

We learned the kind people who thus opened their home to us had indeed been looking for us for several days upon the strength of a spiritual manifestation given to the sister, with instruction to receive us and administer to our wants, and Bro. and Sr. David Jones faithfully carried out the instruction and made the missionaries feel at home. Our surprise was complete, for we were not aware of any church members in

that valley, but we soon learned there was a branch in Jack Valley, some living on adjoining farms to Brother Jones."

We met with the Saints after the news was spread through the settlements and again we were advised to sell our outfit and stage it the rest of the way. So we unloaded the wagon and I sought a market for our team. After a few days an opportunity offered and Brother Anderson went over the mountains to Sacramento, I remaining to effect the sale.

It must not be thought we were idle while sojourning in Jack Valley. Bro. Abednego Johns and others made our stay pleasant and we held meetings in Genoa, Carson City, Silver City, Gold Hill, and Virginia, and other neighboring settlements, as a result of our being so providentially stopped. My cousin finally came to me with an offer of a hundred dollars gold for our team. It was hardly one half its value, as we thought, but I deemed best under the circumstances to accept it, and afterwards learned that I did remarkably well to get that much for the outfit. The wagon was a good, new wagon, but what is called a narrow track, while all vehicles in that country were wide track, and nobody wanted a wagon which would all the time be running two wheels in the track and two wheels on the ridge. The old horse mule gave out completely, upon being turned into pasture, but Jenny was as good as gold and really worth all I got for the outfit to anyone who had any use for a mule. It was the general verdict that I did well to get twenty five-dollar gold pieces and go on my way rejoicing. I think our good care of the team and an ever watchful Providence had something to do with keeping our team up to the hard journey we made with it.

And now, as I was getting the remaining things ready for the stage journey, a good sister came to me and asked me if I was armed. I smiled as I answered:

"Why, no; nothing of a warlike character more dangerous than that," and I held out a common pocket knife.

"Well," she replied, "the stage is so often held up and the passengers robbed I thought you ought to have a gun of some sort," and she handed me a small pocket derringer pistol, and insisted upon my taking it, saying it might save my life. I took the pistol, put it in my satchel, and when I got aboard the stage stored the satchel in the boot of the stage, thus being armed and ready for road agents.

My journey from Genoa to Sacramento was a safe and pleasant one, except the cold experienced among the snow-capped peaks of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The snow had fallen heavily. I saw two or three abandoned houses which the weight of snow had broken down, mashing their roofs flat; but as the United States mail was carried on that stage line the road was kept open, and as we sped along at full trot I thought how trying a slow, toilsome climb and a camp in the snows would have been, and I hugged myself and was thankful an all-ruling Providence was still watching over me. And as I look back over that long, weary journey and remember how often the evidences of a divine interference for our

good was manifest, I am still thankful, and I feel to give thanks to God and acknowledge his goodness all the day long.

Leaving the Carson Valley at or near the little village called Mottville beginning the ascent, and for seven miles it was a steady climb up, up, up, in zigzag course, sometimes crossing our own track by bridge over the head of some deep cut or gulch. . . .

Great trains of heavy teams were constantly passing over. The road was so narrow that places were prepared at convenient distances where teams could pass each other. To avoid meeting on narrow places, the teamsters had bells on their mules or horses, which could be heard for long distances. Teams coming down the mountain, on hearing the bells of ascending teams were warned to turn out on those places prepared to let the climbers pass.

That mountain road was a curiosity to me; sometimes it clung on the side of the mountain like swallows' nests to the side of a barn, being supported and held by masonry, a wall of many feet in height being necessary to hold the dirt and macadam of the roadbed. At times, sitting on the top of the stage, I could see down over the wall, hundreds of feet it seemed to me, right on the top of tall pine and spruce trees, a veritable forest below. The heavy freight teams traversed this route by day while the United States mail had the exclusive right of way at night, everything getting out of the way for Uncle Sam's mail wagon. A sprinkler passed over the road once every twenty-four hours to keep down the dust, and keep the road hard and in good order. It was slow climbing going up, but when we were once at the top and on the downward grade on the west side, we made up for lost time. It seemed as if the stage must go off sometimes as we rounded a sharp curve on a swinging trot. It made a man unused to it, naturally incline or lean towards the mountain, in spite of the assurance, "It's perfectly safe, there's no danger."

It seems to me now, as I write, looking back over the events of ministerial experiences, that God's watch care has been so marked, in so many ways and in so many instances, that it is difficult to select from among the many and relate in detail special instances.

(To be continued.) 5:54

Truth is vague and helpless until men believe it. Men are weak and frivolous until they believe in truth. To furnish truth to the believing heart, and to furnish believing hearts to truth, certainly there is no nobler office for a human life than that.—Phillips Brooks.

BIOGRAPHY OF ALEXANDER H. SMITH.

BY VIDA E. SMITH.

(Continued from volume 4, page 411.)

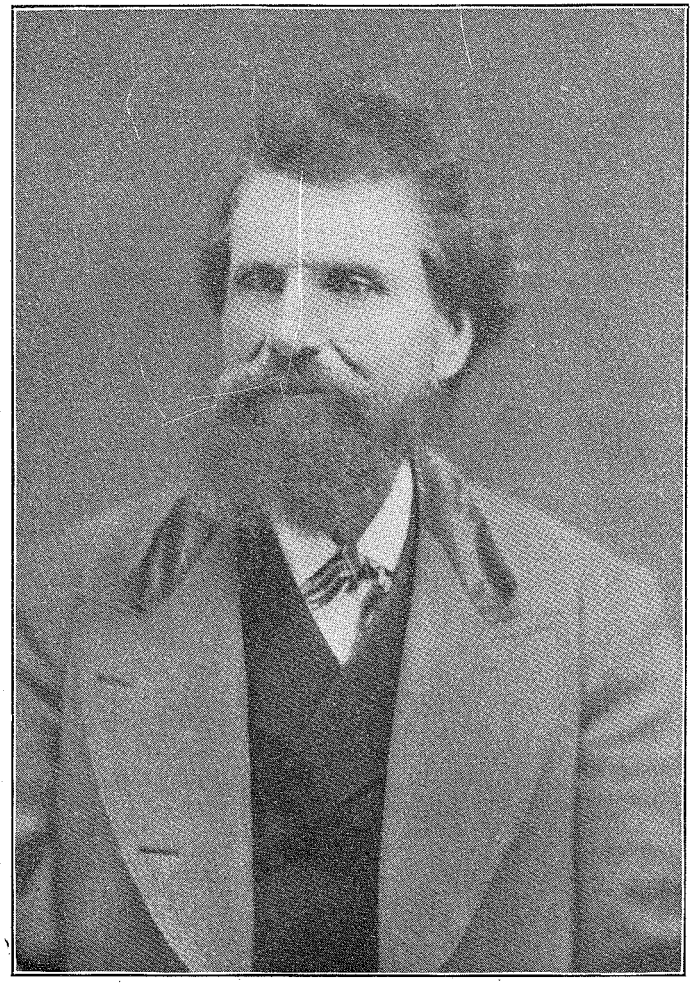
Upon arriving in Sacramento I was received with rejoicing, upon the part of the Saints, and for a time found a home at Bro. and Sr. Joseph Vernon's, who did everything in their power to make us comfortable. And now memory revives, and brings to mind some of the spiritual feasts we enjoyed in Sr. Anna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

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

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

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

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



JOSEPH VERNON.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I had never had any experience with mustard plasters, nor had William, but I made a plaster and put it on his face. He lay down, and in less time than it takes to tell it was fast asleep. Of course I didn't sit up to watch him sleep. I also went to sleep and it was sunup on the deep ere I awoke. I aroused William. We got up and went on deck. I asked him about his toothache. He said it didn't trouble him; but for several days I noticed him picking shreds of dead skin out of his whiskers. The mustard had gotten in its work while he slept; and if it had not been for his thick beard, he would have had a bad face. As it was it gave him little trouble, and we both learned it was hardly proper to put mustard as a plaster next to the bare skin, even if it did stop the toothache.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ALEXANDER H. SMITH.

WATSONVILLE, CALIFORNIA, September 22, 1867.

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

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

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

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

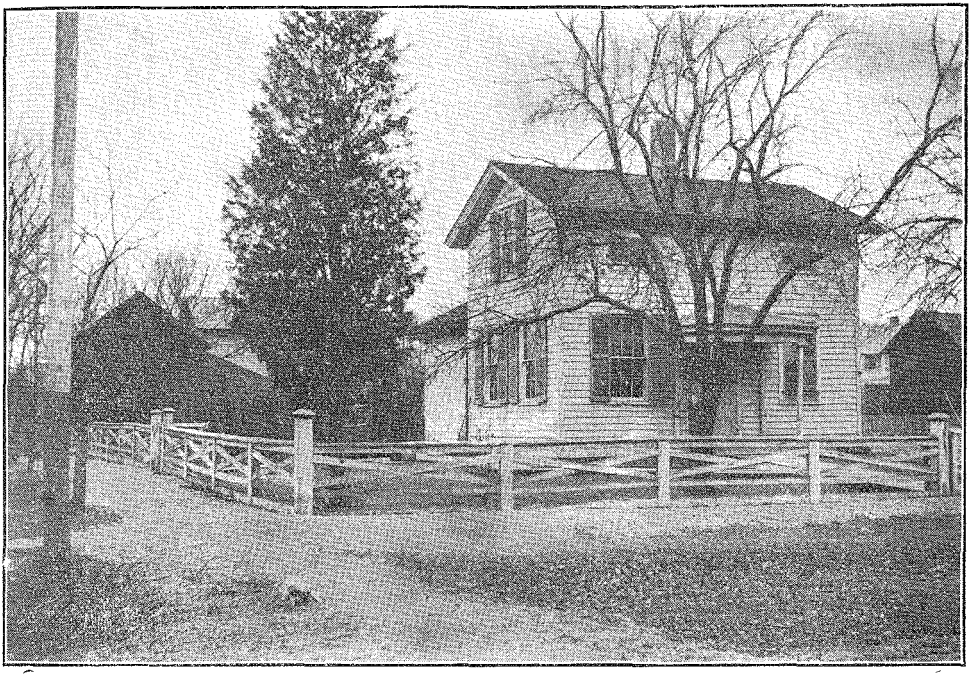
Months before he had dreamed that he went home and the tiny, flaxen-haired babe that had never yet seen him had put out her dimpled hands and immediately appeared to know and love him. As he neared the old home the dream kept recurring, and he wondered if she would. As the stage rolled along over the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

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

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

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

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



Residence of Alexander H. Smith at Plano, Illinois, in 1868.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

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

BIOGRAPHY OF ALEXANDER H. SMITH.

BY VIDA E. SMITH.

(Continued from page 68.)

The first call made in Utah was at the home of John Smith, son of Hyrum Smith, the Martyr. Here my father found a pleasant home on his visit three years before. The master of the home was absent, but his wife, known to all the family as "Cousin Helen," greeted them with a warm and kindly welcome. This lady was always a favorite with those of the family who were favored by knowing her, and her brave, fearless, generous, though modest character has made her a figure of importance and beauty in the story of our people in Utah. She insisted upon this occasion that the personal baggage of these travelers be brought to their home.

As my father and uncle passed up the street from this call they met their cousin John, who immediately insisted upon the same move as outlined by his wife, and he presently prevailed, and within that hospitable home they spent many pleasant hours. The first day was spent in visiting the Saints, and looking up places of interest, new to Uncle David. Beautiful under the sun of July lay the city, but the tumbling waters of crystal clearness pouring into the city creek from the great flume, the blue mountain, the cool shadows of the many trees, nor the silent waters of the great salt sea called to the heart of my nature-loving father that seventeenth day of July, like the souls of hundreds that seemed in a midnight bondage. In company with his brother David and cousins John and Samuel, George A. Smith and his son, John Henry, he went to have audience with the mightiest man in that great city—Brigham Young.

The meeting was preceded by a great deal of formality. Although President Young was receiving Senator Hopper's party, he excused himself to greet these sons of Joseph Smith and usher them into his office. Here they waited while the president returned to his guests of state in an adjoining room. The waiting proved long and awkward in its attendant circumstances. When at last they were called into the presence of Mr. Young they found awaiting there in the commodious and pleasantly appointed room, George Q. Cannon, John Taylor, Joseph F. Smith, Daniel H. Wells, Joseph Young, Phineas Young, Brigham Young, jr., and several others, besides President Young. These sat about on sofas and easy chairs, and took little part in the conference. The president received them almost graciously at first, but when they asked the use of the Tabernacle in which to preach, the atmosphere changed, and instead of cordiality there were heaped bitter and malicious words upon the character of Emma Smith, and these young men had great need of self-control. Writing of it later, my father said: "I have had many trials in my short life, of the power of control over my passionate temper, but never in that short life did I have need of strength more than I did yesterday" (July 17, 1869). On the wall near them hung fine paintings, one a portrait of the martyred father and the worshipful husband of the mother of these boys. The sensitive younger brother David remembered it when he wrote of the occurrence later. "Much was said on both sides, but I am happy to state that neither my brother nor myself exhibited any anger, neither did we, although we were tried severely, once lose control of our language or deportment, while the conference lasted"; and writes he "the upshot of it all was, we were refused the Tabernacle and went on our way rejoicing." Not satisfied to leave any "stone unturned" they went next day to call upon the Governor of Utah and told him their mission

and of their fruitless and trying conference with President Young. They were anxious that the territorial and judicial authorities should take cognizance of their presence. This call on Governor Durkee was very pleasant, and they received assurance from both the Governor and Judge Strickland of protection by the civil and judicial authorities; also their promise to cooperate in an effort to obtain a place in which to preach, if necessary. But this necessity was not realized, for the Walker Brothers, influential merchants, headed a movement in which some of the Gentile citizens of Salt Lake City joined and raised a fund of nearly two hundred dollars which was placed in the hands of the two "Smith boys" to be used in securing a place for preaching in the city. Independence Hall was engaged and the meetings opened with overflowing audiences. Then my father wrote: "Brigham did us a good turn when he refused us the Tabernacle, we do not want it now." He appreciated the earlier statement of his brother, "We went on our way rejoicing." But there were breakers ahead, and in their Sunday meeting Joseph F. Smith interrupted the preaching of Alexander H. Smith. The people were exasperated at this and cried, "Put him out," "Shame." The young preacher pursued his course and when he announced his intentions and desires to preach the pure gospel when and to whoever would listen, the people broke into loud applause. At the close of the meeting, the inspired song of the sixties, "Let us shake off the coals from our garments" was sung, its gifted author, David H. Smith, leading the praise, and then he proceeded to baptize eight souls into the Reorganized Church.

It was in the home of one of the faithful Saints, Sister Thimbleby, that these elders finally resolved to make their headquarters in the city. Their meetings received much favorable comment in the papers of the West, and the frank and uncompromising position that was taken against the evils of

the apostate church could not be misunderstood. The few Saints permitted to acquire a livelihood in Salt Lake City contributed to the comfort of these missionaries. Brother Horlick rented the place to them and Sister Thimbleby prepared in the pleasant upper rooms, their meals, while different Saints and friends supplied her with necessary flour, fruit, mountain trout, cheese, etc. Their sleeping place was a neat and comfortable room in the home of Mr. Browning.

At either place they found pleasant and inviting opportunity for study and the entertainment of callers. One pleasant trip, among many we will notice, when the Malad, Idaho, Saints invited them, indeed sent a messenger to bring them to their conference. How they enjoyed the trip! Writing of it, at the time, Uncle David says many beautiful things of the fresh, free breezes, lofty crags, and wide valleys, and the "impulsive kindness of the Josephites with whom we lodged made the trip doubly enjoyed." They held meetings there for a short time and the flowing pen of the younger brother wrote: "Alexander with his skill in the law, and freedom among revelations, makes error shake; the Saints here call him Paul and me Apollos." How affectionate was the bond of brotherhood and how blessed their labors together in the salt land.

One time, a little while prior to his death, Heber C. Kimball gave a prophecy and he gave it in his usual vigorous and unqualified manner thus: "At present the Prophet Joseph's boys lie apparently in a state of slumber, everything seems to be perfectly calm with them, but by and by God will wake them, and they will roar like the thunders of Mount Sinai." Peculiar that the followers of Brigham and believers of Heber C. Kimball, who delighted in heralding "a prophecy come true" did not shout from the mountain tops "Heber's words are true," for here were two of the Martyr's boys thundering the voice of a righteous recall to purity—here in the shadow of the

Tabernacle and near to the foundation of the great temple to be. Surely if ever a prophecy came true this one did. Closely associated with them was that dauntless and unique old soldier, Brother Edmund C. Brand, faithful and tireless at all times. Every week witnessed baptisms into the Reorganized Church, and in the apostate church there were many "cut off," while excitement ran high. A new literary pleasure came to these elders while in Salt Lake City, in the shape of the new paper for the children of the Reorganized Church. No wonder its name seemed so fitting to it, as they opened it in that land, especially sorry for little children, and read *"Zion's Hope."* No wonder they cried, "Good! God prosper it!"

They felt confident that not anywhere else could a conference awaken such interest as that one held in Independence Hall in Salt Lake City, where a well-dressed, orderly body of people were half-dazed by the freedom of these business meetings, where men spoke freely and without fear. It must not be supposed that all the preaching was along lines of the detested policies of the western church. Nay, the cardinal and fundamental principles of the doctrine of Christ were preached in power and in light, "but," wrote Uncle David, "when we do speak of polygamy we examine it fully and fearlessly and denounce it heartily, and especially in Alexander's case effectually."

The hardest of all their trials was the "low, mean" order of opposition that put forth slanderous and wickedly false stories of their mother. If there was ever a unity of loyalty between brothers it was manifest in the "Smith boys' " undeviating devotion to their mother, and they had good and unimpeachable evidence that this trust was on a solid basis.

But the numbers of Josephites did not seem to gain in Utah, for as fast as possible they left the Territory, a train of as many as five hundred leaving Utah at one time. While

watching the military tactics of the Mormon militia one day, my father drew from his pocket his Bible and Book of Covenants and said, "Here are my sword and musket, and the Book of Mormon is a weapon of peculiar power and strength."

My father's pleasure at having the association of his younger brother with him was clouded by anxiety for his safety. The mother had weepingly opposed the appointment. The zeal of church councils to rescue the misled and betrayed members of the old church saw in the gentle, gifted young son of the Martyr—so dear to his people—a possible magnet to draw them back to the simple, virtuous paths of the gospel of the thirties. But the mother said, "They have Moses and the prophets; if they heed not those, how will they believe this man?" The older brothers were fearful, not for themselves, but for the delicate, poetical, highly sensitive child of sorrow; they shrank from the contact, but he went and in the diary written by my father in those times there appeared a note of anxiety and tenderness mingled with the words of love and pride as he speaks of him, and just as in childhood he had stood like a guardian over the adored boy, so on this mission he kept close watch and ward over health and company, for he had no faith in the cordiality of some of these western leaders. Sometimes at social gatherings they were warned not to partake of certain refreshments brought to them, and sometimes pleasure trips were suddenly abandoned, for the same quiet warnings would come. One can not estimate the anxiety and worry of my father during those months spent in Utah. The actual work was the best part of all.

He felt unseen powers working against the church he represented. If they could persuade David to commit himself in any possible manner to their plans, then they considered they had a powerful hold. The martyred Prophet, risen again in this beautifully gifted son to lead them. If he continued with

his brother against them, a long cherished hope was gone, and for ever. But his gentle, courteous, smiling defense was as firm and unmistakable as the bolder, fire flung bolts of my father's ringing denunciations. The laughing voice of Uncle David often came to him in after years as it sounded after one of those vigorous sermons in Utah, when he would throw his arms across his shoulders and say, "Oh, Alex. You dear old pill coated sugar."

And while these scenes were being enacted in that valley in the mountains where priestcraftly fear had laid a finger to many a pale lip, the mother watched for every scrap of tidings. "Ah," she said to my father, "I know those leaders. You will *never* turn them from their present ways. Think not you can lead them back, but be prepared to hear them speak evil of me. They hate me, and it will be as well that they do, but do not you be hurt by it." So the summer of 1869 passed, the autumn months came, and the snow fell on the Wasatch, and in December the Smith boys moved westward. Passage to the end of the route being made possible in this case, as in nearly all other of good fortunes in that mission by the kindness of the Gentiles and not by the boasted friends of their father, who well nigh worshiped his pictured face yet polluted his name and memory by perverting his holiest works to their unrighteous purposes. Speaking of his name brings back that scene with Brigham Young in the first days of the mission to Utah, as related by my father.

Some one said: "We love you boys for your father's sake." I said that made no impression upon me; I expected to live long enough to make for myself a name, and have the people of God love me for my own sake.

At this President Young arose to his feet, clenched his fists and shook them down by his side, raised upon his toes and came down on his heels repeatedly as he said, "A *name, a name, a name.* You have not got God enough about you to make a name. You are nothing at all like your

father. He was open and frank and outspoken, but you; there is something covered up, something hidden, calculated to deceive."

I told him time would tell.

This sentiment of my father's was often expressed, for he had not yielded quickly to church persuasion and when he at last came among the church people it was as "Brother Joseph's" or "Brother David's" brother. Although attaching great tenderness and loyalty to the bonds that bound him, he often said in phrasings marked by different times and circumstances, "I shall make a name for myself and win from the people a love of my own." Did he win? Ah, who shall dare say nay?

Truly he loved much, of this his own bear undeviating testimony. When the bonds of Brigham rule were seen to be breaking, my father's heart was full of rejoicing, but there was a sense of personal relief and safety when he found himself beside his brother, speeding away from the haunts of those who perverted and demoralized the faith of his father.

The journey overland at that time was an expensive one, and as these missionaries whirled along through the snow draped hills of winter, there arose from the heart of each a prayer of gratitude for the love that had prompted Leland A. Stanford, ex-governor of California and president of the great Overland Route, to give them the prized railway passes to the very edge of the Continent, and to a sunny land with different moral atmosphere, although their coming might occasion less excitement and smaller audiences, but where a calm and serene freedom blessed the people.

It was in the early part of December, 1869, that these missionaries entered the Pacific Slope Mission and were received by the Saints with confidence and delightful expressions of welcome. The peculiar and to them hateful shadows of Utah seemed to roll in a measure away from their mental sky, and the radiance of truth under the light of liberty pervaded

the spiritual atmosphere. Yet at times a cloud flitted across it, a cloud tinged with hope, yet full of sorrow for the wanderers in Utah. For a while they enjoyed the sunshine and flowers and friends of California and then Uncle David's health began to break, and in vain they moved about from place to place; now at Santa Cruz near the ocean, now back into the mountains, with times of renewed vitality and again returning weakness; each man preaching and working as he could.

Early in the spring of 1870 a message came to my father, calling him to the bedside of my mother lying near death with lung fever. Hurriedly starting for the little home that held so much that was precious and dear, my father could not but hope that the home-going would bring health and betterment to his beloved brother. The journey was probably the most trying of any ever taken in all the travels of this busy man. I find in dim penciling in an old diary a few thoughts of one of those nights, spent on the homeward way. The car, a day coach with its stove in one end, was crowded and cold. The brother had been fixed as comfortably as possible, with coats and wraps, and was sleeping. My father, seated on a woodbox, with closely buttoned coat, was scribbling as the train jolted on through the stormy darkness; the oil lamps were dim and flickering, and his heart was heavy as only the heart of tender and deep affection could be under such conditions. His mind traveled back and remembered the late word from Brother William W. Blair, now in Utah:

"Liberty of thought and speech is claimed and enjoyed to a greater degree than at any time hitherto in this (Utah) Territory. Brothers Alexander and David sounded the keynote of religious and civil freedom, and it met with a hearty response in the bosoms of many; and now a lofty, holy diapason is sweeping through the land, awakening Israel from their delusive dreams." Had the work done been of suf-

ficient magnitude to warrant such a price as he feared was being paid? The long night dragged drearily along and his spirit seemed as gray and dreary as the first morning light. But hope springs eternal, and for my father it was fed by the wonderful fountain of good will and good works. On the second day of March, cold, blustery March, they reached home, at the quiet little city of Plano, and my father knelt by the side of his emaciated, fever bound little wife, who had babbled pitifully in the delirium of disease for days, begging for *him* and telling out pathetic little secrets of privations and want, kept close enough in health. No wonder the later system of provision for the elders' families seemed too munificent to some of them, for it provided at least the crust that kept away the wolf. It was only by the friendly visit of a hungry sister from another town that the true condition of my mother was discovered, for she was a proud-spirited, cheery soul, and when the good sister rushed in for just a bite, Sister Lizzie gave to her such as she had and such as had been their supply for more than one meal, potatoes and salt; ordinarily they had enough bread and molasses, and occasionally the donations of skim milk added to the bill of fare. The supply of fuel was limited, very limited. What wonder that the sister wrung enough from her to awaken a cry of indignation and alarm. Too late, a supply of food and fuel came into the little home. The naturally frail little woman with a baby at her breast was weakened by fast and cold, and had no vitality to meet the sharp chill of the lake winds that swept over the place in the spring, and she fell an easy victim to lung fever.

She did not blame anyone for the seeming neglect, for neglect it was. Should a woman go begging for bread, that her children's father might rescue men from religious bondage, and shall not a man care for his own household? That year's work was hard to face without bitterness of spirit and if my

father's confidence in men and brethren *was* weakened, the faith in God was made greater, for He gave back the mother of his children, and obeying advice, preparation was made to move her away from the path of the lake winds. Thus the petition of the lonely mother at Nauvoo was heeded, and the neat little home, so near the "pleasant church house" was offered for sale.

In April the annual conference convened in Plano and my father reported his share in the work in the Utah Mission.

The Conference Minutes read:

> Brother A. H. Smith reported his share in the same mission last year. Never before had he been so blessed as upon this mission. He and his brother David had gone, trusting that God would preserve them, and it had been so. They had found a good welcome in Salt Lake City, and their cousins, John and Samuel, treated them as kindly as men could be treated. People wished them to preach in the Tabernacle, and they visited Brigham Young, and made the request for it, as agents of the Reorganized Church. Brigham wished him to take back what he had said two years ago, and put much abuse upon them that was very grievous, telling them that they were in no way guided by the Lord, but were actuated by the spirit of the Devil. They were denied the Tabernacle, and by favor of the Gentiles used Independence Hall. Had overflowing congregations and though opposed by the ruling powers, yet all opposition worked the greater good, and they and the cause constantly gained ground, for the more the people were told to stay away the more they came. The people came to them by night, though warned not to communicate with, or harbor them. He felt that now was the time to strike, and that great efforts ought to be put forth to save that people.

At this conference the effort was made to return Alexander H. Smith and David H. Smith to the Utah Mission, but objections brought forward by the former, and made to the president of the conference, resulted in a request that silenced the movement, but my father was appointed to that mission with Elder William W. Blair.

At this conference he was appointed on a committee of five to draft and present a memorial to Congress, embodying an epitome of church faith and especially setting forth the church views on government, church policies, and polygamy.

The other members of the committee being Joseph Smith, Josiah Ells, William W. Blair, and Mark H. Forscutt. No elder's wife should fail to know that this was a memorable conference, for at this time there was launched the proposed movement to make some determined provision for the elders' families, that they might not want in the absence of their natural provider. Already the efforts of their best workers had been crippled by failure to make this provision, and it was hardly a Christian spirit that could be filled and satisfied while women and children of their missionaries were even possibly fainting for food, nor was it a godly man that could sit comfortably warm at his fireside and not know that his missionaries' families were provided with warmth by fire and clothing. The children of these missionaries, as they stood by the frosty windows, hungry and cold, and watched the brethren go by warmly dressed and well groomed—what was to be the effect on them? Ah, this was a wonderful conference that sought to take the life of its women and children from the variable tide of charity and place them in the legitimate harbor of self-protection; for a regular stipend gives one an opportunity to defend oneself in a measure; so the men of this finance committee of 1870 were pioneers of freedom, in a sense, incalculable in its effects, but it was merely a start, for many things must be endured before men become brothers indeed.

It was in the following month (May 10) that Uncle David was married to Miss Clara C. Hartshorn, of Sandwich, Illinois. What a brave little woman she was to fearlessly enter a field where she had so lately seen an elder's wife almost go down under the fight with existing hardships. Truly love laughs at greater than locksmiths. During the summer of 1870 my father and mother moved back to the Old Mansion at Nauvoo. The old place seemed dear and restful, but with all

its happy and romantic associations the house was cold, and lacked the snugness and modern comforts of later architecture. Having been built for a public house it was a hard task with the small means at hand, to make it cozy and homelike for a family of young children. The dear old mother wept joyful tears of welcome, and the children gravitated quickly to her open arms and tender sympathies. Because of illness, and the return move to Nauvoo, there was necessity for ready money and my father found himself again at the carpenter's bench or on the builder's scaffold, working by the week in Keokuk and visiting home over Sunday. These earnings seemed like the riches of a king to the wife who had borne actual want during the past few years, and it was gratifying to my father to put the comforts of existence into his home. On the weekly Sabbath visits he often assisted in the meetings in Nauvoo, held at that time in the upper room of the Old Brick Store on the northwestern corner of the Homestead Block. The branch of the church in Nauvoo was still known as the Olive Leaf Branch, and Elder Thomas Revel, a sturdy, honest, earnest, English Saint, was the president. It was during the winter of 1870 and 1871 that my father and Uncle David labored together occasionally in the Nauvoo District. I read of long tramps by the former in snow almost to the boot tops, to fill appointments and keep up his work throughout the year 1871 and winter of 1872 as president of String Prairie and Nauvoo District. Every Sunday was filled with preaching jaunts, and the week days with physical labor.

In the spring of 1872 the meetings in the Old Brick Store at Nauvoo were still being held, but the average attendance was not over a dozen. So the work seemed to be slowly going out in old Nauvoo. At the district conference, June 1 and 2, 1872, held at String Prairie, my father resigned his presidency of the district.

During the years 1870 and 1871 Uncle David's merry-hearted young wife occupied part of the Old Mansion, and here their son Elbert A. was born. It was a big, airy place in which to make a nest for one wee child, but the association of the two "missionary widows" was happy and congenial, and they made merry as possible the loneliness and bareness of the old house. My father now had a family of five children, the latest a little son born in the Old Mansion and named Don Alvin. He was a nervous, delicate child, whose infant years were attended with sickness and a struggle for life.

There comes clearly to mind one Christmas spent by these two women alone in the old house. With few of the comforts and none of the luxuries of life, but merry-hearted and cheery of voice, they laughed at their own discomforts, though sometimes with tears in each pair of brown eyes, for they were young and the world had so many beautiful things in it, it did seem that they might be favored with some of them. The richest and rarest of earth's good things could not in any sense compensate for the presence of the husbands. For this there was no compensation.

At the General Conference of 1872 my father was appointed a mission to California, but matters beyond his control kept him out of that field. His time had been well used in the local field near his home and in it he formed some of the most sincere and highly esteemed friendships of his lifetime; among them was that of Elder James McKiernan, of Farmington, Iowa. At the General Conference of 1873, held in the stone church at Plano, Illinois, my father was acting as one of the clerks of the conference, and when a letter was presented from the Saints of California asking that he should be sent to them, he felt that reasons should be stated why he had not filled the mission assigned him the year previous. This President Joseph Smith did. This was a notable conference for my father,

for on the morning of the 10th of April he was called to the apostleship, and near the close of the same session was ordained to that office under the hands of Joseph Smith, William W. Blair, and Jason W. Briggs. At the same conference his brother David was called and ordained counselor to the First Elder of the church. Those called into the Quorum of Twelve contemporaneously with my father were William H. Kelley, Thomas W. Smith, James Caffall, John H. Lake, Zenos H. Gurley, and Joseph R. Lambert. With John H. Lake and Joseph R. Lambert he had been closely associated in the Nauvoo and String Prairie District. At the afternoon session of April 11 Elder James McKiernan was chosen a seventy, and on the same day ordained under the hands of Joseph Smith, Jason W. Briggs, Josiah Ells, and Edmund C. Briggs. On the morning of the 12th my father received his first appointment as an apostle. He had labored as teacher, priest, elder, and high priest, and now was sent to Utah and Pacific Slope Mission, an apostle. On the same day the following motion was made by Elder Thomas Revel: "Resolved, That Elder James McKiernan accompany Elder Alexander H. Smith on his mission, if practicable." This was adopted, and a new chapter in an already pleasant story of unbroken friendship was prefaced. From this conference the fifty Saints who had come up from Nauvoo, Vincennes, Montrose, Burlington, etc., started homeward, after first holding a prayer meeting. Brother Frank Reynolds had charge of this delegation and the trip was one of the pleasantest remembered, enlivened with song and full of happy memories. I can not pass unnoticed one sad incident of 1873 that deeply affected both my parents. On January 18 word came to them of the death of Sister William Anderson. The half frozen river lay between the homes, and my mother sadly grieved that she could not be with her friend. My father went through the storm to them, for his love for William Anderson was deep and strong. He preached

the funeral sermon with broken voice and streaming eyes, and never in after life did he refer to that time without tears filling his eyes, and his heart was always tender for the motherless children left that cold winter day. Always he felt that the deprivations endured by this good woman while her husband was on that memorable first mission, was the foundation for the disease that human power could not check in its ravages. She had endured uncomplainingly and cheerfully, unsuspected hardship, and the missionary husband never knew until told by others of her heroic struggle. So martyrs go unheralded to a sure and glorious reward. Who can count the price of souls?

Looking back through the years, my father often spoke of that other friend, whose feet still keep time to Zion's march and whose voice rings true and unfaltering as when in the early seventies he consented to become a seventy and was ordained in the Little Stone Church in Plano. Before me is a letter from this faithful friend and I know he will not object if I give it place in this my simply told tale of one of the disciples of Christ.

FARMINGTON, IOWA, July 21, 1911.

MRS. VIDA SMITH,
Lamoni, Iowa.

Dear Sister: I have been searching from time to time when at home for that old memorandum of mine in which was an account of the experience of your honored father and myself in the brief time we were together in 1873.

We had previously been associated together much in local district work and at the April conference of 1873 were appointed to the California Mission, and this is my account of the time we were together. If it supplies any missing link or additional item of information in your historical account of the life of one of God's noblemen, I count myself happy to have so done.

Your brother,
JAMES MCKIERNAN.

INTRODUCTION.

By letter Brother Alexander Smith had notified me to meet him at Farmington, Iowa, June 27, 1873, ready to proceed on our appointed mission.

I was then living at Croton, so without purse or scrip or money I started in the early morning to walk the five miles in time for the 9 o'clock train.

At the edge of the town a good sister gave me one dollar.

With sorrow at parting with loved ones but with faith in God, I arrived at the depot, to there find Brother Alexander and several Farmington Saints waiting for the train and my arrival.

Brother Alexander had arrived a day or so previous, having as my memory retains his account, been conveyed by team from Montrose to Brother James Newberry's and Brother Newberry conveying him to Farmington. The Saints at that place made us a donation of ten dollars. So we bought tickets to Lineville, then the nearest point we could get to the colony, now Lamoni.

Here the diary begins:

Friday, June 27, 1873, started on the trip west. Took train at Farmington in company with Brother A. H. Smith, arrived at Ashland (now Eldon) at 11.30 a. m. Here we had to change cars for Lineville. After waiting for some time we resumed our journey. After getting well on the way we were overtaken by a severe tornado which carried grass, leaves, and branches of trees eddying past the cars.

After a hard blow of half an hour a tremendous rain set in, which poured down almost in torrents; so dense was it that we could not for a time see fifteen feet from the car window. This storm of rain lasted for over an hour. We arrived at Lineville at 3.30 p. m., where all was calm and quiet as a summer morn. But a little wind and only a slight sprinkle of rain here. This was very fortunate for us.

We visited several stores in order to learn if there were any teams going out to Pleasant Plains (later called Pleasanton). None such to be found, we sought the livery man. He wanted five dollars to take us over—which we considered too much, taking into consideration the state of our finances. Finally he came down to four dollars. We offered three dollars, which was about all we had in stock. This he stated was no inducement. We thought we could make wages walking, so we slung our valises high on our shoulders and trudged along.

After traveling on about four miles we were overtaken by another wind and rainstorm and were forced to take shelter in a house near at hand. We went to the open door, but the inhabitants did not manifest any disposition to invite us in, so we walked in and the woman did manage to offer us seats after we had introduced ourselves. But the man of the house was very much interested in reading an almanac, and did not so much as take his eyes off the interesting work to give us a casual glance, but we made ourselves as welcome as we could and remained a short time. The storm abating somewhat, we concluded we would venture forth; but we merely got beyond the threshold when the rain came down with renewed vigor. This drove us back for shelter when we found the inmates of the house as sociable as they were before.

In the meantime the lady of the house had been setting the table for

supper. When it was nearly ready, the rain again ceased and we started on our journey, thanking the people for the shelter obtained, but without an invitation to remain for supper, which we did not regret very much, having witnessed the culinary arrangements. An incident occurred here that reminded us of the old saying, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good." So this wind that forced us to take shelter, and not having an invitation to supper, put us on the road at the right time, as a wagon soon overtook us, which we hailed and got permission to ride in. This carried us some four miles on our journey. Arriving at the home of the driver and his wife, whom we had entertained with social converse and gospel talk on the way, we got out and sincerely thanked them for the ride. They gave us a cordial invitation to stay over night with them, said they had a spare bed and we were welcome to it. As it was near dark, looked like rain, and five miles of rough, obscure, and muddy road between there and the nearest Saint's residence, Brother Milton Bailey's, where we had any other assurance of supper and lodging, we concluded to stay. We were given a good supper and talked gospel till late bedtime. Had a good bed and an early breakfast.

28th. The man had to haul some wood that day, and as his timber was on our way to Brother Bailey's we rode on the running gear of his wagon nearly in sight of his (Brother Bailey's) home. There we resumed our walk, up hill and down dale, until we arrived at Milton Bailey's, where we found a warm welcome, and I remained the rest of the day to visit them as brother-in-law. Brother Alexander H. Smith went over to Brother Ebenezer Robinson's and Brother Moffet's.

Sunday, 29th. Attended meetings of Little River Branch, Brother A. H. Smith preaching at 11 a. m. We both took dinner at Brother Robinson's. Attended sacrament meeting in afternoon.

Monday, 30th. Brother Milton Bailey kindly had offered to convey us by team to Brother William Hopkins's place. We found a rough ride in a lumber wagon, but about the best that was available.

We arrived at Brother Hopkins's about 2 o'clock. I was feeling quite ill, but had a good night's rest. Arose in the morning, July 1, feeling much better in health, had quite a rain during forepart of day. Afternoon we went over to Brother Adams's where we met a kind reception and were made welcome to their home—remained over night with them.

Wednesday, July 2. Remained at Brother Adams's, not feeling strong, but during the day several of the brethren came to prepare the grove for the 4th of July picnic already appointed, Brother A. H. Smith and I doing our share of the work. In the afternoon we went over to Brother I. N. W. Cooper's and later to Brother Zenos H. Gurley's where we stayed all night.

On this visit Brother A. H. Smith talked much with Brother Gurley about his (Gurley's) late call to the Quorum of Twelve, who seemed much averse to accepting the place, leaving the impression in my mind that he thought the Lord ought to have consulted or notified him if he

(the Lord) was going to give a revelation to that effect, and was in a quandary as to accepting or rejecting the call.

Thursday, July 3. Returned to Brother Adams's and remained over night.

Friday, 4th. Attended the celebration and picnic in Brother Adams's grove where Saints from the surrounding colony attended. Brethren Zenos Gurley and A. H. Smith were the principal speakers, in the order named. Brother Cooper and I made remarks. In the evening we went to Brother Hopkins's and stayed over night.

Saturday, 5th. By the kindness of Brother Braby we were conveyed to Leon to attend a two-day meeting. I spoke to the Saints assembled at 11 o'clock a. m., and Brother Alexander spoke at night. Lodged over night with Brother Jennings. During the night a heavy thunder and rainstorm prevailed.

Sunday, July 6. Attended meeting during the day. Brother Alexander was the speaker at 11 a. m. I spoke in the evening, and this night we lodged at Brother Buckley's.

Monday, July 7. Weather rather gloomy; rained during the night; waited in suspense all day for a conveyance to take us to Osceola. This did not come as promised. At 5 o'clock p. m. we took train at Leon for Council Bluffs; arrived at Chariton about 8 p. m., and waited till 9.30 and took a train to Creston; arrived there 11.58 p. m. We lay down on the depot floor on newspapers until 3.15 a. m., then took another train for the "Bluffs," where we arrived at 10 a. m., Tuesday, the 8th, and received a kind welcome from the Saints, and were put under special obligation to Brethren A. Hall, Charles Jensen, Calvin Beebe and their respective homes for entertaining us.

We passed the week in visiting Saints, attended Wednesday night prayer meeting; we took part. Sunday, 13th, 11 a. m., Brother A. H. Smith preached. At 3 p. m. I preached; 7 p. m. Alexander H. Smith preached. Here it was decided that Brother Smith should take what funds had been raised for both, and what he could get from Bishop Gamet, and hasten on to California; I to labor in western Iowa until fall conference and then follow on.

Monday, 14th. In company with Brother John A. McIntosh I started for Gallands Grove, with feelings of deep regret. Scarcely restraining the tears I to-day parted company with Brother Alexander, he going by rail to San Francisco, being able to obtain means sufficient for one only.

I drop the diary here. It may be that you will find no item in it of any interest or value to you, but if there is one that will help you to fill out the history of the life of one I love as a father, I shall myself be amply repaid. And if you could read between the lines the scenes and incidents that fond memory brings to view as I copy them, it would make much better reading than words or pen can give.

Wherever you read "we" the name of your father is included.

JAMES MCKIERNAN.

I have wondered sometimes why the early missionaries to the West went by such slow and devious windings toward their fields of labor until they passed through districts round about the hills of western Iowa, when usually their trials seemed to end, and with all wants satisfied, they took the long train for the long trip to the end of the journey. But I do not wonder any more, for I have touched soul with some of these western Iowa people and I think the love of the early Saints of these parts is descending to their children, to the second and third generation. In this one case they failed, and then there was disappointment in the failure, for many who had hoped to profit by this union of forces, so potent in each man for mighty works.

(To be continued.)

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THE MARCH OF MEN.

If you could cast away the pain,
The sorrows and the tears,
And let the joys alone remain
From all departed years;
If you could quite forget the sighs
And recollect the song—
What think you: would you be as wise,
As helpful, or as strong?

If you could lay the burden down
That bows your head at whiles,
Shun everything that wears a frown,
And live a life of smiles—
Be as happy as a child again,
As free from thoughts of care—
Would you appear to other men
More noble or more fair?

Ah no! a man should do his part
And carry all his load,
Rejoiced to share with every heart
The roughness of the road.
Not given to thinking overmuch
Of pains and griefs behind,
But glad to be in fullest touch
With all his human-kind.

—Charles Buxton Going.

BIOGRAPHY OF ALEXANDER H. SMITH.

BY VIDA E. SMITH.

(Continued from page 278.)

The President of the church wrote my father to hasten into the field of the West and attended to certain ordinations, arranged by the April conference. Father borrowed, on his own personal note, the money necessary for traveling expenses to the slope, Brother Calvin A. Beebe making the loan to him, and reluctantly and sadly he parted from Elder McKiernan. This loan was later met by the Saints of the San Bernardino Branch in the kind and loving spirit moving men whose fires are touched by the love of Christ.

A strange thing is this gospel love, when men become strongly imbued with it; no sacrifice is too great, no hope too wonderful. It was thus with Elder McKiernan and father; they had planned many things for the time they had hoped to spend together; now they clasped hands and parted with tear-dimmed eyes, one faring forth alone to his mission, one turning a brave face to the work lying nearest. With cheery voice and heart of hope Elder McKiernan found work in the literal harvest fields of western Iowa, preaching with gladness on the Sabbath and storing the "hire for the reaper" against the day when he should be permitted to fulfill his mission. If there is anything harder than a real lonely, hard mission, it is to find oneself barred from work and the world to which the mind has been set and the soul attuned. From a letter written by father I find corroboration of Elder McKiernan's letter and also catch a glimpse of his musings as he journeys from the place of separation.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, August 9, 1873.

Brother Joseph: I have frequently been asked to write to the HERALD, and thus give the Saints the privilege of knowing where I am and what I am doing.

On my leaving home for this field of labor, I intended to pass through the State of Iowa and visit the Saints of that State, leisurely working my way west until I should arrive on my own ground of appointment, doing what good I could do, and as little harm on my way as possible; and give you at times an account of the interesting events of my journey for publication. With this intent, on the 24th of June I left home, passed down the river to the city of Keokuk, on board the steamer *Cricket*. The Saints of that place met me with kindness, and Brethren Durfee and Hughes kindly furnished me a conveyance up to Vincennes, Brother Hughes leaving his work and going with me thus far. Here we met Brother John H. Lake, Cheeny and others, and enjoyed a night's hospitality at Brother Duty Griffiths', who made me a present of a new hat, provided I would get my hair cut, as he thought it was rather long for a missionary. Of course I got my hair cut, also got the hat, which had a thermometer in the top of it to warn me to keep cool.

I passed by rail to Farmington. Here I met that live and whole-hearted Saint, Brother Frank Reynolds, who hitched up his one-horse wagon and took me down to Croton to see Brother James McKiernan, and have him journey with me westward. I found James ready; in fact I believe he is a minute man, always ready. On this trip to Croton the sun poured his fiery beams down on our devoted heads seemingly without mercy, the thermometer in my hat stood at one time at 120 degrees. We were warned by this to seek the shade. This evening at the Saints' meeting, by request I spoke. After meeting I repaired to the house of Father Warnock, where I was entertained as only a father and mother could care for a loved son. May the peace of God's Holy Spirit abide in their dwelling for ever.

Bidding the Saints good-bye, I met Brother James at the depot, and we were soon on board the cars and speeding onward to the West again. Changed cars at Ashland Crossing, took lunch while waiting for the train, after lunch on the train, and off again, i. e., towards Lineville. Between Ashland Crossing and Lineville we were overtaken by, and witnessed, a fearfully threatening storm. The sky to the north of us was very black, and the clouds seemed to be coming immediately across our track, the wind shifted and the storm and the train ran side by side for some distance. The storm crossed the track behind us, and came on and overtook us. In an instant the car was filled with dust; in the air were leaves and small limbs of trees; for a few moments this continued, then a few drops of rain, then began such a fall of water as I never witnessed before. We journeyed on, however, and in an hour's time we came out of the storm, and all was fair, dry, and bright. At Lineville we alighted from the cars, and learned that it was twelve miles to the Little River Branch. We tried to get a conveyance; we could get one for the sum of five dollars; and as we were young, strong, and able-bodied men, we concluded to foot it; so on we trudged. After a four-mile walk, a storm arose, and we sought shelter by the wayside in a farmhouse. Remained here till the rain slacked up, and then took to the road again.

As we got on the road we met a team going the same way we were, the driver kindly gave us a ride, and thus four more miles were gotten over. And I must say that the farmers along these four miles possess one advantage over the general farming district through which we passed. I think with care they can farm both sides of their land, as the most of it certainly sets up on edge. The night was so forbidding and the storm seemed ready to burst upon us, we accepted the invitation of the farmer who gave us a ride and stayed with him all night. I think his name was Charles Barr. May he be blessed for his kindness to us. After breakfast we journeyed on, found after much inquiry Brother Milton Bailey's residence. Here we rested. I walked over to Brother Ebenezer Robinson's; from his place I went to see Brother Moffet. We remained in this neighborhood over Sunday, and had a good time meeting the Saints in worship in the grove near Brother Moffet's.

Monday morning Brother Bailey, with us in his wagon, drove over to Lamoni, where Brother William Hopkins's family received us kindly, administering to our wants. My object in coming here was, that I might see the land of the First United Order of Enoch, and thus from personal observation be able to answer many questions asked by the Saints concerning it. Brother Hopkins favored us with a ride, and showed us the land, with some of the new houses built thereon this season. Brother Charles Jones lives on one of the order's farms, and he told me there had been twelve hundred acres of fresh breaking done, and teams still breaking. Crops all look fine; oats, wheat, and corn. The land is as handsome, rolling prairie as anyone would wish to see; covered, where it is not broken up by the plow, with a splendid growth of wild grass. Here I learned that the order did not want any idlers on the land, as their leases only extend one year, with the privilege, if faithfully farmed, of a longer lease. Crop rent is paid, the old-time one third rate, and where oats or other small grain is raised, corn is taken in its stead, as corn can be more easily cribbed by the order. We enjoyed the hospitality of Brother George Adams, of California, whose estimable lady made us welcome as a mother could have done. We visited Brother Zenos H. Gurley also; had a nice visit with Brother Cooper; we like him very much. We spent the glorious Fourth of July in a grove near Brother Adams's, and were made painfully aware of the fact that we were not a success as a Fourth of July orator. On the morning of the fifth, in company with Brother George Braby, we started for Leon, to attend a two-day meeting to be held there. Arrived in time. Here we met Brother Moffet, president of the district, again: were received and entertained by Brother F. A. Jennings. Our meetings passed off pleasantly, notwithstanding a severe storm raged nearly all night Saturday night. Monday evening, we take our leave and ship on board the cars again. We changed at Chariton, and also at Creston; arrived at Council Bluffs, and met Brother Charles Jensen, who made us welcome and provided refreshments for the outward man. Brother James and I were content to rest here awhile, having traveled all night. Everywhere

we met kindness; God's blessing has been over us; our hearts render thanks to him. More anon. I remain as ever,

ALEX H. SMITH.

One summer day we drove over some of the country mentioned in the letter by Brother McKiernan and this one of father's, over the same country in fact, but by different roads. No doubt they crossed acres of open prairie, following the ridges and fording the small streams that flowed through the virgin prairie land; about them lay unfenced acres of native blue grass; the hills were dotted with wild flowers and groves of hazel brush. Now, we rode along the smoothly dragged and well-kept section roads, smooth as a boulevard for the farmers' chugging autos. On all sides of us were well-tilled farms, the air was heavy with fragrance from the clover meadows ripening under a June sun and every checkered corn field was being cultivated easily and splendidly. The farmer riding his cultivator at ease through the green rows, his slick horses leading the way. Here and there willow-fringed, artificial lakes gleamed in the sunlight, and garden and orchard throve and prospered. A sadder part was the occasional scene of some of those same hospitable homes of 1873, abandoned, the windows boarded up, the garden walk overgrown and the rose bush choked out by neglect. These are the evidences of concentrated ownership, where once the farm was for the many, it is now the property and home of the few; where every forty once meant a home, it now means but a small part of some wise man's capital. So it is with some of the old colony lands of Decatur County. We drove to the Adams house, now the Garland farm. The old, low-built, rambling Adams house burned down years ago, but on the site stands a comfortable, two-story farmhouse; across the road are the barn lots and buildings just as of yore, but the thrifty "young orchard" planted by Brother Adams between the barn lots and the creek bottom with its sheltering belt of timber, grew

old and died and now corn and watermelons flourish on its grave. The timber lands, once so beautiful with wide-armed oak and elms, is most of it cut away, and the picnic party of that Fourth of July, 1873, would have to move a mile up the stream to the Evergreen picnic grounds for half so fine a picnicking place as they had in those early times. There is less of underbrush and wild berries now. There is a newer orchard on the north side of the road, back of the house. The country near here is still picturesque and a little broken, but progress marks the land for its own. The memory of its grassy hills and timbered creek lands returned to my father often, and often as it recurred he dreamed of a farm of his own in this new hope of the Saints. For then there was a great spiritual desire among all the people to gather, to be associated in work and pleasure with those of their own faith, and this new opening, not far from Pleasant Plains, was calling to hearts from the East to the West, and from Michigan to Texas. This land and the Far West country seemed inviting with strong voice the whole church, and as my father noted the exhilarating, bustling spirit of this broad, free prairie he involuntarily compared it with the slow moving, sleepy, although romantic old town where his family of growing children were spending their childhood. True enough, the school there was good, but the social problem was beginning to take on proportions of importance, as well as the question of employment for his eldest son, who was nearing the border land of that period of every boy's life, most perplexing and disturbing,—his early teens.

One cherished incident broke the monotony of this trip. As he neared the city of Columbus, Nebraska, he fell to thinking of the Saints in the place, and past blessings enjoyed with them, and as the train ran into the city he stepped to the platform and greeted the never-failing friend, Elder Henry J. Hudson, and a cheery, comforting company of the Saints.

How it cheered and comforted him as the chariot bore him away into the darkness and loneliness of a long journey, companionless.

In the July heat and dust he came to the end of that long ride at the Vernon home in Sacramento, where he rested for the night, then on to San Francisco to meet the missionaries appointed to the Australian Mission and hasten their departure. While waiting for these men to come in from their fields of labor in California, and for the necessary gathering of money for sending them to that distant land, he worked with local forces in Petaluma, Santa Rosa, and Heeldsburg.

The Saints of California had at this time a regular Australian Mission Fund, and raised by contribution nearly all the money used for passage of both Elders Rodger and Wandell. The ordination of these elders to the office of seventy, by the apostle, occupying for the first time in his office, gave father a sense of great responsibility and humility; accordingly he turned from it, with renewed vigor and fire, to the expounding of doctrine to the peculiarly mixed population of California, compounded so greatly of adventurers, speculators, and fortune hunters, with a sprinkling of Mormons grown sick with a religion perverted and gross as the product of Utah. Buoyant, happy, and eager, father enjoyed the companionship of such men as Hervey Green, "grand old soldier," Daniel S. Mills, John R. Cook, Roswell R. Dana and many others of the ministry as clean-souled, courageous, and full of earnest purpose. The new branch at San Benito had been organized that summer and later the Jefferson and Long Valley branches, all destined to furnish noble workers in the gospel work. Indeed some of the most distinguished and brilliant minds of the church are products of these conversions.

Wherever father went he found encouragement and bright prospects, and the evidence of work done by Elders Rodger,

Wandell, Davison, and others, and he rejoiced in it all by reason of comparison with a dark day, and consequent sorrow, such as comes to men sometimes, in which he had suffered a heavy trial because of false brethren. And when the light had been turned on and he knew, what to his fearless soul seemed almost unbelievable, that one or two were striking as a coward might, under cover and at his back, he set himself to untangle it all; it was from such a siege as this that he was answering the call of kind and truthful souls in return to his mission and all the blessings were heaven-sent seasons to him. He had learned the great lesson that no man can escape trials, among which is catalogued false brethren; and the lesson, though severe, brought refining fire and greater love for truth and honor.

Before me lies a letter dearly prized by father because of the trust and love established by it, and a similar one from his brother Joseph was as dear; these two letters, written when the smoke of battle had cleared, and read by him after days of bitterness and uncalled for suffering, poured healing balm into his big warm heart and helped to heal the wound given by others with whom he afterwards mingled in gospel work and held neither grudge nor hardness.

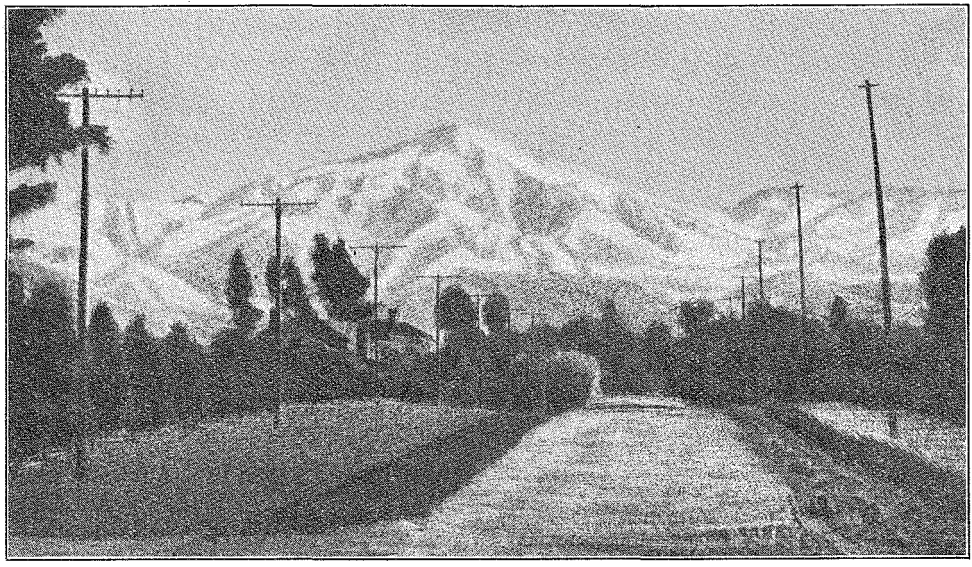
Busy and eager was he in California while the semiannual conference was in session near Council Bluffs in the fall of 1873. From that conference Elder McKiernan was sent into other fields and the conference sent the companion of early ministerial days to help on the slope—so it was that Elder William Anderson, of Montrose, Iowa, broken in health, yet full of zeal, set his face again toward the golden West.

At the semiannual conference of the Pacific Slope, held in the G. A. R. Hall in San Francisco, October 5, 1873, the State was redistricted and presidents for each district elected with the exception of the San Bernardino District. The appointment of a president for this district was left to the president

of the mission, when he should become acquainted with conditions existing there. This would necessitate a trip to the southern portion of the State.

At this conference much more interest was manifested in the Australian Mission. The regular fund was recorded and more offerings of money received and a few weeks after, Elders Rodger and Wandell left the wharf at San Francisco bound for that far-off land. Soon after this conference my father prepared to go to San Bernardino, as he said with the firm faith that all difficulties could be satisfactorily settled, and peace would then reign in all the districts in California. About the middle of November, Elder Anderson arrived in California and began his labors in the old city of San Bernardino among the beautiful mountains. One who has visited the city must recall its peculiar location in the deep basin of these beautiful, low, green hills, with majestic, snow-capped mountains guarding it on every side. No wonder Helen Hunt loved these glorious peaks and rich, picturesque valleys, and wove them into her Indian romance. No wonder the old-time Mormons chose this for a city, choosing the lowly bowl of the valley because the water came down, warm and soft, from the one mountain spring; icy cold and refreshing from another, just around the spur of the mountain. Now men build villas and cities on the hills and high plateaus and say to the mountain streams, "Come up!" and they come. San Bernardino had reported a membership of more than two hundred, but it was a very active branch in those days in some ways, for there was always something happening to keep things lively. Elder Anderson called it jealousy, plain, and simple, after he had joined my father there, for even father's sanguine hopes fell before the outlook that he gradually came into after the conference of the 8th and 9th of November, at which he presided and made an effort to execute the commission given at the conference in San Francisco, the previous month.

The meeting of these two souls in that semitropical city was very pleasant. Although Elder Anderson had suffered great bereavement and my father had passed through suffering known only to large souls and true, warm-hearted men, when a comrade in the big fight turns traitor to him and their common interests of right and truth. For he was open and



Majestic snow-capped mountains guarding it on every side.

frank and fearless, and a blow struck from the rear and in the dark was to him cowardly and base. So when he had beaten about in the dark until the soul cried, "here," he turned away from him and rested in such presence as dictated these letters of love and trust. But this thing had also helped in the making of his character. He learned tolerance and caution, and became more conservative, and so these two men sat in the pleasant places of this southern city and exchanged warm confidences, or walked together beneath the trees where mocking birds sang, so absorbed in theme and

companionship that hours passed uncounted. And then began a union of forces to get peace among the members in place of wrangling and mistrust; but it was slow work. While located here at San Bernardino father joined company with a band of brethren going to Gospel Swamp, about seventy miles distant, near the ocean, on a hunting expedition.

It was splendid to him, this prospect of long, wet tramps and leaping camp fires and fresh wild game. Elder Anderson did not care for out-of-door revelries with gun and frying pan and high boots, so he did not accompany them.

One day late in the afternoon father returned from a hunt, wet, hungry, and needing a shave, and found an invitation to preach in the schoolhouse at early candle light that evening. He gladly accepted and occupied. Having no Bible with him he proceeded without. At the close of the address some one asked him a question. He borrowed a Testament of a man in the audience and read from it what the man did not believe could possibly be there. From this incident he was led into his first public religious discussion. Later others built up a splendid branch where this discussion was held.

Leaving Elder Anderson in the south, father moved northward through the slow and trying stages consequent upon the heavy rains of winter, but through flower-crested hills.

Southern California held charms for these brethren, but duty called to other places, and early in February, 1874, he was laboring with Elder Daniel S. Mills in the central part of the State. From a business trip to San Francisco he accompanied Elder Mills to Watsonville, Santa Cruz, and the new branches at San Benito, San Juan, and Jefferson. How he did enjoy those weeks of activity! From day to day the company of Saints went with them from house to house, singing and counseling by the way, along the bubbling creeks and through the low, pleasant hills of the San Benito country. The people were eager to hear, the elders joyful in the telling

of the gospel of Christ. Splendid friendships were made for my father that he is no doubt enjoying in eternity with such men as Burton, Carmichael, Cook, and many others.

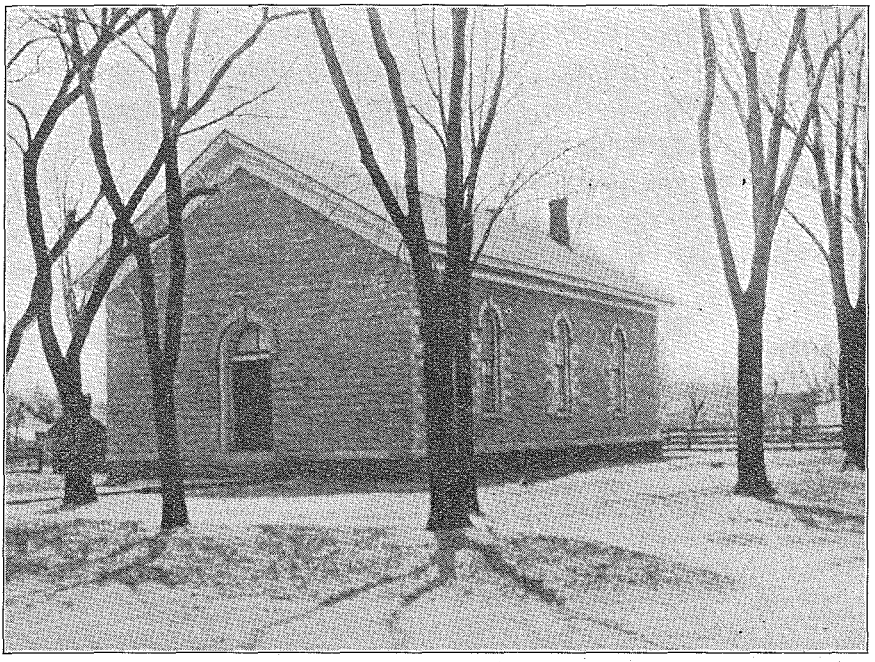
J. Henry Lawn with team carried them much of the way, finally down the valley to sleepy old San Juan, with its quaint old adobe houses and brown and silent old Spanish church, where the Twitchels lived and entertained the ministry.

Here let me diverge to add a memory of my own. In the late summer of 1886, while passing through the State, I accompanied my husband and a small band of Saints to this little town of San Juan to assist in the funeral service of an aged church member, Sister Eunice Ursula Twitchel. As I sat at the organ in that cool, quiet church, and the low, soft strains melted into the silence around us, I thought I had never felt such perfect repose as lay over the dusty, sun-baked little town, half asleep and far from the modern world and all its bustle and traffic. This woman, buried that day, was one of the converts baptized by Elder Cook and confirmed by Wandell in their memorable campaign in that country in the fall of 1873. It was her son who drove to Watsonville with Elder Mills and my father thirteen years before, over these same hills, then green and brilliant with springtime verdure.

From this extraordinary little mission through central California father viewed the world of work before him with a feeling of discouragement. So many calls for preaching coming and so few to answer them. He wrote to the church authorities again, urging the division of the mission. Utah, Oregon, Montana, Idaho, and Nevada were included in this mission. Utah was better manned than any of the rest of those named. It was wonderful the way California met the elders in those days with crowded houses and attentive ears. Small wonder that men's hearts glowed with the fire of consecration and quickened impulses for preaching. Sometimes men sat learning until the midnight hour was gone, and sometimes until it was

gray dawn they questioned and counseled and prayed together.

At the General Conference of the church at Plano, Illinois, in April of the year 1874 father was continued in his mission and the mission was divided, although it seemed unwise to some, because it was difficult to find capable men willing to



Stone Church, at Plano, Illinois.

take charge of the divisions and stay with them any length of time. However Utah, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, and Colorado were taken from the Pacific Slope Mission and constituted another mission.

While the general church conference was in session in the Stone Church in Plano, the Pacific Slope Mission was holding at Sacramento, California, where beside the lay members, thirty officers of the church took part in business and social service. Among the reports I clip this from my father's:

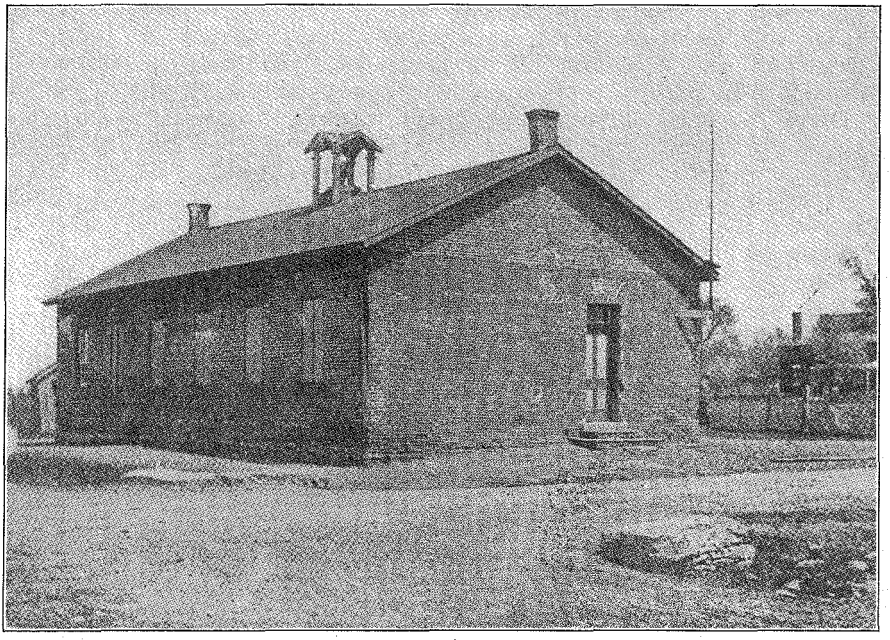
Labored a long time in [San Bernardino] to reconcile matters, of which there appeared but little hope; tried to show charity, so that none might be cut off, that all might be reclaimed; labored alone till Brother Anderson came, and held meetings to get life among the brethren; labored six weeks; five of them held meetings every night, three meetings every Sunday; at the expiration of that time discovered some hope, but clouds still hung over; I thought to go elsewhere and leave Brother Anderson. Before leaving concluded to have sacrament meeting, but did not know who would partake of it. When the meeting was opened the Spirit of God was present; strong men were melted to tears, and most all partook of the sacrament. Came away satisfied and believe that the Saints will continue; there may be some heart burning; some hard feelings, but believe they will pass away; expected to be there three weeks, but was there three months. While down at Gospel Swamp, had meeting in the schoolhouse; preached first principles, felt happy, and full of the Spirit; at close of meeting, a Campbellite minister arose and asked some questions, then challenged me to a discussion; we met and the adversary was confounded to the praise of God; a good feeling was manifested, everywhere, and the call comes from every direction, "Come and preach to us." Brother Brush was president of San Bernardino District, and is now. Left there, and went to Brother Mills' district with him, and never saw a greater manifestation of the Spirit than at San Benito. I return thanks to the brethren for their kindness to me, and the glory to God for his goodness.

The action of the conference in seeking to establish some means of providing for the elders' families will show how times have improved and loosened the hands and feet of those who are best calculated to run with the tidings of great joy. A copy of the resolution adopted by this conference may best show the spirit moving upon these people.

Resolved, That the presidents of the various branches of the Pacific Slope be directed by this conference to ascertain and collect the amount that each member of said branch over which he presides will give quarterly for the support of the families of the elders who are actively engaged in the work of the ministry; and said presidents to forward the same to Elder John Roberts, San Francisco, by him to be expended for the support of such families, and we urge the necessity of prompt action in this matter.

From this conference, which lasted for eight days, father went with the enthusiastic local force again into the field, and on May 1 met with the Saints in a conference of four days duration at Tres Pinos (Three Rivers), in the Santa Cruz Dis-

trict, in San Benito County. It was at this conference that he, assisted by others, ordained Joseph F. Burton an elder; an incident that he always reviewed with his eyes brimming with happy tears. For a man loves manly goodness in man, and in his touch with this man he found many cherished ideals, char-



Seventy's Hall, Nauvoo, Illinois.

acterized and well developed, both in physique and spirit. From this good time at San Benito he moved on with Elder Mills. The embodiment of active and enthusiastic spiritual zeal was this man, with his big frame and ill health. To Watsonville and then on to the "courthouse services" in the pleasant windmill city of Stockton; then on to Sacramento and into Nevada. At the May Conference the first fruits of the resolution on provision for families was reaped, my father receiving as his share forty dollars for his family, now six children in it,

some of them of school age and so requiring more means for a livelihood. Already three of them were attending school in the first ward in Nauvoo.

Sometimes in fancy he saw them, one boy, two girls, going up the grassy old Main Street, turning the corner north of Argast's saloon and Wetzel's little white store, down Parley to the familiar old structure built many years ago by the Mormons for a Seventy's Hall. They had built it two stories high and on the main road to the ferry landing. The upper story had been removed and it stood bare and unshaded by the road. To the west and north stretched a sodden area known as the "hundred acres," but not that much land lay thus undrained and untilled for many years. Near it stood the old homes of old-time Mormons—many of them empty and going to decay. These often furnished places for wild games of hide and seek to his children and playmates, as they had to his own youth.

Often he drew mental contrast with the inertia and ruin of the beloved home town and the bustling, progressive western cities; not that Nauvoo had not its cultivated and progressive people, but they were in the minority. He began to long very deeply to place his family in surroundings less deadening. To get them where some employment beside fishing, and less dangerous sport than they found on the river, and companions of their own faith and hope.

While crossing the beautiful Iowa prairies there had come a flash of the future of her towns and rolling hills and what they might be in coming years, and over and over he turned the question, "Where shall I reside, that I may serve best the interests of my family and the church?"

He spent his thirty-sixth birthday in Nevada, where he labored for six weeks. Upon his return to San Francisco father found letters intimating the probable necessity of his returning to Nauvoo to assist in the care of his brother David, then at Nauvoo, resting but not improving as had been hoped

by his brother Joseph. He had his plans laid for the work of months, and although expressing himself as willing to do the best he could wherever placed and whatever the work, he still felt loath to separate himself at this time from the work on the slope. He had the matter in hand better than ever before, and was growing in generalship of the whole situation.

At the slope conference, held in the Saints' chapel at Washington Corners, Alameda County, September 3, 1874, the following resolution was presented:

> Resolved, That we, the Saints of the Pacific Slope Mission, do most earnestly pray the brethren in General Conference to be assembled at Council Bluffs, Iowa, on the 19th inst., to return as speedily as possible our beloved president, Alexander H. Smith, with his family, on a permanent mission to this coast. Adopted unanimously.
>
> That this conference deem it prudent for the better working of the ministry in this mission, that a suitable residence be leased or purchased by this church, located in a central part of California, for the use of the president of the Pacific Slope Mission; and we earnestly commend this to the consideration of the General Conference of this church.

At this conference Jane, the eldest daughter of Elder Glaud Rodger, was married to Brother Chauncey Butterfield. These were two excellent young people, and although Sister Janie went away to paradise long ago, a beautiful family of sons and daughters live to do honor to her memory and comfort the father. Elder Mills performed the ceremony.

At this time there was not anywhere a more popular man in church circles than Elder Mills. His genial, free-hearted manner won old and young, for he loved men, not money nor rank. Speaking of him a decade later a companion said: "I could labor in unity with him for a thousand years." His generous spirit knew no jealousy, no envy, and no self-exaltation, and behind him stood the self-sacrificing, energetic, free-hearted woman who reared his family and kept her firm hand hard with constant ministrations to her own and others' needs.

The wife and three remaining children of Elder Glaud Rodger accompanied father to the conference at Council

Bluffs, and after conference journeyed on to the colony at Lamoni, Iowa.

The semiannual conference this year experienced a new phase of the weather. For fourteen years the sun had smiled down upon the tented city of the Saints in their convening; smiled his warm, dreamy smile of autumn's season; but at this conference, beginning September 20, it rained a cold, drizzly rain, and nowhere was it very comfortable, but the people stayed in their chosen place of camp and hurried along every business measure.

Of course people expected rain in spring at the Annual Conference, but in the fall at the camp, sunshine was due. The gloom finally broke and comfort came in part. The stop at conference was not a delight to father. Once he had resolved to go home, all things that lay between himself and that dear spot were but difficulties to be surmounted, and the cause of his homecoming was made more appealing to him when the details had been disclosed. The love and solicitation of the California people had followed him in a petition for his return, and that for a permanent residence, the mission to create a mission house and prepare the home. The conference returned the man of California's choice in charge of the mission, and left the matter of home and permanency of presidency with the mission.

This seemed like an answer to father's prayers, and the solving of the problems vexing him. He hurried away from the conference grounds before its final adjournment, and where dreamy glories of autumn laid over its face and its islands he once more came to his beloved river, and speedily to the little woman, and the children who had grown so fast that he could cry about it. Their childhood was passing and he had no part in it. A year and a half makes many changes in growing children, and the shyness of these little people, and their half strange greetings made his heart sore, and when the

little woman quietly laid a little of the responsibility onto him, he liked it, yet he was crushed with his own strangeness with his own children, and the overtures of the warm-hearted, trusting California people seemed more than ever a veritable godsend, to keep him more in touch with his own family, while at the same time filling the office of his priestly calling in his appointed place.

He presented the plan with all its numerous advantages to the little wife, and she listened, and the people in the West, some of whom she was already in correspondence with, sent her warm and pressing invitations to come to the hospitable welcome they held in store for her. Priesthood and laity joined in these kindly urgings. They were to make for her a home all ready; several hundred dollars had been subscribed toward this home, but the location not yet decided upon. Finally the little woman consented. These last months she had enjoyed the comforts of many things, long needed, and she knew it was by reason of the forethought and business-like arrangements of these same good people that such comfort was possible. Her independent spirit felt a shrinking from being a drifting object of charity, however generous and kindly the benefactors, and she consented to move with her little family into the Mission Home *when it was ready,* and with a very resolute look she vowed *not before.* She could not think of going into other homes, with her half dozen small children, a guest for an indefinite period, and so it was settled and the Old Mansion and its "bit garden" was put in shape by that "gude mon" for another year's absence. My mother had received from father's mission during his absence of a year and a half about two hundred and seventy-five dollars for herself and six children. In addition to this there was a small income from father's share of the family farm, and her lot was far better than many others of the missionaries of those times, though not so good by far as a few others.

It was the inequalities of the life by gift that the wise sought to eliminate, that there might be an equalization or at least a basis from which to work to the end that all should share equally. While the nicety of an even balance might never be gained, it might be approximated. All these things have been slowly working out in the church, and like the weaver in the ancient legend, those who were weaving and those who are still weaving do not see the beauty of the work they are doing, for the finished pattern is visible only on the other side.

THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS.

Let us take to our hearts a lesson—no lesson can braver be—
From the ways of the tapestry weavers on the other side of the sea.
Above their heads the pattern hangs, they study it with care,
And while their fingers deftly work, their eyes are fastened there.
They tell this curious thing, besides, of the patient, plodding weaver;
He works on the wrong side evermore, but works for the right side ever.
It is only when the weaving stops, and the web is tossed and turned,
And he sees his real handiwork, that his marvelous skill is learned.
Ah, the sight of its delicate beauty, how it pays him for all its cost,
No rarer and daintier work than his was ever done by the frost.
Thus the master bringeth him golden hire, and giveth him praises as well,
But how happy the heart of the weaver is, no tongue but his own can tell.

The years of man are the looms of God let down from the place of the sun,
Wherein we are weaving always, till the mystic web is done.
Weaving kindly, but weaving surely, each for himself his fate,
We may not see how the right side looks, we can only weave and wait,
But looking above for the pattern, no weaver hath need to fear,
Only let him look clear into Heaven—the perfect pattern is there.
If he keeps the feet of the Savior for ever and always in sight,
His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his weaving is sure to be right;
And when his task is ended, and the web is turned and shown,
He shall hear the voice of the Master; it shall say to him, "Well done!"
And the white-winged angels of Heaven, to bear him thence shall come down.
And God shall give him gold for his hire, not coin, but a fadeless crown.

(To be continued.)

[from Journal Of History vol. 6, 1913]

BIOGRAPHY OF ALEXANDER H. SMITH.

BY VIDA E. SMITH.

(Continued from volume 5, page 495.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ALEXANDER H. SMITH,
President Pacific Slope Mission.

NAUVOO, ILLINOIS, January 2, 1876.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

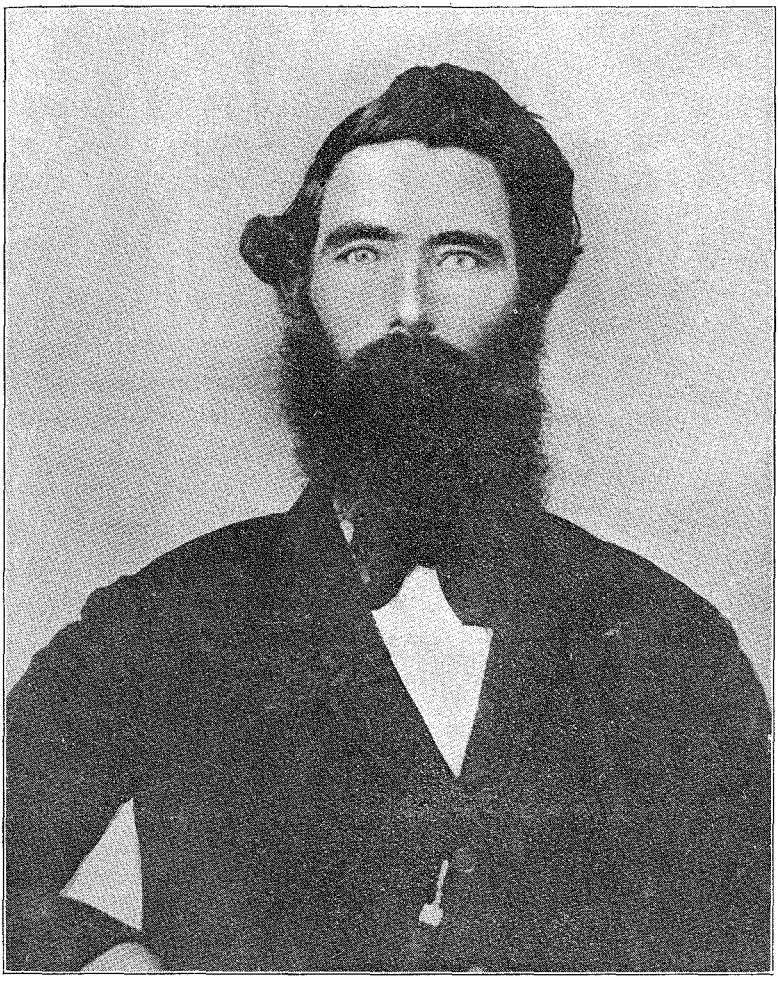
One of the very interesting experiences of our farm life during that first year, was the preparation of father for a trip to the mill, either to Davis City or Cainsville. The day and evening before the corn was shelled for meal in a most primitive manner. Placing a tub in the corner of the multi-purposed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

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

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

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

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



HENRY C. SMITH.

"A gentle voiced man of God stood in Bethel's church pulpit that day."

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

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

—James Whitcomb Riley.

[from Journal Of History vol. 6, 1913]

BIOGRAPHY OF ALEXANDER H. SMITH.

BY VIDA E. SMITH.

(Continued from page 40.)

The untiring and kindly ministrations of the western Iowa Saints was never forgotten by my father, and as, in the years that followed his mind turned to that time of illness, he often said, "They were good to me. May God reward them." But he returned to the farm home weak and still unwell. The suffering from malaria was not confined to the father of the family, however. It was an insidious foe to progress, and struck unsparingly at young and old, not excepting the beautiful baby boy born to my parents in May, 1877, and named Joseph George. With eyes turned often to the clock, my mother pushed her daily work, outdoors and in, for all the older children, with one exception, were ague victims, that when the hour for the baby's chill should come she might be free to shade the windows, hush the household noises, and devote herself to soothing the moaning little sufferer through the hours of burning fever that were sure to come; bathing the rosy little body and restless, aching head. It was wonderful the way mother met the trials of those years. Sickness incident to childhood, and accidents of various sorts all were immediately met by that alert, unwavering spirit and handled with alacrity, and often with wonderful ingenuity. There was no time to sit moaning; she must do something and get at it at once with the means nearest at hand; and she learned, to the regret of our childish palates, the virtue of many wild herbs, and bitter are the memories of those decoctions. Yes, bitter and nauseous; even some of the pungent odors, sweet to the sense of other spirits, bring poignant recollections of tearful scenes before a steaming cup of herb tea and the mingled feelings of heroism and rebellion as we were urged to drink by our laughing, but

not very lenient parents. Truly, I believe my courage would fail me to-day were I put to the test of some of those cures of the wildwood, and for years one of my nervous night dreams was a huge saucer brimming with steaming herb tea, on the brink of which I stood with trembling limbs trying to gain courage to plunge in.

If father took as deeply of those wonder-working bitters, as we were compelled to do, I do not know, but I remember his emaciated frame, intense color, and slow and dejected movements.

We had lived closely that time of stress in '76 and '77, as many others in the new land were compelled to do, and mother devised many unexpected and unsuspected triumphs from our one staple product—corn meal. Father was proud always to seat his friends, whatever the station from which they hailed, around a table laid under her supervision, and graced by one of her matchlessly finished dinners. He never had a doubt that everything would be above criticism. So when his old-time friend, with whom he had so often found a home in California, now wealthy, and traveled came from a trip abroad, he unhesitatingly invited him, with his family, to dine with him. And so it came that Thomas J. Andrews and family, en route from Europe to their California home, first sat beneath his roof to a dinner wherein not a spoonful of flour entered in the preparation, for we had none, nor time nor opportunity to secure it. Mother felt the little lack keenly, but father saw nothing for which to offer excuse in the delicious meal the ingenuous little woman spread for his guests, from her garden and wild fruit and home-grown meat.

Well do I recall the grim look of desperate determination that settled on mother's girlish face when guests of distinction were expected. The three rooms on the ground floor were quite without carpet, paint, or rug, and bright and early they were scoured and left to dry without being walked upon if

possible, and then vegetables, chickens, and meats were set stewing; but as things drew to a conclusion, and perfection, the tension loosened on mother's face, and in her voice, and she grew merrier. Indeed, I think mother enjoyed nothing about housework so much as she did preparing a meal, a real, big, delicious, fully-developed dinner, with all possible goodies attached thereto; and didn't father enjoy it, too? Never had he occasion to quote the time-raveled phrase, "like mother used to do," for she had learned from his mother the fundamentals of all good cooking and added thereto the modern finishes, as the years brought development in the interesting and essential science of food values and their preparation. Many and curious the speculations and trials of baking powder, and other innovations in the kitchen arts, that at their best were but embellishments to the good old methods. But mother found many good hints in the household department of the *Toledo Blade,* an old-time favorite in our home, and looking over father's diaries I find here and there a recipe for some new viand that I remember as being afterward a familiar and often well-relished dish on our table. We all considered father's judgment excellent in the choice of viands, but mother seldom felt really satisfied with his choice of prints and ginghams, although in the matter of cloth and linens he was an exceptional judge of values and quality.

But new scenes were being enacted near us. A railroad was surveyed and work begun on it close to us on the east. Where a few years before there were few carriages or buggies, the adequate and elegant democrat wagon was fast becoming old-fashioned and the hooded top of a vehicle, seen miles away moving along the country way, could not with surety be said to cover a certain man or one of his family.

The low bottom lands stretching along the creeks were green in fall and golden in the early summer with the wheat that men had thought could not be raised in this land of grasses

and white clover, and the art of making sweet wholesome "light bread" was becoming universal and taking the place of soda biscuit and corn bread to a great extent. Although my father had a neighbor who boasted that he never "eat white bread," who cracked shellbark hickory nuts with his firm old teeth when he celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday.

It was to the quiet of the farm home in August, 1876, that Uncle David came, making for some months his home with my parents, and roaming at will through the woodland near us. Among the many friendships formed in this new home was that with the family of Elder James P. Dillon, whose son Charles W. became an especial favorite of Uncle David's and spent many weeks an inmate of our home where he was regarded with high esteem and a friendly intimacy by the whole family, which years have not lessened.

There are trials in every life known only to the heart on which they press. There are dreary days and sleepless nights when the futility of endeavor seems to be crushing out the most vital and cherished of ambitions, and there are times when the trifles of the finite rise like armed foes between the eager spirit and the call of the infinite. Such times swept like black tempests over the big soul of my father during those years as he struggled to maintain a livelihood for his family, keep a home for his old age, and still magnify his calling in his beloved ministry to mankind; but his spirit rose quickly to the heights of light, from the very depths of shadow. The activity of farm life was pleasant to him, the growth of crops and the change of seasons a delight. He had in time his stands of bees and his field of buckwheat, and thinking on those bees I recall the labor and flurry associated with hiving a swarm of bees. The heavy, droning sound that announced them near, the beating of pans and throwing of water to settle them into the quickly improvised hive, sometimes a hollowed out portion

of log, sometimes a rude box. If the buzzing, excited, living cloud refused other inducements, a heavy volley from the shotgun in not too close proximity, was brought into action, and if efforts were successful a new stand of bees stood in the line down near the fence and father was bandaged and cared for accordingly, for he seldom escaped without one or two stings, and an enormous amount of swelling and pain therefrom. From his little field of buckwheat he planned two crops, one of honey and one of cakes. The first took little work, but the last—I think none of us forget the curiosity which almost consumed us when he made two flails. What were they and what were they for, we questioned. The illustration was interesting to all but the participants. The swinging of those clubs over the dusty brown buckwheat was not athletic sport, but the result was the same in some respects no doubt, had there been more equality in the fun of it.

Our social pleasures were rare, indeed, compared with the good times of thirty years later. If we had fun we made it and mother and father helped both in "making and partaking." Our time was filled with duties, many of them hard and distasteful, but life for a large, growing family offers many opportunities for recreation, and we were taught by our parents a very good motto for everyone: "If you want to have a good time, always take one with you."

We were so far from the Lamoni Branch that we could not often meet with her people, and our religion was made a ridiculous point of difference with some of our immediate neighbors and most of the school people, very frequently affecting the teachers. Thus we were almost isolated and thrown upon family resources for pleasures. It was well for us that father and mother were merry-hearted and had not forgotten the gladsomeness of their youth, although the years were adding burdens rapidly. Often our little trips to gather wild fruit, etc., etc., were made the occasion of real festivity, and birth-

days and holidays were luxuriously observed with an extra dinner, and the use of the prettiest dishes and table linen. The giving of gifts was reserved for more prosperous days if they should ever come.

Not often in our childhood years had Christmas failed to bring us something in the way of a gift. If it were ever so simple and poor it kept the season fresh in our hearts; but one long, cold winter on the farm stands out in memory, full of queer and unexpected experiences to us. The snows were deep and constant from October until April, and the cold intense. Roads were slow in opening, and a road might be made anywhere, for fences and boundary lines seemed obliterated in the white world that had fallen on the familiar landscape. For Christmas the closely-covered, "holed-up" potatoes were opened and a portion not quite perfect enough for seed potatoes were with much labor secured. This was a hazardous thing to do, for the aperture thus made through earth and straw could never be quite as closely sealed as before, and this means of cold storage was the one way of keeping family vegetables and apples, if one were fortunate enough to have them. In this year but one man in the whole countryside had winter apples. His home was over a mile from ours, and the possibility of his parting with any of his treasures was very doubtful. But father started with a sack and a few pieces of money across the snowdrifts toward neighbor Jones's. Thinking on it now, I can estimate the joy a good pair of snowshoes would have been on that and similar occasions. In vain the children clamored to know where father was going. Mother had had enough of Christmas without any secrets. She had one now and proposed to have her fun with it. It was nearly dark when father came slowly back, looking like a veritable Santa Claus, with the frost on his brown beard and the big, bumpy-looking pack on his shoulders, and never did old Santa's pack hold such delicious treat as that half bushel of big, yellow, pink-cheeked

apples were to the family in the farmhouse; and never was a short journey much harder than the one by which they came that day.

The dark hair of my father was wet with perspiration, and he wiped frost from his beard and sweat from his brow with the same quick movement, so familiar to those who knew him. Among the diversions of the long winter I think we all enjoyed the old-fashioned game of jackstraws best. Father had finished several sets—let me see—there were twenty men, ten guns, five swords, and fifteen spears in each set, and a hook for each player. The feat of feats was to beat father. We grew quite fastidious, and acquired such nicety that no hook (which was but a bent pin in a smooth bit of wood) but our very own could please us. The smaller children sometimes chose the evening game, and then it was often "thumbs up," in which all were expected to participate with interest.

When we went abroad in winter it was usually the occasion for much merriment, for into a wagon box of hay, set on bobs that father had made, we piled hot stones and buffalo robes and *ourselves* a family of eight or ten or more, as there might be abiding with us one or more friends or kinsmen, and then we glided over the snow to the time of the old bells that had rung merry chimes for father's youthful sleighing parties. Ah, they were deep and clear and full of unusual and jubilant intonations that have never been produced by other bells. And what care was taken before we started to bank the chunk fire in the wood-heater, so things would be warm to come back to—and how father tucked in the robes and shoved us closer together and—well, it's good to remember, and I would not tell his life story without it, for he was so alive at those times; his home was a good place to him, and he made it a good place for more than himself. True, sometimes the spirit of '37 and '38 broke through, showing that heriditary strain embedded in his na-

ture, and he brooded gloomily, but never for long, and not very often.

It was while living thus on the farm that we made the first really intimate acquaintance with father, and formed the biggest estimate of his possibilities as a companion and a real chum. Those of us who were permitted to labor beside him, or take tramps into the woodland where he often spent whole long days cutting wood, or if granted to ride with him on some cherished expedition for pleasure or business, found him a delightful companion. As daughters we received from him of course deserved but gentle-voiced criticism of action or language, but coupled with it was always the same chivalrous, courteous, gentlemanly consideration that he expected other men to bestow upon us. To meet with his disapproval in conduct or speech was almost unerringly to be deserving of it. Long after I was a woman, and when far from his guiding hand—a woman of his acquaintance said to me: "I always thought your father's standard of womanhood very difficult to reach," and turning that sentiment over in the light of mature years, I have wondered if the standard of womanhood to all men is not measured by their conceptions of the goodness and virtue and strength of the women they knew best in childhood.

It was on the farm that we learned many of the old church hymns, father and mother singing them together, and sweet old love songs, they had learned in the moonlight and sung to the accompaniment of the Mississippi's low-toned music in their youth, we learned from them here in the Missouri woods.

How often when I hear some old-fashioned favorite sung, I lose myself in a picture of father, a child on either knee, his head thrown back against a high-backed rocker, his eyes closed, and I hear his voice singing, "Home, home, shineth before us." How we loved to hear him sing that, and how he loved to sing it or any of the old songs. In fancy I can finish the picture best by touching his abundant dark hair and brushing it long

and carefully, as he took delight in having his wife and daughters do—long we brushed it because it was pleasant to each of us—carefully, because near the part, running down to the square, clear-marked brow, was a deep scar made years before in Nauvoo, and it was always tender. Often the little fingers of the smaller children traced its jagged outline, and asked for the story of when and how it happened, and mother would tell how the walls of the Riverside House collapsed one day when father and others were trying to finish it for grandmother's occupancy, and many of the workmen, my father with the rest, were seriously injured. It was a thrilling story for children, for that day brother Fred, a lad of eight or ten years, and a young companion named Fred Schoell, unconsciously saved their lives by removing their small boots and taking a toboggan down a long board to the ground. It was just for fun, but two minutes later the place where they had stood was lost inside the lower walls, amidst clouds of dust and crashing timber. Seeing the boots, in the bricks and debris that was falling about the men, their first thought was that the boys had met a terrible fate. How often this story interested the younger children, but those of us who recalled that awful day and father's wounded head always turned from the recital with a chilly, sickening memory, for never had we witnessed such a scene of distress as when father came walking up from the place of dust and confusion, mother white and wide-eyed on one side and Aunt Julia on the other, with that awful wound in his head. It seemed to us that a great and terrible cataclysm had befallen the whole earth, and the picture in its vivid intensity never faded, although the minute details of subsequent events grew dim and were lost in the days of his recovery.

My father was still fond of athletic sports, and delighted in riding, running, jumping, swimming, or skill at tossing and catching, with bow, rifle, or pocket knife. One of the events of real worth to our childish memory was a good menagerie

and circus with father as chaperon. He led our applause over a good feat of horseman skill, or what pleased him better, really good tumbling. It was not all over when we left the crowded tent, for as we jogged homeward he recounted more marvelous sights from his own life that truly seemed very eventful to us when compared with our own duty-driven course that seemed to lead far away from islands of pleasure and harbors of picture and song. A land that came close to us only through the touch of other souls who had been near to and become magnetized with the wonder-working force of learning. But what we may have to remember as losses in our quiet childhood can not overshadow the tender kindliness of father's heart and its tremendous power in making duty delightful.

I recall the times when illness or accident made us objects of unusual solicitude: then he was as brooding and gentle as he liked others to be over him when he was under affliction. One time when recovering from a long and aggravating illness, in response to the continued suggestion of my parents, I suddenly announced that there was one thing I wanted to eat—it was bacon. That seemed an easy thing to procure in a country where the most delicious of hickory-smoked ham and bacon was a daily supply for the farm table, and father crossed the meadow and hillside to neighbor Brooks to get me a dinner of farm bacon. He was out of it, as it proved were all the neighbors. The soft Indian summer sunshine lay over the plains and filtered through the woodland branches as I impatiently waited for father's return, and when he came into the house yard empty-handed, I grew ravenously hungry for Missouri bacon. Taking pity on my long-faced and doleful condition, he laughingly made merry over my peculiar choice of dainty fare, and hitching up Doll and Nell rattled off to Sedgewick, known now as Lamoni, to find some bacon for a convalescent who did not want anything else. It was a useless journey. There was none to be had. Whenever in its history had this

bacon-fed land been so baconless? I greeted this announcement with tears. In vain was I tempted with delicacies seldom known in our home; nothing but nut-flavored, corn-fattened, hickory-smoked bacon would satisfy, and as a last hope mother suggested Eagleville, eight miles away. Onto gray Topsy went the saddle, and over the hills rode father after bacon. He returned by the light of an autumn moon and I met him at the barnyard gate, and he handed me a bundle of bacon. How good and smoky it smelled! I could have nibbled it raw, but waited until he sliced and helped to fry it a crisp brown. It tasted just right, and set the pace for other relished meals, unheeded for six months previous. I tell these little things to show how his big, warm heart kept pace with a big, busy, care-burdened brain.

Among the enlivening and sometimes very interesting incidents that broke into the routine of our prosaic round of duties was an occasional wedding in our little, low-ceiled front room.

The principals were usually perfect strangers to us, but we always felt an interest in them afterward. Missouri had been free to unite whom she would in matrimony, by minister or justice. Aspirants to the matrimonial field had but to cross the line, find an accommodating justice or minister and return to Iowa legal members of their chosen order.

Disappointment met them, however, when they came to father after the passage of Missouri's new law requiring a license for marriage. Entreaties nor bribes nor tears prevailed. It was curious how ignorant some intelligent men and women could appear in regard to the State's authority on this question. As an instance of this I relate one story.

Early one morning, even in the darkness of morning, there was a great hallooing in the bit of woodland between the farmhouse and the main road. Father stepped out and called, "Hello. What's wanted?" From the woodland came a man's voice, "We want to get married!" Imagine the hearty laugh

of my father ringing out into the hush of the hills, and you can tell why his invitation to drive up to the house and come in was answered with alacrity. Once settled in the warm, light, sitting room, there was a few moments awkward pause, as father studied the tired, disheveled, troubled looking party, consisting of the would-be bride, tear-stained and drooping, and her quiet brother, and the earnest-faced, determined-looking groom and his sister. It was the big voice of the groom that began in apologizing tones the story of the runaways. How the girl's father had beaten and abused his daughters and when it came to his threat of beating this girl, the lover brought his big brown fist down heavily and swore he "should never do it again." They had ridden all night across the prairies and been lost in Grand River Valley and turned from the door of minister and justice because they had no license. They were hungry, tired, and bruised from being thrown from the light wagon, but they were determined to have a wedding. Mother's heart was sore for the troubled little bride, drooping in the big rocker and weeping bitterly. She bustled about in preparation of a good hot breakfast and patted and soothed the weary girl. Father laid his hand on her head a moment and said, "There, daughter, don't cry, don't cry!" but he could not marry them without the license.

"Well," said the young fellow, his brown face flushing, "I'm going to marry her if I can on this trip. If I can't, I'll take her to mother. She'll not be beaten by any man," and they rode away deeper into Missouri.

Late that afternoon, as father was returning from Sedgewick, he met the wedding party returning to Iowa. Somewhere down in Missouri they had found a parson willing to tie the knot and let the law go ignorant of who did it, and we could not help rejoicing over the protection we felt sure the young bride would have from her unreasonable and erratic father.

Although my father was absent more and more on missionary work, and mother took upon herself added toil in consequence, for stock was increasing and poultry and crops needed oversight, which she assumed in his absence, yet she kept unusually well and grew stronger than ever before, because of this life in the outdoors. As the years increased our comforts on the farm, they brought also more work and increased responsibility, but there was little in it that met a hearty, joyful response in the heart of the son old enough now to choose his lifework, and the one dependence for the farm work, the other boys being too small, although he agreed to stay and do his best on the farm. We all felt the added weight of care when father was gone.

There seemed to be so much more to worry about and so many hard things to do. I recall yet the luxurious sensation of sleeping unburdened with the responsibility of waking, resting that on father. The harshness of rising was gone when we awoke to the sound of a loving voice, "Come, daughters!" and sniffed the whiffs of warmth and breakfast already started—wasn't it a jolly change from a cold kitchen and a rush of the day's care!

If it be true that only good family men, men who are a blessing to their home, make ideal missionaries, then it seems to me father should have been an ideal missionary both at fireside and in pulpit. Although a good talker and fond of it—he had times of silence, and when things went wrong he was nearly always silent. It was the better part maybe for him, for he would say in the impetuous, intense outbursts of his nature, things that he would regret. So when he chastised his children—he waited sometimes for a week to mete out the punishment, lest he punish in anger—with all due reverence to his beloved and honored memory, I think it was the refinement of torture, that waiting, in his quiet, gentle, even at times jovial presence for the fulfilling of the law. Once he administered

reproof or punishment, however, the episode was at an end, pleasant and delightful relations were enjoyed, and no reference made to the little rift that had made the music mute. He believed in the old-fashioned punishment by switching, but was a sufferer himself in the execution of his belief, as I am sure is everyone who does it with the intent and purpose of a loving heart, and a conscientious sense of duty. The whippings he gave were rare and were always sad and tearful scenes, both for the father and the lad, but were often followed with a tramp together with gun or fishing rod if opportunity could in any way be made for it. Looking back to those times I feel assured that the longer the tramp and the oftener together by any father and son the fewer would be the scenes of antagonism between them, and that is where the children of the traveling missionary are the losers, and not only the children but the missionary. He loses the rich, keen zest in life, born of close companionship with his own young, for with these are the sensibilities often kept keyed to fine feeling and quickness of concept, in fact the soul, however shut in by years, is like one of Marconi's wireless dynamos—it needs only to be kept in tune, and fog or mist or wind or rain can keep it from responding to the call of kindred soul, be they young or old or poor or in plenty. I think father's heart was tuned to this touch of sympathetic response, but he had measured out to him a few near failures, and he knew it and suffered because of it.

In 1880 Elder Joseph S. Snively, the president of the district which included our home, organized a new branch of the church in our neighborhood in which there were eighteen charter members. The new branch was called the Hope Branch. Henry Hart was made president; S. F. Dillon, clerk. With this branch our family were allied, father and mother and the two eldest children making four of the original eighteen.

All the membership were withdrawals from the Lamoni

Branch. This was not a long-lived branch, however, for in a year's time changes made imperative the disorganization of the "Hope," in Harrison County, Missouri. For many years prior to that, and always since, that county in Missouri heard much preaching both for and against the church; in the former my father had active part. He was, during our residence there, missionary in charge of Missouri, in part or whole, and parts of Iowa and other States. During this time his health was almost never good. Among the many esteemed and honored friends who came to our home during those years on the farm, none could have been more like an angel of mercy than Mrs. Rosalia Dancer, the now deceased wife of David Dancer. Sweet and gracious and delightfully companionable, she went about the new country, with dainty goodies and substantial comforts for its malaria tormented inhabitants, and the richer, greater blessing of her serene and comforting spirit, that seemed to leave peace and rest with the souls it touched, however worried and discouraged they might be. Such at least was she to our household, and others that I know.

In February of 1879 father visited the Saints of Far West. Of this visit he often spoke, and quoting from a letter written soon after we find these words in reference to this, his first visit to the place of his nativity.

> I left home February 1, and met Brother John T. Kinnaman at the depot in Stewartsville, on his way to the conference of the Far West District. I accompanied him, and near the place of my nativity I met the Saints, among whom I found Uncle William. It was with peculiar feelings that I joined in the business of the conference; and these feelings were intensified when I was called upon to speak, and subsequently to baptize in the immediate neighborhood of my birthplace, whence forty years ago, my father and mother were driven by mob violence. I could not help thinking that God in his own time and way was preparing for the return from exile those who are faithful, to their land of promise, and my heart was soft, my trust strengthened in the work.

At the General Conference in Plano of that spring there were but six of the Quorum of Twelve present, and father

acted as president pro tem. Returning from that point to his home he was shortly called by telegram from his adopted sister, Mrs. Julia Middleton, to the bedside of his mother at Nauvoo. His last letter to mother from that bedside lies before me, and I venture to quote portions of it. Eagerly was every word read by my anxious little mother. How she had longed to go to that dear one and minister to her comfort as she could. Instead she stood at the place of duty with her little people.

April 27, 1879, Riverside Mansion.

Dearest Lizzie: Once more I write you from this place. Mother is still alive, but oh, how she suffers. Joseph is here still. This morning he has gone out to Rock Creek, to attend a two-day meeting begun yesterday. Samantha and Jim Moffett were here yesterday. . . .

Mother needs some one constantly by her, she must be lifted up, about every fifteen or twenty minutes. Night before last I sat up all night and lifted her. Joseph sat up last night till four o'clock this morning and then called me. Mr. Bidamon is very kind and gentle to her, but is nearly worn out. . . .

Mary Nimrick was urging me to come back here to live, she is homesick to see you. She argued well, but I soon convinced her of the folly of such a move. . . .

April 27, Tuesday. Mother is gradually failing. She can not recognize anyone now without a seeming great effort. Her mind wanders constantly. Poor mother! Oh, Lizzie, it is hard to see her suffer so. Do all we can for her and still she suffers fearfully. . . . Solomon Salisbury, Don C. Millikin and his wife Sophia were here Sunday night and yesterday. I enjoyed their visit as well as I could under the circumstances.

We are simply awaiting the end, and it seems to be near, only God knows how near. I think sometimes I have passed through the worst, yet I know how hard it will be to give mother up.

I wish you could be here. Kiss all the children for me.

Yours always, until death,

A. H. SMITH.

April 30, 1879.—The battle of life is over. Mother died this morning at 4 o'clock and 20 minutes. I shall start home on Monday morning.

A. H. SMITH.

For some years the adopted daughter, Mrs. Julia Middleton, had spent all her time with grandmother in the historic and unfortunate Nauvoo House, known better as the Riverside Mansion. It was this same daughter that had come along with her twin brother to the warm mother arms of Emma

Smith long years before in the little Ohio town, come from the cold, dead breast of her own mother, who sleeps since under Ohio's sod.

Through all those years she never knew the lack of a mother's care, and at last she watched with her foster brothers the blessed life go out, and turning from the newly made grave found herself homeless and in the grasp of a fatal malady. And thus it happened that father brought to share our home this foster sister and our Aunt Julia.

In the spring of 1880, Aunt Julia, sick and worn, accompanied a visiting friend to Nauvoo, expecting to return to father's house in a short time, but her strength failed and at the home of that kind friend, Mrs. Samantha Moffett, she "crossed the bar" and her body rests in Nauvoo. She was a source of great delight to the older children of our home, for she was a delightful talker and had led a most romantic and unusual life that she picked stories from here and there and told to us in the shut-in weeks on the farm. Stories from a life as brilliant and wonderful and proud as the glowing pages of a fairy tale, and at last as sad and unlovely and poor as the most prosaic of life stories. It was indeed a strange story that begun in that little Ohio town among a hunted and persecuted people and soon had interests in both Josephite and Brighamite factions and hated both and ended in a Catholic deathbed.

At last father gave up the struggle. Running a farm successfully and doing missionary work successfully at the same time was an impossibility. Already the district school was proving far too inadequate for the desired education of his children. The eldest son was not finding in farm life, anything to take the place of his great ambition, born and fostered by environment during his childhood in old Nauvoo.

Often when driving across the prairies, he shouted above the rattle of the wagon, "Wouldn't I like to be the engineer driving

a steam engine whizzing over these hills." Then there was absolutely nothing in the rural life that appealed to him.

The second daughter, Ina, had been in Saint Joseph for some months learning dressmaking, and had returned home but a short time before our exodus from this county.

The farm was rented to mother's brother-in-law and the last wagon load of furniture was gone from the farmhouse, and with a big, comfortable, camp lunch stored in it, the home wagon stood ready for the family. Into it were loaded the children, Arthur Marion, the latest and of course very dearest of all the babies; Joseph G., dimpled, blue-eyed, and rosy; Eva Grace, black-eyed, brown-faced, and continually merry-hearted and winning; Don A., slender and fair, agile as a squirrel and brimming with fun, shared always with his impetuous, romping, smooth-cheeked, blue-eyed sister Emma; and Ina, the dainty, amiable, and ladylike, with tall, awkward me; these, with our gay-voiced little mother and rather stern-looking father, made up our load, with the occasional addition of the pet dog, Nero, a cruel and blood-stained name to bestow upon the best-natured, most honorable, little, long-haired dog that ever was befriended by man. He had made the trip from Nauvoo with the family, and entered into all our childish sports and discoveries, and as he was growing old and could not stand the long run so well he was often permitted to ride by father's side on the driver's seat, for my father was kind to the most ignoble of God's creations, and if he felt, innately, the broad sweep of the phrase that man should "have dominion over them," he had within him, apparent always the element that would make possible that other most desirable condition when the lamb and the lion should lie down together and none should be afraid in all God's wide universe. The fall had been long and splendid, and December was still pleasant, although her course was almost run, as we journeyed

away from the farm, never again to all meet beneath the shadow of its trees or shelter of its house.

As we waited for father's last errand after some forgotten trifle, mother, casting a searching and sorrowful eye about the houseyard, spied the shining cover to her wash boiler lying as it had dropped from one of the wagons. She frugally picked it up and tucked it into the wagon at the side, then took her place on her low spring seat, and soon father joined us and the low hung sun of a winter day glinted on the windows of the farmhouse as we looked back from Bethel Church, a mile to the west, before we passed from the view of it.

That night we spent at the hospitable home of Elder Joseph Snively and wife, beloved and estimable friends, known to the writer since her childhood. The vision of the faces in that household remain distinct to me always as they looked then, not as I have known them since, with the handwriting of time upon them. They were the last link in the chain of days that made our life in the farmhouse—for they were neighbors in the faith, and kind and helpful ones. When father, urged to go into the missionary field, stood perplexed and undecided, and brethren promised to look after the harvest—some one saw to it that the harvest was saved and that promise kept, and my youthful heart held a revelry of gratitude that has not grown less if it is more steady with the years between me and that field of waiting grain and the weary hands that garnered it for the absent one. There at the gate of Elder Snively we parted with known friends and known highways and journeyed southward, singing, laughing, and making merriment as we went. But there was a rattle about the equipment that bothered father; again and again he listened, and finally he discovered the boiler cover, and after seeking unavailingly for some other place in the arrangement where it could neither be seen nor heard, he impetuously tossed it aside and mother said, "Oh, you old proudy!" and grinning a little sheepishly

he drove on and mother laughed, for we were not a very elegant looking company, although we were fairly comfortable and happy. I wonder if we should admit it—why, the very rattle of that boiler cover was tuned into a triumphant melody for the children. Were not we going toward school and away, away from toil and persecuting taunts of unbelieving neighbors? How can I write of that year when my pulses vibrated to my finger tips with the joy of it! Were we not to be in a good school again? Father was a master hand at camp making, and mother's carefully planned camp meals were without a parallel to be eaten in the crisp winter air by the roaring camp fires.

The first day out a sad accident occurred to our merry party. In some inexplicable way the black Nero dog missed his hold and fell beneath the wagon wheel. Father sprang out and lifted the little fellow up and stroked his head, but the old favorite soon died. Tenderly father laid him in a fence corner near and in sadness we drove on. The weeping was energetic and the sorrow sincere in our little band for this dumb friend, and father and mother grieved with us and maybe for us. Toward evening a cold winter wind met us and merriment and fun were again turned into looks of apprehension and expressions of anxiety. Baby Arthur was not accustomed to change from his regular sleeping apartments, and his suddenly acquired rasping cough alarmed each of us. Father arranged the wagon so that none of the cold wind could reach him, and mother snuggled him close in her arms, but night found him decidedly croupy and everyone suffering in sympathy.

At the town of Albany we found "no room at the inn," a more pathetic than interesting condition for us. We were directed to a farmhouse near the outskirts of the little town, and thither we hastened through the gloom of a winter twilight to a low, rambling old house, far back from the main road, in a wild and untamed locality. The people were old

settlers and in some ways also seemed untamed. There was a mother with a grown son and daughter, and a very querulous old mother. However, she was given the preference in the use of the family pipe, mother and daughter dutifully awaiting her pleasure in giving them a smoke when she was satisfied. The incidents of that night on our trip were all very unique and romantic to the younger members of the family, but mother was truly afraid, not only because of the baby's croup, but she was afraid we should all be murdered by these strange acting hosts of ours.

By sunrise next morning we were on our way again. Baby was laughing gayly and everyone was in fine trim but mother. She had not slept. All day we journeyed, but the sun only shone out occasionally, and the roads were rough and many of them new. At night we lodged with a Sister Brown. Here mother gave up and slept a sleep of exhaustion, but awakened refreshed and ready next morning. That day we reached our destination in Stewartsville, DeKalb County, Missouri, where Uncle Frank Davis and Brother Fred awaited us with the household goods.

(To be continued.)

EARTH'S GLADDEST DAY.

A song of sunshine through the rain
  Of spring across the snow;
A balm to heal the hearts of pain,
  A peace surpassing woe.

Lift up your heads, ye sorrowing ones,
  And be ye glad of heart,
For Calvary and and Easter Day,
Earths saddest day and gladdest day
  Were just one day apart.

[from Journal Of History vol. 6, 1913]

BIOGRAPHY OF ALEXANDER H. SMITH.

BY VIDA E. SMITH.

(Continued from page 232.)

The welcome extended my father and his family by the Saints of Stewartsville was warm, and subsequent events have proven that it was genuine. The little town was a busy place during the school year as, besides its excellent public school, it had a small college that was well attended during the winter months. Every house was occupied, and through some misunderstanding, father's family was houseless but for the provision made by some of the kind-hearted Saints. Into one room of a brother's house, the more necessary household articles were carried and set up for a home. Other houses opened for furniture and "folks" until we felt like we were really part of the town.

In this rather unsettled condition we lived for some months. Father was forced to remain inactive for weeks because of a heavy and unusually long-continued snow blockade. His spirit was eager to take up the work of the ministry and follow it, untrammeled by other interests, to the end of his life and on into eternity. He had openly announced himself as "in the field for life."

Soon as the snow siege was raised he moved out into church work, and when suitable weather obtained, joined with the Stewartsville and German Stewartsville brethren in building a mission house on a lot situated on the northern edge of town. Quick as the frame was inclosed the scattered members of our household and all household goods were moved into this new home and the family were all under the same roof for a short season. Mother took some comfort in the new carpet and a few pieces of new house furnishings that the sale of some of the farm animals secured, and with the money realized from the sale of our old pet, the beautiful gray Topsy horse, we

secured a lasting monument to memory in a modest but sweet-toned Western Cottage Organ, which came to be known in the family as the "wooden brother." Before another winter father again filed his saw and tightened his hammer handle to assist in finishing the mission house, the family living in it during the process of lathing and plastering and further final touches inside and out. Inside this story and a half upright, two rooms and small hall below and two rooms above, his family spent the winter of 1881 and 1882, while he labored in the missionary field with a hopeful eye on the center place—Independence—and in March, 1882, he removed with his family to the spot of his dreams in Jackson County, Missouri.

It was while we were living in Stewartsville that a very obvious fact, in the eyes of a good brother, was most rudely thrust before my love-blinded eyes. In our home we were all children, each a royal heir, and welcome to all that our humble home possessed. The right to be there was never questioned of any, and when this brother asked me some questions regarding my father's presence at home, I frankly told him the family needed him to fix things up for winter, and I was shocked when he objected to the size of my father's family, urging the shame it was that a man of his ability and position in the church should be hampered with so many children. It was an entirely new viewpoint for my girlish mind. Such a thing as even one of us being unwelcome in the pleasant home circle had not crossed my thoughts and I wondered which one could possibly be left out. To me there did not seem to be any more than what was absolutely necessary to make all of us happy. A little bewildered, I stammered, "But, father likes all of us just as much as mother does, and we are just as much his children as we are mother's. I'm awfully sorry if we are a hindrance to him," and, rather dazed, I turned and walked slowly (a very unusual thing for me to do) through the twilight to the mission house on the hill. I can recall yet the

MISSION HOUSE, STEWARTSVILLE, MISSOURI.

feeling I had as I looked through the window at the laughing, chatting circle about the table. Why, there were not many of them, and both my chair and Fred's were empty, too. Surely father should have some children, and who of the eight happy souls who called him father were the unnecessary? I said nothing to mother about it, for she was sensitive about the hindrance she might fear to be, in any way, to gospel work, but one day I told my father and he assured me with tear-wet eyes that there were none "too many of we," but it burdened my thoughts often as I came to know care-burdened missionaries' wives with the double load of being to their children both father and mother in daily counsel and direction.

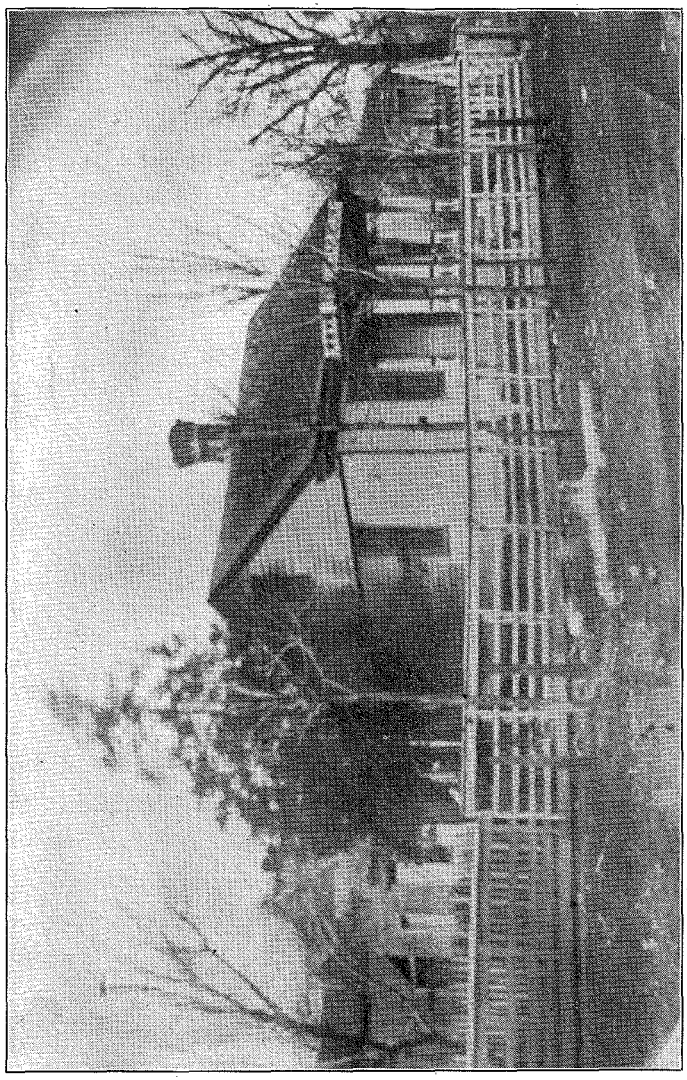
Must men and women forfeit not only the privilege of working together for food and life's comforts, but also the blessed associations of each other and the delightful companionship and joy of children in order to be acceptable missionaries for Christ? My eyes opened to observation and I am sure, quite sure, that the missionary in the field, who is faithful to wife and children, is the greatest missionary of all. Looking backward over years of close association with church men, I find the faithful and devoted husband, no matter what the wife may have been, and the loving and watchful father, little matter what the number of children, has made the most desirable and trusted emissary for Christ. Not that the wifeless or childless man is faithless or useless, but he is in a measure less devoted.

From the little mission house in Stewartsville come a hundred sweet memories to greet me, and it is always peopled, in my memory, with a youthful company and full of the sound of laughter and song in which my father and mother have merry parts. Of all the years in my parental home, I count the one in Stewartsville the shortest. Some way father's ministerial work took on new interest to me there. It became a matter of importance to us that he prove himself what he desired to be and was in truth "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

The life there was vastly different from the one on the farm. All of life took on new charm and more wonderful possibilities. We enjoyed schools and weekly church meetings, and constant companionship of our own church people, and the opportunity of testing our own earning capacity in the business world, and we also enjoyed the feeling of independence it gave to us. It was in fact the preface to a new book in life's story for each of us, and regretfully we watched the homely little town fade into the beautiful, rolling landscape as we left it that spring morning in 1882.

The historical setting of Independence gave to it a glamour no other place could have, and father assured us we should like it. He was full of pleasure at the prospect of living in the old place, and when on the morning after our arrival in the city, we stood on the sunlit little porch of our home and sniffed the breath of the sweet brier at the window, father said, "Well, daughters, you like it, don't you?" We cried, with the enthusiasm of girls in their rose-colored teens, "I love it, love it," and ever since that spring is to me a melody of sounds and sights of that first vision of Independence, Missouri. While we waited for our household goods to come, we were the honored guests of Elder John W. Brackenbury, a friend of my father's since their boyhood in Nauvoo.

A few short weeks before our visit to this home the industrious and efficient wife and mother had been laid to sleep in the beautiful old cemetery, and the oldest daughter, Luna, was trying to fill the vacant place as home keeper to the father and the rest of the family. It was an illustration of the spirit of those early times of the Reorganization in Independence, a very good illustration, too, when this good Saint, a widowed father with his nine children, threw open his home to be shared by this friend and brother with his wife and seven children. Such hospitality is not met with frequently in life's journey now, but in Independence in the 'eighties it was a feature of



INDEPENDENCE HOME.

the faith, and was tested in the month of April when the General Conference assembled there for the first time in the history of the Reorganization. Way out on the east end of Lexington Street stood the chapel lately built by the Saints of the Independence Branch, with some outside church help. It was calculated it would hold about four hundred souls comfortably. The interior was still in an unfinished condition, and father unlocked his tool chest and brought out its faithful old contents, of which he was always very particular, and joined with the volunteers to finish the house. Just before conference time our new home under the maple trees was blessed by the entrance into it of father's beloved friends, Elder and Mrs. Joseph F. Burton. I can not pass by that event, to my girlish memory a splendid occurrence, without a quicker heart throb and then a shower of tears, for however happy the spirits of my father and this dear friend may possibly be together in eternity, we miss them here, "for the heart that has truly loved never forgets." I stand to-day, a glad-voiced girl again, and see them as they stood hand clasping hand and both pairs of blue eyes wet with tears, big-bodied, big-souled, and full of one big purpose, they needed few words to impress upon each other the bonds that never fettered.

That conference in the historic old city was full of unexpected exigencies, and the hurried housewife had need of much ingenuity and even the best of them found good, sweet butter quite an impossible commodity in the home market. Through the medium of letter, Brother William Lewis heard of the shortage, and one day there was delivered on our pretty south porch a firkin of sweet, yellow butter. It was opened in the low-ceiled back kitchen. Here Sister Burton found us unfolding the treasure and grasping hands, we girls with mother and our girlish guest, danced the Maypole dance about the welcome treasure. Flushed and panting we paused to meet the twinkling eyes of the captain preacher, and father,

and again I hear the deep voices in merry raillery, and the ringing laugh. Ah! I know that heaven blesses the man who can unbend to merriment without losing any dignity. They were tired men that day, too, for they had been helping finish the chapel—how the little incidents of those first days in Zion crowd about me—Sweet Friendship, I bow to your shrine as I write, and pause to lay fresh flowers there for the many beautiful associations that were made possible to us by reason of our father's choice of friends. That was a season of great pleasure to my father—to have his home thronged with comrades in the great work of salvation, was like elixir to him.

ALEXANDER H. SMITH AND JOSEPH F. BURTON.

There were not many Saints to entertain the conference guests, and everyone expected to be comfortably crowded. Thinking over the guests at our own table and the questions discussed there, I recall the most important ones as the question of representation, and the change in the bishopric.

Soon after the close of conference father was called to Colchester, Illinois, to the bedside of his uncle, Arthur Milliken, husband of his father's youngest sister, Lucy Smith. There was a strong bond of love always between father and his father's people, as represented in the Milliken and Salisbury branches. He rejoiced with them on festal occasions and wept with them in sorrow and adversity. It was a sad watch by his uncle's bedside, and after preaching his funeral sermon he returned to Independence, early in May, doing missionary work en route, and was active in his ministry all summer. In the fall he attended the first General Conference held at Lamoni, Iowa, and there reported himself, "Still in the field and expect to remain there the balance of my life."

In October of 1882, father's ninth child was born in the long, low house under the maples on South Spring Street in beautiful Independence. She was a delicate, fragile little babe, and mother's health was a matter of considerable anxiety for all of us. Because the baby had older brothers and sisters, there was a great deal of good-natured controversy over the name she was to bear. Mother had decided on one name and father insisted on one, and each of the other eight felt it would be an honor to confer a name. Thus it was that as a compromise, they gave her three names, Coral Cecile Rebekah. Mother grew strong very slowly and there was a continual struggle with divers childish ailments, to keep baby alive. But father kept in his field, which lay all about him, close at home on the beautiful hills of Jackson County, or across the line onto the plains of Kansas, and his health was much better than when on the farm.

The school system in Independence at that time was inferior to that in the little town of Stewartsville, but the courageous little band of Saints were progressive in their line, and although Sunday schools were not nearly so general in the church as they were a few years later, they had a real, live Sunday school and did excellent work in it. This was the first Latter Day Saint Sunday school that it was my privilege to do work in and it was a place beloved by me and many with whom I had association there in those early years of Zion Renaissance, I count in my rosary of happy memories. And the time and place were realization of many anticipations to my father, the principal source of worry being my mother's poor health. During the first year he had, at one time or other, charge of the Independence District and Independence Branch, besides his mission work.

Crowding into these years were events of marked importance in the church, the church incorporation in Iowa, the first general meeting of the Reorganization in Independence, and following it the first one in Lamoni, which proved to be the last of the fall conferences in the church history, and then the spring of 1883 the return to the old temple at Kirtland with the executive yearly meeting of the body, for the first time a delegate conference, and the development of church literature that marked an era when the *Saints' Herald* became a weekly issue instead of semimonthly, as formerly. The understanding of the financial system seemed to suddenly open the hearts of the people, although we know it had been turned and overturned in the minds of our thinkers for years. The question of tithing, how absorbing it was, and how the elders talked of it as they rode or walked together by the way. How various and sometimes curious the opinions ventured on the interpretation of the law. Father took active interest in its teaching and considered a great stride in advance had been made when it was at last permanently fixed in the hearts

and habits of the Saints. Eagerly he urged the observance of it, also the work of the gathering.

The first of the World Reunions of the church, held at Lelands Grove, in Western Iowa, in the fall of 1883, was another historical event in which he participated with pleasure and renewed spiritual light and generally good health. Among the places that furnished especial delight to him during his missionary care of Missouri was Saint Louis. There he spent some of his earlier ministerial effort, and it seemed good to him to renew old acquaintance. To him there appeared a glorious future for the work in Saint Louis, for among the young men at that place he predicted that some should be called to the ministry and fully expected much of them.

I can not hope to portray by my feeble word the work that my father did among the sons of men by instilling large-hearted principles of love, integrity, and courage. His perfectly fearless spirit would have led all to heights of zeal, and his detestation of the cowardly and ignoble brought quick words of censure, as herein shown:

> An open and avowed enemy is an honorable foe; but the man who would stab you in the back, or go to work to injure your character, or destroy your influence for good, behind your back, is a snake in the grass, most contemptible. Such a one is a false brother or sister, who willfully slanders and backbites an innocent person. From such I pray to be delivered. I find the slime of such in some of my travels, and I warn such to beware, their sin will find them out.
>
> The general outlook for the success of the work is good, and the ultimatum seems near at hand. Courage, brethren, the crisis is not fully past, the danger is not over, the struggle will be hard, but by God's Holy Spirit the victory shall be won. Much has been done, much remains to be done, and must be done, before the watchmen can say, "It is well; all is peace in Zion."

At the April conference held in Stewartsville, Missouri, in 1884, he was returned to the charge of his old mission field, California. His departure for that field was deferred for some time to allow the execution of his part in the comparison of the Palmyra and other editions of the Book of Mormon with

the original manuscript, then in the possession of David Whitmer, of Richmond, Missouri. The members of the committee on this work of comparison were by conference appointment, Elders William H. Kelley, Thomas W. Smith, and my father. By request of the aged Patriarch of the Testimonies, David Whitmer, President Joseph Smith became associated with the committee and took active part with the committee in the work. This meeting with the true and living witness of the Book of Mormon was a treasured memory with father, and the influence felt in the presence of The Witness when he bore his testimony to the truth of the Book of Mormon, always returned with a sense of joy to father when he reviewed the scene in after years. While at Richmond, he also met General Alexander W. Doniphan, and joined with his brother Joseph in expressing appreciation for his manly conduct toward their father and their people many years before in Missouri.

Just prior to this visit to Richmond my father and President Smith and others held a conference with Miss Kate Field, in the parlor of our house. Miss Field had been making a study of Mormonism and was seeking information from authentic sources in her research, expecting to use it in her journalistic work. She was especially interested in the apostate Mormons of the West, and was at that time soliciting means for the needy among them.

From these busy and interesting scenes father at last turned his attention to preparation for departure, and in August started for California, going through Colorado and over the scenic Denver and Rio Grande road, landing in Salt Lake City the latter part of August, and from there on to Sacramento after more than a month's work in Utah.

There was considerable difference in the appearance of this man, wearing the flesh and manners of the man of middle life, and the slender, boyish, young man who crossed the wonderful West to its sundown so many years before. Yet the same

fearless, love-lighted blue eyes looked out at God's people from under the same smooth, square brow, with the abundant dark hair above it, and the same servant of the same Master cried, "The field is great, the laborers few." Traveling through the State, from pulpit to fireside, from platform to the bedside of the dying, he lifted up his voice in persuasive entreaty and let it fall on busy brains in sane reasoning, and touch the heart of the mourner with sympathetic notes of comfort until he came again from the mountains and sea and widespread plain back to the cottage under the maples, in time for the April conference of the church. The hills of Zion looked more than ever beautiful to him, and yet there were many things to perplex and make annoyance. A family of lively boys and girls in close proximity to a large city and without home employment gave cause for consideration of the farm again, but the schools were growing better, and in answer to the call of the conference of 1885 he again returned to California, going as far as Utah with President Smith and Elder Luff, arrinving in that mission field in June and then on to California, where much interest was being manifested in the new literary venture in the church at that place. This was the paper called *The Expositor*, edited by Hiram P. Brown and published in Oakland under a board of management, composed of California brethren. Father was greatly interested in this little "visitor" and hoped for its great success, particularly in the work of showing the difference between the true Church of Christ and the apostate church in Utah, and that many who had known and loved the old church might be led by this white-winged messenger to acknowledge the claims of the Reorganization. While deeply interested in church work, and following the lines of her calling, he was experiencing difficulties, of a nature known to most missionaries, of a financial character that were anything but exhilarating. Although part of the family were self-supporting, there was much sickness and consequent expense,

revenues were small, and he found himself face to face with perplexity and anxiety that threatened to take him again into the field of self-service. After considerable agitation over the matter and counsel with authorities of church work, he again accepted a mission. This time in charge of the field, comprising Illinois, Missouri, Minnesota, the Dakotas, and Manitoba, a new field of action for him. He had for years felt that he "must preach the word," and in the face of many oppositions, declared, "I have enlisted for life, or until the war is over; and shall labor and watch and pray for Zion's redemption till I see her walls erected, her temple built, and sheltered by the cloud by day and pillar of fire by night, showing that our God is there."

In his life I see exemplified the beautiful fact:

> He has no joy who has no trust,
> The greatest faith brings greatest pleasure,
> And I believe, because I must;
> And would believe in perfect measure.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Whatever else your hands restrain,
> Let faith be free, and trust remain.

After a rather severe illness, he began work in his new field, having privilege of a visit to Liberty Jail, early in the spring of 1886, a trip greatly appreciated at the time, made in company with President Joseph Smith and Elders Stephen Maloney, John W. Brackenbury, and Frederick C. Warnky. The original jail house was at that time in a dilapidated state, the stone wall put on after the incarceration of his father and colleagues, having fallen away, and showing the square hewn logs of the original building and the decaying roof.

It was during the spring months of 1887 that a larger church building in Independence was first declared a necessity and a committee appointed to push the work of building one. The work in Independence ever was of absorbing interest, and much beloved by father, but finances crowded him, the boys

needed employment, and most serious of all the things that urged a change was the constant ill health of mother. And thus it was that the low-roofed little cottage under the maples was sold and preparation made for the move back to the farm where they had been so happy and mother had been so well. But with all her longing for the free, open, independent life of the farm, mother did not part with friends whom she had

RUINS OF LIBERTY JAIL.

loved in Independence without a pang of sorrow, for some of them were more than friends of a day, and her love for them is still a source of joy and their memory a consolation to her.

The return to the farm was not an unmixed blessing, but it brought the desired health to the little mother and a certain degree of independence. But the personnel of the group be-

neath the old roof was considerably changed. Frederick A., the oldest son, had married Miss Mary A. Walker some years previous, and was employed in the milling business; a trade learned in the Chatburn mills at Shelby, Iowa, in a measure propitiating the gods of his youthful dreams, who destined the man for other and more daring fields. In his home was a little son and daughter, but these were not alone in the claim made on father and mother as "grandpa" and "grandma," as early in June of 1886 I had married and accompanied my husband, Elder Heman C. Smith, on his mission to California, and there we were at this time, in a little brown cottage near the foothills in San Bernardino, telling our boy about these dear grandparents.

Instead of the two who were thus missing from their old places was the tiny baby girl born in Independence. Father spent much of the summer getting the farmhouse in comfortable condition for the family, and in September mother went with him to the World's Reunion at Harlan, Iowa. Immediately on the return from this trip preparations began for the marriage of the third daughter, Emma Belle, and on October 5, 1887, she was married to William F. Kennedy, of Independence, Missouri, the deep Missouri woodlands yielding a bounteous supply of blue October violets for the occasion. Soon after this father made an auspicious trip to the northern part of his mission field. If this visit was of happier concern to anyone else, it must have been to the young lad, whose deep blue eyes lit up with fond love light as they followed the big form or flashed with their own wonderfully inimitable twinkle over some of Uncle Alex's stories. The slender lad with his mother's keen, clear sense of humor and witty repartee, and his father's deeply poetic and artistic nature, found a near-father in Uncle Alex as they cleaned guns and tramped after game, and father gathered the boy into his big, warm heart with his own children and found a new hope springing where

had fallen tears and "dead sea ashes." For this was the only son of his adored brother David, living here with his sweet, brown-eyed mother and her father, Brother Hartshorn, on the farm in Buena Vista County, Iowa. Nor was the visit all jokes and merriment, for there in the cold waters of northern Iowa, father baptized the boy Elbert and his mother's two brothers, Manley and Fred Hartshorn, with the wife of the former and daughter of an old Plano friend, Effie A. Cook. Speaking of this visit of my father, the *Sioux Rapids (Iowa) Press* of Thursday, November 17, says:

Mr. Hartshorn's have been enjoying a visit from Mr. Smith, the second son of Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormon Church. The presence of so noted a person in the community excited no little interest. On Saturday evening he preached at the Gilmore Schoolhouse to a large gathering. If his doctrine had been as sound as his oratory, he could not well be excelled as a preacher.

(To be continued.)

THE DEPARTED.

I look around, and feel the awe
  Of one who walks alone,
Among the wrecks of former days
  In mournful ruin strown;
I start to hear the stirring sounds
  Among the cypress trees,
For the voice of the departed
  Is borne upon the breeze.

. . . . . .

I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles
  Still on me sweetly fall;
Their tones of love I faintly hear
  My name in sadness call.
I know that they are happy,
  With their angel plumage on:
But my heart is very desolate
  To think that they are gone.

—Park Benjamin.

[from Journal Of History vol. 6, 1913]

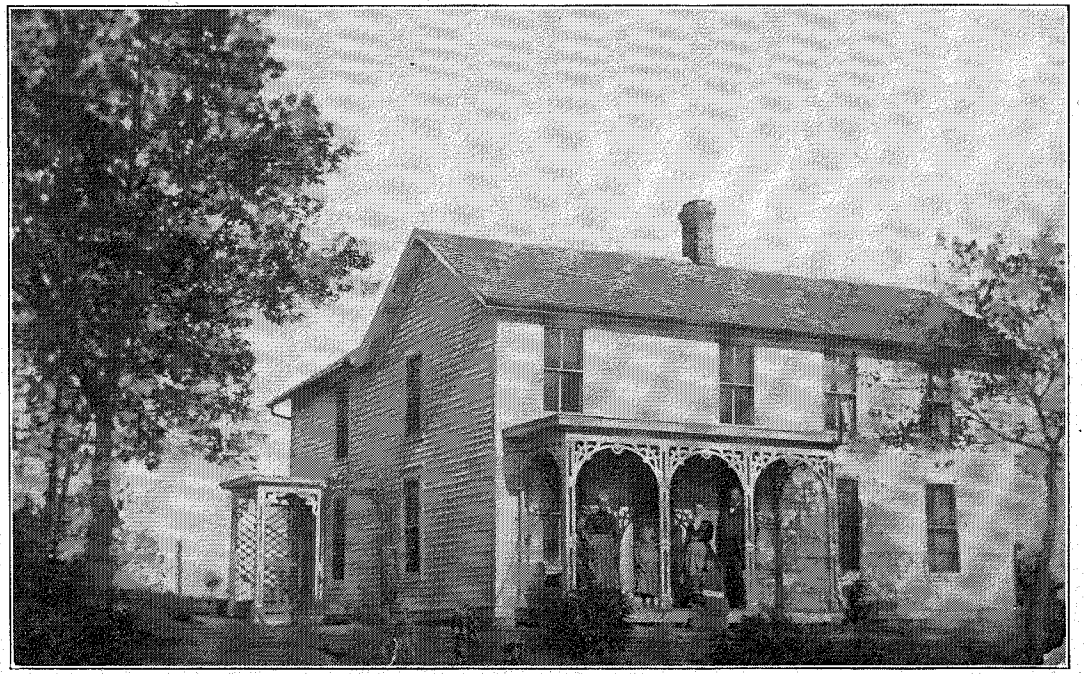
BIOGRAPHY OF ALEXANDER H. SMITH.

BY VIDA E. SMITH.

(Continued from page 310.)

In his new field in the North my father found great diversion in visits to the lakes and waterways of Minnesota and Michigan. For him there was companionship, always splendid companionship in nature, and these magnificent stretches of the water world were never failing sources of pleasure and inspiration.

The summer at home had been a busy one and a trail of improvements marked the path he made about the old place. In the spring of 1888 I met my father at the annual spring conference, held that year at Independence, Missouri. On April 6 of that year the corner stone of the Stone Church at that place was laid with becoming ceremonies. Father was one of the speakers on that occasion and after "making his talk" he came around to where I stood and took my year-old boy and held him during the remainder of the ceremonies. The other incidents of that day seem very dim to me to-day, but looking back over the bonnie head of my own little grandson, I fancy I see him press the little form of my boy close to him, his face radiant with loving emotions and his eyes lighting with pride and delight, his hat held in his hand, left his dark hair tossing in the cool spring wind, and I feel yet the loving admiration of my own heart as I noted my father's magnificent and beautifully formed head—measuring in his hat band, size 7⅝, and well set up from his fine shoulders. That was more than a quarter of a century ago, and I recall how I came up from Independence and, alighting at the little village of Andover, walked with my baby, accompanied by my sister Ina and Brother John W. Wight across the field, through the



"There was my mother, well and strong, and brown and busy."

field, through the gap in the hedge, along the meadow's edge, to the north door of the farmhouse. And there was my mother, well and strong, and brown and busy, with her flocks and "growin' things." It was during this visit home that my sisters and myself accompanied father on some of his preaching trips in the "regions round about," assisting him with our faith and songs. As often as there comes to me good tidings of progress in that part of Missouri, I can not but think of the hours he spent breaking bread for the people there, and how little encouragement there seemed to be for him in his work There, verily "we knew not when we scattered, where the precious seed might fall." There is never a good word from Andover that does not bring to my mind my father standing in some weather-beaten, cheerless old schoolhouse, spreading a royal spiritual feast for a few straggling but earnest hearers. When I left home that summer, sister Ina went with me to my home and only the five younger children remained with mother in the now very comfortable farmhouse.

The family worshiped with the Saints in Lamoni at the Brick Church. Sometimes, standing in the farm meadow we could hear the beautifully clear tones of the bell on the church in Lamoni, five miles away. Of course this was only when the atmosphere was particularly clear and the prairie winds favorable.

In Lamoni were many cherished and dear friends of my parents, and what had not given promise of a very pretty town in the early existence now proved to be Lamoni with promise of real beauty. It was during that visit that in conversation with my father regarding Lamoni's future, he mentioned the vision of his brother Joseph as given in Tullidge's History:

In the summer and fall [1853] several things occurred that served to bring the question up; my sickness brought me near to death; my

coming of age, and my choice of a profession were all coincident events; and during my recovery I had opportunity for reflection, as for weeks I could do no work. One day, after my return to health was assured, I had lain down to rest in my room; the window was open to the south and the fresh breeze swept in through the trees and half closed blinds. I had slept and woke refreshed; my mind recurred to the question of my future life and what its work should be. I had been and was still reading law under the care of a lawyer named William McLennan, and it was partially decided that I should continue that study. While weighing my desires and capabilities for this work, the question came up, Will I ever have anything to do with Mormonism? If so, how and what will it be? I was impressed that there was truth in the work my father had done. I believed the gospel so far as I comprehended it. Was I to have no part in that work as left by him? While engaged in this contemplation and perplexed by these recurring questions, the room suddenly expanded and passed away. I saw stretched out before me towns, cities, busy marts, courthouses, courts and assemblies of men, all busy and all marked by those characteristics that are found in the world, where men win place and renown. This stayed before my vision till I had noted clearly that choice of preferment here was offered to him who would enter in, but who did so must go into the busy whirl and be submerged by its din, bustle and confusion. In the subtle transition of a dream I was gazing over a wide expanse of country in a prairie land; no mountains were to be seen, but far as the eye could reach, hill and dale, hamlet and village, farm and farmhouse, pleasant cot and homelike place, everywhere betokening thrift, industry and the pursuits of a happy peace were open to the view. I remarked to him standing by me, but whose presence I had not before noticed, "This must be the country of a happy people." To this he replied, "Which would you prefer, life, success and renown among the busy scenes that you first saw; or a place among these people, without honors or renown? Think of it well, for the choice will be offered to you sooner or later, and you must be prepared to decide. Your decision once made you can not recall it, and must abide the results."

No time was given me for a reply, for as suddenly as it had come, so suddenly was it gone, and I found myself sitting upright on the side of the bed where I had been lying, the rays of the declining sun shining athwart the western hills and over the shimmering river, making the afternoon all glorious with their splendor, shone into my room instinct with life and motion, filling me with gladness that I should live. From that hour, at leisure, at work or play, I kept before me what had been presented, and was at length prepared to answer when the opportunity for the choice should be given.

And some way I became impressed with the thought that this might refer to Lamoni. Some years later when the Historian and President Smith were talking of the vision, the His-

torian asked him, "Have you ever seen the country you saw in vision at that time?"

He replied, "Yes."

They were sitting in the editor's room in the old Herald Office at Lamoni at the time, when the Historian questioned further, "Where did you see it?"

President Smith answered, "If you will look out of the south window there, you will see it."

Father had been acting president of the Quorum of Twelve, but in the spring of 1890, at the General Conference in Lamoni, Iowa, father was on April 8 called by the revelation of that day to be president of the quorum. The quorum presented to the conference a resolution asking that he be ordained, and on April 16, he was so ordained under the hands of the First Presidency, in these words of William W. Blair:

We lay our hands upon thee to set thee apart and bless thee with the blessings of the living God, that his Spirit may dwell in thee as a fountain of light, strengthening all the faculties of thy soul; blessing thee in thy spirit and thy body, and fitting thee well for the important position thou hast been called to, even to preside over the Council of the Twelve, and in their midst to preside with faith and ability with the Lord's Spirit. May God endow thee with judgment, with strength and with grace to perform the functions of thy office. O righteous Father, we pray unto thee for this thy servant that he may stand in thy power and strength; that he may be kept all along the journey of life; that his days may be long upon the land, and that he may be preserved to stand with the redeemed of the Lord.

And it shall be said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant; enter into the joys of the Lord; and, O Father, grant a double portion of thy Spirit to be with him that in the strength of thy Spirit he may be able to discharge all the duties devolving upon him: and we say unto thee, dear brother, that these blessings shall be received by thee. In the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

On the same day he bore a strong testimony in these words:

It has been said that Latter Day Saint preachers, when they follow each other, are something like the train of cars on the track—keep in the same line. I don't feel to depart the line that has been entered into, but to speak of some of the evidences that have been given to me, to strengthen and confirm me in this great work. In the spring of 1863—if my memory

serves me right—I attended the first conference of the church that I ever met with. During the time of my being there Brother Blair came to me and asked me if I wished to be ordained to the office of elder. I told him, no, I did not so wish, but that I had received the testimony of the Spirit that this was to be my calling. I told him that I had been instructed of God that "No man taketh this honor unto himself," etc. He asked me if I was willing to accept should I receive a satisfactory testimony in regard to the calling. I replied that I was willing to do anything God required at my hands, using the judgment he had given me. He said if I would ask the Lord on the matter it would be told me and I would be satisfied. Before going to rest that night I made it a subject of prayer. I wanted to do God's will but I wanted him to manifest to me, not in my own way, but in his own way, that I was indeed his servant. I felt that if the Lord would do this I would go in the line of my duty and leave the result in his hands. After retiring to rest, while thinking the matter over, I was conscious of a joy no one can express, no one can comprehend, only as they have felt this joy. I seemed finally to be shown standing on the hillside—the hill was conical, that is, highest in the middle like a mound—a multitude of people just as far as I could see. My attention was called to the top of the hill and I saw there a raised platform upon which appeared to be a rest for books like a preacher's stand. My attention was so fixed to it that I noticed the material and that it was constructed very strong, and I wondered why they should build such a platform and make it so strong. There appeared to be two preachers on it. There were three books lying on the preacher's stand like that [holding up a book.] These two personages on the stand had been talking to the multitude. While looking down they turned from the speaker's stand and came towards me. The multitude around the stand seemed to open, giving them sufficient room to pass down side by side, and as they passed down the pathway they were in conversation with each other. I was impressed with a desire to get close to the stand, and began to make my way through the multitude until I met them. They shook hands with me, called me by name and one of them said, "Alexander, you go up and take your place: we are going away and will be gone for a season, but will come again." I recognized them—my father and Uncle Hyrum. It was my father's voice that told me to take my place. I realized my surroundings. I was bathed in tears. No man could express the thrilling joy of God's Spirit, save he has felt it under similar circumstances.

I met Brother Blair the next day. He took me by the hand and said, "You have your witness." Then when he proposed that I should be ordained to the office of elder I did not refuse. There are other instances of my life I might speak of, but I speak of this one as a guide in all my ministerial labor. I remember one more circumstance that I will relate.

While traveling in southern California, in one period of my ministry,

my surroundings were such that I was cast down in spirit, discouraged, worn and tired. I felt very much like giving up and going home. Retiring to rest I presented myself before the Lord. I asked him for some encouragement. During the night I received by the influence of the Spirit the following: I saw a city as upon a hill. I saw to the eastward of the city a rolling prairie country. The city appeared to have walls—surrounded by walls. I was so curious as to note the material of which the walls were built. They seemed to be built of a soft gray marble.

I came to the east side of the city and seemed to be standing on the top of the wall, and from me descended a flight of broad steps, and to the right of the steps was the main entrance to the city, towards the east. On gazing toward the east I beheld a band of people approaching. They seemed to be led by one that was riding a horse and as they approached the city they came singing.

I stood watching them until they came near to the gate, and as they approached it the one that was leader alighted from his horse, and instead of going through the gate, came up the broad flight of steps and approached me. I recognized him and I cried out, "My father! O my father!" He took me in his arms and embraced me. He said, "Be cheered, be comforted; the time is near when your position will be changed; let your heart be comforted."

I awoke, was filled with the Spirit, and weeping, I went to sleep and the city was presented to me again. In the center of the city there seemed to be a large building as a temple. It fronted to the east. On the front there semed to be three openings or large arches supported by carved pilasters, and a flight of beautiful steps leading up to a platform at the entrance of the building.

The material of this building seemed to have a marble polish, bright and beautiful beyond conception. I stood at the head of the flight of steps and could look into the building, and could see what appeared to be scribes making records upon large books, as I was given to understand. I was placed at the head of the stairs to examine the credentials of those that should pass into the building. Numbers came up the steps—numbers that I knew passed into the building and their names were placed on record. Others passed on to other places and a record would be made.

While standing here I could hear the tread of the inhabitants of the city as they went to and fro in the avocations of life, and I heard music, and I say again, no tongue can express the joy and the intense feeling that pervaded my whole being, and for days that feeling rested with me. I was comforted; I was made to rejoice; I was glad.

Much more might be said in this connection, but this is sufficient now. I am glad and rejoice in this work. I am glad I am with you. I am glad that with you I can feel this warm feeling of the Spirit of God nerving us to move on in this great work. Now to-day this great platform is before me, and all these noble men are taking their stations in the front, standing shoulder to shoulder.

God is with his people. He will speak to them and be their God. Pray for me that I may fulfill the important calling unto which God has called me.

This is my desire in Jesus' name, Amen.

It was at this conference that he, as one representing the Quorum of Twelve, assisted in organizing the Standing High Council of the church. He was again placed in charge of the North Central Mission, associated with Elder Edmund C. Briggs. There were added to the mission, northern Illinois, western Indiana, and northwestern Ohio. In the summer of 1890 the condition of the property demanding it, he visited Nauvoo in company with his brother Joseph and arranged for the tearing down and removal of the east wing of the Mansion. I find this entry in his diary: "Let contract to tear down the old house to Lyman Beecher." This task was not unattended with regret and sadness. Wonderfully sweet and tender memories clustered about the dilapidated old "Well Room," east room, kitchen, and dining room. Every foot of the old house spoke of beloved hours and happy voices gone from it for ever. Even the thinking citizens of Nauvoo felt the loss it would be to the historic element of the place. Of the tearing down the Mansion the *Nauvoo Independent* says:

Workmen are tearing down the east wing of the Mansion House, the home of Joseph Smith. It was erected in 1843. Its condition had become so dilapidated that its removal was considered expedient. We dislike to have this famous building destroyed. It is one of the first objects visitors seek on their arrival in this historic city. An effort should have been made to preserve it.

The remaining wing of the Mansion father had repaired and cared for, and it is still a good and comfortable house.

In a letter written by father to me in 1892, I find this reference to his work on the old Mansion, and photos taken of the place:

The front view is the best, but a view from the east will show what I had done to the old home. I had to have all the big dining room and all east of the room where the brick oven was torn down and of course

the part thus exposed weatherboarded up, so it leaves the house as it was ere the addition was built. No. 9, the room you were born in, of course went with the rest. The house is a good house now. I had it newly roofed and painted red. George W. Dundee lives in it now. It looked real cozy and homelike when I was there last summer. Made me almost homesick. I love the old place yet, and would gladly go back if there were Saints enough to form a church there and I had means enough to fix up the old home as I would love to. I have purchased David's part of the lot, and the two rooms that were left, so own the entire building now. It did look bunty for a while after tearing the long part away. The floor of the big dining room was so rotten it was dangerous to walk over it, the roof on the north side had rotted and fallen in, in places. I could have cried if it would have done any good. The south side was in better preservation. Rooms 9, 10, and 7 were in a fair state except as the other part had settled and left the doors awry and the floors uneven. I would not stay to see it torn down, it was bad enough to see it after. So much for the old "House where you were born." Two of the pine trees mother set out are still living, one at the corner rises above the housetop now, the one in front is not so tall. . . .

Give my kind regards to those Saints who so kindly remember me. Would love to see them, and those babies, God bless them. How I would love to see them, and be Santa Claus to them indeed! They should have their cars and dolls and boxes, too, if I were there and able. When I think of the grandchildren, ah then it is hard to be poor.

Talk about the homesick heart. Sick, away from home, among comparative strangers. But I am in good quarters and every wish forestalled in a manner. Brother Green and family are kindness itself, but I am hungry to see my own loved ones. I want a kiss, a loving caress. Don't you know a loving caress from one we love, is better than medicine and your foolish old father is nearly starving for the little mother and his loving girls, but pshaw, I must stop or I'll make you homesick, too. Kiss those darlings for grandpapa.

To my father the innate things of life, with close association, became dear and cherished, but the living issues called strongest to his active and earnest spirit. To him there was never sweeter, cooler draughts than those he drew from the deep old home well, sheltered for many years by the roof of the old "Well Room," now so ruthlessly tumbled to the earth. From the old well he drank his last sip of water on earth, on a summer day, years later.

Of this visit to Nauvoo in 1890 President Smith wrote:

NAUVOO, ILLINOIS, June 30.—Arrive from Rock Creek this a. m., spoke

there twice yesterday, the evening service being a temperance effort, by invitation of the W. C. T. U. of Rock Creek. I have spoken nine times in the last eight days, each night last week; and what with the heat and the talking, I am quite worn. Am lying by for repairs. Brother Alexander remained at Burnside to occupy on yesterday in the Park. He is an excellent coworker, ready and willing to do what he can, and without jealousy. We have occupied the past two weeks at Montrose, Rock Creek and Burnside, profitably we hope.

Father had grown very portly, but his health was much better than in earlier years. When sister Ina came from California, where she had been for a few years with me, she wrote me, "I was tired and the crowd was great in the city, but suddenly I found myself in the arms of a portly gentleman and felt all my worry and weariness roll away." It was always like a tonic to meet father in the midst of confusion and weariness and irritating crowds. He was so sure and easy and comfortable, and we felt a sort of pride in being thus companioned and chaperoned.

And this feeling was not confined alone to his own daughters. His nieces felt the same loving care and tenderness and chivalry from him. Remembering his emotional nature, what a trial he must have had when meeting an urgent request, he preached the funeral sermon of Sister Zaide Viola Salyards, young wife of Elder Richard S. Salyards, and fourth daughter of President Smith. She was one of his most tenderly loved kinswomen, and her illness and death were sad memories to him, but his unfailing hope in the resurrection was an inspiration to others and often he stood thus a comforter in time of dire need to his own loved ones. Sometimes the inspiration of the Spirit broke forth in poetic language and similes, as upon one occasion when preaching on "The hour of Christ's coming,"

I saw one morning what seemed to be a twilight in the east and in the west. The light in the western horizon was the exact counterpart of the one in the eastern, both occurring at the same time. To me it was a wonderful sight. It may have been a common sight to many that have observed it, but to me it brought to mind the promises of the Lord that

are made in the gospel; it brought to mind the promises that have been held and cherished in the history of man since the days of the old patriarchs; the promises of God in the east meeting the promises of God in the west, the light of the Spirit meeting, bringing with it the power manifest in the gospel of Jesus Christ. . . .

And we to-day are a most favored people. I think the most favored people under the sun. Dwelling under the light and blaze of the wisdom of the nineteenth century—which is said to be the wisest age that has ever been known—and not only dwelling under the light and blaze of the nineteenth century, but under the light and inspiration of the kingdom of God; not that which was given to the prophets alone—we have that light, as the morning comes when the sun rises—not alone the inspiration that was given to the apostles that made them a power in their age; not that alone that we behold when the sun is rising, but as the noonday sun shines brightest came the presence of the son of God himself. We have also the glory of the setting sun is the law given in the age in which we live. Then does it not behoove us to accept the invitation to be ready for the hour of his coming?

It was during the winter days of 1890 that a trade was made in which the farm finally passed out of the family possession and a new home in Lamoni was dedicated by father and mother. Mother was happy. She had room for flowers and chickens and cows and for father a wide, fine garden and place for fruit, in fact all the comforts of a farm and also conveniences of a wide-awake town and none of the burdens of harvest and seedtime. Here mother thought to spend her days until the sun set. The first beautiful incident of family life to consecrate the new home walls was the marriage of sister Ina to Mr. Sidney G. Wright, of Australia, a marriage whose one element of sadness was the shadow of separation, for they went soon after to their Australian home and the years seemed very long to those left behind. That was an April wedding in the spring of 1891 and many an April went by before the dainty bride saw one of her "home folk." And before the year closed the new home held a sadder meeting presaged by a telegram from brother Fred for father to come to the call of the first dear, little grandson, David Alexander, sick unto death in Salt Lake City, where his father was employed as a miller.

Often had father journeyed those long miles, but this was a new experience and a sad mission to the little boy with big, soft brown eyes who had been the first to call him grandpa, and that same day mother started on a mission of anxiety and fear to the bedside of sister Emma, ill at her home in Independence, Missouri. The daughter recovered, but the little form of the first grandchild was the first of our family dead to be carried over my parents' threshold, although sister Emma had lost a baby boy of five weeks the year previous, the first break in our family by death. After little Aleck was laid in the little grave in Rose Hill, where the late summer glory quietly folded about by night and day and his parents turned again to their western home, father took up the missionary work.

At the spring conference of 1892 he accepted the Rocky Mountain Mission, and in his pastoral for the year, written from Chicago in January, he predicts that,

> Zion's watchmen will see "eye to eye," and the voice of the Good Shepherd shall be heard in all the land, calling upon the pure in heart, "Come, come, come to the supper of the great Bridegroom." And the islands of the sea shall sing and rejoice, for the time cometh when all lands shall be married, and the sea roll back to the north, and the Israel of God be gathered. When the sons of Jacob shall no longer be afraid, nor their faces pale at the thought of oppression; but shall shine with the brightness of the light of the coming of their Redeemer. And they shall shout, "Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord."
>
> Courage, brethren, be of good cheer. The time of bitter sacrifice is fast passing away. We are not called upon to make such sacrifice as was necessary sixty, thirty, or twenty years ago. The huge nightmare which rested upon the church, and then the shadow of its baneful influence over the ministry twenty and twenty-five years ago, is fast being driven back to its own abode in darkness, and the church is awakening with new impulses, and with renewed vigor is shaking off her drowsiness and lethargy and is making ready to answer to the call of her Lord, "Come up higher." She begins to breathe easier, and to expand and grow in spirituality, grow in order and organization. She begins to show the work of the "One mighty and strong" in being led out of slavery, darkness and confusion, into the light of God's dear Son. And now she no longer feels the pall of that degrading charge, unchastity, and the

epithet of unclean. She moves to the front and takes her place, meeting the issues of the day, rising each time brighter, fairer and more glorious than before. For this we praise God and give thanks.

Our faith has been attacked from every conceivable direction, all the mean and low subterfuges of the Adversary have been used, but as each soldier of the cross has engaged in its defense, he has come out of the battle cloud smiling and stronger, because he has felt the holy influence of the presence of the Spirit in himself, and the love of God which maketh strong and casteth out all fear. For this we also rejoice and give God glory. While the vision of the work opens before me, it seems the time is near for the fulfillment of the words of the Prophet, "Who are these who come flocking as doves to the windows?" Already we feel the inspiration of the word of the poet, "Give us room that we may dwell." The time to favor the waste places of Zion seems also very near, and I am constrained to say the time is not far distant when the church will be called upon to make arrangements for the establishment of stakes to meet the growing necessities of the work, and the keeping the commandments which as now, in her scattered condition, she is unable to do.

By June father was laboring in Utah with a company of congenial "friends in the harness." In July, Elder Thomas W. Smith, who was preaching in Salt Lake City, was stricken with paralysis, and father returned to Independence with him. Of this, Elder Thomas W. Smith said:

On the night of July 10, I was stricken down with partial paralysis. My left arm, side, and leg were rendered useless. I was on my way to Australia. I was unconscious for twenty-four hours. I was brought home to Independence by Brother Alexander H. Smith, whose kindness I can never forget. I am satisfied that I should have died but for the power of God displayed through the administration of the brethren and the prayers of others at the time and since.

I am thankful that I am now able to walk quite a distance without help, and can use my left arm some. . . .

I desire to express my gratitude to Brethren Alexander H. Smith, Joseph Luff, Hyrum O. Smith, E. Barrows, and others, for their care and attention from the first. May God abundantly reward them for the same. And I thank the Saints in general for their remembrance of me in their prayers. I lament my inability to labor as in former days more than I do the physical suffering. I still need and therefore ask to be remembered in the prayers of the Saints, and for the strengthening of my mental as well as physical powers.

Father started for his mission field late in August, after a hurried visit to Nauvoo and vicinity, in company with his

brother Joseph to attend to matters of a personal nature and some church work. This constant travel was not always pleassant but I think father put as much or more pleasure into it than would the majority of men of his age and inclinations. It appeared to me that he made his preparations for departure as quietly and with as little bustle and irritation as could have well been done by anyone. He moved quickly about the house, but quietly, and there was seldom any apparent hurry and never needless words or excitement. He knew what he wanted to pack and how he wanted it packed and proceeded to do it, only asking to be undisturbed. He usually knew where to put his hand on what he wished to take with him. His one disturbing characteristic being his big, soft heart, that felt keenly the pain and sorrow of parting, and the anxiety of separation.

Early in March, 1893, the return from his western field was made to his home in Lamoni. During that same month sister Grace, who had married the year before to Forest L. Madison, a nephew of President Smith, died at her home in San Bernardino, California. She was the fourth daughter in my father's home, a bright, merry-hearted child, who had but just passed her nineteenth birthday, when her spirit left her frail body which we laid in the warm, soft earth of the old cemetery at San Bernardino, 'neath a blanket of rare and beautiful flowers.

Sing sweet Pine thy plaintive lay;
Cypress guard the long, lone stay;
Myrtle, shower thy purple bloom
O'er the little sister's tomb.

Flowers, perfumed in southern pride;
Winds, that tell of restless tide;
Golden sunlight, twilight gloom,
All keep watch above her tomb.

To my parents we brought a few months later the delicate little baby whose life had been bought with hers, and to whom

she had promised the name of LaMont. The bitterness of this loss to my parents shadowed all time dating from that year for them.

At the conference of 1893, father accepted the appointment to the Eastern Mission in association with Elder William H. Kelley. He found much to delight him in the historic old places that he was permitted to visit while in this field, beginning at Kirtland, Ohio, where he lingered a short time waiting for Elder Kelley. The following year he again took charge of the North Central Mission, and again in 1895, Iowa, Eastern Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Northern Illinois, and Wisconsin, ministering with Elder Joseph R. Lambert. In his speech before that conference at its opening there runs a thought the spirit of which was elemental in my father. The previous year had been one of many trials, crop failures, and scarcity of means, and many of the elders had been prevented from attending the conference. And father missed them as shown in these words:

> While I look around upon this occasion I recognize the fact that there are quite a number of our brethren who are actively engaged in this work that are not present with us who are wanting to be with us in this conference assembly; and as I feel the influence of that good Spirit that brings in it a strength and gives the force of this work this morning, I trust that we may realize that our brethren who are in the field who have made a certain sacrifice in remaining away from our number, will be remembered, that they, too, may feel that Spirit and its influences, encouraging them in the work that they are doing where they are; and I trust that we may not forget this fact, when we are assembled here to transact the business that shall be presented to us, if God is so gracious as to grant unto us his Spirit. We want that Spirit, that we may carry the influence of that Spirit out into the world, that wherever we go it may be recognized that the Spirit of God is with us and that we are his servants.

This remembering of the absent ones was a trait that endeared many friends to my father. I recall how this kindly memory was often extended to some very unfortunate people with whom fate had been less kind. One, an erring man but an affectionate one who was kept for many years under sentence in a state prison, received regularly answers to his sad-

hearted letters, and a friendly interest in his soul's good that could not have been lost.

In 1895, father was chosen one of the first Board of Directors of Graceland College, an institution in which he always had a keen and most appreciative interest. He truly loved Graceland and what she stood for to the church and the world. Often I found him sitting in later years, with his eyes on the College Hill, and almost as often he expressed his hope and sometimes his day-dreams of the future for her, when Graceland would be second to no school in her own peculiar field of work. The shout of her students at play on the campus, their songs and gay laughter were music to his spirit, and no one enjoyed more than did he their athletic sports and victory on diamond or gridiron. There was always an appeal to his spirit in the march of young people, in the sound of many feet falling in unison, and the sight of school children marching brought quick tears of emotion to his eyes. Thus in vision there appeared to him the hosts of Zion marching to heights of peace, and the eternity of God was to him reached by the quick step and erect form of men and women free in Christ Jesus to keep time to the eternal music of law and order.

In May father was called to Independence to comfort sister Emma on the death of her only daughter and child, Cecil Grace. Of that visit and what it meant to the heartbroken young mother, I will let her tell in her own words:

> The joy that was mine when the knowledge of motherhood first came to me was closely seconded by his when I told him of the joy. I can even now, it seems, feel the pressure of those hands as he laid them on my head, and can hear again in fancy his fervently spoken, "God bless you, my child." There was true joy in his eyes that morning when we had our chat out under the old butternut tree on the old farm. My heart often thrills as my mind dwells on those days. Those memories are not unmixed with grief, for in such a few short days after I had felt the touch of my first-born's fingers, I was left alone, childless again.
>
> Whereas in joy he was with me, so when grief was my share, my heart's call for father was heard and he suffered with me. Thrice came death to my home, and as I had ever found comfort on his breast I went

there in those dark, stormy hours. As I stood by the cruel grave and watched my fair, flowerlike little daughter laid out of sight, I found how deep was a father's love. I learned his gentleness in a new form.

One morning in those days of grief I felt I could be brave no longer; I felt that God had asked too much. Thrice had baby forms been mine to caress. And yet I was childless. Oh! then, the arms that had held me in my childhood troubles were opened to me. The breast that I had wept upon because my doll had been broken, was there to let my weary head rest upon. And those tender words of his were like oil on troubled waters. While those arms held me close and the storm of bitterness raged in the heart, those arms strengthened me in that storm even when I felt too bitter for counsel he could only hold close and pray, and again I heard his fervent, "Oh! God bless my poor child"; but then came an hour of joy when he held my boy in his arms and asked God to bless him and fixed the name upon him by which he should be known, both on earth and in heaven, Roger Alexander. Again he stood thus when the wee little girlie with her nut brown curls was named. I can see him, methinks, as he stands there, now, as the man of God with those dear ones in his arms. The same did his Master in his time. There were tears of joy as he said, "The Father has blessed my child."—Emma Belle Smith Kennedy.

At the spring conference of 1896 father found, as usual, much to edify and interest him. Brother Frederick A. was with him on that occasion, being actively engaged in mission work for some time. When returning from Kirtland they two, with Brother Joseph F. Burton, made a side trip to Nauvoo, Carthage, and the homes of the family cousins in that part of Illinois. The question of a church reunion at or near Nauvoo to commemorate the semicentennial of the exodus from the old town, had fired the heart of my father with a desire to see old haunts, and impelled him to great activity in assisting to promote the reunion of that year at the Bluff across from Nauvoo. Of this trip in the spring, Brother Burton wrote quite feelingly.

The conference is over. That noble band of Christ's ministers are moving out in every direction, to preach the gospel, to assist in the redemption of Zion, and to prepare a people to meet the coming Savior. And accompanied by Brethren Alexander H. Smith and Frederick A. Smith, I left Kirtland, the Temple, and all its hallowed scenes behind, and wended my way westward, and was privileged to enjoy a day in the great city of Chicago, under the care of good Saints there; then on

to Montrose, on the banks of the great river, and there the mysterious wires flashed the sad news to us that Brother Blair, from whom we had parted but a few hours previously, had ceased his labors—his life's work was ended; and while much anticipated work of Zion's good was yet undone, while in the car of Nahum's chariot on his way, and about his Master's business, he was called hence—earth may not retain him longer. . . .

And now the boat is all ready and we will row across to beautiful Nauvoo. See the grassy streets, now disturbed only by an occasional pedestrian; they were once without grass because of the multitude of feet of boys and girls, of men and women, of the gentle horse and faithful ox, then so noisy with activity everywhere, now so quiet, so still! But we saw the far-famed Nauvoo House, the Mansion House, and the homestead where the servant of God lived, the Prophet of God; and while I heard the slight swash of the river upon the gravelly beach where he so often stood and prayed, and talked of his Savior's love to man to the multitudes assembled to hear him, and to witness the beautiful ordinance of burial in the water in the likeness of Christ's death, I could not but meditate upon the past and grieve because of the wickedness of men.

But we wend our way up towards the hill where the Temple once stood, and as we near the brow of the hill Brother Alexander said, "You better take a view from here, as it will be better than farther on.

I will now relate an incident in my life: In May, of 1874, at Brother Jasper H. Lawn's in San Benito, I was ordained an elder by Brethren Alexander Smith, Daniel S. Mills, and Hervey Green. At that time I saw the following picture: I was ascending a large hill, walking between two men, each of them holding one of my hands in his, and as we neared the top of the hill I saw a large temple facing the west and saw these three men and a number of others entering it; and while viewing the building with admiration, and especially delighted with it for its solid and firm appearance, one of my guides said, "Turn and look." I did so, and before me was a beautiful sight. From the foot of the hill upon which we stood I saw a plain before me, divided by streets running parallel to each other and others at right angles to them, into small farms or lots, and clean looking and tidily kept houses, and fields dotted the landscape and made it appear beautiful; and a peculiar feature of the scene was, that looking westward as far as you might the horizon seemed to incline upward instead of curving downward; and when Brother Alexander told me to look now, I turned and before me was the picture I had seen twenty-two years before.

After viewing these scenes we went on to where the Temple once stood, now no sign of such a building is to be seen, and but a very few Saints are left in the city by the river to keep the name "Latter Day Saint" alive there. . . .

But now Brother Alexander must return by the first train to Chariton and Lamoni to do whatever willing sympathy may do to make the funeral

obsequies befitting the memory of an honored Saint of God, and to ameliorate the grief of the widowed mother of Israel and her children. Brother Fred returned to Burlington to deliver the message of life on the Sabbath day, and on Monday he met me again and we went with horse and buggy across the beautiful country between Nauvoo and Carthage. It was night when we arrived at the hospitable home of Brother Salisbury, so we tarried with them, and on the morning continued our journey on to Carthage jail. . . .

From Carthage we went across the river to Keokuk, up to Montrose and on to Burlington.

When the news of the sudden death of President Blair reached father he hurried on to Lamoni. How that sad time crowds upon us with a sort of overwhelming gloom. Elder Blair had been closely and fondly associated with father in his early church experience, and his influence had been felt in the decision made by father to accept the call to eldership, and under President Blair's hands he had no doubt felt the ordination to his calling in the city of Amboy, Illinois, on April 8, 1863. With him he had made his first missionary venture of any considerable importance, and through all the years a bond of love had existed between the two men.

At the council held in Lamoni, April 22, 1896, following the death of Brother Blair, father assumed new and arduous duties, as the account of the council will explain:

At a council held at Lamoni, Iowa, Wednesday, April 22, 1896, by President Joseph Smith, President Alexander H. Smith, James W. Gillen, Joseph R. Lambert, Heman C. Smith, and Joseph Luff of the Twelve, and Bishop Edmund L. Kelley, it was considered and determined that in the absence of divine direction otherwise, and pending the necessity for calling of a special council or conference for more authoritative action, President Alexander H. Smith should, by virtue of his office as president of the Twelve, act for and with the Presidency, as counselor, the work of the church to be carried on during the current conference year, as already provided by action of conference at the late April session.

At this council Elder Joseph F. Burton was set apart to and blessed for the charge of the Society Islands Mission. Father and Uncle Joseph being spokesmen in the order named.

The action of this council in a measure removed him into a

field of activity in addition to that of the Quorum of Twelve, which was finally sealed in the spring of 1897 when on the night of April 7 a revelation was given President Smith setting him apart as a counselor to the President of the church, and a patriarch. The revelation is as follows:

Thus saith the Spirit of your Lord and Savior Jesus Christ: Your fasting and your prayers are accepted and have prevailed.

Separate and set apart my servant Alexander Hale Smith to be a counselor to my servant, the president of the church, his brother, and to be patriarch to the church, and an evangelical minister to the whole church. Also, appoint my servant E. L. Kelley, bishop of the church, to act as counselor to the president of the church, for the conference year, or until one shall be chosen to succeed my servant W. W. Blair, whom I have taken unto myself; he to sit in council with his brethren of the presidency and act with and for them and the church; though he shall still be and act in the office of his calling of bishop of the church with his brethren of the bishopric.

The quorum of twelve, my servants, may choose and appoint one of their number to take the place of my servant Alexander H. Smith, and if they shall choose William H. Kelley, from among them for this place it will be pleasing unto me; neverthless, if directed by the spirit of revelation and wisdom they may choose another.

And on Monday, April 12, the revelation came formally before the church and was accepted, the Twelve accepting it by a unanimous vote. Father responded in these words:

I accept the appointment and will say that to me the appointment was not altogether unlooked for, for intimations of the past for a number of years have directed my mind in that direction. I wish to say that I have never felt to fully give myself into the hands of the Lord for this appointment until this spring. There was that bond of affection for the quorum over which I presided that I felt that I wished to remain with them; but since it has been made known that it is the Lord's wish that I should labor elsewhere, I am willing to do the very best I can, using my powers in doing the Lord's will so far as he shall give me strength, leaving the result in his hands. All that I have, all that I am, all that I ever expect to have or to be, is put into this work. I have given myself wholly to the Lord.

He was ordained April 12, 1897, by President Joseph Smith, counselor and patriarch and evangelical minister to the whole church. On the evening of the same day the quorum of apostles met at father's home in Lamoni and passed this resolution:

LAMONI, IOWA, April 12, 1897.

Resolved, That we tender to President Alexander H. Smith our thanks for his excellent service as president of this quorum; and that while we regret our loss of his services as a member and quorum president, we nevertheless rejoice in the fact of his promotion to the offices of patriarch, and counselor to the President of the church. And further; That we hereby assure him that our love for him shall continue, as well as our prayers, that God may graciously bless him in his new relations and inspire him unto service therein as acceptable to God and the church as his work with this quorum has been.

Attest: { HEMAN C. SMITH, *Secretary.*
JOHN H. LAKE, *President.*

The severing of his associations in close service with the men of that quorum affected my father very deeply, and he turned from it to his untried fields with a deep sense of bewilderment and real loneliness. There was so little to direct him in the new office of patriarch. The past year had held many pleasures for father, one of the greatest, the reunion at Bluff Park, which mother attended with him. He was active in his mission field and his work was pleasant to him, but the year 1897 he felt under pressure, expected to act in the office of patriarch, he hesitated to move until he was sure of the light, and was more quiet and less buoyant in spirit than usual, meditating and praying often. The care and perplexity affected not only his spirit but his general health. In August he attended the Old Settlers' Reunion, at Nauvoo, Illinois, making a speech on that occasion. He was undoubtedly as old a settler as was present at this time, as he had come into the county in 1839, just fifty-eight years before. In September he was a happy participant in the Bluff Park reunion again. Having a cottage there in company with my brother Fred.

The winter of the next year was one of considerable trial to father because of illness and rheumatism that kept him from his ordinary exercise. But he did quite a world of thinking and some writing as he was recovering. And some of those reminiscent hours were very pleasant to those who were per-

mitted to share them with him. In the spring of 1898 he made the following statement in the General Conference in Independence, Missouri:

I realize that the church members, many of them, have been wondering, and have asked in their thoughts, What is the patriarch of the church doing? And I have thought to make some statement to the church relating to the matter. You will bear in mind that my call to the position of patriarch was made last spring, and I made the effort to enter in upon the duties of that office, but I discovered that there was very little written in the records concerning the duties of the patriarch so far as I understood them since my call, but earnestly desire more light in regard to the matter. Those wishing their blessings, of course, desire a copy of that blessing, and to obtain a copy I should have some one to make that copy,—take it as the blessing is given. I have felt very delicate about making or writing out a blessing after the blessing had been given. Again, I needed a record, for if a blessing was given there should be a record made of it. There was no provision made for this; and other things in like manner presented themselves as obstacles in the way.

I consulted, also, with the President of the church, and receiving no light or instruction that seemed to justify me in moving forward, I have not moved in that direction. However, I sought to improve the time in the line of evangelist.

To me, it seems that there never has been so bright a prospect for the work as at the present time. The work is moving onward and accumulating, assuming proportions that are grand; and a realization of this fact encourages me in the call that has been made upon me; and my only desire is that I may make myself worthy that I may be used by the Lord, in the calling whereunto he has called me, acceptably to him. I have not felt inclined to move forward hurriedly, but rather to move cautiously. I want to be right, and move in the right direction, but have not been inclined to push this matter at all—on the matter of my duties in the office named. I have felt myself ready when the Spirit would direct me to move forward, and I am still ready to move; and should it be the good pleasure of the Lord that these things that seemed to have been hindering should be supplied, the obstacles that have stood in the way should be removed, I shall enter in with joy and gladness upon the mission that has been assigned me in that direction. I shall make the effort in the future to make myself an approved servant. I have tried to in the past.

I would say that during the year what time I have been able to labor I have received the evidence of the Spirit confirming the work as strong or stronger than ever before. It has moved upon me in strength and power, and at times has caused me to weep and tremble and rejoice in the work.

It is the work of God, and I desire to be an instrument in his hands to help move it on.

It was during father's illness of the winter of 1897 that he wrote some of his ministerial experiences published in the *Autumn Leaves*. Early in the spring my younger brother, Joseph G., who was employed in Saint Joseph, Missouri, yielding to the wave of patriotism that swept the country at the call of President McKinley for volunteers to go to the asisstance of the oppressed by Spain, went to the barracks in Saint Joseph and joined the army. The lad was not yet twenty-one, but full of the fire of the volunteer. Making a short call home, he finished preparation when he left his mother and father in tears and sadness but carried their blessing with him, and how pathetic the cry of his chum brother, "How I wish I could go too." Having enlisted in Missouri, brother Joe joined the Sixth Missouri and with them went into detention camp in West Virginia.

Father traveled that year in the Eastern Mission and how he had grown to love some of the Saints in that interesting field, but in the fall he was called to the Hospital Barracks to the bedside of his soldier son. For a time it seemed that he was too late, but through the kindness of Brother Walter W. Smith the boy was located and cared for. What an angel of mercy and kindness has the young man seemed to members of the family, whenever memory goes back over those times, for Walter was a Missouri soldier too, and it was good to know that such a young friend as Walter was with our brother and son. Brother Joe spent a short furlough at home, recuperating, and then went south with his regiment, where he acted as bugler for his company during the winter. Father felt a sense of deep concern for his associations during the time and was relieved when the boy returned home. In May, 1898, father wrote his first patriarchal greeting.

To the Saints; Greeting: It is with feeling of gratitude towards our heavenly Father, that I address these lines of greeting.

For the past year I sought light on my duties as "patriarch to the church, and an evangelical minister to the whole church," feeling a great timidity upon entering in upon a field of duties I knew so little about, and upon which there was so little written. I earnestly prayed and hoped that the Lord would be so gracious that he would give some instruction at the late General Conference, but was disappointed.

I did receive encouragement in spirit and was promised that if I would move forward the spirit of my calling would rest upon me and I should be blessed, and others through me should receive a blessing, and the Spirit's influence would attend me.

Since the General Conference I have tried to enter upon my patriarchal duties and have verified the promise. The Spirit has been with me, for which I am thankful. Thus being encouraged, I shall continue in those duties and take this means to inform the Saints that at any time when it is possible for me to get a stenographer, I will attend to blessings. Brother Edmund L. Kelley has kindly offered me Brother E. Bell, the stenographer who writes for him, to aid me in Lamoni. My office will be at my residence until other arrangements are made.

There is a question of finance which all ought to understand in relation to these blessings. I am often asked: Is there a charge made for blessings? I answer, in one sense, No; and again, in another sense, Yes. That is, it rests with the party who receives the blessing. They should remember that the patriarch must live, his family must live, and he must defray the expense of stenographer, who also must live; and records must be kept, and these expenses must be borne, and necessarily those who are benefited should supply the means to meet them. The patriarch can not, the church ought not to be expected to do so without receiving some return; hence it is expected that the parties blessed will give as their circumstances will permit or the Spirit may direct. As the patriarch is expected to report every dollar received and from whom received, it will at once be seen there is little chance of the patriarch making merchandise of the blessings of God. The patriarch draws his support from the bishop just the same as any missionary in the field. Thus you see the poor can receive blessings as well as those who are well off in this world's goods; yet all should remember that as God gives with a liberal hand and freely, so as God has blessed the individual, so let him give.

In my travels, until I can have a stenographer to travel with me, as I said above, when possible to get one, I will do the best I can to bless the Saints. And may God bless us all, letting his steady hand guide all along life's rugged way, bringing us off conquerors at last, giving us a bright inheritance in his celestial world, I shall ever pray.

ALEXANDER HALE SMITH, *Patriarch.*

LAMONI, IOWA, May 31, 1898.

The fall and early winter were spent by father in the New England States. He found added health and spirits recuperated along the coast of the Atlantic. The life near or on water was full of tonic and inspiration to him.

All through the year of 1899 he was busy spending his time in counsel, preaching, and doing some blessing. Gradually light came on the course to be pursued, and as his purpose became more definite his voice rang clear and his step took on its usual quick spring and his silences were not so frequent. From my kitchen door I used to watch him going to town or returning, and he never failed to wave his hat or hand. Father was as decided in his political faith as in any other. Sometimes when the political campaigns grew very interesting and the discussion quite heated he shut his lips tight and refused to enter into discussion of issues. Sometimes he hotly defended his faith, but always he was a decided Republican. I recall an instance where a friend in jest said, "But your daughter here is a genuine Jeffersonian Democrat." Quickly drawing my hand up against his face he replied, "Not a Democrat. No; she is an old-fashioned Lincoln Republican," and there was a twinkle in his eye that left you with a feeling that silenced further remarks along that line.

(To be continued.)

The longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men
The more we feel the high, stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty.
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days.
—James Russell Lowell.

[from Journal Of History vol. 7, 1914]

BIOGRAPHY OF ALEXANDER SMITH.

BY VIDA E. SMITH.

(Continued from volume 6, page 418.)

The strong tide of public thought that had been cutting into old party lines and undermining partisan prejudice during the last decade of father's life was having effect on his open mind and justice-loving soul. He gave men of opposing political creed credit and approbation, and accepted some of the so-called new and neutral political doctrines with some reservation.

One source of great pleasure to father was his grandchildren. They were all sure of an interested audience in grandpa and grandma. The little granddaughters, long as they live, will remember the warm circling of his arms and cheery "Little daughter!" In memory I can see him yet, meeting with extended arms the fluttering, happy girls of the family, as they ran to meet him with shouts of endearment and laughter. And the boys—grandpa was an admitted authority on all questions of boyhood importance.

My own son, even when small, would gladly forfeit many an hour with youthful friends for a good game of chess or checkers with grandpa; and has never ceased to miss his grandfather's part in his home visits. His absolute freedom from austerity and coldness, and his jolly comradery made him approachable and memorable company.

At our home gatherings on birthdays, Thanksgiving, or Christmas, grandpa was never failing in his share of merriment and fun-making, and so often had he missed these times of good cheer in his own home and company of home people, that he treasured them dearly. One by one he saw the generation of his father fail and die, and counted one more on the other side—so it was that in February of 1900 he attended the

funeral of Aunt Catherine Salisbury, his father's sister, who had finished her testimony, so often and faithfully borne to the work of her brother Joseph.

At the General Conference of 1900, convened in Lamoni, father assisted in the work of the Presidency and took part in the work of the body. In retrospect, I see him so often standing with uplifted face in the conference assembly, pouring forth in impassioned words and tones of entreaty, the invocations to the Almighty, or with uplifted hand and closed eyes offering up the benediction of thanks and prayer, that there is little wonder that I missed him most in these devotions, when the time came that he no more sat with men of earth in council. It was one of his gifts, the rare gift of tender, sympathetic, genuine prayer. The custom of speech-making on that first session of conference still prevailing I chronicle as the conferences recur his speeches or portions of them and I would I could vivify them with the spirit that prompted them at those times. At the conference of 1900 he said:

As Brother Joseph referred to me, perhaps I may express a thought relative to the principle that was being treated upon. He promised us to try to keep his temper. To me a man who has no temper and does not sometimes manifest it, is not of much force. The beautiful character is a man who has a temper and has it under control; and so far as obstinacy is concerned, individually, in my experience, I believe that the household of God as represented in the church, is filled with men that are obstinate. They are affirmative, largely. There are very few negatives among them, and the battle has been of the character that it has made them aggressive, forced them to be aggressive. They are aggressive men, and where you find an accumulation of men of this character, you may expect, once in a while, flashes of temper. The metal that is the best tempered does not bend easily, does not break easily, and when it is bent will come back to its proper shape again. There is a spring and an elasticity in it, and there ought to be elasticity in every representative in this latter-day work. There ought to be stiffness, firmness, and elasticity. I believe this is being made manifest.

I rejoice in the work, and my brother referred to some things that called to my mind one of the principal things that makes me rejoice in it, that makes me feel firm in it, the positions taken by the Reorganization and the representatives of the church of the present have been of

that character that we have not had to go back on any of them. Our advance has been, as remarked by some, slow, seemingly, but it has been sure. We have not had to yield any ground where we have planted ourselves. We have planted ourselves in such shape that there is no power that has been brought against the church yet that has caused us to yield any ground that has been won. Now I like that. The work is of a character that will call out all that there is in a man; and it is in perfect keeping with the thought that God has expressed himself that he will have a proven people, a tried people.

We are not all organized alike. As has been expressed, what may be temptation to one man is no temptation to another man at all. What may be looked upon as a trial by one individual is borne in perfect patience by another. The temptations that come upon us are as different as our organizations. It is proper we should be thus; it is proper that we should be differently organized. And God has promised that he would temper his providences unto his people, and he will not call upon them to endure more than they can bear. If we are forced to bear and prove ourselves faithful, the greater will be our reward. I rejoice in this thought, too.

I am conscious just at this present moment that the Latter Day Saints gathered here are anxious to hear something relative to the labor of the Patriarch. It seems to be pressed in upon my mind just now. Two years ago I announced to the church my willingness to move forward in the office and calling of Patriarch. . . .

I discovered in my work that it was necessary that I should have some one to take down the blessings. In consultation with President Smith there was one thought that was settled in our minds. I received several communications from abroad, from individuals, some of them sending means to defray expenses, requesting a patriarchal blessing, desiring that I should write out patriarchal blessings and send them. In consultation with President Smith, we agreed that this could hardly be in keeping with the law, and we concluded that the blessings should be given by the laying on of hands. That was what the best record that we had, relative to the work of the Patriarch seemed to signify, that this was the order.

The church provided no means for the procuring of a stenographer. The work required one. The party receiving the blessing wants a copy of that blessing, naturally. It is necessary they should have it. The Patriarch should have a copy, and it is incumbent upon him to record a copy of every blessing given, in writing, in the record book that belongs to the church; hence you will see that there is a work of this kind which is necessary to be done. As your Patriarch I was not able to hire this work done. I had to depend on volunteer labor. . . .

I want to say to you that under the influence of the Spirit my heart has been made to rejoice and I have had the confirmation and the evidence from God of my calling to the position, and I have received

evidences from those who have been blessed under my hands, which indicate that they have been blessed, and they rejoice in the work.

As the Patriarch of the church I discover that there is sufficient to keep me busy; and wherever I go I am expected to preach the gospel, and in the preaching of the word I have been wonderfully blessed in the past two years, and I rejoice in it.

It seems to me that the church just at the present time, notwithstanding there are clouds in the horizon, stands in a better position to receive greater blessings than she has ever received before. If I may judge of what I have seen and experienced, the ministry are just in a condition to receive an endowment, in a receptive mood, and they have need of this rich endowment of the Spirit. And the work opening, as I believe, God will bless it and bring us out of the shadows of the clouds that are in the horizon, and the church will be brighter, and better, and grander, and move along more rapidly than it ever has in the past. The Spirit is ready to bless and sanctify and help the ministry, and the word that comes from the different parts of the world where there have been debates upon the principles of our faith has been universal that the Spirit has aided in the defense of the work. God is recognizing, is ruling and overruling. There are still to be revealed those things that will make more complete the representation of the church as representing the kingdom of God, and he stands ready when his people are ready to receive, and I believe that we are advancing along the line of preparation and readiness until it is near at hand when we shall receive the outpouring of his Spirit and the manifestations of greater power as the days pass and the time is approaching for the coming of the Son of God—near us, when we may see the evidence of God's power manifest more than ever before.

Acting upon the plans laid out in this speech, he opened an office in his home for a time, and during the early summer spent some time in Minnesota and that part of the northern field adjacent. Returning in July, accompanied by Brother Leon Gould, who was stenographer in the office of Patriarch from that time on for a period of years, being almost constantly with the Partriarch at home and abroad. Being tall, and in comparison with father, rather slender, he was often called in jocular mood—the Patriarch's shadow.

In August of that year 1900, father and Leon left Lamoni for California, stopping en route at various places. August 17, father writes from San Bernardino, to President Smith:

The reunion was declared off by Brother G. T. Griffiths, but the Los

Angeles Branch concluded to have a protracted meeting anyhow, so they announced it and went ahead with it, and we have been holding meetings just the same as at a reunion, and have been having good meetings with good attendance. I left this morning, Friday, to open a two days' meeting here, beginning to-night, but left Brethren Griffiths and Williams to carry the meetings over Sunday at Sycamore Grove. There was a general disappointment when it became known that you were not coming, but of course it did not last long, for I made it so interesting for them that they did not miss you very much. Of course the reporters were very much put out because they did not get to interview Joseph Smith the Prophet.

Next week I go to Garden Grove to hold a two days' meeting down there, and on the twenty-ninth we go to Oakland to the reunion there Brother Burton is here. He feels very much like going back to the islands. I presume he has written to you about it. He represents those people in a different light than anyone I have heard speak of them. Not even Brother T. W. Smith gave so good an account of them. I was very much pleased with his account.

The work is in fairly good condition in California. I called upon A. B. Wise to-day, and he did not know me until I spoke to him a time or two, then he knew my voice. He inquired about you, and seemed very glad to see me.

There was something in the new office of father's that at first jarred a little on the supersensitive hearts of the family. It seemed to carry with it the thought of age and a removal from the activities of the church that saddened every soul of us. We felt that he possessed the inherent characteristic and elemental nature for an ideal father in Israel, but recoiled from turning over to the multitude what we had loved and reveled in as our own particular family possession—that beloved title of "father." There was, too, so much adverse criticism and coarse joking over the blessing of the patriarchs in that western church, that we felt he must meet the disagreeable comments of the ignorant and sometimes unkind and thoughtless. Far, indeed, was the possibility of inactivity, we soon discovered, if he filled his mission in this new field and of the other little hesitancies—we soon looked upon them as just a bit of loving foolishness; born of misunderstanding of his life at all times and in all places. While in California he

met many old-time friends and spent a few happy hours with Elbert A., then sojourning in California as a laborer in gospel fields. In September he was again in old haunts in northern California, where he attended the reunion and gave about forty blessings; and so he traveled, preaching and blessing in word and deed, and learning much in his new labors until February, when he returned to his home and the labors there.

Going early to the General Conference at Independence in 1901, he there assisted in the work of the Presidency. There, on April 15, President Smith arose in the stand during the business session of that day and told he had been in the Spirit, and by it had been bidden to come to the house of the assembly and tell what was given him. This matter was of great moment to my father personally, for it again sent him forth on his work as an emissary for Christ unto hardships and trials hard even for a young man, while setting forth more clearly the works and ways of his patriarchiate.

The patriarch is an evangelical minister. The duties of this office are to be an evangelical minister; to preach, teach, expound, exhort; to be a revivalist, and to visit branches and districts as wisdom may direct, invitation, request, or the Spirit of God determine and require; to comfort the Saints; to be a father to the church; to give counsel and advice to individuals who may seek for such; to lay on hands for the conferment of spiritual blessing, and if so led, to point out the lineage of the one who is blessed.

He is to be free from responsibility—ministerial—as a traveling minister, and from the care of the local branch or church and district affairs. When traveling and preaching, holding revival meetings, he is to labor in connection with the branch and district officers, not subject to the ministerial control of the missionary in charge, except he should transcend his bounds and teach false doctrine or be found in transgression. He is not to meddle with branch affairs or district affairs. He is not to listen to complaints made by individuals to him, but if persons insist upon presenting their troubles, he is to request them and require them to make them in writing, signing the name, giving time, place, and character of the trouble, with the witnesses, which it will be his duty to present to the branch or district officers, as the case may require. He is not to be put in charge of either branch or district. These are the privileges which attach to the office of patriarch and evangelical minister.

The presiding patriarch is to be considered the first, and when patri-

archs meet in council, is to preside. Besides these duties, the patriarch may meet with the quorums in their quorum meetings, where he may be asked for counsel, but will not have either voice or vote, except by courtesy, having no direct control of quorums.

Other evangelical ministers beside the presiding patriarch have similar duties in the district where they are appointed. Revelations have been given, as my people know, that these men should receive ordination, but hitherto those upon whom this burden has lain have neglected, for the reason that they did not understand the duties and prerogatives that attach to the office. Let my servants take heed and hesitate no longer. . . .

For the prosecuting the work in two of these missions, this is offered and directed: Send the bishop to England with my servant Gomer T. Griffiths, to aid in arranging the affairs of the church there, organizing the ministry locally and determining what help in the missionary field may be required from America. Authorize the selection and the ordination of a high priest to officiate in the office of bishop in England, that it may be accomplished as soon as practicable and without fail, in answer to the request made by my servants in that land. Authorize the patriarch as one of the Presidency to visit Australia and the islands of the sea, the Society Islands, authorizing him to assist the authorities there in arranging their missionary labor by his advice, and also selecting and ordaining a high priest to act in the office of bishop, carrying with him the authority of conference.

Of this proposed mission I can not at once write without I first let fall the tears that crowd my eyes at mention of it. We had supposed that the hardships of long and difficult missions were all over for the good father of our household. And when the last day came and we gathered in the home to see him start, there was a united effort to appear cheerful, but it failed as he stood with open arms to embrace each of us and let his "God bless you!" fall not only on his own household, but those of the neighbors who crowded around to say good-bye. When at last we turned from the whirl of dust that lingered like a veil behind the departing hack, the little mother was missing. A search of the house failed to locate her, but in a secluded corner of the yard I found her, weeping bitterly. Such a separation is trying to young hearts, but when the years together have been long and separations frequent in gospel work with attendant hardships, until both are growing old, then such partings are indeed sorrowful and hard to bear. Mother was

not given to much weeping, and putting arms about the little woman we tried to comfort her, and finally she talked. To think that after all these years that predictions should come to pass, and she told how many years before, when he was a young man, in the Olive Leaf Branch in Nauvoo, it had been prophesied that he would bring many souls to righteousness and in a foreign land in the islands of the sea would bless a brown people. Years had passed, and she had grown to look upon the prophecy as just one of those incidents of mistaken inspiration. Even when brother Fred's young (and then unconverted wife) wept because Fred had been told that he should take up the gospel work in the active field, mother had had said, "Oh, don't worry, Mae, his father was told years ago that he would go to the islands to a brown people and see, he never has." So, he had passed from the office of apostle where he would naturally be expected to open the gates in foreign fields into the field of the evangel to the church, and she thought the time had passed; now it was come and he was gone.

The work of my father as one who went forth to open the gates of the nations to the gospel seemed really to be finished. Long years before, when called from the rank of elder into the Quorum of Apostles, in 1873, the promise had been made: "Verily, I say unto you, if these my servants will henceforth magnify their calling in honor before me, they shall become men of power, and excellent wisdom in the assemblies of my people." As one who had thus "magnified his calling" my father went forth on this long mission into the assemblies of God's people. And the blessing was his, according to the promise.

We learned that the fulfillment of many prophecies that we hear come to us with long waiting and the exercise of patience. Traveling together into southern California with Brother Leon Gould, father met a pleasant company in the southern Cali-

fornia reunion at Sycamore Grove, near Los Angeles. Here were Elder Joseph F. Burton and wife, with whom he expected to journey to the Society Islands. From the southland of California he went to the old home of his early missionary years at the home of Mrs. Thomas J. Andrews, in San Francisco. Mrs. Andrews, since the death of Elder Andrews, had become the wife of Jacob A. Anthony and still welcomes the missionary to her home.

Leaving the wharf at San Francisco on September 10 at 10 a. m., the little band of missionaries, numbering six in all, looked back to the company of about fifty Saints waving them good-bye.

Among those who stood waving adieu was Sister Alice Cobb, a gifted and lovely woman, whose magnificent spirit has often sent a poet's message forth on missionary fields, where dwell the lonely and sad-hearted. This time she penned these beautiful lines, published at the time in the *Saints' Herald:*

To-day the sun throws not its beams
O'er land or water; but it seems
That this great ocean fairly teems
  With mountains made of mist.

And yet upon this wondrous sea,
This deep, dark tomb of mystery,
Our friends will venture out; and we
  Have come to see them go.

They sail for distant isles of France,
The cause of Jesus to enhance.
Like other pilgrims they perchance
  Will never more return.

. . . . . .

Their steamer, anchored in the bay,
Tugging at chains and tossing spray
As if impatient of delay,
  Will sail at ten a. m.

With ocean breezes blowing strong,
Amid a busy, mottled throng,

We slowly wend our way along
And reach our destined wharf.

Here other friends by watch and wheel
Have come to wait for clank and peal
Of steamer bell and creaking reel—
Some fifty Saints or more.

. . . . . .

The separation is at hand—
These partings are so hard to stand!
But we must hurry back to land,
And so the scene is brief.

One sorrow can not be dispelled,
One grief is hardest to be quelled,
One hand is longest to be held—
That of our Patriarch.

His dear, sad face and tearful eyes
Bespeak his gracious sacrifice.
We all would wish it otherwise,
But God himself has called.

Again the pier our feet have pressed,
Our sobs and tears must be suppressed;
But welling up from every breast
Flow prayers for voyage safe.

And now upon the wharf, we'll keep
Our vigils, though the heavens weep.
Yes, here beside the briny deep
We'll stand, come rain or shine.

Soon loudly creaks the launching ship;
We see her hempen cable slip;
We hear her heavy anchor drip,
And feel her mighty jar.

And soon her whistle's piercing blast
Resounds and she goes steaming past;
Then kerchiefs waving high and fast
Complete the sad adieu.

We watch the ship! her whitened sides
Deep in the foamy sea she hides,
As out upon its breast she rides,
Shunning her fellow crafts.

She onward moves with slackened pace,
From out kind Nature's resting-place,
Where ships lie moored from every race
And nation 'neath the sun.

She turns at length, as in disdain,
From sheltering gulf to mighty main
And then all signals proving vain
We sadly turn away.

. . . . . .

She sighted last the city's domes,
Sailed past the camping soldier's homes,
'Mid rocks and shoals and breakers' foams
Swept through the Golden Gate.

May He who wind and wave controls
See that no needless trouble rolls
Upon those six most precious souls
Whom she now bears away.

The first letter sent from that far mission field was a welcome message. The one thing that comforted mother very much was the happy thought that father would see sister Ina, and so each mile he made was good, for that reason, to all of us.

In producing these letters, or parts of them, I feel that I am conferring such a favor upon my readers as it would be to lead you to my mother's door and mother should come out and invite you in to her table and to the meal furnished and spread for herself and loved ones. With this spirit she placed in my hands, for this work, her own intimate missives from father, he having written the journey to the south seas in a series of articles in *Autumn Leaves*. These letters are given to bring you near to the great heart of the man and in touch with his inner life.

Emerson says of a sea voyage that "inconvenience and terror are of no consequence to one whose mind is preoccupied" and "a great mind is a good sailor as a good heart." So it proved with him.

On board of *S. S. Australia*. Five days out, en route to Society Islands. Tuesday, 7 O'clock P. M.

While the others are enjoying themselves after their own fashion, I am thinking of you and home. To-day I have been unusually homesick. So far as the trip has been I think I have enjoyed every moment of it, except the thought of going farther and farther from home. The sea has been smooth as a lake all the way. None of our party have been seasick. Sister Gilbert has headache, but no seasickness. We are now nearing the tropics, indeed are in the tropics, nearing the equator. It is getting warmer each day. To-day brought out the light clothing, on all sides. We have sighted but one ship since the first day out, have seen only a few whales. To-day we have seen scores of flying fish. One day is like another. We eat and read, and walk up and down the deck, talk and sleep. Sunday we had service, not above a dozen to hear. Brother Burton preached. There are six of us in the first cabin, ten Seventh-Day Adventists in the second cabin, nine Chinese in the steerage, and a number of French people on board. There are two large, native women, and one girl. The governor's wife and family, governor of one of the island districts. I don't know which. One of the native women is playing on the piano and one of the Frenchmen is singing. Sister Burton is reading in her native Bible at the same table I am writing. Gould is on deck, Gilbert and wife are listening to the music and fun, for they are making fun. Anything to pass away the time. There are four girls on board who are loud. I call them the Haw-haw Club. They are continually laughing, and they haw haw, like men, only louder; loud, coarse laughter. Then we have a pair of—what shall I call them . . . they are French. . . . They do not come to breakfast at all and the other women do not associate with her. In fact, the two are together all the time. Her jewelry is immense. My pen does not give down good, so I will quit for a while.

Thursday morning before breakfast. I have been up since daylight and it is now about 7 o'clock and 30 minutes. My head begins to ache. I guess it is because I have had to press my hat on so tight to keep it on, for the wind is quite fresh this morning. We are in what is called the doldrums. It is showery and squally, the sea is quite rough, however no one is seasick that I know of. Yesterday we saw nothing but a few tropical birds and numerous schools of flying fish. We are now about half way to the islands, will cross the equator some time to-day or to-morrow, so I am told. If I was on land, I might tell something about it, but I am all at sea, ye know. Our little world is in a ferment. Our party with the Frenchman and his companion, and two other Frenchmen, the captain, the ship's doctor and first mate, occupy one table. The purser, the two or three native women, an English lady and the four or five girls I wrote of as very loud, occupy another, and the governor's family another. Well, the English lady has come to the conclusion that the girls are not ladies and has requested to be transferred to our table,

and be given the place occupied by one of the Frenchmen, but of course the steward will not make the change. And our loud party has made too much noise to suit the French couple, and he has complained to the captain. The captain has said there is no restraint upon the noise and pleasure of the passengers until after eleven o'clock at night, and so it goes. The native girl sat down in Frenchie's steamer chair, and Frenchy made a fuss, and threatened her if she did it again. One of the girls said, "If you don't look out we will throw you overboard." They call the native girl Miss Boots. Miss Boots said, "I wish you would try it." She only weighs two hundred and fifty pounds. . . . Well, we are holding our own nicely, breakfast is nearly ready, so I will quit again for a while.

It is Monday night, the last day of September, I think. I have lost the date. We have had a wonderful voyage, the sea has been so smooth, and the weather fine all the time. We now expect to get into port on to-morrow evening, it may be. This is the last night on board the vessel. We did not expect to get in before Wednesday noon, but yesterday, last night, and to-day the sea has been so smooth we have made an extra run, and now we expect to get in to-morrow night. Here I have been expecting such awfully hot weather, on the equator, but it has been cool and pleasant, and now we are ten or twelve degrees south of the equator, and have experienced no hot weather yet. Yesterday was Sunday and we had services again. This time I was the preacher, and they flattered me at the close of the service; said it was a splendid sermon. I am writing now, while the Haw-haw Club are at the piano in the saloon. Once in a while they start and haw, haw, haw, like a set of rude country gawkies at some foolishness; so silly. I am getting awfully tired of it, every meal, morning, noon, and night, right at my back, and at all times of the day, in every place, I hear that haw, haw, haw. There was just a little ripple on the water this morning. A small whirlwind, such as we see sometimes on land, whirling the water as a land whirls the dust, and school of skip jacks.

Just enough excitement to change the monotony for an hour, and then the same tedious routine. My sermon set some to asking questions, and we have had some conversation in consequence. I have the Adventist preacher reading the new translation and a Jew seeking me, to ask questions, and hence it is a little livelier to-day. Will stop for to-night; expect to be in sight of land to-morrow noon.

Tuesday, 10.30. We sighted land, and at 1 p. m. we passed between two large islands almost over the grave of the little *Evanelia.* Brother Burton pointed out, as nearly as he could, where the little boat went down. We have a large island in sight now, called as near as I caught it, Marquesat. I can't get these native names, neither on my tongue nor in my mind. The vessel is running slow. She could not make Tahiti in time to land to-night, so we are running slow to make port in the morning; all are well on board. The sea is as calm as a mill pond, except the long, heavy swells. This ink is abominable, but I have no better. I

wrote part of this letter with Brother Burton's pen; he has better ink and his pen is a better one than mine. I will stop and record further progress later. . . .

October 2. This morning we lay off Tahiti, and by 8.30 were in the harbor, and by 9 o'clock we met Brother John W. Peterson, who conducted us to the chapel, where the Saints were gathered to receive us. At the chapel we marched in between two rows of people and were received by singing, and a speech of welcome, and I was expected to make a response. I see by this time I will have to use both sides of the paper or this letter will be too voluminous for one message. After I had made my response all the rest spoke except Leon, and he remained silent. . . . Brother John W. Peterson looks thin, and Lillie is in the hospital. She has had to undergo an operation, in fact two of them, and is in a critical condition.

We are domiciled at the mission house. . . . I can not understand the native tongue. So if I talk I must have an interpreter. Of course it will make me seem more dignified, but it will be very inconvenient, to say the least of it. Oh, for a drink of good water. I tried cocoanut water, but I could not drink it. I do not like it. . . . The islands are covered with cocoanut trees. Of course they look odd to me, but I suppose I will get used to seeing them. It is hot; we feel it, now we are on land. The natives look fat and wholesome enough. We ought to get along for two or three months on what they live on all the time. . . . We have all our baggage off from the steamer. Brother Burton had to pay duty on his household goods, and canned goods. I thought we would have to pay duty on our typewriters, but they let us have them, upon our statement that we used them in our work, and would take them away with us. I am rather in hopes we will have some mail in this mail, but it is a sort of forlorn hope.

I have already been presented with a fine, large shell by an old native sister. A very large one. I don't know what I shall do with it. The whole shell remains together. I don't know what the inside will look like, when it is opened. I will postpone my further writing for the present. I hear the surf on the reef, and can see it from the porch. Brother Burton has just returned from the revenue office. Will have to pay duty on his typewriter and the rest of his goods. Sister Burton has been in trying to arrange for getting supper. She said she could get some fried potatoes and bacon and barley coffee, so you see what I will have to eat to-night. . . . She said she would cook some rice, so I will be all right after all. You see we are under the French flag and among French and natives, and will have to do as natives do. One thing I am glad of, I will have a good bed to sleep on; and John W. Peterson tells me the nights are cool, but I can not sleep but about six or eight hours in the twenty-four, try as hard as I may, or at least it was so on shipboard. I may be able to do better on land. You will think I am going to do a month's writing in one letter. Well, it will be a month ere the mail returns, so I must do about that thing, See? We

expect to abide here on this island only a few days, then start on our round to visit the other islands, and we may not be able to get mail for two or three months; so don't worry if you fail to hear from me for a long time. Have just been talking with Brother Burton, and it is doubtful if we can get any mail after we leave here till we return, and we may be gone till December, but we may arrange it after all. So, if it is a long time between letters, you will have more time to make out this puzzle and decipher this miserable writing. The steamer will likely sail on next Monday, so I am not in a hurry to finish this letter. Brother Burton just brought in a scorpion, which he killed in the other room, on moving an old lounge to put up a bedstead. Nice, isn't it? . . .

October 5. The steamer leaves in the morning and I must finish this epistle. Yesterday we were taken in carriages, round on the other side of the island, up on the mountain, where the Saints have established a settlement called Tiona, where Thomas W. Smith lived on the island, and where, now, they tell of Sister Helen killing herself carrying water up the mountain. We had a jolly time. A reception, the native Saints greeting us in their chapel by singing, and a speech, which I answered, and all the rest said something. Then they gave us four Chilean dollars each, and a fine hat apiece. Mine was too small, Leon's too large. Burton's and Gilbert's all right; the sisters' were all right. My hat is a beauty, but I can't wear it. I wish I could bring it to Joe or Art. I think it would fit Art. They brought in another hat for me this morning, but it just fit Leon, so I gave it to him. They are not used to as big heads as I carry around. The hats are wonders of lightness, and durability; cool and handsome. Not half as heavy as the one they sent to Uncle Joseph.

At our feast yesterday we had no knives or spoons and only two or three forks. It was fun to see the effort to eat without the usual tools, especially rice. We had water from cocoanuts to drink. I can drink a little of it, but don't like it. Everything eats cocoanuts here, chickens, pigs, dogs, cats, everything, even the crabs.

To-day the mail closes; the steamer sails to-morrow morning, and it will be a month ere she returns. We sail Tuesday on a small steamer called the *Southern Cross*, and we will not return until December. We may be able to send mail, but it is extremely doubtful if we can get any. We are all well, and in good spirits. Lillie Peterson is improving, and Brother Peterson is in strong hopes that she will be better in health than she ever was before. Sister Burton is well, and feels as if she had gotten home.

Now, I must close this, and get it ready to mail. Give my love to all. May God ever bless my darling wife and children. I look forward to the next six months as a sort of exile. Of course there are many very pleasant days, and seasons of comfort, but the long, long separation from loved ones is terribly trying. . . .

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHY OF ALEXANDER H. SMITH.

BY VIDA E. SMITH.

(Continued from page 75.)

On Board Steamer *Southern Cross*.

AT ISLAND OF MARKIMO, October 17, 1901.

Dearest Lizzie: Deeming it a pleasure for you to hear from me, and that I am well, I write you, hoping to get these lines off for the east on the next mail steamer. We left Papeete on Tuesday morning, on the *Southern Cross*, and Thursday morning we landed on the Island of Anaa. There is a branch of the church there. The steamer had some freight for this island and some bufa, dried cocoanut, to take on, and would be all day till four p. m. doing it, so Brother Burton went ashore on one of the first boatloads, to see if any of our people were there, and sent a note on board telling us all to come ashore, as the Saints wanted to give us a reception in the chapel. To divide the party and have Emma and I come on one boat and the others to follow. The vessel was half a mile from shore and all cargo had to be taken on small boats. They had to pass through a narrow channel in the reef, and then could not land, but the natives waded out and carried everything ashore on their backs, and there was a good chance to get wet, but ashore we went, and when we got as near as the boat would go, a native presented himself and told me to get on his back, and on I climbed, and away he trotted ashore. I know you would have laughed to have seen me. A big fat man perched like a big fat frog on a brown man's back, just able to keep my feet out of water. A large native picked Sister Burton up like she was a little girl, in his arms, and strode off with her and thus we got ashore. Leon looked funny on the native's back, he was so long, but he was not so heavy as Brother Burton or I. I had a laugh at Sister Gilbert, a native brought her in his arms and she was just a trifle afraid and clung to the man with her arms around his neck, but we all got safely ashore, and then marched up to the meetinghouse, and there we found the women sitting on the floor, and six chairs for us, the men standing in groups. They welcomed us with a song, and prayer; then one of them made a speech of welcome and presented us with two Chili dollars apiece. We responded through Brother Burton, who speaks the language. We took a long walk on the island, and found some nice shells, and enjoyed ourselves among the cocoanut groves. But it was hot. We men went back to the village, and the women pulled off their shoes and stockings and waded around, playing the little girl act for half an hour or more. The natives got some fresh cocoanuts and gave us a drink of cocoanut water. It is fairly good, but one has to learn to like it as a drink to quench thirst. Then they got up a dinner for us. They had no need to cook a dinner for themselves, they eat cocoanuts. They bite the outside shuck, cut a hole in the shell, drink the water, break the shell and eat the meat, the meat of what they call a water cocoanut is like rubber to me. I

don't like it; Gilbert likes it. If they have no knife to open a nut they gnaw a hole in, get the water, and then hit the nut against a tree or stone and feed sumptuously. Well, we stayed with the natives till the vessel whistled for us and sent a boat for us, and we got on board, and were soon out of sight of land again. This morning, at daylight, I looked out of my porthole of a window, and saw the flash of water breaking on a reef, so I got up and went on deck and saw we were in sight of land again, but it was a long way off. The coral reef was only about half a mile away and the great waves were dashing upon it, the water flying high in the air. It was a grand sight, and still fearful to think what would be our fate, if we should run on that reef at night. It seemed that no living soul could pass through that surf. About ten o'clock a. m. we found a pass through the reef, and came in and anchored off a half mile or more from a native village. While they were discharging a little freight, a very black native came aboard and told that all our folks had gone up to Kaukura to attend a conference and meet us, so we did not go ashore. We are lying here all day. Will run to our next stopping place in the night, getting there early in the morning. There we get off and remain ten or twelve days. They are heaving anchor now to go. I will finish to-night.

We are out at sea again. The pass through the reef is a dangerous one, but we passed out O. K. The current was very swift, and tossed the waves about immensely, but one only threw water on board, and Metuaore got sprinkled. I can only write of generalities now, but when I can have the run of the mails again I may be able to write of the particulars. At our next stop we will likely stay for a fortnight, that is, ten or twelve days. I am urging Burton to so arrange that I may get off for New Zealand, and Australia on the thirtieth of November boat from Papeete, and he thinks it can be done. If I can, Leon and I will spend Christmas at Ina's. Won't that be nice?

The sea is quite high this evening. These islands are a coral production, and are in all shapes; oval, oblong, and long strings of narrow islands, on the coral reefs. These reefs form a ring, and within the reefs the water is shoal. They form great lakes in mid-ocean. The one we just came out of is thirty-nine miles long. Seen at a distance, with the sun shining, they present the most beautiful appearance. The waters look the color of the rainbow almost, and are pretty. The water is so clear one can see the bottom at thirty feet deep. The coral are white. I am writing in my stateroom with my pillow for a desk and it is getting awfully hot as the engine room is just across the aisle from me, and it's getting too dark, so I will close and get this ready for the box. Love to all. May God bless my loved ones at home and keep me safe to meet them again.

RAIROA ISLAND, October 13, 1901.

Sunday. All are well except Leon, who has had the toothache and whose face is somewhat swollen in consequence. At eight o'clock a. m. John W. Gilbert preached in the native tongue. At ten o'clock, dedication

service. Brother Burton is to preach and I am to offer the dedicatory prayer. I can not talk to the natives, so I get terribly lonesome. Brother Gilbert and Brother Burton and Sister Burton all talk the lingo, at least so as to make themselves understood. The natives are very kind to me. This morning a couple gave me some very nice pearls. They would load me down with shells if I desired them. They are too cumbersome to carry many from place to place. The place which is to be dedicated is a tabernacle, made from the cocoanut trees, with matts all over the ground inside. A very pleasant cool place to hold service in. I guess I will have to get out my Bible and read up a little.

Monday, October 14. I awoke this morning with a severe headache, but after washing and a cup of coffee, with bread and butter and sardines, I felt better. My eyes were most affected, result of the constant wind and reflection of the sun upon the water. Our cottage, or the one assigned us in company with Brother and Sister Burton, is located within fifty yards of the beach, facing the east. There are a few cocoanut trees between us and the water's edge, which mitigates the heat and makes it bearable. The island is a coral reef; there is no soil, but sand, or disintegrated coral, and to get other trees than the cocoanut to grow, they dig square holes deep enough to get the seep of water, and plant them at the bottom. In a manner plant their tree in the bottom of a well or cellar, and as all things seem to be common here, it is a chance if the owner or some one else gets the fruit. So far as our experience goes, all are strictly honest. We leave our things open and lying loose, with no fear of loss. Brother Burton has just come in and said that we had better go and visit the French gendarme, as he is very clever to our people. There, my pen has another fit, and I guess we better quit writing for a time. I received a fine shell this morning and some nice little pearls yesterday, or day before. Well, we have been, and visited the governor and gendarme, the one officer of the French Government on the island. It was simply the paying our respects to the French Government, and we gave him a box of bananas. He expressed himself as very well pleased, and said anything he could do for us, he would cheerfully do. Yesterday's service was a very good service, preaching at eight o'clock a. m. and dedication service at ten a. m., with preaching at its close, and Sunday school following. Prayer and testimony at three o'clock p. m., and preaching at seven p. m. Brother Gilbert in the morning service. I made dedication prayer; Brother Burton preached the sermon in native. Poi Miti for the evening service. Brother Burton said the sermon was an excellent effort, subject, Repentance and remission of sins. Again we have been presented with shells, five pearl shells, large ones. I feel almost like it was an imposition upon these poor people to take their shells, for their shells represent money to them; but we must receive or offend as it is understood, by them, that in this way they represent their appreciation of our mission among them. There came one this morning and made an offering of shells, and said

he was glad to give them, for he had traced my ancestry back to Abraham, and he was glad to meet a descendant of the chosen seed. It makes me feel queer sometimes to have men who take the Scriptures so real and literal in every respect. They accept the prophetic statement that father was a literal descendant of Ephraim, and of course his children are also descendants of the Father of the Faithful. I had a dream on board the ship coming here which sets me straight on the descent of this people. I saw a native dressed in a white shirt, or waist, with a parena or hipcloth, or garment which both the male and female wear, and I was awakened, and while awake I was given plainly to understand the native represented these islanders, and that they were Lamanites, and were worthy the priesthood, to officiate among their own people. Before this I was in doubts as to Metuaore, as to ordaining him to the high priest's office, and to the office of bishop. I am satisfied now, and if it meets the approval of the Saints, held in conference, I shall ordain him. It seems a little queer to see the shadows at the south side at noon instead of on the north. I am sleepy and will stop writing for a spell.

I have just been called upon to bless a bottle of oil, the natives want me to bless the oil. I guess they are much like other Saints; they certainly understand the gospel. Sister Burton just informed me she has had to let out Brother Burton's coat a full inch since he came back to the islands. He is in a fair way to enlarge Zion's borders. It is very warm; the wind has almost ceased blowing for a spell. I hope it will breeze up again. I will wait awhile ere I write more.

October 15. This morning we went out fishing in one of their large sailboats. Leon, Wilmer, and I, with two natives to manage the boat and get bait. Leon got a fine large fish on his line, and blistered his fingers getting him in. Wilmer had to help pull it on board. It would weigh fifteen or twenty pounds, but the natives said it was not good to eat, it was too large, the meat was strong. . . . Wilmer caught one other, but I caught none. The natives have many of them been out diving for pearl shells. They have a box about eighteen inches square at large end from fourteen to sixteen inches at small end, and about eighteen or twenty inches deep. The whole end is fitted with glass. One side is shorter than the others with a half circle to fit the neck, cut in. They take the box and get overboard with it and put their heads in the box, with the glass downward and thus are able to see the bottom plainly ten or fifteen feet deep, and see shells if there are any; when they see one, they leave the box floating and dive down and get the shell. Sometimes they find shells not more than three or four years old with fine growth of coral growing on the shell. I have one,—the spray or bunch of coral must be six or eight inches tall,—a really fine specimen. I hope I can get it home without breaking it. It is three o'clock p. m., and is raining a fine shower. Tapune preached last night, and Brother Burton said he made a fine effort. I am satisfied that he really did remarkably well. His subject was church organization or, "Let us examine ourselves by the line and measuring rod," to see if we are the church. I could

not understand much, but enough to know what he was talking about. He was finding a place in the church for the patriarch.

October 16. This morning is showery and not so warm; the wind has risen and blows cool. Several of the natives came in and gave us some very fine pearl shells. The natives, some of them, went out fishing and brought in a load of fish,—some blue and green with a head and mouth like a huge parrot, except both upper and lower jaws are alike, with strong teeth set inside the hard, cup-shaped jaws. The coloring is deep and bright. One large one was black. Most of them looked like the rock bass of the Minnesota lakes. A couple of days ago one of the natives speared a shark. A small one, about three or four feet long, near the shore. Last evening Brother Burton and I went on a long walk, intending to go bathing if we found a smooth, sandy beach, but were so long finding a place that it was too late to go in, so we returned. We got so warm, simply walking slow, that our clothes were wet with perspiration. We saw many beautiful fish of many colors, some striped like the zebra; some so clear we could see through them like glass. There were green, blue, and some white with black fins. One shaped like a gar, but so clear it looked like glass. We saw gold fish of all colors nearly; some indigo blue. I felt as if I would like to catch some of them, but had neither line, nor pole, nor sinker, so we came and left them in the water. I can't catch on to the language. I can speak the words when told what they are, but can't remember them.

It is night again and the folks have gone to meeting, but I am not feeling good, and can not understand a word that is said, and to go and sit. . . . and suffer from being sleepy and have to remain awake, is folly, so I remain and write. The wind is blowing a gale almost. It will be a rough night at sea, and some of our folks may be on their way here.

These natives are a fine race of men, so far as native intellect is concerned; they have good brain power, and wonderful ability of committing scripture to memory. In their Sunday school lessons, sometimes there are six or eight quotations. They not only learn the answers to questions, but learn chapter and verse, and everyone referred to by heart, so they can recite the whole business when their question is asked of them. But they are black; some of them very black, with straight hair. It will not do to abandon this mission, and yet it will always be a costly mission. It is amusing to see Sister Gilbert go in bathing with six or eight children, little girls, none of them older than ten years, and some of them certainly not older than five years, and all can swim. They are as much at home in the water as out of it. Are under the water nearly as much as out of it, and their games with each other are intensely interesting and laughable. For instance, two of the larger girls will get two smaller ones on their shoulders, astride their necks, and then the two riders clinch and wrestle to see which can throw the other, and of course as a rule they will go down together, under the water, and frequently the riders stick to the neck and shoulders of their steeds and

come up all right side up, ready for, and immediately engaging in another scrimmage, and all laughing, and screaming with fun; and some remain down so long you think surely they will strangle; but they invariably come up laughing. The little girls with their long hair, swimming, look more like mermaids than human beings. Laura Gilbert has bushels of fun with them. They all want her to learn to swim, and won't let her sink, but all grab her to hold her up, they themselves swimming it may be. The little tots swim out to the boats at anchor and climb aboard, and dive off, as if it were great fun. They will throw a shell in and dive and catch it ere it reaches the bottom. Their parents don't seem to care how much they are in the water,—they themselves are in the water sometimes five or six times a day, and sometimes from three to five hours at a time diving for shells. All dive,—men, women, and children. All the clothing they have on is a hipcloth, or parena, about a yard, or yard and a half long, which they wrap around them. . . . All the women I've seen so far have been very modest in deportment.

October 17. Brother Burton and I took another long walk this morning, and got a few shells. To-day is a very quiet day. Leon and Gilbert are at work on their system of shorthand for the native language. Gould is a genius in that line, and has already a system arranged and can write native shorthand, and can not speak it yet, can write shorthand and read it, in native, but can not understand what he reads. Elders Burton and Gilbert both say he reads aright. The natives never get tired of watching the boys write on the typewriter. Well, I am sleepy, and I think I will take a nap.

I slept and was called to dinner. Had soup, fried potatoes, fish and rice for dinner; for breakfast we generally have only coffee and bread, sometimes sardines. Soup is made of canned beef, sometimes potatoes, and bread in it, sometimes tomatoes, native cooking. Fish boiled, fried, and raw if we want them served that way, generally three courses. Sugar and butter we nearly always have to call for. At first, they cooked everything fresh, but they are learning to salt the food as they cook it. We can get a fair quality of butter, canned butter, and at Papeete we could get the best quality of canned milk and cream; it comes from New Zealand. The canned beef comes from there also. Our bread is what is called French loaf or rolls. It always tastes a little bit sour, and sometimes a big bit. Leon has just tried an experiment with a hermit crab. He found a nice little shell with a crab in it; he wanted the shell, so he put the shell in some soapy water and let it be awhile, and the crab came out all right, and left the shell clean.

October 20, three p. m. I have now been sick since the evening of October 17, and have not felt able to write. I thought I would write a little every day, and thus have a long letter ready when we return to where we can mail a letter, but on the eve of the seventeenth I was taken quite suddenly ill. . . . I rapidly grew worse, till the pain became intense and gradually spread upward, till my stomach was in convulsions. I became very sick. I began to vomit, and so passed a fearful night. The breth-

ren administered to me. Brother Burton gave me some strong medicine to ease my pains, but it had no more effect on me, so far as I could discern, than so much water. Thus for two days and two nights I suffered, and then gradually the pains eased up and I began to sleep, and feel better, but have no appetite, and occasionally have a mild return of the attack. To-day I preached, and Brother Burton acted the interpreter. Quite a new business to me, to preach to a congregation who gave good attention, listened, and heard, but knew not what I said. . . . Sister Gilbert is sick and Brother Burton has a very lame back, so the missionary force is impaired, to say the least of it.

Monday, October 21. A very quiet day. Was too ill to write any, lay on the bed about all day, was too light-headed to walk.

Tuesday, October 22. I am still sick; nothing I eat seems to agree with me. My stomach is in a terrible condition. Too weak to retain any food, even chicken broth made by Sister Burton. We have now come to the conclusion to hold our conference on Friday, whether the folks we have been waiting for come or not, and go on to the other islands on Saturday. I am in a fair way to lose some of my fat. I can perceive a difference in my clothes already. Now I have written enough and am tired, so will lie down.

Wednesday, October 23. Am still ill, too ill to enjoy anything in fact. I spend my time sitting on the porch and lying on the bed. I sleep much of the time. Saturday is the day fixed for leaving this island. The natives, however, wish us to remain till Monday. We have been waiting a week for the members of two branches to come and be at the conference. We now will have our conference on Friday, the twenty-fifth, whether they come or not, and leave here Saturday morning. I will be glad to be on the move. If I was shipwrecked and cast on these islands, I might live a month or so, I don't know, but I would not willingly stay here a year for a fortune.

Thursday, October 24, 1901. My condition remains still the same. I see no improvement yet. . . . To-day, I blessed J. Wilmer Gilbert, and his wife Laura, also one of the native brethren, Tapuri, by name.

Friday, October 25. Conference convened at eight a. m. I was chosen to preside, Brother Burton to assist. Of course, as I could not understand the language, Brother Burton did all the talking and the putting of all questions. The natives gave a feast, which consisted of three meals, morning, noon, and night. Pie Salmon, an invited guest, a descendant of King Pomarae, was located at the foot of the table, while I sat at the head of the feast; our folks at my left, and the rest of the invited guests were at my right. All the white people on the island were invited. I got through the day, but was too tired to sleep at night till very late.

Saturday, October 26. We got up early and got ready to board a sailboat, and leave Rairoa for Tonga, another island some seventy miles away. That is, Brother and Sister Burton, Leon and I, with several of the natives left the island at 8.15 a. m., with a fine breeze. The natives

were out in force to bid us good-bye. We had to shake hands with all, small and great. . . . We left Laura and Wilmer there. I was sorry to leave them, especially Laura. She seemed a brave little soul, filled with the missionary spirit. We had a nice run all day before the wind. About one o'clock we reached the pass into the lagoon or lake of the Tonga group. We were out of sight of land for about three or four hours. When we reached the pass the tide was low and the water was rushing out at the rate of about six or seven miles an hour, and the surf was bearing on the reef, with terrible force. I could not see how we were going to get through that narrow pass. We were on board, with the owner of the boat, his wife, and two children, one a babe, Poa Metu and wife, and another native woman, Metuaore, Emma, Brother Burton, Leon, myself, and two native boys, one a young man apparently about eighteen or nineteen years old. This young man had been busy with some ropes, and when our captain was ready to enter the current he had stationed his wife, a large, fleshy woman, on the deck with the jib sail in charge. The young man took the end of the rope and was ready. The land was a quarter of a mile away. The water was rushing over the reef with a deafening roar. It looked like certain destruction to go into that turmoil. Finally our boat rose on a mighty wave and we were driven forward with a rush. Our captain shouted, and as our boat settled on the receding waters, that young man leaped or dove far out in the raging waves, and swam for the reef. I thought the brave lad would be dashed to death, but as the roller came they shouted to him and he would go under and come up all right. The captain gave the helm to Brother Metuaore and ran forward, and in he plunged. The young man had gained the reef, the water nearly waist deep on the rocks. The captain's wife managed the sail, shouting to Metuaore, which way to turn the rudder, he shouting back. The captain gained the rocks, too, and the strength of the two men could hardly move the boat, the waves beat her in, the current set her against the reef. I noticed the young woman with the baby. She gave her babe to Poa Metu's wife, sprang upon deck, raised her dress and tightened her apron, tucked her dress under it and just as the boat was dashed against the rock, she too sprang into the water and she and the captain fairly caught the boat and pushed it off the rocks; and as it forged ahead, she yelled like a boy and sprang clear from the rocks, caught the edge of the gunwale of the boat, and climbed aboard and took her place beside the big woman, ready for another plunge if need be; but by this time men were coming out from the shore to aid, and with many hands hold of the line our boat forged ahead, and all was safe. Now, I suppose there was no real danger to those amphibians, but it looked very much like it to a landsman. All the time we were struggling in the pass, the natives were shouting.

We landed safe, were conducted to a vacant house, and soon had a lunch, for we had had little to eat all day. Three beds were soon up and ready for us, but I must not fail to tell of the devotion of this poor people. Before we sailed in the morning, they had singing and prayer,

and when we landed, ere we left the shore we had singing and prayer. Thanksgiving for our safe journey. I must confess these colored islanders can give us Americans a good many points in faith and devotion. We remained at Tonga over Sunday and Monday, leaving there on Tuesday. Thus the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth were spent, waiting for the natives who thought best to get a larger boat and a lot of them go with us to Kaukura or some such named island, where the next conference will be held. And of course we were willing if a larger boat could be procured. Well, they decided to go, and got the boat, a much larger one, but there was a much larger company of us. Twenty-three human beings, three hogs and three chickens was our load of live stock, and only one berth and that such close quarters none of us could sleep in it. The deck, with a pillow or two and one thin quilt was all we had to sleep on, in an open boat. Eighteen or nineteen natives, four Americans, three hogs, and three chickens spread out on the deck of a small boat came near occupying all the space. No protection form rain except our umbrellas.

October 29. Tuesday morning we sailed from Tonga, and at night we hauled into the pass of another island, and debated as to whether it was best to camp there or sail all night to another. We lay here till the natives went on shore and baked an oven full of bread. They build a great fire on some loose stones, and heat them hot, and mix their dough and roll it up in leaves and put it among the stones and cover up with sand and leave till it is done. About six o'clock they came to the conclusion to go on. Here we had some fun with some young sharks. Leon speared one. I hooked several, but could not get them on board. We finally got off and sailed all night. Brother and Sister Burton thought to do me a good turn and so insisted that I should occupy the cabin down below. I objected, but nothing else would do; they made their bed on the deck in such a manner that I could not find room enough to lie down, so I was, in a manner, compelled to go below. I did so, and lay down on the floor, with only a pillow for a bed. It was hot and close, and smelled bad, and the floor was hard, and about ten o'clock they came down to bail out the boat and I got out, but I could not sleep. After they had sailed out they spread a thin sheet, or a comforter on the bunk for me, and thought they were doing me a favor. I could with difficulty squeeze myself in. It is true, I could stretch out at full length, but the place was so close that I could not sleep, so I crawled up on deck again, and watched and waited till morning. Sleep I could not. At daylight the natives sung a hymn and had prayer. All day we sailed and about midnight made another passage into another island lake. We slept one night on one island called Maketona, I believe. At three o'clock in the morning we pulled into the wharf at Fakarava, and I had to stay all day, till six in the evening; then we began another night on the ocean. I slept better this night than any before, although the deck was my bed. Into the cabin I would not go again, after the first night, so Brother Burton and Emma went in. It was rough on the sea this

night, but we got through all right. Saturday at twelve we landed at Kaukura, or some such name, the destination of our little boat and where the conference will be held. Are now domiciled in a comfortable cottage for ten or twelve days. It is Sunday, November 2, and the day began by a preaching service at seven o'clock in the morning by Brother Poemeta, after which another service of some kind. The members seemed much like our own people at home; after a good service, they remained to talk it over. At 9.30, my time, the chapel was full to hear me talk, and I talked, Brother Burton interpreter. At the close of my service, Sunday school convened, which is now on. We have just been consulting, that is, Joseph Burton and I, upon the date of our conference, and have concluded to hold it on the eleventh instant and get off for Tahiti on the twelfth. We have a boat already secured to take us down. If we have good weather, and wind, we will only be out two nights and a day, but if we have a calm it may be longer.

Monday, November 4. I am sick again. . . . We have fairly clean water to drink. Rain water caught from iron roofing, and held in tanks. At the least exertion I am all of a tremble. My clothes are stretching; are getting too large for me. There are millions of mosquitoes here, but I have a good bed, with netting, so I can sleep all right. There was the usual dog fight last night. It began right in front of the chapel, and worked round to one side. They were vicious brutes, and it took some time to separate them, and I am inclined to think that some of the natives wanted to see them fight. The preaching went on all the same, as serene as if no fight was on. This morning the natives are busy building a tabernacle for conference, and all is bustle. We are domiciled in a clean little stone cottage of one room with a veranda all round it, in the inclosure where the tabernacle is being built. The tabernacle is sixty-six feet across, is round, in shape of a hugh tent, is built by setting posts in the ground and plates on top and a second row of posts as columns on the inner circle with plates on top of these; then rafters to a center pole. All covered with niau, or matting made of cocoanut fronds or leaves braided together. It makes a wonderfully cool, clean, and pleasant meetinghouse. The natives are ingenious in this kind of building. I am told a roof of this kind will last seven or eight years, and sheds rain perfectly.

November 5. I feel better this morning, . . . four small sardines and a few little oyster crackers with a cup of coffee was my breakfast, with an orange as dessert. Yesterday a vessel came in with some oranges and the natives bought a few for me. They seem very sympathetic because I am under the weather, and would get me anything I ask for, if in their power. It is too hot to walk out, and indeed I do not feel equal to the exertion necessary, so I sit in the house and write.

November 6. . . . They charge on the vessel for two dozen and a half oranges, one dollar Chili money. It sounds large, but when we take into consideration that a Chilian dollar is only worth about 45 cents, or

strictly speaking 42½ cents of our money, it is not so extravagant after all. We are looking for a steamer to-day from Tahiti.

Thursday, November 7. The steamer did not come yesterday and we hope it awaited the coming of the United States mail at Tahiti; if so, we may get news from home when it does come. I took a long walk last evening and am used up to-day. Was called upon to minister to a sick woman last evening and was not in condition to do so, but went, with Brother Burton. Found her lying on the floor, head in lap of one woman, with three or four others around her, rubbing her. The poor woman looked up so pitifully, as much as to say with her eyes, "Oh, can't you help me?" . . . It is pitiful; they really do not know how to take care of themselves. I feel more like lying abed than sitting up. Several of the natives have asked for a blessing and I feel very much like making the mental effort.

Friday, November 8. The steamer did not come yesterday. Am feeling some better to-day. Expect to bless some of the natives to-day. Two sailboats came in to-day, bringing about fifty to the conference. All the houses are full and permission was asked to let the visitors sleep in the tabernacle. Permission was granted. They came from Niau this morning. Three or four days more and we sail for Tahiti.

Saturday, November 9. It rained in the night and this morning, and is so dark now at 8 o'clock and 20 minutes that I can scarcely see to write. Yesterday one of the natives in diving brought up a pearl shell in which were two pearls; one worth $2,700, the other $200 Chili money. I blessed four of the natives yesterday, and one brought me two pearl shells and one brought me a beautiful Tiger shell. . . . I am feeling much better this morning, but far from well. I have to be careful what I eat. . . . A glass of lime water and a few oysters, or a small bit of canned sausage or salmon, a few small crackers, or a piece of hardtack is my dinner. The steamer, due November 6, is not in yet, and it is the ninth. I do hope when she does come she will bring me some mail, news from home.

Well, the steamer did come this evening, and brought me letters from home. John W. Peterson and Lillie came to attend conference. It was dark when I got back from the boat landing, and of course we had to visit, and it was bedtime ere I got time to read my letters.

Sunday, November 10. Preaching at seven a. m. by Joseph F. Burton. Brother Burton interpreted my sermons delivered at ten a. m. and at three p. m. Brother John W. Peterson spoke at one o'clock p. m.

Monday, November 11. Conference convened at seven o'clock a. m. I was chosen to preside, Joseph F. Burton to assist, Brother Pohemiti secretary, Brother Leon Gould secretary for *Saints' Herald.* At four o'clock I blessed a number. Much good work was done for the mission.

Tuesday, November 12. Was occupied by the natives in a Matutu, forenoon, afternoon, and night. Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday were feast days. Wednesday, November 13, was spent in receiving gifts of shells

and money from the different branches, and getting ready to sail for Papeete on Thursday at eight o'clock a. m.

Thursday, November 14, nine o'clock a. m. We bade the Saints goodbye and sailed for Papeete. Thirteen on board, no pigs or dogs on board this time, but a chicken coop with some chickens. All day in the burning sun, and to make matters more pleasant by contrast, we had a squall of wind and rain and it rained hard. My umbrella kept me partially dry, but not altogether. We had nothing but the deck to sit on, and the water ran under me. About 11.30 we lost sight of land. A good stiff breeze began to blow, and we tore along at a great rate. Some of them wanted to shorten sail, but Brother Burton took the helm and kept all sail on. The sea was rough, choppy and our boat bucked and reared and plunged like a wild broncho. All day long we made good time. At sunset we had singing and prayer and shortened sail by taking in a reef on the mainsail, and we made arrangement for the night. They wanted me to go below, in a little stuffy cabin, which smelled moldy, but I preferred to stay on deck. . . . The wind was hard, and the waves would often break and send a deluge of water all over me. I was soon wet to the skin. . . . I must have been deluged eight or ten times during the night. We were amused and took pleasure in a sight of many meteors. All night they fell or shot across the sky. I do not think I slept ten minutes during the whole night. I had no wraps and begun to get cold, so called for something. Lillie gave me a blanket and I was comfortable for a little while till blanket and all were soaking wet. I used the blanket to keep the water from running under me. John W. Peterson was on the downhill side of Lillie. There was a large oar lashed along the edge of the deck to keep anyone from sliding off into the sea. Several times he slid heavily against this oar. I managed to keep my place on the deck all right, but it was dangerous. Just at dawn of light the Saints, native, had singing and prayer, after which we all remained lying down till after sunrise. Then we had something to eat, and next came a long, tiresome ride, trying to find some soft spot on deck where we could fit our hipbones and dry up, but Brother Burton shook out the reef in the sail and sometimes our boat was on edge and sometimes just as I began to get dry, swash, and I was wet again. Of course some of the rest got wet, but none so wet as I.

Friday, November 15. About 11.30 a. m. we sighted the island of Tathiti, but did not get into the pass through the reef till four o'clock p. m. About 220 miles, in an open boat in thirty-six hours, an average of six miles an hour; an unusually quick trip, all the quicker because Brother Burton would insist in carrying all the sail. It was all right with Brother Burton at the helm, but the natives do not know so well how to ease up the helm when the wind is too strong and take all the advantage of the swells, but our boat reared, rolled, and plunged, sending the spray aloft to come down on us and the deck. My pants were stiff with salt. When they got dry this was very uncomfortable for me.

Saturday, November 16. I am feeling very well this morning, but oh,

so sunburned. My face, hands, and wrists are nearly blistered. I put in the day catching up in sleep, and resting after the heat and wet, and exposure, nursing my badly burned face and hands and wrists.

Sunday, November 17. Preaching at eight o'clock a. m. by Brother Burton and at ten o'clock by the Patriarch, and at three o'clock p. m. by Brother Burton interpreting, and again at night by Brother John W. Peterson. I am feeling better to-day.

November 18. This morning I feel quite well, but nervous, and a trifle homesick. We are having food well cooked, so I am doing better, but oh, you should have seen my face, hands, and wrists; they were a sight, and oh, so sore. Brother Burton's were worse than mine. To-morrow we are going up in the mountains, on a picnic to see the waterfall. Well, we went on our picnic, and were caught in a rainstorm on the mountain and got nicely wet. I suffered next day, but am all right now.

November 28. Conference is over; my work here is done. I have our tickets to Sydney. We expect the vessel in to-night, and she will likely sail day after to-morrow. Please keep this manuscript, it is all the diary I have kept and I will need it when I get home. Give my love to all.

Of the trip mentioned herein, I am pleased to quote an account from the interesting pen of Mrs. Emma Burton:

Besides Metuaore and Pohemiti there were only the three who were in charge of the boat to accompany us to Papeete. This was fortunate, for the boat was small. We had not been out two hours when a squall of wind and rain made up. We three, Lillie and I and Lillie's young native woman attendant, hurried down below to get clear of the wetting, but two armed themselves with umbrellas and hurried back again. The sensation below was not agreeable. But having gone below, I stayed there till we neared Papeete. The rain was soon over, but the wind continued. For two days and one night I laid there on uneven boards and boat-ribs with only a piece of canvas spread over them without ever sitting up, most of the time too sick to move. The others stayed on deck all night, all except Joseph, with nothing but boards to lie on and very little to cover them, and no room to spare. And oh, such a night! The mainsail was reefed and one jib taken in, but the sea came over every little while, not only wetting those on deck, but it leaked through the seams down on us as well. Joseph and I, Metuaore, Pohemiti, and sometimes Petoa, put the night in below decks among trunks, valises, and boxes that would not stay put. Oh, yes, and there were some pillows, too. When the boat would give an extra lurch to leeward, I would hear a sliding and scramble about on the house, and was afraid each time that some of them would go overboard. There was no railing. Their only protection was an oar lashed against the rigging. Sister Peterson says she believes they would have slid over had it not been for Brother Alexander. He did not slide as easily as the rest, and they all clung to him.

The next day was bright and sunny, but very rough, and a strong wind. While crossing the bar outside of the Golden Gate I heard our brethren saying something about being sorry there was not more sea; they would like to have had an experience. Whether this was the kind of experience they were ambitious for I do not know, but it was an experience, at any rate; one that caused us all to be glad that we did not have to be out another night; and glad, too, that we got to land in time to get a good supper, for very little had been eaten while on the boat, so it was settled by unanimous voice that we should proceed at once to a square meal restaurant. Therefore, regardless of our seedy, salty appearance, and the glowing, blistered faces of those who had remained on deck, we six staggered, rather than walked, through the town of Papeete, feeling thankful that it was an hour when few persons were on the streets, just between the day and the evening. Brother Alexander's pants had become quite an outline map of the voyage. They showed forth in white, salty ridges, the high water mark of each sea that washed over them.

I am not sure that I would be using the proper term, were I to say that we did justice to the generous quantity of food that was set before us, for I am not sure that it is justice to devour everything and call for more. Towards the latter part of the meal the waiter did not cut the bread, but brought it on the table in loaves and laid a large knife down by it and went out with a tired, sorrowful look on his face. But justice or not, it will be long before I forget how good that big supper tasted. We had not had anything like it since we left Papeete, and after once getting a taste of the food that agreed with the taste and satisfied the hunger, or, as much so as could be without home bread and butter, it kept two women and two oil stoves pretty busy cooking during the time our company were altogether, saying nothing of the self-roasting process. Joseph suggested the fear that we would break up the bishop. And had not Kaukura come nobly to the rescue by their *aroha,* and the Saints of this place contributed their portion daily, I think his fears would have been realized.

But the missionaries did not get away from Papeete until December 2 and arrived at Auckland, New Zealand, the seventeenth, too late to catch the steamer on which they had planned to make the trip to Sydney. This kept them in the city of Auckland until December 23. In his letter to the *Saints' Herald,* there is a flash that shows that the spirit of his calling was neither dead nor sleeping.

It is too bad that this country has not been opened up for mission work. Here is one of the finest fields I know of for mission work. The people as a rule uninformed of the latter-day work. My landlord, where we

boarded, had heard of "Old Joe Smith," and polygamy, but had never heard that he was murdered, and knew nothing of the two bodies of Latter Day Saints, nor of the Josephites. He had heard of some Mormons preaching on the streets in this city, and of some among the natives, the Maoris, but nothing of the church or its principles. I think as soon as convenient missionaries ought to be sent here. It may be that I can open this field from Australia. If I were a young man I would want no better field. If the matter comes up at the next spring conference and it can be reached, I think a pair of good, enterprising young men ought to be sent out here, or called from Australia. We are booked for Sydney on the next steamer, which sails on Monday next. We are in good health, much better than when I left Papeete. I was in hard lines when at the latter place, but was administered to and have been better since. I always seem to get better when I get aboard and go out to sea.

After his departure from Papeete there was some commotion among the enemies of the church regarding his work in that place. As appears in a letter from Elder Burton regarding it:

The enemy of all righteousness has tried again by his slanderous methods to injure the work of God and cause trouble to the missionaries here, as is his wont. Some person reported to the governor—after Brother Alexander H. Smith had left for Australia—that while he was at the Tuamotus he advised the islanders to sign a petition and send to the American Government requesting them to come and hoist the American Flag here. And that he had collected fifteen thousand francs, French money; that he charged the natives two dollars each for the privilege of kissing his hand; and that he had carried away several thousand dollars' worth of precious pearls. The French governor notified the American consul of these charges, and supposed it then quite true, and of course a serious matter. The consul, by request of the governor, visited him, and endeavored to show him the absurdity of the matter; and in reply to the governor's statement that his information was official, said: "While I do not believe those charges are true, yet, if true, the people of the Tuamotus being French citizens, had the right to give him of their money or pearls if they so desired, and he had the right to receive their offerings, and if the people wished to give him two dollars to kiss his hand, what then? This is a common statement concerning the Catholic priests, and no notice is taken of it. As far as the charge of inciting to rebellion is concerned, that is too absurd to be thought of; Mr. Smith is an officer high in authority in that church, and is himself amenable to its laws, which I know forbid such a thing."

I visited the consul, and denied every single allegation, as I had acted as translator between him and the natives, and consequently knew of the

matter, and was a competent witness, and I asked for other testimony than rumor or the statement of that official, and gave them to understand that it was a serious matter to charge a man holding the position which President Smith does with such actions. Lately I have not heard anything of the matter, so I suppose, as Emma remarked, another woe is past.

While visiting the governor, he requested a statement of our faith and the difference between us and the Protestants, Catholics, and the Utah church. This we did to the best of our ability, writing him a statement of the tenor of our work, and sending him an epitome of our faith, the Kirtland Temple Suit, and marked and noted pages in the Abstract of Evidence, in Temple Lot Suit, with Judge Philips' decision, and a few tracts. The books were returned yesterday, with the thanks of the governor. Thus does the God whom we serve cause the wrath of man to praise him. In this case, as in the trouble in getting the flag for the *Evanelia*, a door was opened to present our faith in a restored gospel in its fullness to the highest authorities of the land. I have since heard that the statement of our faith and church polity sent to the governor here in February, 1895, was forwarded to France. The officials there referred the matter to a leading ecclesiastical official, who in returning the document said: "You can not disturb those people, for they are in harmony with the Bible.' "

(To be continued.)

Oh! I stand in the Great Forever,
All things to me are divine;
I eat of the heavenly manna,
I drink of the heavenly wine.

In the gleam of the shining rainbow
The Father's love I behold,
As I gaze on its radiant blending
Of crimson and blue and gold.

In all the bright birds that are singing
In all the fair flowers that bloom,
Whose welcome aromas are bringing
Their blessings of sweet perfume;

In the glorious tint of the morning,
In the gorgeous sheen of the night,
Oh! my soul is lost in rapture,
My senses are lost in sight.

—Ralph Waldo Trine.

[from Journal Of History vol. 7, 1914]

BIOGRAPHY OF ALEXANDER H. SMITH

BY VIDA E. SMITH

(Continued from page 145.)

Father had expected to remain in the islands until the going of the first boat in 1902, to Auckland, but the food and water affected him so seriously that he determined to hasten his departure, hence his leave-taking immediately after the conferences. He complained of his rebellious American stomach, which by the way behaved admirably once he was well out to sea. He was deeply affected by the solicitude of the native Saints, and their strong faith in the efficacy of prayer was like a spiritual tonic to him. He said, "they remind me of Book of Mormon times, and are, evidently, Lamanites." Of his vision concerning Metuaore, a distinguished and noble character, he wrote:

Now, Brother Joseph, I was in doubt as to ordaining that colored brother to the office of high priest. You remember I asked you if it was understood that a bishop was to be ordained in the island mission. Your answer was: "Yes, I so understood it." I was in doubt because of what I supposed was Metuaore's mixture of African blood. I was troubled in mind over it, until on my way out here on board the steamer, I beheld in dream a native. Understand, I never had seen one in native dress. Well, I saw a native with a clean white shirt, with parue or hip cloth on, bare feet and legs, and bare head. I was so wrought upon I awoke and the vision remained with me. I asked what it meant and was told the natives were of Israel, and were entitled to and worthy of the Melchisedec priesthood, and that Metuaore had been ordained an elder, and was worthy. My scruples vanished, and when this conference also indorsed him, I did ordain him a high priest, also to the office of bishop.

He listened with surprise to one island woman, as she repeated from memory, eleven chapters of Saint Matthew's gospel and heard with astonished interest a brother quote thirty-two pages of Church History. He always took the keenest pleasure in their interests and loved them with great sincerity.

On Christmas day of 1901 father wrote the following letter:

STEAMSHIP *Elingamite*, December 25, 1901.

Sailed from Auckland, New Zealand on the evening of the twenty-third.

Weather fair, and everything seemed promising for a good voyage. Tuesday, the twenty-fourth, was fine, the sea smooth, weather cool, and pleasant. At night the sea was a trifle rougher than in the morning. The sun, however, showed a stormy face ere he sank in the waves of the western waters. I said to Brother Leon, it looked like there was wind in the clouds for us. We turned in early, Leon going to bed at twenty minutes after eight, I at nine o'clock or a trifle later.

Christmas morning, gray, cold, and cheerless, and raining. I got up and washed and dressed and went on deck at half past five a. m., but the sailors were washing down the decks and it was so cold I was glad to go back into the cabin. I found a comfortable corner and sat reading till one of the cabin boys said we were going to have a blow. It suddenly got so dark I could scarce see to read but did not notice that the wind had changed from the northwest to the southwest and it was raining hard, till I went on deck again. Then the wind was blowing a gale, picking up the water from the crest of the waves and sending it in spray, flying in the air, and our good ship was rearing and plunging like a wild broncho. Few of the passengers were able to come to the table to breakfast and it is now fifteen minutes after twelve p. m., and the wind still blows a gale, and the ship rolls so fearfully I can scarce write and my head still aches.

Oh, how the winds blow, the waves roll almost mountains high. Of course my writing will seem crazy, and it is a wonder that I can write at all, but I must do something. I was on deck a few minutes ago and found Leon sitting on the middle hatch amidships trying to keep from being seasick. The wind blows harder than ever. They are setting the tables for dinner. Nearly all the merry crowd who were on the promenade deck are seasick.

Friday. The storm is over, all is fair and bright to-day. Three hundred and thirty-four miles from Sydney and there is small hope of getting there before Sunday forenoon. We have had two days and nights of storm; the wind blew till the air was filled with mist, or what is called "dust of the sea"; that is, the wind lifted the water from the crest of the waves and sent its spray over the vessel. The old ship rolled and pitched and groaned but kept right side up. Nearly all the passengers were seasick.

We met a steamer coming from Sydney to-day. One of the officers said at lunch he thought there was hope of getting to Sydney before dinner. Dinner is at six o'clock p. m. I have had all the storm at sea I want for a while. One wave broke over the ship, clear over the saloon, over the dining room and sent the water through the skylight into the cabin, broke three port hole windows, and flooded everything. What with the rain and spray, our decks were not dry for two days. I am in good health. I shall never forget this Christmas. While the storm was howling, I sat in the dining cabin and read, and thought, What are they doing at home? Of course I could think of a good many things you might be doing, but one thing I knew you were not doing, is holding on

to something with both hands to keep from being thrown down and rolled round, under the tables or sent against the railing hard enough to break an arm or leg. Even while sitting in the cabin in an arm chair fastened to the floor, one had to hold on to keep from being thrown out, but oh, what a change to-day! The sea is smooth, the sun shines, and all are happy and gay. Now I am going on deck a while and will finish this on our arrival at Sydney. Of course the ship rolls some now, when she gets into the trough, but one can walk without danger.

Two-thirty-five p. m., twenty-eighth, Saturday. It is conceded that we will land this evening; had sixty-four miles to run at one o'clock p. m. We are all ready to disembark.

We had quite a concert last night. There are on board some athletes who have been over to Auckland to attend the athletic championship games held the week before Christmas, and they are a jolly set, genteel and well behaved, and musical withal. We had some fine recitations and songs, and music on piano. A collection was taken up, result two pounds nine pence, or a little over ten dollars, to be used for shipwrecked sailors, sailors' widows and the deserving poor. I like the New Zealanders and Australians so far as I've seen them.

We had a very nice boarding place in Auckland. They keep the Sabbath here, no work is allowed to be done; they won't allow ships at the wharf to open their hatches on Sunday. It is governed by law. Employers and manufactories must give their men one half holiday every week, and no work on Sunday; eight hours a day. That is in New Zealand. I am in hopes some one will meet me at the boat, if not, I will have to go to hotel for the night, and I don't like that.

The north wind is blowing warm and pleasant. The north wind is the warm wind here, as it blows from the equator. All are well on shipboard. I am confident however we will not get in till late, notwithstanding all preparations are being made to land. We will see. Arrived safe at five p. m.

I shall go to Newcastle this morning, Sunday the twenty-ninth. It's going to be some delay getting to Ina's.

On January 1, 1902 his mind wandered to the home scenes where holidays were not forgotten, his own ringing voice being first always to waken the household with "Happy New Year," and every new year that shall ever come will echo that voice to the children.

WALLSEND, AUSTRALIA, NEW SOUTH WALES, January 1, 1902.

Happy New Year to all. I wrote you while on the vessel and mailed it on reaching Sydney safely.

I went to a hotel, secured a room, then we went out in search of Brother Ellis's having very little or no trouble finding him. He told me the conference was then in convention at Wallsend. I was too late to be at the opening sessions but if I took the boat at eleven o'clock that night I

could reach the Sunday morning meeting. We left Brother Ellis with the intention to come on the boat, but at the hotel I backed out, the room was so pleasant and the bed looked so restful after the narrow, trough-like berths on the steamship. I could scarcely deny myself a good night's rest.

I learned there was a train to Newcastle at nine-fifteen a. m., Sunday morning and a tram from there to this place, so I went to bed, and oh, it did feel nice to get into a nice, white, clean bed to sleep.

On Sunday morning I hustled round, got my breakfast, and hurried off to the train. Leaving Leon to take care of our baggage, for we had only one pound, or five dollars in the English coin, scarce enough to take us both and pay for our baggage. They charge extra for baggage in this country, allowing only thirty pounds for each ticket, while in America they allow one hundred and fifty. I came on, I didn't know what part of Wallsend to come to, and not a name of a single person here, but trusted in my usual good fortune and in asking questions. I was not ten minutes in finding our church, yet this is quite a large place.

The Saints were in sacrament meeting when I reached the place of worship. I tried to slip in and take a back seat without attracting attention and being recognized, but the house was full, and some little bustle was created to find room for me and my satchel, so Brother John Kaler saw me and thought he knew me, and whispered to Brother Wells, "There is Brother Alexander," and got up and came and held out his hand.

I remarked, "Do you know me?"

"I think I do; you are Brother Alexander Smith are you not?"

Quite a ripple of excitement and curiosity swept over the congregation when Brother Alexander H. Smith, president and patriarch was requested to come forward and ordain Brother J. Walter Haworth one of the seventy. As that was one of the principal objects of my coming to Australia, I arose and moved forward.

Well, we had a royal meeting, and have had good meetings since, I doing the preaching every night.

Last night, went to bed tired, with an inclination towards headache. At about half past eleven I was sound asleep, when my dreams were interrupted by a blare of brass horns and the tum, tum, tum, of the bass drum, a brass band was serenading us just outside on the corner.

"Well, New Year's was ushered in with music and the ringing of the fire alarms, and firing of guns, all so like what we used to usher in the new year, that I could scarce believe I was at the other end of the world, in a foreign land. The day was spent in visiting, reading and writing, and blessing two brethren, and at night ordaining a bishop and his counselor: Brother George Lewis, a bishop, Gomer Wells, counselor, and closed the day's work by preaching a rousing sermon. I met Sid's brother Claude, and he said he would wire to Sid that I was here. Brother Wells also said he would write and urge Sid to come over next week and get me. It is about one hundred and twenty miles. If he does not come

for me, I will have to go over on the stage. A day and night ride.

January 2. Brother Lewis informed me that his neighbor, a Mr. Stewart, desired me to baptize him, so you see I may trouble the waters soon. I have done about all I was sent here to do already, and now my patriarchal work and my visit to Ina is about all I have to keep me in Australia. I have not consulted with the brethren as to the best route home, yet, and in fact I have only been here long enough to really feel that I am here in Australia, so I think too soon to think of returning, yet the conference here made me their delegate to the General Conference, and it looks like I might possibly be there next spring after all.

If anything is sacrifice, unalloyed and without question, it is the service of our men of advanced years. Service that must be done away from the rest place—*home,* and separation from those who know their every whim and liking and delight to humor them. When young men sacrifice home and kindred and rest and comfort we do not wonder, although we praise, for youth means fire and vigor and hope and endeavor. Doing is an essential to development, but years bring the *calm* the serenity and peace of quiet thought and gentle meditation. So father longed for the big, cool house in Lamoni. His next letter was written from Sister Ina's home.

SILVER FERN, FAIRVIEW, KRAMBACH, NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA.

Dearest Lizzie: It has been a long time since I heard from home save by *Herald* or *Ensign.* Three months now, and a weary, long time it has been. I sometimes wonder if it has been because of any failure on my part to give my address, but then I fully expected when I reached Ina's I would get news, as of course you or Vida would write to Ina of my coming and to me, knowing I would come here, but it seems I have miscalculated on mail facilities. Leon is no better off than I. He learned of his brother's death through the *Ensign.* The anxiety is trying on one's nerves. You see I have headed this letter Silver Fern. That is the name of Sid's farm, Ina's home. Fairview is the name of the mills village. There is a post office at Fairview, but Krambach is the regular office. Ina's home is in the forest some two and one half miles from the mills village. Sid and his father and two brothers own about four thousand acres of timber land. Sid's Father is building a steamship to carry his lumber to Sydney. The bar at the mouth of the river prevents ships of heavy draft from coming up to Tuncurry, and he can not get his timber to market when he could realize upon it to advantage. They own three or four hundred bullocks (oxen) which they use in hauling logs from the bush to the mills, and timber (lumber) to the coast some twenty

miles from Fairview. They own a store at Fairview and one at Tuncurry.

I look for mail to-day. We got the *Autumn Leaves* yesterday, and the *Herald* ought to come in same mail. I've been here at Ina's nearly two weeks and am getting uneasy to be on the move again in order to get round and on my way home.

Tell the boys I have been out hunting nearly every day since I came, trying to kill a wallaby, a sort of a kangaroo. Have seen several but could get no shot at them. They are as wild as deer, and about as hard to find, and run about as fast. They run on two legs, jumping along as easily and as rapidly as deer. They are not as large as kangaroo proper, but are really kangaroos in shape and build.

I went out and shot a parrot off the peach tree yesterday, and could have shot its mate but was such a pretty thing, my heart went soft and I would not kill it. They take the peach crop if the trees are not quite close up to the house. The one I killed was red and green, a beauty.

The baby lies in his cradle, looking at me, has been asleep. He is cutting teeth and is quite cross with it. We have made one trip to the mills since I've been here. We are going to Tuncurry this week, to attend the regatta. Well, it is now the twenty-third and I have waited in vain for a letter, and none has come. Leon received two, but none for me. He is made happy by the news that Alice has a nice little girl baby some two months old, with brown hair and blue eyes. And he feels fine over it. Leon is going to post a letter to-day, so I will finish this and send it off, that you may hear from me if I do fail to hear from you. The drought still holds, and yesterday was a record breaker for heat. The very iron bedsteads were hot to the touch. A sperm candle which set upon our dresser wilted and lopped over, and almost melted outright. The wind was from the west, the air was or appeared to be filled with a fine, gray dust, so thick it looked like smoke. There was no place and nothing cool about the premises. The water in the tanks was warm and flat to the taste. Sid has four large tanks, two very large ones, all nearly full of water so there is plenty of water for the house use. The country is a timber country, thick forests cover the hills and valleys; they are killing off the timber by girdling. Thousands upon thousands of acres are being killed or girdled and I seem to see as a result of the wholesale slaughter of the timber, a cutting off of the rainfall or moisture a consequent burning of vegetation. I called Sid's attention to the experience of America in this line. Australia has no backbone in the shape of mountain ranges in the interior to condense the moisture in the clouds, nor gather the snows of winter, and form a water shed to supply the coast countries. The interior is like a saucer, the hills are next the coast and form the rim of the dish, while the low, level plains and desert gather the heat and drought and every wind from the interior brings death to vegetation and it must necessarily continue to be so, and more so if the hills become denuded of their cloud-gathering trees. There is no chance for irrigation as there are no large fresh water rivers flow-

ing from the interior to the coast.[1] The coast range of hills are the highest. Altogether, I like America better since I've seen other lands. It is conceded that America is a great land and Americans are a great people, but the principle of loyalty to home and country holds many still to other lands. With seasonable rains this country could be made a paradise to live in, provided one had a good start to begin with.

I do not know what to say about sending my mail, for I can not tell where I will be in three months from now. My experience in the past makes me skeptical in receiving letters from home. But I can have my mail forwarded, so direct as before. Give my love to all. Oh, how I long to see you once again. I am so tired of wandering, wandering. Kiss the children for me. I suppose Joe is married ere this. Coral and Lou, I suppose are still swinging on the gate. It seems so long since I was at home. I begin to recognize that I am an old man and still I can endure and bear up under hardships which apparently wear out younger men. Only three or four days ago, Leon and I were in the bush on the hills. The heat and walk were too much for him, while I stood it first rate. When we got to the house he was nearly exhausted. Still I know I begin to fail, and it is getting time I began to abide at home. Goodbye for the present.

TUNCURRY, NEW SOUTH WALES, February 1, 1901.

Dearest Lizzie: Your letter of November 11, came to me last night, finding me well, and oh, so glad to hear from home, if the news is nearly three months old! Last Tuesday we left Ina's and came down to Brother John Wright's, Sid's father's place. Sid brought us down on his buckboard. He stayed and went fishing with us, or rather took us and we caught eighty-four fish I believe, either eighty-two or eighty-four, a fine lot, but I got nicely sunburned; not tanned but sunburned.

This place is a small village on the seacoast, at the mouth of a river. I haven't learned the name of the river yet. Across the river is another river town, called Foster.

Brother Wright's mill, store, and shipyard is about all the business of the place, the surroundings are rather pretty, so far as I have seen. Grandma Wright is a fine, motherly old soul and watches the children pretty closely. Vida and Claude are staying here and going to school. Ina and Sid will be here to-night or on the morrow.

Well, Lizzie, here it is the fourth of February and this letter not finished, I began it on Saturday and this is Tuesday evening. I only got in from fishing. Been out since ten o'clock a. m., caught a sackful of fish. Gave some to the brother I borrowed the boat of and brought home a fine lot. Sunday Sid brought Ina and children down to meeting but did not stay to night meeting.

There are several vessels in from Sydney loading with lumber and it makes the little place look like business. I have made up my mind to stay here until next week and then go to Sydney. I am quite well

[1]Australia now has many artesian wells, and thus they are relieved of this threatened terror.

but have lost nine pounds of flesh since I came to Australia. I could do with the loss of twenty-five more very readily. The weather has been threatening rain all day; did sprinkle a little. I have had several confabs with Sid and his father about this country. The policy in this country is to kill out the timber wholesale. I tell them if they kill off the timber on the coast, the drought will be perpetual, arguing the experience of North America, but they don't believe the theory. Our confabs are all good natured, but I am afraid this country is a failure as a farming country, at least all parts I have seen, but that seems to matter little with Brother Wright's and Sid's business, the production of lumber. They have a good business, with over four thousand acres of forest to be culled for sawing. I am told they clear nine dollars a thousand feet on every thousand delivered at Sydney, and this mill at Tuncurry turns out seven thousand a day. I do not know what the mill at Fairview turns out but I think Sid said they sawed about five thousand a day when they ran a full crew. Sid runs the latter mill. He said they had built up a good business notwithstanding the hard times and the drought, a paying business all the time.

When they get their steamboat done and running they will save the cost of carriage to Sydney which is a big item. Brother Wright lives in a large, old-fashioned house, the front yard is mostly covered with flooring as the house is built on the sand. There is no soil. Sid lives twenty miles up in the hills. There are two villages, a store in each, all owned by the Wrights and McLaren. There are two ways of occupying land here, one is to lease it from the Government, one to buy it outright; one is leasehold the other is freehold. In buying a farm or a house and lot, one has to be careful to learn if it's a freehold or leasehold; if the latter you would have to pay the Government certain payments and interest on original purchase money. . . .

Love to all. I am homesick to-day. May God bless you and our children. Your letter of Christmas time received last night, February 4.

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA, February 13, 1902.

Dear Lizzie: I left Tuncurry day before yesterday at ten a. m. on a steam scow, or flat-bottom steamer, loaded with lumber and long logs for piles. We had a good day, fair wind, made a good run, and arrived here in Sydney yesterday, early in the morning. Found brother John Kaler on the wharf to meet us, and came with him to his home. We are now enjoying the hospitality of the Sydney Saints at Brother Kaler's.

It was quite warm when we came yesterday, but last night while we were at prayer meeting the wind changed from the northeast to the south and blew the dust in clouds, and turned cold. This morning it's quite cool. Leon is half frozen, he makes more fuss over the chilly cold of this climate where it never freezes hard than he does there in the coldest weather. One reason for this is the people often have no fire to warm their houses, but grin and bear it, knowing it will soon be warm again when the wind changes.

Do you remember some three or four years ago we read such awful

reports from Australia, about the suffering of the people because of the drought, and bush fires? Well, the same awful experiences are again reported of the interior, but the coast range of hills do not suffer so terribly, and the fires can not approach Ina's home to do them harm, except to injure the feed for Sid's cattle and this it has already done to a certain extent. Sid says in his last letter that if the drought continues much longer everything will be as "poor as devils," meaning his cattle of course. The drought does not injure the lumber business very seriously, except that there is no feed for the bullocks (oxen) and Sid and his father having three or four hundred in the "bush" to haul logs to mill, it naturally "humbugs" the business as Sid says.

The rivers in this country are mostly "tide water" rivers, salt water inlets and bayous caused by the rise and fall of the ocean tides. There are very few fresh water streams, and many of those dry up in the dry season, while some of them are roaring torrents in the wet or flood seasons. I like the people and fancy the early settlers of our eastern seaboard had much the same struggle to win a livelihood as these colonists. They stick to their king, and royal family, notwithstanding it is a commonwealth.

The king has very little power after all. Our President of the United States has far more real power than the king. The governor of this commonwealth, appointed by the Government of Great Britain or the "Crown" as they tell us here, has very little to do. He signs all public papers, ere they are recognized as law, but he has no power to veto or hinder the passage of any bill passed by the House of Congress or Parliament,—but it's a good office. Twenty-five thousand dollars a year to be feasted and petted and travel around and have a good time generally and live in a castle more elaborate than the White House. The people will awake to the folly of supporting the royal family with so immense an outlay of means for nothing, and then another step toward freedom and the establishing of a government of the people, for the people, by the people.

There is no lime in the water here, to make teeth, or furnish the material. Weak eyes and bad teeth are the rule. Well, Lizzie, I am just jotting down some of the disagreeable things I hear and see, but there are many good points with some of the evils, but I am here in a bad time, I am told. Well, perhaps I am, but give me America, and the Mississippi and Missouri valleys; as an all-around country, there is nothing equal to it in all the world, so far as I have seen or read of. The wide, rich prairies, and the fields, of the woods of dear old Missouri and Iowa.

The mail steamer sails on Tuesday next. Leon received two letters this morning. Some one sent him a Christmas gift, a one-dollar greenback. A curiosity here. United States money is a curiosity here. Hundreds of folks in business have never seen a twenty dollar gold piece. As bad as many of our folks there, who never saw any Australian money, a guinea or a crown, or a pound gold piece, a "thrippence." I never saw many of the coins in use here ere I came here, and it's hard

for me yet to tell the value of many of them. I have to stop and reduce it all to cents ere I can tell its value.

It is cold for this climate to-day. My rheumatism asserts itself and I know the cold south wind is blowing. The drought has seriously affected the fruit and vegetables, so everything is high. Potatoes about a dollar a bushel, butter twenty-six cents, onions two cents a pound, beans five cents a pound. Beans are called "harricots." Grapes are four pence a pound, that is eight cents. Flour is about two dollars a hundred. You see the market is much the same as at home.

Folks do not bake bread here; the bakers have a monopoly. They deliver bread every day. It is thought to be cheaper to buy bread than to bake it, cost of fuel and trouble considered. I don't believe I have had a good apple since I came to Australia, nor a good orange for that matter.

We are discussing the going home by London, and New York, cheaper than to San Francisco, but the time will be so long that way, eight weeks on the sea, but we can visit the Saints in the Old Country, and thus save an extra trip you know, for I fear I will have to go there ere I entirely give up my wanderings.

Give my love to all. Write often. I received the letter written Christmas time. Oh, I would love to be at home and see you all. I dreamed of you last night. I dreamed we lived in Nauvoo again. Good-bye.

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA, March 1, 1902.

I feel that I ought to write you and get my letter ready for the outgoing mail, as I will not have time to write ere the boat starts on its return trip, if I wait to see if I get any mail. The mail ought to arrive to-day, but if it does, any mail for me would go to Krambach and return to Sydney ere I could get it. Have not been feeling so well of late, but nothing of a serious nature. Leon also has not been feeling first-class. The drought still continues. Fearful reports are coming from the interior.

It will no doubt interest you to know we are planning towards coming home in July, if not earlier. My appointments are as follows: next week (Tuesday) we go to Brisbane, Queensland. Will be up there a week or ten days, over two Sundays, then we return here and go to Wallsend or Hamilton for reunion on Easter Sunday, then we will go to Victoria, Melbourne, and stop there two or three weeks. Then return here, and I think I will run up and see Ina and Sid again, and then we will turn our faces homeward.

I have been constantly thinking of you and home of late, night or day, asleep or awake, it is all the same. I am thinking of you more than usual. I see by the papers to-day our mail steamship has arrived at Auckland, New Zealand, yesterday, after a five-day storm, the steamer running only at half speed, the waves washing over her and sending much water down main hatch into the hull. The mail will not get

here till next Monday or Tuesday, and we will not get it till the latter part of the week.

I hope the stormy season will be over before I get ready to come over the great waters. I shall be glad to be in dear old America again. If any one wishes to appreciate America and American institutions, let him travel abroad, especially in new country like Australia, in time of drought.

Some of our folks took me to see the botanical gardens. The grass was dry and brown, and one could not get so much as a drink of water. They were much like some of our parks in America, except a greater variety of tropical trees and plants. Every tree and plant had its Latin or botanical name at or near its roots. It would have been more wonderful if I had not seen Roger Williams Park, Providence, Rhode Island or Central Park, New York or Franklin Park, Boston, or the Saint Louis Park. I went to their art gallery. I saw some wonderfully fine pictures there. It will compare more favorably with our American galleries. It is quite extensive and contains some valuable paintings. I also went to the museum and saw some wonderful specimens of gold nuggets, of the facsimile of them,—the gold was too valuable to be on exhibition. One specimen was valued at something over two hundred thousand dollars and looked massive; others were not quite so large, but immense. All were found in Australia. One was about the size of my head; I thought it would have made a fine watch charm or stick pin. Much of the museum was fine; I never saw it equaled, even in America, not even at the World's Fair. In all my stay here I have only taken one day out to see the city, have been busy. Gave thirty-five blessings the first week and thirty-one the second. Am about run down again with that horrid pain at the base of my brain, and back of my neck. Otherwise I am well enough. I am stopping at Brother John Kaler's, one of our missionaries, who with true hospitality, put himself out and arranged to keep us while we stay here. He went to work and made room by fixing up the attic as a bedroom, and himself and wife sleeping there and giving us their bedroom, and we are getting on nicely. Breakfast is ready so I will stop a little.

March 3. Brother Kaler is now talking of coming home with me, if he does, it will not be so lonely. Himself, wife and two children, Leon and I will make quite a little party to entertain one another and shorten the time on shipboard.

Sydney is threatened with the plague. There are already many cases; three more reported in this morning's paper. While it is horrible for a city to be attacked by the bubonic plague, it is not so terrible as some of the visitations of yellow fever or cholera in some of our southern cities. It is claimed that the plague is the result of filthiness and that rats spread it, so the Government is taking heroic measures to cleanse the city and kill the rats. Wednesday of this week is to be a day for a general round up of rats; everybody is expected to assist in killing them. The whole police force and everybody else is ordered by the city

council to turn out and poison or otherwise kill the rat. I inquired how the rat could spread the disease, and was told they die of it, and fleas, flies, and other vermin feed on the rats and the germs of the disease is thus spread broadcast. The rat carries it everywhere. I saw tin shields fitted on the cables of ships lying at the wharves, to keep the rats from going on board, on the cables. There is not much excitement yet, as there has been less than a hundred cases, but it may grow to immense proportions if the plague is not stamped out. There are cases in Melbourne and also in Brisbane, so there is no quarantine of either place yet. You need not be uneasy on my account for I will try and avoid rats and fleas and keep clean and thus escape. The water affects me, and I believe it is what troubles Leon also. Now the drought is so bad of course the water is worse, and scarce. There is reported only two month's supply in the reservoirs for the city. At many places in the interior they are selling water at so much a gallon, and laundry work is way up in price. Brother Kaler has been here eight years and seven years of the eight have been drought stricken. Sister Kaler is almost an invalid with rheumatism and is anxious to get back home to America ere she becomes permanently invalided.

Give my love to all. May God bless all my loved ones at home. I am now looking forward to my home coming with anxiety and anticipation of meeting you all in health again.

BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA, March 7, 1902.

Dearest Lizzie: When I wrote last I was on the eve, so to speak, of sailing for this place. Well, on Tuesday night, at about nine-thirty p. m. our vessel sailed out past the Heads and turned north in the open sea. The wind was fresh and the sea heaving with a long swell, gave the vessel not an unpleasant motion, but as the wind was from the south, and we were running to the north, we were running across the waves and so our ship did not roll much. I stayed on deck until we were well out to sea, watching the lights of the city and suburbs and the shipping. There were two other steamers leaving port a little in the lead of ours, and we passed one after we left the harbor, evidently going into port. Leon had gone to bed, so I soon turned in. My berth was narrow and close, and I was tired. I had my doubts about a good nights sleep, but I soon went to sleep. How long I slept I do not know, but judge it was near midnight when I awoke with the feeling that I was in a box and smothering for air. I threw up my arm and it came in contact with the bottom of the berth above me, in which Leon was sleeping and the feeling of closeness increased, so I got up.

There were four berths in the stateroom, and only three of them occupied and the unoccupied one was more roomy and altogether a better berth than the one my ticket called for, but I didn't care for the number on my ticket. I climbed into the better bunk and rested fairly well the rest of the night, I was up early and out on deck to get some fresh air, for they close the windows early while washing down decks, and the air sometimes becomes foul below decks. However, the *Aramac*, the

one we came up on, is a good, nice boat, a very large one, but she was loaded to the hatches, and had quite a lot of sheep on the upper deck, rams being shipped north into Queensland. The smell on promenade deck was not as sweet as a rose, still the sheep were very quiet, passengers made no noise and kept in their places all right. There were quite a lot of passengers; more in the steerage or second class than in the first cabin.

We had a very nice journey, and as the vessel pulled up to the pier or dock, a large crowd had gathered to meet friends on board, of course we being strangers in a strange land did not expect to meet any friends, but as we stood watching the scene, I noticed three men and a lady who seemed to be watching me from the dock. I was impressed they were Latter Day Saints, and looking for me, so I took off my hat that possibly they might recognize me from any photo they might have, and I saw a smile pass over their faces at once, and they spoke to each other as if to say "that's him," and I was sure some one was there to meet us. And so it proved. Three brethren and a sister were there to meet us and all was well, and the dreaded job of hunting some one in a large and strange city was obviated. Oh, my, but it is hot and the mosquitoes are thick, and they are not like the American although they bite just as hard. People don't have screens to windows and doors but they have bars over their beds. So once more we have been on the great waters, and landed safely. We are now in a semitropical climate and pineapples and bananas plentiful but the bananas are not so good as they were at Papeete.

At Brisbane he blessed nearly the entire branch. It was at this place that he had a dream that he always associated with his memory of the place. While in that land he was constantly thirsty for a drink of good water and in his dream he reached home and immediately started to get a drink from the well, but wakened before he got the drink. He used to tell with a laugh how he could never forget his disappointment when he awakened without the drink. On March 17 he wrote:

It is Monday morning, March 17, our Emma's birthday and my mind has been carried back to the little cottage home in Plano, and memory has been alive over the events of the past, and I have lived over in thought, many of the happy hours we have lived together and it has made me very thoughtful and not a little homesick.

Sailing from Brisbane, Queensland, to Hamilton, New South Wales, Australia, father was again taken very ill and suffered great agony. These violent and unusually weakening attacks were but loud warnings of the physical weakness or disorder

that worked his death a few years later. On his trip from Brisbane he says he prayed to be seasick. Upon reaching shore he received relief by administration. His illness broke up his program and made him more than ever homesick. He wrote:

Ah, well, my dear, we are getting old, "ye know" and we will soon be back numbers. Things and people are different from what they were when we were young. If we expect to keep pace with the world we will have to be in the swim, and float with the tide. If we withdraw into an eddy of our own, we must expect to see the rest float on past us and leave us behind. I don't expect to keep up in some things, but in others I do. I expect to keep in the love and affection of my own kindred at least.

MELBOURNE, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA, April 22, 1902.

I fully expected to have received a letter to-day on my arrival here from Hastings, where we have been the past two weeks, or rather at Hastings and Queens Ferry, for we were at the latter place over last Sunday and came from there to Hastings yesterday and from there here to-day. On my arrival I found a telegram, a copy of a cablegram from Joseph, authorizing me to ordain Brother Cornelius A. Butterworth to the office of apostle. This will necessitate a return as far as Summerville where Brother Butterworth lives. I was just congratulating myself on my start towards home and this telegram sends me back two days, and spoils my visiting Ina again. I don't like it but can't help it.

I wrote you last at Sydney, I believe, soon after my return from Newcastle, or Hamilton. I had been ill and as they say here in Australia, "I was none too well now." I manage to keep up but it's a dead drag. I am writing with the expectation of this letter going on the same ship with me as far as Honolulu, so there will likely be several dates to this epistle.

The cable ordering the ordination of Brother Butterworth sets me surmising, for ordinations to the apostleship are only done by order of a revelation, and a General Conference. The quorum was full last conference, and who has dropped out since that to make a vacancy, which would necessitate the ordination of another? There are several solutions which occur to my mind, but of course until I get minutes of the conference I can only surmise. I would rather think some one had been called out by revelation or resigned, than to think some one of the quorum had died.

April 25. Well I have been back on the trail and will remain over Sunday. Am expected to speak twice on Sunday, and have some fourteen to sixteen to bless. Am feeling better this morning than for some time, if the good feeling will only remain. It generally leaves me about ten or eleven o'clock, and then I mentally groan till evening. Leon just came in and gave me some candy, (they call it "lollies" here) as he said to sweeten my letter.

We had some warm bread for breakfast this morning, an unusual thing here, as the people are afraid to eat warm bread or hot biscuits for fear of dyspepsia. I ate one small scone, one egg and a bit of toast about two inches square, and had all I dared eat. My clothes are gradually stretching and getting larger for me, you see it's all the effect of the climate. We have had lovely weather, like Indian summer at home. I expect to go to Sydney till Tuesday noon. Leon is clicking the typewriter, and I guess I will take a rest.

May 1. You see I took a rest, and now I write from Sydney. I came as I calculated, arriving Tuesday noon. It was a cold ride, the cars had no fire and it was a frosty night. I would have suffered with the cold but for a rug given me in Melbourne, a lap rug.

Last Sunday I spoke twice and organized a branch. I have about all I can do here while I remain. Not quite two weeks now to the day of sailing. Two Sundays intervene. Leon got a photo of Alice and his baby yesterday and is happy, while I got nothing, but never mind, my time will come. I can not go to see Ina, the stormy season is on and travel is very dangerous and I will not have time. I have written to Ina about it. Oh, I must stop; I do not feel like writing at all.

May 19. Out at sea. It is Monday, and yesterday was also Monday; that is, we are at the dividing of time where two Mondays have come together. Yesterday was Monday, May 19, and to-day is Monday, May 19. We lost a day here going west; we gain one coming east. We left Sydney on last Tuesday, eight days ago at two-fifteen p. m. Weather fair, sea rather rough, and twelve hours out we ran into a storm, and had stormy weather all the way to Auckland, four days. The waves washed over our decks, broke in the skylight and flooded the cabin, and came into our state-rooms, two inches deep all over the second cabin floor. My valises got wet and some of my clothes wet and stained. For three days the waves came over and in the dining room. It was a rough time for all hands, but we reached Auckland, New Zealand, on Saturday morning and was in smoother water. We went on shore in a small steamer. Our vessel was not allowed to land for fear of plague rats going on shore, as we came from a plague-stricken city. Saturday evening we sailed again, and have had fine weather and smooth sea the first four days. Brother Kaler and wife and two older children were all dreadfully seasick. Leon and I had our hands full taking care of them, but now all are well and all seem to enjoy the trip. We will next land at Pago or Samoa.

We put into Pago, Pago, at night. The natives came off to the vessel in small boats, with many things to sell, and hovered round all night. About two-thirty a. m. we left the port and came on. Have had a good trip so far. We are in the trade winds and the sea is rough and we have to have the windows closed and it is hot. I slept in a deck chair last night.

It is Sunday. I attended a Catholic service in the first cabin this morning. Could have had service this afternoon myself but I did not

feel like it, and Brother Kaler was too seasick. Some say we will reach Honolulu to-morrow, but I reckon we will not reach port till Tuesday morning. We will stop off there as I wrote you before. It is rough writing, the ship rolls and tosses so. I will get this letter ready and send it on this ship. If you write on receipt of this, direct to 231 Castro Street, San Francisco, care of Jacob A. Anthony. Of course I shall expect a letter on my arrival at San Francisco, also one at Honolulu, but I wrote to Brother Gilbert J. Waller that I would, so I intend to, but I do not expect that I shall stay three weeks if I can get the intermediate boat to 'Frisco.

I am well or nearly so; do not eat much yet, but feel fairly well. It is three o'clock, tea time and some of the passengers are having tea and cake. The night before we left Sydney we were given a send-off party in the church. Brother Leon was presented with a fine portrait of himself, and a mounted emu egg. I received a mounted egg also. Brother Kaler received from the Saints a handsome illuminated speech of regards nicely set in a large frame; the finest thing of the kind I ever saw, also a large valise and an egg.

Well, I am tired of this voyage and long to be home again.

HONOLULU, HAWAII TERRITORY, May 28, 1902.

Dearest Lizzie: We arrived at this port yesterday morning, all safe, after fifteen days at sea, tired of the ship and of the monotony of the sea. We never sighted a sail and only one steamship, until we arrived in sight of this place. We met the *Sonoma* one morning, a sister ship to the *Sierra*, the one we were on, and that was all we saw to break the ceaseless monotony of the waves, and the wide expanse of the water. We would get up in the morning and wash, and go out on deck, walk around and dodge the hose with which the crew were washing down the decks, till seven-fifteen or seven-thirty o'clock, then eat breakfast. Then go on deck and walk and sit around till twelve o'clock, then eat dinner and read or sleep or play dominoes or checkers, and talk till supper. After supper, the same till bedtime, then hunt a nice, protected place on deck, out of the wind and spray and sleep in a deck chair or go into the hot, stuffy little stateroom, crawl into our narrow trough of a bed and roll and sweat till morning again. The same program every day for fifteen days grew into altogether too much of a sameness to suit me. Yesterday of course was a break, the excitement of arriving at a new place, the view of the land and mountains, the getting ready to come ashore. The doctor came off at last and all hands were mustered to pass examination as to good health, for we came from the plague-infected city of Sydney. We passed all right and soon was slowly creeping into the narrow little harbor, and with the assistance of a tugboat succeeded in pulling up to the wharf.

I was intently watching for Brother Waller on the pier. There were many men there, but for a time I did not see my man, until finally I saw him, but for a while I could not catch his eye. I saw he was looking for me but did not recognize me. At last he looked at me and as I

raised my hat he recognized me. I began to think I would have to go in search of him, till I saw him. All our baggage had to pass through the inspectors' hands, the revenue officers. Brother Waller was acquainted with this one and so we got off very lightly. I opened my grips, but Leon's he passed without opening. Mine were easiest to open. I was a little afraid we would have to pay duty on some few things, but we passed all O. K. At Auckland, New Zealand, we did not have to open them at all, going out at Papeete, Tahiti, we had to open a few of our boxes, and had to promise to take our typewriter away before the month of February, or before the expiration of three months.

I sent on a letter with Brother Kaler, who will mail it at 'Frisco, but there goes a mail from here to-day, and I thought he might possibly forget to mail it on arrival at 'Frisco, so I concluded to write again. I received your letter mailed May 6, yesterday. I tell you I was glad to hear from home. I also received one from Herbert. I received one from Coral some time ago, and have neglected to answer it, but will while I am here. We are nicely located at Brother Waller's hired cottage by the sea. His family is still in California so we are keeping batch. Am sorry to hear that you were ill and nervous, for I know now better than ever before what it is to feel sick and nervous. Am glad to hear that the drought has ended and you have plenty of water again. Also well pleased to hear the good prospects of or for fruit. I am glad to hear that Herbert is happy. I began to think he was going to permanently swindle some poor girl out of a home and a breadwinner and become a dry pod, and waste his sweetness on the desert air. I am sorry to inform you I can not be at home so soon as June 2. I wonder who got that idea in their heads. Why, I can't leave here till the eleventh of June.

So our town has street lamps, fine. Well, so far as I am concerned I am glad of it; I was looking for some such change. I had the impression Fred M. would be called as counselor to his father, also that our Fred would be called into the Quorum of Twelve; was sure of that and also that Richard C. Evans would be called as counselor; that Edmund C. Briggs, John H. Lake, and James Caffall would be taken from the Twelve, but I had no impression in regard to Joseph R. Lambert, but was not surprised at his call. I did not know nor did I have an idea, that they would be ordained evangelists, except Edmund C. Briggs and perhaps John H. Lake. I did have the impression as to their calling.

I am sorry to hear of the death of so many good men and workers in the work: Morris T. Short, David Harris, John A. Robinson, Jonas Chatburn and others. Well, so it goes the old must die, the young may die.

Ah, I am glad to hear that you are not going to keep boarders any more. All right. Oh, how big you must feel, "Almost as big as Alexander H. Smith." Well, he is not as big as when he left home, but is big enough yet; his clothes don't fit him very nicely now, far too big around the

waist. I am feeling very well now. I will soon catch up if I have no backset.

I have not seen much of Honolulu, so can not give you any account of the place. Leon is well but anxious to get home and see his baby. We expected to be here only ten days but we can not get away for fifteen days, our tickets only give certain boats to go on. There is a boat due from China to-day, for 'Frisco. The *Ventura* is due for Sydney from 'Frisco; I expect a letter on her. It seems queer to be so isolated from the world that one reads papers a month old and find it all news. Yesterday the flags were half-masted because of the death of Admiral Sampson, and a national salute was fired to his memory, and he has been dead over a month.

(To be continued.)

THE COUNTRY ROAD

From the busy fields of the farmer folk,
It starts on its winding way,
Goes over the hill across the brook,
Where the minnows love to play,
Then past the mill with its water wheel,
And the pond that shows the sky;
And up to the bridge by the village store
And the church with its spire so high.

Oh, the country road! At the farther end,
It runs up hill and down,
Away from the roads and the rippling brook,
To the toiling, rushing town.
But of all when you are tired and sick
Of the noisy haunts of men,
If you follow it back, it will lead you home
To the woods and fields again.

—*St. Nicholas.*

[from Journal Of History vol. 8, 1915]

BIOGRAPHY OF ALEXANDER H. SMITH

BY VIDA E. SMITH

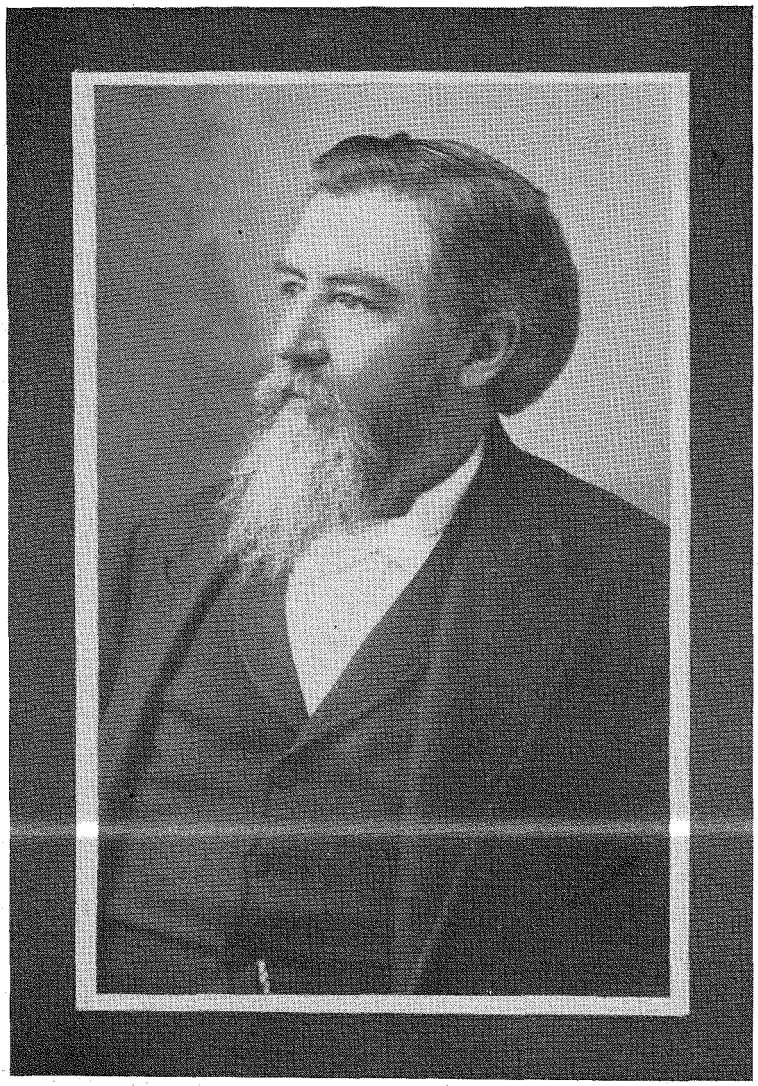
(Continued from volume 7, page 322.)

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still traveling downward from the sky
Shine on our mortal sight.
So when a great man dies
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies,
Upon the paths of men.—Henry W. Longfellow.

The size of a man is measured by the spirit of the man. Nowhere is this so fully expressed as in his treatment and address of and to his home people. And as the *inside* life is the life that lives, where can it be found so clearly portrayed as in his family letters? What is written about a man can never depict their true character like what is written *by* the *man*. Hence I turn from his written word as from a witness for whom I have no shame and as one turns an hourglass awaiting the fulfillment of an irrevocable decree I take the pen and approach the final chapter.

Hesitatingly I approach the last decade of father's life, wholly unworthy have I felt of this task of his life's story from the start, and now when the crowning years of his pilgrimage crowd into view words seem empty and their mission a failure.

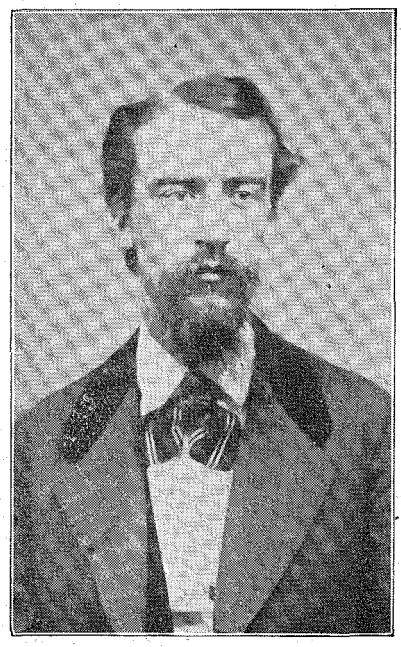
Midst the joys graciously blessing his home coming was also the sorrow for Brother Don, the second son, stricken with cancer, and prayer nor science could stay the foe. While one may bow to the stroke of death, the inevitable for all men, there is no parent heart that can stand unflinching before death's blow on a beloved child, and the agony of those slow months of torture to parent and kindred were bitter with the



ALEXANDER H. SMITH.

infusions of tormenting, unceasing pain for a soul held dear. At last the faithful, unwavering, undeviating attentions and care of the courageous young wife were needed no more and from Rose Hill she came back with her six beautiful little children to the bedside of the prostrated mother, and the loving arms of her husband's father. How she has battled her way into the troubled future facing her then, is a story worthy the noblest pen, for Zenetta Pearsoll, the girl my brother married, has proven herself worthy the unbounded love and esteem given her by the whole family, and justly won the respect and confidence of the community that have been eager to help her to "breast the waves" and keep her children together. It was in late summer that father stood by the open grave of his son, the first time he had been with the dead of his household. But a few sunny weeks before this, when the clematis was in its glory and asters purple with autumn shadows, Uncle David's son and family and the sweet-faced woman who had waited true through the years of her youth, for another day to dawn, had come home to Lamoni one starry morning bringing through the night gloom the body of father's youngest brother, David. That scene was one unique in life's common phases. The meeting of the kindred in the Brick Church that sunny autumn morning to come beside the form beloved in life and family story. The wife and son and family and brothers and their families, some of whom recalled sweet and tender incidents of his life where it touched theirs, gathered there. Gazing down upon the face that looked strangely unfamiliar with the beautiful blue eyes closed and the lips unsmiling, the brown-eyed little wife saw for the first time in long, long years the features that her heart had held sacred and in hope against the floods of time and bitter disappointments. She turned from it to the man by her side, her boy and his, and transferred her hope to another land more sure

and not less comforting in its promise. So it was that on the southwestern slope of Rose Hill Cemetery father had stood beside another open grave and from it he turned to reminiscences of the past as from that other he now turned with broken and shattered dreams of the future for his son, Don A.



DAVID H. SMITH.

The immediate family circle narrowed about father and mother very swiftly, the third son, Joseph George, married Miss Nellie Daudlin, the pretty daughter of Mrs. Alice Cox of Wilbur, Nebraska, having met her at Graceland when they were both students there, and one sweet June night the youngest son, Arthur M., was wedded to Miss Stella Danielson the fair-haired, sweet mannered daughter of Martin Danielson, of Lamoni. Father at last agreed to perform this marriage ceremony for one of his children and came near making it a

time of sadness by his own tears and broken language. Heretofore no one of us had prevailed upon him to perform this sacred task. I recall yet the breaking voice and tear-wet eyes when he blessed my baby girl, Elizabeth. So quickly touched were the chords of love and tenderness in his big, finely-attuned soul, that these ministries to his own broke on the deepest fountains of his heart in surges of emotion that were hard to control. Although he was a man who maintained great dignity in word and manner in all his official acts, however private or public they might be, it was often by the supreme effort of his masterful will. Moving with a dignified and ennobled consciousness of his own place in life's forces, he went forth east and west, north or south laying his hand in blessing and giving words of comfort and cheer although with each year, contrary to the ordinary course of life, instead of using more words, he talked less. There was nothing of the garrulous in him. Things that years before would have been met with a torrent of impetuous, ringing words in scathing denunciation were often dismissed with a quick shake of the head, not that he *feared,* but that he *controlled* his spirit and the spirit was all there, vigorous, vital, intense, as an occasional flash indicated. It was that impetuous, uncompromising, unhesitating advance on their bulwarks that moved the Utah people to brand him in their reports so malignantly that their favorite historian's account of him is still rolled over their tongue as a sweet morsel.

The gentle but as undeviating and plainly spoken words of his sweet-voiced brother made him a sharer in their contumely. If, as Bancroft is credited with saying, these men were not "shrewd enough to contend with their opponents, and not violent enough to arouse the populace," what need had they to deny them their tabernacle and if possible their city. The authority for that charge does not rest with the historian so

sparingly quoted from. There was no pretense of great learning with either of these men. Clean-souled, clear-headed. strong-hearted father went with the pioneers of the Latter Day Saint reformation into the stronghold of Brigham carrying a message as simple as the fisherman of old carried and he found corruption that his soul had not dreamed. What wonder that he raised his clear young voice in warning and denunciation and set his hand to plow it under. He knew the bitterness it had brought to his life and those held dearest, but his work, for which he abdicated all former hope and aspirations was the defense and upbuilding of the church. Even in his last illness and but a few days before his death, his old enemy came into the sick room. The physician summoned to his bedside after the manner of physician began a little social sortie. "Let me see, Mr. Smith, you are from Utah I believe," etc. Ah! the man knew better. He was not ignorant. Like a flash came the old impetuous, well-aimed defense, as sure of the mark of his unfaltering words as he had been of the unerring aim with his rifle or shotgun—he hit the spot everytime. "Forty years of my life have I given in the fight against *that* out there and kindred evils," rang the deep, quick tones, and there from his deathbed, almost in his dying hour, he sealed the testimony of his life with one last vigorous, sanctified, heaven-kindled defense of truth and denunciation of the evils of Brighamism. It seemed the finale of his life work. The doctor faded away, and the two young men watching by his side told of it with flashing eyes. It was superb, but when the doctor came again another spirit controlled, and gently and with a calm, as convincing as the storm of words had been, the sick man told the doctor in gentleness the reasons for the quick and energetic dash of his spirit when he was in any way made a party to the work of the "people in the West." From that deathbed was portrayed the masterful spirit that would take a city—

brought into the softening, glorifying state of the rule of love and the last brave charge of this invincible soldier for Christ was embellished and illuminated with the peaceful assurances of a mind at peace with God.

Looking backward to the year 1906 and to the little group who accompanied President Smith when he went to answer summons on the Smoot investigation being held in Washington, District of Columbia it seems strange that no testimony was taken from these men, but, was not their presence there a testimony? This little group of five or six who left Lamoni February 5, 1906, President Smith, whose wife accompanied him, my father, Heman C. Smith, Edmund L. Kelley, and the dauntless old-time foe of ancient Utah, Edmund C. Briggs, and with them in Washington was Elder Frank M. Sheehy. As they met and mingled with the legislators of the Nation, was it not a testimony that they had no fear in proclaiming themselves, distinctly and rigidly in opposition to the advancement of Western errors and its hierarchy?

How fast the sands of the hourglass run! When the day goes near its twilight, when the winds of storm and tide are still, when the fierceness of the sun is spent and the glory of the western sky is already tinting the eastern hills, looking backward to the eastern hills, the hills of youth, so came time to my father. He sat by the sitting room table whereon lay his books and paper, and looked through the east window flanked with mother's plants to the hills and Graceland's red walls. Sometimes his mind felt a weight, just a little undefined, unsettled feeling in his patriarchial work and one day he was favored with an experience that for ever allayed this tendency. He said of it:

While sitting at my fireside one evening the past winter, meditating upon the work of God and my part in it, the objection I had heard to the patriarchal order and its work came

into my mind, and I was puzzled for a moment how to meet it. I was aware that evangelists were spoken of as officers set in the church, in the New Testament order, but where was there any evidence in the Book of Mormon of such an order, or anything that would lead us to infer that there were patriarchs in Book of Mormon times?

This was the objection made, and I was at a loss to know how to meet it, for I could not remember reading in my Book of Mormon anything that I could use in the defense of my work as a patriarch.

While I was thus deep in thought upon the matter, the voice of the Spirit said, "Read your Book of Mormon." I looked around as if to see who had spoken, but did not take up the book, for I had the book at my elbow upon the table; but my thoughts turned upon my past reading of the book, and I could not remember any reading that I could make use of yet, when again the voice said, "Read your Book of Mormon." I took up the book and opened it at the Second Book of Nephi, first chapter, and read Lehi's blessing of his sons. I read Jacob's but the thought came to me, "That is too general for my use," and laid the book down and turned away, when again, more peremptory than before, the voice said, "Read your Book of Mormon." I took up the book again and it opened at the second chapter of the Second Book of Nephi, and I read Joseph's blessing under the hands of his father, Lehi.

I closed the book and said to myself, "I can not use that, for Lehi was not a patriarch," when quick as a flash came the voice of the Spirit, "Lehi was both prophet and patriarch." I then reread and was strongly impressed to copy the blessing and offer it for publication, and now I ask a careful reading of what to me is the patriarchal blessing of Joseph, son of Lehi. From this testimony of the Spirit, I am comforted in my work, and if the same satisfaction comes to those who read

it that came to me, the objection mentioned above will melt away and disappear like the mists before the rising sun.

The yearly meeting of the family of Joseph Smith the Martyr was always keenly appreciated by him and when the complete organization was effected, he felt great satisfaction, hoping that it would be a perpetual occurrence. The presidency of the organization was vested in the two sons of the Martyr but it was not long that these two held the office. Truly "like bands of gold, the race to hold are the ties of family." The life beyond had been of much consideration and sacred speculation to father. This is evidenced by his diary. They are thickly set with quotations and words now almost too dim to clearly decipher, touching on the life beyond this. Soon after his death, I received from different sources, quotations remembered or taken at the time of his delivering them, in moments of exaltation in prayer or sermon or blessing. One of these I can not forego the delight of reproducing.

"What matter it to you and to me whether we sleep in the tomb, if, when the trump shall sound, and the graves shall be opened, we are among those that shall come forth at the sound of the trump, to meet the Lord at his coming? Why, sometimes I have been carried away so in thought upon the possibilities of the enjoyment that will be in the heart at the coming of my Lord and Savior, that I have almost heard the tramp, tramp, tramp of the coming host, when the sound of the trump shall be. I have seen, in my thoughts, the flashing of light from the east, as it showed the presence of the coming of the Lord, as it passed o'er hill and vale, and through the world. I have seen in thought the people arising and going forth to meet the Savior when he shall come to reign as King of kings and Lord of lords."

The speech of President Smith at the mass meeting of elders at the conference of 1909 will never be forgotten by those pres-

ent when he predicted that "the coming year will be one of increased activity, but that the pale reaper will invade our forces and carry away some that apparently we can ill afford to lose.

"Our aged veterans have fought a good fight. They have helped to make the name of the church honorable. They go to a bright reward. Let those who follow them fill up the ranks and press onward. We know not on whom the shadow of the sable wing may rest even now; but whether we are to die or to live may it be honorably and to the glory of God."

It fell in the clear, clean-cut, bell-like tones of my uncle, that more than ever remind one of a bell rung with a steady hand. This time and ever since, when his words revert to me, I think: "Twilight and evening bell—and after that the dark." Ah, how many times I thought of it in the months after we laid away the armor of father's earthly warfare—after that last "Sunset and evening star, and one clear call"—that fell upon his waiting ears in the old home of his boyhood. That year of 1909 was a memorable year, for many hearts that had beaten harmoniously with father's, in the circle of church friendship, ceased count and rested while the spirits put out to sea. The thing that moved my father deepest at that conference of 1909, (you see I have turned the hourglass again) was the call of Elbert A. Smith, his beloved nephew, to the council of the Presidency of the church. "The lad will make good," he said. "He has the spirit of the office." And with his characteristic swift movement, he swept the tears from his eyes and pushed back his hair.

On Sunday, April 18, he made his last prayer in the conference of the church. Where so often his voice had pleaded or praised, it would henceforth be heard no more.

Early in the summer, brother Arthur and family prepared to move to Colorado. There were now three little sons in his

family, the youngest a few weeks old, had not yet been blessed and a few hours before their departure father placed his hands on the head of the blue-eyed babe and blessed him under the name of Alexander Martin, the names of the two grandfathers.

The youngest daughter, Coral, was married now to Louis Horner, youngest son of Doctor James B. Horner of Lamoni, and a little son prattled in their home. While brother Joseph, living in Colorado, had a rosy-faced, blue-eyed, little daughter, with dark curls, who bore the most appropriate name of Josephine Alexandria and a little son more fair, named Paul.

The summer of 1909 was hot and dry and the heat was unusually trying to father. The tilling of his garden, heretofore such a pleasure to him, was burdensome. Sometimes in the evening he sat on the lawn into the night trying to cool his heated body. Never had he suffered so intensely with the heat. Very early in the mornings, (his custom was early rising) he "did a turn" in his garden, fed the chickens, and Lady Grey, the family house cat, followed him to and fro about the place and even to the sidewalk as he took his usual trip to town, sure of his kindly interests and ministrations of food. Always did the domestic animals receive kindly care from him. Lady Grey was growing old and so had extra care.

If the roses bloomed or the leaves changed or the robins called for spring or geese flew south for winter it was a matter of interest to the father. Turning over the papers before me I find his schedule of reunions for the fall of 1909. Of course Nauvoo District was one, no excuse, small or great, counted against Nauvoo, but the heat was not less there. He urged mother to go, but it was impossible, she could not spend the money to go to Nauvoo, although she too had sometimes a sweet old longing for the place as it "used to be." Ah, how often the impossible happens! That day when father started from the big, cool, white house, under its shade of maple and pine trees,

he came back twice and kissed the little woman sitting by the open door, and she laughed at his sentimentality but watched him as he turned away down the sunny village street.

The sands in the hourglass are almost run out and the glory on the sunset of his day has faded into twilight! I will turn the glass no more, for on Wednesday, August 11, I went hurrying to his side through the night. Standing on the platform of the train that summer morning of August 12, 1909, I looked down into the troubled face of my mother's brother, John Kendall, and felt that there was great need for anxiety. Still and breathless the river seemed to wait, and the sands of the shore were hot and shining in the morning sun as I hurried up the bank and around the corner where once stood the old store, and was soon climbing the old stairs that my earliest footsteps had known. Bending to kiss the dear face, how gladly he greeted me, but looked past for—. "You want mother?" I inquired, and he nodded, the blue eyes full of tears. The time for speech had passed. Reader, do you know the exquisite agony of such a discovery? Promising to get mother was easy, but all that terrible day he watched eagerly for her face, and once Uncle John asked: "Have you heard from Lizzie?" and at the sound of her name a glad light leaped into the eyes. The sun went down; not a bit of air stirred; the summer winds that should have come drifting over the river, were still, and sleep had fallen on the father of our home. It was the little moment of repose before the long flight of the spirit. He awakened. The twilight stars were coming, but the room was darkened to keep it cooler. Before the lamps could be lighted, we turned him a little. I put my face down by his and he nestled his close in a movement like an affectionate caress—and the last sands slipped quickly out. The glass stands unturned, although this is not all. Once that day when I was in the hall, he had called with a sudden, vigorous,

vibrant tone, "My daughter!" and clung to my hand and kissed my face. Nauvoo is a place in which the wayfarer feels stranded indeed at such a time. Faithful to the last was his secretary, William Dexter, and Elder Mark Siegfried and wife. The auto of Lester Haas was at command all the time possible, but he was now en route to Elder George P. Lambert's ten miles away, for the elder to come and administer. My uncle's family consisted of himself, daughter, and little granddaughter. Neighbors were few on the old "flat" and there was no telegraph office in the town. To the telephone office on the hill went the two young friends, Siegfried and Dexter, with telegrams we had written, a mile's walk in the hot nighttime. They could not get through with their work and turned about and came back to the river, and securing a rowboat, crossed to Montrose, another mile or more, where they sent out the messages in various ways. In the meantime Elder Lambert had arrived with Lester Haas and some old-time neighbors and friends. What a blessed thing it is to have friends in such an hour!

I knew that somewhere on the road en route to Burlington was my mother. Slowly the night wore on, the household sounds were stilled. Not a sound soothed the ear. I went down into the old garden where my father had rompted in childhood, I paused at the well whose waters were sweet to him to the last. The stars lay untwinkling against the sky; the hot, sandy soil steamed in the night air; not a leaf moved. Then far away, I heard the sweet, faint song of the river gleaming in the starlight; across the street in the old burying ground slept the only ones of his kindred in the old town. I slipped back into the dim old parlor and leaned against a chair. In this room my father and mother were married forty-eight years before. In the room above lay the silent form of that father alone. Even then Elder Lambert passed softly up to the

room and down again, then I heard his voice and that of an old friend, George Dachroth, out in the swing. Silence fell, the constant drip, drip of the melting ice in the room above was almost companionable to me but when a piece slipped past its fellows, I found myself starting for his side, who was not there. In the morning we crossed the river and met mother. Sweet and smiling she came down the steps, in her hand was a wilted little bouquet of garden blossoms sent by some of the children to grandpa and she carried also some fruit she had selected from the home place for the sick man. "Ah!" she cried, "I know Alex is better or you would not both be here." Dear little mother—yes, he *was* resting.

That afternoon we gathered on the lawn to the south of the old mansion, a few of his old neighbors and church people. Darkly in our midst was the casket of him. Brokenly they sang and Elder Lambert prayed. Years before, when this praying man was a boy, my father had baptized him in the dear old Mississippi and often had they ministered together. Now the hour of one was gone by and the little group hung on the comforting, heart-soothing words of that prayer long afterwards. It is in my heart to-day.

Glaude L., brother Fred's oldest boy, a young high school lad, and my youngest sister had accompanied mother to Nauvoo. Not another man of the family was in Lamoni. Brother Fred and Cousin Fred were both at inaccessible points in the West, Joseph and Arthur in Colorado, Elbert A. in the East, Heman C. on a sudden and unexpected trip into Illinois, of which I was not acquainted, nor he with the sad occurrence in Nauvoo, and our son in Independence, then editor of the *Ensign*. Some of our dispatches did not reach destination until relatives had read the notice in morning papers, and some of them not at all.

Just as the sun was setting, flooding the river with bright

beams of pink and crimson, the ferryboat with the funeral party crossed to the Iowa side of the river bearing the body of my father over the beloved waters for the last time. More than seventy years before he had crossed it for the first time, nestling close in his mother's arms, as heartsick and desolate she had crossed on the ice coming from Missouri. Strange are the ways of fate.

The next afternoon the family gathered in the cool, shady house under the maples in Lamoni and looked on the sleeping face. His children all there but two, Mrs. Wright in Australia and Fred A. in Oregon. On the night train came the President of the church, the only one left of my father's family, and again the families gathered about the body that lay like a much-prized garment, long worn, now laid aside for better and worthier clothing. Into the upturned face Uncle Joseph looked a little time, then said, "A truer man never lived." A simple tribute, yet what greatness is comprehended in those few words! The next day, August 15, we bore him into the Brick Church where Joseph R. Lambert, a fellow patriarch and a man honored and trusted by him for his integrity of heart and conscientious principles, with this man in charge and Bishop Edmund L. Kelley to offer prayer, Elder Joseph Luff delivered the funeral discourse to a crowded house, the choir rendering hymns composed by his brothers Joseph and David. At the grave, sweet voices sang the hymn sung so often by himself, on the plains far from home, in distant lands or while rocking his children to sleep in his own home, "Home, home, shineth before us."

In contemplating the days of his life and the scenes of his death, his courageous and unflinching spirit stands out, clearly marked against the background of the past. He had desired to go quickly and with vigor of mind and body unwasted. On the Sunday preceding his death, he had preached a vigorous,

ringing sermon, the last of four given by him at the reunion at Montrose. Clear-voiced, clear-eyed, clear-headed and thoroughly alive, he met the reaper and passed quickly into the heavenly fields of activity, in a country where vision is wider and understanding deeper than it is here.

Many of the branches of the church held memorial services for father. One of these I here mention, the one held at Independence, Missouri. Brother Fred was at this time in his own home at Lamoni and received notice of the proposed meeting. Patriarch Joseph R. Lambert was the speaker. He and my father had known each other in boyhood and been closely associated in church work when they occupied in the apostolic quorum. Fred A. attended this meeting, choosing a quiet place in the gallery rather than occupy in the prominent place designated by those who discovered him there. Upon Fred fell the patriarchal mantle as predicted by father some time previous to my husband, Heman C. Smith. Of this he says: "A short time before the death of our deceased patriarch, Alexander H. Smith, I was in company with him when another individual suggested that Frederick A. Smith would occupy a certain position not necessary to mention. Alexander H. Smith seemed a little disturbed over it. When he and I were alone he said: 'That is not Fred's calling; Fred is my successor in the patriarchal office, and if you are present after my decease when this matter comes up, I want you to so state for me.' "

Two years later I saw my mother's little figure moving about among the garden plants. Approaching her, I knew she would say, "See how this has grown since Alex planted it on that day." She knows when he planted them. Most of them were planted in springtime. For her the spring morning and summer evening spent with him come back in bloom and blossom in their garden, June, 1911.

This is the golden wedding day,
Oh, happy birds, keep still,
She walks the garden path alone,
He sleeps in green Rose Hill.

In the dear old mansion that June time
Just fifty years to-day
Hand touching hand, the pledge was made,
When all the world seemed gay.

There last they met, one summer day,
But one lay cold and still;
She walks the old paths all alone,
He sleeps in sweet Rose Hill.

The golden wedding day they planned
Has come—be kind—keep still;
She walks with dreams of other days,
He sleeps in dear Rose Hill.

ROSE HILL CEMETERY.

It may seem strange to some that I remember with such pleasure and pride his rows of growing things and the gardener perspiring and jovial, but is it not a great heart and the

hand of an artist that can so work with nature as to produce harmonious effects? To me the spirit of father seems as real as when here; acting in his office and calling in that other world with the same impulsive, dignified energy as he worked in this. The land may be fair but it does not change the entity that we loved. Often there comes to me a quotation marked in some of his books that seemed to sing to my soul when he died. "Let not him that putteth on his armor boast himself, as he that putteth it off."—1 Kings 20: 11.

With sight and sound delighting still,
Speech glad and strong,
And vibrant thrill
In voice, that lifted midst the throng
To sing, to pray, to speak and say
This is love's straight and blessed way,
'Twas thus, dear heart, you went away;
That summer day, that summer day.

And thus we think for aye of you
With ringing voice and eyes of blue,
With step unfaltering, form upright
And mind kept rich with blessed light.
Remembering this we feel full glad,
For all the blessing that we had
To walk beside you to the end;
To know you, father, champion, friend.
To leave the armor made of clay
And mount the angel-guided way,
Was sad, ah, me!
But not for thee—
No, not for thee.
(The end.)