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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK A STRING OF PEARLS ***

A STRING OF PEARLS, SECOND BOOK OF THE FAITH-PROMOTING SERIES.

Designed for the Instruction and Encouragement of Young Latter-day Saints.

SECOND EDITION.

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR OFFICE,

Salt Lake City,

1882.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

The first book of this, the "FAITH-PROMOTING SERIES"—*My First Mission*—which was published some months since, has been so well received by the public that we are encouraged to continue the publication of works of a similar character.

We herewith give "A STRING OF PEARLS" to our readers, feeling assured that they will find the contents of this little work of inestimable value.

Probably no people in the world possess so rich and varied an experience as do the Latter-day Saints, and especially the Elders who have labored in the ministry in various lands. Contributions

from them, giving a relation of their personal experience, are most profitable to young people to peruse.

The present age is one of doubt and unbelief. Faith in God, in His willingness to hear and answer prayer, and in the gifts of the gospel, has almost vanished from the earth. As a people we have this to contend with. Our children, not having had experience themselves, have to be carefully watched, lest they, too, should partake of the leaven of unbelief. We feel that it is a duty that we owe to them to place within their reach the evidences that their fathers and their mothers have received of the existence of God, of His willingness to hear and answer prayer, and to bestow His gifts upon those who seek for them in the right way.

God has wrought as marvelously in behalf of the Latter-day Saints as He did in former days in behalf of His people.

We hope that this little volume will prove of great value to those who read it, by inspiring them with faith, and furnishing them a foundation upon which to build and obtain knowledge from the Lord.

We also indulge in the hope that its publication may stir up others—of whom there are so many hundreds, and perhaps thousands, in our Church who have had valuable experience—to take the time and trouble necessary to commit incidents of this character to paper, that they may not die with themselves, but that they may live to speak hope and consolation unto, and to inspire confidence in, those who shall come after them.

With an earnest hope, therefore, that the contents of this little volume may prove a help to those who may read it, by inspiring them with faith in the Almighty and His promises, we modestly publish it, and give it the expressive title which it bears. G. Q. C.

October, 1880.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

In publishing this, the second edition of the STRING OF PEARLS, it is only necessary to add that the first edition of 5,000 copies is exhausted, and we are induced by the continued demand for the book to re-issue it. It is very gratifying to notice the taste which has been developed during the past few years, among the youth of our community, for such reading matter as the FAITH-PROMOTING SERIES contains. We hope to see a continued growth in this direction, and that our brethren and sisters of experience will be prompted by it to write for publication such sketches from their lives as will point a moral and convey a lesson to the minds of future generations who may peruse the same.

We see no reason why the six volumes of the FAITH-PROMOTING SERIES already published, as well as those which may follow, should not be regarded in the future as standard works of the Church, and used for home reading or Sunday school class books when their authors and those of whose history they treat shall have passed to another sphere of action.

June, 1882. THE PUBLISHER.

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AMONG THE PONCAS.

By W. C. S.

CHAPTER I.

START FOR THE MOUNTAINS—EXPERIENCE AS A
COBBLER—INDIAN MISSION ABANDONED—CACHING
PROPERTY—PONCA INDIANS—A PROPHECY AND ITS
FULFILLMENT.

A few days after the organization of the "Mormon" Battalion, and when it had left Council Bluffs for Fort Leavenworth, it was decided in the council of the authorities of the Church that Brother George Miller (Bishop) should raise a company and endeavor to cross the Rocky Mountains that fall.

At this time I was traveling and living with the family of Bishop Miller. I had been suffering with fever and ague for two months previous, but a few days before we arrived at Council Bluffs the fever left me, when my legs commenced to swell and finally broke out into sores, some of which were over an inch deep. I had five on my right and four on my left leg. These caused me much pain; but the Lord blessed me with His Spirit, and I did not feel in the least discouraged.

I had brought some shoemaker's tools along, so that I could mend my shoes when they needed it. I had them in use every time we stopped, mending shoes for the camp. I soon learned to be a pretty good cobbler, especially in patching up the sisters' shoes.

Some four of Bishop Miller's teamsters left to join the Battalion. Brother Henry G. Boyle was the one who drove the team I traveled in, but now I had to be teamster. We left with sufficient breadstuff to last a year, consisting of flour, corn meal, etc., but no meat, as we hoped to find plenty of game on our journey. In this we were disappointed, as we were without meat for several weeks, with the exception of fish when we could catch them.

When about twenty miles east of the Pawnee village and mission we met several white men, who had been in charge of the mission, under the superintendence of an Indian agent appointed by the government. These men had been employed at building houses, fencing in land, sowing grain, etc., and endeavoring to teach the Indians to do likewise; but the Indians for some cause had become exasperated and had killed two of the white men, one of whom was a blacksmith.

As soon as this party learned of our numbers and intentions they wished to return to the mission and cache some government property, such as iron, steel, blacksmith tools, farming implements, etc., which they left in a hurry when fleeing from the Indians. On arriving at the mission and village, we found that all the Indians had left, fearing, I presume, that they would be punished if they were caught by the government troops.

The brethren helped these men to cache all the property, which they did by digging a large hole in the ground, in a dry place, putting the goods into it, covering them with the soil taken out of the hole, and building a large fire over the place, that the ashes might cover up all traces of the digging.

One of the men of this party joined the Church, and emigrated to the valley with us.

We found several fields of grain ready for harvesting, with potatoes, turnips and sweet corn, as well as a large quantity of wheat, barley and oats already threshed and housed. This was all handed over to our camp.

We remained here a couple of days, when we received a letter from President B. Young's camp, advising us to winter on Grand Island, which was well timbered, and where there was good feed also. This island was a few miles west of us, on the Platte River.

The letter also stated that a company had left President Young's camp, who would winter with us and give us sufficient strength to guard against an attack from Indians.

The day following eight Ponca chiefs came to our camp, stating that they had come from their nation to make peace with the Pawnees, and appeared much disappointed when they learned they had left, in consequence of their trouble with the men who had charge of the mission.

These Ponca Indians who came to our camp were large, fine-looking men.

Bishop Miller asked them to stay with us a few days, which they did, and appeared much pleased. They soon learned where we expected to winter, and were very anxious to have us all go to their village and stay. They represented that they had a good country, well timbered, and plenty of good pasture and shelter for our cattle.

The next day the company sent to join us, consisting of thirty men with their families, arrived. As soon as they had rested, a meeting was called, to know what should be done—winter on Grand Island, without the consent of the Pawnee Indians, who owned the land and timber there, or go with the Ponca chiefs, where we would be welcomed by the whole nation.

The council decided to go with the Poncas, and the next day we fitted up our wagons for the journey.

The next thing was to load up with as much grain and potatoes as we could get into our wagons, for these were the first we had been able to obtain since leaving Nauvoo in the spring.

After we got every corner in our wagons filled with eatables we left a great many bushels of grain and vegetables upon the land to waste, literally fulfilling a prophecy uttered by Bishop Miller, a few days before we started. When speaking to the camp, he said he hoped all who were going in that company were "true Latter-day Saints, full of faith and good works," and added:

"All of you who have been with us have seen the power of God manifested in behalf of the traveling camps of Israel, in protecting our leaders from our enemies, and providing food for the Saints, who number thousands. Some may say, 'We were then traveling through a country where we found an occasional farm, from the owner of which we could purchase what we required; but to-day we have left all these, and have nothing but a wilderness before us, without farms, houses or grain.'

"Let me say, as I have before said, you shall be blessed in the future as you have been in the past.

"What, with food? Yes; I tell you yes! I promise you all, this day, in the name of the Lord, that you shall see the time while upon this journey, that you shall have more grain than you can load in your wagons, and leave many bushels behind you to waste upon the ground."

This, my readers, was fulfilling prophecy to the very letter. How often I have seen the sayings of our leaders fulfilled in like manner since I started upon this journey!

CHAPTER II.

GOING WITH THE PONCAS—BUFFALO MEAT—CAMPED FOR THE WINTER—COUNCIL WITH THE INDIANS—A WAR DANCE—SELECTED TO GO WITH THE PONCAS ON A WINTER'S HUNT.

Brother James Emmett, one of our party, understood a little of the Sioux language, and one of the Ponca chiefs could converse in this language. Brother Emmett was asked to find out how far the Poncas lived from the camp. The chief told him three sleeps, or, as he understood it, three days' travel for our cattle: but we afterwards learned that the chief meant three days' and nights' travel with horses (one hundred and fifty miles).

The country over which we traveled the first three days was very rough for our wagons.

The name of the chief of the Poncas was *Ta-nugar-number*, which means, two buffalo bulls. He was thus named because he once killed two bulls, while they were running through the village.

On the fourth day this chief came to us, saying he and the party had killed three buffaloes. Brother Miller ordered the camp to stop near a small stream close by, and send for the dead animals, that we might have buffalo meat for dinner. This was the first time we had had meat for ten weeks.

A team was sent, and the meat soon arrived, and was distributed through the camp.

It was a novel scene, I assure you, to see us each with a stick and a piece of meat stuck on the end of it, toasting, or broiling it, before the fire. This was the first buffalo meat we had ever eaten, and we all thought it the sweetest and best meat we ever tasted.

We remained here until two o'clock, p. m., the next day, when but little remained of the buffaloes, except the bones. Several more were killed before we reached the village. The meat of some was dried, but all the prime pieces were eaten.

On the eleventh day we camped within two miles of their village, and three miles from where we located for the winter. No sooner had we unyoked our cattle than we were visited by nearly all the nation, old and young. All wanted to see us. Many of them had never seen an ox before, and but few had seen many white men.

A council of the chiefs and braves, or warriors, was called, to meet with our brethren. The chief told his people that he had invited us to stay on their land during the winter. That we wanted timber for building houses and for fuel, and pasture for our cattle. He said they had plenty of both—more than they or we needed—and he wanted his braves to say that we could have it. In return, he told them we would build them houses, plow and plant some land for their squaws, and give them some flour. He then asked for an expression of their feelings.

Several of the old men spoke, and all said we were welcome to come and get what we wanted.

The Poncas numbered about two thousand souls.

After the meeting dismissed some thirty of the braves, or soldiers, favored us with a war dance.

The musical instrument used for this was used at all the dances I ever saw while with them. It was like a tambourine, and about the same size. This is beaten as you would beat a drum. The braves formed in a circle, and at every beat of the instrument (and there were perhaps seventy strokes to the minute) they would jump up, at the same time bending forward in a half-stooping position, and passing around as they jumped, yelling and hallooing in a most frightful manner.

All they lacked at this dance to make it a perfect war dance, were the scalps of some whom they had killed in battle.

This drumming, yelling and jumping continued for about fifteen minutes, when all the Indians left the camp for their own village.

We were about one mile from the Missouri River, and near the mouth of Swift or Running-Water River, and where the Indians raise a little corn.

The next day the whole village turned out to visit us. They wanted us to trade with them by giving them flour, sugar, coffee, etc., for moccasins, buckskins, etc. A great many exchanges were made, to the satisfaction of both parties. The Indians, however, had by far the best of the bargains, as we found out the next morning, for many of us were minus an ax, a kettle, pan, cup, knife or something that was used daily about our camp; and all these things we learned had been taken by our Indian visitors.

As soon as this was known to the chiefs, they ordered all who had these articles to return them to our camp. A few tin cups, saucepans, milk pans and such things were brought back, but not a tithe of what were taken.

After this but few were allowed to visit us. The chief appointed two Indians to be at our camp every day, to keep the others away, or keep them from stealing.

In about three weeks a number of houses were ready for the Saints to occupy, and about two-thirds of our people were housed for the winter.

While this was being done I had been kept busy, shoe-mending; and very often I would be called upon to mend an Indian's bridle or his bullet pouch, which I did cheerfully, and to their satisfaction.

About the first of October the Ponca chief came to Brother Miller, and informed him that they were about to start for their winter hunting ground, to hunt buffalo, elk and deer, to get robes and meat, and wished to have a few of our young men accompany them. He mentioned me, stating that I was good and kind to his people, mending bullet pouches, etc., for them. That same evening, after several of our young men had proposed to go with the Indians on their hunt, Bishop Miller said, calling me by name, "I would like you to go with them if you had not those fearful sores on your legs. The chiefs and some braves have taken quite a liking to you, and I feel, Brother S—, as though you would do much good by going among them on this journey, but I dare not ask you to go with such legs."

A peculiar feeling came over me while he was speaking, and I was led to say, "Brother Miller, if you say I can accomplish good by going with those Indians, I will go. I have no fears about my legs or myself; if anything should occur, that I should never return, I have no relatives in camp to mourn my loss. This weak, deformed body of mine can be better spared than those who are able bodied, all of whom are needed for the protection of the camp."

He there and then appointed me to go, and blessed me in the name of the Lord. He said that I should do much good, and have exceeding faith in the God of Israel, who would guide and direct me in a marvellous manner.

The next day we started. Our company consisted of Brother John Kay, who was going to do a little trading with and gunsmithing for the Indians, Frederick Bainbridge, his teamster, four young brethren and myself, with the Ponca nation which numbered two thousand souls, with all their

lodges, camp kettles, etc.

CHAPTER III.

GRAND "PEACE" SMOKE—TABLE ETIQUETTE—NO DISH-WASHING—WHITE FRIENDS DISCOURAGED.

Two hours before the Indians left for their winter hunting ground a few of the chiefs came to Bishop Miller to smoke the pipe of peace with him and our camp. This pipe of peace had been smoked with us many times before; and, as it may be a question how this is done, I will explain it to my young readers. When there is a sufficient number to form a circle, they always do so. The chief who invites the party fills his large pipe with tobacco (more than one pipe is used when the company is large). As soon as it is filled, the chief holds the bowl of the pipe upwards, and says a few words appropriate to the occasion, calling always upon the Great Spirit, whom they call "Wurconda."

These speeches were always made at feasts of importance, or councils, and at every "big smoke," or when they send off a war party, and when a party goes to make peace with another nation.

I was at a meeting once where a number of chiefs were in council, and were about to send off a peace party, consisting of four young braves and a chief, all of whom were present during the ceremony. The pipe was filled, and the head chief held the bowl upwards, made a short speech and passed it to the next chief, who said a few words and handed it to the next. After all had received it and spoken, the chief, who presided lit the pipe, and all smoked. A small, dried bladder was produced after this by the chief. This was passed around with the same ceremony as the pipe was. Some very fine grass was next handed around in the same manner. After this the marrow from a large bone of the buffalo and a piece of plug tobacco were each served in the same manner as the other articles. The pipe, tobacco, grass and marrow were then placed in the bladder and tied up. When this was done the young chief who had charge of the party was asked to step into the circle of chiefs. The bladder and its contents were then held up by the presiding chief, who made a few remarks and handed it to the young man, and he handed it to each chief in turn. After some remarks by the head chief the party started upon their important mission.

During this ceremony no one spoke but those in council. It was as quiet as any religious meeting I ever attended. Each speech was like a prayer, and was delivered in a very solemn manner.

After this peaceable smoke the Indians shook hands with their white friends and jumped into their saddles and left.

It was a novel scene to us, and I am sure it would be to my young readers, to see this Indian nation on the move. In advance could be seen the chiefs and some of their braves on horseback. Next came the squaws, leading horses packed with their lodges and camp-equipage. Next came the old men and old women, with their lodges packed and drawn by dogs with poles strapped on their backs. With these were young men and maidens, all on foot. Those who had babies strapped them upon a board, and carried them as the Utah Indians do.

All the young men and boys had bows and arrows; and when traveling they had a good time, testing their skill by shooting rabbits and small birds. When in camp a great deal of their time was spent in shooting at a mark.

The first day we traveled about eight miles.

We had been invited to stay in one of the chief's lodges, he having three of them and three wives. At sunset the chief invited us to supper, which consisted of dried buffalo meat, boiled, and put into one large, wooden bowl with the liquor it was boiled in. One large horn spoon was provided with which to eat, and the meat was cut up into small pieces.

The chief took a spoonful of meat and liquor, then handed the spoon to the one next to him, who did likewise, and so the spoon was passed around until all had used it, and partaken of as much food as they wanted. The meat was as tough as leather and about as palatable, and was truly the hardest and toughest meat I ever ate.

We slept in the tent that night, and rested well. My legs pained me some, but I felt that the Lord was with us.

Brother John Kay had a little flour with him, and on the following morning, he invited us to breakfast on cakes fried in fat, which we ate with a relish.

About nine o'clock, a. m., one of the chiefs went through the village, telling the people that they were going to a certain place that day, and that they could prepare for the journey as soon as

they pleased.

The women commenced immediately to pack up their things, and take down their lodges, while the men started for their horses.

The women among the Indians have most of the work to do. They put up and pull down the lodges, get the wood, cook, make and mend their clothes, and dress all the robes and skins, for their own use and for the market.

The men hunt, look after their horses, fight, if necessary, smoke, eat and sleep.

We traveled on in this way, eating the same kind of meat, only broiled at times for a change (which was far preferable) instead of being boiled. You may ask if the meat and the dish or bowl we ate from were clean.

I thought not, for the meat, the bowl and kettle were carried in dirty, greasy sacks. In fact, all the eatables and cooking utensils were in these sacks, packed upon the backs of horses, when traveling, and when in camp, thrown around a dirty and dusty lodge.

I scarcely ever saw a piece of meat, a kettle or a bowl washed by them while I was with them.

At first we partook of our meals with but little relish, but after a week's travel, we found our appetites improved.

Up to this time we traveled near the Running Water River, without seeing any buffalo, or game of any kind. Here our young brethren became perfectly discouraged, not finding game nor immediate prospects for any, and they concluded to leave.

We were then about fifty miles from our camp. I was asked to accompany them, but declined, feeling that I had not accomplished my mission.

This far we had crossed a number of small, clear streams, from three to seven feet wide, and often three feet deep. In crossing these I found the water gave relief to my sore and painful legs, and, as often as I could, I bathed the sores and found relief. Three of the sores had entirely healed, and for this I thanked the Lord.

We parted here with our young brethren, wishing them a pleasant journey, while we marched on and camped again near the same stream.

Soon after we had partaken of our evening meal, two Indians came riding into camp, bringing good news, that buffaloes were a few miles west of us.

This filled the Indians with joy, so much so that bonfires were built outside the lodges to give light, so that the young folks could dance, and the old men might smoke and talk over things of the past.

It was a very interesting sight to me, to see some eight or ten circles of young men and women, dancing in the same way, and to the same music, that I have described before, as a "war dance." And let me here say that women join the men in a real, genuine war dance, (when they have a scalp of some unfortunate Indian who has crossed their path,) and seem to enjoy it quite as well as the men; for they jump as high, and as often, and do a great deal of horrible yelling.

With this dancing by the young folks, and the smoking by the old men, (women never smoke) and the multitude looking at the dancers, it was a happy time for all.

After enjoying these pleasures about three hours the whole company, except the guard, retired to their lodges, many, no doubt, to dream of the good time coming—of killing buffaloes and eating fresh meat.

At day-break a chief notified the camp to prepare to move. No sooner was the word given, than the people commenced to pack up, and take down lodges, and in one hour we were again on the move.

At the time the chief gave the word for the Indians to prepare to move, another chief was giving orders to those who had hunting horses to prepare and leave for the slaughter. By the time we reached a small stream about five miles ahead, we found these hunters with ten fine buffaloes ready for the two thousand hungry souls. Lodges were soon up, fires lighted, and the whole camp busy cooking and eating fresh meat. I had an invitation, with my brethren, to eat roast or broiled buffalo, which I accepted and enjoyed it very much. I believe I ate two pounds of solid meat before I slept that night, without feeling the least inconvenience. We had no bread nor potatoes with it, which, of course, makes a great difference.

The camp was up early the next morning and moved on about four miles, without breakfast, when we stopped, hoping our hunters, who were ahead of us, would find more game. At sunset, four Indians brought in two fat deer, and soon others came, bringing two buffaloes. Shortly after the deer arrived, we were invited to dine on deer meat, which we found very good. At first I found it rather strange to eat so much meat and no bread with it; but I soon got used to it. I had been ten weeks living on bread without meat, and if any one had asked me at the time which I would

prefer of the two, if I could have but one, I should have chosen bread; but after I had lived on meat a few weeks, I would have said, give me meat, rather than bread alone.

CHAPTER IV.

LAST TWO BRETHREN LEAVE ME—HOME-SICK—
TONSORIAL EXPERIENCE—"WHADEE-SHIPPER," A
NEW NAME FOR ME—KINDNESS OF THE INDIANS.

The part of the country we were traveling in was so rough and hilly that it was impossible to travel with a wagon, so Brothers Kay and Bainbridge concluded to leave, which they did that morning.

I have not forgotten the time when we parted, and I saw them for the last time passing over the top of a high hill, each swinging his hat as a token of good by and good wishes.

How different our positions! They were going to their families and friends, while I was to remain with a few Indians, or wild men of the desert.

I must confess that for awhile I felt a little homesick. I started for a deep ravine near by, out of sight of the village, where I knelt down and prayed to the Lord for strength and an increase of faith, that I might accomplish the work before me with cheerfulness of heart.

After this I felt better, and went to the chief's lodge and got out my journal to write. No one else was in the lodge at the time, but just as I was about to commence writing, a couple of young squaws entered the lodge and sat down beside me. The eldest asked me, as I understood, for my comb, and I took it from my pocket and offered it to her, thinking they wished to comb their hair; but, to my surprise, she leaned her head towards me, asking and making signs for me to comb and braid her hair, as our white women did theirs. At first I concluded something evil was intended, and they were sent to prove me; but I soon changed my mind, and believed them innocent of any wrong. I was somewhat confused, I assure you, in making the attempt to dress a lady's hair, and blushed considerably when I commenced, which they observed, and both laughed.

As soon as I had finished one side I handed my comb over to her companion, for her to do the other side, which she did, and much better than I had done. When this was done, lady No. 1 combed and braided the hair of lady No. 2, very nicely. She then returned the comb to me. This was the first and last hair-dressing I was called upon to perform while with them. The next day many of the young women had their hair arranged in the same style.

I remained in the same lodge and with the same chief as when I started with them. This same evening several Indians came to his lodge, and, after talking awhile, sent for an old Frenchman who had been with them a number of years, and could speak some English. They told him they were pleased that I was going to remain with them. It was good, and I was a *sargey morie tongar*,^[1] which is "hardy American," and they would give me the name of their fire steel (one they use with a flint, to strike fire with, which they call *whadee shipper*). This was my Indian name from that time. This was soon known by the Indians in the village, for the next day all who met me called me by my new name.

I continued to pass through every stream we came to, and after awhile I found myself almost free from sores. For this I felt truly thankful and much encouraged.

One day two Indians came to the village who had been visiting their sister, who was married in the Sioux nation. These men informed the chief that a band of the Yankton Sioux were short of meat and robes and had but little game on their land, and had been driving off buffalo from the Poncas' lands, which was the cause of not finding buffalo sooner than we did.

We took early starts in the morning, traveling sometimes until two or three o'clock in the afternoon without food. All Indians that I saw on this trip preferred traveling before breaking their fast, and after awhile I concluded it was better than starting off after eating a hearty meal.

This was the beginning of November; the nights were frosty but the days were very pleasant. We were now in a bleak and cold country, with but little grass or timber. By this time my legs were quite healed, for which I gave thanks to the Lord.

Five weeks had passed since I left our camp to accompany the Indians, and thus far I had enjoyed myself.

The Indians were very kind to me, and all were anxious that I should learn their language. While traveling, the young men would walk with me, show me the "cut off," or nearest way to a certain

point we would have to pass, and every day I would learn a new word or two.

I started with one pair of old shoes, which lasted me but two weeks, when one of the chiefs presented me with a new pair of buckskin moccasins. For this kind act I blessed him in the name of the Lord. I found them very easy to my feet, and could walk much better with them than with shoes. After a time, though, they began to show signs of wear, and one day when walking with the son of a chief, he looked at my feet and saw my toe sticking through my moccasin. He immediately said, *pashee* (which means "no good,") pulled off his own moccasins and handed them to me, telling me to put them on, which I did, and he put on mine. His were new, but he appeared quite pleased that he had them to give to me.

Footnotes

1.—*Morie-tongar*, is the name they give to all Americans. *Morie* is knife, and *Tongar* is large knife. The first Americans they ever saw all had swords, which they called large knives; hence their name.

CHAPTER V.

A BUFFALO HUNT—A THRILLING SIGHT— CONVERSATIONS WITH THE INDIANS—SCURVY— ANSWER TO PRAYER.

At this time we had an abundance of buffalo, deer and elk meat, killing from five to forty buffaloes in one day, and as I have witnessed several of these buffalo hunts, I will tell my young readers how the Indians proceed in hunting and killing them.

In the first place, there is a chief or president over every company starting out to hunt, so that good order may be kept; otherwise the buffaloes would be frightened away, and perhaps only one or two of a large herd be killed.

The chief in charge, when first in sight, calculating the number there are, and the distance from them, gives his orders, telling who must follow next to him, and who next, and so on until about twenty of those who have good horses are chosen to follow him. After these, all who have horses follow if they choose to do so.

Sometimes it is better to keep at a distance from the buffaloes, until the chief and his chosen men scatter the band, when those behind follow the buffaloes and soon kill them.

The chief and party start off, walking their horses, and on the lee side of the buffaloes, until they are seen by the game, which sometimes does not occur until they ride within a few rods of them. As soon as the buffaloes see these horsemen they run from them.

The chief, riding in among them, first picks out the best and fattest animal he can find, and kills it. Then follow the others, each doing likewise. By this time the herd is scattered. These men load their guns again and follow them, killing as many as they can. In a short time as many as fifty Indians are after them on horses, and the buffaloes scatter all over the country. They can be seen in twos, threes, or in larger numbers, with Indians trying to catch up with them. Those having the best horses kill the most buffaloes.

If the hunt is near a village, which is often the case, the old men and women go out and skin the animals killed, and help themselves to as much meat as they can pack. The robe belongs to the party who killed the animal.

At one hunt there were about 400 buffaloes, the largest number I ever saw together while with the Indians.

This was the best and most exciting hunt I ever saw, and I know of no scene that I ever witnessed, either before or since, that was so exciting and interesting to me. I saw a sham fight in 1838, when 20,000 British troops were engaged for three hours, and were viewed by Queen Victoria, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Hill, Marshal Soult, and other notables. The troops were well drilled, equipped in splendid style, rode fine horses, and when moving in masses from one place to another with their glittering accoutrements, breastplates, helmets, etc., they presented a grand appearance; yet it was not to be compared for real interest to the spectacle presented by this buffalo hunt.

Each Indian had nothing but a blanket or robe around his loins, and carried only a bow and a quiver of arrows (but few having guns) for his weapons.

To see those Indians galloping at full speed, with their hair flying in the wind, after the black, wild animals, in a wild and desert country, with only nature for their instructor, was to me the most thrilling and soul-stirring sight I ever beheld in my life, and one I shall never forget. Old as I am (62 years), I would go farther to see another such a hunt, than I would to see a sham fight, such as the one mentioned.

Fifty buffaloes were killed in this hunt, and after it was over we remained in camp for three weeks, to give the women a chance to dry the meat and dress the robes, as we had no means of carrying them in their green state.

By this time I had learned considerable of their language and was able to converse tolerably well with them; and, when sitting in the evening with some of the chiefs, they would ask me to talk to them about our people, wishing to know where we were going, and why we were going so far from our white brethren, etc.

An old Frenchman interpreted for us as I talked, he knowing that I could understand enough of their language to detect it if he did not translate my words correctly. I gave them a brief history of the Church, the principles taught by the Prophet Joseph, his and his brother Hyrum's death, and also of the Book of Mormon (having one with me, which I showed them). I also told them where their forefathers came from, where they first landed, and how they, like us, had been scattered and driven from the rising almost to the setting sun.

These conversations were many, and always very interesting to them. I may here mention that, when I left the nation, the chief with whom I stayed asked me for the Book of Mormon, and told me he would keep it as long as he lived, and his son would keep it after him; for he wanted to have the book that could give the history of their fathers always with them. I handed it to him, and he thanked me, kissing the book, and saying it would be good medicine for his people, for he should feel as though his fathers were with them when he had the book.

Eating, as I had, so much fresh meat without vegetables or bread, and having but little exercise, I did not feel as well as I had done, and found a kind of scurvy breaking out on my right side. I had seen something of the kind on some of the Indians, but nothing so bad as mine. All I could do was to apply buffalo fat to the parts affected.

The time came when we had got our robes dressed and meat sufficiently dried to cache, so that we could leave the next morning. My leg was swollen, and I feared if it continued it might get so bad that I could not walk.

I prayed at night that the Lord would cause the swelling to go down, and give me sufficient strength that I might be able to walk the next day.

The next morning the swelling was gone, and I was able to walk nine miles.

Here we killed more buffaloes, and stayed a few days to dry meat, which we did by cutting it about an inch thick, and putting it upon sticks above the fire in the lodges.

We next moved on to the upper forks of Running Water River, and very near to the extent of the Poncas' hunting ground. Beyond theirs were lands belonging to the Brules, a tribe of the Sioux.

CHAPTER VI.

STRENGTH IN TIME OF NEED—AFFLICTED LIKE JOB,
WITH BOILS—SCRAPING WITH A POTSHERD
PLEASANT—MY PRAYER ROOM—DRESSING BUFFALO
ROBES—DINING ON COTTONWOOD BARK—INDIAN
SELF-DENIAL.

I suffered much pain at times with the sores that covered my right side, from my face all the way down to my ankle; but, strange to say, the swelling on my knee, which would increase after each day's travel, so that I could scarcely walk across the lodge, would go down when we had occasion to travel, so that I could walk from one camping place to the next.

Some of my readers may think I imagined this to be the case, but it was no imagination of mine, for this continued for several weeks just as I have stated.

After remaining a few days in camp, I was one mass of boils, from the size of a pea to that of a small marble, and so close together that they touched each other. At times I suffered a great deal of pain, and at other times I suffered with itching, which was terrible. This was when the sores were partially healed, and the surface had become hard, and while in this state I often, on a fine day, would go where I could not be seen, get on the sunny side of a hill, strip off my clothes, and,

with a flat stick, scrape my sores.

I had read of Job scraping his boils with a potsherd, and pitied him, but if he took as much comfort as I did in scraping mine, he had no need of pity; for to me it was a great pleasure to get rid of the itching, and the scraping tended to relieve me in this respect. The boils, however, would only remain healed about a week, when they would begin to swell for a few days, giving much pain, and then break out again, which caused me to feel faint and weak.

Notwithstanding this affliction I felt blessed of the Lord, and was not discouraged. A short distance from the village there was a large patch of plum bush, about two acres in area, with deer tracks through it, and a large space clear of brush in the center. This I chose for my prayer room during my stay there. I asked the Lord to bless and sanctify it for this purpose, which I feel assured He did. I went there three times a day for prayer, and I felt many times, when praying, that the Lord was there.

This was about the last of November; the weather was very cold, and there was some snow on the ground.

It was a busy time for the women, who were all engaged in drying meat, and dressing robes and skins for sale. We had killed up to date, 1,500 buffaloes, besides other game.

It takes from two to three days to dress a robe. In the first place, they scrape it on the flesh side until it becomes thin, then they soak some of the buffalo's brains in warm water, and put this liquor on the flesh side until it will not retain any more. The brain of an animal is sufficient to dress its skin or robe, and sometimes more than sufficient. After the robe or skin has become well soaked through with the brain liquor, it is stretched tight upon sticks, with the skin side to the sun, if the weather be fine, and if cloudy, a fire is made to dry it. While the drying process is going on, the party dressing it rubs it on the flesh side with a piece of sandstone about the size of a brick. This is continued until it is perfectly dry and soft. All robes and skins are dressed in this manner except small skins, which are rubbed with the hands.

On a fine day, I have seen as many as 70 squaws at work at one time, dressing robes. These robes and skins are their harvest, as much so as a good crop of grain is to the farmer, as they sell all they do not need to traders, who are licensed to purchase from the Indians by the government. A good robe was worth about two dollars in cloth, ammunition, coffee, sugar, salt, etc. Sometimes the Indians would give three or four robes, or even more for a blanket, which was thought to be much better to wear around them than a buffalo robe. The Indians who could afford to wear a blanket, considered themselves much better dressed than their fellows.

The lodges were all made of buffalo skins; it took from five to eighteen skins, according to the size, to make one lodge. These were all made by the squaws.

During our lengthy stay at the place last mentioned, the weather was very cold and stormy, and the feed for our horses was very poor; but there was considerable cottonwood timber growing on the banks of the river, and a good many of the young trees were cut, and the under bark used to feed the horses. They were very fond of it, and I was informed by the Indians that this bark, during the winter months or before the buds burst in spring, was nearly as good for them as corn.

I may here mention that I remember testing the value of this bark as food, myself, during our return journey. We had no meat for three days, except one deer, which was killed when we were a few miles from our meat caches. We had hoped to find game on our journey, but finding none, we were compelled to go without. The third day I felt very faint, and it struck me that if the under bark of the cottonwood tree would feed horses and they could live on it, that it might also serve to stay my hunger. I got some young branches, and scraped off a lot of the bark, cutting it fine. I then asked the Lord to bless and sanctify it to my use. I took a mouthful, and, after chewing it for some time, swallowed the juice. I was about to swallow the bark, also, when it was suggested to me not to do so, that if I did it would clog my system, but that the juice would not. I therefore merely chewed the bark, and swallowed a few mouthfuls of the juice, from which I found relief. For this, and the suggestion not to swallow the bark, I thanked my Heavenly Father.

When the deer was killed upon this journey, it was cut up into small pieces, and distributed to as many as it would supply.

Soon after this, I was invited to eat at the lodge of a young chief and his wife. As soon as I reached the lodge, a piece of this deer was handed to me, about the size of one's hand. This was broiled, and intended for me alone. I knew they both had been without meat as long as I had, and I did not think they had partaken of bark juice as I had, just before.

I therefore cut a small piece off for myself, and asked them to eat the remainder.

The chief said: "No! Indian eat once in three days—good! If not, can buckle up his belt tighter" (which he did); "but white man, or *morie tonger*, needs to eat three times a day."

Neither he nor his wife would take it, so I ate it.

CHAPTER VII.

POLICE REGULATIONS—A MORAL PEOPLE—MARRIAGE
CUSTOMS—INVITATION TO A FEAST—SKUNK MEAT AT
MID-NIGHT—INDIANS CHEATED BY WHITE TRADERS.

The lodges, during our stay on the Upper Forks of the Running Water River, were made comfortably warm by banking up dry sod three feet high around them. Inside of the lodges, the floor, to within about three feet of the fire, all around, was covered with half-dressed robes, at times four deep, which made it good to sleep upon.

We had the best of order in our village. Four Indians were appointed every day to act as police. These had their faces blackened when on duty. Fresh ones were appointed daily to guard and see that everything was orderly in the village.

I had been informed while in the States that all Indians were very licentious and degraded in their character and habits. It may possibly be the case with some tribes, but from the first day I traveled with the Poncas up to the last, which was six months, I never saw anything that would cause a lady to blush, either in the actions of a male or female. If there had been anything of the kind I would have seen it, for I was at all their feasts of dancing and eating, and attended three of their weddings.

If a young Indian wants to marry, and finds a squaw who is inclined to receive his addresses, he goes to the father of the young woman and learns from him the worth of the lady. He also finds out whether he would be acceptable to him as a son-in-law. If the match is agreeable to the parent, he will perhaps ask three horses as the price of her, sometimes more, sometimes less. The price depends somewhat on the smartness of the girl. If she can braid well, and dress robes and skins first rate, and is well qualified for the labors required of her, she is worth more horses than one who is not so smart.

When the price is settled and the amount paid, the next thing for the young Indian to do is to prepare a home for his bride. He either hires part of a lodge, purchases one or furnishes the skins for his intended bride to make one. When this is done he goes out and hunts game, brings what he kills to the lodge of her father, and hands it over to the young woman, who cooks some and gives it to him to eat. She also makes him a present either of a robe, pair of leggings or a pair of moccasins. Thus he proves on his part that he is willing to hunt and provide for her; and she, on the other hand, shows her willingness to cook and make what clothing he wishes. This is all that is needed to become husband and wife.

It often happens that a young Indian, when wanting to marry, is poor, and does not own any horses. In such a case he promises to help his father-in-law to hunt until he gets a horse, or horses.

Sometimes there are a number of young Indians wanting to marry, but cannot do so for want of horses to pay for the young ladies. When such is the case, they occasionally lay their plans (unknown to their chiefs) for a raid on the horses of other tribes or nations, to steal what they need for the purchase of their wives.

This occurred once while I was with them. Eight young Indians were gone twenty-three days, and returned without any, finding the horses were too well guarded.

At times, when the Indians have had horses stolen by marauding parties from other nations, the chiefs call a council of the braves, and choose a number to go to the aggressors as a war party, and get back their horses that have been stolen, or steal some better ones from them. This party are all fighting men, and often have to fight before they return, whether they get any horses or not.

The war parties of the different tribes are continually active; and each tribe has to be on the watch, to prevent its horses being stolen while in herds near its villages.

All foreign war parties are looked upon as enemies, and whenever the Indians see them they shoot them and bring their scalps to camp, for the young folks to dance around at their evening entertainments. Sending out these war parties was often the cause of the different nations going to war, and it is the same to this day.

When traveling, we would often see a foot track in the sand, or an arrow or moccasin by the way. As soon as an Indian saw any of these he knew by what tribe they had been left. When I asked them how they knew this, they informed me that each nation made shoes, or moccasins, differing somewhat in shape from those of other nations. They also had different colored arrows, so that those of each nation could be easily identified by any one acquainted with the various peculiarities. The various Indian nations are distinguished by the colors of their arrows in the

same way that civilized nations are by the colors of their flags.

When a chief prepares a feast for some of his friends, an Indian is sent around to inform the party invited. This is sometimes done before the food is prepared, so that they may have a smoke and a talk first. The Indian who goes to invite the guests does not go into their lodges to do so, but calls out their names, and tells what they will have to eat, as he passes their lodges. These are the words they would use if they were inviting me: "*Ah-how Whadee-shipper, moningahow munga war-rattah Wayger-sippeys teah!*" which means: "Oh S—! Walk off! Skunk food at the chief's lodge!"

They think skunk meat very fine food. I have been called up at midnight to go to a skunk feast. When dressed and cooked properly the meat is good; if not cooked properly it is very strong, so much so that one can taste it the next day after eating it.

I ate quite a variety of food while with them, consisting of fish of various kinds, buffalo, elk, deer, antelope, beaver, otter, dog, wolf, skunk, turkey, duck, crow and pigeon.

It was near Christmas, and I had been two months alone with this nation. During this time I had suffered much pain of body, but in spirit I had felt well, and never felt the least discouraged, or even sorry I had left the camp of the Saints. I had learned considerable of their language, and had become acquainted with their customs and manners of life, all of which I knew would be useful to me, and to the camps of Israel, when traveling through the Indian nations, if I lived.

I had looked upon these Indians of the desert as the enemies of the white men, and believed they would rob and kill them whenever found. How different my feelings are towards them to-day! No nation or people could have treated me with more kindness. I lived in the best house, or lodge, in the village. I had the best seat (a good pillow) at their councils. I had the best food the nation afforded to eat, and was treated by the chiefs, soldiers, braves and people, both old and young, as though I was their king. I always found they wished to be friendly with the white men if they would treat them aright; but the Indians had been deceived by them in trade and treaty, and for this they had rebelled at times.

The old chiefs always taught their young men to be good, and be at peace if others wished peace, and only fight when others were determined to fight with them.

They informed me, I am sorry to say, that white men had often been sent to trade with them for their robes and skins, and had cheated them by giving less and poorer goods for their things than they had promised; thus getting their robes for little or nothing, and telling them that they would send them horses, and then never doing it.

CHAPTER VIII.

SYMPTOMS OF DEATH—NO HOPES OF LIVING—PONCA MANNER OF BURYING THE DEAD—DREAD OF HAVING MY BODY MANGLED BY THE WOLVES—DECIDE TO BARGAIN WITH THE INDIANS TO CUT UP MY BODY AND TAKE IT TO MY FRIENDS—HAPPY ASSURANCE THAT I SHOULD LIVE, ETC.

On Christmas day my knee and right side were badly swollen. I had been suffering much pain for two days, and I feared if it continued the disease would strike inwardly, and that if so, I could not live. At noon my knee was nearly as large as my head; but it did not hurt me to walk slowly, and I concluded that I would go and pray, believing it would be the last time I would be able to do so, for my faith about living had left me, and I felt that I could not live twenty-four hours longer.

I had always felt very indifferent about what might become of my body after death, but now I felt quite the reverse.

The Ponca Indians bury their dead in a shallow hole, packing a mound of sward over the body. The ground was so deeply frozen that if I died and the Indians tried to give me a decent burial, they could not possibly dig up much sod to put over me, not enough to protect me from the wolves, which were very numerous around the camp. The idea of my body being pulled limb from limb, and scattered all over the country, caused me to feel very sad, for you must know I felt sure I should die, and that too in a few hours.

It was a most horrible feeling, for I could almost fancy I saw my body being pulled to pieces and my bones picked clean of flesh and sinew, and scattered all over the country.

While these horrible thoughts were passing through my mind I was steadily nearing my prayer room, where, on arriving, I knelt down and prayed as I never had before.

In presenting myself to the Lord, I stated my feelings as I have described them, asking Him to spare my life if it was His will, for I was anxious to see the Saints again; but if not, I said, "O Lord, Thy will be done!" I asked Him to protect my body, when buried, from the wolves, that it might not be scattered to the four winds. I said, "spare it, oh, my Father, and let it rest in peace, until it is Thy will to visit some of my brethren with dream or with vision, that they may know of my death, and the location of this poor feeble body."

Much more was said by me, for the Spirit of God was upon me. After this, and while walking to the village and thinking of what had passed; it was suggested to me that I need not be buried there at all. I had got a good double barreled gun, and a good suit of clothes at the camp of the Saints. All I need do was to tell the chief that I was sick, and expected to die, and when dead I wanted him to cut into quarters my body, pack it, and send it to my chief (Bishop Miller), that I might be buried with the Saints; and for doing this, I would give him all I possessed.

No sooner had this thought suggested itself to me, than I felt it was an answer to my prayer, and I there and then praised the Lord for His goodness and kindness towards me.

As soon as I reached the lodge, I got out my journal to write in it, as I supposed, for the last time (for I was suffering much pain inwardly, and gradually becoming weaker), and also to write a note to Brother Miller, authorizing him to give up my clothes, etc., to the party who presented my body to him.

I got out my book, tore out a leaf to write this note, dipped my pen (a crow's quill) in the ink, when I felt impressed to speak as follows:

"Thus saith the Lord unto you, my servant; thy prayers have been heard and accepted of me, and from this hour thou shalt commence to recover, for thou shalt live and not die; thou shalt return in due time to the camps of Israel; thou shalt be gathered to the place I have appointed for the gathering of my people; thou shalt be blessed with a home and habitation with my Saints; and thou shalt travel much and again see thy sister in the flesh."

Much more was at the same time manifested to me by the Spirit. I had no sooner received this than I closed the book, believing all the Spirit had said.

I assure all who may read this, that this day's experience was worth more to me than any amount of this world's goods that I could possibly possess. I surely rejoiced that day in the God of my salvation as I had not known how to do before.

It is true I had received many testimonies, with promises that I should live, and had in different ways been convinced of the existence of a God, and the truth of the gospel as taught by Joseph Smith, the prophet, but this day's testimony was under different circumstances and feelings. I had given up all thoughts of living; I had no fear of dying; my only trouble was about my body being removed and torn to pieces after burial. But here, when doing my last work, as I then believed (writing a note and the last record in my journal), the Spirit of the Lord rested upon me, and I received the glad tidings that I should live and not die. I was assured that I should again see my friends and brethren in the Church, that I should visit my sister who was (as is now) in England; that I should travel much, and have a home and habitation with the Saints, etc. This, to me, was a greater testimony than anything I had ever before received.

All of this has been fulfilled to the letter. I have lived; I have seen my sister three times since then; I have traveled much (for many years past from six to twenty thousand miles in a year), and I have a home and a habitation.

How little the outside world know of these things, or of the faith of the Latter-day Saints! It is these testimonies that give strength and faith to us when away from our friends on missions. Had I not been with those Indians as I was, alone and sorely afflicted, I might never have had this testimony.

It is so with all who are faithful and who go upon missions. They may meet with trouble and be persecuted, but the Lord will pour out His Spirit upon them to such a degree, that they will rejoice in their afflictions, and be glad afterwards that they have passed through such trials.

The Lord has thus blessed thousands who have been sent upon missions, and He will so bless many thousands more, and even more abundantly as our works and faith increase.

CHAPTER IX.

VISIT FROM THE BRULES—FEAST ON DOG MEAT—
SEAT OF HONOR ON THE PILLOW—RETURN JOURNEY
—OPENING CACHES—SHOOTING FISH—CURIOUS

MANNER OF COOKING FISH.

Soon after Christmas we had a visit from a party of Brules. The chief of this nation was a fine-looking man, about sixty years of age. He has died since then. His name was *Wah-bah-hooter*, or "long-mane" (long hair). Only a small portion of the nation came, the others being on a buffalo hunt. Their hunting ground adjoins that of the Poncas on the south, and continues as far as old Laramie Fort, which the Saints used to pass when traveling to Salt Lake Valley. Some nine of the chiefs accompanied this Sioux chief and his band. This visit was for business as well as for pleasure, and considerable trading was done on both sides in robes, skins, blankets, horses, and tobacco. While some were attending to business, others were visiting and feasting, and many of the young men and women were dancing.

Here I took my first meal of dog, this being the first great feast of the season (harvest feast, if you please).

All the visiting chiefs were invited as well as the ruling chiefs of the Poncas, twenty-two in number.

The old Frenchman came to me that morning and informed me of the grand "dog feast" in contemplation.

I told him I could not eat dog meat, and should go off from the village until all was over.

He advised me not to do that, as it would be sure to make the chiefs angry at me, for I would soon be invited. He also informed me that the dogs they cook and eat are not the common ones.

This edible dog is fed and raised especially for the table. It is a kind of poodle. I had often seen the squaws carrying little curly pups in bags at their backs, and had also seen them being fed on boiled meat and broth. These, I now learned were being raised for the "grand feasts."

About noon, a chief passed around the village inviting the guests, telling us the feast consisted of *shanoodah warratta* (dog food).

I found on entering the lodge all the visiting chiefs present, all of whom were seated on each side of the Ponca chief. On his right was a large feather pillow or cushion, the chief, *War-bah-hoota* sitting upon one end of it.

As soon as I entered, and was introduced to him and the other chiefs, he and they shook me by the hand, saying, *Ah how cuggee?* which is, "How do you do, friend?" I was then invited to sit on the other half of the cushion.

The pipe of peace was next in order, while our dog dinner was being cooked in a large kettle before us.

I well remember my feelings while this was going on, and glad indeed would I have been if I could have fasted instead of feasting.

Our smoke ended, the kettle was removed from the fire and the contents (four dogs) were put into the same large bowl I first ate out of. The chief, our host, carved them, giving each a piece, and after a long grace had been said, the eating commenced.

I had pictured to myself the eating of dog a great many times, but never expected to engage in the actual practice; but here I was with two nations of people who were dog-eaters, at a dog feast, and, to see them eat, one would certainly think they were "dogged" hungry.

The chief had cut me a piece off the hind quarter, that being a choice part. I placed a piece of it in my mouth, expecting it would be very strong; but in this I was agreeably disappointed, for I found the flavor very much like that of a small roast pig, and, as I was hungry, I ate most of what was offered to me.

After this, another smoke and a talk occurred, when I was asked a number of questions about our people's history, travels and religion, all of which I answered as I had done when questioned by the Poncas.

The Brules seemed to listen attentively, and appeared pleased with my answers, and invited me to visit them some time.

Both parties appeared to have a good time, and after the trading was done the Brules left for their hunting grounds, while we packed up and started back for the camps of the Saints, about two hundred miles distant.

It was now the middle of January, 1847. The disease with which I was troubled had almost left me, though I still had some sores upon my right side, about the size of the palm of one's hand.

We continued to travel, stopping occasionally by the way to open our caches, and get out the meat and half-dressed robes we had deposited as we passed up. Both robes and meat we found in excellent condition, being free from mold of any kind. These *balls* of meat, as they are called, were large, weighing from seventy to one hundred pounds each, and consisted of layers about

three-fourths of an inch thick, which had been dried over the fire or in the sun.

The prime pieces, when broiled or raw, are very good eating; the coarse pieces are pounded fine on a rock prepared for the purpose, and eaten with the marrow taken from the bones of buffalo and elk. This marrow, with the dry pounded meat, is very palatable.

From the middle of the month the weather was fine and dry, and very good for hunting and the dressing of robes and small skins, although game of all kinds was scarce.

When traveling near the river, the young braves, who were very expert with the bow and arrow, could frequently be seen shooting fish. I have often seen them standing in the water, shooting the fish as they passed by them, and have known one Indian (the best shot in camp) to kill from four to seventeen good-sized fish in two hours. This was to me very interesting sport.

The Indians' method of cooking fish is very different to ours. After making a good wood fire and getting a quantity of hot ashes, they wrap the fish in clean, wet grass, put it under the hot ashes, add more wood to the fire, and so let it remain until the fish is cooked, which takes from one to two hours, according to size.

This may appear a very strange way of cooking to my readers, but it proved to me a very good one, and the fish is much sweeter, I think, than when fried in lard or butter according to our custom.

Digressing from my narrative, I may remark that I remember when in camp in Echo Canyon, one of the brethren brought a beef's head to our mess, and when asked by the cook what he was going to do with it, said, "Cook it for breakfast in the morning."

We supposed he would boil or fry the meat, but when asked a short time before breakfast how he proposed cooking the "joint," that we might test his skill in the culinary art, he told us it would be roasted and ready when the cook was ready to serve breakfast. He was as good as his word, for as soon as the cook removed the fried meat, biscuits, etc., from the fire, our friend took a fire shovel, scraped the ashes from the fire, and lifted the head, well wrapped and well cooked, from under the ashes. He had been ox guard during a part of the night, and had placed it there at midnight. It was better cooked and sweeter than any I had ever eaten before.

CHAPTER X.

CHOSEN TO GO AS ENVOY TO THE CAMP OF THE
SAINTS—A SOLITARY JOURNEY—SURROUNDED BY
THOUSANDS OF WOLVES—PROVIDENTIAL
DELIVERANCE—HAPPY SIGHT, A YOKE OF OXEN—
TEARS OF JOY—MEET TWO OF MY FRIENDS—SAFE
RETURN TO THE CAMP OF THE SAINTS.

About the middle of February we had traveled to within ninety miles of our brethren's winter quarters, and about sixty miles from where the Poncas always did their trading with the Frenchmen who were in the employ of Mr. Sarpee, the only licensed trader for the Indians in the country west of the Missouri River.

These men were to meet the Indians about the 1st of March, and two Indian runners had been sent to meet these traders with their goods, and inform them where and when the Indians would be prepared for business. Some of the chiefs were very anxious to have our brethren purchase goods and trade with them at the same time, and, in order that they might know the time and place, they requested me to go and inform them. This I was quite willing to do, for I felt that I had done all I could so far as my mission with them was concerned.

At sunrise the next morning, I started with a small piece of dried buffalo meat, a small buffalo robe and my gun. The day was fine. I took the Indian trail all the way, and most of the time kept near the banks of the Running Water River. I traveled about thirty miles, and about sunset concluded to look for a secluded place to sleep. About half a mile from the trail I found a small ravine in which there was a quantity of dry leaves under some large trees. After broiling a piece of meat I ate my supper, and, thanking the Lord for His protecting care over me, lay down upon the leaves and soon fell asleep. I did not wake until day-break, when I left my comfortable bed of leaves, washed, and partook of another small piece of meat. I called upon the Lord for protection and strength for the day's journey, and left at sunrise with a light heart and a determination to walk thirty miles before sleeping again.

The day was fine but the roads were heavy on account of the melting snow, which I found in large drifts.

About noon I was startled by hearing the howling of many wolves to the right of me. I looked in that direction and saw, as I estimated, thousands of them coming directly towards me, and only about a quarter of a mile from me.

I felt very much alarmed, for they appeared as though they were coming to devour me.

I first thought I would fire at them and frighten them, but feared if I injured any of them they might become desperate and seek revenge.

I hurriedly asked the Lord to spare my life, and by this time they were within forty yards of me. I then commenced to yell with all my might and for dear life, for I feared that if they attacked me I should not live a minute.

No sooner did I yell than they all stopped and looked at me, and I at them. All fear of them had left me, and they and I continued to look at each other.

After taking a good look at me, they divided, half passing to the right and half to the left, all looking at me as they passed.

As soon as they had all left me I thanked my Heavenly Father for this goodness towards me in preserving my life. This was the largest pack of wolves I ever saw or heard of.

I soon passed on, but with very peculiar feelings, which I must leave the reader to imagine, for it would be impossible for me to describe them. Indeed, I think it would be somewhat difficult for a person to imagine how I felt, unless he had been placed in similar circumstances, where death, in a most horrid form, seemed imminent one minute, and the danger past almost in the next.

A little before sunset that day, I felt as though I had walked my thirty miles, or perhaps more, and that I had better look out quarters for the night, that I might rest well, and get an early start in the morning, as I hoped to reach the camp of the Saints the next day.

While walking up a small ravine, searching for a secluded place to sleep, I was greatly surprised at seeing a yoke of cattle grazing on the hill near by. I could scarcely believe my eyes, when I soon found them to be not only tame oxen, but actually belonging to my brethren.

This was such an unexpected pleasure, that, foolish as it may appear, I cried for joy. I believed that the owners of the cattle were not far off, so I climbed a hill, and saw, at a short distance, a wagon and the smoke from a camp fire.

I looked no further for a sleeping place, but started for the wagon.

I had not gone far before I met two brethren, named respectively, Mathews and Foutze. They were somewhat startled at seeing me, and, after the first exclamation of surprise, Brother Mathews said, "Why, Brother S—, is it you? You are like one raised from the dead; for we were informed by the Indians that you were killed before last Christmas."

Both brethren shook me heartily by the hands, and thanked the Lord that I was alive.

Their supper was ready; and here I ate bread for the first time for eighteen weeks. I ate but little else, and soon found that I had taken too much, and I suffered a great deal of pain during the night as a consequence.

After this meal I ate but little bread at a time, until I could digest it without pain.

The next evening we reached the camp or winter quarters of the Saints.

The news of my arrival was soon known, and before I could get out of the wagon I was met by a number of old traveling companions, all of whom gave me a hearty welcome, and such a shaking of the hands as I never had before or since.

A number of my brethren invited me to their houses, but I preferred to go to a log house kept for Indians, until I had thoroughly washed myself and changed my clothes.

At this time I was free from all sores, except a small patch upon my right side.

Thus ended my Indian mission, which (although at times I suffered much) was to me a very interesting part of my life.

Through my experience upon that mission, I became better acquainted with the dealings of the Lord with His servants when alone. I know assuredly that He will hear and answer our prayers, at all times, and under all circumstances, if we do and ask aright.

Before I close, let me say to those who have read this reminiscence, never allow your faith to fail you, but trust in the Lord and continue to pray to Him, and He will answer you. If He should not at first, pray again, and again, and exercise faith, and I do know you will be answered and blessed of the Lord.

ANECDOTES OF ELDER GRANT.

BY T. B. LEWIS.

CHAPTER I.

REPUTATION AS A READY SPEAKER—PUTTING HIM TO THE TEST—SERMON FROM A BLANK TEXT—ENTHUSIASM AT THE CLOSE OF IT—A COLLECTION PROPOSED—THE MINISTER OBJECTS TO PASSING THE HAT—THEY COMPEL HIM TO—HANDSOME COLLECTION—DISCUSSION WITH A GREAT BAPTIST PREACHER—PREACHER NONPLUSSED BY ELDER GRANT'S REPORTEE.

When on a mission to the State of Virginia, a few years since, it fell to my lot to labor in that portion of the State which had been visited some twenty-five or thirty years previous by the late President Jedediah M. Grant.

From what I could learn of him then, he certainly was a most remarkable man. He seemed to live fresh in the memories of all classes; and they never grew tired of relating to me many reminiscences connected with his fruitful labors in their midst; and I never became weary of listening to these most interesting narrations. His career there, as elsewhere, was marked with abundant evidences in proof of his claim to be "a servant of God, with a divine commission." Through the power of God existing with him, and the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, he was not only prepared to propagate the principles of the gospel, as restored, but also to meet the powerful enemies of the truth that arrayed themselves against him and the Church, as they were wont to do in the early history of the work.

Thinking the young Latter-day Saints would be interested in a narration of some of these events, I will give them as they were given me, as near as I can recall them after a lapse of ten years.

In the early part of President Grant's ministry in that country, he gained quite a reputation as a ready speaker, frequently responding to invitations to preach from such subjects or texts as might be selected at the time of commencing his sermon, by those inviting him.

In time it became a matter of wonder with many as to how and when he prepared his wonderful sermons. In reply to their queries he informed them that he *never* prepared his sermons as other ministers did. He said, "Of course, I read and store my mind with a knowledge of gospel truths, but I never study up a sermon."

Well, they did not believe he told the truth, for, as they thought, it was impossible for a man to preach such sermons without careful preparation. So, in order to prove it, a number of persons decided to put him to the test, and asked him if he would preach at a certain time and place, and from a text selected by them. They proposed to give him the text on his arrival at the place of meeting, thus giving him no time to prepare.

To gratify them he consented.

The place selected was Jeffersonville, the seat of Tazewell County, at that time the home of the late John B. Floyd (who subsequently became secretary of war), and many other prominent men.

The room chosen was in the court house. At the hour appointed the house was packed to its utmost capacity.

Mr. Floyd and a number of lawyers and ministers were present, and occupied front seats.

Elder Grant came in, walked to the stand and opened the meeting as usual. At the close of the second hymn, a clerk, appointed for the occasion, stepped forward and handed a paper (the text) to Elder Grant.

Brother Grant unfolded the paper and found it to be blank. Without any mark of surprise, he held the paper up before the audience, and said:

"My friends, I am here to-day according to agreement, to preach from such a text as these gentlemen might select for me. I have it here in my hand. I don't wish you to become offended at me, for I am under promise to preach from the text selected; and if any one is to blame, you must blame those who selected it. I knew nothing of what text they would choose, but of all texts this is my favorite one.

"You see the paper is blank" (at the same time holding it up to view).

"You sectarians down there believe that out of nothing God created all things, and now you wish me to create a sermon from nothing, for this paper is blank.

"Now, you sectarians believe in a God that has neither body, parts nor passions. Such a God I conceive to be a perfect blank, just as you find my text is.

"You believe in a church without prophets, apostles, evangelists, etc. Such a church would be a perfect blank, as compared with the church of Christ, and this agrees with my text.

"You have located your heaven beyond the bounds of time and space. It exists nowhere, and consequently your heaven is blank, like unto my text."

Thus he went on until he had torn to pieces all the tenets of faith professed by his hearers; and then he proclaimed the principles of the gospel in great power.

He wound up by asking, "Have I stuck to the text, and does that satisfy you?"

As soon as he sat down, Mr. Floyd jumped up and said: "Mr. Grant, if you are not a lawyer, you ought to be one." Then, turning to the people, he added: "Gentlemen, you have listened to a wonderful discourse, and with amazement. Now, take a look at Mr. Grant's clothes. Look at his coat! his elbows are almost out; and his knees are almost through his pants. Let us take up a collection."

As he sat down, another eminent lawyer, Joseph Stras, Esq., still living in Jeffersonville, arose and said:

"I am good for one sleeve in a coat and one leg in a pair of pants, for Mr. Grant."

The presiding elder of the M. E. church, South, was requested to pass the hat around, but replied that he would not take up a collection for a "Mormon" preacher.

"Yes you will!" said Mr. Floyd.

"Pass it around!" said Mr. Stras, and the cry was taken up and repeated by the audience, until, for the sake of peace, the minister had to yield. He accordingly marched around with a hat in his hand, receiving contributions, which resulted in a collection sufficient to purchase a fine suit of clothes, a horse, saddle and bridle for Brother Grant, and not one contributor a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, though some joined subsequently. And this from a sermon produced from a blank text.

At another time, Elder Grant was challenged by a very eminent Baptist preacher, named Baldwin, to a discussion.

Brother Grant consented.

The place chosen was the fine, large church of his proud and imperious antagonist.

Mr. Baldwin was described to me, as a man who was overbearing in his manner—a regular brow-beater.

When the time came for the discussion, the house was densely crowded.

Umpires were chosen, and everything was ready to proceed, when Brother Grant arose and said, "Mr. Baldwin, I would like to ask you a question before we proceed any further."

"Certainly so," said Baldwin.

"Who stands at the head of your church in South-West Virginia?"

Mr. Baldwin very quickly and austere replied, "I do, sir; I do."

"All right," said Brother Grant; "I wished to know that I had a worthy foe."

Mr. Baldwin looked a little confused for a moment, and then said:

"Mr. Grant, I would like to ask you who stands at the head of *your* Church in South-West Virginia?"

Brother Grant arose and with bowed head replied, "Jesus Christ, sir."

The shock was electrical. This inspired answer completely disarmed the proud foe, and the

humble servant of God again came off victor.

CHAPTER II.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE—IMPRESSION UPON MISS FLOYD—HER ACKNOWLEDGEMENT—CHALLENGED BY MR. RUBY—MEETING BY CHANCE—ELDER GRANT'S ESTIMATE OF MR. RUBY—THE PREACHER COWED.

It was the good fortune of Elder Grant to be the first to open the door of salvation to the people of South-Western Virginia, upon whom he made an impression that time does not seem to remove. This impression was the result of his honesty and truthfulness, and his readiness to meet the foes of truth, added to his peculiar clearness, force and power in preaching the divine principles of the gospel. He was an earnest worker. Through his earnestness, sincerity and practical common sense, he was often thrown into the society of men and women of the highest culture and intelligence that the State contained.

In this connection a rather singular coincidence is related.

About the time of his first appearance in Burke's Garden Tazewell County, Virginia, he held his meetings, generally, at the residence of Colonel Peter Litz, a man of considerable wealth and influence at that time.

At one of these meetings, I think about the second, a very large concourse of people had assembled, and it was decided, on account of the size of the congregation, to hold the meeting in the orchard, there being a beautiful blue grass lawn beneath the trees.

It was the Sabbath day. That morning, a Miss Floyd, sister of the late John B. Floyd, who lived a few miles distant, was reading the Bible, and accidentally turned to the passage, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

She arose immediately, ordered her carriage, and said: "Inspired by that injunction, I will go and hear what that 'Mormon' has to say."

When she arrived at the place of meeting, she gave orders for her carriage to be driven around to a position where she could remain seated in it, and still be able to hear the remarks of the speaker.

The moment her carriage stopped, Elder Grant arose and announced his text: "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good," from which he preached a most powerful sermon.

Colonel Litz told me he never heard anything so clearly set forth as the principles of the gospel were on that day. The evidence adduced as to the divine authenticity of the doctrines preached by the Saints was overwhelming, and the testimony borne was most powerful.

At the close of the meeting, Miss Floyd alighted, walked up and introduced herself to Elder Grant, and invited him home with her.

Miss Floyd was a lady of rare qualities of mind, and had taken advantage of every opportunity for intellectual advancement. Her information was vast, and of a solid nature. She was the best genealogist in the country, and was thoroughly posted in religious matters.

She was so deeply impressed by the sermon, that she made the remark to the Elder after the close of it:

"Mr. Grant, I am a Catholic; and if Catholicism is not true, 'Mormonism' is. I am fully persuaded that 'Mormonism' is next to Catholicism."

She was ever afterwards a true friend to Brother Grant.

That and other discourses of the same kind did a powerful work, and laid a foundation upon which Elders are building up branches of the Church in that region to-day.

Elder Grant had not the advantage of a collegiate education, and naturally had a dread of meeting with men who were highly educated. He often expressed this feeling to others. But when he came in contact with men of that type, they seemed to be mere pigmies in comparison with him, when discussing the principles of the true gospel.

One very amusing incident was told me, which shows the peculiar way Brother Grant had of testing the material with which he had to deal.

The Lutheran church in Burke's Garden had a minister, the Rev. Ruby, who was a very fine scholar in the Latin and Greek languages, and was considered a thorough theologian.

A certain man in the place, who was very fond of fun and debate, urged the Rev. Ruby to challenge Elder Grant to meet him in discussion on religion, stating to him that Elder Grant was uneducated and ignorant, and by so doing he would expunge the "delusion" from the community and do a great good.

Thus urged, the challenge was given and accepted.

The two, Rev. Ruby and Elder Grant, had never met, nor even seen each other.

A few days before the time appointed for the discussion, the two parties chanced to meet at a public gathering of some kind, and the waggish instigator of the discussion was there also. The latter stepped up to Elder Grant and said:

"Mr. Grant, allow me to introduce you to the Rev. Mr. Ruby, the Lutheran preacher."

Brother Grant stepped back and gave the reverend gentleman a thorough inspection, and then said:

"Did I understand you to say *preacher?*"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, well! if I was secreted in the bushes along the side of the road for the purpose of waylaying a preacher, and Mr. Ruby should pass along, I wouldn't even snap a cap at him."

The reverend gentleman was completely thunderstruck. He had no more use for Elder Grant, and remarked: "If that is the kind of a man he is, I don't want to have anything more to do with him."

It was enough; there was no discussion. Thus, Brother Grant disarmed his foe, and marched on triumphantly to victory, scattering the seeds of eternal truth, which have taken root in the hearts of many and sprung up, and in their turn produced fruit.

It can be truly said of Elder J. M. Grant that he has left "footprints on the sands of time," for I saw them and took courage.

May the sons of this noble man emulate the glorious traits of a father who was so honored of heaven.

WAR HILL.

BY J. MORGAN.

ELDER J. M. GRANT CHALLENGED TO DEBATE—
BOONE'S HILL CHOSEN AS THE PLACE—HIS
ANTAGONIST GETS SIX MINISTERS TO HELP HIM—
DEMORALIZED MINISTERS SEND FOR ANOTHER TO
ASSIST THEM—INGLORIOUS DEFEAT OF THE EIGHT—
ONE OF THEM ABSENT-MINDED—CHANGE OF NAME
TO "WAR HILL."

Traveling through the State of North Carolina, I met with many reminiscences of President Jedediah M. Grant, who performed a mission there many years ago, making a vivid impression on the minds of the people, and converting quite a few to the truth.

An old gentleman, who is not a member of the Church, but who was a warm friend and ardent admirer of Elder Grant, relates a graphic and interesting account of a debate that the latter held with some ministers, in what is now Surry County.

Upon the advent of the "Mormon" preacher into that particular locality, a minister of one of the denominations challenged him to debate, which challenge was promptly accepted, and the necessary preparations were immediately made. A chairman and judge were selected, rules adopted to govern the discussion, and the well-known locality of Boone's Hill was chosen as the place to hold the debate. It was the birthplace and former home of Colonel Daniel Boone, the first white settler of Kentucky, and the building located there was known far and near as Boone's Hill Church.

After the preliminaries had been arranged, the minister appeared to have become a little

nervous, and requested the privilege of bringing in a friend to assist him.

Elder Grant's reply was, "Yes, as many as you wish."

The result was that when the day came, he found seven sectarian preachers pitted against him.

He claimed and obtained the privilege of replying to each speaker consecutively.

The church proved much too small to accommodate the people; so a platform was erected at the rear of the building, and the people seated themselves under the shade of the trees.

The discussion opened, and the polemical battle waxed hot, and hotter, as hour after hour of debate went by. The Elder followed them whithersoever they saw proper to lead, and, with Bible quotations and historical facts, he struck blows so rapid and strong that his opponents became demoralized on the second day, and posted a runner on horseback off eighty miles, to bring to their assistance a noted divine. By a rapid journey, this theological Hercules soon reached the appointed place, and by his presence revived the drooping spirits of his friends.

But the Elder, after four days of continuous debate, only seemed to have got fairly into a condition to talk well, and doubly astonished the priests and people by the hurricane of thought, truth and logic that came rushing through his lips with such force as to sweep away their arguments and sophistry, holding spell-bound the audience, while he contrasted the man-made system of modern theology with the grand and glorious truths of God's revealed religion. He portrayed the sublimity of holy writ in its forecast of the glorious work of the latter days; the restoration of the gospel; the visitation of angels; the believer blessed with the gifts and signs following; the building up of the kingdom of God; the redemption of the human family and of the earth; until, at last, turning to the crowd of ministers who had been opposing him, he called upon them to turn from their erroneous doctrines and aid him in the promulgation of the true gospel, that must "be preached in all the world for a witness." He promised that if they would do so they should reap eternal life. Raising his hands towards heaven, he declared that he had spoken the truth to the people, that his hands were washed clean of their blood, and that his testimony was recorded in the archives of heaven, to be brought forth on the great day of God's judgment; and said, "you ministers, and you people, will meet it there that day."

At the close of this remarkable scene the men who had been opposing him began hurriedly leaving the platform. So excited were they in their movements, that the leading one of them left his Bible, cane and hat behind him.

Noticing these articles left behind, Elder Grant called and requested some one to carry them to the absent-minded owner, and one of the bystanders did so.

Elder Grant then dismissed the congregation, and from that day to this, Boone's Hill has been called *War Hill*, in memory of the religious battle fought there.

SIGN-SEEKING.

BY J. H. VAN NATTA.

PERSECUTING THE MISSIONARIES—A DISCUSSION—
NOT CONTENT WITH BIBLE PROOFS—A SIGN
DEMANDED—NO SIGNS PROMISED TO UNBELIEVERS
—WARNED TO REPENT, OR ENDURE THE CURSE OF
GOD—THE RESULT.

In the year 1841, three Elders—James M. Adams, James M. Emmett and Hiram Page—were traveling in Erie County, Pennsylvania, preaching the gospel. The opposing power, which is always ready to contest the ground with the Elders, inch by inch, manifested itself there in a most violent manner. As usual, this opposition came from those who professed to be Christians. A Baptist minister and his sons disfigured Elder Emmett's pony by clipping off its hair, daubing tar on it, etc., and the Elders were also threatened, though the threats were not put into execution.

The Elders were finally challenged to debate with a number of preachers, on the subject of the gospel.

The challenge was accepted on condition that the preachers would confine their arguments to Bible proofs, which they agreed to do.

The discussion accordingly opened by Elder Adams preaching a discourse on the first principles of the gospel. He spoke in such a plain, pointed and forcible manner, that the opponents to the truth were disconcerted. When their turn to speak arrived, they laid aside the volume of

inspiration which they had agreed to take as their guide, and commenced reading from Howe's "Mormonism Unveiled," a book written by one D. P. Hurlbut. This book contained the most glaring falsehoods and inconsistent ideas that wicked men could invent.

The umpires informed the preachers that they must not deviate from their written contract, but confine themselves to Bible proofs, as they had agreed to do. If the "Mormon" doctrine was false, it must be proved so from the Bible.

After the old preachers had tried in vain to produce any scripture proofs, or logic either, to sustain their false views, and the powerless form of religion which they held to, they were reinforced by a young Free-will Baptist preacher, named Solon Hill. It was soon evident that he could offer nothing in the way of argument, for he soon drifted into the same strain of slander and vituperation in which the others of his party had sought to indulge. Finally, however, he hit upon a plan which he seemed to think would enable him to come off victor.

Turning to Elder Adams, he said, "If you are a servant of God, as you boldly say you are, I demand a sign of you, to convince me that you are genuine."

Elder Adams told him that he had taken a dangerous stand; that signs followed believers, but did not go before them; that signs came by faith, not faith by signs. He informed him who the first sign-seeker was—Satan, whose children had always been faithful in following his example. He testified that the truths of heaven had been plainly laid before them, that the Spirit had given unmistakable evidence of its truth, and that unless he repented of his sins, rendered obedience to the gospel and lived up to its requirements, the curse of God would rest upon him.

The meeting was dismissed without the preachers being able to disprove any of the truths advanced by the Elders; the people were left to reflect at leisure upon what they had listened to, and the preacher, Hill, to accept the consequence of disobeying the servant of God.

After a lapse of sixteen years from the time of the events just narrated, I happened to be in the same part of Pennsylvania upon a mission.

Calling one day at a house to water my horse, I saw one of the most deformed and repulsive looking beings I ever beheld.

On arriving at my destination, I informed my brethren of the hideous sight I had met with, when I was told that the being I had seen was what was left of the man who had demanded a sign from a servant of God.

In 1878, Elder Butler, of Ogden, was on a mission to the same place, and I wrote to him for information concerning Hill. His reply was, "He is still alive, and an object of charity."

There are two ways of knowing the truths of the gospel. One is to obey and live up to them. The antediluvians took the other way and were overwhelmed; and the man who wanted a sign also took it, and, as a consequence, had to drag out a long and most miserable existence, manifesting by his appearance to every beholder, that the curse of the Almighty was certainly resting upon him.

MISSIONARY INCIDENTS.

By H. G. B.

CHAPTER I.

A BUSY MISSION—A RICH HARVEST OF SOULS— JUDGMENTS UPON OUR OPPONENTS.

I am writing from a place (Mount Airy, Surry County, N. C.) that I visited as a missionary first in 1868. Then I labored in company with Howard K. Coray, in this and Stokes Counties, N. C., and in some three or four Counties of Va., for two years and three months, during which time we baptized nearly three hundred souls, one hundred and sixty of whom accompanied us home to

Utah. It is of some of the incidents of this mission that I wish to write.

I remember very well, that after laboring some months in Virginia, and baptizing some thirty persons, we left Burke's Garden, Va., the 20th of January, 1868, reaching this point after three days' travel. We were absent from Burke's Garden just two months to a day, and during that time we held fifty-four public meetings, baptized thirty persons, and organized them into a branch of the Church. In addition to our public meetings, we visited from place to place among the people, constantly teaching, both day and night, often till after midnight.

It was generally understood where we were to visit, each day and night, for a week ahead, and at each of these places, crowds of the neighbors would assemble, coming from their homes, guided through the darkness of the night by their pitch-pine torch-lights.

When, on these occasions, we met with the people, we had to do a vast amount of teaching and singing (Elder Coray being an excellent singer), and answer hundreds of questions. What one could not think of another would. And thus we had to teach and explain and answer the demands made upon us day after day, and night after night, until our instructions in this manner covered hundreds of discourses, and until we were so nearly worn out, that we had sometimes to retire to the woods and hide, to get a little respite from our too-constant labor.

We indeed literally sowed the seed in tears and in peril, in the midst of opposition and bitter persecution. But the Lord fully magnified His name, His cause, and His servants, in all that we had to do and to bear.

The new Methodist church in this place, which was denied us to preach in, was, two days afterwards, struck by lightning, and so nearly demolished that, I am told, it was never repaired. A man, who was a class leader, who abused his sister for going to our meetings, and shamefully lied about Elder Coray and myself, and said all manner of evil, falsely, against the Latter-day Saints and the gospel, was found by his wife, the next morning, dead by her side; and because his body did not get cold like ordinary corpses, he was not buried for nearly a week after his death.

Two wealthy and prominent men, who used their influence and the power of their wealth and position to retard the work of the Lord here, met with sudden and unexpected deaths.

Many other incidents of like nature might be mentioned that occurred here during our stay. So many of them, in fact, occurred, that great fear came upon the people.

While we labored in poverty, in all humility, contrite in spirit, reaching out in our weakness after the honest-in-heart, many souls were added to the Church. The poor had the gospel preached to them, the Lord giving us a harvest of sheaves. The people hung upon our words as the words of life; every expression and every movement was narrowly watched. They read their Bibles as they had never read them before; "They that erred in spirit came to understanding, and they that murmured learned doctrine;" and they rejoiced in the Holy One of Israel.

How faithful then ought we messengers of the gospel to be, in the trust that is reposed in us, to carry this glad message to our poor, fallen brethren and sisters in humanity!

In conclusion, I wish to offer a little advice to the boys and young men who may read this: Be very diligent in storing your minds with all useful knowledge—with all the truths of the new and everlasting gospel. Live pure lives in the sight of heaven, and the angels that constantly watch every act of your lives. Be truthful, honest, sober, virtuous and faithful in all things. The Almighty wants you, with your innocence and purity and strength, to redeem the nations that sit in darkness. And you may yet stand before rulers, kings, emperors, and the great of all nations of the earth, when they will tremble and quail before you, because of the power of God that will rest upon you.

CHAPTER II.

VISIT TO A BAPTIST MEETING—ABUSE OF THE VARIOUS CHURCHES, ESPECIALLY THE "MORMONS"—BOASTED BIBLE-NAME AND RELIGION—RETURN TO THE TEXT—THE "HARD-SHELL" WAIL—REPLY TO THE FALSE ASSERTIONS—THEIR "BIBLE-NAME" DISPROVED—THE TRUE SCRIPTURE NAME POINTED OUT.

While Brother H. K. Coray and I were laboring as missionaries in North Carolina, we attended a Baptist meeting, rather on his account than mine, as he had never been to such a meeting.

It was on Saturday, and the meeting was held in a bowery in the edge of a wood, in Stokes

County.

Shortly after our arrival, the meeting was opened in the usual way, by the minister, the Rev. Mr. Mourning, the leading preacher of that denomination. He arose and read his text from the Song of Solomon, 8th chapter and 8th verse: "We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts," etc., after which, the preacher launched out in a discourse made up from abuse and slander of other denominations.

First he commenced a tirade against the Methodists, by saying:

"There is the Methodist church; I do not read in the Bible of the Methodist church; therefore, that church cannot be the true church. Neither do I read of the Presbyterian church; it is, therefore, not God's church. Nor do I read anything in the good book about the Lutheran church; nor does the scriptures say anything about the Campbellite church, nor the Catholic church, nor the Quaker church."

Thus he went on, mentioning all the leading sects of the present day, saying none of these could possibly be the true church, because the Bible was silent as to their names.

He seemed to take some pains to save the "Mormons" till the last, so as to be thoroughly warmed up, that he might be the better able to do justice to their case.

After awhile, getting all the steam on—mustering all his force, he opened his battery upon the "Mormon" Church, saying the "Mormon" Church was not mentioned anywhere in the scriptures, nor the "Mormon" religion; neither the "Mormon Bible," nor "Joe" Smith, nor Brigham Young, not even the word "Mormon" was mentioned there.

He finished up his abuse of the "Mormons" by saying they were the most dangerous, and altogether the worst of the whole bad lot.

"But," said he, referring to the Baptist church, "ours is the Primitive Baptist church—a Bible name. Ours is a Bible church, a Bible religion," etc.

"Sometimes," he added, "we are called 'Iron Jackets,' sometimes, 'Hard Shells,' but these are nicknames. Our true Bible name is 'Primitive Baptists.'"

By this time he had been talking an hour, and had not once referred to the text. But having apparently satisfied himself and a few of his hearers in abusing other denominations in general, and the "Mormons" in particular, he suddenly assumed the old "Hard Shell" wail, or preaching tune, and drawled out:

"But my dear friends and breethring-ah, we have a little sister-ah, and she hath no breasts-ah. I am very much afraid, my dear friends and breethring-ah, that in that great day when we shall be spoken for-ah, that some of us will be brought into that awful presence-ah, and there find we have no breasts-ah. And oh, my dear friends and breethring-ah, will not this be an awful condition to be found in-ah?"

Honestly, this is no exaggeration! Thus he held forth for an hour longer, expressing no two sentences without the phrase, "my dear friends and breethring-ah," being sandwiched in between.

I am very sorry I cannot give my readers the music, for it would be a rich treat.

As he was about to close the meeting, I asked for permission to speak for a few minutes.

"Not," said he, "till we dismiss our meeting; then if the people wish to hear you I have no objection."

When he had dismissed his meeting, all the congregation sat down again, thus giving me to understand they wished me to talk to them.

I commenced by stating to the audience that I wished to correct some mistakes made by Mr. Mourning, relative to the name of the Church to which I belonged. We were called the "Mormon" Church, which was a nickname given us by our enemies, the true and legal name being, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; also that there could be no other appropriate name for Christ's church. Churches that are not His, should always be called by some other name than His, illustrating to them that the church of Christ was never called by any man's name. Christ's church in the days of Noah was not called Noah's church. Neither was His church called the church of Abraham in his day, nor the church of Moses when Moses lived. Nor was it ever called the church of John the Baptist in the day that he was upon the earth. I closed by saying that I never in the Bible had read anything about a "Primitive Baptist church."

In the absence of anything better to say, he asked me if I did not like John the Baptist.

I answered "Yes," and that he was called the Baptist because he had baptized the people in all Judea and Jerusalem, and the region round about Jordan, as Mr. Cloud (referring to a man that sat near me) had made shoes for all the people near where he lived, and on that account was called a shoemaker, but it did not follow that those for whom he had made the shoes were also

called shoemakers.

I requested him, if there was any evidence in the scriptures to establish the Bible name of his church, to open his Bible and read it to the people.

This he could not do, for the simple reason that there was no such evidence in the Bible. Nor do I believe that this great Baptist minister ever knew, till I brought this fact to his notice, that there was no evidence in the scriptures to establish a "Baptist" church. And the members of his church seemed to be disappointed and utterly astonished that he was unable to produce the proofs asked for.

To prove that ours was a scriptural name, I referred to, and quoted Matt. xvi. 18; Col. i. 18; Acts xx. 28; I. Cor. xiv. 33, and other passages.

When I concluded my remarks, a large number of the assemblage gathered about me, that is, the portion that were not Baptists, manifesting towards me in various ways their good feelings. They were like their prototypes, the Pharisees and Sadducees of old.

When the Savior overthrew some pet dogma of the Pharisees, as He often did, the Sadducees would gather about Him, feeling very much elated; and when He, in like manner, demolished some tenet of the Sadducees, as very often happened, then the Pharisees rejoiced. But in the end all the parties united against the Savior.

So it is in these days. The only thing in which the sects of this day are united, is in their opposition to and persecution of the Saints—the true followers of Christ.

CHAPTER III.

MINISTERS APPOINT A MEETING TO EXPOSE "MORMONISM"—WE APPOINT ONE FOR THE SAME PURPOSE, AND THE SAMEDAY—MINISTERS FAIL TO APPEAR—OTHERS PREACH INSTEAD—WE FOLLOW—A BAPTIST ATTEMPTS TO REPLY—HIS CONTRADICTORY STATEMENT—FELLOW-PREACHER'S CHAGRIN—THE PREACHER'S CONCESSION.

In Surry Co., N. C., in 1868, Elder H. K. Coray and I had made out our appointments ahead for the first, second, fourth and fifth Sundays in August, but failed to get out an appointment for the third Sunday, although we had made every effort to do so.

On the morning of the first Sunday, Esquire William Hill came to us and reported that some Methodist ministers had given out an appointment for the bowery, at Cross Roads, at eleven o'clock a. m., on the third Sunday of that month, for the purpose of "exposing 'Mormonism.'"

The squire seemed very anxious for us to make an appointment for the same day and place, at two p. m., which, after due deliberation, we did, referring to the other meeting and its purpose, and then stating that we would, at our meeting, continue the exposition of "Mormonism."

The news of these appointments soon spread far and wide, as connected therewith was also the idea of a discussion.

Arriving at the place a little before eleven o'clock a. m., we found the people had filled up the bowery, and the woods also seemed to be alive with them.

But those ministers, after hearing that we would reply to their slander in the afternoon, failed to put in an appearance.

However, four others, two Methodists and two Missionary Baptists, attended the meeting.

Discourses were delivered by two of these divines, one of each denomination, neither of whom alluded to our people, or doctrines; but each, at the close of his sermon, gave liberty to any other minister to reply to any doctrines that had been advanced.

No one replying, their meeting closed at half-past one o'clock, at which time we announced that there would be a recess for thirty minutes, when our meeting would commence.

The intermission afforded them time for all to take dinner, as nearly all had brought lunch from their homes.

During the forenoon meeting, crowds of people were strolling through the adjacent woods,

among the carriages, wagons and horses, and crowding about the well. But when our meeting commenced, all gathered in and about the bowery, into a vast and compact assemblage.

The contrast was apparent to all, and especially was it gratifying to us.

The Rev. Mr. Cordell, a Baptist, took his seat upon the stand with us. The Rev. Mr. Gray, a Methodist, sat in front and near the stand tilting himself back in his chair, with both thumbs inserted in the arm holes of his vest, looking as if he thought St. Paul's overcoat too small to make a vest pattern for him. The two others sat near Mr. Gray.

Our meeting opened. The discourse was upon the first principles of the gospel—faith, repentance, baptism, the bestowal of the Holy Ghost, the gifts and blessings enjoyed by the members, and the organization of the Church with Apostles, Prophets, etc.

Quotations from the Bible, in abundance, were brought forward to fully prove these points of doctrine.

The preachers and many of the people seemed to be very much astonished that it was such an easy matter to establish these doctrines by the scriptures. Especially did the Rev. Mr. Gray forget all his assumed dignity, and, leaning forward in his chair, looked as amazed as he could be, evidently realizing that he, for the first time in his life, was listening to the gospel.

At the close of the discourse, liberty was extended to any person present to make remarks upon the doctrines we had set forth.

The Rev. Mr. Cordell arose, and said, "I have belonged to the Missionary Baptist church for thirty years, and have been a minister of that church for twenty-five years of that time, and I have just listened to a discourse, setting forth the doctrines I have always, during that time, believed in and preached. Yet, I will not believe except Mr. Boyle will work a miracle, and, even then, I will not go to Utah."

Now this great preacher (for as such was he esteemed by the people who knew him), when he arose to his feet, was white as a ghost, and trembled from head to foot, really not knowing what he was saying.

I must confess that I was surprised at what he said, and so were nine-tenths of those present.

I could see the people all through the audience exchanging glances of astonishment, and many were really chagrined, and some actually laughing at the absurdity of what he was saying.

All knew what he said was false, when he asserted that he had always believed in and preached what he had just heard.

When he sat down, I called the attention of the people to the inconsistency of calling for a miracle, to make him believe what he professed to have believed and preached for twenty-five years. As to whether he had really made a truthful statement, I said I would leave them to decide, as they were all acquainted with his reverence and I was not. I also referred to the idea he seemed to entertain, that some one wished him to go to Utah. I was sure I had not invited him to go to Utah, neither did I believe any of my friends had.

His brother preacher remarked, next day, to Squire Hill, that he would not have had "Brother Cordell" so disgrace himself for five hundred dollars out of his own pocket.

The result of the meeting was good. The report of it went far and wide, and helped us to a great extent in our subsequent labors. A great many were soon afterwards baptized in that section, among them 'Squire Hill and five or six of his family.

We afterwards looked upon it as providential that we did not get out an appointment sooner for the third Sunday in August, 1868.

Apropos to this incident, I may mention that when I was in North Carolina, recently, I was informed by a number of persons that Mr. Cordell often asserts that the Latter-day Saints can prove all their doctrines by the scriptures, and that he never speaks evil of them.

CHAPTER IV.

MY FIRST SERMON—REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF HELP FROM THE ALMIGHTY.

Never shall I forget the first time I was called upon to make an effort to preach the gospel. It was

in Pittsylvania County, Virginia, in the month of June, 1844.

I had been ordained an Elder and set apart to take a mission to Virginia, in company with Elder Sebert C. Shelton.

My extreme youth prevented me from realizing the responsibilities of a mission. Being a beardless boy, it never occurred to me that I would be called upon to preach. Up to that time I never had been upon my feet to say a word in public.

At a meeting which had been advertised for two weeks, at the Methodist camp meeting ground, in a grove, in the County before mentioned, were gathered an assemblage of six or seven hundred men, women and children, priests, doctors and lawyers, the largest meeting I had ever witnessed up to that time.

I came to this meeting from one part of the County, and Elder Shelton was expected to come from another quarter. But the time to commence meeting had arrived, and Elder Shelton had not.

The audience was impatient. A party of three or four of the leading citizens waited upon me, to know if I would not address the meeting. There never had been a "Mormon" meeting in that County before, and they could not afford to be disappointed.

I was sitting near the center of the meeting (not realizing that the stand was my place) when these men made the inquiry.

If a battery of artillery had been discharged in our midst, I do not think it would have so startled me, as did this request.

For the first time I began to realize that it was my duty to try to advocate the religion I professed.

Just as I was going to answer that I would make an effort, Elder Shelton walked upon the stand, and this seemed to lift a mountain from my shoulders.

Brother Shelton looked wearied and sick, but opened the meeting with singing and prayer, and sang again before he discovered me in the audience. Then he immediately called upon me to come to the stand and preach, as he was too sick and feeble to attempt it.

To say I was scared, would scarcely convey a proper idea of my condition. I was in a tremor from head to feet, and shook like a leaf in a storm, scarcely knowing what I did.

I took up Elder Shelton's Bible which lay upon the front board, and without any premeditation, I opened at the third chapter of John, and read the fifth verse.

By the time I had finished reading, all my trembling had left me, and I felt as calm and collected as the quiet that succeeds the storm. The subjects of the first principles of the gospel were opened to me like print, only plainer and more powerful.

Faith, repentance, baptism for the remission of sins and the laying on of hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost, came to me in succession and in their order. And those priests, doctors, lawyers and people did not appear to me more formidable than so many butterflies.

No miracle ever performed by the power of God, could have had a more convincing effect upon me, than did the help that came to me through the power of the Holy Ghost on that occasion. And I am fully convinced in my own mind that never since have I preached a more effective discourse, nor one accompanied by more of the power of God.

CHAPTER V.

MY SECOND SERMON, WHICH WAS NOT A SERMON—
CONFIDENCE IN COMMENCING—SUBSEQUENT
CHAGRIN—THE LESSON I LEARNED.

After delivering my first sermon or discourse I indulged in some very extravagant reflections and ideas relative to my great success.

I thought it easy enough for a "Mormon" to be a preacher. I considered it no wonder that Brother Jedediah M. Grant was such a splendid speaker. I never afterwards expected to have any trouble so far as preaching the gospel was concerned.

It never occurred to me that there was any chance for a failure. As the power and inspiration enabling me to preach came from God, it was, I thought, simply impossible for there to be any

failure.

However, in this I was never more disappointed, as I will show:

In a few days after I preached my first sermon, and in the same neighborhood, we held another meeting, when Brother Shelton called on me again to preach. And when, in obedience to the call, I arose to my feet, it was with all the confidence and assurance possible. But to my surprise and chagrin, I could scarcely utter a word.

I was spiritually, mentally, and almost physically blind, and the power of darkness seemed to have complete control over me.

After struggling with this power for a few minutes, I sat down in confusion and shame, not having been able to speak one connected sentence.

Immediately, something seemed to say to me, "Now you have learned two important lessons: what you can do when the Lord helps you, and what you cannot do, without His help."

No doubt some of my young friends are ready to ask, "Why did you fail?" It may have been that I was not sufficiently humble, and perhaps had not given God the glory to that extent that I should.

The best reason, however, I think, was that the Lord designed to teach me a valuable lesson, which I am proud to say I have never forgotten; and to this day, when I arise to preach the gospel, I say: "O! my Father, help me on this occasion by Thy Holy Spirit."

JOURNEY ACROSS THE PLAINS.

BY PRESIDENT JOHN TAYLOR.

SURROUNDED BY INDIANS—PREPARE FOR AN ATTACK
—SIGN OF PEACE—A LETTER—PIPE OF PEACE—THREE
OF US ACCOMPANY THE INDIANS TO THEIR CAMP—
CHAGRIN AT THE REPULSE—ROAD SWEEPED CLEAR OF
SNOW—MISSOURI RIVER FROZEN OVER—WE CROSS
ON THE ICE, WHICH BREAKS AS THE LAST WAGON
LEAVES IT.

In the latter part of October, 1849, a number of missionaries started from Salt Lake Valley to go to the States, among whom were several of the Twelve, who were going to introduce the gospel to foreign lands. Elder Erastus Snow was appointed to Denmark, Lorenzo Snow to Italy, myself, in company with John Pack and Curtis E. Bolton, to France, and Franklin D. Richards to England. We were accompanied to the States by Elder Jedediah M. Grant, Bishops Edward Hunter, A. O. Smooth, Edwin D. Woolley, Joseph Heywood and a number of other Elders and brethren. Several merchants also accompanied the expedition.

While journeying, we had a variety of singular adventures, and experienced some remarkable interpositions of providence during the trip, some of which I will relate.

When we arrived at a point some distance west of Laramie, as we turned out our horses, at noon, suddenly a large body of Indians, amounting in number to a hundred or a hundred and fifty, appeared in sight.

They were evidently on the lookout for a body of Crows, a hostile tribe of Indians, who had hovered around us for some time on our journey.

As they first came in sight they swept along with all the abandon of the red man, and their appearance was really very imposing. They were perhaps a mile from us when we first saw them.

I was very much interested in their appearance, as they came dashing down upon us on their fiery steeds, in warlike costume.

The manes and tails of their horses were painted various colors; and the Indians themselves, painted and arrayed in their richest and gayest styles, prepared for war, presented a magnificent aspect.

But our personal safety soon led us to other reflections.

While a part of the company immediately gathered up the horses, another part attended to our firearms; and before the Indians reached us, we had formed a line for defense, with our guns and pistols all prepared for anything that might transpire.

The Indians rode to within about two rods of us, and then made a halt; and as we had our guns leveled at them, they immediately assumed a hostile attitude. Some of them having flint-lock guns, commenced pecking their flints and making ready for firing, and others wet their finger ends and placed their arrows in their bows, preparatory to an encounter.

While thus engaged on both sides, waiting for anything that might transpire, a fat, jolly-looking Indian came lumbering up on horseback, not having been able to keep pace with his more youthful companions. He held up both hands, and, as I understood this was a sign of peace, and that he evidently desired to avoid any collision, I went out to meet him. He then produced a paper, which stated that these Indians were peaceable and friendly. It was signed by a Major Sanderson, who was then commanding at Fort Laramie.

Although their attitude did not bespeak the most pacific intentions, we, of course, received the statement with as good a grace as possible.

While waiting, several Indians attempted to pass us on the flank. When he saw this, Brother Grant, who had assumed command of the company for the time being, ordered a number of men to level their guns at them, which caused them to remain.

As we could not talk with them nor they to us, and as no interpreters were present, we had to judge by signs as best we could.

They pointed out to us several sentinels placed on the tops of mountains in different directions, and intimated by signs that they wanted these men to go to them, so we permitted them to pass.

The chief then touched his mouth or tongue, and we supposed that they desired something to eat. I made a motion for the chief to move his men back, which he did. They sat down and we furnished them with beef, crackers, tobacco, etc.; but we found that they were not hungry, and that they were anxious to talk with us.

We smoked the pipe of peace with them, and then harnessed our horses and prepared to start, when they formed a line on each side of us; each of our men, as a precautionary measure, taking his gun in his hand as he drove his team.

The chief expressed a desire to have some of us go to his camp, which, he informed us by signs, was not far off. Lorenzo Snow, Bishop Hunter and I accompanied him, and our train moved on its course.

The camp, which was about three miles from our own encampment, we found to be very large. The Indians were very well-formed, athletic men, and good specimens of their race. There were a great many respectable-looking lodges, and I should suppose about three thousand horses grazing about.

When we met them the chief seemed somewhat chagrined, and we thought that the repulse of his men by us was the cause.

There was a Frenchman at the camp, who acted as interpreter during our interview. In our conversation the chief asked us why we had assumed a warlike attitude towards his people.

We told him that we were not acquainted with them, and thought it best to be prepared. We did not know but that they were some of the Crows, who had been hovering around us.

They were anxious to know about the Crows, having heard that they were going to steal some horses from them. After a short and pleasant interview, we left and joined our camp.

That night we put out a strong guard around our horses, and the same night the Crows stole a good many horses from these Indians, as well as the horses of some trappers who were in the immediate vicinity; but ours were not molested.

On reaching Fort Laramie we were very courteously received and kindly treated by Major Sanderson.

As it was late in the fall, the snow began to descend and the whole country was covered to about twelve inches in depth.

Immediately after we crossed the south fork of the Platte River we met with a very remarkable circumstance which we were led to look upon as a providential occurrence and the interposition of the Almighty in our behalf. Along the road that we traveled all the way from there to Fort Kearney, the snow had been blown from the road the entire distance, as if swept by a broom, leaving a clear track for us to travel upon.

It was very difficult to find nutritious food for our animals, the grass having been killed by the frost, and before we reached the Missouri River many of them failed and a number died.

The very last day before we arrived, we encountered a very severe snow storm, which made it extremely difficult for the animals to move, and many of them gave out. After much difficulty we arrived at an old deserted fort, on the Missouri River, parties bringing in the wearied animals as best they could.

Although an old deserted log house, with large openings between the logs, and without windows and doors, was the only shelter afforded us, I am not aware of any time in my life when I experienced a greater sense of providential interposition and relief than I did with that temporary refuge from the storm.

We stayed there the next day and found a family, in the immediate vicinity who cooked and provided for us. We found that the ice was running very strong in the Missouri River, and that it was impossible to ferry across.

The succeeding was one of the most severely cold nights I ever experienced, and in the morning some of our party went down to the river and found that the floating ice had lodged and formed a bridge across.

A company was selected to see if it was safe, and they returned and stated that they thought the ice, though very thin, would bear us.

We immediately made preparations to cross the river, and, although it was very rough, we took our wagons over without much difficulty; but found that towards the last it began to be shaky and uncertain.

Mr. Kinkead, a merchant, who was along, having a lot of gold dust in his possession, was afraid his team would sink before he got over, and he carried it over on his shoulders, leaving his man to bring the team over as best he might.

After using all the energy we could to get our teams over, the last one had only just crossed the river when the ice gave way and floated down the stream, thus exhibiting another remarkable manifestation of the providence of God towards His Elders who were going forth on missions to proclaim the gospel of salvation to the nations of the earth.

Many people would be apt to look upon these things as natural occurrences; I ascribe them to the power of that Being who says the hairs of our heads are numbered, and that a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without our Father's notice.

STORY OF A HAT.

ELDER PHILLIPS IN NEED OF A HAT—BROTHER
HOBBS TOLD IN A DREAM TO PROVIDE ONE FOR HIM
—HIS TROUBLE AT NOT BEING ABLE TO DO SO—THE
HAT PROVIDED IN AN UNEXPECTED MANNER.

The following incident in the life of Elder Thomas Phillips, of Scipio, shows how mindful the Lord is of His servants, even in what may be deemed small things. We will give it in Brother Phillips' own words.

"I have witnessed the providences of the Lord in various ways, while traveling without purse or scrip, preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ, and have realized that to such, when faithful, the Lord has manifested His loving kindness, and that His watchful care over them is sensible to their understanding.

"One item, although it may appear small, is of particular interest to me. It is as follows:

"I was traveling in the towns and villages in a part of the County of Surrey, England, preaching the gospel as revealed from the heavens through the ministry of holy beings. Under these circumstances, food and raiment were sometimes hard to obtain; consequently, at one time I had a hat that was very much the worse for wear.

"In a village called Hershams, in that county, lived a brother by the name of William Hobbs, whose house at I sometimes visited, and received food and lodgings.

"One night Brother Hobbs dreamed that a personage came to him and told him that Brother Phillips would be at his house on a certain day, naming the time, which I think was four or five days from the time he dreamed. He was further told that he must get a new hat for Brother Phillips; for the one he wore was very shabby.

"This dream was very much impressed on the mind of Brother Hobbs, and troubled him sorely, for it found him without money and some miles from any town where he could buy a hat.

"Brother Hobbs was the overseer of a small number of men, whose work was to keep some miles of railroad in repair for the safety of the trains.

"When the day came that I was to be at his house in the evening, he went to his work very low-spirited, not having obtained the hat. While at work on the track, a long train of cars came along, and when passing the place where Brother Hobbs and his hands were at work, a hat, suitable for the finest gentleman in the land, flew out of one of the windows.

"Brother Hobbs shouted, 'That's the hat for Brother Phillips! Thank God!'

"When Brother Hobbs came home in the evening, I was there, it being the time specified in the dream.

"He walked up to me and said:

"'Brother Phillips, I was to give you a hat, and here it is.'

"To our surprise, it fitted me well.

"As a matter of course I was anxious to know who was so thoughtful for an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; and, in answer to my questions, Brother Hobbs told me the dream.

"Then I knew, and still know, that the providences of our Heavenly Father were, and are, working in favor of the servants and Saints of the Most High."

A PROPHECY AND ITS FULFILLMENT.

ELDER TAYLOR'S LABORS IN LIVERPOOL—VISIT TO
M'GAFFEY'S HOUSE—A PROPHECY CONCERNING MR.
TAIT—VISIT TO IRELAND—M'GAFFEY GETS DRUNK—
THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

When the Twelve Apostles, under the presidency of President Brigham Young, went to England, it fell to the lot of Elder John Taylor (now President Taylor) to go to Liverpool to labor. At that town he was the means, in the hands of the Lord, of raising up a branch of the Church.

Among others who were baptized was a man by the name of McGaffey, an Irishman. Sometime after his baptism he invited Elder Taylor to make a visit to his house, which he did. He met there a man by the name of Tait, also an Irishman, whose home was in Ireland, but who had come to Liverpool on some business or a visit.

The conversation was kept up till a late hour in the evening, the principal topic, of course, being the gospel.

When Elder Taylor arose to depart, Brother McGaffey accompanied him to the door, with a light, to show him the way out. While standing there making the parting remarks, and taking leave of each other, Elder Taylor felt suddenly led to predict to Brother McGaffey that his friend, Mr. Tait, would be the first man baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Ireland.

He had no sooner made this prophecy than he became startled at what he had said, for at that time there were no Elders in Ireland, and none had been there, and, so far as Elder Taylor knew at the time, none were likely to go there. Yet the Spirit of the Lord inspired the prophecy, and the Lord prepared the way by which it would be fulfilled. It was a prediction which a man could not fulfill, without God had inspired it and arranged circumstances to bring it to pass.

Time rolled on, and Brother McGaffey desired to make a visit to his old place of residence in Ireland, and he was anxious that Elder Taylor should accompany him. He had received the gospel himself, and whatever his own weaknesses might be, he valued it then, and wanted his kindred and acquaintances in Ireland to have it also.

So it was arranged they should go together, and they repaired to a town called Newry.

In that country, and there are others very like it in this respect, when friends have been long separated, there are some who think that the best way to manifest good feeling and joy, at the reunion, is to drink whisky together, and they think these meetings hardly satisfactory unless they can get drunk.

McGaffey had a good many neighbors and friends, and he had, or thought he had, to drink with them. The consequence was he got drunk, not once, but several times.

Probably the first time he got drunk he was so ashamed of his conduct, he a man professing to be a Latter-day Saint, that he got drunk the next time to hide his shame. There are people, of whom

we have heard, who take just such a foolish, ridiculous course as this.

But whatever his motives were, he got intoxicated, and the people of the town knew it.

This would have been bad enough under any circumstances; but worse when it was known that he was a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, for, drunk as he was, he had taken pains to let everybody whom he met know what Church he belonged to.

This is a habit that many drunken people have. He not only told them what he was, but you may be sure he did not fail to tell them that he was accompanied by one of the Twelve Apostles, and he boasted about him, how eloquent he was and what a knowledge of the scriptures he had, and told many other things of a similar character.

This, you will readily understand, was scarcely the way that Elder Taylor wanted the gospel introduced for the first time to a people or a nation, and, we doubt not, he was terribly mortified at the ridiculous conduct of his companion. But he was there, and he had to make the best of it.

They succeeded in obtaining, what in that country is called the "Sessions House," which we would call the "Court House," to hold meetings in, in which he preached and gave out another appointment for the next evening.

The people, knowing probably of McGaffey's conduct, were very uneasy and restless, and kept going out and coming in, so much so that Elder Taylor told them that he did not feel like talking to them. He had plenty of appointments to fill, and abundant opportunities of speaking to people who would be glad to listen to him, he said, and as they seemed so indifferent about paying attention, he would not speak at that time. He added, however, that if there were any there who wished to ask questions, or to converse with him, they would find him at a certain place, mentioning to them the number of the house and the name of the street where he stopped.

After this, they went out into the country, and held meeting in a large barn.

This was well attended by the people and good order prevailed.

Among others who were present, were a number of young men who were being educated at a college in that vicinity, who had many inquiries to make about the principles of the gospel.

In taking the route back to where they could get a conveyance to carry them into Lisburn, they had some little distance to walk, and Elder Taylor had his valise with him, which he had to carry.

On the road they passed near the farm of the Mr. Tait, whom Elder Taylor had met at McGaffey's in Liverpool. Brother McGaffey thereupon proposed to Elder Taylor that they call upon him.

They found him at home, and when they arose to pursue their journey, he accompanied them, and insisted upon carrying the valise.

The conversation, we may naturally suppose, was upon the gospel and its principles.

They had not gone very far when they came to a "loch," the name which is given to a lake in that country. Upon nearing this, Mr. Tait spoke out to Elder Taylor, in the language of the eunuch to Philip (*Acts viii.*, 36): "See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?"

Elder Taylor replied: "If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest."

Mr. Tait answered: "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and I believe also the principles which you teach."

And right there, Elder Taylor baptized him, and confirmed him a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and ordained him a Priest.

Thus did the Lord bring about the fulfillment of the prediction which he had inspired His servant to make, and Mr. Tait was the first man baptized in Ireland, in this dispensation, by the authority of the holy Priesthood.

GUIDED BY PROVIDENCE.

By JOHN MORGAN.

ELDER LISONBEE'S MISSION—URGED BY THE SPIRIT
TO TRAVEL ON—FINDS A LISTENER—INVITED TO
PREACH—A PROTEST AGAINST IT—SUCCESS—HIS
GREAT WORK—HIS DEATH.

Among the Elders selected to go upon missions in the fall of 1875, was James T. Lisonbee. He was assigned to the Southern States, and went to the State of Mississippi. There he met a few relatives, whom he visited, and sought an opportunity to preach the gospel to the people, but found no opening.

After a brief visit, he packed his books and clothing into a valise and started afoot across the country northward, intending to go to Tennessee and join Brother D. P. Rainey, whom he found, after a long and weary journey, almost bedfast with chills and fever.

After spending only a day and night with him, Elder Lisonbee started for the mountains of Northern Alabama, seemingly urged on by a spirit that would not let him rest.

He had no idea where he was going, or what he would find. Day by day he walked on, footsore and weary, without money and in a land of strangers. He often had to travel till a late hour in the night, before obtaining a place to sleep or a little supper.

He met rebuffs and then kindness; was sometimes well-cared for, and again hungry; and was often refused food and shelter.

He did not feel to stop by the wayside to preach, but pushed steadily ahead. He crossed the Tennessee River, climbed Sand Mountain, and one night found shelter with a man who sat up and talked till a late hour with him on the principles of the gospel.

When morning came Elder Lisonbee was putting his books back into his valise, preparatory to another start, when his host suggested that he stop and preach to them, which was readily assented to, on condition that a place could be obtained and anyone would provide for him during his stay.

Both of these things the man said he would attend to, and for the first time in several weeks he lay by for a rest.

A log church was secured, the people notified, and on Sunday a goodly crowd gathered to hear the new, strange doctrine that was to be preached.

Close attention was paid, and after the meeting, when he was again packing his books, preparatory to continuing his journey, one of his audience asked him to dinner, and suggested that some of the people might want to talk with him on the Bible.

Accompanying his newly-found friend home, which, by the way, took him in the direction he wanted to go, he found quite a few gathered together to hear something new. A lengthy and interesting fireside talk was held during the afternoon, and he was urged to hold another meeting.

An appointment was made for Tuesday night, at a private residence, where the room was filled, and still another appointment was made.

A general desire began to be evinced to learn what the Latter-day Saints taught.

The ministers became alarmed, and besought the people not to hear him, and a mass meeting of the law-abiding (?) citizens was called to protest against the Elder being allowed to teach any longer.

He continued, however, to hold his meetings. Friends sprang up on every side. He soon found some who desired baptism, and eventually succeeded in baptizing about thirty people, who immediately made preparations to emigrate. They disposed of their property, combined their means together and thereby helped the poor, and the Elder had the privilege of leading out, by the same road he traveled coming up the mountain, a goodly company, numbering some sixty or seventy souls.

These people eventually located in San Luis Valley, Colorado, and are becoming good and prosperous Latter-day Saints. They will doubtless recognize, in this little sketch, a history of the manner in which the gospel came to them.

It will also serve to call to mind many incidents connected with the wise, prudent and unselfish labors of Elder Lisonbee, who was called upon to pass beyond the veil while on his return from his mission.

While upon that mission he performed a work that will add to his glory while eternities shall endure, and set an example to young Elders every way worthy of imitation.

FULFILLMENT OF PROMISE.

By M. F. COWLEY.

THE LORD'S PROMISES SURE—AN ELDER IN WANT OF
A PAIR OF SHOES—HE PRAYS FOR THEM—THE
PRAYER ANSWERED—CASE OF HEALING.

The people of the world generally have no faith in the promises made to the Saints, on condition of their obedience to God's commandments, and when they witness the fulfillment of those promises they prefer to attribute it to some other than the real cause. The Latter-day Saints, however, like saints of former days, have been placed in positions to test the truth of these promises, and know that they are indebted to the Almighty, and to no one else, for their fulfillment. Especially is this the case with the Elders who go upon missions to the nations of the earth and faithfully discharge their duties.

Those who have learned the ways of the sectarian churches know that their ministers are supported by salaries, given them for preaching; that is, they "preach for hire and divine for money," in fulfillment of Micah's prediction. But the Lord has, in our time, agreeable to the ancient pattern, called men to "go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," "without money and without price."

"Freely ye have received; freely give!" is the injunction, with a promise that if they respond to the call and put their trust in God, He will provide for their wants by raising up friends unto them, who will aid them in their travels and give them food and shelter.

Hundreds of Elders could testify that they have realized the fulfillment of these promises while traveling among the nations of the earth without "purse and scrip."

When in want they have petitioned the Lord by the humble prayer of faith to aid them in the hour of need, and He has never forsaken them.

A young Elder in one of the Southern States, not long since, when his boots were the worse for wear and his toes in danger of protruding, asked the Lord, in a very plain and simple style, to provide him with a pair of shoes.

A day or two later, at the close of a meeting, a gentleman came to the Elder and asked him to accept of some money which would aid him in obtaining a pair of shoes.

The following day a shoemaker, who had made the acquaintance of the Elder, happened by where he was stopping, and having discovered that the Elder needed some shoes, told him that he had just made a pair for himself, but through some mistake they would not fit him, as they were too small, and asked the Elder if he would not accept them as a present. He did so with gratitude, and found them to be as good a fit as if they had been made for himself.

Thus he received a literal answer to his prayer and more too. Yet neither of these people had he asked for money or for shoes.

This is one example among numberless instances of a similar nature that have occurred in the experience of scores of Elders.

By such means, also, the Elders learn who are their friends, and will give a favorable account of such people before the Lord, and they will receive at His hands a just reward.

The people, also, who befriend the servants of God, have been remarkably blessed, not only temporally, but in many instances have been raised from beds of sickness by the power of God.

An instance may be cited which occurred not long since in one of the Southern States.

A lady, whose husband and herself had treated the Elders with kindness, was taken quite sick, and the affliction soon proved to be very serious indeed. Three physicians were called to attend her, which they did for several weeks, with little or no prospect of her recovery. Finally they gave her up.

The Elders having returned to that neighborhood from a tour in another County, this lady sent for them to come to administer to her the ordinance of the gospel for the healing of the sick. She had heard them allude to such an ordinance in their preaching, and found that what they taught agreed with the pattern given in the New Testament. They laid their hands upon her, at her earnest request, and after repeating the ordinance several times, with prayer and supplication, she arose from her bed of sickness to which she had been confined for ten months. She requested

baptism, and soon after rode a horse to a stream of water, and was baptized and confirmed by the servants of God. Numbers of astonished witnesses were present and she was looked upon as a living miracle. She and her husband, with others, soon afterwards gathered with the Saints in Southern Colorado.

Another instance of healing was in the case of a little girl who had been seized with fits, in which her limbs were drawn up and caused to quiver, and her eyes turned back as if she were dying. The Elders, being present, administered to her, and, through the ordinance of the gospel and the prayer of faith, she was healed by the power of God.

Scores of similar manifestations occur in the travels of the Elders abroad in answer to the humble prayer of faith. Such instances, and the remarkable way in which God preserves and provides for His messengers who are sent to proclaim the everlasting gospel to the nations, confirm the faith and increase evidence to the testimony of the Elders of Israel, and when studied with honest and prayerful hearts by the youth of Zion, tend to promote faith in their minds and prepare them to assist in building up the kingdom of God upon the earth.

Many who are now young and inexperienced will probably soon be called to bear the gospel message to the nations, and they should prepare themselves for the noble work.

"YOU SHALL NOT BE CONFOUNDED."

BY BEFF.

SENT OUT TO PREACH WHEN A BOY—FIRST
EXPERIENCE IN PREACHING—QUESTIONED BY AN
INFIDEL—ANSWER GIVEN BY THE LORD.

One of the most astonishing attestations of the promise which the Lord makes to His servants, that they "shall not be confounded," that I have ever heard, was related to me by an experienced missionary, in whom I place great confidence, and for whose character I have great respect.

The incident and attendant circumstances, as nearly as I can recollect, were as follows, and I am sure I give the same in a manner substantially as related to me:

Brother A—first heard the gospel when a youth, in his native country—England. He was soon convinced of its truth, was baptized at the age of eighteen, and immediately after his baptism was ordained an Elder, and sent forth to preach the gospel. He was an unlettered, unsophisticated, bashful youth, one of the last, it would have been thought, to be selected to preach the gospel.

He started forth and arrived at a strange village, where, at a late hour, and after some interesting adventures, he was taken in by a kind-hearted man and his wife, who made him very comfortable.

On the next day he conversed with them upon the gospel.

They thought it remarkable to see such a boy as he was, out as a missionary of a new religion, became interested, and asked him to hold a meeting in their house.

He had never preached in public, but he said he would do the best he could. The appointment was spread, and the house was full at the appointed hour. The young Elder astonished himself at the ease with which he preached a long discourse on the first principles of the gospel.

Among those who had come to meeting was a hardened infidel, who was a very cunning reasoner, and who had made it a practice for many years to argue against the divinity of the scriptures. Nothing pleased him more than to draw some minister into a debate, and then to present some of his "unanswerable" arguments against the Bible. He had vanquished every minister in the village, and every itinerant preacher who had held meetings there for years, whom he could succeed in drawing into a debate.

When the young missionary had ceased preaching, some of the audience commenced to ask him questions. Presently the infidel, evidently thinking to easily vanquish so weak an adversary, commenced with his usual routine of questions, and at length asked:

"So you believe the flood actually drowned all the animals in the world except those in the ark?"

"Yes, sir," answered the Elder.

"We know that, not very long after the flood, many kinds of animals were found in various parts of the world at a great distance from where the ark landed, and even upon islands of the sea, far from the mainland, and under such circumstances as would render the theory of transportation

by human means an absurdity. Now, how did those animals come to exist in the different and distant islands and continents?"

This question was the infidel's "trump card." At the right juncture in his debates he always asked it, and had never yet met with a minister, or any other Bible believer, who could satisfactorily answer it.

The young missionary felt his utter inability to answer this question. In trying to frame a reply, he sat gazing abstractedly at the ceiling of the room. The audience who remained knew that this was the great argument of the infidel, and did not, for a moment, suppose that the boyish preacher could meet it.

Suddenly there appeared before the young missionary's eyes, as if it were suspended in the air, a scroll. On the scroll appeared, in brilliant golden letters, these words: "In the days of Peleg the earth was divided." (*Gen. x.*, 25). Instantly an explanation of the infidel's problem burst upon his mind.

He calmly and deliberately proceeded to explain that, prior to the days of Peleg, this whole earth was one vast continent, inhabited in its various portions, with different kinds of animals; that in the days of Peleg this vast continent was broken up into smaller divisions of land, islands, etc., and that, in this manner, the animals upon its surface accompanied the land in its divisions.

The infidel was confounded, the multitude astonished, and the young, illiterate missionary triumphant. Several remembered the passage of scripture, and none could gainsay the missionary's explanation. The latter, however, had no knowledge of any such a passage in the Bible, as he had read but very little of it, and, had the answer not come to him by revelation, he would have been confounded.

The scroll was so plainly visible to him that it seemed as though others could see it, but they did not.

AN EFFECTIVE PLEA.

ARRESTED ON A NOVEL CHARGE—ELDER PARRISH'S
DEFENSE—ELDER PATTEN'S INDIGNATION—
CONSTERNATION PRODUCED BY HIS SPEECH.

In the early history of the Church, Apostle David W. Patten and Elder Warren Parrish were traveling, in the State of Tennessee, preaching the gospel and organizing branches of the Church.

In one locality, where considerable interest had been manifested and the usual opposition met with, the latter culminated in the arrest of the two missionaries upon the charge of being prophets, which was preferred by some of the people, when they were actually carried before a committing magistrate to be tried on the accusation.

The court was called, a jury summoned, and a great crowd of people gathered to see the result of so remarkable a trial.

Elder Parrish was somewhat of a lawyer, in addition to being a good public speaker, and begged the privilege of pleading his own case and that of his fellow-prisoner, which the court readily granted, and, after some preliminary work, the trial opened.

Witnesses were examined as to the teaching of the two Elders, much contradictory evidence was given in and a great amount of wrangling indulged in by the prosecuting attorney in trying to make a case against the prisoners.

After the prosecution had made up its case and the attorney had concluded his speech, Brother Parrish replied in quite a lengthy *sermon* on the first principle of the gospel, and then taking up the legal bearings of the case, he claimed immunity from prosecution on the ground of constitutional right to free speech.

During his speech it was quite evident that he had changed the popular feeling very much, and that many of the audience were in sympathy with the Elders.

Apostle Patten seems not to have relished the entire proceedings, doubtless looking upon it as equal to or worse than a farce, and considering that it was a disgrace to the courts of a free country.

As the defense closed and rested the case, he arose to his feet, and with a look of indignation on

his face, turned full upon judge and jury; he raised aloft an immense walking stick, and in a voice of almost superhuman force, he exclaimed:

"If the Lord Almighty will turn this stick into a sword, I will cut heads off faster than He ever rained quails on Israel in times of old."

The judge dodged from his chair, the jury tumbled off the jury bench, the nearest bystanders sought safety by increasing the distance between themselves and the indignant Elder, and general consternation prevailed in the midst of the panicstricken crowd.

Turning to Elder Parrish, Brother Patten said, "Follow me," and both of the Elders walked out of the court room, mounted their horses and quietly rode away, not a word being said or a hand raised to stop their progress.

A LIFE SKETCH, CONTAINING A FEW MORAL LESSONS.

By W. B.

LACK OF EDUCATION—EARLY MARRIAGE—RESISTING
TEMPTATION—GRAIN INCREASED BY THE POWER OF
GOD—ANSWER TO PRAYER—LARGE FAMILY, RESULT
OF EARLY MARRIAGE.

Thinking some incidents from my experience might be of interest to the young Latter-day Saints, I submit them for their perusal.

I was born in the year 1835, was reared in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and shared in its persecutions. At the age of thirteen, in 1848, I drove a team from Winter Quarters to Salt Lake Valley without any accident worth mentioning. The team consisted of five cows and one ox, making three yoke of cattle.

After we arrived and got fairly settled, my parents died, and left me without an education, as was the case with many more young folks who were driven with the Saints, and on this account deprived of schooling.

In this condition, I concluded to make a home for myself.

Before I was seventeen, it being the counsel to marry young, I went to President Young, as I was well acquainted with him, and told him what I thought of doing.

He advised me to get married.

I took his counsel, got married and lived with my wife's folks for a short time, as they requested.

Now, my young readers, we had not the value of fifty dollars, all told. I imagine, too, you think this was rather young for such and undertaking.

It was then, and is now the counsel to marry young—of course, at a proper age—and I bear my testimony to the good effect of early marriages.

My vocation was that of a farmer. The drawbacks we had in consequence of crickets, grasshoppers, drouth, alkali, etc., can be better imagined than described. A few circumstances will suffice to show how my wife and I were blessed by the Lord.

In the spring of 1855, seed wheat and bread-stuff were very scarce. I had none; but a neighbor of mine owed me a few bushels of wheat, and I went to collect it. He was absent from home, but his wife, being acquainted with me, sent me to the granary alone to help myself.

When I had put up all the wheat that was due me except the last half bushel, and while in the act of filling that, the temptation came to me to steal some of my neighbor's wheat. He had plenty and I had none, except the little I was then getting. I might take it without being detected, and he would never miss it. The thought had scarcely got through my mind when I knew it was from the evil one; and, as a punishment to myself for entertaining the temptation, I emptied part of the half bushel that was then in my hand back into my neighbor's bin, and did not take all that was my just due.

I took my wheat home. It was not as much as I wished to sow, but I was satisfied, and thankful for it. I placed it in a room adjoining the one I lived in, got my ground ready, and, as fast as I required it, I took wheat from my small store to sow it with.

I sowed all the ground I wished to, and sowed it thickly, as I wanted a good crop at harvest time. I afterwards noticed that I still had some sacks with wheat in left. I saw that they were my sacks, and it must be my wheat. I called my wife's attention to the matter, and then it was that the Spirit of the Lord rested upon us and convinced us that it had been increased by Him for our good.

I got the remaining wheat ground, and we had flour to last us till harvest, for which we gave God the glory; and I bear testimony that my wheat at that time was increased by the power of the same God that increased the widow's oil in ancient times.

In those days, most people that had teams had to depend upon the range for food for them. This was the case with me, and it often took me till ten or twelve o'clock in the day to find my team. When I found it I would return, tired out, and go to work. On one occasion I could not find my team. I knelt down and asked the Lord to direct me where to find it. After arising, contrary to my former intention, I went home. I found my horses tied up. They had come up themselves.

These things taught me to rely upon the Lord, and to ask Him when I needed help.

On another occasion I lost my team. I was satisfied it had been stolen. I was in Salt Lake City a short time after the occurrence, and was speaking to my uncle about my team being lost. He advised me to go to an old lady close by, and she would tell me where it was by means of cards. I told him I would do without the cards.

When I returned home my wife and I knelt down and prayed that the person who took my team might be prevented from taking it out of the country, and that we might get it again.

The team was taken in the summer, and in the fall of the same year a man came to me, in my field, and asked me if I knew of any person that had lost such and such animals, describing my horses. I told him they belonged to me. He then directed me where I should go to find them.

I thanked him for his information, and asked him how he happened to come to me, as we were strangers to each other, and my horses were not branded.

He said he did not know, only that he felt impressed to ask me.

Early next morning I started after my horses. That night I found them in charge of a man who told me that a person came to him in the summer time and desired to stop with him over night. The fellow had a band of horses which his host believed he had stolen. In the morning, as they were both looking at the horses, he said to the man who brought them there, "Here are two stray horses; I will take charge of these and get them to the owner." He accordingly left my two horses and took the rest of the band with him.

You can see, my young readers, how literally our prayers were answered. We recovered our horses in good condition, and thanked the Lord.

These, with many other blessings, served to keep us humble and faithful to our covenants.

Now, the result of our early marriage is this: my family numbers twenty-four. I am the father of nineteen children, four of whom are married, and I have seven grand-children, and my present age is forty-four. I have filled many positions of trust, and I think to the entire satisfaction of my superiors. I am now a Bishop in Zion, and I think I have the faith and prayers and confidence of the Saints over whom I have the honor to preside.

I mention this to show what can be done by being faithful and observing the counsel of those whose right it is to guide and direct.

CASES OF MIRACULOUS HEALING.

BY G. W. HILL.

GREAT ASSEMBLY OF INDIANS—BAPTIZING THEM—
THE SICK INSTANTLY HEALED—CURIOUS ACTIONS OF
INDIANS AFFECTED WITH EVIL SPIRITS—THE OLD
CHIEF'S FAITH—CHILD CURED OF FEVER—THE DEAD
REVIVED.

I have witnessed a great deal more of the power of God in my administration with the Indians than I ever experienced with any other people. In quite a number of cases I have seen Indians who were sick healed instantly, when the ordinance for the healing of the sick was performed in their behalf by the Elders.

I remember several cases of healing that occurred on August 1st, 1875.

A large party of Indians had come in from Wind River, to see what our Indians were doing, as they had heard that I was working with them, trying to teach them the principles of the gospel, as also how to live as the more civilized man does, by cultivating the earth.

They were very anxious to find out whether an Indian would be allowed to settle down and cultivate the earth as other people do. They also wished to ascertain what our religious views were that we were teaching to those Indians, as they were interested with them, because they not only belonged to the same nation, but were related to each other as well.

On the date mentioned I was holding a meeting with them. Our bowery was filled to overflowing. There were from four to five hundred Sho-sho-nees from Wind River, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred Bannocks from the far north, and our local Indians; in all probably about one thousand present.

During our services, Elder Lorenzo Snow, Sister Eliza R. Snow, and quite a number of the authorities from Brigham City came to pay us a visit, and were surprised to see us engaged preaching to so large an audience. They came into the bowery, and all took their seats as quietly as they could except Sister E. R. Snow, who continued to stand up, that she might have a better opportunity of seeing the effect the preaching had on the congregation.

Brother Lorenzo Snow spoke to us a short time; the rest preferred to look on. I expect they thought it was a queer spectacle to see a man trying to preach to a congregation such as I had. But a more attentive congregation I never saw, nor one that paid more respect to the speaker.

After the meeting was dismissed, the cases of healing to which I referred took place.

The Indians hurried me to the water, as there were so many that wanted to be baptized. I did not stop to visit with the brethren and sisters who came to see us, but went immediately to the river.

I baptized over three hundred before I came out of the water.

Among the number were several who were sick. Some had been sick for a long time, and all, without an exception, on being baptized for their health, were healed.

There was one man who had been sick a long time. He had been so bad that he was unable to walk a step for four or five months. It took three men to carry him into the water to be baptized. I baptized him for his health and for the remission of his sins, when he walked out of the river with one man walking on each side of him to steady him, and he got well immediately.

There were in this company of Indians, some eight or nine persons that were possessed of the evil one, or something of that kind. The first of these was a large, strong woman.

Now an Indian is no more afraid of water than a duck is; but when I raised this woman out of the water, she wilted and dropped on my arm, as lifeless, to all appearance, as if she had been dead a week.

The old chief was standing on the bank of the river, preaching to the Indians all the while I was baptizing. When he saw this, he shouted "one!" the second chief also shouted "one."

I did not know what this meant, but the old chief, noticing my embarrassment, said, "Do not be in a hurry, father, she will soon be all right."

In about a minute her breath returned to her, and she walked out of the river all right.

As I said before, I baptized eight or nine of such cases that day, the old chief keeping count all the time.

He told me that they had been practicing their witchcraft and working with their black art so much, that he did not expect anything else of them; but it caused me to reflect a great deal.

Some of those that were operated upon in this way were men, and when I would raise them out of the water they would hang upon my arm breathless, and as limber as a half-filled sack of wheat.

The old chief took sick about a week after he was baptized, and called for baptism for his health. I baptized him, and he got well immediately. The power of God was made manifest in his case to such an extent, and made so much impression upon him, that, on being taken sick last summer, he started to come a distance of between two and three hundred miles on horseback to be baptized for his health.

Now, if he had never been healed himself, nor seen anybody else healed, he would never have started that distance on horseback to have that ordinance performed.

The Lamanites are very much like other people; some of them have great faith, and will be healed of any sickness, no matter how severe the attack, while others will not seem to be benefitted in the least.

I have frequently administered to them when they were burning up, as it were, with mountain fever, and before I would get my hands off their heads, their faces would be covered with large drops of sweat, and the fever would be entirely gone.

I remember one case of this kind among many others that took place on Salmon River, in the fall of 1855.

A band of Indians came in from their hunt, with a little girl, very sick of mountain fever. Their relatives told them that we practiced the ordinance of laying on hands for the healing of the sick.

When the father came after me, I told him that we did not make a practice of administering to those who did not belong to the Church; and if we went and administered to the child, and it recovered, I should expect him to be baptized. He said it was a bargain.

Accordingly I took David Moore, of Ogden, and B. F. Cummings, Sen., with me, and we anointed the child and laid our hands upon her. When we took our hands off her head, her face was literally covered with large drops of sweat; the fever was gone, and the child got well immediately.

On the Sunday following, I baptized fifty-six, her father being the first in the water.

Lest I should weary your patience, I will relate but one more instance. On August 11, 1875, the soldiers had, through the instigation of the people of Corinne, come up to Corinne, to drive the Indians from the farm where they made their first start, in the spring of that year, to cultivate the earth and settle themselves.

When the officers and I had got through with our talk, and were getting ready to return, an Indian by the name of Tattoosh, came for me to go and administer to his child, telling me to hurry or it would be dead.

I took some Indians with me and went. When I got to his place, I found the child's mother sitting out in the sun, trying to warm it in that way. The child seemed to be dying; its flesh was cold and clammy, and a death sweat was upon it.

We anointed it, and while administering to it I seemed to see the child at different stages until it was grown. I blessed it, accordingly, to live, and told its mother it would get well.

The child seemed to remain in the same condition until the next day about three o'clock.

The major had come up and changed the orders of the previous evening, which were for me to tell the Indians to go on with their harvesting, as he would not disturb them. Now the orders were if the Indians had not broken camp by 12 o'clock the next day, and started for some reservation, he should use force and drive them to one.

As I was going to the camp to get the Indians to leave, I met Tat-toosh, who told me that the child was dead. I said, "No, I cannot believe it!" He repeated that it was, and that its mother and friends were crying about it.

I had no time to go and see it, as I had to hurry to the camp. They had no opportunity to bury the child there, consequently, they wrapped it up in its blankets, and packed it upon a horse, intending to carry it until they could find time to bury it.

It took some three hours to get the camp on the move, and after carrying the child in that way some ten miles, they discovered that it was alive. This was on Thursday, and on the Sunday following I saw its father in Cache Valley. He said he never saw a child get well so fast in his life; and it is now quite fat and hearty.

ANSWER TO PRAYER.

EARLY EXPERIENCE IN CALLING UPON THE LORD—
PRAYERS ANSWERED—FAITH DEVELOPED—A POCKET-
BOOK LOST—FOUND IN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

In proof of the fact that the Lord hears and answers "the prayer of faith," the writer has had abundant evidence.

Not only has he known the sick to be healed in almost numberless instances, when anointed and prayed for by the Elders of the Church, but he has had his own prayers answered in regard to other things very many times.

These answers have sometimes come, too, in such a signal manner as to leave no room for supposing that they were the result of chance.

From childhood he was taught by his parents to have faith in the Lord, and to appeal to him for help when in trouble. In doing so he ever experienced such relief and comfort, that it seemed the most natural thing for him to do when in need of help.

When a small boy, as was the case with most other boys who grew up in these valleys years ago, he was occasionally required to herd cows. Sometimes his cows would wander off and get lost, and he would be filled with dread at thoughts of going home without them. At such times, if he could get off alone, where no other person could see him, he always liked to kneel in humble prayer and ask the Lord to prompt him to go in the right direction to find the missing animals.

In looking back now at those early experiences, he cannot recall to mind a single instance in which he failed to have his prayers answered.

Thus in his early years an acquaintance with the Lord was cultivated, and he grew to regard Him as his best friend—a friend whom he could appeal to, without anyone else knowing it, with perfect confidence of having his requests granted. This was a great comfort to him, for he was a very bashful boy, and could not have asked favors of others with so much freedom as he did of the Lord. Indeed, he never dared, when a boy, to let anyone know how he prayed to the Lord when beset by trouble, and how his prayers were answered. He would even shrink from saying anything about it now, were it not that he hopes an account of his experience may tend to inspire some others with faith in the Lord.

On one occasion when riding on the range on the west side of the Jordan river he lost a pocket book, containing a considerable amount of money and valuable papers, from his pocket.

When he discovered his loss he had traveled perhaps about twenty miles, and had no idea where he had lost it. Much of the distance he had traversed was over the rough prairie where there were no roads and where sage and rabbit brush grew in abundance.

Any person acquainted with the condition of that region of country when in its wild state, can understand how fruitless a search for so small an article as a pocket book would be likely to prove on the Jordan range. One might almost as well hunt for a needle in a haystack.

However, with many anxious forebodings, caused principally by the fact that much that the pocket book contained was not his own, and that he could not replace it, if lost, he mounted a fresh horse and started upon his search.

He made his way as nearly as he could judge, without any track to guide him, over the same route he had first traveled till he got some distance out on the range. There, when far out of sight of human eyes, he knelt and called upon the Lord in earnest prayer. He asked with all the faith that he could command, that he might be led to the place where the lost treasure had fallen.

Mounting his horse again, with a hopeful feeling, he allowed the animal to choose his own course, when, imagine his joy, after going a short distance, to see the pocket book lying directly in front of his horse. With a light heart and full of gratitude to the Almighty, he returned home, feeling that a more direct answer to his prayer could scarcely have been given him.

JOSEPH SMITH'S FIRST PRAYER.

BY G. M.

Humbly kneeling, sweet appealing—
'Twas the boy's first uttered prayer—
When the power of sin, assailing,
Filled his soul with deep despair;
But, undaunted still, he trusted
In his Heavenly Father's care.

Suddenly a light descended,
Brighter far than noonday sun,
And a shining glorious pillar
O'er him fell, around him shone;
While appeared two heavenly beings,
God the Father and the Son.

"Joseph, this is my beloved!
Hear Him!" Oh! how sweet the word!

Joseph's humble prayer was answered,
And he listened to the Lord.
Oh! what rapture filled his bosom,
For he saw the living God.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK A STRING OF PEARLS ***

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