

The Project Gutenberg eBook of Gems of Reminiscence, by

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Gems of Reminiscence

Compiler: George C. Lambert

Release date: August 19, 2015 [EBook #49739]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Lauren McGuinness, Mormon Texts Project Intern
(<http://mormontextsproject.org/>)

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK GEMS OF REMINISCENCE ***

GEMS OF REMINISCENCE

SEVENTEENTH BOOK OF THE FAITH PROMOTING SERIES

DESIGNED FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND ENCOURAGEMENT OF YOUNG LATTER-DAY
SAINTS

COMPILED AND PUBLISHED BY GEO. C. LAMBERT
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH 1915

PREFACE

"Gems of Reminiscence," the title selected for this volume, is sufficiently comprehensive to include incidents from real life on a wide variety of subjects, so long as the effect is to promote faith.

The articles included in this volume are sufficiently varied as to subject matter to interest most of those into whose hands it may come.

In making this volume double the size—that is, double the number of pages—of its predecessors, we have acted upon the suggestion of a literary friend who has had enough experience in publishing books to realize how difficult it is to secure any profit from publishing small editions of books of 96 pages each and binding the volumes separately at the low price of 25 cents per volume, retail. The opinion was expressed that most of those whose taste would lead them to buy such a book would just as willingly pay 50 cents retail for a volume that contained double the number of pages in the same style of binding. We decided to try the experiment and if this venture meets with encouragement, future volumes issued will probably be in the larger size and the price 50 cents per volume instead of the smaller volumes at the price of 25 cents each, as in the past.

That there is an abundance of material in the experience of faithful members of the Church to

furnish subject matter for an indefinite number of volumes, of a faith-promoting nature, and that the young people of the community may be benefited more by that class of reading than any other, is as evident now as it ever has been in the past.

We bespeak the interest of all faithful members of the Church in this work of providing the best of reading matter and at the same time perpetuating a knowledge of incidents in their lives that might otherwise be lost to posterity, and trust that all who have had experience that would be faith-promoting if published, will furnish us the material to continue the publication of the Faith-Promoting Series as long as there is need for it. We can not promise them pecuniary profit for so doing, but to those who will conscientiously and intelligently help in the manner indicated we can promise the kind of reward that has thus far encouraged us, that is, a consciousness of having placed benefits within the reach of young Latter-day Saints that will be appreciated in the future if not now.

CONTENTS

AMONG CANNIBALS.

CHAPTER I.

James S. Brown's Experience Previous to Being Sent as a Missionary to the Society Islands—Remarkable Predictions by Presidents Brigham Young and Willard Richards—Perilous Journey to California—Tragic Fate of Most of the Company—Arrival in San Francisco—Landing in Tahiti—Opposition from Priests and Ministers—Governor of French Protectorate Arrayed Against Him—Elders Scatter Out—Lewd Women Instigated by Ministers try to Entrap him—His First Convert—Recognized by a Native who had seen him in a Dream.

CHAPTER II.

Catholic Priests Jealous of his Success—Arrested on a Trumped-up Charge—Tried Before Governor's Aid-de-Camp—Frightful Scene Among a School of Whales—Farce of a Trial before the Governor of the Protectorate—Inspired to Plead his Own Cause—Impression Made Upon the Governor—American Consul's Friendly Act—Banished from Tahiti—Befriended by a Queen.

CHAPTER III.

Land Among Cannibals—Denounced as the American Plant—His Destruction Demanded—Sentenced to be Roasted and Eaten—Fire Prepared—His Defiance of the Rabid Host—Effect Upon the Wild Horde Who Were Eager to Roast and Devour Him—Fierce Fight Among His Opponents.

PARKIN REMINISCENCE.

CHAPTER I.

Promise to Pay Money With Only Faith to Back It—How the Money was Provided—Lesson His Wife Drew From It.

CHAPTER II.

Ashamed to Pay Tithing—Loss of Crop—Lesson He Learned By It—Potatoes Purchased to Pay Delinquent Tithing—No Loss of Potato Crop Since.

CHAPTER III.

Farming on Shares—A New Vocation—Future Home Shown in Vision—Home Recognized When First Seen in Utah—Reputation Gained as a Faithful and Thorough Worker—Providential Fulfillment of Vision—Home Viewed as a Sacred Heritage.

CHAPTER IV.

Ambitious to Work in a Goal Mine—Day Spent in Mine as a Spectator—Fatal Accident—His Narrow Escape from Being a Victim.

CHAPTER V.

Resort to Mining—Caught in a Snowslide—Carried a Mile Down the Mountain As If Fired From a Catapult—Miraculous Escape—Fails to Find Companion—Return to Mine and Then Home—Companion's Subsequent Escape.

CHAPTER VI.

Father John Parkin a Pugilist—Defends a Mormon Elder—Shelters Him From a Storm and Learns Something of Mormonism—Whole Family Embrace the Gospel.

CHAPTER VII.

Selling a Load of Carrots to An Ex-Missionary, Whose Parsimony is Exhibited—Some Reflections Thereon.

A SAILOR-SAINT'S ADVENTURES.

CHAPTER I.

E. R. S. Schnelle's Belief in a Providence Over His Life—Birth and Succession of Accidents—Goes to Sea as Cabin Boy—Gruel Treatment—Pumping Sugar and Water—Ship Crushed Against Breakwater—Reckless Jump—Woes as a Cook.

CHAPTER II.

Embarks as Ordinary Seaman—Captain's Premonition and Sailors' Fear—Amazone Wrecked—Dying Sailor's Vision—Gross Seat—a Typhoon—Ship Seized by French—Travel in Russia—Finds A Wife—Converted to "Mormonism."

CHAPTER III.

Sent to Hospital—Blue Jacket Converted—Warned by Spirit to Leave Ship—Disobeys Warning—Narrow Escape When Ship Founders—A Dangerous Fall—Led by Inspiration—Inspired Promise Fulfilled—Work in Temple—Departure for Mission.

OBTAINING GENEALOGIES.

At Solicitation of Saints in Utah, Engages in Genealogical Research While Serving as a Missionary—Takes a Special Mission for Such Work—Impression That He Was Receiving Help from the Spirit World—Search for Williams' Genealogies—A Sign and a Mutual Impression—Valuable Data Obtained from a Stranger, Who Was Evidently inspired—Research of Chamberlain Family Record Helped by a Stranger Who Was Also Evidently Inspired to Do So—Valuable Records Providentially Found in Unexpected Place.

WARNED BY THE SPIRIT.

CHAPTER I.

Chauncey W. West Sent on a Mission to Asia—Dreams of the Wreck of a Vessel Upon Which He had Engaged Passage—Left the Ship, and Afterwards Learned From the Crew of the Vessel Being Wrecked Just as He Had Dreamed that it Would be—While Awaiting Another Opportunity to Ship to California was Prompted to Vacate a House Where He and Companion Elder Were Staying—House Immediately Afterwards Crushed by Large Stone Rolling Down From Side of Mountain.

CHAPTER II.

Elder James Lawson Inspired to Quit a Steamboat on Which he was a Passenger—Jumped on a Flatboat—A Few moments later the Steamboat Sank, and most of the Passengers were Drowned.

CHAPTER III.

Comforting Assurance Experienced by A. O. Smoot During a Storm at Sea—His Narrow Escape from being a Victim of the Saluda Disaster—His Account of the Explosion.

CHAPTER IV.

Series of Escapes Experienced by President Woodruff Through Heeding the Spirit's Warnings—Instance of Failing to do so.

RECALLED BY ELDER HEBER J. GRANT.

Excerpts from Discourse Delivered in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, April 26, 1914—Methodist Episcopal Minister Converted to Mormonism—Goes to England as a Mormon Missionary—Calls Upon His Former Minister—His Undignified Reception—Anti "Mormon" Assertion Disproved by Facts—A Minister's Confession—Puzzling Questions Propounded to Ministers, Unanswered—Attitude of Latter-Day Saints Thereon—Unseen Evidence of Power—A Prediction by the Gift of Tongues that was Literally Fulfilled—Truth Only Strengthened by Attempts to Overthrow it—Karl G. Maeser's Conversion—His Pledge and its Fulfillment—Ben Butler's Advice.

A BUSY LIFE

CHAPTER I.

Anson Call's Birth and Character—Investigated "Mormonism" to Disprove it, and Became Converted—Impediment in His Speech Cured When Administered to—An Anti-"Mormon" Missourian—Buy Farms in Caldwell County—The Prophet Visits Missouri—Advises Abandonment of Homes—Mob Tries to Prevent their Removal—Flee by Night—Adam-Ondi-Ahman and Far West Besieged.

CHAPTER II.

Suffering from Gold Weather—Anson Visits Elk Horn—Captured and Ill-Treated by a Mob—Treats the Mob to Whiskey, and Escapes—Tiresome Journey to Far West—Visits His Farm Contrary to Counsel—Finds his Property in Possession of Mobocrats, who Assault Him—Apostates Try to Use Anson to Discredit the Prophet—Anson's Fidelity.

CHAPTER III.

Removal to Illinois—A Perilous Journey—Overtaken by the Prophet While Escaping from Missouri Prison—Anson and Wife Visit in Ohio—Locate in Macedonia—Remove to Nauvoo—Mission to Ohio—Prophet's Vision and Prediction as to Saints Locating in West—Judge Thomas' Advice—Service as a Delegate.

CHAPTER IV.

Judge Thomas' Willingness to Sacrifice the Prophet—Vain Efforts to See and Report to the Prophet—Perfidy of Reynolds Cahoon and Alpheus Cutler—Prophet's Last Speech—News of the Martyrdom—Its Effect—Atrocities of Mob.

CHAPTER V.

Preparations for Abandonment of Nauvoo—Journey Westward—Winter Near Indian Camp—Test of Fealty—Westward Journey Temporarily Abandoned—Employment in Missouri—Journey to Utah—Choice of Home—Mission to Colonize Parowan—Mission to Colonize Fillmore—Massacre of Gunnison Party.

CHAPTER VI.

Call's Fort Established—Acts as Deputy U. S. Marshal—Mission to Colonize Carson Valley—Prepares to Burn Home—The "Move" South—Brother Killed by Indians—Call's Landing Established—His Last Days.

ELDER BROWN'S EXPERIENCE

CHAPTER I.

Frigid Trip on Lonely Road—Team Exhausted—Agony of Freezing—Prayer for Deliverance—Friend Inspired to Go to His Relief—Sheep Herder Inspired to Move Camp—Effects of Freezing on Feet.

CHAPTER II.

Sent on a Mission—Stricken with Chills and Fever—President of Mission Proffers to Release Him—Unwilling to be Released—Instantly Healed when Administered to—Twin Boys Healed in Answer to Elder Brown's Prayer—Elder Brown Has a Relapse—Instantly Healed when Again Administered to—Again Urged to Accept His Release—Field of Labor Changed—Health Fails, and He is Sent Home—Reproved by President Woodruff—Victim of a Street Car Accident—Healed in Answer to Prayer.

REMARKABLE PATRIARCHAL BLESSING.

Dr. Gledhill's Wife Operated Upon Repeatedly for Internal Tumor—Blessed by a Patriarch—Promised that She Should Recover and Give Birth to More Children—Scientific Opinions Upset by Fulfillment of Inspired Promise.

LAMBERT REMINISCENCE.

Applies for Work Upon Nauvoo Temple—Accepts Work Without Prospect of Pay—His Hat Stoned—Offered Work by Lucifer, who Displays Abundance of Gold—Journey Westward—Money Providentially Furnished for Completion of Wagon—Money for Medicine Obtained in Like Mysterious Way—Arrival in Winter Quarters—Ambition to Go West With Pioneers—Plan Foiled by Indians Killing Team Animals—President Young's Confidence—New Shoes Providentially Found—Dislocated Arm Providentially Restored to Use.

A TIMELY WARNING.

Visit to a Volcano—Madam Pele's Hair—Narrow Escape from Falling into Volcano.

ONE OF NATURE'S GENTLEMEN.

Fine Specimen of Maori—Effect of the Gospel Upon Him—His Excellent Family.

PRAYING TO DEATH.

Attempt of Hawaiian Priest to Pray Mormon Elder to Death—His Failure and Hawaiian Discomfiture.

AMONG CANNIBALS

CHAPTER I.

JAMES S. BROWN'S EXPERIENCE PREVIOUS TO BEING SENT AS A MISSIONARY TO THE SOCIETY ISLANDS—REMARKABLE PREDICTION BY PRESIDENTS BRIGHAM YOUNG AND WILLARD RICHARDS—PERILOUS JOURNEY TO CALIFORNIA—TRAGIC FATE OF MOST OF THE COMPANY—ARRIVAL IN SAN FRANCISCO—LANDING IN TAHITI—OPPOSITION FROM PRIESTS AND MINISTERS—GOVERNOR OF FRENCH PROTECTORATE ARRAYED AGAINST HIM—ELDERS SCATTER OUT—LEWD WOMEN, INSTIGATED BY MINISTERS, TRY TO ENTRAP HIM—HIS FIRST CONVERT—RECOGNIZED BY A NATIVE WHO HAD SEEN HIM IN A DREAM.

The late Elder James S. Brown, who for many years was a resident of the 17th Ward of this city, (and who died in 1902) had a most interesting and eventful life, and a few incidents therefrom, in which a special providence was manifest, are here given, the facts being mainly culled from his autobiography published under the title of "Life of a Pioneer."

Elder Brown was a member of the famous Mormon Battalion, and on being mustered out of service in California in July, 1847, he journeyed to Sutter's Fort on the Sacramento river, and became one of the original discoverers of gold in California. After working in California for an outfit, he with others made a hazardous journey eastward in search of their friends the Pioneers, who, under the leadership of Brigham Young, had located, as they understood, somewhere in the rocky mountains, but just where they were uncertain. He arrived in Salt Lake valley on the 28th of September, 1848, and found the pioneers living in a fort on what is now Pioneer Square. There he was warmly welcomed by relatives and friends and settled down to help develop the country.

In the summer of 1849 he witnessed the threatened destruction of the whole of the crops being raised in the valley by the onslaught of crickets, and the miraculous saving of the crops by swarms of seagulls coming from the west and devouring the crickets.

Then he was called to go upon a mission to the Society Islands. President Brigham Young said to him "I promise you in the name of the Lord, God of Israel that if you go you will be blessed, and do good, and be an honor to yourself and to the Church and Kingdom of God. Although men will seek your life, you shall be spared and return to the bosom of the Church in safety." President Willard Richards also said to him "Brother James, when you are upon yonder distant islands, called to preside over a branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, men will seek your life, and to all human appearance there will be no possible escape; then look unto God, and His angels shall drawn near unto you, and you shall be delivered to return home unto this people."

In company with Elder Addison Pratt, who had previously filled a mission to the Society Islands, he set out, first proceeding to California by the southern route. They had occasion to feel that they were providentially preserved on the journey, as, through a disagreement as to the road they should travel, the majority of the company (including about 500 emigrants bound for California from somewhere in the east) and who persisted in going contrary to the advice of Apostle Charles C. Rich, got lost and nearly all of them perished from thirst and starvation in Death Valley. The missionaries were content to follow the advice of Apostle Rich, and, after a

somewhat perilous journey arrived safely in San Francisco. There they secured passage on the brig "Frederick" and sailed away to the southwest for Tahiti April 20, 1850.

They landed at Papeete, the capital of Tahiti, the largest island of the Society group, May 24, 1850, where they were met and welcomed by a few natives whom Addison Pratt had converted while on a previous mission.

They soon learned that they would have to meet the combined opposition of Protestant ministers and Catholic priests, who were determined, if possible, to prevent them from becoming established there. These opponents had great influence with the representatives of the French government that maintained a protectorate over the greater part of the Society Islands.

They called upon the governor of the French protectorate and tried to obtain permission to visit Tubuai, a distant island, to which place they had a chance of obtaining free passage, but were refused permission, as the governor expressed fear of the effect of their preaching. He required that they furnish him a detailed statement of the principles they taught and the methods and policy they pursued in their missionary work, all of which, however, failed to satisfy the governor that he could safely trust them. The governor then prepared a list of questions for the Elders to answer and pledges for them to subscribe to, all of which they complied with, but all to no avail, for the governor had evidently determined not to allow them to do any proselyting.

Elder Brown made the acquaintance of many ministers and missionaries of other creeds, some of whom professed to have a feeling of friendship for him and his work, but who secretly exerted all their powers and influence to oppose him and instigate the government to curtail his liberties and prevent the spread of the Gospel. Upon one occasion he was visited by two very pretty young native women who were attractively dressed and highly perfumed, and who expressed a desire to investigate "Mormonism." He received them cordially and offered to afford them any information he could, but was blessed with the spirit of discernment and impressed with the fact that they were not sincere in their profession, but had, in fact, come for the purpose of seducing him. He surprised them by telling them of his suspicion as to the purpose of their visit, and that certain rival ministers had induced them to come to him, suggesting to them that Elder Brown was hypocritical in his profession of religion, and in reality a licentious man who would readily succumb to the cunning wiles of lewd women and, by being caught in the trap devised by them, have his reputation blasted and his missionary work effectually stopped by the exposure that would follow. The women acknowledged that he had correctly discerned and described the cause and purpose of their visit and the identity of its instigators, and on being warned to repent and assured that "Mormon" missionaries were not such characters as they had been led to suppose, the women abandoned the scheme to which they had lent themselves, and left him.

The first baptism in which Elder Brown officiated on the islands was that of a highly educated and influential young native woman who had become convinced of the truth of the principles he taught and applied to him to baptize her. She was so ill that she had to be carried into the water, but when she was baptized she was immediately healed and walked out of the water without help. The ministers raised a great outcry about his endangering her life by immersing her, and soon had the police searching for him for the purpose of placing him under arrest. The officers failed to find him, although he made no effort to evade them, and the excitement over the baptism of the young woman gradually subsided.

Failing to get the consent of the governor or other officials for them to engage in missionary labor, and tiring of the restraint of remaining in comparative idleness in the region of Papeete, the Elders decided to scatter out and do missionary work as they might find opportunity.

While Elder Brown was on his way to Tubuai, where he was appointed to preside, the boat upon which he was making the voyage had to put into the harbor of the island of Laivavai to seek refuge from a storm. He mentions that the island was only four miles in length and two in width, and had a population of three hundred and eighty-three people. He described them as having the wildest and fiercest look of any that he had ever met. However, he had no cause to complain of their treatment at the time. His next stop was on the island of Tubuai, which is only twelve or fifteen miles in length, and had a population of four hundred. It was upon this island that the gospel was first introduced. That was in July, 1844, the missionaries being Addison Pratt, Noah Rogers and B. F. Grouard, who were sent on a mission from Nauvoo by the Prophet Joseph Smith, in 1843. Knowlton F. Hanks was also one of the party called to fill this mission, but he died during the voyage to his field of labor. While attempting to effect a landing, the boat had the narrowest possible escape from being wrecked upon a coral reef. As it was, the passengers were spilled into the raging billows among crags and rocks, but were fortunate in escaping serious injury.

After laboring for awhile on the island of Tubuai, he proceeded to Anaa, in the Tuamotu group. A somewhat unusual incident occurred when Elder Brown and a number of other passengers were about to land at Tuuhora on the island of Auaa. As they neared the shore a native came bounding through the water until he reached the stern of the boat where Elder Brown was seated. Then he reached out his hand which had in it five pearls wrapped in a small rag, saying at the same time: "Here, I have seen you before. You have come to be our president, for you have been shown to me in a dream. Welcome, welcome to our land!" He then turned his broad, muscular back towards Elder Brown and invited the missionary to mount and be carried ashore. The Elder gladly did so, and notwithstanding he was an unusually large man, he was carried with ease to

the shore, where he was joyfully greeted by a goodly number of church members who soon prepared a feast of welcome for him.

CHAPTER II.

CATHOLIC PRIESTS JEALOUS OF HIS SUCCESS—
ARRESTED ON A TRUMPED-UP CHARGE—TRIED
BEFORE GOVERNOR'S AID-DE-CAMP—FRIGHTFUL
SCENE AMONG A SCHOOL OF WHALES—FARCE OF A
TRIAL BEFORE THE GOVERNOR OF THE
PROTECTORATE—INSPIRED TO PLEAD HIS OWN
CAUSE—IMPRESSION MADE UPON THE GOVERNOR—
AMERICAN CONSUL'S FRIENDLY ACT—BANISHED
FROM TAHITI—BEFRIENDED BY A QUEEN.

The natives were eager for the Gospel, and he lost no time in commencing the work of proselyting among them. He also engaged in conducting day schools among the natives with good effect, the natives being anxious to attend and quick to learn. The Catholic priests of the region, however, who were making almost frantic efforts to proselyte as well as to establish schools in imitation of those of Elder Brown, were so jealous of his success and so chagrined at their own failure, that they set about devising schemes to discredit Elder Brown and gain an advantage over him. They even went to the extreme of taking forcible possession of a meeting house built and exclusively owned by the Latter-day Saints, and trying to monopolize the use of it. They presumed upon their influence with the officers of the French protectorate to sustain them in this arbitrary and high-handed conduct, and continued it even in the face of a decision against them, when the officers could find no warrant even in the rank anti-"Mormon" prejudice then prevailing for favoring the priests, much as they desired to do so.

While at Putuhara, on the island of Anaa, Elder Brown was arrested on a trumped-up charge and haled before the governor's aid-de camp, who had arrived on the French war frigate "Durance." It was soon evident that the Catholic priests had conspired to entrap him for the purpose of breaking down his influence with the natives and closing his schools. When the charges, which were both frivolous and absurd, were read to him he plead not guilty and asked the privilege of being tried in the vicinity, where he felt sure he could soon establish his innocence. This privilege was refused on the plea that his offense was too great and he was too dangerous to be tried before any less personage than the governor. He would therefore have to go to Tahiti and appear before the governor. After being compelled to witness the most shameless and revolting immorality on the part of the guard who had him in charge he was thrust into a filthy and foul smelling old oil boat and thus conveyed to the war frigate, which was lying off shore, there being no harbor or anchorage at that island. While the boat was proceeding to the frigate it ran into a school of whales that numbered hundreds if not thousands. The native oarsmen propelling the boat were almost paralyzed with fear, and withdrew their oars and scarcely dared to breath while the whales were passing. Elder Brown in relating the circumstance admitted that although he had been in a great many dangerous places he had never felt the hair on his head so much inclined to stand on end before as while witnessing the passing of those huge sea monsters, so close as to be touched with the hand, and having the power if they had chosen to exert it, to smash the boat and send its passengers into eternity by a mere whisk of the tail.

The voyage ended at the port of Papeete, November 3, 1851, and the prisoner was soon transferred from the war frigate to a cobblestone dungeon in the town. From there he was taken before the governor and arraigned on the charges preferred against him. A native Catholic was first introduced as a witness. He had evidently been coached in regard to what he should say, but not sufficiently so to have it clear in his mind, or else he had scruples against perjuring himself, for he hesitated and seemed confused. The governor evidently thought his confusion due to the prisoner looking at him, for he ordered Elder Brown not to look at the witness, and told him that his "countenance was so fierce and vivid as to baffle the most substantial witness." The next person used against him as a witness was a man who had been brought to Papeete as a prisoner, but never arraigned. He evidently thought that his own immunity from prosecution depended upon his furnishing damaging evidence against Elder Brown, and he seemed more than willing to testify to anything.

Not liking the way the trial was proceeding, if it was a trial, as he was being given no opportunity to defend himself, Elder Brown arose and claimed his rights as an American citizen, making as strong a plea as he could in his own behalf, and quoting international law and treaties that came to his mind spontaneously upon the occasion, without his ever having read or heard the same quoted before.

The governor and others present seemed to be profoundly impressed by what he said, the result

being that with much embarrassment the hearing was closed and he was immediately marched back to his filthy cell.

About this time the American consul, W. H. Kelly, having heard of the proceedings, called upon the governor in the interest of Elder Brown, as an American citizen. The governor informed him that the prisoner was a very dangerous as well as a very learned man, thoroughly familiar with international laws and treaties, which he was able to quote from memory, and that he was undoubtedly a military man of no mean ability. Inquiring what he could do for the relief of the prisoner, he was told that he could put up a 50,000 franc bond for the good conduct of the Elder during the remainder of his stay under the jurisdiction of the French protectorate, in which case he might regain his liberty, but that he must leave the protectorate by the first out-going vessel, no more to return on pain of perpetual imprisonment. The consul accordingly put up the bond and Elder Brown was released and turned over to him.

The consul advised that he confer with his friends and see what could be done about complying with the terms of the governor's decree. The missionaries were accordingly called together and discussed the decree of banishment, with the result that they decided that Elder Brown had better sail on the little schooner "Ravai," owned by the Saints and commanded by B. F. Grouard. It was bound for a cruise among the Tuamotu group of islands, and to make a final landing at Laivavai, four hundred miles south-east of Tahiti, and outside of the protectorate. The vessel was accordingly got ready and he sailed on board of it November 17, 1851.

As the boat was leaving the Tahitian harbor it encountered severe headwinds and had to beat its way against wind and wave until it became somewhat disabled. Provisions also ran short, and it became necessary to change the course of the vessel and head it towards Tubuai. When within eighty miles of that island, the provisions became utterly exhausted and a dead calm set in. After severe suffering, Tubuai was reached on the 29th of November.

When Pitamai Vehene, the queen, heard that Elder Brown had been banished, she went out to the vessel in her own canoe and invited him to go ashore with her and partake of her hospitality. She said "this is my island, and the French have no right here. I will be responsible for all the trouble that may arise." He accepted the invitation, was entertained at the queen's mansion for a number of days, and then continued his voyage to Laivavai, where he relieved Elder Pratt, who was then presiding there.

CHAPTER III.

LAND AMONG CANNIBALS—DENOUNCED AS THE AMERICAN PLANT—HIS DESTRUCTION DEMANDED—SENTENCED TO BE ROASTED AND EATEN—FIRE PREPARED—HIS DEFIANCE OF THE RABID HOST—EFFECT UPON THE WILD HORDE WHO WERE EAGER TO ROAST AND DEVOUR HIM—FIERCE FIGHT AMONG HIS OPPONENTS.

An intense anti-"Mormon" feeling had developed on that island since his last previous visit, and he had scarcely landed when his life was threatened by a leader of the anti-"Mormon" faction named Tabate. These people had formerly been cannibals, and now when their passions were aroused, as they frequently were on religious and other questions, their state bordered very nearly on their original degraded level if it didn't quite reach it. They not only gloried in their former practices, but they dwelt with unctious upon the hope of returning thereto. They practiced grimaces and distortions and incantations, gave free rein to their wild passions and in anticipation reverted again to their old lives of crime and cannibalism.

Unfortunately there were persons unscrupulous enough to play upon the prejudices of the natives in this time of excitement to gratify their own malicious desires and gain a mean advantage for their own pet faction. Two young protestant ministers engaged in making inflammatory speeches against the "Mormons" and especially against Elder Brown, whose influence among the natives they greatly feared and saw no prospect of coping with. They alluded to him as "that American plant" which they predicted would soon grow to such proportions as to overshadow the land and stifle all other creeds or ministers. They demanded that the natives give this "American plant" no further tolerance, but drive him from their midst.

About the 5th of May, 1852, the whole people were called to assemble at the village of Tatake and prepare a feast, and at the same time to decide what to do with the "Mormon" minister and his disciples. The young braves came together armed with muskets, and apparently bent upon extreme measures. The people brought together an immense quantity and great variety of edibles, including roast pigs, fish, poultry and fruits of all kinds known in the region. The food was divided up according to families and the number in families, and the portion of ten men was

set before Elder Brown with the injunction to eat and get fat for the roast. Much jesting was indulged in during the banquet, and many allusions made to the feast of roast missionary which was to follow, as if it were a good joke, but at the conclusion of the banquet all became silent as if they had eaten to satiety and required a rest. But to the friends of Elder Brown this silence was ominous. They could not believe that the dire plot against the missionary had been abandoned or forgotten. The silence, they feared, was but the precursor of a more dreadful and revolting orgie than any they had witnessed. About 1 p. m. the excitement was renewed. Two great ruffians armed with clubs entered Elder Brown's apartment and announced that they had been sent to summon him before the council. If he refused they said they were under orders to forcibly drag him there. He immediately arose to go with them, and as he did so the promise of Brigham Young and also that of President Willard Richards, made to him when he was called to go upon his mission, came to his mind, with the assurance that the time had arrived for their fulfillment. As predicted, his life was now being sought, but his enemies would not succeed, for his life would be spared to return in safety to his mountain home and friends. He had no feeling of doubt or depression, but on the contrary he was calmly confident and cheerful. He walked out to the beach where the people had assembled, and the few faithful members of the Church upon the island followed close behind him. As they passed the heap of burning timber which had such a significance, they faced a formidable row of about fifteen young athletes with close cropped hair and bodies naked except for a cloth around their loins, and oiled so that they shone with a savage fierceness in the firelight, standing with folded arms as if ready for the word to offer a victim to the flames. As the missionary and his friends approached the demon-like Tabate stepped forward and commanded that "all the Britons stand on the right hand with the sheep, and the 'Mormons' stand on the left where the goats are." Among the followers of Elder Brown was a brave young native named Rivae and his wife who had an eight-months'-old babe in her arms. With sublime courage this devoted young husband stepped forward and said "If you are going to burn this man," pointing to Elder Brown, "you burn me first!" His wife immediately followed and, holding her babe at arms' length shouted "I am a 'Mormon' and this baby will be a 'Mormon' if he lives, so you will have to burn all of us to put a stop to 'Mormonism.'" Rivae and his wife were ordered to stand aside, and Elder Brown was ordered to take a position in a space between the two parties. Then Tabate, the spokesman or judge taunted him with being the cause of all the trouble, and, pointing to the heap of burning embers, declared the decision to be that he must there be roasted and eaten.

Yielding to a sudden feeling that came over him at that moment, Elder Brown stood erect before them, and, with arms raised high in the air, shouted "In the name of Israel's God I defy the host of you; for I serve the God who delivered Daniel from the den of lions and the three Hebrew children from the fiery furnace!"

The change that immediately came over the scene was as if caused by magic. A spirit of division rested upon the judge who had passed the sentence, his councilors and the executioners, and they were soon engaged in a deadly grapple. This seemed to be the signal for the whole assembly to enter into the fiercest kind of a fight. They used clubs and stones and any other kind of a weapon they could get hold of; also pulled hair, bit and scratched and gouged in the most desperate struggle, inflicting all the damage they could upon one another until they were compelled to cease from sheer exhaustion at the close of the day.

In this final conflict some of the Church members seemed impelled to take a hand. They fought with savage ferocity until the time came when, as if by common consent, they all ceased to fight and demurely slunk away to their homes with many sore heads and aching bodies, to think over, but perhaps without being able to recall, their reason for engaging in the deadly struggle.

The rest may soon be told.

Elder Brown continued to live upon the small island of Laivavai, for he had no opportunity to get away, but he was treated with consideration, and apparently regarded with superstitious awe.

Those who had contemplated roasting and eating him must have been careful to shun him thereafter, for he never knowingly met any of them. Upon one occasion he recognized one of them at a distance but noticed that he almost immediately commenced running from him, as if in fear. In a spirit of fun Elder Brown pursued him and succeeded in overtaking him after a long chase. On questioning the man as to his reason for running away from him, he was told that he was feared because he seemed to be divinely assisted; that when he defied the populace as he was about to be sacrificed there appeared to be a pillar of light extending from the heavens down to his head, and it was regarded as a sign of divine favor, and those who saw it feared to touch him.

They were not the only ones who gave the Lord the credit for coming to his relief. Elder Brown did so himself. He acknowledged that it was only through the mercy and power of the Lord that he was delivered from that howling mob who had set their hearts upon subjecting him to a most horrible death and were then intent upon devouring his flesh.

We can imagine how easy it was for the Lord to create the impression that He did upon the hearts of those ignorant depraved people. James S. Brown was a magnificent specimen of physical manhood. He was tall and well proportioned, with a fearless manner about him, betokening the possession of unusual courage. He had a sonorous voice and a penetrating look that was well calculated to make cowards quail. When he stood forth in the majesty of his

strength and in the firm belief that the Lord was going to protect him, even as His prophets had declared, and defied the superstitious horde that sought his life, it seems the most natural thing in the world that they should be stricken dumb with astonishment and terror. It is not detracting any from the credit due the Lord to explain that His purpose might have been and probably was accomplished in a perfectly natural way. It was long before remarked by the Protestant ministers when they sought to have his liberties curtailed because he had baptized an invalid and she had been healed of her ailment, that he had "such a fierce countenance and expressive voice as to excite a person suffering the most excruciating pain until he would not realize that he had any suffering at all." The governor of the French protectorate had also complained of his so terrifying a witness by simply looking at him as to disqualify him for service. He therefore ordered that Elder Brown cease to look at the witness, saying his countenance was so "fierce and vivid as to baffle the most substantial witness." Then too, he had the reputation of being a man of nerve and resource—a man who did things. He had in many instances extracted teeth with no better instrument than a bullet mold or a hammer and chisel, or rusty nail that could be used as a punch. He had performed surgical operations successfully when he had found people suffering from carbuncles or abscesses by use only of a sharp pocket knife. He had acquired the native language and other dialects with wonderful facility and spoke several dialects fluently; in fact, he was almost a natural linguist. All these and other things as well as his appearance caused him to be regarded as a remarkable man. His unconcern too as to the identity of the people who tried to sacrifice him was probably also noticed. It was sufficient for him to know that he was no longer molested. To him the incident was closed. He probably never thought of it afterwards except in a casual way. When he returned home after an absence of three and two-thirds years and had occasion to mention his narrow escape from being burned and devoured in connection with his various other experiences, he found it was wholly lacking in corroboration; he could not refer to anyone who had witnessed it or knew of the facts. And so it continued for nearly if not quite forty years, when he again found himself upon a mission in the Society Islands. He was a greatly changed man then, enfeebled by age and sickness, and under the necessity of walking with crutches as a result of his having lost a limb through being accidentally shot. He found only few people then who remembered his former labors upon the islands and fewer still who recognized him. He casually mentions in his autobiography that on visiting the island of Laivavai in company with Elder Wm. A. Seegmiller "we met a man—the fourth on the island—who was on the island of Laivavai when the natives had built a fire to burn me, and when I was delivered by the power of God. They claimed to have been present when I was sentenced, but denied taking any part in the proceedings."

Elder Seegmiller, who is now a Bishop in Richfield, Utah, remembers meeting those men as mentioned. He also had the place pointed out to him where the sacrifice so nearly occurred, and heard the circumstance incidentally alluded to many times in connection with the folk lore of the island, or as a legend of the days of heathendom. All that he heard was substantially in accord with the narrative as here given.

PARKIN REMINISCENSE

CHAPTER I.

**PROMISE TO PAY MONEY WITH ONLY FAITH TO BACK
IT—HOW THE MONEY WAS PROVIDED—LESSON HIS
WIFE DREW FROM IT.**

Brother Wm. J. Parkin, of South Bountiful, tells this story of how the Lord can and will open up the way for those who have faith to fulfill their promises and accomplish their righteous desires:

He arrived in Utah in the year 1863, fresh from England, and very poor. He had not succeeded in accumulating much when, in the following year, he ventured to get married. While attending conference in Salt Lake City the following spring he heard President Brigham Young announce to the assembly that he wanted a collection taken up in the several wards for the immigration of the poor, and wished every man to subscribe to the extent of his ability. The following Sunday he attended meeting in Bountiful and heard Bishop Stoker repeat the call.

Brother Parkin is a man of generous impulses, and felt like doing his full duty in so worthy a cause, but was absolutely without funds, and didn't know where or how he would be able to

obtain any, but he was the first man to arise and say what he would do. He said, "Bishop, you may put me down for \$2.50." The money was to be paid within two weeks.

When he returned home from meeting his wife, who had not been at the meeting, met him at the gate with tears in her eyes. She had already heard from a neighbor of what her husband had promised to do, and knew too that he had no money. Her heart was in the work of the Lord, and she would have been more than willing to help migrate the poor if she had been able so to do, but her high sense of honor would not brook the making of a promise she could not fulfill. She greeted him reproachfully with the exclamation: "What have you done?" He had no guilty feeling, and asked her what she meant. "You have promised to give two-and-a-half dollars, and haven't a cent, nor any way of getting any. Do you know that I had to sit up and wash and iron a shirt for you after you went to bed last night, so that you might have a decent shirt to wear to-day?"

"Well, I know that we are very poor," he replied, "but I believe the Lord will provide a way for me to fulfill the promise. Perhaps he will make the chickens lay more eggs, or the cow give more milk, so you will have butter to sell."

"How can you expect that," said she, "when we only have three hens and a rooster, and the cow is almost dry."

Peace was patched up between the couple by his assurance that what he had done in the matter of making that promise was done from a strict sense of duty, and because he had faith that the Lord would somehow enable him to fulfill it. She knew him too well to doubt his good intentions, and was too good a woman to further reproach him therefor, though she did not share his faith about his being able to keep his promise.

Time passed without his securing any money until the day before he was to pay it. On the morning of that day when he was out in the yard attending to his chores he noticed a fairly well-defined path, that he had not observed before, leading from his chicken coop into a patch of brush that grew near. Following the path out into the brush, he there found a big nest full of eggs. Carrying them into the house, he met his wife at the door, who was just coming out to exhibit to him a good-sized chunk of butter which she had just taken out of the churn—ever so much more than she had been in the habit of getting. Their surprise was mutual when he counted out before her eyes thirty clean, fresh-looking eggs—all the more surprising because they had both previously thought they were getting all the eggs their hens produced.

While they were still beaming with satisfaction over their good fortune, a knock was heard at the door, and upon opening it a stranger, an overland immigrant, was met, who inquired if they had any butter and eggs to sell. The eggs just brought in were pointed out with the remark that he might have them, and the good wife also produced the lump of freshly-made butter. The stranger said he would be glad to buy both, and if they could spare him some buttermilk also he would regard that as a favor. He was assured that they would be glad to do so, and that he could have them at his own price.

He produced from his wallet a diminutive coin, such as they had never seen before, and offered it to them, and Brother Parkin inquired, "What is that?" "That is a two-and-a-half dollar gold piece," the stranger replied.

"Well," said Brother Parkin, "I have no change and that is entirely too much. Have you no small change?"

The stranger told him to keep it. He was welcome to it. That he was glad to get the butter, eggs and buttermilk at any price, as he had applied in vain at so many houses for them that he had begun to despair about being able to get any.

The stranger carried away his small purchase, rejoicing, and Brother and Sister Parkin were profuse in their thanks to him, and very grateful to the Lord, for having inspired him to supply them with the means of fulfilling the promise made to the Bishop.

Sister Parkin was so impressed with the fact that the money had come as a special providence from the Lord, and so thankful that her husband's honor could now be saved that she actually shed tears of joy, and assured him that she would never more reproach him for being too rash in trying to do his duty as a Latter-day Saint, and hoped never again to be lacking in faith that the Lord will provide.

The day following, being Sunday, he attended meeting as usual, and presented the gold piece to the Bishop with the remark that it was his donation to help immigrate the poor. The Bishop accepted it with a "God bless you, Brother Parkin; yours is the first money paid of all that was promised."

CHAPTER II.

ASHAMED TO PAY TITHING—LOSS OF CROP—LESSON HE LEARNED BY IT—POTATOES PURCHASED TO PAY DELINQUENT TITHING—NO LOSS OF POTATO CROP SINCE.

Brother Parkin had not been married more than two or three years when a season of partial drouth occurred, and his potatoes, which he had counted upon as being his profitable crop, was a partial failure. The tubers when dug were very small, and very few in a hill. When his wife saw the small pile that represented the total crop she remarked: "Well, they look hardly fit to eat, but we can manage to get along with them. Now go and pay your tithing on them, and perhaps the Lord will furnish a better crop next year."

Her husband replied that he would be ashamed to take such potatoes in for tithing; he would rather wait until he raised some decent looking potatoes and pay tithing on two years' crop at once. She didn't approve of that decision, and urged him to take a tenth of the present year's crop for tithing just the same as if they had been as good as ever before produced, as the Lord knew the kind of potatoes he had raised as well as he did, and would be satisfied with a tenth of the potatoes, such as they were.

On general principles he agreed with her, but he felt a sense of pride about taking a good article for tithing, and so stuck to his original decision to wait until he raised some good potatoes and then pay enough to cover the tithing on this year's crop as well.

The following year he planted a good sized patch of potatoes and took the best of care of the field in the hope that the crop would be a record-breaker, which meant something like a thousand bushels to the acre. The tops looked good enough to warrant the expectation, but to his great surprise and mortification, they proved to be a complete failure, which was all the more remarkable, for the reason that the general yield that year was not much if any below normal.

His wife had never been entirely reconciled to his failure to pay his tithing on the previous year's crop, and readily connected that in her mind with their present lack of a crop, and so expressed her feelings without hesitation. "That is what you get for your failure to pay your tithing! Now go and buy three bushels of the best potatoes you can get, and turn them in for tithing, and ask the Lord to forgive you for not paying them last year, and I don't believe you will ever have another failure."

He did not dispute the wisdom of her counsel, but promptly acted upon it, and felt satisfaction in so doing.

The good wife has long since gone to her rest, but she lived long enough to see many good crops of potatoes produced upon that same land and not one failure, nor has there ever been a failure since her death.

That proved a lesson to Brother Parkin that he has never forgotten. He has felt ever since that the Lord was entitled to a tenth of whatever crop he produced, whether good, bad or indifferent, and believes now that the measure of prosperity that he has since enjoyed has been largely if not wholly due to his willingness and faithfulness in the matter of paying his tithing. In other words, he feels that it pays to be on good terms with the Lord.

CHAPTER III.

FARMING ON SHARES—A NEW VOCATION—FUTURE HOME SHOWN IN VISION—HOME RECOGNIZED WHEN FIRST SEEN IN UTAH—REPUTATION GAINED AS A FAITHFUL AND THOROUGH WORKER—PROVIDENTIAL FULFILMENT OF VISION—HOME VIEWED AS A SACRED HERITAGE.

For years after Brother Parkin arrived in Utah he worked land on shares, not being able to buy any. He had been a coal miner in England, his native land, and had no experience in any other

line. Here, however, there was no demand for coal miners; in fact, the people of Utah all burned wood at that time, no coal mines being then developed. He readily adapted himself to the ways of the country, and made up by hard work for what he lacked in skill in whatever employment he was able to secure. He soon gained a reputation as a profitable person to employ, and was given the preference by a number of his well-to-do neighbors when they required help, and when he could work for others without neglecting the small farm which he was cultivating on shares.

Cradling grain (the method then in vogue of cutting it before mechanical reapers were introduced) was at first one of the most difficult things he ever tried to do. Until he acquired the knack of it, it was an awful tax upon his strength. He was determined to learn, however, having an idea that what others could do in the line of work he could if he only persevered. In course of time he acquired sufficient skill at cradling that quite a few of his neighbors who could afford to hire others to cut their grain instead of doing it themselves, relied upon him doing it for them, and paid him two bushels per acre therefor.

He had not been married long when, one day, as he and his wife were journeying to Salt Lake City by ox team to make a few necessary purchases she pointed out a certain corner field to him with the remark, "that is our farm!" "Oh, no," he replied, "that is Monroe Perkins' field." "Well," she then responded, "if it isn't ours now, it will be some day; I saw that place in a vision a year before I left England, and long before I ever thought of marrying you, and was assured that it would sometime be my home."

The incident passed without further comment at the time, the possibility of their being able to buy it if they could afford the price being too remote and uncertain to entertain the thought of, for Monroe Perkins was not disposed to sell land, and didn't have to, for he could afford to keep it.

Monroe Perkins' father was a very old man—a Southerner, who with his two sons and numerous grandchildren were early settlers in South Bountiful, and were the original locators of rather extensive and choice farms. Shortly before Father Perkins died, Brother Parkin, who was somewhat of a favorite with the old gentleman, induced him to sell him five acres of his large farm for the amount of his savings up to that period—\$200.00, and after the deal had been completed the old gentleman remarked, sympathetically, that five acres was a pretty small and narrow piece of land for a man to try to make a living on, and if his friend wanted to part with a new cook stove which he had just purchased, he would exchange therefor another five acres, and Brother Parkin would thus have a square ten-acre field.

Brother Parkin didn't hesitate a second about accepting the offer, and considered himself specially blest in being able to obtain it. His wife also was content to return to the use of the skillet, in which she had done her baking ever since she was married, and for the purchase of which Brother Parkin had dug a well 68 feet deep, and walled it up with rock.

He was not only glad to have a ten-acre farm that he could call his own, but was determined to make it second to no ten-acre farm in the country in point of productivity.

Some years later, after both Father Perkins and his son Monroe had died, the remaining members of that branch of the Perkins family decided to remove to Arizona, and sold their real estate to Walker Brothers, wealthy merchants of Salt Lake City, who wanted the property for a country home.

Brother Parkin's little farm looked so attractive to the eldest of the Walker Brothers that he was determined to possess it at any price. Day after day he visited the place and admired it, appearing to be fairly enchanted with a fine field of timothy to which part of the small farm was devoted. The owner, however, was proof against all the tempting offers made him, declaring that Walker Brothers didn't have enough money to buy his ten acres.

Finally S. Sharp Walker paid another visit, and approached him on a different tack: "On what terms will you swap your ten acres for half of that 21 acre field on the other side of the street," pointing to the Monroe Perkins corner which Sister Parkin had so long before seen in vision, and concerning which she received the heavenly assurance that it would be her future home.

The proposition was not rejected as the previous ones had been. On the contrary, the owner promised to consider it, and let him know, if he called on the following day, what he would do.

That evening Brother Parkin called upon his aged father for advice, telling him of the proposition to swap farms. The old gentleman could hardly credit it, the old Monroe Perkins farm being in his estimation so much more desirable, though not under such a good state of cultivation.

In the father's opinion there was no better land in Davis County, and he doubted whether there was any better in the world, than the Monroe Perkins farm, but it had been somewhat neglected, and showed the effects of it. It had this advantage also, which appealed to Father Parkin: It was patented land and if he secured it, he could get a warranty deed for it, while his son only held a quit claim deed from Reuben Perkins, the original locator to the ten acres he had, it having been discovered when the U. S. survey was made that it was a part of a school section, and full legal title thereto could not be obtained until the time arrived for the school lands to be sold, when the possessor of the land, as a squatter, would have the first right to purchase it.

The interview ended with this fatherly advice: "Well, my son, if you can secure the Monroe Perkins corner on any reasonable terms, don't fail to do it; but don't involve yourself by paying too much to boot, for it may be difficult for you to secure money to pay off the loan after you have borrowed it."

The following day Mr. Walker called again as usual for the decision, and was duly impressed by Brother Parkin with the clean and highly productive condition of his small homestead, and with the weedy and neglected condition of the opposite corner, all of which Mr. Walker admitted was correct. Then Brother Parkin said, all things considered, he was willing to make the exchange proposed if he could receive \$500.00 to boot.

It was apparent that Mr. Walker was tempted. After some banter, to secure more favorable terms, a compromise was effected by his paying \$450.00 as boot between the two pieces of land.

The land is still in Brother Parkin's possession. He feels that there was something providential about the way he acquired it, and that his wife, who has long since passed to her reward, was inspired of the Lord when she foresaw it as the future home of the family. Under the circumstances it is not strange that he should regard it as a sacred heritage, and refuse all offers that real estate agents make for its purchase.

CHAPTER IV.

AMBITIOUS TO WORK IN A COAL MINE—DAY SPENT IN MINE AS A SPECTATOR—FATAL ACCIDENT—HIS NARROW ESCAPE FROM BEING A VICTIM.

Many things have occurred in Brother Parkin's life to indicate that there has been a special providence over him—that his life has been preserved almost miraculously—leaving the impression upon his mind that the Lord has a work for him yet to perform in mortality.

A most striking instance of this kind occurred when he was a boy only eight years of age. He had a companion about his own age by the name of Walker, who was employed in a coal mine, driving a donkey which conveyed cars of coal from distant parts of the mine to the main shaft, where they were hoisted to the surface.

Possibly because he was so employed, his young companion conceived the idea that he also would like to work in a coal mine, and accordingly applied for a position. He was promised a job at opening and shutting a door by which the mine was divided into sections for protection against fire damp. Gratified at securing the job, he was on hand early the next morning prepared to commence work, but to his surprise he learned that another boy had also been promised the job and he too was on hand prepared to take it.

Investigation proved that the other boy had the first promise, and he was accordingly given the preference. Instead of young Parkin going home, however, he yielded to the persuasion of his young friend George Walker to spend the day with him. He made several trips with the donkey, and enjoyed the novelty of it, and at the suggestion of another boy, who had the care of another donkey, also hauling cars of coal, started to make a trip with him, young Walker remarking when he heard the proposition, that it would be all right, if he wanted to go, as he would get back in time for dinner.

They had not proceeded far when a noise was heard and the lights suddenly went out, leaving that part of the mine in total darkness. The boys made their way to the main shaft to learn the cause of the trouble, when to their horror they saw George Walker and two others lying there dead and somewhat mutilated.

They soon learned that young Walker and his companions had been in the cage ascending the main shaft when the rope by which the cage was being drawn to the surface had broken, precipitating the cage to the bottom of the shaft, with the result stated.

Young Parkin owed his escape from death to the circumstance of his quitting the company of the Walker boy and going for a single trip with the other boy; for if he had remained he also would have been in the cage when it fell.

When, sometime after the accident occurred, young Parkin was hoisted to the pit brow, he found his parents there almost frantic with anxiety, for the rumor had reached them at their home that their boy was one of those who had been killed, and they were unable to learn that such was not the case until their boy was brought to the surface, when they wept for joy at finding him alive, and declared that he should never go into a coal mine again. However, he did return to work in the mine on his own volition when he grew older, and worked there many years.

CHAPTER V.

RESORT TO MINING—CAUGHT IN A SNOWSLIDE—
CARRIED A MILE DOWN THE MOUNTAIN AS IF FIRED
FROM A CATAPULT—MIRACULOUS ESCAPE—FAILS TO
FIND COMPANION—RETURN TO MINE AND THEN
HOME—COMPANION'S SUBSEQUENT ESCAPE.

While farming has been Brother Parkin's regular vocation since coming to Utah, he has found it necessary to supplement it occasionally with other work to provide for his large family and fill the sphere he aspired to. Although mining was his original occupation, he has not felt specially attracted to that class of work, preferring something else that would not take him so completely and permanently away from his family. One season, however, when he had not been in Utah more than seven or eight years, and when the ravages of the grasshoppers had materially interfered with the yield of his farm, he found work as a miner in the Reed & Benson mine, near the top of the high mountainous range which separates the Big Cottonwood and Little Cottonwood Canyons.

Some time in March, after he had been at work there about two months he and a companion named Fred Thompson were sent by the mine boss to bring a supply of provisions from Alta, in Little Cottonwood Canyon. The snow was, deep, and the only means they had of making the trip was walking. They expected the trip would consume the whole day, and be very tiresome, but they set out bravely at eight o'clock in the morning.

They had to climb for some distance before reaching the summit, when they would have a long descent to Alta. They had not proceeded very far, making their way in the snow, up the steep incline, when they experienced the sensation of moving backward, and, looking upward, discovered they were being carried down by a snowslide, which had started only a short distance above them, and probably by the jar produced by their walking in the snow.

For the first few seconds their descent was not very rapid, and they tried to escape by grabbing at brush and saplings as they passed, but all in vain; the mass of snow gained in momentum and volume as it sped on, and they soon felt as if they had been hurled from a catapult.

A few seconds later they passed over an immense precipice, estimated by persons familiar with the canyon to be more than 200 feet high, the change from the sloping to the vertical plunge having the effect of turning them head downward, instead of coming, as they had been, in a kind of sitting posture. Another change was experienced by Brother Parkin, when the mass of snow struck terra firma at the foot of the precipice, the sensation being that of a burial to an immense depth by the snow which continued down the side of the mountain at an ever increasing velocity. Then he felt as if he were being lifted by some supreme power to the surface of the snow, and a peaceful feeling possessed his soul.

When the slide came to rest in the broad bottom of the canyon, filling it to a great depth, Brother Parkin found himself standing in an upright position with the snow scarcely reaching up to his waist.

His first concern when he found himself safe was for his companion. He searched for him, but could not find him.

Concluding that his friend Thompson must be buried in the snow and debris with which he had been swept down the mountain, possibly too deep to be saved by any human means, even if help were at hand, he found time to think of himself.

The coat he had worn when he set out for the trip over the mountain had been entirely stripped from his body, and his shirt and trousers were much torn, evidently from catching in the brush in his terrific descent of more than a mile down the mountain, but the garments worn next to his body were not even marred.

The feeling of gratitude towards the Almighty that welled up within him for his preservation exceeded anything he had ever experienced. He could not doubt that the Lord had spared his life for some special reason, and felt that whatever purpose the Lord had for prolonging his life, it was his duty if possible to find out what that purpose was, and conform thereto.

He made his way by a wide detour up the mountain to the mine, arriving there about five o'clock in the evening, after a tiresome walk of something like eight and a half hours. He was greeted with surprise by the mine boss, who grabbed him in his arms and fairly hugged him for joy, and his seven or eight companions who were scarcely less delighted at finding he had survived his terrible flight, and seemed none the worse for it. They inquired eagerly for Thompson, his

companion, but he could only say that the poor fellow was evidently buried in the slide, and possibly beyond human help, as he had searched for him in vain.

He then learned that the men at the mine, warned of the slide by the noise it created almost at the start, had witnessed with horror its frightful descent, and made their way up the mountain as soon as possible to ascertain whether the two men had been carried down by it. Finding the bank of snow where the slide started showed a sheer break, with no footprint on top of it, they were forced to the conclusion that the men had gone down with the slide and were probably lost. The mine boss had offered his companions ten dollars each if they or any of them would descend the mountain and search for their unfortunate fellows, but none of them dared to undertake to do so.

Brother Parkin resumed work, but a few days later, after being given a check in payment of his services up to that time, was dispatched to Salt Lake with ore samples, to have them assayed.

From Salt Lake City he proceeded on his way home to Bountiful, where he was joyfully greeted by his wife and children. When they learned, as they did during the evening, of his frightful experience in going down with a snowslide, his wife was so terror-stricken at thought of her husband working in such a place, that she declared he should never go back there again if she could help it. In vain he reminded her that he had left his bedding at the mine. She said the value of the bedding counted for nothing with her. She would sacrifice that without a scruple, to have him remain with her, and he did so.

It was soon afterwards learned that Thompson also had escaped. He found himself completely buried and evidently at a considerable depth, when the snowslide stopped, and he began immediately to dig his way out. He struggled desperately and burrowed for a long time without knowing whether he was going towards the surface or not, and was finally successful in extricating himself. His clothing was badly torn and he was more or less bruised, but succeeded in making his way to a logging camp some distance down the canyon, whence, after a rest, he made his way to Salt Lake City.

CHAPTER VI.

FATHER JOHN PARKIN A PUGILIST—DEFENDS A
MORMON ELDER—SHELTERS HIM FROM A STORM
AND LEARNS SOMETHING OF MORMONISM—WHOLE
FAMILY EMBRACE THE GOSPEL.

Brother Parkin recalls some incidents of his childhood, that tend especially to illustrate the character of his father, and the effect of the Gospel in shaping the lives of individuals.

His father was a pugilist—by instinct rather than by profession though—for he did not follow it for a living. He was not a large man, but had a closely knit, muscular frame, no surplus flesh, was about as active as a cat and possessed unbounded courage. While not of a quarrelsome nature, he just naturally enjoyed a scrap.

He taught his older sons "the manly art of self defense," and gave them to understand that he had no patience with molycoddles. He didn't want them to pick a quarrel, but if any one ever attempted to impose on them, or their friends, he expected them to give a good account of themselves. He would be ashamed to have any body who bore his name ever show the white feather.

The father was passing along the street of his native hamlet in England one day when his attention was attracted by a rather large and noisy crowd of people who were, as he learned on joining them, listening to a local "Mormon" Elder advocate his doctrines, with frequent and noisy interruptions. The interruptions he soon found were mainly made by three preachers, one a Baptist, another a Methodist and the third a Church of England minister. He recognized these when he saw them, for they were well known and somewhat popular in their special lines of religion, but the "Mormon" Elder was a stranger to him; in fact, he had never before met a "Mormon," or heard or read of "Mormon" doctrines. He had not listened long when his sense of fairness became so outraged by the sneering, ridiculing, captious interruptions by the preachers, and the laughter of their sympathizing auditors, that he pushed his way into the center of the crowd and asked the lone "Mormon" Elder to allow him to say a few words.

The privilege being granted, he told the crowd that he was not a preacher, and knew nothing about the doctrines this man was preaching, but he believed in free speech, and fair play, and thought the man ought to be allowed to tell what he had to say without interruptions. Then if the preachers could controvert it, they might fairly do so.

His remarks had the effect of quelling the disturbance momentarily, but the Elder had scarcely

resumed his speaking when the preachers, apparently bent upon not allowing him to proceed, burst forth again with their interruptions.

With indignation now thoroughly aroused, Mr. Parkin shook his fist in the faces of the preachers and demanded fair play. "I don't know this man," said he, "but he looks and talks decently, and he's got to have a hearing, if I have to smash the men that interrupt him."

The Baptist preacher had a wooden leg, and perhaps presumed upon that in being the first to cry out in ridicule when the "Mormon" again essayed to proceed.

Grabbing him by the collar and shaking him, Mr. Parkin angrily demanded, "Are you going to compel me to hit you, even though you are a cripple? Now keep your mouth shut, or I'll have to do it!"

He had scarcely let loose of the preacher's collar when a stalwart son of the preacher rushed out from the crowd and made a pass at him with his brawny fist; but Mr. Parkin saw the movement, and, nimbly dodging the blow, struck out with his good right hand with such force that his big assailant went down as if he had been hit with a sledge hammer.

While friendly hands began fanning the youth and throwing water in his face to resuscitate him, Mr. Parkin with blood boiling and eyes flashing defiance, proceeded to deliver this challenge to the whole crowd in true bantam fashion: "Come on now, all of you, one at a time, and I'll whip the crowd!"

None of them chose to accept the challenge. On the contrary, they neither manifested any disposition to fight him or further listen to the preaching, for they soon dispersed, their departure being doubtless hastened by a brisk shower just then coming on.

Turning to the "Mormon" Elder, Mr. Parkin inquired: "Where do you live?"

"At Langley Mills, nine miles from here," was the reply.

"You can't go home in this shower; you had better walk home with me," said the pugilist, and his invitation was accepted.

The shower didn't pass as soon as expected; but rather increased in severity as night approached, and it became apparent that the guest must be provided with lodgings, as the family hadn't the heart to turn him out in such a storm. Then, too, there was another reason for it—they had become somewhat interested in listening to his explanations of his belief, the doctrines being all new to them.

The eldest son, a boy about ten years old, solved the question of lodging by offering to give up his bed, and the mother helped out the matter by arranging for the boy to occupy an improvised bed in the room in which his parents slept.

When the time for retiring arrived the stranger asked, as a special favor, the privilege of praying with the family, and the father replied to this by the declaration that he was not a religious man, that he was a pugilist, a cock-fighter, a man who didn't believe in prayer and had no regard for things which others considered sacred; but if it would afford him any gratification, they would be willing to listen to him pray.

The prayer was offered, and in it the guest thanked the Lord that he had found one man who would accept the truth.

The eldest son, the boy who gave up his bed for the stranger to sleep in, recalls hearing his father ask his wife some time after retiring for the night, what the man could have meant by alluding, in his prayer, to one man whom he had found in that town who would accept the truth. She said she had no idea what man he had in mind, and the husband told her he would find out by asking him the next morning. And ask him he did, the next morning, and was not a little surprised when the Elder turned and, pointing to him, said, "You are the man, for I am sure you will yet embrace the Gospel!"

That local Elder (whose name was Aaron Nelson, and who afterwards migrated to Utah, and died only a few years since in St. George) continued to come every Wednesday and hold meetings in Loscoe, and Mr. Parkin generally attended his meetings and stood by him, to see that he got fair play.

Finally, at the close of one of the meetings Mr. Parkin asked the privilege of making an announcement. Consent being granted, he said: "I want to give out notice (Elder Nelson being willing) that on Wednesday night next I will be baptised by him, at Loscoe Dam, for I have become convinced that 'Mormonism' is true."

He was deliberate about embracing it, but he was as true to it thereafter as ever needle was to the pole.

The family all embraced the Gospel and came to Utah, and the manner in which they first became interested in and were led to investigate "Mormonism" furnished a theme for many a fireside

conversation.

As an indication of the effect the Gospel had upon the elder Parkin it may be mentioned that after he joined the Church he generously entertained all the missionaries who visited his part of the country, made them presents, and went to the limit of his ability in manifesting his love for them and his interest in the work in which they were engaged.

CHAPTER VII.

SELLING A LOAD OF CARROTS TO AN EX-MISSIONARY, WHOSE PARSIMONY IS EXHIBITED—SOME REFLECTIONS THEREON.

Some years after Father Parkin migrated to Utah he rode to Salt Lake City one day with his son William, who was bringing a load of carrots to sell. As they rode along the street they met M... T..., a man who had served as a missionary in England when they were new converts, and been entertained many times at their house, and to whom Father Parkin had been unusually generous when he was released to return to his home in Utah.

Brother T..., who had the reputation of being among the wealthiest citizens of Salt Lake, and as stingy as he was thrifty, hailed them (recognizing them of course) and inquired what they wanted for their carrots, and was told "25 cents per bushel."

On further inquiry he learned that they had forty bushels in the wagon, and after some parleying decided to buy the load. The wagon was driven into his yard, and Brother T... procured a bushel basket to have them measured with, evidently not caring to buy them according to the measurement of Brother Parkin.

Brother Parkin offered no objection to having them measured, knowing that he had been rather generous in his measurement of the carrots, but regretted the delay that it would cause, as he and his father both had some purchases to make before they could leave town, and they were anxious to get home.

When the wagon was not more than half unloaded Brother T... was called by his wife to come to dinner, and he asked his old acquaintances, father and son, to excuse him for a few minutes, and take a rest while he ate his dinner (leaving them to understand, of course, that he wanted to see the rest of the carrots measured.)

Work was suspended and father and son cogitated a few moments while each munched at a carrot, for their appetites were keen enough to enable them to enjoy a good dinner too if the dinner had been forth-coming, and soon the father broke the silence.

"My son," said he, "can you imagine Elder M... T... when he was a missionary in England eating a carrot in a barn while I indulged in a warm meal in the house."

The son responded that he could not imagine such a situation. "On the contrary," he said, "I remember distinctly that he never called at our house without being invited to eat, whether it was meal time or not, and that the choicest cuts of meat were bought to provide him the best meal possible, and that you paid thirty-six shillings for silk with which to make a pair of stockings to present him with to bring home for his wife when he was released from his mission, and that when those stockings were made they were admired by everyone who saw them and declared to be fit for any queen or princess to wear."

"Well, my son," the father added, "I don't regret anything I ever did for a missionary. When I embraced "Mormonism" I did it because I was sure it was the truth, and I afterwards tried to serve the Lord just as thoroughly as I had ever served the devil before. The truth is not affected by men's actions, and men's actions are not always affected by their knowledge of the truth. Brother T.. probably knows that the Gospel is true, but it has apparently not changed his nature. I don't envy him his nature or his possessions. Better live on raw carrots and retain our love for the truth and our respect for those who have served with us in its promulgation, than have the wealth of this world and forget or cease to respect our former friends and associates in the ministry."

The son was impressed with the change the Gospel had wrought in his father, for he could easily recall the time when he would not have looked charitably upon any action that savored of meanness or parsimony in one of his fellows, and when the more pretentious the person was (be he preacher or layman) who displayed any such characteristic, the more bold and ready he would have been to denounce him to his face.

The rumination was ended. Brother T... returned from the house and the unloading of the carrots

was resumed, Brother T.... keeping tally with a pencil on a board as the baskets were emptied. When only a few bushels remained to be measured he exclaimed: "Never mind measuring any more, I see you have forty bushels, alright."

Then the son decided that it was his turn to speak right out in meeting. "But, Brother T—, I do mind! It was you that wanted these carrots measured. I would have sold them to you for forty bushels if you had been satisfied to take them without measuring. Now we will finish measuring, and if there are more than forty bushels, we will take the overplus home, if you do not want to pay 25 cents a bushel for them."

The measurement of the balance disclosed the fact that there were forty-two bushels in the load, and Brother T.... rather shamefacedly handed over \$10.50 in payment therefor.

A Sailor-Saint's Adventures

CHAPTER I.

E. R. S. SCHNELLE'S BELIEF IN A PROVIDENCE OVER HIS LIFE—BIRTH AND SUCCESSION OF ACCIDENTS—GOES TO SEA AS CABIN BOY—CRUEL TREATMENT—PUMPING SUGAR AND WATER—SHIP CRUSHED AGAINST BREAKWATER—RECKLESS JUMP—WOES AS A COOK.

According to the old fatalistic saw: "If a man is born to be hung, he can never be drowned." This is far more trite than true. So far as it implies that any man is born or predestined to be hung, it is not true. But that some have been marvelously and repeatedly preserved from drowning, and that there is evidently some reason for their apparent immunity, is true.

Brother Ernest R. S. Schnelle has had many narrow escapes from drowning, and been subjected to very many accidents of other kinds. He firmly believes that there has been a Providence over his life, and that his willingness to accept the Gospel and devote his life to the service of the Master may be the sequel therefor.

He was born on the 25th of May, 1852, in Bremen, Germany. He fell in the fire when only a few months old, and narrowly escaped burning to death. He bears the scar of the burn on his forehead even now. He was almost drowned in a mill race when he was only two years old. Of course he doesn't remember the incident, but was told so by his parents.

His mother was a consistent member of the Protestant Church, but his father while nominally of the same creed had a poor opinion of preachers in general and was never known to attend Church but once, and that was on the occasion of the confirming of his eldest son; and then he seized his hat and left in the midst of the sermon, not having patience to remain longer.

Without explaining her reason for the belief, the mother used to say that the time would come when one of her boys would believe in the God of Heaven. Of the parents and seven children which the family included, Ernest (the subject of this sketch) and one brother are all that are now alive, and Ernest has had such a checkered career that it is a wonder that he has survived.

When five years old he accidentally fell from a housetop, and was supposed to be dead when picked up, but, to the surprise of all his friends, he soon recovered.

When seven years of age he threw a snowball at a girl in a spirit of fun. She resented it by taking off her wooden shoe and crushing his skull in with it.

When nine years old he had an accidental fall, and broke his right arm, and also fell from a ladder and drove his front teeth through his lip.

When he was fourteen years of age he went to sea, as cabin boy, in a Spanish barque, called the "Tres Hermanos," of Allicante, Spain, bound for Havana, Cuba. During the voyage the crew mutinied, some Spaniards being among them who used their knives quite freely. The chief officer was beaten most shamefully and almost killed, but the captain finally brought the rebellious men under subjection.

On reaching Havana, Ernest quit the vessel, and shipped on the Spanish brig "Michael Angel," bound for Falmouth, England. The very first day after sailing from Havana he was stricken with yellow fever, a disease that was so prevalent in Cuba that many ships in the harbors were unable to sail for want of crews, so many of the sailors having died of the fever.

Ernest had the fever so badly for nine days that he was not expected to recover; in fact, no one thought it worth while trying to save him. He was delirious as a result of the fever, and was fastened in the sail locker at night, and allowed to lie on the water casks in the day time. However, he lived in spite of the neglect with which he was treated, but before he had recovered his strength he fell overboard. The cook happened to hear the splash as he struck the water, and on looking around saw him come to the surface and threw a rope to him, by which he was hauled on board.

On the 8th of December, 1866, the ship encountered a terrific storm in the Bay of Biscay, during which the starboard bulwarks was washed away, and the ship sprang a leak. The cargo consisted of crude sugar and cacao beans, and the sugar became dissolved through the water rushing into the hold. The crew had to be kept busy for two and a half days, pumping the sugar and water out of the hold, to keep the ship afloat.

Falmouth was reached in the beginning of January, and the ship was repaired. On the 18th of January she set sail for London, with a channel pilot on board. The next day she encountered a severe storm in which she lost her foremast head, and the pilot thought best to return to Falmouth, which place was reached the following day. The storm increased in fury and the ship, dragging both anchors, was being driven on to the break water. Her signals of distress brought no relief, for all the ships near by had enough to do to take care of themselves. The ship struck broadside against the breakwater, damaging it to such an extent that it sank within a few minutes.

Ernest was standing upon the deck when the collision occurred, and sprang towards the breakwater. It was a very daring—in fact, foolhardy thing for him to do, as he had about one chance in a thousand of escaping death, but fortunately he did escape, by clutching the timbers of the breakwater, almost as a cat would, and clinging on thereto.

As the ship sank the crew clambered up the breakwater and were saved.

Ernest had been so cruelly treated while on board the brig that he had little regret at the loss of the vessel. The captain was a Spaniard, and a most hard-hearted, cruel man. He was the owner of the vessel, and was so avaricious that he actually begrudged the boy the food required to keep him alive. He expected him to subsist upon such scraps as were left from his own meals, and if there were none left, for him to go without, and would curse him if he asked for food, telling him that he was a poor Spaniard, and couldn't afford to feed him. When the ship was lost, not being insured, he was indeed poor. The crew were so incensed at him, because they couldn't collect the pay due them, that several of them actually drew their knives and attempted to assault him in the Spanish Consul's office at Falmouth.

Ernest was kept at the Cornwall Sailors' Home for a few weeks, as he neither had any means of subsistence nor chance to go home, and then was told to get out and shift for himself. He began seeking employment among the ships in port, and soon succeeded in finding a captain who was willing to employ him as cabin boy at \$5.00 per month.

His new berth was soon found to be but little better than his former one, so far as treatment was concerned. The first job given him to do was to black the captain's shoes. The shoes were wet, and he didn't succeed in making them shine as nicely as they otherwise would have done, and he received a clout for it that almost made him see stars. However, he had sufficient to eat, and was thankful for that. The vessel was a Hanoverian brig, the "Lucy von Leer," Captain Jensen commanding, bound for Antwerp.

He soon found out that, in addition to serving as cabin boy, he was also expected to cook for the officers and crew. While preparing his first dinner he was sent aloft to shorten sail, and when he came down the peas he was cooking were burned, and that brought down upon him the wrath of all the officers and men who learned of it. The channel pilot yelled for some one to beat him, and he had to run the gauntlet to escape the blows aimed at him.

After arriving at Antwerp, while waiting for the crew to be paid off, and when he had just finished cooking the Sunday dinner, several of the crew volunteered special praise for the quality of the soup he had made for them. He was so overjoyed thereat that he forgot to take the spoons from the water in which he had been washing the dishes, and threw them and the water together overboard into the dock. The spoons were not missed until supper time arrived, and then the failure to find them resulted in his recalling and confessing his forgetful act, and receiving such a general and merciless beating that the crew of a Norwegian barque, lying in the dock near by interfered, and threatened to come to his relief and thrash the Hanoverians if they didn't desist. They stopped beating him, but the chief officer swore that he would get even with the boy when he got to sea.

Fearing the threat might be executed, Ernest watched his chance to escape, and succeeded in

getting away two days later, probably saving his life by doing so, as the boy taken in his place died of yellow fever in Rio Janiero, whither the ship sailed.

Ernest succeeded in finding a chance to return home by working his passage on a Hanoverian barque called "Emil," commanded by Captain Onkier. When he went on board the ship, it being in the night, a big Newfoundland dog seized him and nearly worried him to death. The dog not only bit him severely, but so thoroughly frightened him that he crouched in a corner, not daring to stir until the carpenter discovered him there the next morning and released him.

Being at the mercy of the crew on the voyage to Bremer Haven, he was compelled to steal provisions and liquor for them, and was caught in the act by the Captain who struck him on the side of the head with such force that it sent him reeling, and he was subsequently beaten by the crew for his lack of success. During the nine days' voyage he had no bed to sleep on or cover himself with, and he was about as comfortless as when he shared the bed of the dog.

He reached home nine months after first embarking, about half clad and without a cent to show for the time he had been absent.

His parents, however, gave him a hearty welcome, and were horrified at learning of his narrow escapes and severe treatment.

CHAPTER II.

EMBARKS AS ORDINARY SEAMAN—CAPTAIN'S
PREMONITION AND SAILORS' FEAR—AMAZONE
WRECKED—DYING SAILOR'S VISION—GREWSOME
SEAT—A TYPHOON—SHIP SEIZED BY FRENCH—
TRAVEL IN RUSSIA—FINDS A WIFE—CONVERTED TO
"MORMONISM."

In April, 1867, he found employment as an ordinary seaman on a German mail boat, sailing between Bremer Haven and New York, his compensation being \$6.00 per month. He fared so much better on that vessel that he quite enjoyed his berth, but was ambitious to learn more of seamanship than he could on the steamer, and after one year's service quit that and joined the Hamburg barque "Amazone," bound for Cardiff to load up with coal for Hong Kong, China. As the vessel was leaving the Geestemunde dock, her owner stood on the quay side, and, as the last rope was cast off, he placed his hand on the ship's side and said, "Good by Amazone; I will never see you again!"

Ernest heard the remark, and repeated it to two of his comrades. Sailors are notoriously superstitious, and the effect was that they felt sure the vessel was not going to reach her destination. They laid their plans to desert the ship at Cardiff, and would have succeeded if some one had not overheard their talk, and reported to an officer. They had each two suits of clothes on, prepared to make their escape, when they were apprehended by a policeman and compelled to return. Ernest plead with the captain to let him go, saying he could keep all his belongings and wages due if he would only grant him his liberty, but didn't dare tell why he wanted to escape. The captain however, refused, saying he had never had a man desert him, and he wouldn't allow him to.

With the exception of alternate head winds and calms, which greatly retarded the vessel, nothing serious occurred until the Cape of Good Hope was rounded, when heavy storms and high seas were encountered. The bulwarks were swept away, the main batch burst in, and six casks of fresh water were swept overboard. Ernest and a companion were standing at the steering wheel when the second mate warned them to hold on, as a heavy sea was about to break over the ship. They both gripped the wheel with all their strength, but, as the wave passed over, Ernest saw, to his horror, his companion go with it; then, marvelous to relate, as the ship bent down under the weight of the second huge wave, the sailor grasped a mizzen chain and clung on, and shouted until others of the crew came to his relief and hauled him back to safety.

With nine feet of water in the hold, the ship was unmanageable, and the captain told the crew they would either have to pump or sink. By some working the pumps for dear life, and others nailing canvas over the hatchway, and stanchion holes, and by throwing eighty tons of cargo overboard to lighten the ship, they managed to weather the storm; but five nights and four days had passed before they dared cease pumping.

This danger had not long passed when a new horror presented itself—a scarcity of fresh water. For six long weeks they were dependent upon the steam from a saucepan or the dew that could be mopped up in the early morning from the ship's railing to quench their thirst, and the suffering they endured as a result in that hot, dry climate is indescribable. At the end of that time

the English barque "Virginia" was sighted, and a cask of water obtained, and also another from the "Fair Leader" of Plymouth, England, which relieved them until an uncharted reef was struck in the China Sea, and the vessel, after hanging amidships for about ten hours, broke in two and foundered. The officers and crew were saved by taking to the life boats in the night, but without being able to secure any provisions or stores, as the sea was high and broke constantly over the vessel as it hung upon the reef. The breaking asunder and sinking of the vessel was witnessed from a distance after day had dawned.

The bark "Fair Leader" already mentioned as having furnished a cask of fresh water, was in the vicinity and saw the signals of distress after the "Amazone" had struck the reef, and steered in the direction indicated. When it was light enough to see, the two boats were sighted and the men picked up. Then it was learned that a member of the crew of the "Fair Leader," who was dying of dropsy, had evidently seen in vision the destruction of the "Amazone," and the peril of the crew afterwards, afloat in the life boats. He told his mates of the very time of the boats leaving the fated ship, that they were in two white life boats, and that one had a flag and the other a blanket for a sail; also that they would come on board the "Fair Leader" and remain there a long time. Perhaps what he said, even more than the signals of distress, influenced the officers of the "Fair Leader" in deciding to remain in the vicinity until morning.

The "Amazone" crew were picked up about nine o'clock in the morning, and one of the first things Ernest did after getting on board, was to sit down upon what he supposed to be a roll of sail or blankets, that he saw on the deck, but which proved to be the body of the sailor who had seen in vision and told of their wreck and subsequent peril. He had died soon after telling it, and was buried during the afternoon of the same day.

A few days later the "Fair Leader" encountered a genuine typhoon, and the ship sprang a leak and would probably have foundered had it not been for the extra crew on board, who, by helping man the pumps, kept her afloat. Ernest, while working at the pumps, was washed away by a wave and struck with such force against the bulwark that his knee was severely injured, and he had to be taken to a hospital for treatment on reaching Shanghai, a month later.

He remained in Shanghai about five weeks, when he shipped on a German bark "Catherine Jorgensen"—engaged in the China trade. He sailed first to Nimpo, where a valuable cargo was taken on board and then set sail for Hong Kong. He had the thrilling experience of being chased by Chinese pirates, but escaped by a favorable wind propelling the barque too fast for the pirate boat, with its more limited sailing capacity, to overtake her.

Ernest sailed the China sea for three years. His last voyage there was with a cargo of 900 coolies, bound for Singapore, where he quit the ship and was transferred to a German ship called "Caroline," sailing for Akiab, India. Four days later the ship was seized by the French frigate "Dassas," and the crew taken prisoners, as the Franco-Prussian war was then raging. Ernest and his companion sailors were taken to a point just outside the Singapore harbor on the man-of-war, their captors not daring to enter, as that would be considered an act of hostility against Great Britain. There it was learned for the first time by the ship's officers that the war was ended, the Germans having conquered the French, and that the capture of the German ship while the armistice was pending would subject the French government to a heavy indemnity. On the arrival at Singapore of the "Caroline" the officers and crew were liberated with apologies, and allowed to proceed with their ship to Akiab.

Ernest contracted a virulent fever at Akiab, and would have been left there by the ship had not the shore doctor forbidden it, declaring that he never would recover if left there, but that he probably would if taken to a colder clime. The fever left him when the ship rounded the Cape of Good Hope. Landing at Falmouth, he proceeded to his old home at Bremer Haven. As the ship entered the Bremer Haven dock, Ernest saw his mother on the quay, watching for him, as she had been warned by inspiration the night previous that he would arrive on that ship, that day. She had not heard from him for more than two years, and had no reason other than that mentioned for expecting that he was anywhere in that region.

He remained home about nine days and then shipped on a Bremen ship bound for Savannah, Georgia. He remained on that ship until it made a subsequent voyage to Reval, Russia, where he left it and traveled for awhile overland, going as far as Cronstadt. He was under suspicion because of having no passport, and narrowly escaped being transported to Siberia.

After following the sea for about twelve years, Ernest took up his residence in England, locating first at Hull and afterwards in South Shields, but continued to make voyages to various parts of the world, generally serving as boatswain or steward. On one voyage to his native land the ship "Thetis" in a violent storm had her bulk-head stove in and was filled up with water to such an extent that the table was floating around in the cabin, and, Ernest, with the companion way and skylight battened down, was shut up like a rat in a trap, and busied himself at baling the water out. To the surprise of all on board, they succeeded in floating the ship into Hamburg. There Ernest secured for a wife one whom he had known as a young girl.

They arranged to be married in England the following April, and, after the cargo was discharged, he returned to England, where the ship was thoroughly repaired. The following March, while entering the port of Blyth, to load coal for Hamburg the "Thetis" was, through error of judgment on the part of the captain, run on to the rocks and became a total wreck. Of course, no lives were

lost, but this wreck had the effect of deferring Ernest's marriage. Instead of it occurring in April, it was postponed till the following November. It took place in Shields, England, where he established a home and lived for many years, his six children being born there.

In 1888, while sailing on the ship "Breton," commanded by Captain Ole Peterson, who was a Latter-day Saint, he first learned of "Mormonism." He had been investigating Spiritualism, but abandoned it on learning that the Spiritualists repudiated Christ as a Savior. He had heard of the "Mormons" as being a bad people, but was anxious to learn from the captain really what his belief was. He opened up a conversation by asking the captain his opinion of Spiritualism. The captain replied: "You are not a spiritualist. You belong to the Church of England, and have now found what you have been looking for so many years—the true Gospel. And you will soon become a Latter-day Saint." He then explained the Gospel to him, and told how it had been restored to the earth through the ministration of angels.

On hearing this Ernest's heart beat with joy, and he felt certain the captain was telling the truth. He, being steward, one part of his duty was to keep the captain's stateroom tidy, and while doing so a copy of the Millennial Star came into his hands, which he read with avidity, and learned still more of "Mormon" doctrine.

Adverse winds were encountered on that voyage, and they were twenty-one days in making the round trip, whereas it should only have taken six days. Ernest heard the captain make a remark that there must be some reason for the weather being so against him, and said he wondered if his wife had neglected to pay the money for tithing he had left with her for that purpose. Ernest inquired what he meant by that, and had the law of tithing explained to him, and he felt in his heart then that it was a correct doctrine. On the captain's arrival in England he found out that his wife had not paid the tithing.

One year from the time he first had the Gospel explained to him, Ernest was baptized by Captain Peterson (September 18, 1889) in the North Sea. Immediately after his confirmation he inquired of the captain where he should send his tithing to, as he wanted to pay it. He commenced paying it then, and has been faithful in doing so ever since.

On embracing the Gospel he remarked to Captain Peterson that he supposed now his troubles were ended, but was told that he was wrong in that supposition, for his troubles were only commencing; that he should have the finger of scorn pointed at him, and find opposition even in his own household; but to be comforted, for the day would come when his wife would accept "Mormonism" and become a faithful Saint.

He found the captain's prediction to be verily true. While his wife was at first very much wrought up over his conversion, she afterwards investigated and embraced the Gospel, and has been faithful ever since.

From the time Ernest was baptized he advocated its doctrines and was ridiculed and persecuted as a consequence, but the stronger the opposition the more zeal he manifested. He received the nickname of "Harry, the Mormon," and was better known by that soubriquet than any other.

He was ordained an Elder April 5, 1891, and the next day baptized his wife and her sister.

Ernest continued to follow the sea, and still met with adventures that satisfied him that the devil had not ceased trying to encompass his destruction.

CHAPTER III.

SENT TO HOSPITAL—BLUE JACKET CONVERTED—
WARNED BY SPIRIT TO LEAVE SHIP—DISOBEYS
WARNING—NARROW ESCAPE WHEN SHIP FOUNDERS
—A DANGEROUS FALL—LED BY INSPIRATION—
INSPIRED PROMISE FULFILLED—WORK IN TEMPLE—
DEPARTURE FOR MISSION.

While on a voyage from Shields to Plymouth he was stricken with rheumatic pains in his legs, that rendered him helpless; in fact, his pain was so excruciating that morphine had to be injected into him to get him out of his berth. He appealed to the Lord to know why he should so suffer, when an assurance came to him that there was a purpose in it, as there was a work for him to do in a hospital. The captain was anxious to take Ernest back to his home, as he would reach South Shields in two days' time, and plead with the doctor to give him something to ease his pain in the meantime. The doctor, however, positively refused to have him go, and insisted that he be sent to the Royal Albert Hospital, at Devonport. On arriving there Ernest soon became satisfied of the purpose of the Lord, for, on looking around, he discovered that the patient occupying the cot on

his left was a true Israelite. He availed himself of an early chance to make known the principles of the Gospel to him. The patient got out his bible and verified by reference to it all the doctrines that Ernest advanced, after which he declared his conviction that it was the truth. Considerable excitement among the patients in the ward, as well as the nurses and matron was the result. Two of the patients recalled the fact that they had heard "Mormonism" preached and rejected it forty-six years before. A minister visited the hospital early the next morning, having evidently been sent for, to controvert what Ernest had taught, but the converted patient put up such a strong defense of Ernest and the latter bore such a strong testimony of the Truth, that the minister was soon glad to retire discomfited. The patient praised God that the truth had come to him and related this circumstance to prove that Ernest's visit to the hospital was providential. He said he was a stoker aboard a British man-of-war in Hong Kong, China, when he developed hip disease, and was sent to a hospital. His case being considered a desperate one, it was decided to send him to the Royal Albert Hospital, of Devonport, England, for treatment, and, after he and many other patients had been taken on board the ship which was to convey them to England, the doctor, for some unknown reason, decided that he alone should be sent ashore again, and make the voyage by a vessel starting later. That boat with more than 400 passengers was lost at sea, but he safely landed in England by a later vessel.

He believed the Lord had planned it that he might learn of the Gospel, and declared his intention of drawing his money (\$140.00) out of the bank, and making his way to London, if he should sufficiently recover to do so, and there get baptized, if he had to go through fire to accomplish it, and then migrate to Zion. The poor fellow died in the hospital three months later, still firm in his belief in the Gospel. His belongings, including a Book of Mormon and some tracts left with him by Ernest, were sent to his brother in Ireland.

All the work essential for the salvation of the dead has recently been done for that man—Samuel Long—in the Salt Lake Temple, by Ernest.

Before leaving the hospital Ernest received a telegram from his old captain telling him that the "Cramlington" would again be at Devonport on a certain date, and if he was well enough he would be glad to take him back home. He accordingly announced his intention to leave the hospital, although he was still unable to walk, and the doctor consented reluctantly for him to go.

After getting on board the vessel, the Spirit manifested to him that he ought to leave the ship, and he proposed to the captain to do so, offering the plea that he was not fit for service; but the captain plead so hard for him to stay, offering to hire a man to do all his work, that he finally yielded.

On the next voyage, which was to Rouen, France, the vessel was all but lost, off Flambrough Head, by the breaking down of the engines in a violent storm off the lea shore. Ernest, seeing the plight the vessel was in, threw up his hands and cried to the Lord to have mercy on him, and forgive his disobedience; and not suffer the ship to be dashed against the rocks, which would mean certain death to all on board. The captain ordered the anchors to be thrown out, but the ship dragged the anchors, and when it seemed that nothing could save the vessel a cry of relief was heard from the chief engineer, for the engines had again started working.

The order was given "Full speed ahead!" and in a few moments the vessel was free from danger. On reaching Rouen the engines were overhauled, and the chief engineer was horrified when he saw that it was by the merest thread that they were saved from a complete collapse.

Notwithstanding this evidence of the dangerous condition of the ship, as well as the Spirit's warning not to trust himself on it, Ernest still remained on her, and set forth on a voyage from Blyth to Plymouth. When off Dover at midnight the ship collided with the Dutch steamer "Ceres", and sank in six minutes.

Ernest was asleep in his berth at the time, and would have drowned had not the captain, who was on deck when the collision occurred, rushed down into the cabin to secure the ship's papers. Seeing Ernest asleep, he grasped him by the shirt collar and dragged him on deck, thus saving his life, but losing all his own effects, that he might otherwise have saved.

Ernest was the last to enter the boat, which had scarcely left the side of the ship when she foundered.

All hands were saved through the ship "Ceres" picking them up and landing them in Amsterdam, after they had been supplied with clothing, some of them having barely escaped with their night clothes on.

If Ernest had listened to the whisperings of the Spirit two weeks previously, he would not have been aboard at the time of her final catastrophe.

In the month of July, 1903, Ernest shipped as steward on board the steamer "Augusta," bound for Hamburg, taking his wife along for the benefit of her health. Contrary to his original intention he decided to leave her at Hamburg. On the passage back to England the vessel ran upon the rocks known as the Velvet Patch, near Marsden Rock. She was floated at high water of the next tide, with the assistance of three tugs, and succeeded in making her way to the Tyne, where she was put in the dry dock at South Shields. Then it was found, that forty two plates had to come out of

her bottom, and that her stern post, rudder post and propeller were gone. Although no lives were lost, Ernest felt thankful that he had left his wife in Hamburg.

After the ship was repaired she sailed for Hamburg again. On arrival there the Spirit prompted Ernest to go ashore and call upon some of the Saints. On descending the rope ladder to go ashore by boat, he had one of the narrowest escapes of his life, and concluded that Satan was trying to prevent him. The ladder had been newly tarred, and his foot slipped from it as a consequence. He fell a distance of about twelve feet and saved himself by clutching the last rung of the ladder with two fingers. Had it not been for that, he would have fallen between the ship and the lighter and been driven by the tide underneath one or the other of the vessels.

After landing, and while walking the street, he met one of the local Saints, Brother Pollock, and learned from him that he was going to visit some of the Saints as a Teacher. On invitation, Ernest accompanied him to the home of Brother Blecher, his companion Teacher, who, however, was not at home, being employed working overtime. Ernest was then invited to take Brother Blecher's place as a Teacher, and the two called upon a blind brother named Eitner to accompany them. The question then arose as to where they should go, and Brother Eitner said he had heard of a sister being very ill, but he didn't know where she lived. Ernest suggested that they depend upon the Lord in searching for her, and the three set out on the quest, without any idea which direction they should take.

After proceeding some distance, Ernest stopped and said he felt sure they had passed the place they were searching for, and they retraced their steps for a short distance, when he stopped and inquired of a young man who was standing by a terrace if such a person, (mentioning the sister's name) lived there, and was told that she did. They entered, and found the sick sister trying to write a letter to one of the Elders, requesting that he come and administer to her, she being in a very feeble condition, and also in want of food. Ernest administered to her, promised that she should recover and soon be able to attend her meetings, and the three supplied her with money to relieve her wants.

She acknowledged their visit as providential, cried for joy at receiving the blessing and was able to attend the meeting the second Sunday following.

While at Hamburg on a subsequent trip he was urged by a widow, Sister Kratz, whom he met at meeting, to call at her home. On doing so he inquired if she paid her tithes and offerings, and was told that she did, although she was extremely poor. He said, before the visit ended, that he felt like leaving his blessing with her. She was delighted at the proposition, and when he placed his hands upon her head he felt prompted to promise her that while she remained faithful and was careful not to waste even a crust, that her table should never lack bread—that she should even have enough to feed her poor neighbors.

He heard nothing more from sister Kratz until he visited Hamburg sixteen months later, when she met him with tears of joy and related how wonderfully his promise had been fulfilled. She had been in the habit of buying stale bread because of its cheapness, and when she called at the baker's for that purpose the same evening he had made the promise, the baker's wife voluntarily filled her apron with bread and cakes, and told her to come every evening for more. The widow and her one child could only eat a fraction of what she got, so she supplied the rest to her poor neighbors, who highly appreciated the same.

After a while the baker's wife informed Sister Kratz that she did not know who she was or why she should give her the bread and cakes that became stale, but she had felt prompted to do so, and that her husband's business had never so prospered as since she had begun the practice, and she consequently felt that she had been blessed for doing so. Sister Kratz told her frankly about sharing what she got with her poor neighbors, and of her conviction that the baker's prosperity was due to the prayers offered in his behalf by the recipients of her generosity.

On the 11th of December, 1907, Ernest was on the ship "Annandale," bound from London to Shields. While coming down the Swin the ship collided with the steamer "Kingscote," which knocked a hole in her side about sixteen feet long. The engine and boiler room were soon filled with water, and the ship was gradually sinking inch by inch. The collision occurred at midnight, and at half past seven the following morning the ship settled down upon the sand. After much effort she was finally floated and repaired sufficiently to get her into the dry dock.

This was the last wreck in which Ernest figured. He migrated to Utah in the year 1908, has since devoted three years to work in the Temple and has recently started upon a mission to Great Britain, to labor specially among sea-faring people and emulate the example of Peter in casting his net upon the waters and becoming a "fisher of men."

Obtaining Genealogies

AT SOLICITATION OF SAINTS IN UTAH, ENGAGED IN GENEALOGICAL RESEARCH WHILE SERVING AS A MISSIONARY—TAKES A SPECIAL MISSION FOR SUCH WORK—IMPRESSION THAT HE WAS RECEIVING HELP FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD—SEARCH FOR WILLIAMS' GENEALOGIES—A SIGN AND A MUTUAL IMPRESSION—VALUABLE DATA OBTAINED FROM A STRANGER, WHO WAS EVIDENTLY INSPIRED—RESEARCH OF CHAMBERLAIN FAMILY RECORD HELPED BY A STRANGER WHO WAS ALSO EVIDENTLY INSPIRED TO DO SO—VALUABLE RECORDS PROVIDENTIALLY FOUND IN UNEXPECTED PLACE.

When I was twenty years of age I went on a mission to New England, and was laboring there when the St. George Temple was dedicated. The completion and dedication of this sacred structure greatly stimulated among the Latter-day Saints in the Stakes of Zion a desire to procure records necessary for Temple work, and a number of brethren and sisters, who had migrated from New England to Utah, wrote to me and asked me to procure genealogical data for them.

I was kept too busy at missionary work to do very much record searching, but I complied with such requests in a number of instances, and soon came to feel an intense interest in genealogical work, a sentiment that influenced my course of life for many years, and still remains with me.

I returned from this mission in September, 1877, and soon after reaching my home, which was in Salt Lake City, I had a conversation with Elder Wilford Woodruff, who was then one of the Twelve Apostles, in which I told him that I felt that it was my duty to return to New England for the purpose of procuring genealogies for such of the Saints as might desire to employ me in that work. He approved my sentiments, and introduced me to President John Taylor, who likewise approved them. At the April conference, 1878, I was set apart by Elder Orson Pratt to go on a mission to New England and the Eastern states to preach the Gospel to the living, but more especially to procure the records of the dead kindred of Latter-day Saints. I was profoundly impressed by the blessing Elder Pratt gave me.

Immediately after conference I started on this mission, and was soon engrossed with my labors in the interest of the dead, labors that consumed much of my time for many years. Although I was but a youth of limited education and at the outset of my genealogical work was almost totally ignorant of those branches of knowledge that are commonly considered absolutely essential to success in such work, such as local history, local laws and usages, systems of records in towns, cities and states, etc. I often met with a degree of success which surprised me.

Many a time I was made to believe that I was receiving assistance from the other side of the veil, and my faith to this effect has always been unshaken; and it is my present purpose to relate a few incidents that tended to create this faith within me.

One of the first genealogies I undertook to trace on this mission was that of a Williams family. An aged widow named Sister F—employed me to trace it, and the data she gave me to start from pointed to Newark, N. J. as the place in and near which her Williams kindred had lived, and thither I went. At this time I was an utter novice at such work, with not a soul to teach me the first lesson in it. I made my way to the surrogate's office and told the clerk in charge that I desired to trace the genealogy of the Williams family of Newark and vicinity. He replied to the effect that I had a big job on my hands, and advised me to call on Judge Jesse Williams of Orange, a town a few miles from Newark, who, he said, could probably give me some information. Accordingly I took a car to Orange and soon found myself near the center of that town. The clerk had given me directions for finding Judge Williams' residence, and I started to go to it. I soon came to a marble yard which had a sign extending over the sidewalk. The sign gave the name of the proprietor. It was Williams. Something seemed to say to me: "This man belongs to the family you are tracing, and you had better speak with him."

A lady customer was selecting a gravestone, and the proprietor of the marble yard was walking about with her, directing her attention first to one monument and then to another, apparently in an effort to suit both her taste and her purse. As it would have been impolite to interrupt them, I waited. The lady could not decide. It was getting late in the afternoon and I was uneasy at losing time. Mr. Williams had not noticed me, and I decided to go on to Judge Williams' residence. But something seemed to say to me: "This is the man you want to see." But, "I argued with myself, "the clerk in the surrogate's office advised me to see Judge Williams, and the clerk is likely to know whom I had better see." For about an hour this debate continued in my mind. The lady was about that long in choosing a stone and I chafed at the loss of time. Again and again I started to leave the marble yard, but each time came the same prompting: "This is the man for you to see; do not leave until you have talked with him."

Yielding to my unseen adviser, I waited. When the lady had selected a stone, Mr. Williams approached me and asked what he could do for me. I told him I desired to trace the genealogy of the Williams family of that vicinity, and seeing that his name was Williams I had thought he might

give me some information.

"I am the man for you to see," he said promptly. I was struck with his words. Except that they were in the first person, they were the same that my invisible monitor had many times repeated to me during the preceding hour, an hour of impatient chafing on my part. As he spoke he turned on his heel and without another word walked to a desk some distance away, opened and took from it two sheets of foolscap paper. With these sheets of paper in his hands he walked back to where I stood and proceeded to tell me that he had been desiring to know more about his ancestors, that he had traced his fathers' line back to the first settler of the name in New Jersey, that he had arranged the pedigree in the form of a "broadside," (which was the old fashioned form for such a record), that he had made two copies of this "broadside," which he held in his hands as he spoke, and that I was welcome to one of them. So saying he handed me one of the sheets, to my great surprise and delight.

We conversed a few moments during which I thanked him heartily, and then I returned to Newark. When I came to examine carefully the record he had given me, I found it to be of great value to me, or rather to Sister F—. It embraced her trunk line of ancestry as well as his own. In fact, they were near cousins. I spent two or three weeks in the surrogate's office making abstracts of wills left on record by members of this Williams family, which was very numerous, and collecting other data; and the pedigree given me by the marble cutter, which contained some 200 names and six or seven generations, was of great aid to me in establishing proper connections. I was successful in obtaining and connecting many hundreds of names of this family, although I was slow and awkward at the work.

How came the marble cutter to make a duplicate of his record? The only answer that I can give is this: So that a copy might be in readiness to give to me for use in the house of the Lord.

Some years later I had another experience of a similar character but even more striking. I had been employed to complete the genealogy of a Chamberlain family, of New Jersey. In the court house in the town of Freehold in that state is an extensive collection of land, probate and other records dating prior to the Revolution, and rich in genealogical data. I went to Freehold to search these records for Chamberlain material, and expected to reap a harvest, as previous searches had made me familiar with the collection of records there.

A walk of a few minutes took me from the depot to the court house, and I spoke to no person on the way, nor did I see any person who, so far as I knew, had ever seen me before. Ascending the steps of the court house, an old fashioned structure, I entered a wide corridor or hall, I turned into the first room on my left, which was a rather small office, across which extended a counter, through which was a gate or passage way. Behind the counter was a clerk, a young man, to whom I handed my card, with the remark that I desired to search the oldest land records. He told me to pass through the gate in the counter and go into the room next to his office through a door which he indicated. In this door way I paused a few seconds to survey the room I was about to enter. It was about 25 by 40 feet in size, had a high ceiling, and its four walls were lined with iron shelves on which lay the massive volumes of land records.

I stood thus not more than two or three seconds when a gentleman, who had been writing at a standing desk near the center of the room, looked at me and then stepped quickly towards me. At the same time I moved towards him. When he was near enough to me to speak to me he asked me, in a pleasant but abrupt manner: "What family are you tracing?" His question surprised me, and I wondered how he knew I was tracing any family. Most persons searching the records in that room did so for data affecting land titles, and at that moment several lawyers and lawyers' clerks were so engaged. I promptly answered his question by saying simply: "The Chamberlain family." "Well, here is a branch of it," and with these words he handed me half a sheet of legal cap paper on which was written, in ink that was still quite wet, a pedigree giving several generations of a branch of the Chamberlain family, and showing a migration of part of this branch from New Jersey to Pennsylvania, thus establishing an important connection.

As I received the sheet of paper from his hand, the gentleman quickly turned and walked away from me without saying another word, or giving me time to do so, and left the building. I was greatly astonished at the incident. I do not believe I had been in the building more than one minute by the watch when the sheet of paper was placed in my hand. I had not spoken to a soul in the building except the clerk in the front office, and he could not have spoken to any one without my hearing him; and so far as I had reason to believe, not a soul in the building ever saw me, or heard of me, or knew my business. Some years had elapsed since I had been in the town.

The gentleman who gave me the pedigree was about 40 years old, of medium height, light complexion, had a full, round, smoothly-shaven face, and wore a pleasant expression of countenance. After he had left the room I asked a gentleman who he was. The gentleman believed he was a lawyer, but did not give me his name. I never saw him nor heard of him again. While I was on the train en route to the town he was working on that pedigree, and he completed it at the same moment at which I entered the land record room. But why he spoke to me as he did, and why he gave me the pedigree, are questions that cannot, in my opinion be answered without reference to agencies or influences that operate from behind the veil.

I knew that in colonial days a law required marriage licenses to be issued and a record kept of all marriages in the jurisdiction of which Freehold was the seat, and that the books containing these

records ought to be in the court house. But diligent inquiry of clerks and officials failed to bring these books to light. I had spent several days searching land and probate records, and was very anxious to examine these marriage records, because I knew they would yield a large amount of valuable data concerning the family I was tracing; but in deep disappointment I gave up all hope of finding them. Preparatory to leaving the court house for good, I went into a small room in the center of the lower floor of the building, which had no outside window and was very dimly lighted, for the purpose of washing my hands, as there was a wash bowl and towel there.

While thus engaged I cast my eyes around the room. On a shelf near the floor I saw three ancient looking volumes, and in the dim light read on the back of one of them the title: "Marriage Record." With the eagerness of a hawk pouncing on a chicken I pounced on those three books. On removing the thick and ancient dust that covered them, I discovered that they all bore the same title. I took them into a better lighted room and examined them, and to my great joy found that they contained records of marriages covering a long period of time. They were the books for which I had been making earnest inquiry among the clerks and officials of the court house, none of whom had ever seen or heard of them. I, a stranger had discovered them in an out-of-the-way place where they had been stored years and years before.

I found in them the rich material I wanted, between 200 and 300 Chamberlain marriages. But I should have left Freehold without this precious data had not my glance, in the little dimly-lighted room, been directed just as it was.

Genealogical work was never profitable to me financially, but I always took great delight in it, and often had experiences which convinced me that a marvelous providence attended me while so engaged.

Warned by The Spirit

CHAPTER I.

CHAUNCEY W. WEST SENT ON A MISSION TO ASIA—DREAMS OF THE WRECK OF A VESSEL UPON WHICH HE HAD ENGAGED PASSAGE—LEFT THE SHIP, AND AFTERWARDS LEARNED FROM THE CREW OF THE VESSEL BEING WRECKED JUST AS HE HAD DREAMED THAT IT WOULD BE—WHILE AWAITING ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY TO SHIP TO CALIFORNIA WAS PROMPTED TO VACATE A HOUSE WHERE HE AND COMPANION ELDER WERE STAYING—HOUSE IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARDS CRUSHED BY LARGE STONE ROLLING DOWN FROM SIDE OF MOUNTAIN.

Numerous instances have occurred in the experience of the Saints in this age, and especially of the missionaries, of their lives being preserved through their heeding the warnings of the Spirit. Bishop Chauncey W. West, of Ogden, who was sent on a mission to Asia in 1852 relates some instances of this kind in a sketch of his life published in Tullidge's Histories. The field of labor to which he was assigned was Siam, but after laboring for some time in India and trying in vain to secure passage to Siam, he and Elder Dewey took passage as sailors to China. After a very trying voyage of four months they landed at Wampoo in China, near the city of Canton. Finding it still impractical to make their way to Siam, they determined if possible to get back to San Francisco. Among others to whom they applied for passage was Captain Deble, of the American Vessel "Hiega." They agreed upon the terms of their passage, and took their luggage on board on the 11th of May, 1854. Some difficulty was experienced in getting out to sea, after which fair winds soon wafted them to Hong Kong, where they arrived on the evening of the 14th. There they remained until the 23rd. Just before the time fixed for their departure Elder West had a dream in which he saw the vessel upon which they had engaged passage wrecked upon a reef, with hundreds of Chinamen clinging to her hull, while many more were in the water. The dream was repeated several times during the night, and made such an impression upon his mind that he determined to leave the ship. The Elders accordingly effected a settlement for their passage that far, and were rowed to the shore in a small boat. After spending some time at Canton and Hong Kong, being entertained at the latter place at the home of a Mr. Young, with whom they had

become acquainted, Elder Dewey was taken very sick with chills and fever. Elder West waited upon him with great solicitude and he soon began to recover. One day Elder West felt impressed to remove his friend from the house to a vessel called the "Cressy," upon which he was trying to arrange for their passage to California. He was in such haste to act upon his impression that their trunks were left in the house to be sent for later.

It had been raining very hard for several days, and soon after they left the house a large rock on the mountain side, loosened by the storm, came rolling down at a terrific speed, striking and demolishing the house they had just vacated. The inmates fled, in terror from the house, but not in time for all to escape injury, as one man was killed and several others more or less hurt. The lives of the Elders were doubtless saved by their acting promptly on the warning of the spirit, for had they remained where they were a few minutes longer they would have been crushed. Elder West also subsequently met the captain of the "Hiega," who insisted upon knowing why the two Elders had abandoned the ship after engaging their passage. Elder West told him it was because of a dream he had of the vessel being wrecked. The captain then asked why he did not tell him of the dream. Elder West replied that he did not believe the captain would have had any faith in the warning that the dream conveyed to him, but would probably have denounced him as a fool for believing in it. The captain admitted that he was probably right in his conclusion.

The Elders soon found another chance of engaging passage to California, and arrived safely in San Francisco on the 7th of September, 1854.

CHAPTER II.

ELDER JAMES LAWSON INSPIRED TO QUIT A STEAMBOAT ON WHICH HE WAS A PASSENGER—JUMPED ON A FLATBOAT—A FEW MOMENTS LATER THE STEAMBOAT SANK, AND MOST OF THE PASSENGERS WERE DROWNED.

Elder James Lawson, a well known resident of the 16th Ward of this city until a few years since, narrowly escaped drowning in the Mississippi river by acting promptly upon the warning of the Spirit under the following circumstances.

Having migrated from Scotland, his native land, to New Orleans in the year 1843, he obtained employment there as a ship builder and machinist until the spring of 1844, when he determined to continue his journey to Nauvoo, the destination he originally had in view. He secured cabin passage on a steamboat, but had not proceeded more than about fifty miles when he was suddenly awakened by a violent quiver of the boat caused by its hull striking a snag of some kind in the river. Not knowing the cause of the sensation, but, acting on the impulse of the moment, he sprang out of bed, hastily dressed, and, rushing on deck, jumped from the deck railing to the deck of a flatboat that was being towed alongside the steamboat. A few moments later the steamboat sank, carrying with it to a watery grave nearly all the passengers. Elder Lawson and a few other passengers who were fortunate enough to follow his example by jumping upon the flatboat saved themselves by cutting loose from the steamer and drifting with the stream until morning, when, as the flatboat neared the shore the men seized some overhanging limbs of trees and effected a landing. He leisurely made his way back to New Orleans, obtained employment and remained there until the fall of the year, when he again boarded a steamboat for Nauvoo, and in due time safely landed there.

CHAPTER III.

COMFORTING ASSURANCE EXPERIENCED BY A. O. SMOOT DURING A STORM AT SEA—HIS NARROW ESCAPE FROM BEING A VICTIM OF THE SALUDA DISASTER—HIS ACCOUNT OF THE EXPLOSION.

The blowing up of the steamboat "Saluda" has often been mentioned as the only really serious catastrophe, resulting in loss of life to a company of migrating Saints in this age on a voyage. It is certainly very remarkable, in view of the many thousands of Saints in hundreds of vessels of all kinds that have crossed oceans and traversed rivers that so few have lost their lives upon the water. It is a very strong proof that the protecting power of the Almighty has been over them, for

there have been numerous narrow escapes from disasters at sea. Indeed it has been so apparent that a special providence has been over the Saints that others as well as the Saints have been impressed by the fact. The remark has been made upon many occasions by ship owners and sea captains that a company of "Mormons," as passengers, was the best insurance they could have upon a vessel, as it was felt that nothing serious could happen to the craft while they were on board of it. A good many instances are on record of Latter-day Saint Missionaries being solicited to accept free passage on vessels for the protection it was felt their presence would afford. Doubtless one of the evidences that tends to convince sea captains that "Mormon" missionaries or emigrants are the subjects of divine favor and protection is the feeling of confidence and trust they usually exhibit when beset by danger, and when others quake with fear. The assurance of divine care that comes through the Holy Spirit is quite as potent in influencing their actions as is the warning of danger from the same source. The late President A. O. Smoot gives an instance of this in connection with his account of the "Saluda" horror. From the latter it will be seen that the Saints might have been saved from participating in that had the spirit's warning to him been heeded.

"On my return from England in 1852, on board the new steamer "Pacific" we encountered a severe storm, in which the deck was swept clear of rigging, the deck cabin, one of the wheels, both wheel houses and the bulwarks. The steamer was entirely submerged in the sea at one time, and had she not been very well built she would never have come to the surface again. It looked like a precarious time, but I felt an assurance that the vessel would be saved, and in the midst of all the excitement which prevailed among the crew and passengers I felt quite calm. I had seventeen thousand dollars in gold in my possession, and I did not even fear that I would lose that. Our preservation, however, was certainly providential, for the vessel was in a terribly dilapidated condition, but we finally arrived safely in New York with the wrecked vessel, after a voyage of sixteen days.

"I subsequently had a very narrow escape on the occasion of the "Saluda" disaster. I had purchased the supplies for my company to make its overland journey with, except cattle, at St. Louis, and had decided to go farther up the river to buy the stock, when Eli B. Kelsey came to me to consult with me in regard to chartering the "Saluda" to convey an independent company of Saints up the river. I went with him to examine the boat, and on finding that it was an old hulk of a freight boat, fitted up with a single engine, I strongly advised him against having anything to do with it. He seemed to be influenced in making choice of it entirely by the fact that he could get it cheaper than a better one; but in my opinion it seemed folly, for, in addition to the danger of accident, the length of time likely to be occupied in making the journey would more than counterbalance what might be saved in the charge for transit. However, he decided to charter it, and then both he and the captain urged me strongly to take passage with them, offering to carry me free of cost if I would only go, but I could not feel satisfied to do so. I followed a few days afterwards on the "Isabella," and overtook them at Lexington, where the "Saluda" was stopped by the float-ice and was unable to proceed farther. I went on board of her to visit the Saints (who were in charge of D. J. Ross, Eli B. Kelsey having gone ashore to purchase cattle,) and left just before the last plank was drawn in, preparatory to attempting to start. I had not walked to exceed two hundred yards after leaving the "Saluda" before the explosion occurred, and on turning to look in the direction of the ill-fated boat I saw the bodies of many of the unfortunate passengers and various parts of the boat flying in the air in every direction. Fortunately for the Saints on Board, they were mostly on the deck of the boat and pretty well towards the stern, and they consequently fared better than those who were below, or on the forepart of the boat, which was blown entirely to pieces. As it was, however, upwards of twenty of the Saints were lost or subsequently died of their wounds. My own preservation I can only attribute to the providence of the Almighty, for if I had remained a moment on the wharf to see the boat start, as would have been very natural for a person to do, I would have been blown into eternity as those were who stood there."

CHAPTER IV.

SERIES OF ESCAPES EXPERIENCED BY PRESIDENT WOODRUFF THROUGH HEEDING THE SPIRIT'S WARNINGS—INSTANCE OF FAILING TO DO SO.

President Wilford Woodruff, who was specially susceptible to spiritual impressions and guidance, has related many instances of the Spirit prompting him to do or refrain from doing certain things, with the results of his action in the premises, from which the following are culled as samples:

"In 1848, after my return to Winter Quarters from our pioneer journey, I was appointed by the Presidency of the Church to take my family and go to Boston, to gather up the remnant of the Saints and lead them to the valleys of the mountains.

"While on my way east I put my carriage into the yard of one of the brethren in Indiana, and Brother Orson Hyde set his wagon by the side of mine, and not more than two feet from it.

"Dominicus Carter, of Provo, and my wife and four children were with me. My wife, one child and I went to bed in the carriage, the rest sleeping in the house.

"I had been in bed but a short time, when a voice said to me, 'Get up, and move your carriage.'

"It was not thunder, lightning nor an earth-quake, but the still, small voice of the Spirit of God—the Holy Ghost.

"I told my wife I must get up and move my carriage. She asked, 'What for?'

"I told her I did not know, only the Spirit told me to do it.

"I got up and moved my carriage several rods, and set it by the side of the house.

"As I was returning to bed, the same Spirit said to me, 'Go and move your mules from that oak tree,' which was about one hundred yards north of our carriage.

"I moved them to a young hickory grove and tied them up. I then went to bed.

"In thirty minutes a whirlwind caught the tree to which my mules had been fastened, broke it off near the ground and carried it one hundred yards, sweeping away two fences in its course, and laid it prostrate through that yard where my carriage stood, and the top limbs hit my carriage as it was.

"In the morning I measured the trunk of the tree which fell where my carriage had stood, and I found it to be five feet in circumference. It came within a foot of Brother Hyde's wagon, but did not touch it.

"Thus by obeying the revelation of the Spirit of God to me I saved my life, the lives of my wife and child, as well as my animals.

"In the morning I went on my way rejoicing.

"While returning to Utah in 1850, with a large company of Saints from Boston and the east, on my arrival at Pittsburg, I engaged a passage for myself and company on a steamer to St. Louis. But no sooner had I engaged the passage than the Spirit said to me, 'Go not on board of that steamer; neither you nor your company.'

"I obeyed the revelation to me, and I did not go on board, but took another steamer.

"The first steamer started at dark, with two hundred passengers on board. When five miles down the Ohio river it took fire and burned the tiller ropes, so that the vessel could not reach the shore, and the lives of nearly all on board were lost either by fire or water. We arrived in safety at our destination, by obeying the revelation of the Spirit of God to us.

"In another instance, after attending a large annual conference in Salt Lake City, and, having a good deal of business to attend to, I was somewhat weary, and at the close of the conference I thought I would repair to my home and have a rest.

"As I went into the yard the Spirit said to me, 'Take your team and go to the farm,' which is some three miles south of the Tabernacle.

"As I was hitching the horse to the wagon Mrs. Woodruff asked where I was going.

"I said, 'To the farm.'

"'What for?' she asked.

"'I do not know,' I replied; but when I arrived there I found out.

"The creek had overflowed, broken through my ditch, surrounded my home, and filled my barnyard and pig pen. My wife was wading in the water, trying to turn it from the lot, to save the home and family.

"Through my own exertions I soon turned it and prevented much damage that might have occurred had I not obeyed the voice of the Spirit.

"This same Spirit of revelation has been manifested to many of my brethren in their labors in the kingdom of God, one of which I will here name.

"Elder Charles C. Rich was going from Sacramento to San Bernardino with a company of brethren. He had in his possession a large amount of money to make payment on their land purchase. This was known to some road agents in the vicinity, who gathered a company of robbers and went on ahead of Brother Rich and lay in ambush, intending to kill the 'Mormons' and rob them of their money.

"Before reaching the company of robbers Brother Rich came to a by-path or trail. The Spirit then told him to take that path.

"The brethren with him marveled at his course, not knowing that enemies awaited them, but they arrived in safety at San Bernardino with their lives and money, while the robbers wondered why their prey did not come."

Recalled by Elder Heber J. Grant

EXCERPTS FROM DISCOURSE DELIVERED IN THE TABERNACLE, SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 26, 1914—METHODIST EPISCOPAL MINISTER CONVERTED TO MORMONISM—GOES TO ENGLAND AS A MORMON MISSIONARY—CALLS UPON HIS FORMER MINISTER—HIS UNDIGNIFIED RECEPTION—ANTI "MORMON" ASSERTION DISPROVED BY FACTS—A MINISTER'S CONFESSION—PUZZLING QUESTIONS PROPOUNDED TO MINISTERS, UNANSWERED—ATTITUDE OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS THEREON—UNSEEN EVIDENCE OF POWER—A PREDICTION BY THE GIFT OF TONGUES THAT WAS LITERALLY FULFILLED—TRUTH ONLY STRENGTHENED BY ATTEMPTS TO OVERTHROW IT—KARL G. MAESER'S CONVERSION—HIS PLEDGE AND ITS FULFILLMENT—BEN BUTLER'S ADVICE.

I rejoice in a testimony of the divinity of the gospel of Jesus Christ, as revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith in our day. I rejoice in being able to proclaim to all the world that I know that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the true and living God; that I know the gospel of Jesus Christ, commonly called "Mormonism," is in very deed the plan of life and salvation; that it is that gospel which it was proclaimed should in the latter-days be restored again to the earth by an angel flying in the midst of heaven, proclaiming it to every nation, kindred, tongue and people upon the face of the earth.

"O," says one, "but I do not believe that you have this knowledge." Yet, the fact remains that individual disbelief regarding some information and knowledge that another man has cannot change the knowledge of that man, if in very deed he has it. I know nothing of chemistry. Therefore, when a chemist tells me certain things in a sugar factory, his statement may seem absurd to me. When he tells me that by pouring two half-filled glasses of water together that water will immediately change to red, blue, green or some other color, it seems absurd to me because the water appears to me to be perfectly pure and colorless. But with the knowledge that the chemist has, he knows what the result will be when he makes this mixture, and he demonstrates before our eyes the truth of all the statements he makes.

Now, we maintain, as Latter-day Saints, that men and women who will look into and examine and study the gospel of Jesus Christ, as revealed in our day through the Prophet Joseph Smith, can demonstrate its truth to their reasoning faculties; and if they will pray to God for the inspiration of His spirit to guide and enlighten their minds, they can also demonstrate by the Spirit of God, the divinity of this work in which we are engaged.

I call to mind that while presiding over the European mission, one of the most eloquent preachers, one of the best reasoners upon the gospel, among the Elders who went out to preach while I was there, was Benjamin Burchell, who came to Utah as a young man from England, to be a preacher, if I recollect aright, for the Methodist Episcopal church. His field of labor was Nephi, Juab county. The superintendent of his church for this inter-mountain region gave him instructions, one of which was: "Don't read the Book of Mormon; don't read any of the 'Mormon' literature;" and the superintendent gave him a great deal of anti-'Mormon' literature to read and study. The young man loaded his double-barrelled gun, so to speak, with anti-'Mormon' bullets, and one of the men that he fired them at was the bishop of one of the wards in Nephi; and they didn't seem to hurt the bishop any. He said in substance, "Who filled you full of those lies?" The young man said: "They are not lies; they are true." The bishop replied: "How do you know they are true? I have lived here all my life, and I know that everything you have said is false."

The young man became interested. He said, "Bishop, can I come down to your house and spend an evening with you?" "Come along and you can spend a dozen"; and he did spend an evening, two or three evenings, and bought the Book of Mormon and studied the gospel. He afterwards resigned his salary received from the Methodist Episcopal church and went back to England—not for a salary—to preach the gospel, but he went back without money and without price, and at his own expense, to proclaim the gospel of Jesus Christ which he had found to be true and which he had embraced. One of the first men that he called on was the minister of the church that he

belonged to before he came to Utah. The minister was delighted to meet him, and welcomed him back home. He had heard nothing of his conversion to "Mormonism." The young man took some "Mormon" tracts out of his pocket, and he said in substance to the minister: "I wish you would tell me how to answer these claims of the Latter-day Saints." He then asked a number of questions. The minister commenced floundering around like a fish out of water, and finally he turned, and with a word that some people say is not profanity but only emphasis, he shook his fist at the young man and said "D—n you, I believe you have joined that church." The young man smiled and said "Yes." Then he jumped up, and with some more emphasis he ordered him out of his house. That is the way he answered the arguments of the young man.

I hold in my hand a letter written by a man who came to Utah, representing a church here; and he was told that we Latter-day Saints, commonly called "Mormons," were practically a lot of heathens and barbarians. He discovered we were an intelligent people; that we were a God-fearing people; that we had brotherly love one for another; that we were industrious; that according to the Savior's rule—"By their fruits ye shall know them"—that this was about the finest community he had ever lived in. He lived in one of our southern counties. Afterwards he was transferred to one of our northern counties, and he found that same state of affairs; and finally he writes:

"You will agree with me that from the position of a regularly ordained minister to the confession of truth and divinity of the gospel of 'Mormonism' is a long road to travel. It is because I believe that I have traveled that road that I want to write to you. As I see it now, this is my confession of faith. I believe that the gospel of Christ is taught in its purity by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I believe that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God, and that his work is owned of God. I believe in the restoration of the gospel and in the authority of the priesthood, and I believe that the sects of modern Christendom are the result of the spiritual darkness in the world. I know from experience how impossible it is for the blind to lead the blind."

I remember when I was in Europe—and I have quoted it many times—reading with a great deal of interest a book entitled, "The Young Man and the World," written by Senator Beveridge. In this book the senator said that during an entire summer vacation, a man with good opportunities to get proper answers, asked of a large number of ministers through the New England states, three questions:

"Do you believe in God, the Father; God a person, God a definite and tangible intelligence—not a congeries of laws floating like a fog through the universe; but God a person in whose image you were made? Don't argue; don't explain; but is your mind in a condition where you can answer yes or no?" Not one minister answered, Yes.

The next question was: "Do you believe that Christ was the son of the living God, sent by him to save the world? I am not asking whether you believe that he was inspired in the sense that the great moral teachers are inspired—nobody has any difficulty about that. But do you believe that Christ was God's very Son, with a divinely appointed and definite mission, dying on the cross and raised from the dead?" Not one minister answered, Yes.

The third question was: "Do you believe that when you die you will live again as a conscious intelligence, knowing who you are and who other people are?" Not a man answered Yes.

He said that these ministers were particularly high-grade ministers. Many of them had gained renown for their piety and for their eloquence in proclaiming the gospel, as they understood it, and yet all of them were regretting the lack of interest in the gospel and the absence of audiences to listen to their preaching. Mr. Beveridge says: "How could such priests of ice warm the souls of men? How could such apostles of interrogation convert a world?" There are no priests of interrogation among the Latter-day Saints. The answer by every preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ, as restored through the Prophet Joseph Smith, to these questions, down to our children that go to Sabbath school, is Yes, Yes, Yes, without a moment's hesitation. There is no doubt; there is no dubiety in the hearts of the Latter-day Saints. We have, behind the shadow of a doubt, the absolute witness of the Spirit that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the true and living God. We know that the gifts and graces that belonged in the ancient church are to be found here today; we know that the gift of tongues is enjoyed by the Latter-day Saints; and these are some of the fruits of the gospel of Jesus Christ as enjoyed by the early Saints.

"O, but—" says one, "I don't believe that you have any gift of tongues by the inspiration of the spirit of God."

As a boy, I once took hold of the ends of an electric battery. They had some handles for me to take hold of. I was a child at that time. I had never had any shock of electricity; and the teacher who was manipulating it was not very well posted, and he turned on altogether too strong a current, and I could not let go. I hopped around there and yelled "Turn it off, turn it off!" Well, somebody who did not see, or feel, or know anything about electricity would say, "What is the matter with that fool, with a couple of pieces of tin in his hand, yelling 'Turn it off?'"

Could anybody tell me that I did not know, as a boy in old Brother Doremus's school, that I got a solid shock of electricity? Not a bit of it. I know that I received the electric shock; there is no doubt of it in my mind. Likewise, I know that the gift of tongues is in this church. Why? Because

when I was ruined financially, working till midnight, every night, struggling to maintain my honor and my credit, when I came home one morning—between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning—my wife, whose body now lies in the tomb, was sitting up waiting for me, and I chided her for it; she turned and by the gift of tongues, and having the interpretation thereof herself, she gave me a wonderful and marvelous blessing, every word of which has been fulfilled. I knew well that she was giving me a blessing, as I sat there and wept like a child, while she was addressing me, without understanding a single word that she said, I know that God testified to me that she was giving me a blessing just as well as I know that I received the electric shock.

When I was a boy, playing upon the floor in a Relief society meeting,—my mother being the president of a Relief society, (I grew up in the Relief society, and I have often said I am entitled to be a member, a charter member almost)—in that meeting I heard Grandma Whitney sing some of the most beautiful songs I have ever listened to, and they were all sung in an unknown tongue. After she finished Sister Eliza R. Snow (who wrote the famous "Mormon" hymn, "O My Father," which refers to our heavenly mother) gave a blessing to each of those present. I heard President Smith say that he attended a concert given by our Tabernacle choir at the World's fair, in Chicago; and one of the songs, "O My Father," was sung by Robert C. Easton. When it came to the part, "Truth is reason, truth eternal, Tells me I've a mother there," a man sitting by, said, "I have believed that all my life, but I daren't say so." Well, we dare say it and have said it all over the world. The sister who, by the inspiration of the Spirit of God, wrote that hymn, gave to each one of the good sisters in that Relief society meeting a blessing. Zina D. Young gave the interpretation. After this blessing had been given to each of the good sisters, Sister Snow turned to the child on the floor and gave him a blessing, and Aunt Zina interpreted it, and the blessing was a prediction that I should live to occupy the position that I am occupying here today as one of the leaders in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I am the recipient of a blessing predicted by the gift of tongues and fulfilled twenty years afterward. I could go on and relate incident after incident of a like character.

In the letter of this man that I referred to, there were some things that reminded me very much of the conversion of Karl G. Maeser. What led the former to more thoroughly investigate the gospel, after leaving Utah, was the reading of an attack on the Latter-day Saints, which threatened to destroy the whole structure; and he was disappointed with the attack, and so went on with his investigation. When I was a youngster—I am getting away from the Maeser incident, but I will return—when I was a youngster I read the book entitled Nelson on Infidelity. Mr. Nelson said that he was ready and willing to loan any young man any number of volumes in favor of the infidel idea, if the young man would only read the other side; and further he said in substance: "The reason I am ready and willing to loan any number of books on the infidel side, is that if the young man will read the answer he will discover that his champion is lying; and every time a man discovers that his leader is lying, it weakens his faith in him even when he tells the truth. During my three years' presidency of the European mission, I never found any of the ministers over there who did not warn all their flock against the literature and the teachings of the Latter-day Saints; yet I never warned our missionaries, some of whom had never spoken in public before, against the literature of any religion. In all the world, for eighty years, the ministers of Christendom have never converted even one poor, down-trodden, ignorant "Mormon" missionary; but we have captured ministers; we have captured their divines and their leading men; and Wilford Woodruff captured all their churches in one community and baptized sixteen hundred people, including most of their ministers, and all in eight months."

Now, coming back to Karl G. Maeser, who was a professor in a German university. He had that discriminating, analytical German mind which searches down to the bottom of things. He read in an illustrated magazine that the "Mormons" were barbarians, an adulterous, wicked lot of people; that a man opposed to them, took his life in his hands, when he walked the streets of Salt Lake. That reminds me of something else (I will have to leave Maeser for a moment). There was a gentleman who went to Washington from Utah and tried to get the seat in Congress belonging to George Q. Cannon. He told all such stories, and when he had finished all that Brother Cannon said was: "He is still alive. If what that man has said were true, we would have buried him long ago." When Ben Butler visited Salt Lake City, the anti-"Mormons" gave him a dinner (five dollars a plate) and told him that the "Mormons" ought to be disfranchised; and that all those who opposed them were taking their lives in their hands. Ben replied in substance: "I believe what you have said. I have a remedy. The United States is broad. Leave this d—d country and don't take any chances, gentlemen, of getting killed."

Karl G. Maeser read a vicious attack upon the "Mormons"—about the "Danites" and the "Destroying Angels," and so on, and so forth. Then he found in the same article that the "Mormons" were industrious, that they were frugal, that there was not a poor-house in all the territory of Utah, that the fifteen per cent of Gentile population, among them then furnished eighty-five per cent of the criminals, according to United States statistics, compiled by the Gentiles themselves. He found that there was not one saloon in the entire territory of Utah, and that the only place where whiskey was sold was in Salt Lake City; and, to the disgrace of the city government, they were selling it. That is what he found on the temperance question. He found that there was not a single house of ill fame in the whole of Utah. He found that the people went to bed at night with their front and back doors open. After reading all this he said to himself: "The man who wrote this illustrated article for the magazine is a liar. The fruits of honesty, industry sobriety, and brotherly love do not grow among immoral and wicked people," so he sent for some tracts, investigated the gospel and embraced it. On the night of his baptism, which

occurred at midnight, he looked up to heaven and said, in substance: "O, God, if what I have done tonight meets with your approval, and you will give to me the witness of the Spirit that this gospel, that I believe, is in very deed the truth, that I may know it, I pledge my life, if need be, to its promulgation and its advancement."

From Canada on the north to Mexico on the south there are thousands, yes, tens of thousands, who can bear witness that this pledge, made at Dresden, Germany, at midnight, was fulfilled by one of the most devoted, unselfish, and self-sacrificing mortals who ever embraced the gospel of Christ. For if any man ever gave his life, his heart, and his soul for the advancement of this cause, Karl G. Maeser did so. God heard and answered that prayer. Walking from the river in which he was baptized, Karl G. Maeser was conversing upon the principles of the gospel with the late Apostle Franklin D. Richards, and Brother William Budge was acting as interpreter. Brother Richards talking in English and Brother Maeser in German. They began their walk of several miles to return home. After walking a short distance Brother Maeser announced to Brother Budge that he need not interpret the answers, that he understood them. Immediately thereafter, Brother Franklin said, "You need not interpret those questions; I understand them." They walked for miles, Franklin D. Richards answering questions in English, Karl G. Maeser asking them in German, neither knowing the other's language, yet by the inspiration of the Spirit of God, both understanding each other. Do you tell me that I don't know that we have the gift of tongues in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints? As well tell me that I do not know that I am standing here before you today. I have this testimony from the lips of a man, than whom no more honest, no more upright, no truer man ever drew the breath of life. When these two men reached the bridge that spans the river Elbe, on their way into the city of Dresden, they were separated, and when they reached the other side of the bridge Brother Maeser again began asking questions, but Brother Richards could not then understand him, nor could Brother Maeser understand anything further that was said in reply; and they were obliged to revert to Brother Budge's interpretation. Then Brother Maeser turned to Brother Richards and said, "What does this mean, we could understand each other for miles, and now we can't understand?" "Brother Maeser," said Apostle Richards, "the Lord has given to you a portion of the fruit of the gospel of Jesus Christ, as restored in our day. For some wise reason he has allowed you to enjoy one of the manifestations of the Spirit accompanying the true gospel of Christ." Brother Maeser told me, with tears rolling down his cheeks, although it had been nearly 50 years since he had that manifestation, that he realized that God had heard and answered his prayers. At the close of the incident I have related, Brother Maeser looked up again into heaven, and he said: "O God, my Father in heaven, I will fulfil my promise to give my life to this cause"; and he did it. He became the grand old man, educationally, of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints—a man without a thought of personal aggrandizement, without a thought of seeking honor for himself, personally, but with only a desire to save souls, to build up the kingdom of God, and to promulgate this gospel at home and abroad.

I rejoice in the fact that in every land and in every clime, wherever this gospel message has penetrated, the fruits of the gospel have been enjoyed—the healing of the sick, speaking in tongues, the interpretation of tongues, every gift and grace, and every power that was ever enjoyed by the former-day Saints, are enjoyed by the Latter-day Saints. I rejoice in knowing that I myself stand here today a living witness to the healing power of Almighty God, that is in the Church of Christ. Given up by eight doctors to die, yet under the inspiration of the Spirit of God, the man who is now the prophet of God, on the earth, said as he blessed me that I should live, and I do live, notwithstanding the doctors said that blood poisoning in the third and last stage had set in, in my case. My family physician told me to send for my reporter, and tell my last little story, because I was doomed to die. Did I send for the reporter? No. Perfect faith gave me to know I should live. Although my doctor told me I should die, Sister Grant and I knew to the contrary. She received a visit from my wife, whose body lies in the tomb, the same wife who enjoyed the gift of tongues and its interpretation. After her death, she came to my home, before I was operated upon, and told my wife no matter how seriously ill I was, I should not die, that I should live, because my mission was not yet ended; that I should yet lift up my voice in many lands, and many climes, proclaiming the restitution of the gospel to the earth. So, when the doctors said I must die, Sister Grant and I had no dear, because we knew better. I asked how long I could live; the doctors said, "not over three days." At the end of three days, I was better, and they could not understand it. So they had the poisonous pus from my body analysed again; and lo and behold, according to their verdict, I ought to have been dead two days; but I was getting better. I was promised by the gift of tongues, that I should lift up my voice in many lands and many climes, proclaiming this gospel. At the time of this operation, I was promised by the visitation of my deceased wife that I should not die, that my mission was not ended. Since then I have been in Japan; I have been in Canada; I have been in Mexico; I have preached from Portland, Me., to Portland, Or.; from Canada on the north to Mexico on the south. I have been over the British Isles, England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales—in Scandinavia, France, Germany, Italy and Belgium, proclaiming that God lives; and yet, according to the doctors, I ought to have been dead. I have thus seen fulfilled the promise made by that visitation of my wife, that I should live and proclaim this gospel. I know that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, that Joseph Smith is his prophet, and that "Mormonism," so called by the world, is indeed the gospel of life and salvation, the gospel of Jesus Christ, again restored to the earth. God help us, who have this testimony, to live in conformity with its doctrines, is my prayer, in the name of our Lord and Master. Amen.

A Busy Life

CHAPTER I.

ANSON CALL'S BIRTH AND CHARACTER—
INVESTIGATED "MORMONISM" TO DISPROVE IT, AND
BECAME CONVERTED—IMPEDIMENT IN HIS SPEECH
CURED WHEN ADMINISTERED TO—AN ANTI-
"MORMON" MISSOURIAN—BUY FARMS IN CALDWELL
COUNTY—THE PROPHET VISITS MISSOURI—ADVISES
ABANDONMENT OF HOMES—MOB TRIES TO PREVENT
THEIR REMOVAL—FLEE BY NIGHT—ADAM-ONDI-
AHMAN AND FAR WEST BESIEGED.

Anson Call, Counselor to the President of the Davis Stake of Zion, who died August 31st., 1890, was extensively known as a pioneer, a wise counselor and successful man of affairs, and to his intimates as a man of the strongest convictions and highest courage, who would risk his life anytime for principle or in defense of his fellows. His whole career from the time he embraced the Gospel was so full of self-sacrifice for the cause of Truth that a brief sketch of the principal events is well worthy of record in the Faith Promoting Series.

He was born in the town of Fletcher, Franklin County, Vermont, May 13, 1810. His ancestors for several generations, had been conspicuous in the struggle for religious and political liberty, and he probably inherited the strong traits of character that distinguished them. When Anson was seven years old his father's family removed to Geauga, now Lake County, Ohio, then a wild region which offered very few educational opportunities. But, while he had little chance during his childhood and youth for schooling his experience was favorable for the development of industry and self-reliance, qualities that were strong characteristics in his later life. He married when twenty-three years of age, his wife, Mary Flint, being the daughter of a wealthy Vermont farmer who had purchased a valuable farm in Ohio and located his two daughters thereon with the intention of bequeathing the property to them, but decided to disinherit them when his son-in-law, Anson Call, and they, joined the "Mormons."

Most of the Call family were Methodists, but Anson, although he was a searcher after Truth, could not subscribe to that creed. Brigham Young and other prominent Elders occasionally preached the newly revealed Gospel in the region where the Call family lived, and when Anson found himself unable to cope with them in a discussion of religion he attributed his failure to his unfamiliarity with the Bible. He therefore began a critical study of the Bible and Book of Mormon in the hope of controverting what they taught, but with a different result to what he anticipated. To his surprise if not regret his three years hard study for the purpose mentioned resulted in a conviction that "Mormonism" was true. He accordingly announced in a Methodist meeting his intention of joining the "Mormons," and started with his wife for a trip to Kirtland, then the gathering place of the Saints, where he was baptized by William Smith, brother of the prophet, and confirmed by David Whitmer, one of the three witness to the Book of Mormon.

Immediately afterwards he was administered to for an impediment in his speech, and experienced relief, and was promised that his speech should be natural and proper so long as he used his tongue for the advancement of truth.

He was also ordained an Elder, and on his return to his home preached the Gospel to his old associates and neighbors. About thirty persons in the region of his home, mostly Methodists, joined the Church as a result of the preaching, his wife and his father's family being included in the number.

In March, 1838, in company with his father and his brother Harvey, Anson started to Missouri, whither some of the leading Elders of the Church had already gone. They journeyed by steamboat part of the way, and had for companions Asahel Smith, uncle to the prophet, and George Gee and their wives. While steaming up the Missouri river they were accosted by a fellow passenger who remarked that he had heard there were some "Mormons" on board the boat. Elder Smith told him the rumor was correct, and that he and his companions were "Mormons." The stranger then inquired to what part they were going, and was informed that Far West was their destination. "I am sorry to see such a respectable looking company journeying to that place," was the rejoinder. Being asked why he felt sorry, he said: "Because you will be driven from there in less than six months." "By whom" was asked. "By the Missourians, gentlemen," he replied, and then added, "I

presume you are not aware of the gentlemen you are talking to." "Yes, gentlemen," was the response, "I am Colonel Wilson, of Jackson County. I was one of the principal actors in driving the "Mormons" from that country, and I expect to be soon engaged in driving them from Caldwell County." He strongly advised them to stop in some other place and not to venture into Caldwell County, declaring if they did so they would certainly be butchered; for "Mormonism" must and shall be put down." He read a letter to the brethren which he said he had just received from Randerson Newell. He was reminded that it was made up of falsehoods concerning the Saints in Kirtland, and replied "True or false, Joe's career must and shall be stopped!" As he turned to depart after this last remark Anson Call said to him, "If you will wait a moment I will tell you the way it can be done, for there is but one way." "What is that, sir?" the Missourian sharply demanded. "Dethrone the Almighty, and Joseph Smith's career will be ended, and never will it be until then."

The steamer stopped at Jefferson City, and Anson was there introduced by Colonel Wilson to a dozen or so of the "Jackson County boys," the notorious Governor Boggs among the number. When informed that Mr. Call was a "Mormon" on his way to Caldwell County, they indulged in a sneering laugh.

The boat proceeded to Jack's Landing, where the company left the river. Anson and his father traveled on foot from there to Far West. They afterwards purchased land in Caldwell County upon which to establish homes, and then the father returned to Ohio, to make arrangements for the removal to Missouri. In July, 1838, Anson started towards Ohio and met his family journeying to Missouri. After resting and visiting a few days in Far West he settled his family on his farm on Grand river, being accompanied by Phineas H. Young, John Snider, Joel Terry and others.

During the following September the Saints living in that region were visited by the Prophet Joseph Smith, his brother Hyrum and Sidney Rigdon. On the sabbath after the public services, which were attended by a number of Missourians, the Prophet notified some of the Brethren that he wished to see them by themselves to discuss matters of importance. He quietly retired with about twelve of them to a corn field, and advised them to abandon their homes and locate in Far West or Adam-ondi-Ahman, as trouble and difficulties were about to overtake them, and they ought to be where they could protect themselves and their families. Being asked if they could have time to gather their crops and dispose of their possessions, he replied that they had better not sell their farms, but he thought they would have time to save their crops. The following day the neighbors assembled and discussed the counsel they had received. They decided to try to save their crops, and selected Anson Call to make a hurried trip through Davis, Caldwell and Ray counties to ascertain the temper of the Missourians and learn if possible their plans in regard to the "Mormons," and bring them word as quickly as possible, so they could govern themselves accordingly. Anson made the trip and returned home without finding any indications of trouble while absent, but found great excitement in the neighborhood of his home on his return. The Saints there had succeeded in securing their crops, and as peace still continued had gone for a bee hunt for four days, returning with wagons loaded down with honey. Encouraged by their immunity to still linger, they went on a second bee hunt, but had little success, as the weather was stormy. On returning home they found great excitement prevailing. The mobocrats under the leadership of Neil Gillium were guarding every road to prevent the escape of the "Mormons," and threatened to kill them if they attempted to leave. They had attempted to kill Phineas H. Young, but he escaped by hiding in a bunch of corn stalks, where he remained and was fed for four days by Anson Call.

Becoming impatient, the Saints determined to make their way to Adam-ondi-Ahman, thirty miles distant, in spite of the threats of the mob. Leaving their families, a number of the men started with their teams loaded with household goods in the evening and succeeded in reaching Adam-ondi-Ahman about daylight the following morning. There they learned of the Crooked River battle and of the election riot at Gallatin. They found also that many Saints from the surrounding region had assembled at that place and at Far West. No help could be obtained, but under cover of the next night the brethren from Grand River returned to their families. The mob there were terribly incensed at the brethren for having slipped away, and especially at Anson Call for the part he had taken, and indulged in all manner of threats. However, the next day quiet preparations were made to again leave. After dark a four horse team was loaded with such few of their effects as they could take along, and Phineas H. Young and Daniel Jackson and their wives (both women being sisters of Oliver Cowdery) and Anson Call and his wife and her sister, and the children of the three families (seven in number) also Harvey Call, all crowded into the wagon, while Joel Terry and his wife and child in a separate wagon drawn by a single horse accompanied them. Leaving the public road and taking a new route across the prairies, they escaped the vigilance of the mob under cover of darkness and arrived in Adam-ondi-Ahman at noon on the following day. Here they found a few of the people living in houses, but far more under tents and a variety of other improvised shelters, with very little to protect them from the elements. Anson selected the top of a fallen oak tree as a partial shelter for his family, and then conveyed some corn to a horse mill and returned with some meal for their supper.

The Saints were in fear that the mob might swoop down upon them at any moment, and placed guards around the settlement to give warning of the first indication of danger. About one o'clock in the night the alarm was sounded. "The mob is upon us!" The men rallied and prepared to offer the best defense they could, while the women hastily dressed themselves and the children and awaited in terror they knew not what. But to their surprise and relief the supposed mob proved to

be a party of the brethren from Far West. The relief, however, was only temporary, for word was brought that the Saints in Far West had been besieged and had capitulated to save bloodshed; that the Prophet Joseph Smith and others were in the hands of their enemies; and that the Saints in Adam-ondi-Ahman were notified that they would be called upon to surrender about ten o'clock the following morning. True to promise, Colonel Parks with five hundred Missourians under his command, appeared before the town, formed a hollow square and demanded that the Saints march therein and surrender their arms and ammunition within an hour. The brethren who had come from Far West having brought word that it was the advice of the Prophet Joseph Smith that the Saints comply with the demands of the mob without resistance, they did so, but with grave misgivings.

After disarming them Colonel Parks notified the defenseless Saints that he would allow them ten days in which to remove from the state, and detailed 200 of his men to remain "as guards," and to see that his order of eviction was complied with.

Shortly afterward, while Anson Call and his family were eating their breakfast in their camp in the fallen treetop, two of these guards appeared before them and asked a number of questions. The replies not suiting them, they shocked and frightened the family by the abusive language they indulged in and leveled their guns at Anson and threatened to shoot him, which they evidently expected to frighten him, and seemed chagrined that it did not have that effect.

CHAPTER II.

SUFFERING FROM COLD WEATHER—ANSON VISITS ELK HORN—CAPTURED AND ILL-TREATED BY A MOB—TREATS THE MOB TO WHISKEY, AND ESCAPES—TIRESOME JOURNEY TO FAR WEST—VISITS HIS FARM CONTRARY TO COUNSEL—FINDS HIS PROPERTY IN POSSESSION OF MOBOCRATS, WHO ASSAULT HIM—APOSTATES TRY TO USE ANSON TO DISCREDIT THE PROPHET—ANSON'S FIDELITY.

The second night after the surrender was extremely cold, and many of the Saints, including the Call family, who were almost without protection from the elements, suffered severely. Little Moroni Call had his fingers so badly frozen that the nails came off shortly afterwards as a consequence. Anson, fearing the effect of further exposure of his family to such inclement weather, applied to Colonel Parks for permission to go to Far West, and received the following permit from him:

"I permit Anson Call to remove to Far West and thence out of the State."

The "guards" appeared to take a fiendish delight in preying upon the defenseless Saints. They wantonly killed any of their animals they took a fancy to, appropriated and used their horses, and displayed their base natures by insulting women. The people were not allowed to leave the settlement except to procure wood to burn; and, although they had been ordered to vacate the State, they were not permitted to go in search of their horses or cattle to use on the journey.

After locating in Far West, Anson started, on the 23rd of December, 1838, to go to a farm near Elk Horn to make sale of two-thirds of thirty acres of corn which he had raised on shares. He left without knowledge of the mob or "guard," and soon after he arrived at the farm he was taken prisoner by ten armed Missourians who were accompanied by an old negro. They took him into the back part of a store and ordered him to give up his weapons. When told that he had none, they thoroughly searched his person, and, finding that he was defenseless, they threatened and abused him in a most vindictive manner. He controlled his natural inclination to resent their indignities, and submitted to their taunts and abuse, with the result that they gradually grew bolder and apparently felt more safe in continuing it, and after awhile stood their rifles up against the wall, and, seating themselves, engaged in whittling with their bowie knives, at the same time indulging in tantalizing remarks. Their hope evidently was to goad him beyond endurance, when, if he resisted, they would have some excuse for executing summary vengeance upon him. One of their number, James Ogle by name, more bold than the rest, repeatedly struck him in the face, declaring that the "Mormons" had wronged him, and that this defenseless victim must now atone for it. He also proposed to strip him and flog him on the bare back with hickory withes, which proposition was not acted upon, as no one else seemed to favor it. He repeatedly dared Anson to fight with him, and even offered him a knife to defend himself with, but all in vain; Anson bore it all in stolid silence, mentally praying to the Lord in the meantime to restrain his tormentors and not allow them to take his life. After he had endured this treatment more than two hours, Ogle said "It is getting near night, and we must make a finish of this business," whereupon Anson was marched out into the street to the accompaniment of a threat that they would treat him as they said they had treated a "Mormon" some time previously; strip, tie and

flog him, and leave him tied until morning. With a view of doing so, the old negro who accompanied the gang was sent off to procure a rope. While awaiting his return Anson was marched up and down the street between two files of his "guard," he appearing as unconcerned as possible, but secretly watching for some opportunity to escape. Seeing a grocery keeper leaning out of a window watching him the thought occurred to him that he might treat his captors and thus gain an advantage. Calling out to the grocer he asked if he would sell him a bottle of whiskey, and when it and a tumbler were passed out to him he invited the "guard" to have a drink at his expense, suggesting that as it was Christmas eve it was an appropriate time for so indulging. The invitation was readily accepted and the fiery liquor was soon gurgling down their throats.

Noticing that a thicket of hazel brush was within a few feet of where he stood, he took advantage of the momentary diversion by dashing into it. The excitement that immediately followed was intense. The whiskey was forgotten in the hasty chase that ensued. Anson proceeded only a short distance into the thicket when he lay down, and was overlooked by the maddened Missourian who charged past him and on into the dense brush, while he skirted around in the edge of the brush and made his way unseen towards Far West.

The circumstances here narrated occurred in the town of Fredricksburg, in Ray County, a settlement just being established in the edge of the woods.

Just before nightfall as he was trudging on towards Far West, he espied the house of a Missourian whose wife was a member of the Church, and where he had preached a number of times the previous summer. He hastened to the house and asked for entertainment, explaining briefly the scenes he had just passed through. The owner of the house feared to have him stay lest the mob might discover his presence and wreak vengeance upon the family. Anson offered to relieve the danger by traveling on, but the good wife insisted upon his eating supper with the family anyway, and afterwards made a bed for him on the kitchen floor with the understanding that if the dogs barked, as they would be sure to do if the mob approached the house, he would run through the open door out into a corn field, and escape if possible to Far West. The night passed without any alarm being heard, the kind wife getting up and preparing breakfast for Anson before daylight. After eating heartily he made his way to Far West, twenty miles distant, where he arrived on Christmas day, 1838.

He found his family feeling well and a hearty welcome and breakfast of parched corn awaiting him, that being the best food available, as the family had missed their turn at getting corn ground at the horse mill.

Anson made an early call upon Father Joseph Smith and Brigham Young for counsel as to whether he should go on horseback to the Three-Forks of Grand river to obtain some property he had left there to help make his family more comfortable therewith. They advised him not to go, as they feared the violence of the mob, into whose hands he would be very likely to fall. After thinking the matter over, he still felt impelled by the necessities of his family to make the attempt, notwithstanding the adverse counsel he had received. He mounted his horse and started, and after a perilous and tiresome journey arrived at his farm on New Years day, and found it in possession of a Missourian named George Washington O'Neil, one of the men from whom he had purchased the place, and who had afterwards decided to take advantage of his misfortunes by robbing him of it. He rode about two miles past his home to the house of a neighbor named Day, whose friendship he presumed upon as he had taken no part with the mob, and as Mrs. Day was a member of the church. Mrs. Day told him of what O'Neil and Culp, the former owners of his farm, had been doing, and warned him that they were likely to kill him if they got a chance to do so. While he was talking to Mrs. Day the two enemies referred to entered the house and immediately began to threaten him, and declared that they would just as soon kill him as if he were a dog, and if they were to do so no one would blame them for it. Anson told them he intended to stand up for his rights as a white man and a citizen, which phrase had a special significance then because of the prevalence of negro slavery in Missouri, but they answered him with jeers, being evidently of the opinion that he had neither friends nor influence in the country. Many of the people in the neighborhood were in debt to Anson for goods he had sold them on time, but he became convinced from the talk of O'Neil and Culp that he would be powerless to collect the accounts, and would only risk his life by trying to do so. With the intention of quitting the region, which fairly reeked with blood-thirsty anti-"Mormonism," he started towards his horse, which was tied only about five rods distant. As he did so he was followed by O'Neil and struck over the head with a heavy hoop pole, and almost felled to the ground. His first impulse was to pick up something with which to defend himself, but he could find nothing, and the blows were repeated with such force that he would probably have been killed but for the fact that he wore a thick cap, which doubtless eased the blows. Mrs. Day's interference appeared to save him from further violence at the time, as his assailants immediately left. She suggested that they had probably gone to get their guns and advised that he mount his horse and hurry along before they returned, which he proceeded to do. His head and face soon began to swell, and he stopped at the first stream he came to and bathed the affected parts, hoping if possible to hide from others the knowledge of his injuries, as he felt compunction at having gone to his old home contrary to counsel. He arrived in Far West about 11 p. m. and immediately went to bed. He awoke early in the morning and immediately arose, but fell to the floor as soon as he tried to walk. His wife, alarmed at his appearance and weakness, insisted upon knowing what was the matter with him, and he had to tell her, but plead with her to

keep it from others and promised to remain in bed until he had recovered. She gave him the most devoted attention and in a few days he was again about, looking and feeling not much the worse for his severe treatment.

On the 15th of January, 1839, Lyman Cowdery, the father of Olive, went to the home of Anson Call during his absence and told Mrs. Call that he wished to see her husband at the home of W. W. Phelps the following evening on some special business. When evening came Anson called there according to appointment and met Mr. Cowdery, David Whitmer, Wm. McClellin, Burr Riggs and other apostates. The Prophet Joseph Smith at this time was incarcerated in Liberty jail, and, taking advantage of his absence, these apostates and other enemies were exerting themselves to find some pretext for accusing him of crime. Previous to this a quantity of merchandise belonging to the Church while in transit from Kirtland to Missouri had mysteriously disappeared, and with them some parcels of similar goods that were being transported by the same party for Anson Call. The missing goods were subsequently found by the sheriff of Caldwell County in the home of Oliver Cowdery and David Whitmer, when, armed with a search warrant, he went there to look for them. To cast an aspersion against the character of the prophet in connection with these goods, Anson was asked by Lyman Cowdery to sign a confession that he had sworn falsely as to the identity of his goods. As an inducement for him to do so, they claimed to be able to prove that Anson had perjured himself and was liable to a heavy penalty therefor. These plotters, however, offered to secure his immunity if he would do as they wished. Lyman Cowdery's proposition was: "If you will go with me to Richmond to-morrow and state that you did this because Joe told you to, I will then settle the whole matter and let the blame rest where it belongs; for Joe is now where he will not lead anybody into difficulty again, for justice will soon overtake him."

Anson soon gave these traitorous conspirators to understand that they could not use him for any such foul purpose as to blacken the character of Joseph Smith or any other innocent man. He had made no statement but what was true, and he was ready to prove the truth of it by Vincent Knight who assisted him in selecting the goods at a store in Ohio.

The efforts of these men, who had formerly been trusted members of the Church, soon convinced Anson that the Prophet had many enemies who were determined to destroy him, and among them none more bitterly vindictive than some who had formerly been bound to him by the most sacred fraternal ties, but were now ready to betray him to his death.

CHAPTER III.

REMOVAL TO ILLINOIS—A PERILOUS JOURNEY—
OVERTAKEN BY THE PROPHET WHILE ESCAPING
FROM MISSOURI PRISON—ANSON AND WIFE VISIT IN
OHIO—LOCATE IN MACEDONIA—REMOVE TO NAUVOO
—MISSION TO OHIO—PROPHET'S VISION AND
PREDICTION AS TO SAINTS LOCATING IN WEST—
JUDGE THOMAS' ADVICE—SERVICE AS A DELEGATE.

Not long after this a team animal which had been stolen from Anson was found, and this enabled him to remove his family and such of their effects as were left from the State, and they were soon on their way to Illinois. The snow was about a foot deep and the weather extremely cold, it being about the middle of February, 1839, and not at all favorable for travel even if they had been well provided with clothing and bedding, and in their destitute condition their suffering was intense. The first night out their wagon tipped over in the creek and the next day they traversed a bleak prairie in a raging blizzard, during which they almost perished. The Missourians, though ordinarily generous and hospitable, were so embittered against the Saints that they furnished them no supplies or shelter unless paid well therefor, and then they did so grudgingly, and evinced no pity because of their suffering.

One day while traveling towards Warsaw they were overtaken by Joseph and Hyrum Smith, who after more than six months imprisonment in Missouri had made their escape and were on their way to Illinois. They were in such a hurry in consequence of their enemies pursuing them that they took only time for a few hasty words, but inquired where Anson expected to locate, and promised to pay him a visit after they reached their destination. This promise they faithfully kept, in company with Sidney Rigdon and Vincent Knight. They took dinner with the Call family and spent much of the afternoon in relating the circumstances of their escape from Missouri. The prophet also told them that he had purchased a tract of land in Illinois—the same upon which Nauvoo was afterwards built—as a gathering place for the Saints.

In October, 1839, Anson with his wife and youngest child made a trip into Ohio to visit her mother, leaving his two older children in the care of Miss Hannah Flint, Mrs. Call's sister, who had for some time shared the home of the Call family. They returned to Illinois in the Spring of

1840, in company with Chester Loveland and Jeremiah Willey, and soon afterwards Anson and Chester Loveland rented a farm in Carthage, where they were fairly successful, and interspersed their labors on the farm with preaching in the Carthage court house.

In the Spring of 1841 Anson and his family removed to Raymas, afterwards called Macedonia, where he and others purchased an extensive tract of land, upon which a stake of Zion was later organized, of which Anson was one of the High Councilors.

On the 13th of May, 1841, Anson's birthday, his wife give birth to twin boys and afterwards had a long spell of sickness. She was restored to health on being administered to.

In the spring of 1842 Anson moved his family into Nauvoo, having been counseled so to do by the leaders of the Church.

The following September he went upon a mission to the state of Ohio, his companion being B. F. Cummings. While on the way to Ohio they traveled and preached through the states of Illinois and Indiana, and baptized forty persons. They returned to their homes in Nauvoo the last day of March, 1842. The winter had been unusually severe, and even at that time the Ohio, Illinois and Missouri rivers were still frozen over, so that teams could cross on the ice. Anson found his family well, but rather destitute. He spent that season raising a light crop of corn, building a small brick house and quarrying stone for the Temple.

On the 14th of July, 1843, Anson and quite a number of the brethren crossed the Mississippi river to the town of Montrose to be present at the installment of the masonic lodge of the "Rising Sun." They assembled in a block school house in front of which there was ample shade, and had a barrel of ice water to quench their thirst. Judge George J. Adams was the highest masonic authority in the state, and had been sent there to organize the lodge. He, Hyrum Smith and John C. Bennett, being high masons, went into the house to perform certain ceremonies which the others were not entitled to witness. The others, Joseph Smith among them, remained under the bowery. The prophet, as he was testing the cold water warned the brethren not to drink of it too freely, and with the tumbler still in his hand prophesied that the Saints would yet go to the Rocky Mountains and remarked that the water he had just drank of tasted much like the crystal streams that flowed down from the snowcapped mountains, where their future home would be located. Anson, in subsequently describing this incident, said "I had before seen him in vision, and now saw, while he was talking, his countenance changed to white; not the deadly white of a bloodless face, but a living, brilliant white. He seemed absorbed in gazing at something at a great distance and said "I am gazing at the valleys of the mountains." Then the prophet gave a vivid description of the scenery of the mountains and valleys just as many of those who listened to him afterwards learned to know them in reality. Pointing to Shadrach Roundy and others he said "There are some men here who shall do a great work in that land." Pointing to Brother Call, he said "There is Anson; he shall go and shall assist in building cities from one end of the country to the other, and you, (seeming to include in the scope of his remarks many others) shall perform as great a work as has been done by man, so that the nations of the earth shall be astonished, and many of them will be gathered in that land and assist in building cities and temples, and Israel shall be made to rejoice."

Anson, in speaking in the later years of his life of this occasion, said:

"It is impossible to represent in words this scene, which is still vivid in my mind; of the grandeur of Joseph's appearance, his beautiful descriptions of this land and his wonderful prophetic utterances as they emanated from the glorious inspirations that overshadowed him. There was a force and power in his exclamations, of which the following is but a faint echo. "Oh! the beauty of those snow-capped mountains! The cool refreshing streams that are running down through those mountain gorges!" Then gazing in another direction as if there was a change of locality, "Oh! the scenes that this people will pass through! The dead that will lie between here and there!" Then turning in another direction as if the scene had again changed: "Oh! the apostasy that will take place before my brethren reach that land!" But he continued, "The priesthood shall prevail over all its enemies, triumph over the devil and be established upon the earth never more to be thrown down." He then charged us with great force and power to be faithful in those things that had been and should be committed to our charge, with the promise of all the blessings that the priesthood could bestow. "Remember these things and treasure them up, Amen."

During the summer of 1843 the building of the Nauvoo Temple progressed rapidly and the Saints increased. The non-"Mormon" residents of Nauvoo and the surrounding region grew restless and uneasy, and it was evident to the close observer that they were growing jealous and suspicious of the increasing numbers and influence of the "Mormons." The intolerance with which the Missourians had regarded the "Mormons" had seemed to subside for awhile after they located in Nauvoo, but it had only been smoldering and was ready to burst out into a flame again upon the slightest provocation.

On Sunday, June 14, 1844, when the Saints were assembled at their usual place of meeting, in a grove east of the Temple, Judge Thomas, the Circuit Judge of the district, drove up to the stand and asked for an opportunity of speaking with Joseph Smith. The Prophet went out and talked with him about fifteen minutes, during which time the judge explained to him and advise him what to do. Joseph returned to the stand and began to speak. Just then a shower occurred, and he asked the assembly whether they would remain and hear his discourse. The response seemed to

be universal: "We will tarry." This was the last discourse delivered by the prophet on the Sabbath. During the meeting the prophet, acting upon the suggestion of Judge Thomas, appointed delegates to visit various precincts of the country to try to effect a settlement with the mob that was threatening to break out in open hostility against the Saints. Anson Call and David Evans were appointed a committee to visit the precinct where Colonel Williams lived, who was an influential leader of the mob. After meeting they started upon this mission and that night lodged with Father Call, five miles from Warsaw. They called at Colonel Williams; house the following morning and learned that he had gone to Adams County to raise the recruits to proceed against the "Mormons." They learned from Elder Knox, a Campbelite preacher, than an anti-"Mormon" committee had been organized in every precinct, that the members of the committee in that precinct were Colonel Williams, himself and a Mr. Henderson. In response to a desire expressed by the visitors to meet that committee, and in the absence of Colonel Williams, Elder Knox proffered to go and bring Mr. Henderson to them. While waiting for his return they were confronted with a mob of about fifty men who came swarming into the house. Among them was a lawyer from Warsaw named Stevenson. Addressing Messrs. Evans and Call, he said, "Gentlemen, you are delegates from Nauvoo, I suppose." Being told that they were, he said the people of Warsaw were also expecting delegates, and had decided to throw them into the Mississippi and make fish bait of them when they appeared. They added by way of advice to the local residents "You can dispose of yours as you think proper." Being informed of the instruction of Judge Thomas to Joseph Smith, he discredited it by saying he had talked with the judge before he went to Nauvoo, and intimated that he did not believe he had so advised; but if he had he thought the judge ought also to be consigned to the Mississippi river. The mob became threatening, but the Campbelite preacher insisted that they must not disturb the "Mormons" while they were doing business with them. For further protection a guard was stationed around the house. After an hour's discussion the assembly refused to act upon the proposition of the delegates in the absence of Colonel Williams. His fellow committeemen guaranteed the safety of the delegates until they could mount their horses, but no longer. They were soon in their saddles and spurring their horses, and reached a safe distance while the mob were preparing to pursue them. Brother Call and Evans arrived in Nauvoo late in the evening of the 15th of June and at 8 o'clock the following morning they repaired to the Mansion House to report to the Prophet; Reynolds Cahoon, the doorkeeper, however, refused to grant them an interview with him, saying that he was busy and did not wish to see any one. Anson after a few moments' stay succeeded in learning what room the Prophet was in and boldly opened the door and walked in. He was greeted in the most cordial manner by the Prophet, who hastened to inquire when he returned and where Brother Evans was. Then he insisted that Brother Evans be admitted, and the two made their report, which they were then requested to reduce to writing and make an affidavit of it before Ebenezer Robinson, justice of the peace. They were then requested to take the sworn statement to Judge Thomas whose court was in session at Knoxville, eighty miles distant. Two of the best horses had to be ordered for them to ride, and before sunset they were on the way. The prophet told them to make all possible haste and to get an interview with the judge if they had to follow him into court by holding on to his coat tail. They left Nauvoo in the evening about sunset. It was raining and the roads were muddy and the streams high. The following day they arrived at a stream that was very high and rapid, and apparently very dangerous. The nature of their errand admitted of no delay, and they plunged in and after a hard struggle succeeded in reaching the opposite shore. They arrived at KNOXville at 10 o'clock on the second day. The court being in session, they presented the letter to the sheriff with a request that he deliver it. He did so, and the judge opened and read it and put it in his pocket. They chafed at the delay and tried to get the sheriff to intercede to have the judge write a reply, but he told them they would have to wait till after intermission. When the court adjourned for luncheon they followed the judge to the hotel and when he arose from the table they locked arms with him, one on either side, and told him they must have an answer to General Smith's letter. He said a written reply was not necessary; it would be sufficient for them to report to him verbally, that he was mistaken in regard to the instructions given him in Nauvoo. They, however, refused to be dismissed in that way, and insisted upon a reply in writing, and he reluctantly consented to write a short note. He allowed the brethren to read it, and as Anson recalled it from memory in his later years it read about as follows:

"General Smith:

"In perusing your letter I find that you were mistaken in the instructions that I gave you while at Nauvoo, and I know of no course for you to pursue to answer the requirements of the law, but to suffer yourself to be taken by the officer holding the writ and go before the justice of the peace who issued the same and have an investigation of the matter. It is the officer's duty to protect you; this the law requires, and I cannot as an officer of the law give you any different instructions."

CHAPTER IV.

JUDGE THOMAS' WILLINGNESS TO SACRIFICE THE
PROPHET—VAIN EFFORTS TO SEE AND REPORT TO
THE PROPHET—PERFIDY OF REYNOLDS CAHOON AND
ALPHEUS CUTLER—PROPHET'S LAST SPEECH—NEWS
OF THE MARTYRDOM—ITS EFFECT—ATROCITIES OF
MOB.

The brethren protested strongly against the Prophet surrendering himself to be taken to Carthage, as they believed the officers would rather take his life than protect it. In vain they urged Judge Thomas to set a date when the Prophet could be brought before his court for the investigation of any charges that might be brought against him. He said he did not wish to interfere in any legal matters; neither did he consider the matter under his jurisdiction. In answer to what the brethren had said about the danger of his going to Carthage, the judge said "this is nothing but your imagination, and that will be better understood when tried." And then he offered a suggestion that convinced the brethren that he had already decided in his own mind that the Prophet should be sacrificed. He said "would it not be better for one or two men to be killed than for a whole community to be destroyed?" The response to this traitorous suggestion was, "No; we would all prefer to die in defense of innocent citizens rather than for one of our number to be massacred by a ruthless mob; and we will show you and all other men that we will protect one another in our rights."

The interview closed by the judge remarking that his visitors were very zealous, and they declaring that they were not more zealous than determined. They received the letter and made all possible haste to Nauvoo, arriving there at 10 o'clock on June 20, 1844.

On entering the Mansion House they were met by Alpheus Cutler and Reynolds Cahoon, who inquired as soon as they greeted them if they had a letter from Judge Thomas. When told that they had, they requested that it be given to them. To this the brethren demurred, and insisted upon seeing the Prophet personally.

Cahoon and Cutler argued against the proposition and used all the powers of persuasion they could command to get possession of the letter; then, finding it in vain, they suddenly left the room. Hardly had they done so when Emma Smith's nephew appeared and announced that Mrs. Smith wished to see Brothers Call and Evans, and led them to her room. As they approached she said "You have a letter from Judge Thomas, haven't you?" They replied "Yes, and we want to see Joseph." She declared positively that they could not see him, and was not moved from the decision when they rehearsed to her their reasons for wishing to see him. She did not tell them he was not at home, but her language rather implied that he was absent. She plead hard for them to give her the letter to deliver to him, and gave her solemn promise to so deliver it, and then to arrange for them to have an interview with him. They finally determined that if they could not see the Prophet and warn him personally against being taken to Carthage, the next most important thing was to get the letter into his hands, and they accordingly gave it to Emma and she opened it and read it aloud in their presence and also within the hearing of the doorkeepers, Reynolds Cahoon and Alpheus Cutler. The brethren repeated to all three what Judge Thomas had said to them, that they might be thoroughly impressed with the danger of the Prophet giving himself up to be taken to Carthage, and requested also that the Prophet be informed of all that they had heard. Had they known then what they afterwards learned—that Joseph and Hyrum Smith were at that very time out of the State, on the west side of the Mississippi river, with the intention of journeying westward and keeping out of the clutches of those who were seeking to deprive them of their liberty, and if possible of their lives also, they would have entered their solemn protest against their giving up that advantage and returning again to Illinois in the face of the murderous hatred that was so generally manifested towards them.

Anson was subsequently informed by Dr. Willard Richards that Reynolds Cahoon and Alpheus Cutler had crossed the river in a boat in the afternoon of the day that they had talked with Anson Call and David Evans, and while what General Thomas had said to them, as related by the brethren to them and to the Prophet's wife, must have been still fresh in their minds, and induced Joseph and Hyrum Smith to return to Nauvoo and give themselves up to the officers who had a warrant for them (the very thing that Brothers Call and Evans had plead with them to warn the Prophet against doing.) Anson also learned from Dr. Richards that the letter they had brought from Judge Thomas was not even delivered to the Prophet.

Anson never had the privilege of speaking to the Prophet again, but he saw him on the morning of the 24th of June, when he rode up to the Nauvoo Legion while on parade near the Nauvoo Mansion, and said, with all the feeling he could express, "Boys, I have come to bid you good by. I am going to leave you for awhile. You are my boys, and I bless you in the name of Israel's God. Be faithful and true, and you shall have your reward. Farewell."

Anson, in speaking of it later in life, said "I little thought, knowing his many deliverances from the hands of his enemies, that it was the last time I should see him alive. That night I went home to rest with my family, about one-fourth of a mile east of the Temple, on Brigham Street. On Thursday, the 25th, I as usual paraded with the Legion. Friday and Saturday, 26th and 27th, attended to the same routine of business. Saturday night I was one of the Temple guards. Sunday morning, the 28th, I saw O. P. Rockwell ride into the city at full speed, with the sweat dripping from his horse, shouting with his stentorinous voice pitched in the highest notes of intensified sorrow and wrath: "Joseph is killed! Joseph is killed! They have killed him! They have killed him!"

The sorrow that overwhelmed the Saints as that awful news spread throughout Nauvoo, as it did in a remarkably short time, cannot be adequately described by tongue or pen. Even those who knew that he had been taken to Carthage and were also aware of the murderous spirit that animated those who had been seeking to apprehend him, and the threats they had indulged in, were unprepared for the news, for they had vainly hoped that he would be set free when an investigation of the charges brought against him had occurred, or be enabled to escape as he had in the past. They were all conscious of his innocence, and felt that the Lord would intercede in his behalf, and not suffer his enemies to take his life; and on learning that they had done so they were stunned—almost paralyzed. Few if any were more powerfully affected by the news than Anson Call. By a strong effort he controlled his feelings and suppressed the inclination to seek personal vengeance, but was deprived of the power to sleep, and lost all desire to eat; and besought the Lord in earnest prayer to restrain him from doing anything that would be unwise or that would add to the trouble that already enveloped the Saints. When the bodies of the martyrs were brought into Nauvoo he took his family to see them, and they were strongly affected by the sight. On the third night after the martyrdom Anson had a dream or a vision in which he saw the Prophet and heard him assure a congregation of Saints that, although dead, he should still lead the kingdom, the keys of which had been given to him, and would be held by him forever. This assurance proved a great comfort to Anson, and enabled him to comfort others. Very soon thereafter he went to Carthage and was piloted around by the jailer. He saw the blood from the Prophet's veins upon the well curb, and the hole through the panel door made by the bullet that killed Hyrum, as also the blood stain upon the floor where he fell, which stain the jailer assured him he had been unable to erase. Anson told him he hoped he never would be able to wash it away, but that it would remain as an everlasting testimony against his murderers. He saw a number of those who were implicated in the murder, most of whom he was personally acquainted with, especially Captain Robert Smith, of the Carthage Greys, the man who issued the writs against Joseph and Hyrum, and to whom long before, Anson had borne testimony that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God, and who had apparently never been able to look him in the face afterwards.

Anson took an active and prominent part in the events that followed the martyrdom. He was detailed as one of the one hundred men who were selected to assist the mob from burning houses and committing other depredations against the Saints in the fall of 1845. He saw his father's house burn down, and also the man who applied the torch to it. He had obtained special permission from the sheriff to look after his father's property, as he was living in the region where the mob was unusually active in committing outrages. He arrived at his father's home about an hour after nightfall, and saw the house burning, and various articles of household goods scattered about, but could see none of the family. Surmising that they were not very far away, he went through a cornfield near the house, calling for his father. After awhile he heard a response "Anson, is that you?" and, following the direction of the voice met his father, who felt so outraged that he was rendered desperate and disposed to resist. On inquiring where his mother and sisters were, the father led him out into the middle of the corn field, where his aged mother was found resting upon a bed, her daughters being elsewhere in hiding. He learned that ten minutes before the torch was applied to the house the inmates were given a chance to flee therefrom, and take such articles of clothing and bedding as they could carry in away in their arms. While the mother and daughters were doing this the father was talking with Mr. Stevenson, the leader, who was master of the masonic lodge at Warsaw, of which Father Call was warden. The bigotry and malice that swayed the people were so strong that even the fraternity of the masonic order lost its power. Mr. Stevenson did not attempt to restrain the mob who were with him, nor even dismount from his horse; but, turning from Father Call, as if ashamed to look him in the face, he said "I have nothing against you as a man, but you are a "Mormon," and we must serve you all like." He then called out to those who were with him, "Gentlemen, do your duty." One man held a match, and another a bundle of hay, and at the expiration of the ten minutes the hay was placed in one corner of the house and set on fire. The same procedure was followed at the homes of Harvey Call, Chester Loveland and Jeremiah Willey, all located in the same region, the first mentioned being a brother and the latter two brothers-in-law of Anson Call. These inoffensive and despoiled Saints arrived in Nauvoo about noon the following day.

CHAPTER V.

PREPARATIONS FOR ABANDONMENT OF NAUVOO—
JOURNEY WESTWARD—WINTER NEAR INDIAN CAMP—
TEST OF FEALTY—WESTWARD JOURNEY
TEMPORARILY ABANDONED—EMPLOYMENT IN
MISSOURI—JOURNEY TO UTAH—CHOICE OF HOME—
MISSION TO COLONIZE PAROWAN—MISSION TO
COLONIZE FILLMORE—MASSACRE OF GUNNISON
PARTY.

The winter of 1845 and 1846 was chiefly spent by Anson in the work of making wagons and otherwise preparing for the journey westward. He received his blessings in the Temple on the 10th of December 1845, his wife at the time being unable to accompany him, as she had given birth to a son five days before. She, however, was likewise favored in the following spring. Anson succeeded in selling his home in Nauvoo for about one-fourth its value, and he and his family crossed the Mississippi and started westward on the 15th of June. They crossed the Des Moines river at Eddyville, and there sorrowfully buried their youngest child, a boy, six months and twelve days old. They overtook Father Call at Pisgah and the body of the Church at Council Bluffs, and crossed the Missouri river on the 7th of July. On the 9th Anson's young son, Moroni, died and was buried the following day in a hickory bark coffin, peeled from a tree by the father and grandfather. Although the season was then so late, the question of journeying on as far as possible towards the Rocky Mountains was still being discussed. Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball each organized a company of seventy-five wagons for this purpose. Anson was made captain of the first ten wagons of Brigham Young's company, which included Father Call and his sons Harvey and Josiah. George Miller and James Emmett had previously assumed to organize a company, including fifty-two wagons, and started westward to find a favorable place to winter. Anson and such of his command as were ready were advised by the council of the Apostles to follow on after them, and did so. They left the Elk Horn river on the 22nd of July, 1846, and travelled up the Platte river to the Pawnee missionary station, where they overtook the Miller and Emmett Company. While camped on the west side of the Loupe Fork a message from the apostles at Winter Quarters was received, advising that they proceed no farther westward that season, but to find a good place and establish a camp for the winter. They also advised that a council of twelve men be selected to direct the affairs of the camp, and suggested the names of twelve men to so act. The council was so organized, George Miller being president, and considerable exploring done to find a suitable place to winter, but without success. They were invited by two Ponca chiefs to winter with them on the Missouri river, and guaranteed protection, plenty of feed for their animals, and timber with which to build houses. The invitation was accepted, and nine days spent in journeying to the place. They located on the west side of the mouth of the Running Water river, and one hundred and twenty-five houses were erected in fort form.

Nucanumpa, the aged chief of the Poncas, was taken sick and sent for the brethren composing the council to come and have a talk with him. He had killed and cooked his best dog and had a feast prepared, which the council, on being invited, partook of, and then proceeded to tell them that he had a friendly interest in the "Mormons" and instructed the Indians to treat them well, and in return wished the "Mormons" to see the he was properly buried, and to erect at the head of his grave stone such as he had seen in St. Louis when he once visited that place, with a proper inscription on it, giving his name, age and title. The proposition was agreed to and carried out, and the Poncas proved to be good and peaceable neighbors. The Sioux, however, didn't feel bound by the agreement made with the Poncas, and stole some of the horses and cattle from the Saints. The principal feed for the animals consisted of rushes, and the winter weather was severe, and some of the remaining animals died as a consequence.

George Miller developed an arrogant and rebellious spirit, and was not disposed to submit to the direction of the Apostles, and as many of the people as could be influenced by him and James Emmett also became disgruntled.

On the 27th of February, 1847, Apostles Ezra T. Benson and Erastus Snow arrived at the camp with instructions from the Apostles' quorum for the Saints to return to Winter Quarters before journeying westward, to replenish their teams and stock of provisions. After delivering their message the Apostles departed without waiting to see what action would be taken as to their requirement.

The members of the council assembled to consider and discuss the message, and James Emmett, although not a member, met with them, by invitation of George Miller. George Miller addressed the council, saying that he did not consider that the Apostles had any right to dictate the camp; that he was their appointed leader, and it was the duty of the camp to follow him into the wilderness, in fulfillment of a special mission conferred upon him by the prophet Joseph. James Emmett followed with a speech in the same strain. The members of the council being then invited to express their views, Anson Call, who had been an active member from the time the council was organized, then spoke. He said the Twelve Apostles were the legitimate leaders of the Saints, and he intended to remain loyal to them and follow their counsel. The other ten members of the council who followed him were unanimous in expressing the same sentiments. Bishop Miller grew furious when he discovered that he was not supported by the council, and gave vent to his feelings in a fiery but impotent speech. A motion was then put and carried by the majority that the people be called together and allowed to decide by a vote whether they return to Winter Quarters or remain with Miller and Emmett. This was done and preparations were immediately made for the journey, with the result that on the 3rd of April when the start was made only five or six wagons remained with Miller and Emmett.

George Miller had formerly been a Bishop and influential man in the Church, but was ambitious and impatient of restraint. He looked for and found faults in those who were over him in the priesthood, and was such a plausible talker that he soon obtained a following of kindred spirits. When, however, he came out squarely in opposition to the counsel of the Twelve Apostles most of his followers saw his true character and abandoned him in time to save themselves from utter ruin.

On the 6th day of May, 1847, Anson, in company with his brother-in-law Joseph Holbrook, moved to the Pottawatomie lands on the east side of the Missouri river and engaged in farming, in which pursuit he had in the past been successful. After plowing and seeding the ground the fields were left to the care of their wives and children and they sought work to provide their families with such necessities as only money could buy, and they engaged in cutting and hauling hay into St. Joseph, and returned to their families in time to harvest the crop they had planted. After making his family as comfortable as possible for the winter, Anson returned to St. Joseph, this time accompanied by his brothers Josiah and Harvey and his brother-in-law Chester Loveland. They obtained profitable employment and remained there until the following March when Anson returned to his family and began making preparations for the journey to the mountains. He removed his family from their temporary home on Mosquito Creek into Winter Quarters and on the 14th of June left Winter Quarters for the westward journey. They crossed the Elk Horn on the 17th and then halted for ten days for the companies to assemble and organize. Seven hundred wagons were organized into two divisions. In one of these Anson was placed in charge of twenty wagons. The company was thoroughly equipped for self-defense and had a remarkably successful journey, arriving in Salt Lake City, September 19th, 1848. Three days later he removed his family ten miles northward, and located in what was first known as North Canyon Ward, afterwards Bountiful. When he arrived there he had one pig, six chickens, one pet sheep, four oxen, four cows and two calves—not a very great start towards stock-raising, which he expected to be one of his pursuits. If he had been superstitious, he would probably have decided that the signs were against his engaging in the stock-raising business, as the 6th day after he located his farm his pig died, the 7th an Indian killed his sheep and on the 8th his best ox drowned in a spring hole. He was not disposed to give up or get discouraged, but proved himself a man of resource, and when his oxen were found to be insufficient for the work required of them he used cows to help draw the plow. He only had five bushels of seed grain, but he succeeded in raising two hundred bushels from that the first year, besides quite a lot of corn; and this notwithstanding the ravages of the crickets. He showed good judgment in the selection of a farm; it proved to be as good land as could be found in Utah, if not in the world.

In September, 1849, he was appointed to preside as Bishop over the North Canyon ward, and that year raised one thousand bushels of grain.

In October, 1850, he responded to a call to assist in colonizing Little Salt Lake Valley, under the leadership of Apostle George A. Smith. Those who went occupied one hundred wagons. They were organized into two companies of fifty wagons each. Anson was made captain of the first fifty. They left Salt Lake City on the 7th of December and camped on the present site of Parowan, Iron County, on the 12th of January, 1851. On the 17th he was elected justice of the peace of the new colony. He was active and energetic not only in the founding of Parowan, but also in exploring the surrounding region. Being directed so to do by the First Presidency, he returned to Salt Lake City in the spring of 1851 to raise more colonists for the settlement of Iron County, which he succeeded in doing, and returned south with them the latter part of April. Before returning (on the 15th of April, 1851), he enlarged his family and added to his responsibility by taking to himself a second wife (Ann Mariah Bowen) a native of New York State, who was born January 3rd, 1834, at Bethany, Genesee Co., and took her with him to Parowan. The First Presidency and other Church officials visited Parowan soon afterwards, and called upon Anson to return to Salt Lake City and raise a company of fifty families to colonize Pauvant Valley. He accordingly returned north in June accompanied by his wife, spent the summer in looking after his affairs in Davis County, and started southward with the new colony in October, 1851, his wife Mariah, accompanying him. Before starting he was made president of the new colony by vote of the general conference, and at a special session of the Territorial Legislature he was made probate judge of Millard County, which he was directed to organize. He arrived on Chalk Creek, Pauvant Valley, November, 13th, 1851. He found Brigham Young, Orson Pratt, a surveyor and about fifty others in the valley ahead of him. They had laid out a city and called it Fillmore. By act of the Legislature it had been designated as the capital of the Territory. Anson devoted his energies to the development of Fillmore and the surrounding region, with telling effect. At the August election in 1852 Anson was elected to represent Millard County in the legislature. On going north to attend the legislature he took with him an Indian boy and girl whom he had purchased, and left them with his family in Davis County. After attending the legislative session of 1852-3 in Salt Lake City he had great difficulty in returning to Fillmore in February because of the deep snow.

He attended an adjourned session of the legislature in the following June and then spent some time with his family, but had to hasten back to Fillmore in July on account of Indian troubles in the south.

About the 2nd of November, 1853, he, in company with eleven men, gathered up and buried the remains of Captain Gunnison and party, who had been massacred by Indians on the Sevier river about ten days previously.

Having completed his mission to Fillmore, he left there on the 5th of March, 1854, to return to his home in Davis County.

On the 18th of May, 1854, accompanied by his wife Mary and son Chester, he started south on a visiting tour with President Brigham Young and company of Church officials. On arriving at Fillmore, he remained there attending to some necessary business while the rest of the party journeyed farther south, then returned with them to Salt Lake City.

CHAPTER VI.

CALL'S FORT ESTABLISHED—ACTS AS DEPUTY U. S. MARSHAL—MISSION TO COLONIZE CARSON VALLEY—OPPOSES ENTRANCE OF ARMY—ABANDONS AND PREPARES TO BURN HOME—THE "MOVE" SOUTH—BROTHER KILLED BY INDIANS—CALL'S LANDING ESTABLISHED—HIS LAST DAYS.

In the fall of 1854, Anson's ability as a colonizer was again called into requisition. He opened a large farm in Box Elder County at a place since known as Call's Fort, one of the purposes being to find employment for poor Saints brought from Europe by the Perpetual Emigration Fund Company. He sowed forty acres of grain, and wintered a number of poor families there.

On New Years Day, 1855, Anson made a feast for all of his father's family. It was the last gathering of the Call family during the life of Father Call.

At the general conference in April, 1855, Anson was given another mission to go to Fillmore and settle up the business connected with the building of the State House at that place, which he accomplished in twelve days, then returned home.

In May, 1855, the United States Marshal for the territory, Joseph L. Heywood, appointed Anson to act as his deputy, and left the business connected with his office for him to care for while he went on a trip to California. That same year the grasshoppers were very destructive, and Anson spent much time trying to prevent their ravages, and suffered a heavy loss of crops as well.

Brigham Young having counseled Anson to build a fort on his farm in Box Elder County for the protection of the settlers, he constructed a stone wall, enclosing a space of 120 feet square, the wall being three feet thick and six feet high.

The notorious Judge W. W. Drummond having arrived in Utah to hold court, Anson, as Marshal Heywood's deputy, escorted him to Fillmore, and made the necessary arrangements for the session of his court, which was in session two weeks, and adjourned in January, 1856.

On the 16th of March, 1856, Anson's mother died in Bountiful, aged sixty-five years.

At the general conference in April, 1856, Anson was again called upon a colonizing mission, this time to Carson Valley, then in Western Utah, but now a part of Nevada. After a strenuous experience he arrived home from there October 13th, 1856. His wife Mariah also accompanied him on this mission, and remained there after he returned; in fact, she did not return until the summer of 1857, arriving in Utah soon after word was received of the approach of Johnston's army.

On the 28th of October he started in charge of thirteen teams furnished by North Canyon Ward to go to the relief of the hand-cart companies, who, while en route across the plains, were then perishing in the snow. They traveled to the Rocky Ridge, three hundred miles from Salt Lake Valley, were absent thirty-three days, and were successful in rescuing a large number who would otherwise doubtless have perished. In February, 1857, Anson again exhibited his faith by taking two additional wives, both of whom crossed the plains in hand-cart companies. The first of these was Margaretta Clark, of Nottingham, born May 28, 1828, the other being Emma Summers, born in Worcester, England, August 1828.

In the latter part of 1857, as the army (whose supposed purpose was to drive the "Mormons" from their homes or exterminate them) was nearing Utah, Anson and his two sons went forth to assist in their people's defense. Anson and his son Chester assisted in building fortifications in Echo Canyon, and his son Vasco was doing scout duty in the region of Green River. In the spring of 1858, when preparations were in progress for abandoning homes and burning them if necessary rather than have them possessed by the enemy, Anson stored four thousand pounds of flour at Payson, to be available for the support of his family, and later removed his family to the shore of Utah lake, below Provo. Before leaving their home they prepared it and their other buildings for burning at a moment's notice. Fortunately that extremity was never reached, for the family returned and reoccupied their home on the 4th of July following.

About the 1st of October, 1858, Anson received a visit from his brother Josiah, whose home was at Fillmore. After a short stay he set out to return to his home, accompanied by a friend named Samuel Brown. When near Chicken Creek in Juab County, on their homeward journey, they were ambushed by Indians, and both killed. When their bodies were found on the 15th of October they had been partially devoured by coyotes.

On April 9, 1861, Anson showed his faith by complying with the Bible rule requiring a man to marry and care for his brother's widow, by taking to wife Henrietta Williams Call, whose husband was killed by Indians as already mentioned. She had six children and he reared them to maturity, treating them as well as his own offspring.

At the general conference in October, 1864, Anson, in connection with others, was given a mission to establish a colony near the Colorado river. The merchants of Salt Lake City had such difficulty in securing the necessary supply of merchandise, either from the east or from California, owing to the long distance it had to be hauled in wagons and the limited season during which the roads were passable, that the idea occurred to some one that, if shipped by steamboat up the Colorado river to as high a point as possible and there stored in a warehouse the cost of freighting might be materially reduced. It was thought too that immigrants might be brought to Utah by the same route with advantage. The merchants and others organized a company to build and own a warehouse on the Colorado river, and they employed Anson to act as their agent in carrying into effect a part of this scheme. He accordingly started about the 1st of November with a company to locate a road to the most suitable place on the Colorado river, and there build a landing and warehouse. This he did to the satisfaction of those who employed him, and returned home in March, 1865. After remaining home about one month he went again to Call's Landing on the Colorado river, accompanied by his wife Mary, and returned two and a half months later.

On the 4th of August, 1867, Anson's eldest son, Anson Vasco, while returning from a mission to Europe, upon which he had been absent nearly three and a half years, died at Rock Creek, on the Laramie Plains, four hundred and twenty-three miles east of Salt Lake. He was a young man of great promise, and his death was keenly felt by his family and friends.

On the 28th of October, 1870, Anson accompanied by his wife Mary and sister-in-law, Mrs. Hannah Holbrook, started on a visit to their numerous relatives in Ohio, Vermont and other places in the east, from which they returned home in January, 1871.

In 1872 Anson accompanied the Palestine party, of which President George A. Smith was the leader, to England, and spent five months traveling in Great Britain and Ireland.

When the Davis County Stake of Zion was organized in 1877 Anson became counselor to President Wm. R. Smith, his son Chester succeeding him as Bishop of Bountiful, formerly North Canyon Ward.

The later years of Anson's life were spent in comparative peace and quietude, largely on his farm in Davis County, where, surrounded by his numerous family, he set an example of thrift and industry. But, though relieved of those strenuous duties of pioneering that occupied so much of his time in earlier years, his time was still to a very great extent devoted to laboring for the public welfare, but chiefly in Davis County, where, as a member of the Stake presidency, he was looked up to as a safe and reliable leader, who was just as ready to sacrifice his own interests and devote his influence and energies to the public weal as he had been during his more vigorous days.

He retained the use of his faculties up to the last, and died at eighty years of age, honored and respected by all who knew him, leaving to his numerous posterity an untarnished record of service and devotion to the cause of Truth.

Anson Call depended upon no man for his knowledge of the truth of "Mormonism." His confidence in the Lord was supreme. His loyalty to the Church and the Church leaders was unwavering. His consecration to the service of the Lord was without reservation, and from the time he embraced "Mormonism" up to the very day of his death he hesitated at no sacrifice required of him in that service. Many made greater pretensions to piety than he did, but no man surpassed him in sincere devotion to the cause of God and in the modest practice of true religion as he understood it, and this included strict honesty, charity, self-denial and unfeigned love. He had a large family—six wives and twenty-three children in all, though only eighteen grew to maturity and had families. He was a kind and provident husband and father, but exacting withal. He had strict ideas of duty, and expected every member of his household to conform thereto.

He was essentially a man of peace. That he did not lack courage, was amply proven by the personal risk he deliberately assumed in numerous instances throughout his life, but he was wise enough to see that the ends so often sought by quareling and fighting might be more easily and effectively attained by peaceful methods, and so he advocated and practiced peace and discountenanced strife and contention.

At no time in Anson Call's life was he really wealthy; in fact, he was generally financially strained in carrying out his numerous enterprises; yet he never contented himself with simply providing for his own family; but always sought to give employment to many others, and not always because of their being profitable employes.

One of the most striking characteristics that Anson Call possessed was his ability to return good for evil. If he was ever wronged by any one he attributed the act to the ignorance or prejudice of the individual, and felt it to be his duty to impress that person with the friendliness of his motives, and would go out of his way to do him a kindness. He was full of charity, and abhorred a disposition to harbor malice.

Anson Call never betrayed a trust. When he gave his promise or conceived it to be his duty to do anything it was as good as done. If he had adopted "Do it now" as his motto he could scarcely have been more prompt in action throughout life. He was the very embodiment of probity. The Church authorities understood his character, and when they required anything of him they had the utmost confidence that he would not only do it promptly but well, for it was his habit to give his very best service to whatever task he undertook. He was not a theorist, not given to much meditation; but quick in deciding and instant in executing. He was essentially a man who did things. His energy was boundless; his perseverance unlimited.

Elder Brown's Experience

CHAPTER I.

FRIGID TRIP ON LONELY ROAD—TEAM EXHAUSTED—
AGONY OF FREEZING—PRAYER FOR DELIVERANCE—
FRIEND INSPIRED TO GO TO HIS RELIEF—SHEEP
HERDER INSPIRED TO MOVE CAMP—EFFECTS OF
FREEZING ON FEET.

Brother Jedediah M. Brown, of South Bountiful, is a man of great faith. He feels that he has inherited the gift of faith, for he does not remember the time when he did not possess it. When he is in need of anything it is just as natural for him to appeal to the Lord therefor as it is to work for it, and he is an industrious man, who never fails when possible to combine works with faith.

When he was twenty-three years old he was employed by a co-operative sheep company, as superintendent of its three large sheep herds, that ranged during the winter on the Western Utah desert. One part of his duty was to furnish supplies to the several sheep camps, and for this purpose he made occasional trips to the nearest settlements.

In the early part of January, 1888, he started, with a horse team, from one of the sheep camps, to drive to Grantsville, forty miles distant. His intention was to drive to the settlement the first day, buy his supplies and rest his team during the next day, and return to the sheep camp the third day, and so informed the men at the sheep camp before starting.

Having no load, he drove through the first day without trouble, and secured his load, and, fearing some change in the weather might occur that would hinder his return, if he delayed starting, he decided to start back the next morning.

The weather had been mild and thawing, but soon after he started it became terribly cold, and the wagon was so hard to pull, because of the wheels breaking through the frozen crust, that one of the horses gave out before the journey was half accomplished. He had no matches with which to light a fire, nor bedding with which to keep warm, so he did not dare to camp. His only hope was to keep on traveling. The cold was so intense that he suffered the utmost agony, even while trying to keep his blood in circulation by walking.

He realized that he was in danger of freezing to death, and plead with the Lord in earnest prayer to spare him from such a fate. After awhile his pain from freezing grew less, and a feeling of numbness and overpowering disposition to sleep took possession of him. His ideas became confused; he scarcely had will power enough left to urge his team along or exert himself to walk; he frequently stumbled and fell to the ground, and he had great difficulty in regaining his feet; his power to resist the feeling of utter exhaustion and desire to sleep were almost gone.

Just then a man on horseback appeared in sight, and as he drew near he was recognized as Charles A. Howard, one of the men from the sheep camp. It transpired that this man about the time in the morning when Brother Brown's situation became critical was very strongly impressed to start out to meet him, although he had no reason to suppose that he would be on the road. He tried to reason away the impression but could not, then failed to act upon it for several hours, until it became so strong that he could resist it no longer, when he mounted a horse and started towards Grantsville, protected to the utmost from the intense cold. His horse was fresh, and he rode as rapidly as possible. He had traveled almost if not quite fifteen miles without seeing a sign of a human being, and was beginning to doubt the wisdom of what seemed to be his fruitless trip, when he espied a team in the distance. As he approached nearer he saw that it was his friend,

and that his movements were much like those of a drunken man, staggering as he walked. He hastened to him, and found him so far gone that he could scarcely speak. He realized that he would have to act quickly to save his life, and that his only hope lay in taking him to the sheep camp, for Grantsville was so much farther away it would be useless to try to take him back there. It was then almost sunset, and growing more severely cold every minute. He hastily unharnessed the exhausted horse, saddled it and helped the suffering man to mount it; then hitched his riding horse to the wagon in the place of it. Urging Brother Brown to ride as fast as possible, he started driving the team towards the sheep camp. The frozen man, however, couldn't even maintain his seat upon the horse and had to be placed in the wagon, where is was with difficulty he was kept awake by his friend as he almost frantically drove the team.

They had not proceeded more than a mile and a half when, to their surprise, they came upon a sheep camp, which had just located beside the road, and which was nowhere in sight when young Howard had passed the spot going eastward.

The herd belonged to Bishop J. W. Hess, of Farmington, and one of his sons was in charge of it. As he afterwards explained, his camp had been located some distance away and he had no intention of moving it until the afternoon of that day, when, without any reason that he could offer, and notwithstanding the cold weather, he took a sudden notion to do so, and acted upon it. It was providential for Brother Brown that he had done so, as he might not have survived the long ride to his own camp.

A good fire was burning in the stove in the camp wagon, and the frozen man was immediately helped in beside it, and with true western hospitality every comfort the camp afforded was placed at his disposal. Stimulants were immediately supplied him, his boots were cut from his feet, as they could not be otherwise removed, and a proposition was made that his feet be thawed out in the oven of the stove, but young Howard knew that would be unwise, so he sat up all night and kept them packed in snow.

In the afternoon of the following day Brother Brown was removed to his own camp, where he had to remain and be cared for during the ensuing two weeks before he could stand it to ride home. During all that time it was necessary to keep his feet elevated, as the pain in them when hanging down was unbearable.

He really never recovered the use of his feet until Spring, as the skin peeled off them from his ankles to the ends of his toes, and the nails also were shed.

He has always since regarded the help he received from Brothers Howard and Hess as a direct answer to his prayer.

CHAPTER II.

SENT ON A MISSION—STRICKEN WITH CHILLS AND FEVER—PRESIDENT OF MISSION PROFFERS TO RELEASE HIM—UNWILLING TO BE RELEASED—INSTANTLY HEALED WHEN ADMINISTERED TO—TWIN BOYS HEALED IN ANSWER TO ELDER BROWN'S PRAYER—ELDER BROWN HAS A RELAPSE—INSTANTLY HEALED WHEN AGAIN ADMINISTERED TO—AGAIN URGED TO ACCEPT HIS RELEASE—FIELD OF LABOR CHANGED—HEALTH FAILS, AND HE IS SENT HOME—REPROVED BY PRESIDENT WOODRUFF—VICTIM OF A STREET CAR ACCIDENT—HEALED IN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

In 1895 Brother Brown went on a mission to the Southern States, and labored chiefly in Tennessee. He suffered severely from chills and fever, and Elias S. Kimball, president of the mission, wanted to release him to return home. He was ambitious, however, to remain the usual length of time, and make a record as an efficient missionary, and protested against being released. He had faith that he would be healed if administered to, and requested Elder Kimball to anoint his head with oil and pray for his recovery. While Elder Kimball's hands were still upon his head he felt that he was completely healed, and was apparently as free from the ailment afterwards as if he had never been affected by it.

He entered again upon his labors with zest, enjoyed the spirit of his calling and felt very much encouraged over the prospects ahead of making converts and filling a successful mission.

About this time a man who was not a member of the Church brought two boys to him—twins—about six years old, who had been afflicted with fits almost from birth, and requested him to

administer to them. He did so, and they were immediately and permanently relieved of their ailment. It created something of a sensation in the neighborhood, where they were well known. The family were encouraged to investigate the Gospel, did so deliberately and thoroughly, became satisfied of its truth, were baptized and remained faithful.

In his zeal to accomplish as much as possible, Elder Brown over-exerted himself and had a relapse of chills and fever, again applied to President Elias S. Kimball, was again administered to and was again healed.

President Kimball again took up a labor with Elder Brown to induce him to accept his release, telling him that according to his judgment he was not the kind of a man to stand the malarial climate of the south. Elder Brown, however, had set his heart upon the work and still declined to accept a release.

In the hope that a change of his field of operations might result in benefit to Elder Brown, President Kimball sent him to labor in a new district for him—in West Tennessee. He gave the President of the Conference special instruction to take an interest in Elder Brown, and, if possible, guard against a recurrence of his ailment. They were temporarily short of traveling Elders in that conference, but more were expected to arrive soon, when it was suggested that he be released from acting as traveling Elder, and allowed to spend his time among the larger branches, organizing Sunday Schools. President Kimball felt that he could be usefully employed in that line, and be able to take better care of his health, because of not being exposed to bad weather.

The result was that the new Elders did not arrive when expected, and Elder Brown was kept laboring as a traveling Elder in that field five and a half months, instead of only a couple of weeks, as intended. He was laboring "without purse or scrip," having agreed to so labor when he first arrived in the mission. While he had faith enough to do so, it involved hardships for which he was in no way fitted, because of his impaired health. He was determined not to give up, and not to volunteer any information in regard to his health either to the conference president or to President Kimball. He grew so bad that he suffered constantly from chills and fever, lost flesh until he was a mere shadow of his former self and for more than a week at a stretch was almost wholly without sleep. His companion had urged him many times to make his condition known to the mission president, but all in vain. Finally his companion became really alarmed about his case, and posted a letter off himself to the mission president, informing him of Elder Brown's condition.

Brother Brown seemed to be very slow about learning that the Lord required the missionaries engaged in his ministry to use wisdom in the matter of conserving their health, to avoid undue exposure, the drinking of impure or contaminated water, going heedlessly in the way of epidemics, etc. While the Lord has the power to heal them, and they, being in His service, should have a special claim upon His protection and blessing, they should not knowingly "tempt the Lord." The account given us in the Bible of Satan taking the Savior up on to the pinnacle of the Temple and proposing that he cast Himself down, may serve as an illustration of the principle under consideration. Of course, the Father had it in His power to save Him, but the injunction was, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." In the ordinary nature of things certain penalties follow the breaking of certain laws. One of the laws of nature is that the human body is incapable of enduring an intense heat. If it comes in contact with fire the flesh is burned, and pain and suffering and perhaps dissolution follows. Of course, the Almighty is able to arrest the operation of a law of nature, as He did in the case of the three Hebrew children that the Bible tells us of being cast into the fiery furnace, but there was special reason for His doing so in their case. They were in the line of their duty, and it was because of their devotion to His cause that they were cast into the furnace, and there was therefore more reason for the Lord coming to their rescue than there would have been had they voluntarily gone into the fire, and thus "tempted the Lord" to suffer them to be destroyed.

Every missionary owes it to himself, to his family, to the people among whom he is sent to labor and to the cause he represents, to take good care of his health, to consider differences in climate, and food, and water and altitude, any or all of which may affect him injuriously unless great care be exercised on his part until he become acclimated or accustomed thereto.

Elder Brown had exhibited more zeal than wisdom in persisting in staying in the mission field after his President had advised him to go home, in enduring hardships and privations that were enough to break the constitution of a thoroughly healthy man in his anxiety to make a record as a missionary. Of course his traveling without purse or scrip rendered him more subject to exposure than if he had been entirely master of the situation by having money in his pocket to pay for food and lodging and transportation whenever required. But if he had been impressed with the fact that his health was of the first importance, and that being out in a shower or even getting his feet wet, and especially going to bed in his wet clothing meant endangering his health in the malarial region in which he traveled, he would have been less reckless than he really was. If he had realized that the natural effect of fasting—voluntary and involuntary—to which he had been subjected, sometimes to an excessive degree, was to weaken his body and render it less capable of withstanding disease and enduring hardship, he might have curbed his enthusiasm, and been more moderate in that respect. As it was, his zeal and enthusiasm really made him reckless, and there is little doubt that he has suffered ever since as a result.

When President Elias S. Kimball received the letter from Elder Brown's companion informing him of the real situation, he sent peremptory orders for the release of the suffering missionary and had him forwarded home without delay.

On his arrival in Salt Lake City he called upon President Woodruff and reported his labors in the mission field, and was taken to task for his reckless disregard of the rules of health. He was told that it was his positive duty to return home when the President of the mission wished to release him, as he was the man whose privilege it was to know the will of the Lord on the subject. His persistence in remaining in the mission and continuing his labors under such unfavorable conditions after such ample warning as he had received of the danger, was really tempting the Lord. The fact that the Lord had mercifully healed him on two different occasions in the mission field, did not even justify him in continuing the risk in the face of the mission president's protest.

How far his good intentions served as a palliation of his offense, is a matter of conjecture. That the Lord has not cast him off is evident from the fact that he enjoys a goodly degree of His spirit. He is a faithful laborer in the cause of God, but his usefulness is very much impaired by his poor health.

Brother Brown has had many evidences since his return from his mission of the willingness of the Lord to hear and answer his own prayers and the prayers of others in his behalf. As an instance, he mentions that he was accidentally thrown from a street car on the evening of January 30, 1913. He was unconscious when picked up, and taken to a hospital, and remained so until 10 o'clock the next morning, when he rallied. Upon examination, it was found that his nose had been broken, three teeth knocked out, four ribs fractured and a rupture produced. Three days afterwards, while suffering from internal hemorrhage and in very great pain, he called for Brother William Newell to administer to him. He felt a change occur while the hands of the Elder were upon his head and testifies that it was by the power of God that he was healed. His improvement from that time was rapid, and the readiness and completeness of his recovery surprised his friends and the doctors who knew the extent of his injuries.

Remarkable Patriarchal Blessing

DR. GLEDHILL'S WIFE OPERATED UPON REPEATEDLY FOR INTERNAL TUMOR—BLESSED BY A PATRIARCH—PROMISED THAT SHE SHOULD RECOVER AND GIVE BIRTH TO MORE CHILDREN—SCIENTIFIC OPINIONS UPSET BY FULFILLMENT OF INSPIRED PROMISE.

When we read the many miracles in healing that we find recorded in a few chapters in the Bible, one is apt to think that to-day these things are not found among us so generally now as anciently, but on more mature thought, one will discover that there are many more manifestations of God's healing power to-day on record than in the Holy Bible.

Being a physician, and dealing with that most sacred and miraculous thing we call life, I often see the power of God made manifest through his authorized servants, and I have personally taken part in this holy ordinance of the administration with oil, where healing, and other blessings have occurred.

Young people sometimes fail to appreciate the priesthood of God. They little realize the power and blessing that may come through this channel. It is with a heart full of gratitude for His Priesthood and the blessings that have come to me and mine from this channel, and with a prayer in my heart that faith may be kindled in the heart of some reader, that I write the following narrative of what I consider a modern miracle.

Mrs. Gledhill, my wife, had been ill for one and a half years; had been to two hospitals including the L. D. S. Hospital of Salt Lake City, and had been examined by five of the best doctors in the State of Utah and their advice and treatment faithfully followed, but her symptoms gradually grew worse. Three times a slight operation had been performed with no improvement, and it was decided that a major operation would be necessary.

Just prior to this time President William H. Seegmiller had just been released from his duties as Stake President of Sevier Stake, an office which he held with honor and credit for thirty years, and had just been appointed a patriarch in the Church. Mrs. Gledhill requested him to give her a patriarchal blessing, and among other things he promised her, first, that she should become a well woman, and second, that she should become a mother in Israel of additional children.

She was operated upon by two of the best known doctors in the State. On opening the abdomen they found a large tumor of the uterus that was also attached to the bowel. The doctors consulted each other and told me that the growth was probably the most fatal of all growths known in

surgery to-day, and that the only hope of her life would be by the removal of the uterus and surrounding tissue, and even then her prospects for recovery would be very small. Then it was that the faith my parents and teachers had tried so hard to instill within me came to my rescue, and I told the doctors that she would live and that I would under no circumstances consent to have her uterus removed and thus prevent the fulfillment of a prophecy uttered by the servant of God in a patriarchal blessing to my wife. I was told that it would recur, and that she would lose her life if I refused, and that according to all the teachings of science and their own extended experience it would be very unwise to leave any part of the uterus. I told them that I would trust the Lord, and in this I was not alone, for Mrs. Gledhill had made a special request, before being operated on, that whatever else was done, not to allow anything that would make impossible the blessing that she had received, and to which she clung with great faith.

The result was that about one-third of the uterus was removed in order to get the tumor. The doctors gave us very little hope even of her recovering from the operation. She slowly and gradually improved, it seemed for five months, when I discovered that the growth was recurring. Just prior to this I had received the following heart-rending news. The pathologist of the L. D. S. Hospital, who made the microscopical examination of the tumor which was removed, wrote me in effect as follows:—That he was "sorry the whole uterus had not been removed, and it was a question in his mind if it wouldn't be best even yet to have the complete removal of the uterus undertaken, as this would give the only hope of recovery."

Another doctor wrote me, saying that all the authorities he had consulted said that these tumors are fatal, no matter what is done.

I then turned to my text book on this subject and read as follows: "Seventy-five per cent of all cases terminate fatally within six months." Then in italicized words it said "Cyncisiomia Malignant is the most fatal of all known tumors, that by an early and complete removal of the uterus before metastasis has taken place, some cases, it has been reported, have been cured."

At times in the past I have felt that my troubles were great, but now it seemed that all the powers of evil were arrayed against me. I thought of how willingly my wife had undergone the hardships incident to going to school in the east with very limited means, and of the many tender circumstances connected with our courtship and newly married life, etc., and now to think of her being taken from me, was more than my failing heart could stand. So that I humbled myself before God as I never had done before, although all my life I had been a praying man.

But yet there was seen during all this time, dimly and at the close of this trouble more clearly, a silver lining to this great dark cloud. It was the promise of President Seegmiller. I took these letters above quoted from with my text book and read them to President Seegmiller and then asked him point blank if it was he who had made the promise, or if it was from God. I told him I must know immediately, Yes or No. President Seegmiller, in his calm but positive way, told me that when his hands were upon my wife's head with his eyes closed, he saw her a well and perfect woman and said he, "I cannot take back what I have said, for it is from God." From this moment on there never was a moment that we have ever doubted or lost faith in this promise.

Mrs. Gledhill was operated on again. The tumor had recurred as had been predicted. This time she refused to go to the hospital, and I operated on her myself, putting by trust in God. I found several tumors had started, and it was impossible to remove them all, so I removed the large one in the scar of the previous operation and left the others on account of the great hemorrhage. About two weeks after this operation, inflammatory rheumatism set in, and for eight long weeks we "wrestled" with the Lord for her life; nor were we alone, for we summoned all available help. Her name was sent to all the temples for the prayer circle. The Primary Stake Board, of which she was in the presidency, prayed for her as a board and individually. Her kindergarten class in Sunday School prayed for her and brought bouquets of flowers to her bed, and for five weeks two Elders called and petitioned the Throne of Grace in her behalf. Finally, it seemed that the Lord had tested us sufficiently; she became better and finally well.

Can my college professor tell me any more that there is no God? Can I doubt His power or the truth of His restored priesthood? Can I afford to dishonor that sacred priesthood? No, no more than I can say black is white. Men may try to explain this some other way, but we know better, and we thank God for every gift and blessing he has given us.

There is the second part of this blessing I want to tell you about. Mrs. Gledhill had been in good health for nearly three years, and we became very anxious for the Lord to grant us the second part of His promised blessing, namely, that additional children should come to our home. We talked it over and decided that when we went to the temple to do work for the dead, as it is our custom to do once each year, that we would have Mrs. Gledhill washed and anointed for this special blessing.

On arriving at the temple we told President Anderson that we had great faith that the Lord would keep His promise to us, but we were impatient and wanted to intercede for the Lord to grant us this blessing now. When the sisters were washing and anointing Mrs. Gledhill, the spirit of the Lord whispered to her an assurance of our desire, and at the conclusion of this Holy ordinance she came and told me of this assurance she had received, and that she knew it was from God. President Anderson, who was mouth in the prayer that was offered in her behalf, at the conclusion of this Holy ordinance promised her the desire of her heart. After working in the

temple two or three days for our dead, we returned home.

In the required time from this temple blessing God gave us an eleven-pound son, notwithstanding the predictions of the doctors to the contrary. Our hearts are so full of gratitude that we wish we could tell the whole world of this modern miracle. On hearing of Mrs. Gledhill's condition, one of the doctors wrote and asked one to take her to a hospital to be confined, and suggested that operative interference might be necessary. But instead of doing this we called in the Elders at this critical hour, and our baby was born naturally. No sooner had the birth occurred than I sent word to the doctors, who, by the way, are very dear friends of mine, and told them of our promised son.

In conclusion let me bear you my testimony that I know that God lives and that the divine plan of salvation, called "Mormonism" is the only plan that will bring genuine happiness and joy to the souls of men; and that, as far as I have been able to learn, there is no known scientific fact that does not harmonize with this revealed gospel. The longer I live, and the more I study, the more virtue I see in our gospel; and for this testimony I thank God.

T. R. GLEDHILL, M. D.

Richfield, Utah.

Lambert Reminiscence

APPLIES FOR WORK UPON NAUVOO TEMPLE—
ACCEPTS WORK WITHOUT PROSPECT OF PAY—HIS
HAT STONED—OFFERED WORK BY LUCIFER, WHO
DISPLAYS ABUNDANCE OF GOLD—JOURNEY
WESTWARD—MONEY PROVIDENTIALLY FURNISHED
FOR COMPLETION OF WAGON—MONEY FOR
MEDICINE OBTAINED IN LIKE MYSTERIOUS WAY—
ARRIVAL IN WINTER QUARTERS—AMBITION TO GO
WEST WITH PIONEERS—PLAN FOILED BY INDIANS
KILLING TEAM ANIMALS—PRESIDENT YOUNG'S
CONFIDENCE—NEW SHOES PROVIDENTIALLY FOUND
—DISLOCATED ARM PROVIDENTIALLY RESTORED TO
USE.

When Charles Lambert, in the early part of 1844, arrived in Nauvoo, fresh from his native land, England, he was full of zeal for his newly-found religion, and willing to devote his life to the service of the Lord. He applied for work upon the Temple, showing credentials from master workmen, under whom he had served in England, that testified to his superiority as a mechanic. He was informed that there was plenty of work for him to do, but no pay. The means that had been subscribed for the building of the Temple had been exhausted. Many of the most skillful workmen had already found employment elsewhere, and it looked as if the work would have to cease unless more funds could be collected. He said he had come to Nauvoo with a determination to help build the Temple, and he proposed to do so if he never received any pay. He was accordingly set to work. He had been a master workman or contractor for a long time before leaving England, and consequently wore only good clothes; in fact, he had none suitable to wear while working as a tradesman. He therefore appeared for work wearing a good suit of clothes and a high silk-finished hat. He hung his hat up in the work-shop, donned an improvised cap and apron and commenced work.

Many of those employed upon the Temple were Americans who seemed to have a contempt for foreign mechanics, and especially for dandies in that line, and to show their contempt, or else in a spirit of fun or mischief, they threw spalls at the "stove pipe" hat as it hung in the shop until they cut it to pieces.

Charles Lambert wisely saw the folly of quareling with his fellows over this act of vandalism, so he ignored it, and treated the perpetrators of it as if it had not occurred. His courteous and dignified conduct and lack of ostentation, combined with his superiority as a workman soon overcame the prejudice arrayed against him and won the respect if not the admiration of his fellow workmen, and he got along agreeably with them.

So many of the mechanics quit work from sheer necessity and went elsewhere to seek employment that the question of how and when the Temple was ever to be completed became more of a problem every day.

Charles Lambert and one of his fellow mechanics (W. W. Player) who also was an Englishman, and a man of faith, discussed this problem between themselves, and voluntarily pledged

themselves to continue at work until the Temple was built whether they were paid for their services or not. It is one thing, however, for a man to deny himself and quite another to deny a dependent wife and children the comforts or necessities of life.

Charles Lambert had married during the first year of his residence in Nauvoo and undertaken the support of two brothers and a sister of his wife, who had recently been orphaned and were helpless. He felt keenly his responsibility, and wished for money as he never had done before. While feeling thus he was passing along the street in Nauvoo one day when he met a well-dressed, genteel stranger who inquired if his name was Charles Lambert. On being told that it was, he said his name was Higgins, and that his home was in Missouri. With an ingratiating smile he said "I have heard of your skill as a workman, and want you to go to Missouri and work for me. You are not appreciated or properly paid here. If you will quit the Temple and go and work for me you can name your own price and you will be sure of your pay. You see I have plenty of money with which to pay you." Suiting the action to the word, he thrust his hand into his pocket, and drew it out full of \$10.00 and \$20.00 gold pieces, which he displayed in a tempting manner, and urged him to accept his offer and not to submit any longer to the unfair treatment accorded him at the Temple. With a gesture of impatience called forth by the intimation of unfairness, Father Lambert thanked the stranger for his offer, but said he couldn't think of accepting it. He said he had no complaint to make of his treatment at the Temple, and the price others would pay for work they wished done would not influence him in the matter, as he intended to continue on at the Temple from principle. Bidding the stranger "Good-day" he turned to continue his walk along the street, but almost immediately the query arose in his mind as to how the stranger knew his name, and where he got his information from about his skill as a mechanic, and turned to take a final look at the stranger, when lo! he was no-where to be seen. He had disappeared as completely as if the ground had opened and swallowed him, and yet he had not had time by any ordinary means of locomotion to get out of sight. His opinion then was, and remained so up to the day of his death, that he had been talking with no other than Satan, the prince of tempters, and though he had not yielded to his tempting offer he was vexed with himself for listening to him at all, and especially to his insinuations about the Temple management.

When Father Charles Lambert left Nauvoo he entered upon an order of life that was entirely new to him—that of a frontiersman. In remaining in Nauvoo until the work on the Temple ceased he not only followed the counsel of the authorities of the Church, but fulfilled also the vow that he has personally made to do so regardless of compensation. There was, however, an additional reason for his so doing. While continuously employed upon the Temple he had no opportunity of earning by work elsewhere the necessary equipment for migrating. He had, partly by his own labor at odd times and partly by help from others, completed the wood work for a wagon but lacked the required iron to finish it, or the necessary money with which to buy it. Preparation for the journey was thus effectually blocked for some time until the money was finally provided in a most miraculous manner, as a direct answer to prayer. He had been out in a rainstorm one day and had returned home drenched to the skin. After changing his clothes he hung his wet trousers over a chair back before the fire to dry. When he was about to resume the use of the same clothes again after they had become dry, an English gold sovereign and fifteen cents in silver rolled out of the trousers pocket upon the floor, notwithstanding the fact that he had previously had no money. This was just the amount required for the purchase of the iron, and the wagon was soon completed. This was not the first time money to supply a dire necessity had been furnished the family in answer to prayer in a most mysterious manner. Once when Charles J., the first child in the family was taken violently ill and money was needed and prayed for with which to buy medicine the father entered the house feeling something that he had discovered in the waist-band of his trousers, and which he remarked felt like money. On having the waist-band ripped open the object was found to be twenty-five cents, just the amount required for the medicine. They would not use it, however, until they had inquired of the tailor who made the pants a short time previously if he had lost it, but he said he could not possibly have accidentally sewed the money in the waistband when making the pants, for he had no money. In both of these instances the money was accepted as a gift from the Lord.

Driving team, and especially an ox team, was a new experience for Charles Lambert; but what he lacked in experience or tact he more than made up in kindness to his animals and willingness to sacrifice himself to save them. The team consisted of a yoke of full grown oxen, a yoke of young steers and a yoke of cows—all unbroken. Of course common produce demanded that the driver walk beside the team while the animals were wild or where the roads were bad, as they frequently were, but when the team became tractable and the roads were good a teamster inclined to self-indulgence would certainly have ridden. Not so, however, with Charles Lambert, who so sympathized with his team animals that he refused to buy a whip when starting on the journey lest he might in a rash moment be tempted to abuse them. In the exuberance of his young manhood he preferred to walk, and it may be said that he practically if not literally walked the whole of the way from Nauvoo to Salt Lake Valley. On arriving at Winter Quarters—the main camp of the migrating Saints—it was late in November, and he remained there personally only long enough to build a log cabin to shelter the family and then went to Missouri to find work. He was ambitious to journey westward with the pioneers, and to earn all he could in the meantime. He was doomed to disappointment, however, for the Indians killed the team animals in the Spring of 1847, after the oxen had been brought through the winter in fine shape. This was a serious set back, but, undismayed by this misfortune, he returned to Missouri, taking his family with him, to work for another outfit. The mention of an incident that occurred at Winter Quarters will serve to illustrate the confidence the Church leaders had in the subject of our sketch. During a council

meeting that was being held there some person reported that he had heard that Charles Lambert was living in Missouri among non-Mormons and would probably lose the faith if indeed he had not already apostatized. President Brigham Young replied immediately, "You need not worry about Charles Lambert. I am willing to answer for all the sins he commits in Missouri." Samuel Turnbow, who was present at the council and afterwards related the incident, said he was so impressed with the remark of Brigham Young and so pleased with his rebuke to the retailer of gossip, that he ever afterwards longed to become acquainted with Charles Lambert. He not only did so at the earliest opportunity, when they met in the Salt Lake Valley, but remained an ardent friend up to the time of his death. President Young's confidence was not misplaced. Charles Lambert's loyalty to the Church and its leaders never wavered.

It was on President Young's advice that the Lambert family returned to Missouri again in the Spring of 1848, instead of migrating to Utah that year, as they intended, and so it happened that they did not arrive in Utah until the fall of 1849. On the journey across the plains no member in the large company, which included 100 wagons, too a more active part than did Charles Lambert. When the company was organized he was appointed captain over ten wagons, did his duty as such with zest and set an example to the whole company in the matter of early rising, providing fuel, caring for the animals, etc. While on the plains his shoes gave out and his feet became very sore. Early one morning while he and a companion named Wm. Bateman were out rounding up the stock and the grass was hurting his feet badly, he said as he hobbled along, "I do wish the Lord would send me a pair of shoes." They had not proceeded much farther when he noticed some dark looking object protruding above the grass a short distance ahead. Pointing it out to his companion, he remarked that one of the animals must have lost his bell, and walked along intending to recover it. Imagine his surprise when he discovered as he approached the object that it was not a bell but a pair of new shoes, looking as fresh as if they had just come from the shelf of a store. The sole of one was sunk into the top of the other, so that they would occupy as little space as possible—the shape in which stoga shoes were kept in pairs in a shoe store in that age, before it became the vogue to keep them in paste board boxes. The place in which they were found was so far from a traveled road as to render it highly improbable that they had fallen there from a passing wagon, nor indeed was there any wagon tracks visible in the vicinity of the place. No time was lost in speculation as to how the shoes happened to be there, but Father Lambert jumped to the conclusion that they were there for his special benefit, and exclaimed, "The Lord has sent me some shoes!" His companion, however, put in a counter claim by saying, "One shoe is mine, for I helped find them!" But the shoes proved to be entirely too small for him to wear, while they fit Father Lambert as if they had been made for him. The result was that he retained the undisputed possession of them.

Early life in Salt Lake Valley was exceptionally serious. Hard work and long hours were the portion of every one who was able and willing to work, and Charles Lambert was unusually able and more than willing to do his full share. His robust constitution, which for a long time seemed able to withstand anything, in time yielded to the unusual strain, the severe privations and the frequent hardships and exposure to which he was subjected. He contracted inflammatory rheumatism, which frequently affected his eyes and sometimes rendered him almost completely blind, and actually drew his shoulder out of joint, so that for a period of several months he was unable to use his right arm even to dress himself. He was examined by surgeons while thus crippled, who were unanimous in declaring that the shoulder was dislocated, and in urging him to have it set; but he absolutely maintained that he had done nothing to displace the joint, that the Lord knew better than man the nature and cause of his trouble and that he would trust in the Lord to cure him. It may be interesting here to relate how he again obtained the use of his arm. A man by the name of Gallup at that time, (about the year 1853) resided in the 7th ward, where also was the home of the Lambert family. This man though he had a membership in the Church was a rank apostate at heart, and quite active in advocating the doctrines of Gladden Bishop, a notorious dissenter from the Church, and maligning the Church Authorities. Gallup held the office of school trustee in the ward, (an office which in those days was usually filled by appointment of the Bishop or election in a Church meeting and not by vote of the tax payers as in later times) and this afforded him some prestige in circulating among the people his apostate principles. Father Lambert protested to the ward bishopric against such a man being retained as school trustee. As a result, a meeting of the Priesthood of the ward was appointed by the Bishop to consider the matter. When the meeting opened Gallup was informed that his fealty to the Church had been questioned, and was asked to state his feelings. He arose and boldly declared his unbelief in the doctrines of the Church, and then proceeded to say that Joseph Smith was a wicked and adulterous man; he had associated with drunkards, his lot was cast with the hypocrite and unbeliever and he had gone to hell. The assembly listened with astonishment almost with stupefaction to the man's utterances, without apparently any thought of resenting his slanderous imputations, with the exception of one man. Charles Lambert was seated in the opposite side of the room, and a number of benches intervened between him and Gallup, but springing to his feet he leaped over the benches and rushed towards Gallup, crying out as he did so, "I will send you to hell," and raising his right arm, that he had never been able to use for months, was about to deal him a blow with his clenched fist, when Gallup dodged backward to escape from him, and others seized his belligerent assailant to prevent a collision; at the same time a chorus of voices cried out in surprise, "Brother Lambert has recovered the use of his arm!" The meeting ended by Gallup being deprived of office and also fellowship in the Church by vote of the assembly, and Charles Lambert returned home rejoicing in the use of his arm, which was now free from pain; and Mother Lambert wept for joy when she met him at the door and saw him swinging his arm high above his head and heard him declare it was as good as ever.

Though a fiery-tempered man, and hasty to act in the defense of his friends or his principles, he was essentially a man of peace, and his life was an object lesson before his family of patient endurance of bodily ills, perseverance in the midst of obstacles and unwavering fidelity to his religion. Courage is not always best displayed in fighting; generosity not always in ostentations giving; zeal not always in outward show of piety. He had all of these and many other good qualities, but not for public parade. He never shrank from duty however great the danger or exacting the bodily exertion involved. The cry of distress never appealed to him in vain; the needy never had to ask him for aid, for he sought them out and quickly and quietly gave them freely of the best he had.

A Timely Warning

VISIT TO A VOLCANO—MADAM PELE'S HAIR—NARROW
ESCAPE FROM FALLING INTO A VOLCANO.

Two "Mormon" Elders—missionaries on the Sandwich Islands—once had occasion to visit that great natural wonder, the Kilauea volcano on the island of Hawaii, which is the largest island of the group. The Kilauea is 4,000 feet above sea-level and is on the side of a mountain, which rises 10,000 feet higher. On the top of this mountain is the master volcano of the Pacific.

At the time of the visit mentioned the Kilauea activity was confined to an immense cavity in the center of the crater valley, which is three miles in diameter and sunken two hundred feet below the surface, with black walls surrounding it which could only be descended with the utmost caution. While traversing this black surface, to reach the living lake of molten lava the visitor is liable to break through a blister and imagine he is about to make an involuntary descent into the fiery liquid below until he grasps the surface with his hands and obtains a firmer footing. On reaching the "lake" he looks downward two hundred feet upon a restless moving mass of red hot lava, surging against the rocky sides with such force as to throw masses of lava into the air, there to be caught by heavy gusts of wind and spun out into threads that bear some resemblance to a woman's hair. Indeed it is called "Madam Pele's hair," that is, the hair of "Pele," the fabled goddess of the volcano.

On the occasion mentioned curiosity and ambition led the two Elders to walk out to the very edge of the crater in order to look down more directly upon the fantastic display of the red hot mass. One of them even ventured to stand upon a projecting point of rock, veneered over with black and glossy lava, from which vantage point he watched the changes constantly occurring upon the surface of the crater. The glaring red lava sometimes cools very rapidly, and the surface of the crater may change in appearance within a few minutes from a brilliant red to a glossy black. Then within a few minutes a strip of red may appear across the surface, as if it were furrow plowed by some mighty genii, and then extending from this line, as if by magic, the black surface caves in or is overflowed by the fiery liquid below until the whole lake is again an active pulsating mass of red molten lava. As the beholder views this impressive spectacle he is apt to yield to a feeling of fascination, until he contemplates the Power that controls the mighty forces of nature of which that before him is only a slight exhibition, when a feeling of awe and sense of his own insignificance overwhelms him. He realizes how utterly impotent he would be if left to contend with such forces, and is impressed with the incomparable majesty and greatness of that Being who controls, operates and holds in check the forces of nature, and feels like exclaiming as one of old "What is man, that thou art mindful of him?"

While the two Elders stood upon the brink of the volcano absorbed in thought a sudden feeling came over the one who occupied the position upon the projecting rock that he remove therefrom, and he immediately acted upon it by walking back to where his companion stood, a few feet distant. He had scarcely vacated the projecting point when it split off from the mainland and dropped into the seething mass below. An instant's delay in acting upon the admonition that came to him would have meant certain death in a most shocking form. The volcano no longer had any attraction for him; on the contrary, he felt impelled to hurry away from the scene; he did so with a fervent feeling of gratitude to the Lord for the presence of the monitor that prompted him in time to enable him to escape from the horrible death that menaced him.

H. H. C.

FINE SPECIMEN OF MAORI—EFFECT OF THE GOSPEL
UPON HIM—HIS EXCELLENT FAMILY.

"Piripi" (Philip in English) Te Maari, the subject of this sketch, was one of the first Maoris to embrace the Gospel in New Zealand, when the Elders opened up the work there in 1882. Truly Philip was one of nature's noblemen. He stood six-foot-one in his stockings; was as straight as an arrow; was handsome and, before his death in 1897, he became almost white; his hair and beard were as white as snow and always kept neatly trimmed. He had a very stately walk, and on seeing him approach one would intuitively stand erect and throw his shoulders back.

His face wore a smile that captivated and drew men and children alike to him. He was a leader among men, not alone among his own people, but among Europeans, with whom he mingled and had dealings; all learned to know his worth and that he was a man far above the average in knowledge and goodness. He was chosen by the English government and by his own people to represent the Maoris in the Colonial Government. He also held many other positions of honor and trust among his people and the whites. He was possessed of considerable wealth, and owned a city and a country home, where he entertained many people, sometimes members of the nobility, who were on business for the Government. A most praiseworthy fact is that the poorest of the poor were just as welcome under his roof as the wealthy were. All were treated alike.

His home life was simple. He was most devoted to his wife and children. He loved to take them to his country home and spend his spare time with them in the woods, the fields and in the mountains, where all nature smiled on them. He felt that he could get closer to his boys and girls there and teach them the lesson of life more effectually than in the city, where he was kept so busy with affairs of the Government and native officials.

He had seven sons and two daughters. At the death of his beloved wife he mourned full seventy days—an old Israelitish custom. At the opening of the Gospel in Maoridom, in 1882, this man had never heard of "Mormonism." He was surrounded by worldly friends—both white and native—and possessed of wealth and lands. With these surroundings followed banqueting, games, and English horse races.

He owned several very fine race horses. With all these temptations he lived a good and pure life. He however, as was the custom of the country, was a user of tobacco. This he was very fond of. The class of people he entertained at his home frequently indulged in the use of intoxicants; but these "Piripi" never tasted.

He attended the Episcopalian church, but always felt that there was something lacking, and he was looking for something to satisfy his spirit. The manner in which he became acquainted with the Gospel was related by him to the writer in substance as follows:

"Two strange men came to our home. They were unheralded by any pomp or display. They were not so much as dressed in the ordinary gown and tall hat worn by our preachers. They were clothed in very plain, but exceptionally clean clothing. There was something very different about them from our ministers. We had been in the habit of building homes for our preachers, and fed them a little better than the ordinary folks; but when these things were offered to these two preachers from a strange land—the "land of the rising sun"—America, they said: 'No, we are your fellow servants, we are here to do you service, your superiors. Let us eat with you, and of what you eat.'

"Imagine our amazement—preachers eating out of a common family dish, and with natives too! They had with them a new book, which they explained was the history of my people before they came to this land. They read portions of it to us and explained that the people of whom it spoke had lived and died in the great land to the east—the 'land of the rising sun'. We had been told by one of our native seers that the true Gospel of the Lord would be brought to the Maoris, by white men, who would come from 'the land of the rising sun.'

These men were very humble, and would not accept any of our lands, as pay; nor did they meddle with our women, but spent day and night in preaching and teaching us. We soon accepted the Gospel, and can not tell you half our joy and how the Holy Spirit was poured out upon us. And to know that we really were of the House of Israel. Why this alone brought joy unspeakable to our souls. We received that long-looked for something that we had before lacked."

"But now," said Piripi, "came the hardest task of all. They told us the good news, that we had a right to the Priesthood, and could act as ministers to our people. They were instructed to organize a branch among us; and that, should we qualify ourselves, the authority would be given us to be spiritual leaders among our kindred. We must lay aside the use of tobacco and we must not gamble nor race horses. They did not require us to 'sign the pledge' nor don the 'blue ribbon.' They were to be gone a month, and during this time we were to consider, and fast and pray and ask the Lord to help us decide.

"O, friends I will never forget my feelings. Had our other ministers requested that we conform to this ruling we would not have done so. There was not the comfort there to lead us to make sacrifices. I dearly loved my tobacco, and would have parted with all my wealth and lands rather than forsake the pipe. I did get so much good—comfort—out of it; and my blooded race horses were the pride of the land. But this new information—that 'we were of Israel' and might be

ministers to our kindred—was a blessing not to be refused. They said, 'pray, fast and ask the Great Spirit to help you to decide.'

"I took my pipe and tobacco and left my home early on the morning that the Elders took their departure. Reaching a little plateau up in the hills, I found a huge rock. I sat down by it and cut up my tobacco and filled my pipe full, then took out some matches and placed them all on top of the stone. Then I stepped back a few paces. I looked at them and said to myself: 'There,' pointing to the things on the rock, 'is the devil, and there,' pointing away up the valley and over the hills in the direction of the Elders, 'is the Priesthood. Which shall I obey, God or the Devil?' Then I went to the opposite side of the rock and prayed for help. When I returned I had decided. I said, 'I will not smoke my pipe again.' Then I took a stone and broke the pipe into fragments. On the second and third days I can not tell the trials through which I went, and how I was tempted. By reason of the fasting and denying myself tobacco I became deathly sick, and on the third day, something suggested to me that my oath was that I would not smoke my pipe again, but that I did not say 'I will not use tobacco again.' 'Piripi, try a cigarette; it is the going without a smoke that makes you so ill.' I yielded and smoked two, but I did not improve, so I said, 'I will never use tobacco again in any form. Old Satan is trying to cheat me out of the Priesthood that rightfully belongs to me.' When the Elders returned I had—by the help of the Lord—conquered, and was prepared to receive the blessings that had been promised."

Later this good man disposed of all of his race horses, and worked for the uplift of his people, and died as he lived—true to the faith. A most remarkable thing is that all of his children followed in his footsteps, and are now leading pillars in the Church. He assisted in proof-reading the Book of Mormon when it was translated into his language. He died in 1897. His life was an inspiration to all who knew him. What he did in the matter of controlling his appetite, and the comfort he experienced as a result, should encourage others to try to do so.

L. G. H.

Praying to Death

ATTEMPT OF HAWAIIAN PRIEST TO PRAY MORMON ELDER TO DEATH—HIS FAILURE AND HAWAIIAN DISCOMFITURE

Praying to death is an old practice among the Hawaiians, that prevailed in former times more than at the present day. How successful it was I am not prepared to say. I know that it proved a failure when an attempt was made to exercise it upon me over thirty years ago.

An offense, intentional or unintentional (it made no special difference which) being given, revenge was at once sought to be inflicted upon the offender without the shedding of blood. I suppose success was attained oftener when the party under anathema knew or heard of what was going on against him.

The attempt against me was so secretly kept from my knowledge that I knew of no such project against me until the affair was settled in court.

The episode developed, in the following way: I had leased a tract of rush, swampy land in Crater Valley, consisting of about fifty acres to a Chinaman for the cultivation of rice. Within the boundaries of this tract was an old "loi" of about a half acre which in former years had been devoted to the growing of kalo roots, from which poi is made. When the Chinamen began work on this loi with their big hoes two native women with native men came with a din and noise such as only Chinamen and Hawaiians can make and drove the Chinamen off. I was in Honolulu at the time. On returning Kupau, a noted lawyer for the konehike, (employed to watch and see that the Chinamen did not trespass upon the land) came to me and informed me of the fiasco, and was anxious to know what could be done to prevent strife. I advised that he muster all the Chinamen he could and divide them into four squads; then place one squad or division at each corner of the land which the natives were contesting for, and have them go to work. If the natives should come and drive them from one corner of the land, let the Chinamen proceed to another corner and take the place of the Chinamen stationed there, who would in turn supplant the next squad until the fourth squad should take the place of those just ousted by the natives, and resume work until they in turn were driven off. In this way the Chinamen could keep alternating all day if necessary. My policy was to limit the contest if possible to the natives and Chinamen, and if litigation had to be resorted to I preferred to defend rather than prosecute. The plan worked, and after half a day of intense noise, the echo of which was wafted through the mountains, the natives planted a suit against me as the "konehike" for ejection. In connection with the planting of the lawsuit, the two women went and secured the services of a "Kahunapule" —a priest of the ancient order. This priest sacrificed black pigs and chickens and went through with his incantations while he feasted on pork and fowls for three weeks previous to the trial. The last act which the two contesting

women were instructed to do before the trial was to express great love and respect for me, but they were to heap anathemas on Kupau, the attorney. They did meet me in a street in the city of Honolulu as I was on my way to the court house.

I may here add that the purpose of the kahunapule and the meeting of the two women were not understood by me until after the trial was over and the jury, after being out two hours, came in with a verdict in my favor. During these two hours I sat in the center of the courtroom with my head resting on my hand. In the hall way of the courtroom sat ten or fifteen members of our Church, intensely interested in and anxious as to what the verdict should be. As I refused to go to lunch with the sheriff the natives believed I was praying during the two hours the jury was out, for they knew of the kahunapule though I did not, and they wanted to see which God would prove to be the more powerful. When the jury came in and announced the verdict every Church member gathered around me with expressions of "aloha" far to exceed what the two women had manifested to me on the street, although that was so public I felt ashamed.

The two women left the courtroom and repaired to their Kahunapule, moaning and lamenting as they traversed the streets of Honolulu.

As the accusers departed my people informed me for the first time of the action of the kahunapule and told how anxiously they had awaited the result. They remarked "we watched you during the two hours the jury were out and believed you were praying to God."

At the time of the occurrence of the court proceedings my wife and I were in Honolulu ready to take the next steamer for San Francisco. Thirty-three years have passed since then, and I am still alive, notwithstanding the efforts to pray me to death.

H. H. C.

[Transcriber's Note:

Misprints or misspellings in the text have been corrected, or are otherwise as they appear in the book. Changes include: Prophet, Massacre, unusual, following, ridicule, thereafter, missionary, displayed, concerned, repudiated, although, inmates, bishop, presume, Colonel, murderous, without, wilderness, Millard and scientific.]

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK GEMS OF REMINISCENCE ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase "Project Gutenberg"), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

**Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™
electronic works**

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may

demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS', WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses.

Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.