

VARIOUS

GEMS FOR THE
YOUNG FOLKS

Various
Gems for the Young Folks

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Gems for the Young Folks / Fourth Book of the Faith-Promoting Series:*

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PREFACE

Already one of the results which the Editor and Publisher of the FAITH-PROMOTING SERIES anticipated when the first volume was issued, is apparent – namely, a growing desire on the part of men of experience to write for publication such passages from their lives as will be of interest and benefit to the rising generation. The publication of these in this form has not been commenced any too soon. The lives of the early Elders of the Church were crowded with incidents of fascinating interest, and it is due to posterity, as well as to the Elders themselves, that a record of these should be preserved. But the veterans are fast passing away. It will be but a few years hence until men will seek with avidity to obtain information concerning many events which, if not preserved in writing or in print, will be lost to the new generations who are crowding into the field.

We give these "GEMS FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS" with

the hope that they will prove profitable to every reader. Some of them are brief; but they embody important principles and lessons.

The "Testimonies for the Truth" were published in pamphlet form by the author, the late Bishop Benjamin Brown, while on a mission to Great Britain. This little work has been rare, and for a number of years it has been difficult to see, much less obtain, a copy. It contains so much that is encouraging and stimulating to faith that we think it should be preserved in this Series.

Within two months we hope to be able to issue the next volume. It will be a narrative of the personal experience of Elder Jacob Hamblin, as a frontiersman, missionary to the Indians and explorer, disclosing interpositions of Providence, severe privations, perilous situations and remarkable escapes.

THE PUBLISHER.

FINDING A FATHER

By ABRAHAM A. KIMBALL

CHAPTER I

PART FROM MY FATHER IN INFANCY – HIS BLESSING AND PROMISE – DEATH OF MY MOTHER – MY GRANDFATHER APOSTATIZES AND SETS UP A CHURCH OF HIS OWN – BOUND TO AN UNCLE – ILL-TREATMENT AND RIDICULE – PREJUDICED AGAINST THE "MORMONS" – FEAR OF THEM – RELEASED FROM MY UNCLE'S POWER – INDUCEMENTS TO GO TO CALIFORNIA – DECIDE TO START.

At the earnest request of many of my friends I have compiled a few incidents of my early life, some of which have an important bearing on the past history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

My grandfather's confession and testimony are especially important, and this sketch is written for the express purpose of giving publicity to his statement.

In order, however, to arrive at a clear understanding of this, it becomes necessary for me to insert a sketch of my early life.

I have carefully penned these incidents from memory, having taken no notes at the time of their occurrence, and they are as correct as it is possible to give them, especially such as refer to my grandfather Cutler's testimony of the work of the Latter-day Saints, and this I can vouch for, word for word. At the time this

occurred I had just joined the Church, and his remarks made a powerful impression upon my mind, which nothing can ever efface.

My father, Heber C. Kimball, removed to Utah when I was only about twelve months old, leaving his two wives (my mother – Clarissa Cutler, and her sister Emily) with one boy each, at Winter Quarters, now called Florence, Nebraska, at the residence of my grandfather, Alpheus Cutler.

This occurred in the spring of 1847.

My father (as I have since learned) was very much impressed, prior to leaving us, with the belief that my mother would never come to Utah, and he, therefore, blessed my brother Isaac A. and myself, and while his hands were upon my head he significantly remarked that I should see the day that I would come to the valleys of the mountains and afterwards return for my brother.

Shortly after he left us my grandfather was called on a mission to the Indians on Grasshopper River, Indian Territory, and took his daughters and their two children with him.

About two years afterwards the grim monster, death, visited us and deprived me of my mother, and a few months later my aunt Emily died, also Henrietta Cutler (widow of Moses Cutler) who left a girl now named Phelinda Rawlance.

We shortly afterwards removed to Manti, Fremont County, Iowa, where my grandfather established a church and constituted himself its leader, calling it "The True Church of Latter-day Saints," and presumed to officiate in the ordinances of the

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, such as baptisms, endowments, etc.

He also energetically denounced polygamy and the law of tithing, and taught his followers that Joseph Smith was a true prophet of God, but that Brigham Young was not his successor, but an impostor, and that he (Alpheus Cutler) was the true leader and held the authority to carry on the latter-day work.

This pretended "True Church" was organized, with Alpheus Cutler, president; Edmund Fisher, first counselor; Chancey Whiting, second counselor, and grandfather Fisher, patriarch.

They claimed all the gifts and powers belonging to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Repeated inducements were held out for my brother Isaac and myself to join the Church after we became old enough for membership. Isaac finally consented to become a member, but I failed to see or comprehend the necessity of it.

Some time afterwards my grandfather was afflicted with rheumatism and phthisic, in consequence of which he was unable to follow his usual avocations in procuring a livelihood.

Often have I known him to sit up for six weeks at a time, not being able to lay down on account of the difficulty of breathing while in that position.

When I was about nine years of age, it became necessary for my grandfather to make arrangements with my uncle Thaddeus for our further maintenance. My brother and I were bound over to our uncle to serve him until we were twenty-one years of age,

and he agreed on his part to provide for us and our grandparents.

In consideration of faithfully performing his duties, my uncle was to inherit grandfather's property, but in case he failed to do so, he was not to reap this benefit.

At the time this verbal agreement was made, my uncle took possession of the property, but he afterwards failed to perform his duty.

After taking up our residence in uncle's family he neglected to provide us suitable clothing and food, and our grandfather and grandmother were also neglected. The church, however, assisted them and made up the deficiency.

My brother and I were repeatedly ill-treated by uncle's family, and were continually persecuted and called names for being polygamist children. In order to tantalize us, the members of the family would call us "bastards," "Brigham," "Heber," etc., and on the slightest provocation they would threaten to send us to Utah, telling us that the "Mormons" would soon settle us.

No nervous children were ever worse frightened by stories about hobgoblins than my brother and I were, with what they told us about the "Mormons."

We were also taught that if we stayed in the woods picking fruit, etc., the "Mormons" would be sure to catch us and carry us off. More than once when gathering berries in the woods, were we alarmed by the flight of a bird or the rustling noise of some small animal in the underbrush. Our first impulse on such occasions, and the one invariably acted upon, was to drop

our baskets and run like frightened antelopes, never stopping or looking back until we neared home, and felt sure that we were safe from our fancied pursuers.

Often in my dreams I imagined I was captured by the "Mormons," and in my waking moments I frequently pictured to myself a life of captivity among them – caged like a wild beast in a menagerie. The name "Mormon," in fact, became to us synonymous with that of an ugly and dangerous monster, and we grew up with the most bitter prejudice and intense hatred in our hearts towards all who bore that name.

We endured the ill-treatment of our uncle's family until patience no longer seemed to be a virtue, and we rebelled.

Our grandfather perceived that it was only right to release us from their power, and he therefore regained all the property he could possibly secure in stock and land from our uncle, and severed our obligations to him.

From this time we commenced to work for ourselves, and also to support grandfather and grandmother, and continued to do so until the spring of 1862.

In the winter of 1861 I had a dangerous attack of winter fever, to which I nearly succumbed.

In the spring of 1862 I was sent a distance of thirty-five miles to Hamburg, for a doctor to attend my cousin Sylvia Webb's child, who was sick, and after crossing the river I sent the doctor and remained with my uncle, Edwin Cutler, for one week.

While there he inquired how I would like to go to California,

as he claimed that he was going there.

On hearing this I was suddenly seized with the gold fever, and eagerly expressed a wish to go, as I always had a great desire to roam.

Uncle Edwin requested me to return home and inform my grandparents, and ascertain if they were willing for me to go.

I returned home the following Sunday evening. I did not request permission to leave, but at once informed them that I was going to start for California in the morning, and that I wanted them to get my clothes ready.

No reply was made to this remark, and, as they failed to comply, I repeated my request, stating that if they did not provide them I would attend to it myself, as I was determined to go.

Grandmother then remarked that if I was determined to go she would get my clothes ready.

During the night I made arrangements with my brother to take me a distance of fifteen miles, to a small town called Sydney; and early in the morning, after bidding grandfather and grandmother "good-by," we started out.

CHAPTER II

MY OUTFIT – DISSIPATION – START TO CALIFORNIA – UPBRAIDINGS FROM MY UNCLE – UNCLE AND AUNT DISAGREE – A STARTLING REVELATION, I LEARN THAT I AM BEING TAKEN TO UTAH – LEAVE MY UNCLE AND JOIN SPICER, TO AVOID GOING TO UTAH.

We arrived safely at Sydney, where I took leave of my brother and started alone for Hamburg, with all my earthly possessions in my hand, which consisted of a small bundle containing a suit of old-fashioned clothes and a fiddle.

On arriving at my uncle's residence he seemed quite elated to think he had a servant and companion, for this was the first step towards accomplishing a design at this time known only to himself.

Previous to starting out he extended a great many privileges to me, such as a drink of whisky, hunting cattle, attending dances and riding mules, the last-named sport occasionally causing me to turn unexpected somersaults.

During this time I effected a sale of my fiddle for a gallon of whisky and a dollar in money. From the effects of drinking the whisky I felt that I could easily reach California, and, after obtaining a pipe and a pound of tobacco, I felt fully equipped for my trip.

When feed became plentiful we started out, in company with a man by the name of Gerard who had a lot of fine horses which he was taking to California.

Our complete outfit consisted of one wagon, one yoke of oxen, one yoke of cows, a tent and a common camp-stove. My uncle adopted the plan of staking the tent every night, also tying ropes to the wagon wheels and staking the same. He also fixed the stove daily, or rather made me do it, and this work of course became very monotonous.

Uncle assisted me a week or two in performing camp duties and also in driving team. I was grateful for all his previous kindness to me and in order to prove this I willingly performed all the duties required of me. But in a very short time he left all this work to me, and driving team all day and performing these duties afterwards kept me entirely out of mischief.

All went well until after we passed Julesburg, on the Platte River, when the following important incidents occurred:

I had slept a little longer than usual, having failed to awake before sunrise. My uncle aroused me and passionately remarked that he had not brought me along to wait upon me himself, but for me to wait upon him.

I had discovered this fact some time before, and these unkind upbraidings made me feel acutely my position as an orphan.

Shortly after this occurrence my uncle and his wife disagreed, and they finally concluded to separate.

My aunt sought me out and informed me that she intended to

stop at Laramie, and, in order to induce me to stay with her, she asked me if I knew where uncle was taking me? I replied that I supposed he was taking me to California.

She then informed me that he was taking me to my father in Utah.

This troubled me greatly, and aroused all my fears of, and hatred towards the "Mormons."

At this time I did not know my father's name, as I had always borne the name of Cutler, my mother's maiden name.

On receiving this information I was considerably vexed, and it caused me to swear terribly and shed tears of indignation.

I at once charged my uncle with this intention, and we got to high words about it. He told me I need not go to Utah, but that I could go to California.

I knew that it was unfortunate to be liberated after coming five hundred miles from home, but I felt that I would rather die than ever go to Utah.

I, therefore, decided to stop at Laramie with my aunt and wait for a chance to go forward to California or return home.

The gold fever had now left me, and I became perfectly reckless, having respect neither for God nor man.

Matters continued so until we reached Laramie, when we halted for a few days.

All this time nothing was mentioned of my uncle and aunt's separation, as a reconciliation had been effected.

Previous to this we had fallen in with a man by the name of

James Spicer, from Hamburg, who had three wagons and one hundred and seventy-five head of loose cattle. He had his wife with him but no children of his own, though he had brought with him an orphan boy. Spicer came to me while at Laramie, and said, "You don't want to go to Utah, do you?"

I replied that I did not.

He then said that he was not going there, and that he had noticed how I had been misused on the trip, but, as he was a small man compared with my uncle, he did not deem it wisdom to interfere; but if I wished to leave my uncle and go with him he would lay over until my relatives went forward if he had to remain all winter.

He stated that he had a man he wanted to get rid of, who could accompany my uncle in my place.

I agreed to this arrangement.

Two days later my uncle came to me and said, "Abe! let us get up the cattle; we can't wait any longer for Spicer. Frank Gilbert and company, belonging to Gilbert, Gerrish and Co., of Salt Lake City, are just ahead, and we can overhaul them."

I then informed him that I would accompany him no farther, for I had agreed to go with Spicer to California.

He was quite vexed, but after considerable talk he cooled down and accepted Spicer's man as a substitute; and in a few hours from the time he left us we hitched up and rolled out.

My uncle's next plan was to inform every "Mormon" he saw that one of Heber C. Kimball's lost boys was on the road, and

describe our outfit to him.

On arriving at the Fort Hall Road (which was the route to California), Spicer was informed that several trains had been robbed and some persons killed while traveling in that direction. He, therefore, decided to change his plans and go through Utah, as this was his last chance.

I replied, "D – the odds, Spicer, we will die brave!" naturally supposing that the "Mormons" would kill me or mark me in some way for recognition.

Up to this time all our company were ignorant of my parentage, and I thought I had better make a confidant of one of the boys named James Lefler. I told him I had a father in Utah.

He was very anxious to know who my father was, and I informed him it was either Brigham or Heber, I was not sure which, though I thought it was Brigham.

At Green River Ferry we met Lewis Robison and sons. They soon discovered who I was, and commenced joking me by remarking that I could not cross on their ferry, as they did not ferry "Mormons."

This maddened me, and I threw off my clothes, and, placing them in the wagon, I jumped into the river, telling them they could go to h – .

I swam across the river, which was very high and rapid, and approached the bank lower down the stream.

Lewis Robison, desirous of making my acquaintance, and having learned that I was the lost boy, brought my clothes down

to me.

When I saw him coming I remained in the water, for fear he would catch me, for I felt that I would rather drown than be taken to Utah.

He tried hard to persuade me to come out, but I declined, for fear he would take me to Salt Lake.

He informed me who he was, and that he was acquainted with my father, but did not tell me his name, and I did not care to know it.

Perceiving that I would not leave the water, he returned to the boat, leaving my clothes on the bank.

I then came out and dressed myself, and was soon mounted on one of Spicer's best horses, which had been brought over.

Robison, seeing that I had come ashore, made another attempt to converse with me, stating that I need not be afraid.

I told him that I was not, but for all that I did not allow him to get closer than thirty feet.

Finding that I would not keep still long enough for him to approach me, he talked with me from a distance, asking me if I would go and see my father, Heber C. Kimball, when I got to Salt Lake.

I told him I did not know.

He added that my father was a good man, and would be pleased to see me, and said he was going to Salt Lake in a few days and would inform him that I was coming.

On learning this, I was careful not to dismount again while

remaining at the ferry.

CHAPTER III

ARRIVAL AT PARLEY'S PARK – PREPARE FOR THE WORST, AND VISIT WM. H. KIMBALL – FAVORABLY IMPRESSED WITH MY NEWLY-FOUND RELATIVES – ARRIVAL IN SALT LAKE CITY – DREAD AT THOUGHTS OF FALLING INTO THE HANDS OF THE "MORMONS" – DECIDE TO GO AND SEE MY FATHER AND SURRENDER, EXPECTING TO BE CAPTURED IF I ATTEMPTED TO ESCAPE – ODD APPEARANCE GOING UP EAST TEMPLE STREET – MEETING WITH MY FATHER – INVITED TO CHANGE MY CLOTHES.

We did not encounter any more "Mormons" that knew me until after arriving at Silver Creek, near Parley's Park, Utah. On arriving there I learned that William H. Kimball lived at the Park.

I had a faint recollection of having seen him at grandfather's, when he called several years previous, as he returned from his European mission.

I concluded then that I was approaching a region where something desperate would be required of me if I protected myself; so I made up my mind to put on a bold front and prepare for the worst. Feeling that I might as well meet my troubles first as last, I decided to pay William H. Kimball a visit before he came after me. I accordingly armed myself with a revolver and

a quid of tobacco, and asked one of the boys, a daring fellow, to go over to the ranch with me.

On reaching there I inquired for William H. Kimball, and was informed that he was in the meadow, a short distance off, hauling hay.

From the description my uncle had given of me, my brother William at once recognized me, and said, "Hello, Abe! where did you come from?"

He seemed very glad to see me, and asked me to wait a few minutes and he would go to the house with me, as his mother (Vilate Kimball) was there, also two other brothers (Charles and Solomon), and part of his own family.

After being introduced to all, we were invited to partake of a civilized meal.

I was asked a great many questions respecting my previous career and future intentions.

After remaining till sunset we returned to camp with cordial invitations to call again, which we did, during our stay on Silver Creek.

I had one fight while there, and came very near getting whipped, as my opponent was left-handed. I managed, however, with a skillful blow, to dispossess him of his "goatee."

The acquaintance formed at the Park with my relatives made a favorable impression upon me, and great inducements were held out for me to call and see my father.

My brother Charles went to Salt Lake and informed my father

where I was. He immediately sent a team for me, but I declined to go. Spicer had been a friend to me, and I did not think it right to forsake an old friend for a new one. I, therefore, refused to leave him on any account until I saw his outfit safely landed in Salt Lake City, as he would have been short of help had I done so.

It took us two days to travel from the Park to Salt Lake City.

My brother remained one day after we left, as he expected to overtake us before we reached the City, and intended to prevail on me to go home with him.

He failed, however, to find us, as we went over the "Little Mountain" while he proceeded down Parley's Canyon and reached the City before we did.

We encamped on Emigration Square for the night, and it was a very sad night to me, as I expected to fall into the hands of the "Mormons" on the following morning, and then I could not conceive what my fate would be. I expected, however, it would be something awful, and dreaded it the more as I thought of my early teachings.

About breakfast time next morning an unexpected visitor – Sister Tuft – called to see me, for the purpose of urging me to go and see my father, though I never knew her reason.

Shortly afterwards Lewis Robison called, having learned that I had arrived. He was anxious to know if I was going to see my father. I carelessly remarked that I did not know.

He said he would call in a little while, and accompany me.

Towards noon Spicer came to me, and said:

"Abe, what are you going to do? Are you going to stop with your father, or go with me?"

I told him I did not know, but thought I had better stop, for if I went on they would take me prisoner and bring me back, and I thought I would surrender. They might treat me better and not be so severe as they would if I tried to escape.

He thought the same as I did, but said if I was not suited, and could get away, I should find him at Camp Floyd, where he would winter; and if I came there he would give me a home as long as he had one.

We bade each other good by, both shedding tears, as we parted.

If I had been called upon to mount the gallows I should not have done so with greater reluctance than I then manifested as I went forth to meet my father.

I started out with a small flour sack over my shoulder, containing all my earthly possessions, and these consisted of the following articles of clothing: one old-fashioned coat, of the claw-hammer pattern, one checkered gingham coat and a pair of pants (home-made and colored with walnut bark). The legs of the pants were about five inches too long, and proportionately large in other parts.

The suit I wore was not as good as the one described, and consisted of a hickory shirt, white ducking pants (eight inches too short), a pair of shoes but no stockings, and an old relic of a white hat, with a small rim.

I remained on the square, alone, as long as I dared, watching Spicer's outfit moving down the State Road.

I kept hoping that Robison would soon appear, according to promise, but, as he failed to do so, I shouldered my sack and started out in search of my father.

I reached East Temple Street, but dared not speak to any one, and, instead of going on the sidewalk, I walked up the middle of the street.

Such an odd-looking genius as I appeared, of course, caused everybody to gaze at me.

I kept looking warily over my shoulders, as I supposed everybody was anxious to catch me. I did not inquire for Heber C. Kimball until I arrived opposite the Tithing Office, when I encountered a man named Benjamin Hampton (a gate keeper), who eyed me with suspicion, as if he suspected that I was a desperado or a lunatic.

I ventured to ask him where Heber C. Kimball lived, but he gave me no satisfaction; in fact he would not even acknowledge that he knew such a man. This caused me to give vent to an exclamation that was more expressive than elegant, after which I continued my journey up the street till I crossed City Creek.

There I ventured to call at a house, and, concluding that Heber C. Kimball did not live in that vicinity, I asked for Charles Kimball.

The lady to whom I addressed myself proved to be his wife, and she replied that her husband was at his father's barn a short

distance away.

As I crossed the yard numbers of people gazed curiously at me from windows and doors.

I called at the barn, and there found my brother, hitching up the horses to go after me again. He was quite surprised to see me, and said he would unhitch and accompany me to the house.

I then wished that the earth would open and swallow me. On nearing the house I perceived a man whom I supposed to be my father, and my fear of him was very great as I approached. My brother addressed him as father, and, by way of an introduction said, "Here's your boy!"

My father was six feet one inch in height, and had keen, piercing, black eyes, which seemed to penetrate my inmost thoughts. His countenance, however, was very pleasant, and he spoke to me in a kind, fatherly manner, and undertook to embrace me, which I declined, as I was not used to such exhibitions of affection.

He said he was glad to see me, and asked me if I knew he was my father.

I told him I neither knew nor cared, and hoped he would kick me out and let me go.

He informed me that such was really the case.

I told him that it was all right, then, I did not say he wasn't.

He invited me to take a chair and sit down, which I did, but kept my hat on.

After viewing me from head to foot, he asked me if I had any

clothes.

I replied, "Yes, plenty of them!"

He then called his wife, Adelia, and told her to get a tub of water and put it in a bedroom, so that I could have a wash and change my clothes.

CHAPTER IV

ASHAMED OF MY APPEARANCE – INTRODUCED TO MY NUMEROUS RELATIVES – ALLOWED TO SLEEP WITH THE BOYS – HOMESICK – SET TO WORK AND MADE CONTENTED – BAPTIZED AND SET APART FOR A MISSION – RETURN TO IOWA – MEET MY RELATIVES – MY GRANDFATHER'S CONFESSION AND TESTIMONY – HIS EXHORTATION AND REQUEST – RETURN HOME WITH MY BROTHER ISAAC, THUS FULFILLING MY FATHER'S PREDICTION – THE LESSONS I LEARNED BY MY EXPERIENCE.

After taking a bath I put on my new suit, but was ashamed then to appear before the family, as my surroundings seemed so nice that my old-fashioned suit was made to appear worse than it really was. I therefore decided to remain in the bedroom until I was invited out.

My aunts, Vilate and Adelia, insisted upon my joining the family, and if ever I felt ashamed of myself in the world it was then.

My father came to me in a few minutes and could not refrain from smiling. I suppose it was my clothes that amused him. He immediately requested his wife Adelia to comb my hair, which was to me a severe infliction, as I feared the results. However,

this operation was safely passed, proving that my fears were groundless, and the remainder of the day I spent pleasantly, viewing the premises.

Imagine my astonishment when, in the evening, my father called into the room about twenty of his boys and girls and five or six of his wives. After being introduced we spent the evening reviewing my past life.

I learned that my father was quite prepared to find me in such a rough condition, for Lewis Robison, on arriving in the valley ahead of me, had informed him that I was one of the most uncouth boys he ever met in all his travels.

At bedtime father extended to me the privilege of sleeping with the boys, in a new room that he had built. This kindness I appreciated very much, although after retiring, the boys commenced making sport of their "country brother," which caused me to get on the war path, an indulgence I was rather fond of, having been compelled to fight my own way from childhood, through having no father or mother to take my part.

However, father soon put a stop to this, by appearing in his night-clothes and telling the boys he would attend to them if they did not keep quiet. We soon learned to love and respect each other.

All the liberties were extended to me that I needed, but in a few days I became home-sick. Although everybody was very kind to me, I could not help thinking of my old home, for all were strangers to me here.

Father, perceiving this, set me to work, hauling wood, and I soon forgot my troubles, and in the winter I attended school, during which time my father informed me of his desire for me to return to the States for my brother Isaac.

He asked me what I thought of being baptized.

I told him I didn't know.

He replied that I could do just as I pleased, but if I believed in the principles of the gospel he would like me to be baptized before going back. Nothing more was said on the subject for several months, when I was again asked if I had concluded to be baptized.

I told him I had, and he proposed immediately to send for Enoch Reese and have him baptize me.

We then went up City Creek, above the Church blacksmith's shop, where I was baptized by Brother Reese. After returning to the house my father confirmed me, and also ordained me an Elder and set me apart for a mission to the States, for the purpose of bringing my brother Isaac, and thus confirming the blessing pronounced upon me in my infancy.

I was also to seek Orin Rockwell (Porter Rockwell's eldest son), and bring him and as many others as I could induce to come.

I left home for the States on the 16th of April, 1863, in company with my brother Heber and others, with mule and horse teams, and we made the trip to the Missouri River in twenty-one days.

After remaining a few days in Florence, Nebraska, I set out

for home on horseback. On arriving at Omaha my horse became very lame, and I left it and started out afoot.

I found my brother Heber at Kanessville, Iowa, where he had gone on business. He bought me a suit of clothes and a pair of shoes, and gave me a few dollars in money.

I left Kanessville about noon, making Glenwood (twenty miles distant) the same day. I stopped at a hotel for the night, and started out at eight o'clock next morning.

I arrived at my old home after dark, having walked fifty miles that day, and my feet were very sore.

My grandfather, grandmother, brother and friends were all glad to see me, and I spent several days in visiting my old resorts.

A few days after my arrival my grandmother and a portion of the family went out visiting. I remained, at grandfather's request, as he was still an invalid through phthisic, etc., and was unable to leave the house.

When alone, he commenced questioning me concerning Utah, asking me also about Brother Schofield and some others of his acquaintance, but I was unable to give much information concerning them.

He asked me if I had seen my father, Heber C. Kimball. I told him I had. He replied that he was glad of it.

He also asked me if I had been baptized, and I told him I had. He again replied that he was glad of it.

He next asked me if I had received my endowments, and, when I informed him that I had, he seemed pleased.

He then said: "I have suffered you to be prejudiced to the extent that you were, and it is now my duty to remove the same.

"You went off without asking my consent, which was all right. I knew that Heber C. Kimball was your father, and always did know it; but did not calculate that it should be known by you.

"I intended that you and Isaac should be the means of my support while I lived.

"You have now been to your father, and that is all right.

"I know that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God, and I know that Brigham Young is his legal successor, and I always did know it. But the trouble with me was I wanted to lead, and could not be led. I have run my race and sealed my doom, and I know what I have got to meet.

"I died once, and was dead for some length of time. My spirit left my body and went to the land of spirits. I saw the crown that I should wear if I remained faithful, and the condemnation I should receive if I did not. I begged to remain, but was informed that I must return and warn the people to repent, as my work on earth was not yet done.

"After my spirit returned to my body, those around discovered the appearance of life. The first words that I spoke were to Sidney Rigdon, who was stooping over me. I called upon him to repent of his sins, or he would be damned."

My grandfather paused here, but continued by saying: "I want you to go back to your father, taking your brother Isaac with you, as I know he is a good man, and remain steadfast to

'Mormonism.'

"Let what may turn up, *never yield the point*; for it will save and exalt you in the kingdom of God."

He wept like a child after saying this. He then said to me: "One favor I wish to ask of you, namely, that you will not divulge this confession to those whom I lead while I live."

With this he released me, and I continued my visiting.

My brother was perfectly willing to accompany me, so in a few days we started out for Florence, accompanied by one cousin (Jedediah Anderson), and Charles Cox and two live raccoons, which we brought along as curiosities.

After arriving at Florence we remained a few weeks, preparing to return to Salt Lake and drive teams for our brother Heber.

We arrived in the valley safely, and father was much pleased at our return, and gladly welcomed brother Isaac to his home.

My brother was as well suited as I had previously been, and soon after joined the Church.

We then contentedly settled down with father and remained with him almost to the time of his death, which occurred on the 22nd of June, 1868.

In this manner did I find a loving and kind father, whose character had been most shamefully maligned, and, though I was at one time reluctant to make his acquaintance, yet I have often thanked God since for such an exemplary parent.

I learned by the experience which I have related many lessons

that I trust I may profit by as long as I live. I learned how difficult it is to overcome prejudices and false impressions, especially when formed in early youth or childhood.

I learned what a mischievous and dangerous quality ambition is, when not properly controlled. In the case of my grandfather, ambition for worldly honors, for office and position among men, led him to outrage his conscience. It caused him to barter away his claim upon the eternal riches and honor and glory of heaven for a miserable mess of pottage. It caused him to lead a false life. It caused him to make a pretense of believing that which he had a positive knowledge was untrue. It caused him to bring himself under condemnation by deceiving others. It even caused him to mislead his own offspring until he could do so no longer.

I learned something of the misery and sense of loss and remorse of conscience that result from such a course as that which my grandfather pursued, and I hope that his example may ever prove a warning to all who read this sketch. May they avoid such unlawful aspirations as caused his ruin, and live so that they can ever look back with satisfaction upon the past and forward with joy to the future.

SAVED BY PROVIDENCE

BY J. NICHOLSON

APPOINTED TO TAKE CHARGE OF A COMPANY OF EMIGRANTS – LEAVE LONDON FOR AMERICA – SURROUNDED BY A THICK FOG – THE CAPTAIN UNABLE TO TAKE OBSERVATIONS – THE FOG LIFTS – SAVED FROM BEING DASHED UPON THE ROCKS – THANK GOD FOR OUR DELIVERANCE.

The Elders of the Church often speak of the care shown by the Lord in preserving His Saints from harm. He has delivered them miraculously from accidents and death many times.

I will tell of a case in which God exercised His power in behalf of a company of His people.

The young people who may read this perhaps all know that hundreds and thousands of Saints gather to this country, from far off nations, every year. Many ship loads of them have crossed the Atlantic Ocean – a voyage of nearly 3,000 miles. On the sea, many accidents occur whereby people lose their lives by drowning, through the sinking of ships in storms. But nothing of this kind has ever taken place with a ship load of Saints. The reason for this is, that God has promised to protect His elect who

should gather from the four quarters of the earth in these latter days.

In the year 1866; Elder Brigham Young, Jr., who was then President of what is called the European Mission of the Church, appointed the writer of this article to take charge of a company of about five hundred Saints from Great Britain to the banks of the Missouri River, in this country, on their way to Salt Lake City. The Saints did not cross the sea in fast-sailing steamships in those days. They traveled over the waters in slow-going sailing ships, depending for speed on favorable winds. At that time six weeks, was considered the average length of time for a voyage from England to New York.

We left the port of London on the 23rd of May, 1866, a very fine company of people, not a few of whom, I am pleased to say, are good, honorable members of the Church, in Utah, to-day. I have in my mind especially now some of the boys who were with us. I have seen them grow up to manhood, and they are still faithful.

When the ship *American Congress*, on which we sailed, was near the shores of Newfoundland a thick fog prevailed for several days, which prevented Captain Woodward from taking an observation, being unable to see the sun. He therefore could not tell exactly where we were.

About this time the captain and Brother John Rider, who now lives in Kanab, and who was one of my counselors in the presidency of the company, were conversing on the part of

the ship called the quarter deck. I was standing some distance away from them. Brother Rider happened to turn his face in the direction in which the ship was sailing. At that moment the fog lifted up from the surface of the sea, as if a veil or scroll had been raised. He saw clearly between the fog and the water for some distance ahead.

Suddenly he exclaimed, pointing forward, "Captain, what is that?"

Captain Woodward, who was tall, powerful and active, made no answer. It was no time for orders. He sprang to the wheelhouse with the agility of a tiger, and knocked the man at the helm "heels over head," sending him sprawling upon the deck. At the same instant he grasped the wheel, turning it with the most surprising rapidity. Although his movements were so quick, he did not lose his presence of mind a moment. He was busy with his voice as well as his hands, for while he acted as I have described, he shouted, in clear, loud, piercing tones, the several orders directing all hands to "bout ship." The sailors sprang to their posts. There were active limbs and busy hands among the rigging. The good ship *American Congress*, swayed slowly around, and the moment of peril was past.

Had this action been delayed a few moments the vessel would have been among the breakers, upon the rocks, dashed to pieces and probably not a soul of the nearly five hundred on board would have escaped a watery grave.

The rocks and breakers ahead, on the line of the vessel's

course, were what Brother Rider saw when the fog lifted. The captain asked us, as a special favor, not to say a word to the people about the danger with which the ship had been threatened. He being commander of the vessel, we considered it right to respect his desire; besides, we thought his suggestion wise, as a knowledge of what had occurred would doubtless have caused an uneasy feeling among the passengers. The company were, therefore, not aware of the great danger they had escaped.

Elder Rider and myself thanked God for His goodness in so manifestly exercising His power in behalf of His Saints. The Lord fulfilled the promises made to us by His servants at the time we left England for the land of Zion.

WARNINGS OF THE SPIRIT

BY H.G.B

IMPRESSED BY THE SPIRIT NOT TO GO ON A STEAMER, AFTER ARRANGING FOR MY PASSAGE – RUSH ASHORE BEFORE THE BOAT STARTS – BOAT SNAGGED AND SUNK IN THE MISSISSIPPI – WARNED BY THE SPIRIT NOT TO MEET AN APPOINTMENT – URGED BY MY FRIENDS, I START – AVERSION TO GOING SO STRONG, I GALLOP BACK – FRIENDS UNABLE TO ACCOUNT FOR MY FEARS – ROBBERY AT THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS TO HAVE GONE – SAVED FROM SUSPICION BY OBEYING THE VOICE OF THE SPIRIT.

There are no people on the earth, that we are acquainted with, that exercise so much faith in God our Heavenly Father as do the Latter-day Saints. No other people seek for His protecting care as they do. Nor are there any people to whom His protection is oftener extended or made manifest more visibly than unto this people.

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