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LITTLE WILLIE.
Written by William Walton Burton

Chapter 1
"Little Willie Lived in Bradford..."

LITTLE WILLIE lived in a large town in Yorkshire, England. My story commences when he was about seven years old.

Willie's father was poor and worked very hard. About this time Willie began to help his father work. He had learned to read tolerably well (for he had loved his books); but now he became more careless, and all the leisure time that Willie had he wished to spend in play. He continued in this way till he was about nine years old, and he had lost so much of his reading during this time that he now could barely name the letters of the alphabet.

One day a very strange feeling came over him, and he thought of many men whom he knew could not read, and he knew that people called them ignorant -- that they did not have much influence -- that they did not know anything but hard labor; that if anyplace of ease and profit should offer itself they would not be able to fill it. Then, on the other hand, he thought of many who were filling easy positions, drawing high wages, enjoying a good influence, and respected by all who knew them. Among the rest he thought of his Uncle C, head book-keeper of a large firm, with an income of four hundred pounds sterling per year, while those hard-working, uneducated men had only about twenty or from that to thirty pounds sterling per year, dragging out a miserable existence, unable to sustain a comfortable home.

These thoughts led little Willie to make a resolution. And what do you think it was? I will tell you. He resolved that he would do his best to become a learned and useful man; that from that moment all his leisure time should be spent in gaining knowledge.

Willie went right away to his father and told him his thoughts, and said, "Father, if you please will you give me money to buy a book, and I will go over to Mr. Lund's book store and buy a 'Reading Made Easy,' for that is the name of the book, and this very night I will commence to learn?"

"Yes, my son," said Willie's father, "I will give you money with which to buy a book. I very much approve of the plan that you have chosen to adopt, and I will do all that I can to help you carry it out."

Willie got the money, went to Mr. Lund's store, purchased the book, returned home and commenced his task.

About this time Edward Milnes and Henry Cuerdon, missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, visited Willie's native town. They looked around but could see no familiar face nor hear a friendly voice. They went along one of the back streets, which led to a large woolen factory. Away high up, on the side of this factory, they saw the words "Providence Mills." The words attracted their attention, and they felt strongly impressed to go inside and see if Providence would open up their way. And sure enough God did open their way, for when they got inside, one of the overlookers seemed as though he wanted to talk to them, and finally came and asked them if they were preachers. They told him that they were.

"I am glad of that," said the man; "I am one of a small congregation who have left the Methodist New Connection Church. We meet together every Sabbath, worship God as well as we know how, and pray that He will send us the pure gospel. It is my turn to preach on next Sabbath. Will you be so kind as to preach for me?"

The Elders told him that they would feel very happy in doing so. After an agreeable conversation they left the factory. As they walked back along the street they thanked God for this proof that He watched over them, and that He had guided their steps to "Providence Mills;" and they also prayed that on the coming Sabbath God would give them a large portion of His Spirit so that they would be able to preach the pure testimony of Jesus to the people to the convincing of the honest in heart.

Sabbath morning dawned, and ten o'clock found the Elders seated in a snug little schoolroom, surrounded by an intelligent-looking congregation, who were anxiously waiting to hear them preach. The meeting was opened, the Elders were introduced, and they told the people that an angel had come from heaven and restored the everlasting gospel, that all who would believe their word, repent of their sins and be baptized for the remission of them, have hands laid upon them that they might receive the Holy Ghost, and then continue to live by every word that should come from the mouth of God, should be saved, and receive a testimony that they had preached the truth to them.

This plain, simple preaching filled the hearts of the people with joy, and some spoke aloud and said, " This is the pure gospel; God has answered our prayers."

When the Elders had done preaching they asked the people if any of them wished to be baptized. Six of the principal men in the congregation then stood up and said that they were ready at any time. One of Willie's uncles was among the six. And soon after Willie's father and mother went to hear the Elders preach. Willie's father said, " I believe these men preach the same gospel that Jesus Christ and His Apostles preached." Willie's mother thought so too, and they agreed that it was their duty to go and be baptized, which they did.

After this Willie went with his father to meeting every Sunday, and he was very fond of hearing the Elders preach. Sometimes he would go to some lonely place where he could kneel down and pray, and have no one to see him, and then he would ask God in the name of Jesus Christ to help him to become a good and useful man.

Chapter 2

Pursuing Lessons by Candlelight

Early on a Sabbath morning, long before the rising of the sun, Willie was to be seen walking toward the suburbs of the town in search of some place where he was not likely to be disturbed, and often he would select a seat in the shade of some large trees. After finding a suitable place, and getting comfortably seated, he would take from his pocket the Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, or some other book containing useful information, which he would read with a prayerful heart, asking God to give him understanding and to bless his efforts to gain knowledge. In this way he learned to read well, and gained many fragments of knowledge to which he would have remained a stranger, had he been confined to the small round of his own thoughts without the aid of books. This practice widened the field of reflection, gave him much pleasure, and increased his thirst for intelligence. Thus, step by step, he made advancement; inch by inch he climbed up out of ignorance. Each little difficulty overcome prepared him for new conquest. Little Willie did not enjoy the many great advantages of our young friends who read the Juvenile Instructor. He had not the opportunity of attending a good school, for he had to labor every day, early and late.

Had you looked under the table when he was eating his dinner, you would have seen his book laid upon his lap spread wide open, at which now and then he would take a sly glance. In this way he learned many a lesson. When he had a little leisure time he would search out some person able to instruct him, to whom he would present his little difficulties and ask for an explanation. And often he felt extremely thankful for the assistance of able friends who took deep interest in him and cleared away the small but, to him, apparently insurmountable difficulties.

Night after night, when the family were all in bed and sleeping soundly, Willie might have been seen sitting near a table bending over his book and diligently perusing his lesson by the light of the candle. There he would sometimes sit till nearly midnight, reading and pondering over new ideas and often till he went to sleep; occasionally he would wake up and find the fire out, the candle burned away and his book fallen from his hand to the floor. Finally a friend suggested that it would be better for him to quit studying at night, and rise very early in the morning and spend an hour or two in study before time to go to work. From this suggestion Willie received much benefit, for he found that in the morning his mind was much stronger, and consequently he was much more successful. After giving this method a

fair trial he concluded that he could learn more in one hour in the morning than in three hours in the evening.

About this time he got William Cobbet's Grammar, and commenced to write it out verbatim. If he happened to omit, misplace or misspell a word in any of the lessons, the paper containing such lessons was torn up and the task recommenced. In this way, and with the assistance of his friends, he acquired a tolerably thorough knowledge of grammar. He now wrote letters, essays, or penned his thoughts on any subject that presented itself, not for publication but for self-improvement. Such pieces were laid aside for two or three weeks, and then he would criticize them, for he believed that, after they had been laid aside in this way, he could see their errors much better than when they were only just written.

Chapter 3 **Journey to Wensley Dale**

Little Willie had never spent a night from home though he was now fourteen years old. His father had promised him that he should go and spend a few weeks with some uncles, aunts and cousins, who lived in Wensley Dale, about fifty miles distant. Willie was highly delighted with the prospect of this journey, for he had scarcely ever been out of sight of the smoke from the factories of his native town, and now he was going to travel fifty miles, which seemed to Willie a very long journey; and besides this, his father told him that he would see many nice sights, high hills, rivers, waterfalls, etc.

The day for starting arrived. Willie arose early in the morning. The weather was very pleasant, and Willie and his father commenced the much-desired journey. As his native town grew dim in the distance, fine old farm houses appeared in view with their fields of waving grain, green pastures dotted with wild flowers, the buttercup and the daisy, and gentlemen's summer residences, surrounded by beautiful parks, interspersed with very large trees, where occasionally deer were to be seen resting themselves under the wide-spreading branches of those ancient oaks. From among the dense leaves came the gladdening song of the far-famed English thrush, or the sweet notes of the blackbird. All nature seemed to be dressed in her finest robes. The little lambs played upon the high hills, and seemed as full of glee as so many playful boys.

Willie and his father traveled on amid the delightful rural scenery, listening to the song of birds and gathering wild flowers till they gained the top of a high hill, while an open and fertile valley lay before them, in which there were three or four very lovely villages, and in these villages resided many of Willie's relatives, whom he had never seen, and one of them was the birthplace of his father.

After descending into the valley they drew up before a very ancient farm house, when his father said, "Willie, here lives your Aunt Mabel." They entered and received a very hearty welcome.

After a few days had passed, Willie's father left him at his aunt's, where he remained for six weeks. Willie had not been there long before it was known that he was a Latter-day Saint. His aunt was anxious to learn something about the Latter-day Saints and their principles. She asked him many questions, and felt well satisfied with his answers. She often requested him to read the Bible to her, and to talk to her about the latter-day work. Soon it became common for the neighbors to gather around Aunt Mabel's fire to spend their evenings, especially Sabbath evenings, to listen to little Willie and to ask him questions.

Willie felt very humble and prayed to God that He would help him to preach the truth to those who were in the habit of gathering to listen to him, and some were convinced that God was with the lad, and they would listen to him with breathless attention while he told them, in his simple boyish style, about the principles that Jesus and His apostles preached, and that the world had lost the pure gospel and wandered into darkness; that God formerly talked with the old prophets ; that angels ministered unto them ; that people in the days of the apostles were baptized in water by immersion for the remission of their sins; that the servants of God then laid hands upon them that they might receive the Holy Ghost; also laid hands upon the sick and anointed them with oil that they might be healed ; that God had ceased speaking, angels had ceased ministering, and men had changed the ordinances of the gospel, notwithstanding the Apostle Paul had said, "Though we or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached, let him be accursed;" that God in His mercy had sent an angel in these last days to Joseph Smith, revealed the Book of Mormon, and restored the gospel that Jesus and His apostles preached, which, in the scriptures, is called the everlasting gospel.

Willie enjoyed his visit very much. The scenery around Aunt Mabel's rural home was far different from the scenes in the crowded streets of his native town. The village in which stood her residence was a beautiful little settlement, occupied chiefly by wealthy farmers, and bounded on every side by rich pastures and beautiful meadows. Close to the village ran a clear stream. The bed of this small stream, was solid limestone rock. Along the banks, up by the stream, wound a lonely yet lovely foot path, which in places led through patches of hazels, gently bending under their annual burden.

Willie was often seen threading his way slowly up the path by the side of the river, reading some book in which he seemed to be very much interested, or listening to the song of birds, that were perched in the trees that fringed the margin of this lovely and sequestered rill, or gazing on the scenery around him, admiring the works of God, and nature's enchanting scenes of solitude. This was Willie's favorite walk. Here he spent many hours of pleasure and profit.

Chapter 4

"Blessed Are Ye When Men Revile You..."

During Willie's stay at his Aunt Mabel's he came in contact with an old man who seemed to be very religious, and asked him many questions which he answered as well as he could, bore testimony to the truth, and told him nearly the same things that he had told Aunt Mabel; but to his astonishment, the old gentleman was angry with him, seemed to be in a perfect rage, and said that Willie was preaching false doctrine, and from that time he was Willie's most bitter enemy, and sought every opportunity to persecute him. He scolded Willie severely, called him many hard names, and seemed as though he would violently have laid hands upon him, if he had not been restrained by others.

Willie felt strengthened, and that this was a testimony that he had the truth. He thought of the words of the Savior, "Blessed are ye when men revile you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my name's sake."

He could see clearly that this man had the opposite of the Spirit of God ; that he had the spirit of the devil, and he felt that he was on God's side or the devil would not be so angry with him; for he remembered that the Savior said something like the following: "Ye are not of the world, or the world would love you, for the world loves its own."

Many persons were present and witnessed the old gentleman in his rage. He frothed at the mouth, used very unbecoming language, and in every respect acted like a man perfectly insane. All present were very much astonished to see a man professing so much religion and sanctity, and who could pull such a long, sanctimonious face, give vent to such bursts of passion. Some spectators stepped close to Willie and tried to whisper words of encouragement. This scene touched their sympathy and they were fonder of his company than before, and more anxious to listen to his words.

The time for Willie's returning home had now arrived. He felt sorry to leave his Aunt Mabel, and many of his circle of new friends. Aunt Mabel had been very kind to him, hence he had learned to love her very much, but then there were others whom he loved very dearly too, and when he thought of the sweet smiles, and the kind words that would greet him on his return to the circle of home, his heart was full of joy. Animated by these feelings, he bade his friends good-by, and commenced his journey homeward.

When within about three miles from home, Willie could see dense clouds of smoke rising from the factory chimneys of the dear old town that gave him birth. Just six weeks before, he had watched the smoke rising from the same chimneys. Then he was leaving it behind him. Every minute was taking him from the scenes of his childhood. A new world as it were was being spread out before him, and his joy increased as those dear old scenes were fading in the distance. If he were to turn round now, and travel in the same direction, would he realize the feelings that he felt then! No! he would not. The very smoke now seemed to wear a charm. Every familiar object brought its accompanying sweet reflections. Every turn of the road, and almost everything that he saw, seemed to be full of interest. He wondered

whether his little baby brother would know him now. Whether any of his brothers or sister would see him before he got to the house, and what mother would say to him on his arrival. Many such thoughts rushed through his mind.

As he entered the outskirts of the town he began to meet persons with whom he was acquainted, and the meeting of his old acquaintances gave him much pleasure.

Willie now felt himself to be quite a traveler. He had been six weeks from home, and had traveled one hundred miles. To many of the readers of the *Juvenile Instructor*, one hundred miles may seem to be a short distance for a person to travel; but it was not so where Willie was raised ; for there were many old men there, who had never traveled fifty miles from home during the whole of their lives.

Willie was now in view of Long Land Street in which was the residence of his father. His anticipations and excitement increased at every step. Now he was seen. Many voices echoed his name. All were glad to see him; mother, brothers and sisters were filled with joy at his coming. Many kind words were spoken, tokens of affection given, and even tears of joy were shed.

Chapter 5 **Sad Tidings**

Soon after Willie's arrival home, Edward Milnes, the president of the Bradford branch in which he resided, requested him to spend a few hours each Sabbath distributing tracts in the neighborhood of his father's residence. He labored in this way about two years. Some persons treated him very kindly, others forbade him coming to their houses, and when they spoke to him they used very abusive language and refused to read the tracts or listen to anything about the Latter-day Saints. Willie was also annoyed by some boys who had formerly been his playmates. They would follow him around the streets, laughing and pointing their fingers at him. They called him religious, and said anything that they thought would plague him. Those rude boys soon discovered that Willie was determined to continue his labor and take no notice of them. When they became fully aware of Willie's determination, and the strength of his resolution they no longer sought to annoy him.

Willie was now sixteen years old. His father again gave him permission to visit his Aunt Mabel, and his other friends in Wensley Dale. He anticipated a very pleasant visit, and upon his arrival did receive a very agreeable welcome from his friends. But he had not been there long, before he received a letter from home which had been delayed two or three days. This letter bore Willie some very sad tidings. It told that his father was very sick, and contained a request from his mother, to return home as speedily as possible.

Willie felt very sorrowful, and did not know what to do. It was now night, and the first part of his journey for twenty miles was over a wild moor. Influenced by the counsel of his friends he concluded not to start for home till the next morning. He then retired to his bedroom, kneeled at his bedside, and in great earnestness prayed for his father's recovery. There seemed to be a dark cloud over him. His mind was ill at rest, and in vain his eyes sought to close in sleep.

The clock struck three. Willie had passed a sleepless night. Day was beginning to dawn. He arose from his bed, tried to eat a little bread and cheese, but had no appetite. At four o'clock he was on his way. The morning was beautiful, and the flowers were opening in welcome to the appearing of the sun. The birds sang sweetly. The mowers were whetting their scythes, and their merry laugh rang through the valley. But Willie traveled along as though he saw not the beauties of the morning, the gentle flowers, or heard the song of birds, or the gay laugh of the merry haymakers.

In the afternoon he arrived at home. On entering the house his heart was touched with grief more bitter, and deeper than any that he had ever before felt. His mother and sisters were in tears, weeping as if their hearts would break. He looked around for his father, but he was not to be seen. The worst of apprehensions rushed through his mind. For some time no one spoke a word. At last Willie's eldest sister said, "Willie, father is dead. The funeral took place yesterday and we are now left alone in the world." Willie now stood almost motionless. The words that had just fallen upon his ears chilled his very soul. The thought that he would never see his father again in this life seemed to be more than he could bear.

While Willie gazed upon the scene before him, grief choked his utterance. The thought occurred to him that he must now try to comfort his mother in her great affliction. He felt that he could speak and he told his mother to be comforted; that he would try to be a dutiful son, and endeavor to the utmost of his ability to fill the place of his honored father; that God had permitted this dreadful trial to come upon them, and that it now became their duty to acknowledge the hand of an all wise Providence even in this deep distress.

Willie had an elder brother, who, some years before had emigrated to Nauvoo, and he now being the eldest son at home, took charge of his father's business. The widowed mother felt proud of her son, and looked upon him as a gift from God, and as a prop in her declining years. Willie's eldest sister was a noble-hearted girl. She entertained no thought that conflicted with her mother's wishes; and she shrank from no labor that would tend to comfort her fond and afflicted parent.

Chapter 6

Horse Trading

The convenience of the family required that Willie should purchase them a horse. In this business he felt that he needed the wisdom and experience of his father; for he knew that there existed an unlimited amount of deception in horse dealers. A circumstance, which occurred some time before this between a horse-trader and an honest-looking farmer, to which Willie was an eye-witness, now came forcibly to his mind.

The farmer, who was leading a very fine horse, was accosted by the trader as follows:

"Do you wish to sell that horse?" asked the trader

"Yes, sir," was the farmer's reply

"Will you trade for this one?" (Pointing to one in his possession.)

"No sir; I would rather sell him," said the farmer

"Here, let me look at your horse, and you look at mine."

After the trader had coaxed awhile, the farmer allowed him to take his horse for examination, and at the same time he examined the trader's horse.

"I do not wish to trade," said the farmer

"But you have traded."

"No, sir, I have not. I only gave you permission to examine my horse."

"You gave me possession, sir, and I mean to keep it unless you will give me five shillings for a rue bargain," was the traders sly reply.

"Well, rather than have any trouble with you I will give you five shillings."

"Now, sir, you have acknowledged that we have traded, by offering me five shillings for a rue bargain, and," (referring to some of his own clan) "you are my witnesses. Now I shall keep your horse, and you can't help yourself."

As the trader said this he turned and left the farmer, who seemed to be perfectly astonished that he had found a man so destitute of principle as this base swindler.

Before this, Willie had never dreamed that so mean a man could be found by searching the wide world through. With this circumstance fresh on Willie's mind he started to a horse fair to purchase a horse. There were thousands of horses at the fair. Finally Willie saw one that he thought would exactly meet their wants, it was a

heavy set animal, apparently very gentle, and in all respects just what he had been searching for. Willie enquired the price; thought that it was very cheap, paid the amount, and took the horse home.

Next morning Willie discovered that the horse could not breathe properly, and that it was what was commonly called a broken-winded horse. He knew then that the man of whom he had purchased it had given it medicine before bringing it to the fair in order to hide this defect and thereby deceive some person. The horse proved to be worthless; he was unable to walk up a hill without resting several times. Willie tried to make the best of the circumstance and consoled himself by thinking that it was better to be deceived than to be a deceiver.

Chapter 7 **The Office of Teacher**

About this time Willie entered a stenographic class taught by Brother G. D. Watt, and received a course of ten lessons. At the close of this course Brother Watt recommended that the class should continue their meetings, and that two of their number should be appointed teachers. The class requested their teacher to make a selection of two that he thought would be best fitted for this position. Brother Watt complied, and named Willie for one of the two. When he was nominated he objected to the appointment, but his will was overruled by the united wish of his class. Nevertheless he felt that it was no small undertaking to assume the position of a teacher of a class which had had privileges equal to his own. He knew that if he accepted the office of teacher he would have to lead them over ground entirely new to him- self; that he would have to advance without a guide, learn without a teacher, and then be guide and teacher to others.

Willie and his fellow teacher labored diligently to qualify themselves to do justice to the office conferred upon them, and in a measure succeeded ; for they led the class till many of the students could write from seventy-five to one hundred words per minute.

Then they organized a debating school. The debaters were required to speak slowly in order to suit the convenience of the class, and each member was required to report as nearly verbatim as possible. In this way, Willie became able to write a hundred and fifty words per minute. The benefits derived from his attending this class were of great service to him in after life.

About this time Willie went to visit his cousins, Thomas, John, William and Isabella, who were students at a high school at Ponte- fact, and only had a vacation at the close of each term of six months. They were now at home enjoying their half-yearly vacation of two weeks. Willie was glad to meet them, and they were glad to meet Willie, and the prospect was that there were good times ahead.

Willie and his cousin Thomas were about the same age, but Thomas, who was the eldest of his cousins, was better educated than Willie, having completed a thorough mathematical course, and being able to speak five or six different languages. When Willie saw the accomplishments of his cousin he could hardly help wishing that his parents had been able to give him so liberal an education. He determined to make good use of his visit, and therefore he requested his cousin to accept him as his pupil during the vacation. Thomas consented and Willie entered upon his studies at once.

Willie felt that this was a golden opportunity for him, and therefore he endeavored to carry out strictly all the instructions of his young teacher. After studying hard for awhile Willie and his three cousins would take a stroll through the fields, gather flowers, and study botany from the great book of nature.

Chapter 8 **Black Bay Colliery**

After Willie had been there a few days it was proposed that he and Thomas should go down into the pit at Black Bay colliery and see the men at work. This was agreed upon. The day for them to go down into the pit arrived. The boys arose about four o'clock in the morning. Each dressed himself in an old suit of clothes, dispatched a hasty breakfast, and then they reported themselves ready. Willie's Uncle Christopher, who had procured them the privilege of visiting the colliery works, placed them in charge of a gentleman who was an overseer in the bottom of the pit.

They repaired to the colliery. Here was a large engine and strong ropes which were used to draw coal out of the pit. Willie looked over the pit side. It almost made him dizzy, for it was three hundred and sixty feet deep.

It was now time for them to step onto the platform and await the signal for descending. The signal was given and down they went at a very rapid rate. Soon they reached the bottom. Here they entered a cabin and a very strange sight met their view. About thirty colliers were seated in the cabin. Their faces were very black, teeth white, lips red, and their eyes shone like stars. Each collier had a piece of clay in his hand, and a candle stuck in it. The guide now furnished Willie and Thomas a candle and a piece of clay each.

Then they left the cabin. Horses were traveling in various directions. About fifty of them were employed in this pit. Some of the horses were very large and some of them were very small. The small ones were used in low passages to convey cars of coal to the main tracks, and from there the large horses would pull them to the mouth of the pit. Eight hundred tons of coal were drawn daily out of this pit.

The guide now led them along a passage that was very high. There was a large rope, also some wires, stretched along this passage. Willie thought that the

wires resembled a telegraph line. He had seen railroads and telegraph lines above ground, but never had dreamed that they could be found in the earth, away down so far below the surface.

While Willie was wondering about what he saw around him, a slight noise proceeded from the wires, and the guide exclaimed, "Ah! they are telegraphing from the junction. We must get out of the way ; the cars are coming. All stepped to one side to wait for their passing. The guide's last remarks astonished Willie.

"What did you say, sir?" inquired Willie, "is there a railroad and a telegraph line down here?"

"Yes," responded the guide, "there are both a railroad and a telegraph here."

"How long are they, sir?"

"The telegraph line is a mile long. This incline track is the same length ; both extend from the junction to the mouth of the pit."

"What is the junction, sir?"

"It is a point to which cars loaded with coal are brought from various directions, and that rope there," pointing at the one stretched along the passage, "extends from the junction to the mouth of the pit. At the junction it runs around a large drum. When a sufficient number of loaded cars have been collected, the end of the rope at the junction is attached to them. When all is ready they telegraph to the mouth of the pit. Then those who are there fasten their end of the rope to a large number of empty cars, and the loaded cars draw the empty ones."

Before this explanation was concluded the noise from the passing cars interrupted the conversation. Willie and Thomas raised their candles to a favorable position so that they could have a good look at them. After the cars had gone past, their guide led the way to the junction. There was the large drum around which the rope was extended that was fastened to the cars, and teams were continually arriving with loaded cars, and returning with empty ones. The teamsters seemed content down in their dark abiding places, and sang and whistled in a most cheerful manner.

After leaving the junction, Willie felt deeply interested in the works. As they passed along the main tracks, on each side were small ponies of the Shetland breed, from three to four feet high, drawing coal out of the low places to points where the large horses could be brought to them.

Some of these ponies, also some of the larger horses, had been down in this pit for years, and for that length of time had never seen one ray of daylight. There, day and night is all the same. The rising or setting of the sun produces no change,

and those animals had become so much accustomed to this darkness that they could see better in the dark than in the light. If they had been once more placed in the daylight, they would have been perfectly blind.

Willie and Thomas followed their guide from place to place for about five hours, and though they were told that they had not seen half of the works, being tired of walking, they preferred to be conducted to the mouth of the pit, and from thence to the earth's surface where they could once more behold the precious daylight.

Chapter 9 **An Invitation Accepted**

Willie felt quite at home with his uncle, aunt and cousins, though they had many customs, which to him appeared very strange. Every morning a chapter was read from the Bible; then all would sit in an erect position, neither moving hand nor foot, but would remain as still as so many statues, and for a few minutes death itself could not be more silent. When the head of the family moved liberty was restored to all. Their faith was that God knew better what they needed than they knew how to ask for it; consequently they thought it unnecessary for them to ask Him for anything, although they could read in the Bible (which they prized above all other books) that God had said He would be inquired of by His children.

Willie's relatives were members of the Quaker church. His cousin Thomas was very zealous in the cause, and gave Willie an invitation to accompany him to meeting the coming Sabbath, which was to be held at Bishop Auckland's, about three miles distant. The invitation was accepted. When they arrived at meeting, Willie was astonished to see the gentlemen go into the meeting house and take their seats with their hats on. After sitting looking at each other without saying a word for nearly an hour, an aged lady arose and said: "I thank God that the deliverer has come out of Zion," and sat down. Perfect silence reigned again for about the same length of time as before, when two gentlemen sitting on the stand arose, shook hands and walked out followed by the congregation.

Willie remained with his cousins during the vacation, at the close of which they returned to school at Pontefract and he to his home in the town of Bradford. After arriving home, Willie continued to labor diligently to obtain an education, and nearly all the money that he could save was spent in books. Little by little he added to his limited stock of information; like the little coral insect of the boundless ocean, slowly but surely he gathered his store.

Chapter 10 **Called to the Priesthood**

One Sabbath morning, conference day, Willie went to meeting, which was held in a large hall known by the name of Odd Fellow's Hall. As he took his seat

something seemed to whisper to him: 'This morning you are going to be called to the priesthood and you will be required to stand up before all this congregation, numbering about two thousand, and say whether you will accept the office; and that you know you cannot do, so you had better leave here.'

All the impressions were given Willie as plainly as if some person had spoken to him, and they surprised him very much, for he had received no such intimation from any one, and why such thoughts should come to his mind now he could not tell. However, he calmed his mind with the thought that all his impressions were unfounded, and that no one would ever think of calling him to office, for he was a mere boy, only seventeen years old.

Soon his troublesome impressions returned, and Willie felt much agitated. A circumstance now occurred to his mind that happened in his thirteenth year. The circumstance was this:

One Wednesday evening Willie attended a fellowship meeting. He had been baptized only a little before this by Elder Elijah F. Sheets. A very good spirit prevailed in the meeting. Willie thought he would like to bear his testimony, so he thought over what he would say, and when he concluded that his little speech was nicely arranged he rose to his feet. All the Saints looked at Willie and seemed anxious to hear him say something, but to his great astonishment the nice little speech had all left him. For a short time he stood with his hands placed on the back of a bench, and then sat down in confusion.

Willie's singular impressions and keen remembrance of this signal failure bore heavily on his mind. He was about to leave the room, but just then the thought occurred to him that it would be rather a cowardly action, even if he knew that he was going to be called upon to speak, therefore he concluded to remain and take the consequences.

Meeting was opened. The authorities of the Church were presented and sustained. The president of the branch in which Willie resided arose to read the names of those who were chosen for office. Willie's fear came upon him, for his name was the first on the list, and he was called up just as it had been whispered to him that he would be. He thought the circumstance very remarkable, and that the devil had been tempting him to leave his post of duty; he also felt very thankful that he had resisted the temptation.

Chapter 11

"If the Lord Wants Him, I am Willing He Should Go"

Willie was now eighteen years old. The president of the Bradford conference felt impressed to give him a mission, and send him out to preach the gospel in the north of England. But when he thought of Willie's mother, and considered that she was a widow, left with a large family, he hesitated, and finally concluded to speak to

her upon the subject. He asked her if she would be willing for her son to be sent on a mission, and stated that he had been impressed to call upon him to go and preach the gospel. When the question was asked, her eyes filled with tears at the thought of parting from Willie, and though her voice grew tremulous, her answer was positive : "If the Lord wants him I am willing he should go."

Willie was called, and the time appointed for him to start out on this mission. He had saved a little money, out of which he purchased his mother a new dress, and himself an entire suit of clothes. A little money still remained in the purse. Now Willie thought: " What shall I do with this. Shall I take it with me? No, that will never do; for the Elders are required to go out and preach the gospel without purse or scrip, and the Lord being my helper I will do so too." The purse and the money were placed in a drawer kept for his private use.

Saturday, the 26th day of April, was the appointed time for Willie to leave his home and friends. All preparations having been completed, he took his portmanteau in hand. A scene which he had long dreaded was now before him. His mother and sisters were in tears, and they gathered around him weeping bitterly. This was more than Willie could bear. He bade them goodbye, turned round hastily and started off with a quick step whispering to himself a heartfelt prayer that God would bless his dear and noble-hearted mother, and all the loved ones at home. They watched him until he was lost in the distance, and still they gazed in the direction that he had gone, breathing prayers and blessings on his path.

Willie was now alone, walking silently along the footpath, meditating upon the scene that had just passed. He wore a suit of black broadcloth, but in his pockets was neither purse nor scrip, not even a penny. He had left all behind him, his mother, brother, sisters, and the little money that he had saved, and he had left all for the gospel's sake. The peace of God was in his heart. He felt that angels were his guardians, and that heaven smiled approvingly upon his course.

In the evening he arrived at Horsforth, where there was a small branch. Elder H. presided over this branch, who, in connection with his family, gave Willie a very hearty welcome. The evening was spent in very pleasant and interesting conversation.

Sunday morning Elder H. accompanied him to the railway station, purchased him a ticket for Harrowgate and bade him God speed. Willie took his seat, the train moved on and they parted.

About a mile from Harrowgate station Willie met with three Saints. All resided under one roof, and they gave him a cordial welcome. Here he had expected to meet Elder J., who had considerable experience in traveling, with whom he had hoped to travel until he became acquainted with his new labors. But circumstances prevented Elder J. from coming to his assistance. This was a great disappointment to

Willie. He felt that he needed some experienced Elder to lean upon. There was a wide field of labor before him, and new ground to break up.

With a realizing sense of the importance of his mission, and of the many difficulties that beset his path, he very timidly and prayerfully entered upon his labors, feeling that although he had the prejudices, ignorance and superstition of a world to contend with, God would ever be his friend.

Chapter 12

“I Saw a Mighty Angel Fly”

Willie visited a village named Spofforth, and walked through the streets watching for an opportunity to introduce himself to the people and to preach the gospel to them. He felt very undecided as to what would be the best course to pursue; finally he was impressed to stand in the middle of the street and read aloud the hymn commencing:

"I saw a mighty angel fly,
To earth he bent his way,
A message bearing from on high
To cheer the sons of day."

Willie carried out the impression, overcame his diffident feelings and read the hymn as loudly as possible. The people gathered around and looked at him in great astonishment.

When he had finished reading the hymn he borrowed an old chair, on which he stood and preached to those who had gathered to listen. The Lord poured out His Spirit upon him, insomuch that he felt astonished at the freedom with which he was able to speak.

When Willie closed his remarks, a preacher from the Methodist congregation came to the chair, asking many questions, and offered some opposition. Willie, in his simple, boyish style, answered the questions to the satisfaction of a majority of the audience, and through the blessing of God many friends were raised up who administered to his wants. At the close of the short debate a Methodist class leader invited Willie home to take supper with him.

Soon after this Willie visited Spofforth again. He found an increased amount of prejudice among some of the people. The ministers were united in persecuting the Saints and opposing the truth. It was night. Willie was very tired and hungry, having walked all day without food. In this condition he called upon nine different families and asked for lodging, but none were willing to entertain him. One old lady inquired if Willie was hungry. He told her that he was. She then set a bowl of milk and some fruit pie before him and said, "Eat quickly, for if the minister passes while you are here we shall lose our farm." Willie did justice to the pie and milk, bade the

lady good-by and left in haste. Most of the land in the neighborhood of Spofforth was owned by a nobleman, whose tenants were told that if they entertained the Mormon Elders they would be turned from their farms.

After leaving Spofforth Willie's path led through the fields. He walked along in silence, pondering over his condition. The following words of our Savior occurred to his mind: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." These words comforted him, and he felt to rejoice in being a servant of God and being counted worthy to suffer for truth's sake.

Night came on. The song of the birds and the busy din of day had ceased. The dim light of the stars was the only light to cheer his way. On he traveled till he came to a small hill, and being foot weary he sat down to rest near a thorn hedge. He soon became sleepy, placed his portmanteau under his head for a pillow, and stretched himself upon the grass. After sleeping some time, in turning over he rolled down into the bottom of the hedge among the thorns. Willie then awoke, rose to his feet and traveled on.

About two or three hours before dawn he came to an unoccupied stable, or rather, one occupied by rats or mice. Here he took shelter from the cold, laid himself down on the rock pavement, used his portmanteau as before and went to sleep. His sleep was soon disturbed by the rats and mice running over his person, not even excepting his face. Unconsciously he would occasionally raise his hands to brush them off. Still they persisted in their rudeness, increasing their annoyance until Willie was sufficiently awake to be sensible of his condition, when without ceremony he left.

After leaving the old stable and its numerous inhabitants, Willie went to Knaresborough, where he arrived soon after daylight. There he met with a kind friend who gave him some refreshments. This consisted of bread and water. Willie's friend was very poor; bread and water was the best he could bestow, hence roast beef, plum pudding and dainties would have been received with no greater degree of thankfulness.

Chapter 13

"Large Holes in the Toes of His Boots"

Early one morning Willie started out for the city of Ripon, a distance of thirteen miles; he passed through Harrowgate and a small village called Little Wonder. In the latter place he distributed some tracts and spent several hours in visiting from house to house, embracing every opportunity of bearing his testimony to the truth.

Towards evening, finding no place where he could obtain lodging for the night, he turned his steps to Brother W's, the place where he had started from in the

morning. Brother W. was a faithful man in the Church, but his wife was opposed to the Latter-day Saints and their principles. Still she was kind to Willie.

As Willie traveled along, he was occasionally reminded in a very forcible manner of the pitiful condition of his feet, by his toes suddenly coming into too close and unpleasant contact with the rougher portions of the road, in consequence of the large holes in the toes of his boots.

It was very late when he arrived at Brother W's, and he was so weary he could scarcely drag one foot after the other. As soon as he arrived he retired to bed. That night Willie prayed that God would put it into the heart of some person to get his boots mended.

Next morning when he passed down stairs Mrs. W. fixed her attention upon Willie's boots. She watched every motion of his feet till Willie became conscious of her scrutinizing glance. Finally she exclaimed, "Well, Mr. W., if I were a member of a Church in which the preacher wore such boots as these (pointing at Willie's), I should be ashamed and try to get them fixed."

At the close of this last remark she called up a little boy and sent him for the shoe-maker, who answered her summons and thoroughly repaired Willie's boots. The circumstance reminded Willie of his prayer the night before, and he felt to thank God not only for getting his boots mended, but for this direct answer to his prayer. He thought that this was plain evidence that God acknowledged him in his mission, and listened to him when he prayed, which was a source of great comfort to him in his labors.

Soon after this Elder B. was appointed to labor in connection with Willie, and under his direction. The prospect of a fellow-laborer and a companion in his toils was very gratifying to his feelings. They met at Knaresborough. Next morning, with portmanteau in hand filled with books and pamphlets, they started for Borough Bridge, which is a very ancient village and of considerable size. In the suburbs can be seen Roman pavement, which was laid during the time the Romans held power in England. There are many other curiosities in this neighborhood. In this village Willis and his companion distributed tracts and spent two or three hours in visiting among the people. It was now two o'clock p. m., and both were very hungry.

Willie's companion inquired where they would be likely to get dinner. Willie did not know. Soon they had to leave the village, and still no prospect of dinner. After walking about a mile in the direction of Ripon, they came to a grist mill, near which was a nice private residence. The question again occurred, "Where shall we get dinner?"

Willie answered, "I do not know," and continued, "will you take a pamphlet, go to that house and ask them to read it? Also tell them that we are servants of the

Lord sent to preach the gospel without purse or scrip, and that if they will give us something to eat as such, they shall in no wise lose their reward."

Elder B. replied, "I will go."

He took a pamphlet and started for the house, followed by Willie. Knock, knock, went the rapper on the door. A servant girl appeared.

"Can we see the master of the house?" asked Elder B.

"No, sir; the master is not at home; but the mistress is within. Shall I call her?"

"If you please."

Madam appeared, and Willie's companion addressed her as Willie had directed, almost word for word.

The mistress asked, "In what denomination are you ministers?"

"In the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints," was their reply.

"I do not wish to read anything about the Latter-day Saints; but I will give you a piece of bread." She got a loaf of bread, cut off a very small piece as if in mockery and passed it to him.

"There are two of us, madam."

The lady then cut another small piece about like the first. Willie and his companion then "went to the city of Ripon and held a meeting at the cross in the market place. Ripon is a very ancient town, one of the oldest in England, and in most of the oldest towns is found the cross, which consists of a high pillar, composed of blocks of rock with four flights of steps, one on each of the four sides of the base.

Willie and his companion ascended the steps. Many people gathered around them and listened attentively to their remarks. Some seemed interested. One gentleman invited them to supper, but they could get no bed that night. After supper they left town and walked two or three miles into the country, then they came to a hay field, and it being haying time they found an abundance of new mown hay, in which they made their bed, and being very weary with their day's walk, they were soon sound asleep. It was nearly midnight when they found the hay field and retired to rest, and they did not wake up till the morning sun shone full in their faces and roused them from their peaceful slumber.

Chapter 14

"I Have Taken a Notion to go Home..."

Willie and his companion went to a town called Thirsk. They held a meeting in the open air and preached to a good congregation, and made an appointment for another meeting one week from that date. The congregation treated them respectfully, and a gentleman of the Methodist persuasion conducted them to a house of entertainment, engaged a bed for them and paid for their lodging for the night.

Next morning Elder B told Willie that he would like to go and visit some of his relatives that resided about twenty-five miles still farther north, at Stockton-on-Tees, and proposed to meet Willie again at Thirsk, one week from that day, the time of their next appointment. Willie was agreeable, and the matter was settled accordingly.

After breakfast they parted. Elder B went on his pleasure excursion and Willie to the duties of his calling. During the following week Willie traveled on foot more than a hundred miles to fill the appointments for meetings that had been previously given, and at the time appointed he returned to Thirsk, met his friend, and held meeting according to appointment. The gentleman who had been so kind to them the week before again attended their meeting and seemed to be deeply interested, and again provided them with refreshment and lodging, which made Willie and his companion feel very thankful.

Next day they went to Baldersby, a small village between Thirsk and Ripon. Here they visited several families and were very kindly received. An aged gentleman, a tanner by trade, invited them into his house for the purpose of conversing with them on the principles of the gospel. He appeared to be well satisfied with what they said, and invited them to supper, to which they gladly consented. While supper was being prepared their host passed into the tan yard to direct matters there, and they took a stroll outside. When Willie's companion felt assured that they were alone he said, to Willie's great astonishment, " Well, somehow or other I have taken a notion to go home." The following conversation then took place:

"Why do you wish to go home?"

"Well, I cannot stand this kind of a life. I have not got experience enough."

"Well, now," said Willie, "if you will be advised by me you will stay right where you are. If you want experience you will get it here. Earth affords no better school. Remember he that setteth his hand to the plow and then turneth back is not fit for the kingdom."

"Well, I can't help it; I must go."

"You and I were sent here by the authority of the Almighty to perform a mission. If those who sent me wish me to return they must give me an honorable release. I would not of my own accord leave my post. I would prefer to perish in the path of duty."

After making this last remark and driving so firm a stake Willie felt a very peculiar impression, an inward whispering as if some one said, " Now, Willie, you are driving a very firm stake; some day you will be tried to see whether you will not pull it up."

Supper was announced. The conversation closed, and Willie and his companion repaired to their seats at the table. After supper they returned to Thirsk.

Chapter 15

Mr. Stanger

On their way Willie's companion remarked that while he was visiting his friends he heard some one say that a person named Stanger, who resided at Faceby, a village about seventeen miles from Thirsk, had read the Book of Mormon, and desired to see a Mormon Elder.

Next morning Willie accompanied his companion to the railway station, where they shook hands and parted. After the parting Willie felt very lonely. He was a long way from home and friends, and without money. Besides this, the one whom he had expected would share the responsibility of the mission, be the partner in his toils, and his companion in the unavoidably long journeys which had to be made on foot, had now left him to battle with the opposition of the world alone. While feeling cast down with these reflections, he remembered the remark of his friend the evening before concerning the gentleman at Faceby who wished to see a Mormon Elder. This remark had fastened itself upon his mind, and he felt very forcibly impressed to go to Faceby. Finally he started. About noon he arrived at the entrance of a narrow lane leading up to the village.

When he entered this lane he slackened his pace. Faceby was in sight. Willie wondered in what way he could best introduce himself. He hardly felt certain that Stanger was the name of the person that he wished to find. And then, if Stanger proved to be the right man, and he had the good fortune to find the gentleman, how could he introduce himself? What could he possibly say to him? He had never seen the man whom he sought, neither had he any letter of introduction.

As he neared the village his embarrassment increased. Just then at a short turn of the road he met an aged lady, whom he addressed as follows:

"Please, madam, can you tell me whether there is a resident in this village named Mr. Stanger?"

The lady pointed to a farm house that wore a rather ancient appearance, and answered, " Mr. Stanger lives in that house."

Willie opened the garden gate, went down the foot path to the house, and gently rapped at the door; a middle aged gentleman answered the call.

"Is this Mr. Stanger's residence ?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you the gentleman?"

" I am, sir."

"I have been informed that you have read the Book of Mormon; also that you have desired to see an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I have the honor to be one, sir, and have taken the liberty to call upon you."

"You have been rightly informed; will you please come in, sir?"

Willie walked in, and Mr. Stanger introduced him to his sister, who was keeping house for him.

"Are you hungry, sir?" asked Mr. Stanger.

"I am, sir."

Addressing his sister, Mr. Stanger said: "Mary, get the gentleman a good dinner."

Mary did so, and Willie did justice to a farmer's substantial meal.

After dinner Mr. Stanger enquired whether Willie would remain and preach to them on the morrow, which was the Sabbath day.

"Yes, sir, with pleasure."

"Well, sir, I hope you will try to feel at home, and make yourself as comfortable as possible during our absence this afternoon. It is now hay time and we are very busy."

"Mr. Stanger, have you any objections to my going out to assist you in your hay-making? If you have not, I would prefer to go,"

"We do not wish to set you at work, sir ; but your company would be agreeable if it would please you to favor us with it."

Willie went to the field with Mr. Stanger and his men, and took hold of the work with him. The news spread like wild fire that a Mormon Elder had come to Mr. Stanger's, and was then actually working in the field, and that he was expected to preach on the morrow.

Many came during the afternoon whose object appeared to be to try to get the dimensions of a Mormon, when they discovered that Mormon Elders were like other men.

That evening four persons invited Willie to dine with them next day, and many showed him marks of great kindness. Willie felt that the Lord was giving him great comfort where he had had but little reason to expect it. This encouraged him, and dispelled the gloom that the circumstance of his companion leaving him had thrown around his path. He now felt glad that he had not yielded to the impressions that had caused his companion to go home.

Next day it was arranged that Willie should preach at a farmhouse a little farther up the village, belonging to Mr. James Stanger, a brother of the first Mr. Stanger. Meeting was appointed for 2 o'clock p. m. When the time arrived the house proved to be too small for the congregation, consequently meeting was held in the open air. The people appeared to be well pleased, and many invited him to visit them at their homes, for which purpose he remained at Faceby the following day. His visits afforded him much pleasure; for many families gave him kindly greeting, and bade him welcome to their comfortable rural homes.

It was known that Willie was to leave Faceby the next day, and that he was traveling without purse or scrip, therefore some of the ladies, fearing that he might not have a timely call to dinner, in their extreme kindness, made tarts, pies and turnovers, and insisted that he should place them in his portmanteau. In this way he was actually loaded down with their kindness.

Chapter 16

Application for Baptism

In about a month Willie returned to Faceby. His new friends received him very kindly. It was announced that he would preach in Mr. Stanger's the following evening. He filled the appointment and during the discourse, a local preacher, of the Methodist persuasion interrupted him with remarks. Willie told him that he thought it would be more compatible with the character of a gentleman if he would cease these interruptions, and listen till the close of the discourse; and on condition of his compliance with this suggestion he should have a hearing at the close of the meeting. The gentleman did not interrupt Willie again, but sat still until he had closed his remarks; then he arose and said that he did not believe some things that had been advanced. He did not believe that baptism was essential to salvation; that

much evidence could be brought to prove that the only thing necessary for man's salvation was faith on the Lord Jesus Christ.

After speaking about fifteen minutes in this strain, he closed by saying: "My friends and fellow travelers to eternity, we may never meet again in the flesh, and I would like to pray with you before we part. I came here tonight with a friend of mine (Mr. Martial) on whose account I cannot remain longer with you, therefore let us kneel down."

So saying he bowed down upon his knees. Just then a young man, son of Mr. James Stanger, took hold of his coat collar and raised him to his feet, telling him that he had a hearing, and raised some objections, and that the meeting would be pleased to hear the answer.

The local preacher appeared to be excited. He had no relish for remaining to hear an answer to what he had said. For a moment he had forgotten his friend on whose account he could not remain longer at meeting, and in a desperate manner rushed for the door, followed by the young man, intent upon urging the necessity of his remaining to hear the other side of the question. He could not see the point, and through great exertion reached the door first. The door was opened with a vengeance, and a regular foot race took place, but the preacher who was a good runner, soon outran his pursuer, who gave up the chase and returned to the meeting.

That evening John Etherington, a warden of the established Church of England, said at the close of the meeting that he believed Willie had preached the truth, and made application for baptism. The night was dark, the hour was late, and some distance had to be traveled in order to gain a suitable place; nevertheless, the warden was baptized.

That night Willie retired to rest with his heart full of gladness and thanksgiving for the many blessings that heaven had strewn upon his path. Faceby was not, in reality, a part of Willie's appointed field of labor. It was too far in the north to form a part of his district, but he was led there by the whisperings of the Spirit of God, just as Philip was led to go and preach Jesus to the eunuch.

Chapter 17

"Do You Believe in Baptism for the Dead?"

Willie now went to Knaresborough, nearly forty miles distant from Faceby, which was then the most central point of his labors. Here he visited a young lady, an invalid, who had been confined to her bed for about ten years. This lady had long been favorable to the truth, and many of her Christian friends had become alarmed at her preference. She told Willie on his arrival, that a gentleman, a minister of the Reformed Methodist church, had just been to visit her. He told her that the Latter-day Saints were a wicked people, and that they preached false doctrines; and

requested that she would arrange with the next Mormon Elder that should visit her, to meet him in her room, where they would have a conversation upon the doctrines believed in by the Mormons ; and he felt assured that he could tear away the mask, and prove to her that Mormonism was entirely without foundation.

After narrating the above, she inquired whether Willie would meet the gentleman agreeable to his request. Willie answered that he would. A note was then written to the minister and forwarded by a servant. On receipt of the note, the minister came in great haste. A formal introduction was given, and the minister, assuming much importance, took his seat.

"Are you a Mormon Elder?"

"I sometimes receive that appellation, sir."

"Well, of late, I have felt a great desire to have a conversation with a Mormon Elder. Please answer me candidly: do you believe in baptism for the dead? "

"May I be allowed to ask, sir, if you believe in baptism for the living?"

"To be candid, sir, I must confess that I am not fully decided in its favor."

"I am of opinion, sir, that we should appear more consistent were we to discuss the doctrine of baptism for the living, and allow the dead to rest until our own case shall have been fully settled."

"Then," said the minister, "if you so urge the matter, we will turn our conversation upon baptism for the living, and after giving that subject due consideration, we will discuss your doctrine of baptism for the dead. When the jailor asked the Apostle Paul what he must do to be saved, Paul did not say, go and be baptized, but he simply said, believe in the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Are you not mistaken, sir, for by continuing the same passage, we read that in the same hour of the night, the jailor and his household were baptized. If Paul did not tell them to be baptized why were they baptized, and that, too in the same hour of the night?"

"If they were baptized, the passage does not state that they were so commanded."

"It is evident that Paul told them to be baptized, or they would not have done it ; besides if he did tell them so, it was only in perfect keeping with the words of Jesus to Nicodemus: 'Except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven.' "

"Do you mean to say that a man cannot enter the kingdom of heaven unless he be baptized in water? "

"I only quoted the words of Jesus, sir," replied Willie. "It was He who said so, in whose mouth guile was never found."

"Baptism cannot be essential to salvation ; for there are many persons to whose condition baptism will not apply, and to apply would be to violate the divine word of God, as contained in the holy scriptures. For instance, this young lady has been confined to her bed for years, and to take her now, and put her into the water, God's word would be transgressed."

"In what respect, sir? "

"Well, I will prove it to you. ' Do thyself no harm.' Is that scripture?"

"Yes, sir."

""Thou shalt not kill.' Is that scripture? "

"Yes, sir."

"Then baptism cannot be essential to salvation, for here is a case to which it will not apply. Now, were you to baptize this lady in water, it is very probable that it would cause her death, and remember, ' thou shalt not kill.', And again, should it not cause her death, it would most assuredly do her harm, and the scripture emphatically says, 'do thyself no harm.' "

"Allow me, sir, the privilege of quoting scripture in the abstract, as you now have done, and I can prove (allowing it to be your guide) that you are required to go and hang yourself."

"What did you say, sir, that you could prove from the Bible that I must go and hang myself?"

"I did, sir."

"Then I demand your proof, sir."

"Remember, sir, that I am to be allowed to quote scripture in the abstract, as you have done."

"Proceed, sir."

""And Judas went out and hanged himself.' Is that scripture? "

"Yes, sir."

"'Go thou and do likewise.' Is that scripture, sir?"

Here the minister would not answer.

"And 'what thou doest, do quickly.' Is that scripture, sir ? "

The last question was too much for the minister. He rose from his seat in a fit of desperation, and frantically rushed into the street. Willie and the lady could not help laughing at his ludicrous appearance, and the unceremonious manner in which he had left them.

Chapter 18 **"That Dream Will Be Fulfilled"**

Willie traveled in the vicinity of Knaresborough for several months, going from town to town, village to village, and house to house, distributing pamphlets; holding conversation with the people and to the utmost of his ability trying to extend a knowledge of the truth. He had opened up many preaching places, gained many friends and, in comparison with the first part of his mission, his path had become tolerably smooth.

All at once the scene changed; most of the places opened for preaching were closed. Many of his friends now turned their backs upon him, and dark clouds seemed to be gathering around his path. Now he turned his steps toward a small village, where he thought he had friends from whom he could surely receive a little comfort. But to his great astonishment a family who had hitherto treated him with great kindness, now forbade him their house. He now called upon another family who had also been friendly, here he received a repetition of insult, which made his visit very short and unpleasant. He visited a third family and received similar treatment. A minister of the Methodist church had poisoned their minds against the truth, and by means of base slander, turned Willie's friends into enemies.

Hungry, faint and weary, Willie left this village, and after walking some distance sat down to rest beneath some tall trees that were growing by the fence on the side of the road. While sitting here one of his teeth commenced aching, which afflicted him very much. Dark clouds were gathering over, head, and the rain had already begun to fall. Every circumstance seemed to aid in deepening the gloominess of Willie's condition. The tempter thought this his most favorable opportunity, and whispered, "You would do better to go home than to remain here in this plight, wandering from town to town, like an outcast. You are hungry and faint and no one will give you food. It is stormy and you are cold and wet, and no one will give you shelter. You are without money and without friends. Go home or you will perish. Besides you have talent, and were you to go home you might perhaps obtain a good situation, have plenty of pocket money, enjoy life, and mingle with the

gay young men who were your companions in your boyish days. Now, reflect before you go farther ; weigh the matter well. Here is pain, there is pleasure. Here is want, there is plenty."

Willie now thought of his resolution never to return home until recalled by those who sent him, and he still felt determined to carry it out ; nevertheless he felt much cast down in his feelings, and it also occurred to his mind that although he had been on his mission for a considerable length of time, he had only baptized one person, the church warden of Faceby. Willie could not see that he had accomplished much during the many months he had been traveling, and he now knelt down upon the grass, and, in childlike simplicity and heart-felt words, he prayed to God:

"O Father, why are there no fruits to my labors? What is the reason that nearly all my friends have forsaken me, that nearly every door is closed against me ? Is the fault in me, Thy servant? If so, show it unto me and I will repent of it. Reveal unto me the right way and I will walk therein. Witness unto me that my labors are accepted of Thee, and by Thy help I will remain at the post of duty though all the world hate me. Give unto me Thy favor, and my soul shall be satisfied." A gentle whisper came, as though it was from his guardian angel, "This is the day of trial, be faithful and it will soon be past."

Willie rose to his feet feeling much refreshed, and with a testimony in his heart that God and the hosts of heaven were his friends. He now went to a place called Skelton. Here friends were raised up who administered to him in his necessities, and the Methodists invited him to preach in their chapel. Willie accepted the invitation and bore a faithful testimony to the truth. Many persons in the congregation wished him to make another appointment and preach there again, but the minister objected. A gentleman invited Willie to preach in his house if they would not allow him the chapel again, and an appointment was made accordingly for the following week. A number of other houses were opened for preaching in the villages for three or four miles around Skelton, and whenever Willie had an appointment to preach, Mr. John Cummings, the gentleman above referred to, was sure to be present, who invariably invited Willie to accompany him home.

Mr. Cummings had formerly spent considerable of his hard earnings for liquor, which had detracted much from the comfort of his family. He had now become sober, and had not drank any liquor since his first acquaintance with Willie. All his earnings now went home to make his family more comfortable. His reformation and the increased benefits enjoyed by his family were apparent to all the neighborhood.

Notwithstanding the reformation that had taken place in Mr. Cummings' character, and the greatly improved condition of his family, Mrs. Cummings' heart was hardened by the power of Satan to become a bitter enemy to Willie. He could discern that she did not make him welcome in the absence of her husband, but notwithstanding all her hardness and perverseness, Mr. Cummings continued to be

Willie's friend, and they often would sit up till nearly midnight conversing about the principles of the gospel. One night Mrs. Cummings, who had been sitting in a pensive mood listening to the conversation, at one of the intervals remarked:

"Last night I had a very singular dream. I dreamed that I was traveling on a road, and on looking back I discovered Mr. Willie running after me. I tried to escape, but notwithstanding all my efforts he overtook me.

Willie answered: "That dream will be fulfilled, and the interpretation of it is that I shall soon baptize you."

"No, sir, that can never be. I shall never be a Latter-day Saint."

"Time will tell."

Willie had an appointment to preach at Longthrope, a small village about three miles from Skelton. A report was circulated that a learned minister of the Baptist church was going to attend the meeting, to oppose Willie and put down Mormonism in that region. The lady referred to previously, who determined never to become a Latter-day Saint, felt particularly to rejoice over the prospect of the downfall of Mormonism, and although in a very unfit condition for walking, on the night of the meeting, she walked to the village where it was to take place. A full congregation convened, but the Baptist minister did not appear.

The Lord poured out His Spirit upon Willie, and he preached to the people in great power, and strange as it may appear, that night Mrs. Cummings was convinced of the truth.

That evening, as usual, Mr. Cummings invited Willie to his home. On their way Mrs. Cummings appeared to be very thoughtful and as soon as they arrived at home the following conversation took place:

"Well, John, what do you think about being baptized tonight?" asked Mrs. Cummings.

"Well, Hannah, I am hardly ready yet, but if you choose to be baptized you can do so."

"I feel that what I have heard is the truth of God, and that if I do not receive it I shall be condemned. I feel that there is no rest for me till I am baptized." Turning to Willie, she said: "Will you baptize me, sir?"

"With pleasure," replied Willie.

It was then nearly midnight, and a mile and a half had to be traveled before they could reach water. The night was dark and cold, and their path led through the fields to a deep and sluggish river.

As soon as they were ready for going into the water they knelt down upon the grass and offered up a prayer. No mortal eye could see them, no mortal ear could hear them, but the sweet influence that prevailed told them of the presence of angels who had come to witness the return of a stray sheep to the fold of the true Shepherd.

Chapter 19 **The Gooseberry Bush**

One Sabbath morning, after this Willie went to a neighboring village and preached in the open air. A gentleman, John Horsman by name, at the close of the meeting, told Willie he was well pleased with the discourse.

When this gentleman returned home he felt very much concerned about what he had heard, and concluded to ask the Lord for a sign. For this purpose he went into the garden, where there was a collection of thirty gooseberry bushes. He selected one of the healthiest among them, and kneeling down, prayed as follows:

"O, Lord, if Joseph Smith be a true Prophet, and the Book of Mormon a divine revelation, smite this tree, I pray Thee, that it may wither and die."

From that time the tree began to wither and finally died. Many persons went to see the dying tree who expressed much astonishment at seeing it, though some tried to reason the matter away, and thought that "it just happened so."

John Horsman was baptized, and during the following three or four months some fifteen or twenty others followed his example, and soon a branch was organized at Knaresborough, consisting of twenty-eight members.

The sectarians were very much alarmed at Willie's success, and concluded that something must be done to stop the rapid progress of what they termed Mormonism, and for this purpose the Church of England, Reformed and Primitive Methodists, Baptists and Calvinists were united. In the prosecution of their plan they sent to Newcastle for a man to come and aid them in killing Mormonism, and then preach its funeral sermon. The gentleman referred to answered their call, and arrived at Knaresborough in due time. It was considered necessary for him to exhibit his ability, and therefore he was requested to preach a trial sermon in the Baptist chapel. Either on account of the peculiarity of his circumstances or from some other cause he fell below their expectations and was rejected.

After the gentleman from Newcastle had been rejected it was decided that John Theobald, of Leicestershire, was the most suitable man for the occasion ; and,

although he resided nearly two hundred miles distant he was sent for and in due time arrived. A challenge was then sent to Willie for a discussion. Willie was then only nineteen years old, and felt very diffident. He consulted his president, who wrote to the Presidency of the British Mission upon the subject; their counsel was that Willie should accept the challenge. Willie offered to do so on condition that Mr. Theobald would give his services to the people and labor without purse or scrip as he did. Willie proposed that if a charge should be made for admission, and an overplus should remain after defraying expenses, that that overplus should be given to some charitable institution or to the poor of Knaresboro'. This proposition was rejected, and Mr. Theobald concluded to deliver a course of lectures against Mormonism. He thought to get considerable money by this means, for he charged each person for admission.

Willie felt well satisfied that the discussion had been avoided, for he did not like the undertaking; nevertheless, if he could not have avoided it honorably, he felt determined to maintain his position as best he could; for he did not like to neglect anything that he was required to do.

When the lectures came off Willie felt impressed to attend the first and explain to the public the reason why they had the lectures in place of a discussion. When he entered the hall all eyes were upon him. He took his seat in front of the lecturer, who, at the close of his remarks, gave an invitation to any Mormon Elder to come forward for a debate.

Willie walked to the stand, amid loud cheers, clapping of hands and stamping of feet. He very calmly told the audience that he had offered to meet Mr. Theobald in discussion to present them the other side of the question, but that Mr. Theobald had rejected his offer, thinking that there was more money in the lectures than in the proposed discussion. Willie further said that he was still willing to meet Mr. Theobald on honorable terms, but that he was not willing to be used as a tool in procuring gain for him. (Loud cheers!)

On the last evening the audience requested the debate to be continued longer. Willie expressed his willingness to comply with the request, but Mr. Theobald objected. He said that he would not stand there one minute after the expiration of his obligation. It will be remembered that at the beginning of the debate Mr. Theobald said that he would whip the boy first, and then he would be willing to meet any of the leaders of the Mormon Church; but his tone and expression now indicated that he had become weary of his task.

Mr. Theobald, in his closing speech, announced a lecture he proposed to deliver in the Baptist Chapel. No females or males under nineteen years of age were to be admitted. Willie told the people that he felt extremely sorry that he was so unfortunate as to be a few months under the age of nineteen, for his lack of years deprived him of the privilege of attending the important lecture just announced.

In going out of the chapel Willie had to pass through the vestry, where to his astonishment he found fifteen or twenty of the Methodists awaiting his arrival. He passed around shaking hands with all. Some wished he was a Methodist; others thought him capable of doing much good if he only had a good cause to advocate.

Willie answered: "My labors are in defense of truth. The work of God is the cause I have espoused, and I deem no other cause worthy of being placed ahead of it."

A party of friends (outsiders), on whom the discussion had made a favorable impression, presented Willie with a nice, Japan box, several fine shirts, a set of gold studs, and a silver tooth-pick, and, in addition to this, bade him welcome to their homes.

Within a few weeks five or six were added to the Church; houses were opened in all the country round for preaching, and friends were raised up in every direction, which made a change in Willie's condition.

Remembrance

Tokens of your ardent love
Those bright golden studs declare
May our God who reigns above
Guard you with a father's care.
Tho' I wander far away,
Near my heart I'll wear for you,
These bright gems which oft will say,
Think of those whose hearts are true.

When in distant lands I roam
I shall then remember well,
Tho' the sea between us foam,
I've bid faithful friends farewell,
Friends who lov'd my path to cheer
Friends who blessed me with a smile—
Friends to me forever dear
In old England's lovely isle.

(Written by William Walton Burton on receiving a set of studs from a party of friends in Knaresbrough, March 5th 1853.)

Chapter 20

A Miraculous Preservation

About this time he went to Bilton, a small village in which resided the gentleman whose gooseberry bush was killed in answer to the prayer. The gentleman was now in the Church, and a faithful Latter-day Saint. Willie had a very pleasant interview with him, and visited several friends and conversed with them about the principles of the gospel, and distributed tracts throughout the neighborhood. He had engaged to spend the evening and stay over night with a brother whom he had lately baptized, and whose residence was nearly two miles distant. The river Knidd lay between him and his destination. The stream was deep and slow. The main traveled road led by Knaresborough, to his friend's house, a distance of about six miles, while a direct course would not exceed two.

Willie now stood near a railroad bridge, hesitating whether or not to go over, which would save him upwards of four miles. He finally concluded to cross the bridge. He had no sooner gained the other side than he heard a train behind him. It seemed to fly as if on the wings of the wind. After it had passed Willie entered a path that led through the fields towards the place of his destination. At first the path was plain, but as he advanced it became more difficult to trace, and finally was entirely lost. He traveled on, not knowing where he was going. He often thought that he could discern familiar objects just ahead of him, and as often was deceived. He eagerly climbed upon the fences, and strained his eyes to catch sight of some tree or object that he had seen before, but all was in vain. He was perfectly lost; he could not tell the north from the south, nor the east from the west, and there was nothing before him apparently but to walk the lonely fields through the silent hours of the night. He finally came to a forest of large trees, the shade of which gave a deeper hue to the darkness of that very dark night. He found it difficult to avoid coming in contact with them.

Willie now inclined to the right of the timber, walked leisurely along, entirely lost in thought. He carried a small cane in his right hand. His object in walking appeared to be to keep warm rather than to aim for any given point. Suddenly his motion was arrested. He now stood still, without knowing the reason why. Instinctively he reached his cane in front of him, when to his astonishment he could find no bottom. He thanked God for this miraculous preservation, turned right-about-face, and tried to retrace his steps. In doing so he struck a wagon track, which he followed until it led him to the main road, and not far from his friend's house where he had engaged to spend the night.

The great danger that he had just passed filled his mind with awe; for he knew that it was the power of God that had saved him from the jaws of death, and prevented his falling into the frightful chasm, at the brink of which his guardian angel stopped him, and after showing him his condition led him through the extreme darkness which surrounded him to the very path for which he had so long been searching.

Willie soon arrived at the cottage of his friend, where he received admittance and a hearty welcome. He then related the story of his night-wanderings to the

family circle, who appeared to be much astonished at the wonderful deliverance that God had wrought out for him.

Chapter 21

“I Beg Leave, Sir, To Say No More”

He labored diligently and successfully in that field of labor during the following year, and did not lack much for neither food, money nor friends; though prior to this time, through extreme shyness, from his having been cast among strangers, he had suffered much for the want of all those necessaries. Now, many persons had been baptized, branches of the Church had been established, and numerous friends were raised up for him who were ever willing to administer to his wants.

He was now removed from Knaresborough and the surrounding country to a new field of labor. Here, again, he had to break up new ground; all were strangers to him. The Latter-day Saints were unknown to the inhabitants of many of the towns and villages which it fell to his lot to visit. Some had heard that such a people existed, but all they knew about them was gained from reports of scandal.

One night, just before dark, Willie entered the town of Helmsley, Blackey Moore. No doubt his gait gave evidence to all who saw him of the weariness of his limbs; for he had had a hard day's walk, and was footsore and weary, both in body and mind; without money, friends or home to shelter him. There was no kindred soul to give him kindly greeting. The streets were thronged with men of business and pleasure; but all were strangers to him, and passed by him apparently without caring to know anything about his condition.

Soon he came to what he considered a suitable place for a public meeting. Here he borrowed a chair, stood upon it and began to preach; and in a very short time a large audience gathered around him. He preached on the principles of the gospel with great plainness, for the Spirit of God rested upon him abundantly, insomuch that he no longer was weary in body or mind, but felt that God was with him and that all was well.

When he closed his discourse, a local preacher of the Methodist church offered some remarks. He said he had read a pamphlet called the "Kingdom of God," written by an Apostle of the Mormon Church named Orson Pratt, and stated that in this pamphlet the Bible was set at naught and a plain statement made that the historical portion of the sacred book could not now be relied upon as a guide for Christians. He rehearsed some of the stories circulated against the Mormons by Madam Scandel, and labored hard to make an impression against Willie and the Latter-day Saints.

“Do you believe, sir,” said Willie, “that the historical portions of the

Scriptures were intended by the Almighty to be a guide for and to direct the cause of Christians who dwell upon the earth at the present day?"

"I do, sir," said the Methodist minister.

"Then, sir," said Willie, "if we follow out your idea of the matter all good Christians and conscientious believers in the Bible must pass through the Red Sea. Because we read in the Scriptures that Jesus rode through the streets of Jerusalem seated upon an ass's colt, you consider it your duty to get a donkey and do likewise?" Voice from the crowd, "He has a donkey; he is ready for the trip. "

The last reference being so well adapted to his condition, caused great laughter and cheering. The gentleman, in his excitement, exclaimed to Willie: "I beg leave, sir, to say no more. "

After the noise had subsided, the Rev. John Rolls, minister of the Presbyterian church, stepped forward and told the people that he understood Mormonism from the thread to the needle, and that he felt it to be his solemn duty to oppose it. He inquired whether Willie would meet him in discussion.

Willie answered: "I have no objection, sir; but I have traveled far today, and on foot, and am very much fatigued; therefore would prefer to have some other evening appointed for the debate." A voice from the audience: 'Let us have the discussion tonight'. Mr. Rolls favored this motion, and Willie consented. The night was very calm; scarcely a breath of air could be felt.

It was now dark, and as it had been determined to continue the meeting, fifteen or twenty of the audience went to neighboring stores to buy candles, and returned with them lighted, holding them in their hands, and presenting a very singular appearance.

Mr. Rolls said that the Mormons believed that God has a form like unto man, possessing hands and feet, that he walks, talks, eats and drinks just like mortal man. He compared this with his faith of God -- an immaterial, undefined substance, filling all space and extending everywhere; without body, parts or passions. He spoke at great length against Mormonism and the Mormons.

Willie answered his opponent briefly, acknowledging that he and the people whom he represented did believe in a God in whose image man had been made; in a God with feet, and the same God that visited Abraham, ate and drank with him, and had his feet washed; in a God with hands, and who placed his hand upon Moses in the cleft of a rock; in short, in the God of the Scriptures the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob -- and thought that the immaterial, undefined God spoken of by his opponent must be a relative of the unknown God of the Athenians, to whom the Apostle Paul made reference; and added, addressing his opponent:

"Now sir, take away the parts, the passions -- love and hatred, for these are passions -- take away the body, and if there be anything left, please find us words to describe it."

Mr. Rolls proposed to close the debate, to be resumed on another evening, which was accordingly done.

After the close, a gentleman named Mr. Potter stepped up to Willie and addressed him as follows:

"Sir, as long as I have a home you are welcome to share it with me. Will you go with me tonight, and I will do my best to make you comfortable?"

Willie said: "Thank you, sir, I will be pleased to do so."

On the evening appointed for the continuation of the debate the Rev. Rolls was missing, and Willie preached to a large congregation and had a good time.

Remembrance

Thou sacred muse, my soul inspire,
Let ev'ry power of mind be strong,
And I with joy will tune the lyre
And sing one humble, heartfelt song.
In memory of the dying past
My pensive thought and artless strain,
Though not of taste nor beauty vast,
I think will not be sung in vain.

With purest love my soul is fired,
I fondly scan the scenes of yore,
And think of days which are expired,
And gone far hence, to come no more.
The past shall never be forgot,
Thought I must leave and say adieu;
Where 'er I roam, it matters not,
There I will still remember you.

I'll pray to him who reigns on high
To guard you with His spirit's power,
And let his care be ever nigh
When passing through temptation's hour.
In sweet communion oft we've met
Our sorrows and our joys to tell—
Those happy hours I'll ne'er forget,
Nor time, nor distance, ever quell.

Then, fare ye well, ye pure and blest,
Ye Saints and friends of Knaresbro town,
Of Otley, Shelton and the rest,
Where often the seeds of truth I've sown.
With you I can no longer stay,
Though I have lov'd you long and well;
My Master calls, I must away—
Ye Saints and friends, farewell, farewell.

Written by William Walton Burton to the Saints of the Knaresborough District

Chapter 22

The Ship Windermere

On Wednesday, February 22nd, 1854, the ship Windermere sailed from Liverpool with four hundred and sixty passengers, and Willie was one of that number. As the ship began to move from the dock some sweet voices commenced one of the songs of Zion, blending in soul-inspiring harmony, which thrilled the souls of the passengers, and the many friends standing on the shore gazing at the departing vessel, shouting farewell, good-by, their eyes filling with tears as their loved ones departed toward the dangers of the deep. No doubt they remembered that only the night before seven vessels with all on board went down in the depths of the Channel. As the land grew faint in the distance the sweet singing ceased, and many began to feel sick. Willie waited on some that were more afflicted than himself until the general surroundings became too much for his stomach, and he then repaired to the stern of the ship and for some hours experienced the feelings that only those can appreciate who have also been sea sick. About 8 p.m. the first day out an old gentleman named Squires died. The wind blew fiercely all the night; the sea was rough; the ship was driven out of its course towards the Isle of Man. About 11 p.m. Holly Head, which is a very dangerous point, and the scene of frequent shipwrecks, was passed. On the morning of the 23rd, about half- past eight o'clock, Father Squires, who died the night before, was thrown overboard. The sea was still rough and the wind blowing.

During this day the Windermere sailed by the remains of a wrecked vessel. Masts, sails and other fragments were floating around. Probably a few hours before many despairing souls had clung to these same objects, hoping for relief that never came. All had perished, and no signs of life remained, and the surging waves rolled over the bodies of the lifeless sleepers, while the wind wailed its requiem for the dead. Some were now beginning to get over their sea sickness, while many were still ill, and some confined to their berths. About this time was the first that Willie had seen of flying fishes. They would rise from the water and fly for a short distance and then drop into the water again.

After a while this life on the sea grew very monotonous, for the accommodations of the Windermere were very poor for so many passengers, and then it did not sail fast like the great ships that cross the ocean now propelled by steam. The Windermere was eight weeks, four nights and five days sailing from Liverpool to New Orleans, while the distance can now be made in about eight days. We were on the Atlantic Ocean about seven weeks without seeing any land. On the 12th day of March from seven to eight in the morning an exceedingly fierce storm arose. The wind roared like one of our mountain winds. The masts cracked and the sails were lashed to pieces. Soon after the commencement of the storm, Willie saw a little child, about two years old, between decks, and being afraid that it might get hurt, he made a spring towards it to save it from the pending dangers; but just as he moved towards the child the ship gave a great bound upon the great waves of the stormy Atlantic, and heaved upon its broadside dashing Willie upon the deck, and bruised his head so severely that other hands had to save the child.

The captain of the Windermere expressed fears that the ship could not stand so heavy a sea, and in speaking with Daniel Cams, President of the Saints on board, said: "I am afraid the ship cannot stand this storm. Mr. Cams, if there be a God, as your people say there is, you had better talk to Him, if He will hear you. I have done all that I can for the ship, and I am afraid that with all that can be done, she will go down." Elder Cams went to the Elders who presided over the nine wards in the ship, and requested them to get all the Saints on board to fast, and call a prayer meeting, to be held in each ward at 10 a. m., and pray that we might be delivered from the dangers of the stormy ocean. The waves were lashed into white foam; the storm continued in all its fury, but precisely at ten o'clock the prayer meeting commenced, and such a prayer meeting few have ever seen. The ship rolled from side to side. On one side the Saints were hanging by their hands, and on the other side they were standing on their heads. Then the ship would roll to the other side, which would reverse their positions. About this time the large boxes that were tied with ropes under the berths broke loose, and with pots, pans and kettles rolled with terrible force to and from each side of the vessel. Although the prayers were fervent and earnest, as the pleadings of poor souls brought face to face with danger and death, they ceased their prayers to watch and dodge the untied boxes, and great confusion prevailed for some time.

After this interruption of the prayer meeting, Willie and a young man named Charles Smith went upon deck and took their positions at one end of the steward's cooking galley, taking firmly hold of a rod of iron that reached across the end, to keep themselves from falling, as the ship rolled first on one side and then on the other. The wind roared like a hurricane. Sail after sail was torn to shreds and lost. The waves were very large, and as far as the eye could reach seemed to be one angry mass of rolling white foam. The hatches were fastened down, and only Willie and Smith of the passengers remained on deck, where they had to stay all this long and terrible day. Once Willie lost his hold on the iron rod, and rolled or slid to the edge of the ship, and nearly went overboard, but the ship heaved back in time to save him, and he succeeded in getting back to his former position.

This serious storm lasted about eighteen hours, and then abated a little, but it was stormy weather from the 8th of March until the 18th, and on the 18th when observation was taken with the quadrant, it was found that the ship was in the same latitude as it was on the 8th. On the 14th of March, which was two days after this terrible storm, the small pox broke out. One of three sisters was taken down with it. She had a light attack, and recovered, but her two sisters then came down with it and both died; and after that thirty-seven others; forty in all came down with it. Three days after the breaking out of the small pox the ship took fire under the cooking galley. At this time the passengers had not seen land for three weeks or more; when the cry of "Fire! fire! the ship's on fire!" rang through the vessel, and wild excitement and great consternation everywhere prevailed. The sailors plied water freely. All the water buckets on board were brought into use, and soon the fire was under control.

When the last of the three sisters who took the small pox died, it was evening, and Willie thought that he would get a good place from which to see the body thrown overboard: so he got outside the vessel and seated himself on the ledge extending out from the deck, placing each arm around a rope that led to the rigging. His feet were hanging over the ocean, and the ship was sailing about ten knots an hour. By this time darkness was fast setting in, but here he sat waiting to get a good view when the corpse should be thrown into the watery grave, where some said sharks were constantly seen following for prey. Willie went to sleep, and the funeral passed without his knowledge. The sound of feet walking on the deck behind him roused him from his slumber. A chill ran through him; his hair almost stood on end when he sensed his condition. Here he had been asleep, his feet hanging off the side of the vessel, which was rocking to and fro. He wondered how he had escaped falling overboard. It was now totally dark. He climbed into the ship and resolved never to expose himself so again.

About this time the stench and smell of the small-pox were fearful in every part of the vessel. Emma Brooks was the name of the young lady just thrown overboard. Her sister Fanny had died the same day about half-past one o'clock p.m., and was also thrown overboard about two o'clock. The funeral services were very impressive, and Willie could not help thinking a funeral at sea was the most melancholy and solemn scene that he had ever witnessed, especially when the sea was calm. A stillness like that of death prevailed, while an old sailor at intervals would imitate the doleful tolling of the bell of some old church, such as he had heard in some parts of England. The funerals were becoming frequent, and were almost a daily occurrence.

At this time the Windermere had been about six weeks out from Liverpool, and the passengers had never seen land from the time that they had entered the Atlantic. The days were now generally mild and the weather very pleasant. Willie had never seen the sun set in such grandeur before, and then the bright, pale moon seemed to be straight above their heads, shining perpendicularly upon the deck, and

had it not been for the sickness on board this part of the voyage would have been enjoyable.

On the 8th of April Willie and some others arose early in the morning to have a bath. The day was just dawning when a voice called out, "There is land! There is land!" This caused some excitement, and soon there was a rush from steerage and cabin to see land once more. This land was the Isle of St. Domingo. On the 9th they came in sight of the Island of Cuba, which is the chief among the West Indies. On this day, about ten o'clock a.m., a young man named Dee died of smallpox. At the time of his death the wind had ceased blowing; not a zephyr moved to form a ripple upon the waters. The sea appeared bright and clear, and seemed as smooth as a sea of glass. The young man that had just died was sewed up in a white blanket, and at the feet was placed a heavy weight of coal. A plank was then placed with one end resting in the porthole on the side of the ship, and the other near the main hatchway. The body was then placed on this plank. Then the doleful tolling of the bell began. Elder McGee made a brief address, suitable for the occasion, and offered a short prayer, after which the body and bedding of the young man were thrown overboard. The ship was standing perfectly still, and the body could be seen sinking in the water, until it appeared to be no larger than a person's hand. Willie thought that it was seen sinking for full fifteen minutes; some other passengers thought it still longer; some said that it was seen fully half an hour.

The passengers of the Windermere had passed through a terrible storm, the panic created by the ship taking fire, their numbers decreased by small-pox, still another fearful calamity threatened them. The fresh water supply was getting short and the store of provisions was giving out. The passengers were now limited to one hard, small, sea biscuit for a day's rations. The captain sent some sailors in a small boat to intercept a ship that was passing, in hopes of getting more provisions, but they failed. The Windermere now passed the western point of the Island of Cuba. The passengers had a good view of the lighthouse located on the most western point. The Gulf of Mexico was now before them. The Gulf stream flowed on like a vast river. Just think of this stream, five hundred miles across it, very deep and constantly flowing!

On the morning of the 20th of April the ship entered the mouth of the Mississippi River. The passengers were more glad to look upon the plantations of orange groves that bordered the banks of the river, than the great stormy, surging waves of the Atlantic, which they had left behind them. Sometimes the negroes would call from the shore and bid the emigrants welcome. While passing up the river to New Orleans there was another death, and the body was thrown overboard.

A Farewell Song

Adieu, adieu, my native shore,
I'm bond for yon fair dell;

Tho' ocean waves may loudly roar,
I gladly say farewell
To kindred, friends, I dearly love,
Who may not wish to go
O'er the blue brine with me to rove
And chase the buffalo.

Adieu, I go where men are free,
Where peace and concord reign;
Where Saints may dwell in unity
Beyond the desert plain.
There I will praise the Lord, my God,
On Zion's happy shore,
And tread the path the righteous trod
Who lived in days of yore.

Adieu, my father's cot;
In youth thou wert my home—
Is it because I love thee not
I go far hence to roam?
No, thou are dear to me—
I love thee long and well—
But go a Saint of God to be;
Then fare thee well, farewell.

William Walton Burton

Chapter 23

"Would They Ever Meet on Earth Again?"

In the twilight the ship arrived at New Orleans. The weather was quite warm, and the fireflies filled the air like so many sparks flying. As soon as the ship landed Willie went ashore to see if he could buy a loaf of bread, but could not find any to purchase, so he returned to the ship till morning, when he and three others went out into New Orleans, called at a restaurant, and had a first-class meal, for which they only had to pay twenty-five cents. Then they walked through the business part of the town, and returned to the river where they had left the ship, but the ship had been towed into the middle of the stream, where it was anchored and quarantined on account of having smallpox on board. Willie and his companions had to charter a small boat to take them to the ship. Finally those who were sick were conveyed to the hospital, and the rest commenced their journey in one of the river steamers up the river for twelve hundred miles to St. Louis.

The smallpox was all left behind at New Orleans, but no sooner had they left the latter place than cholera commenced havoc among the passengers, who were crowded into the boat with very little accommodations. This dreadful plague would

do its work in a few hours, and as the unfortunate ones had their sufferings relieved by death, the boat would pull to shore and in the silent, wild and romantic forests that lined the margin of the Mississippi River for hundreds of miles, a ghastly grave was dug and the sleeper was rolled in a blanket or other clothing and by his or her sorrowing companions, without ceremony, was carefully laid in a final resting place. After these last offices were performed for the dead, with aching heart each turned away from the newly-made and lonely grave, and the boat steamed on its way up the river; but the passengers with straining eyes would steadily gaze at the spot until some turn of the river would close the scene forever.

The boat called at many of the principal towns built on the river. At one was an advertisement in large letters: "Niggers for sale." Willie had never before been where one human being was owned by another, and offered for sale like so many cattle. This advertisement brought to mind the stories he had read of slavery in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The separation of husbands and wives, of parents and children, and the hair breadth escapes of many run away slaves. But as soon as the boat hands had finished taking on board a sufficient supply of cord wood for fuel, his thoughts were interrupted by the shrill whistle of the engine, giving notice to the passengers who had stepped ashore to get into the boat immediately, as it was now ready to start up the river.

Nothing particular occurred that was worthy of special notice, except a repetition of such gloomy scenes as have already been described, until the boat arrived near St. Louis. Here was an old, disabled boat called Hannibal, anchored beside a small, uncultivated island, and it was afterwards learned that it was inhabited by a man who used the island for a hog ranch. The passengers and baggage were unloaded into this old boat, and were quarantined here for more than a week on account of cholera. Boats would daily call at the Hannibal, and leave their yellow fever or cholera cases. It seemed to be kept purposely to receive those afflicted with any loathsome or contagious diseases. During that terrible week those that were not down sick had all that they could do to care for the sick and dying, and to dig graves for the dead. Many of the passengers of the Windermere who had survived the storms at sea, the fire on ship board, the small-pox, and the famine for provisions and water, here succumbed to the cholera, and in a rude way by friendly hands were laid in their last resting place.

Arrangements were finally made for the company to continue their journey westward in two smaller boats than the one that brought them from New Orleans. One of those two boats was called the Honduras. Their next point of landing was where Kansas City now stands. Then there were only a few rude houses that marked the march of civilization that far westward. The Honduras, on which Willie was a passenger, arrived at Kansas City about four a.m., and during the night previous Willie was taken with the cholera, and when the boat arrived was very sick. He had a large shawl or Scotch plaid which he wrapped around him, went ashore and laid down on the banks of the Missouri River; an aged gentleman low with cholera was carried off the boat and laid near Willie; then a young man named Brewerton was

laid on the other side of him. Both these died within two hours. Willie began to feel that unless he could soon have a change for the better that he also in a few short hours would be numbered with the dead. His thoughts carried him back to his home in old England. His widowed mother and brothers and sisters were there, anxiously waiting for him to go to the valleys of Utah, find an older brother who was already there, prepare a home and send for them to follow. Would they ever meet on earth again? Would all their fond hopes be blighted? These thoughts wrung his heart. He could not endure them. The great love he had for his dear mother and his brothers and sisters at home inspired him to rise up from his bed on the banks of the Missouri. This was a terrible effort. Only such thoughts could have moved him under the circumstances. Without them he would either not have made the effort, or if he had, would have shrank back to his grassy bed on the banks of the river, and perished there. But he still continued to exert himself until with the pain and the effort the sweat began to roll down his face in big drops as large as peas. The more freely the sweat flowed the better he felt, which gave him encouragement. Willie continued to improve until he had fully recovered.

Chapter 24

Separating the Cows and Calves

Soon after arriving at Kansas, by request Willie went to a farm about fifteen or twenty miles in the direction of Independence, Jackson County, where one Mr. McMurray was keeping some forty or fifty cows, with calves, until the Church assent should call for them. Mr. McMurray had purchased the calves, which were to run with the cows until they were taken away. Willie remained there about three weeks. All went on smoothly until the time came for separating the cows and calves, which were mostly of the Texas breed, and extremely wild and vicious. The cows were driven to camp, which was about two miles from Westport, near Kansas. They were put up into a corral and closely herded. Next day they were to be yoked up. A good, strong force, including Willie, under the direction of a Mr. Irons, were assigned the task.

Mr. Irons was an old frontiersman, and could swing the lasso in true Mexican style. This force went to the corral, climbed over the fence, but before Mr. Irons could get the lasso adjusted five or six of the wildest of the cows raised their heads erect, with eyes glaring fiercely, throwing their tails up, and with furious bound rushed at the approaching company. No one waited for any word of command, but each seemed to take a notion at the same time that he would like to see how quickly he could jump that fence. The feat was performed at exactly the same instant. Under other circumstances they might not have jumped so near together; it was done as though it was only one single effort. Now the operations were conducted from the outside of the corral. The cows were caught with the lasso, drawn up to the fence, and securely tied to a post in twos. Then the yoke was placed over their neck. None of these efforts aimed at their civilization seemed to be appreciated, for they put their tongues out, and with the full strength of their lungs bellowed at their captors.

This work of subjugation lasted nearly all day. When all were yoked up they were let out upon the prairie to get acquainted with their yokes and exercise themselves in their new kind of employment. Quite a number broke their horns off; some broke their necks. Two of the cows freed themselves from the yoke and went back to Mr. McMurray's farm. Daniel Gamble, a young man named Martill, and Willie were sent to recover the two. They stayed all night at the farm. Next morning, on foot, they started back with the two cows. Some three or four miles on the way the cows ran off into the timber. One of them took a straight shoot back for the farm. On account of being driven from her calf she was furious, and would run at anyone going near her.

Willie and his companions concluded to try to catch the cow with a lasso and tie a dry pole about eight or ten feet long in front of her horns, so that she might be stopped from dodging into the timber. But none of the party were experts at throwing the lasso, and therefore had to go into the yard to catch her, which none of them liked to do. A young man at the farm offered to go into the yard to try to catch her if one of the other party would go in with him. Willie volunteered, and gathered a stick for self-defense. The other young man filled his pockets with rocks, and thus armed the two went in to catch the cow. There was an apple tree standing in the yard, and when the cow, on mischief bent, dashed at them, the young man with the rocks climbed the tree. Willie might have done so too, but could not for his companion, so he concluded to defend himself with a stick. As she came toward him he dealt her a blow with the stick and dodged behind the tree. This blow intimidated her, and they succeeded in catching her with the rope. She was secured and the pole safely fastened in front of her horns. This done, the party resumed their journey, but when the timber was reached the cow turned her head sideways, which placed one end of the pole along the side of her ribs, and the other pointing straight out in front of her, and in this way she could run in among the timber about as well as before, in consequence she was lost in the forest, and the party, faint, hungry and tired, gave up the chase.

Night was coming on, and they were fifteen or twenty miles from camp, without money, and in Jackson County, Missouri, from which the Saints had previously been driven ; therefore, they were afraid that they might not succeed in getting anything to eat were it known that they were Mormons. All concluded to go to a farm house close by, and Willie was to order supper for the party and then make the best settlement with them that he could. The order was given, chickens were killed, and a fine supper was prepared, which after awhile was announced ready. During this preparation the party were ill at ease, and especially Willie, for he was afraid that he, in behalf of the company, might be unable to satisfy' the demands of their host. However, after each had laid in a good supply and they were ready to depart, Willie told their host that they had no money, but that they would leave anything they had to satisfy them for the repast. After talking a little while, Willie sold him the wild cow for the supper and an old knife and five dollars, the purchaser to hunt her up and do the catching. Now they started for camp, footsore and weary. They arrived about midnight and made their report, which was fully approved.

Chapter 25 Taming the Wild Steers

Several days were now spent in trying to tame the wild steers and cows, which were mostly of the Texas breed, with wide-spreading horns. They seemed as fierce and untamable as the buffalo of the plains. Willie had agreed to drive a team for H. J. Jarvis, a merchant who let him have one yoke of cattle, about half gentle, and two three-year old yokes of Texans that were about the wildest in camp. In the afternoon of the 19th day of June, 1854, the wagons began to move out from camp. The wagon Willie drove was last to start. He had put his gentle yoke for tongue cattle and the wild Texans for leaders; he had a rope however, on the horn of the nigh steer which seemed very much offended at this appendage.

All the wagons were now in motion and the journey of more than a thousand miles began over beautiful prairies covered with tall, waving grass, and the dreary sage plains, and lastly the rugged defiles of the Rocky Mountains. A storm came up suddenly and the rain came down in torrents, the road got slippery and Willie's team got stuck while trying to climb a steep hill. Mrs. Jarvis was riding in the wagon, and Mr. Jarvis was trying to help Willie drive the team. The steers got their legs tangled in the chains and became unmanageable. Willie and Jarvis took firmly hold of the rope that was fastened to the head of the nigh steer, then unhooked the chain, but before they could get things right and the chain hooked up again, the steers bounded over the prairie with break-neck speed, dragging Willie and Jarvis after them. Jarvis fell among the wet grass and rolled frantically on the ground, calling loudly for Willie to hold to the steers. After a long rough and tumble race over the prairie, with Jarvis' help, Willie succeeded in getting the steers back to the wagon, and chained them and the other cattle securely to the wheels. After this adventure both Willie and Jarvis were drenched to the skin. Darkness began to set in, the rain still poured down in torrents, and no possible hope of moving on that night. Every wagon of the rest of the train had long since passed out of sight over the western horizon. On the frontiers of an Indian country, wet, weary, and discouraged, they settled down to pass the night as best they could, and anxiously awaited the dawning of another day. This night seemed almost like a month, but at last the day dawned upon them and the sun rose in splendor, inspiring the occupants of this belated wagon with hope. But the road was still wet and slippery, and Willie and Jarvis, with their limited knowledge of driving an ox team were unable to make a start. Soon a negro boy came along who proved to be a fine teamster, and after looking at the forlorn outfit, said:

"Bin dar all night?"

"Yes," said Willie. "We cannot make the cattle pull the load, the road is so slippery."

"Can't make em pull de load! I make em pull dat load." And on being requested to try it, he made the cattle haw a little, then with a scientific shake of the whip, a loud crack and a slight touch with the lash where it was most needed, the cattle straightened out and moved on with the load astonishingly easy. Thankful for the timely help of the negro boy, they pushed on their journey till they overtook the train.

During the time the company were in camp at Kansas many died with cholera, but as soon as they got fairly out on the plains, cholera left them, and the camp became quite healthy. While at Kansas trying to break in wild cattle, Willie seeing many roll up their sleeves, thought that he would do so too. So he rolled up his, but his arms were very tender, and the sun came out so hot that it burned them until the skin rose up in big blisters. About three days after this the company stopped to dinner near a small river, and Willie with several others went to bathe. He stripped off and jumped into the water. His arms now looked fearful for when he emerged from the water, the sore parts of his arms were perfectly raw, for the skin peeled off, and with his arms in this sad condition he had to look after the cattle, drive team and stand guard. However, they grew better much quicker than he expected.

The small prairie wolves were now beginning to be thick around camp at nights, and especially around the cattle and the herds that would go some distance from camp in order to find grass. At night the wagons were driven so as to form a circle or corral, and as soon as the cattle were unyoked three or four men at a time in turns would take a lunch, their guns and blankets and drive off the cattle in search of grass. Then two would take charge, and pace round the feeding cattle till midnight, then the others would take charge and stand guard till the cattle had to be driven to camp in the morning.

Nothing in particular occurred except the routine of travel and labor until the company reached Fort Kearney. Soon after passing Fort Kearney as far as the eye could reach, between the Bluffs and the Platte River was grazing on an eminence a herd of buffalo, thousands in number. Two or three were killed and the camp laid in a good supply of meat. Up to this time there had been little variety in diet. The only change being bread and bacon and then bacon and bread. Next day the buffalo still continued and seemed almost thick enough to attack the train. One large herd coming up out of the river, and finding the train of wagons in motion and strung out in a long length between them and the Bluffs, made an attempt to break through between the wagons, and it being feared that they might get tangled up with the yoked-up cattle and chains, all hands were quickly called out with their guns, who fired in among them to keep them back, and had it not been for this timely effort, all the cattle in the company might have stampeded, and the company been left on the plains in a suffering condition.

On the night of the 7th of August the company reached Ash Hollow. There was very little feed for the cattle, so the four herdsmen were instructed to cross the

Platte River in search of feed. At this place the river was full of quicksand. Two of the herders came near getting drowned. Next morning in driving the cattle back they also had great difficulty in getting over the river. It was soon discovered that five or six of the cattle had been left on the other side of the river, and none of the herdsmen wanted to risk crossing again and refused to go. The captain then called upon Willie to go, as one of the yoke of the missing cattle belonged to his team.

Willie said that he could not swim but that he would go and try it, if the captain would get him a little black pony that was owned in camp. The captain got the pony and Willie started. When about half way over the stream the pony sank in the quick sands. Just below was deep water, so Willie got off on the upper side, kept his left foot in the stirrup and took firmly hold of the saddle with his hands and wriggled the pony off into the deep water. He then sprang into the saddle again, and the pony went swimming along like a little boat. He proved to be an excellent swimmer. The Indians had owned him and no doubt he had passed many adventures of the kind. Soon he came to a gravel bar where he could wade, and after wading some time got into the quicksand again, and succeeded in getting out the same as before. When he reached the bank of the river the pony was swimming, but the bank was perpendicular and six or eight feet above the water. At this particular place the water eddied and whirled back up along side of the bank. A few rods above there Willie saw a break in the banks where buffalo and cattle no doubt had come to drink. So he turned the pony's head up stream and succeeded in getting out at this place. After hunting about an hour he found all the lost animals. Then he looked for a better crossing place, but did not find one to suit him, so he drove the cattle into the river where he had come out. The first step into the water the cattle went out of sight all but their horns. Willie rode in after them and had considerable difficulty, but finally got them all safely over, and the train moved on.

Chapter 26

Reaching the Great Salt Lake

Before reaching Laramie the company passed a very large number of Sioux Indians. There seemed to be thousands of them. They did not appear to be very friendly. It was afterwards learned that there were some differences between them and the soldiers situated at Fort Laramie, and next day it culminated in a fight, when one of the chiefs were killed. By this time the company had reached the Black Hills, and late at night drove into camp alongside of Captain Brown's company. Next morning a Crow Indian, and special friend of a post trader whose place was not far from camp, gave him the news of the Laramie trouble with the Sioux Indians, and warned him to flee immediately, as they would probably murder all the white people they could find, for they were on the war path and traveling westward. The trader and Indian visited the camp and informed Job Smith, the captain, of the situation, who immediately consulted with Captain Brown (whose company was ready to start), and desired him to wait till his company could also get their cattle up, and then the two companies start together. But Captain Brown declined and moved on. The cattle had been driven off two or three miles to get feed. Willie and

three others were sent after them and brought them up with all possible speed. In a few minutes the cattle were yoked up and the wagons rolled out. The cattle also seemed to partake of the fear felt by the people, and traveled much faster than usual.

About two o'clock p.m. they stopped at a swampy place, where the grass was good, and gave them a good feed, then rolled out again and traveled till sunset. A corral was formed, and the cattle with yokes were chained to the wheels inside. Many of the sisters especially were alarmed at fires seen on distant hills, which were said to indicate the presence of Indians. As soon as darkness came on the company moved onward again. The cattle seemed frightened, and traveled remarkably fast till nearly morning, and in this way the company succeeded in avoiding trouble with the Indians.

Some time before this a Brother Ford, now residing in Centerville, Davis County, was taken sick with mountain fever, and was now reduced nigh unto death. He could not walk and had to be moved like a child, and while lying helplessly sick in the wagon the train moved on up a dugway. About half way up was a very sharp turn, and on the off-side quite a precipice. A little boy was driving team. The left-hind wheel slid down to the very edge of the precipice. Willie, who was driving the next team behind, and was close up to the wagon in which Brother Ford was riding, instantly took in the situation, sprang on to the right-hind wheel and told the cattle to stop, and called for help, and his weight balanced the wagon till other teamsters near at hand came to the rescue. The cattle were kept still and the wagon held in position until Brother Ford had been lifted out, and the wagon was then put on the firm road again. All felt very thankful that Brother Ford and his team had been saved, for had they fell it must have been certain death.

As the company neared the Sweetwater, Brother Ford took a turn for the better, but was still extremely feeble. He was told that a little good French brandy would do him good. A man in the company named H. J. Jarvis had a keg of it. He was asked to let Brother Ford have a little, but refused, and in the absence of money the latter offered his watch as security, promising to redeem it as soon as possible after the arrival of the company, but all to no purpose. Jarvis did not wish to break into the keg, and therefore the sick man had to get along without it as best he could. At night Willie and some others were sitting around the camp fire talking with Captain Job Smith about the matter, when Captain Smith said, "That man has got but little feeling; but you take notice, that keg of brandy will not reach Salt Lake in safety." This saying became known throughout the camp, and was frequently a topic for conversation during the rest of the journey. Finally camp was formed at the western foot of the Little Mountain, in Emigration Canyon, and the cattle were unyoked for the last time before arrival at Salt Lake City. Many remarks were made as to the still safe condition of the noted brandy keg and its contents, and it was believed that the captain would not prove to be a true prophet. The night passed away, and early morning found the camp astir and full of joy that their long and wearisome journey of over eight months would be ended soon after noon that day. In this fond anticipation and rejoicing all in camp appeared to have forgotten the story of the

brandy keg. As the cattle were hitched up the wagons rolled out. The only prevailing idea seemed to be that the journey would end that day; but all the wagons had hardly left the campground before the wagon carrying the brandy upset. One end of the keg came out, and the brandy suddenly mixed with the waters of Canyon Creek, and coursed on its downward path to mix with the salt waters of the Great Salt Lake, and all the camp rejoiced except the owner of the keg.

Without further interruption the company reached Salt Lake City in the afternoon, and many hearts were made glad in meeting father, mother, sister, brother or dear friends who had gone to Utah before them, who brought supplies of bread, potatoes, etc., for the incoming company, who had been on short rations for some time. The night before Willie and some others gathered mushrooms for supper, their provisions having given out. The great mealy potatoes and loaves of bread that their friends had brought appeared more beautiful than would nuggets of gold. The company had been over three months crossing the plains from the Missouri River, during which time they had never seen any vegetables. Therefore, this first meal in the valley of Great Salt Lake seemed to be the sweetest and best they had ever eaten.

Chapter 27

“There You Will Find a Wife”

In company with John Lancaster, an intimate friend of Willie, he started for Kaysville, where he was kindly received by his eldest brother Robert and family. Willie worked with his brother and remained with him for about two years. During the fall and winter of '54 and '55 Willie taught school at Kaysville. In the spring he and his brother took up about one hundred and twenty acres of land below Ogden City, and early in March, 1854, Willie and a deaf and dumb boy named Holland, sent by Willie's brother, went to dig a ditch around the land, and fence it in with this ditch and a willow fence. They fixed a little shelter on the land with brush and camped there while working at fencing the farm. This work made Willie's hands very sore; they blistered, and the skin came off, but he kept on and soon his hands became accustomed to the work.

Willie was now twenty-two years old. His eldest brother, thinking that he was inclining to be a bachelor, advised him to seek a suitable companion and marry, as he considered the marriage state indispensable to the complete happiness of every true man, both in this life and that which is to come. One evening Willie was visiting with a neighbor, where in conversation the names of Rachel and Ellen Fielding were mentioned. Willie had never seen them. He knew nothing of their complexion, features or appearance. A very peculiar sensation passed through his mind, and it seemed as though someone said to him, "There is where you will find your wife." Soon after this Mrs. Hannah Fielding, mother of Rachel and Ellen, had a nephew, George Greenwood, arrive from England, who desired to purchase a farm, and Mrs. Fielding and her nephew called at Willie's brother's to make inquiry about a farm, and he offered for sale the one that Willie had been fencing. The farm was

examined and suited. It was then arranged for Willie and his brother to accompany Mrs. Fielding and her nephew to their farm at South Mill Creek, about thirty miles south, to see some work cattle it was desired to pay for the farm. When the party came near Mrs. Fielding's home at Mill Creek her daughter Rachel came to the door and was about to call to the party, "You are all welcome," but on seeing Willie with them, a stranger whom she had never seen before, she hesitated; however, she finally carried out her first intention, and bade the party all welcome. As soon as Rachel appeared at the door Willie noticed her, and on first sight felt that she would yet be his wife.

During the evening, while Willie and her father were much interested in conversation, Rachel privately whispered to her sister Ellen, "If I ever get married, that young man is just such a man as I want. " Probably the reason why Rachel told her sister was that some time before the two had entered into covenant together that in marriage they would never be separated, so they felt under some obligation to tell their preferences to each other. The business was consummated in relation to the farm, and Willie and his brother bade the family good-by and returned home.

Soon after this Rachel dreamed that she was traveling on a road that was full of mud holes and bad places. There, on this road, was a man who had asked her hand in marriage, desired her to travel with him, but she declined to do so. There she saw another young man riding a horse, whom she recognized as one that had sought to pay addresses to her, but she had rejected him. He now threatened her, but she still refused. Just at this time Willie approached and told her that if she would travel with him he would show her the best way to get over the bad places in the road. She accepted, and they traveled together a very long distance. They met with many bad places and difficulties in the first part of the journey, but finally the road began to grow better and continued to improve to the end. Rachel was astonished to see the singular clothing Willie had on a heavy coat, but light colored, and a pair of buckskin pants. She awoke and thought. "Well, its only a dream." Soon she went to sleep again, and the dream was repeated, and it seemed that someone gave her the interpretation, told her that the road that she had traveled was the journey of life. That she must have nothing to do with the first nor the second of her suitors, but that the third (Willie) that came to her would be her husband; that in the first part of the journey as she had seen they would meet with many hardships and difficulties, but as they traveled on together matters would improve and the last part of their life would be the best part.

Next time Rachel saw Willie he had the light colored coat on and buckskin pants, and was dressed exactly as she had seen him in her dream. From the time that Willie first saw Rachel he felt sure that she would yet be his wife, but although many months had now passed away he had never sought an interview, or had any conversation with her, for he had no means nor comfortable home for her. Soon after this, however, he concluded to ask her parents for her. He had to go thirty miles on foot. Before starting he prayed that God would direct him in this matter, and if Rachel would be a suitable companion to favor his plan and bless the union,

and if God would ordain otherwise to cause some circumstance to arise to hinder it. That if God would approve the union, he prayed that He would let the family know all about it without him telling them. This was Friday morning when he started on his important journey. He walked to Salt Lake City, stopped all night with Bishop E. F. Sheets. Next day (Saturday) went on to South Mill Creek, and arrived there about noon. The mother and two daughters were working at some quilting, and the father was reading a chapter from the Book of Mormon. Although it was only noon the father asked Willie to stay all night. He thought this a favorable sign that all was right, and accepted the invitation, The afternoon passed off pleasantly, but Willie sought no opportunity to talk with the young lady. On Sunday morning the father started on foot to Salt Lake City to attend meeting in the Tabernacle. Willie bade the family good-by and went with him. They walked about two miles together before Willie could get courage to ask Rachel's father for her, when the following conversation took place:

"Brother Fielding, are you willing that I should take your eldest daughter to wife?"

"I could have told you what you wished to say. Do you know that she is willing?"

"I do not know, for I have never talked with her on the subject."

"Supposing that she is not willing?" asked Father Fielding.

"Then that would end the matter with me," replied Willie.

"Are you willing to come into my family?"

"No, sir, I am not."

"What reason have you for objecting?"

"My reason is this: My father was a good, faithful man and a true Latter-day Saint, and let the consequence be what it may, I cannot promise to leave his family to go into another, believing that I have no right to do so. "

"I like your candor, and providing she be willing, you have my consent. "

"Will you please to ask her?"

Here the father smiled, and said that he would see about it.

When Willie came to reflect that he had trusted the whole matter to Rachel's parents to present his suit and ask her hand in marriage for him, and that, too, without ever having had any conversation with her, he felt that from a natural

standpoint he could have no hope of success, but still he felt some encouragement when he remembered his prayer, and the faith and confidence in which he had asked God to guide him in the choice of a wife, and to lead him to a true and faithful companion and to such a union as would last through all time and endure with eternity. He felt sure that if God approved his choice of Rachel he would be successful; if not, it would be best to fail. He knew that all would be well and be over-ruled for his good.

As soon as Rachel's father and Willie left the house to go to meeting, her mother asked her and her sister Ellen if they knew what Willie had come for? They answered that they had had no conversation with him, and of course could not tell. "Well," said she, "I can tell you. He has come for one of you girls, and you will find out when father comes home. "

When Rachel's father returned home from meeting, her mother's impressions were fully confirmed, for he told her all about his conversation with Willie, and that he had asked his consent for Rachel to become his wife. The mother was to tell Rachel of the conversation that had taken place between Willie and her father, and ask for her answer. Soon an opportunity offered itself, and Rachel was informed of the conversation, and of Willie's request for her to become his wife. After listening carefully to all her mother had to say, Rachel says, "Well, mother, what would you advise me to do?"

"Well, such a bed you make such a bed you will have to lie on. When you get married you will have to live with your husband, and therefore your choice should be consulted."

"Well, mother, I regard this step as a very important one, and think that in this matter I am entitled to your advice. What would you do if you were in my place?"

"Well my daughter, to be candid with you I must say that were I in your place I think that I should accept the offer.

"Then, mother, if that be your feeling I shall accept, for I desire to carry out your wishes in this matter, believing that you would only advise me for my best good. "

Willie had asked as a sign of God's approval that He would let them know of his errand without him having to tell them of it. All was right. The sign had been given. The father knew of it. The mother had told the two daughters all about it, and Rachel herself had been forewarned in a dream before Willie had said a word to anyone of them on the subject. Willie received a letter from Rachel's father saying that there appeared to be no great obstacles in the way. Next time Willie visited the Fielding family he had his first conversation with Rachel, during which she said: "Before I fully give my consent I wish you to answer me one question. "

Willie inquired what the question was.

"Well," replied Rachel, "are you willing to marry my sister Ellen also; for I wish you to understand that we have entered into covenant with each other, that in marriage we will never be separated. "

Inscribed to Miss Rachel Fielding

When first I saw thee something whispered low,
And softly said thou shouldst yet be mine,
Though unobserved I scanned thy noble brow,
And then I felt my feelings round thee twine.
Sweet gentleness was blended with each way
And on thy count'nance there danced a smile;
Thy words were kind and seemed to bear a sway
O'er my heart. I watched thee for a while
And found the province of my heart was gone,
For thou hadst won it, yet thou knew it not,
And I allowed thee, for I could not shun
The dart which Cupid threw. He marked the spot
And made a wound which none but thee could heal.

Written by William Walton Burton, March 19, 1856 – South Mill Creek

Chapter 28

Willie and Rachel are Married

On the 28th of March, 1856, Willie and Rachel were married. They were very poor, but they were young and full of hope. Willie rented a farm on shares in Kaysville. On it was an old log cabin, which was to be their future home. They borrowed a bed tick and put some straw in it for a bed. So they had a good straw bed all but the tick. Then they made such a bedstead as could be made out of the fire woodpile, with no other tools than an auger and an ax. The rest of their furniture consisted of a table, made from rough boards, without much mechanical skill, and nearly without tools, and some three-legged stools made out of rough slabs. They neither had stove nor bake kettle. A neighbor loaned them one of the latter, but it was a broken one. With this kind of an outfit they commenced life together, feeling that their prospects were good, for any kind of a change of circumstances must bring them some improvement. Willie had no knowledge of farming, but was willing to learn. He got the crop put in, but through lack of water only twenty-seven bushels of wheat were raised, and that grew so short that Willie had to pull it up by the roots instead of cutting it with the cradle.

In 1855 the grasshoppers had taken the crop, and in the latter part of the winter of 1856 nearly all the stock had died off with the hard winter. Many had lost

their last ox and last cow. Willie and Rachel had neither bacon, fresh meat, butter, nor milk. They had about enough flour to last them till after harvest, but they divided that with those who had none, until it was all gone, and they were without bread for about a month. They had a little bran which they sifted and ate the fine out of that; then they ate the coarse sittings and from then until harvest time, they lived on pig weeds, red roots, beet tops, boiled up for greens. They had a small patch of volunteer barley, which was tolerably early, and anxiously they waited its ripening, it being their first chance for bread. The first thing they did every morning was to go out and see how much the barley had ripened in the night. When the barley was ripe Willie cut it with a cradle, threshed it with a flail and cleaned it by winnowing in the wind, then he took nearly a sack full of it on his back, and carried it nearly two miles to Weinell's mill, to get it ground, and though it was all ground up husks and all, they thought that it made quite good bread. The scarcity for bread at that time extended through all the settlements that were then in Utah. Rachel's father traveled from South Mill Creek to Kaysville to get a little of that barley for bread. Soon harvest came and the people generally were relieved.

In the fall of 1857, what is known as Buchanan's army, was sent to Utah to punish the Mormons for supposed rebellion, reported by our bitterest enemies, which reports were received and acted upon without investigation to see whether they were true. At this time nearly the whole people were destitute of clothing. In many cases it would have been a hard matter to tell the original piece of the man's pantaloons. Companies were being raised to go and meet the army, to take away their teams, capture their supply trains and hinder them if possible so they could not reach their destination. All this was done, and the army in a crippled condition, went into camp for winter on Ham's Fork and at Fort Bridger, and had to subsist on their poor cattle and worn out mules. Then at the suggestion of Colonel Kane, President Buchanan sent out a Commission to investigate whether the reports were true that had caused him to send the army, and finding them false the President got out of the trouble very nicely. He did not have honor and candor enough to acknowledge that he had done the Mormons a great injury, but he gave a free pardon to all who had taken part in what he called the Mormon rebellion.

When Willie was called out to go and meet the army, he scarcely had any clothing. He had poor shoes, his toes protruded, and he had no coat at all. Rachel had a homemade skirt which she made up into an over-shirt for him. This was in the month of October, and all the bedding Willie had with him was Rachel's shawl. The company camped at the foot of the little mountain, where the brandy keg was emptied into the creek three years before. It had been snowing all day, but the clouds had passed from the sky. The moon was shining brightly: the night was bitterly cold, and the snow very deep all around. Willie and thirteen others crowded into one wagon bed, where they had to pass the night.

Next morning preparations were made for crossing the Little Mountain. It was found that the snow on the side of the mountain was too deep for the horses to face. Ropes were then attached to the end of the tongue of a baggage wagon, and

sticks placed from one to two feet apart along the rope. Men were then strung out in twos ahead of the horses to pull on the sticks and tramp the snow till the team could follow behind them. When the men had succeeded in getting a wagon to the summit they then turned back for another till they were all over. At night they camped at the foot of the Big Mountain. Here Willie cleared away about three feet of snow to make a bed. He and two others put their bedding together for warmth. Those on the outside were kept continually turning to avoid being frozen.

The company camped in Echo Canyon. Rude huts were formed almost like Indian wigwams. In these the men slept, and frequently at night they would have social gatherings and indulge in songs, recitations and other amusements. They had very few arms, and but little ammunition; were poor, ragged, and ill fed; having only about half rations, yet they were measurably happy, in a conscientious and an abiding faith that God was with them, and would overrule all for the best.

At one of the social gatherings, already referred to, and while the merriment was in progress, Willie was strongly impressed that something was wrong at home. He called his eldest brother out of the company and told him his impressions. They went off to a lonely place and kneeled down under a rocky cliff at the base of the mountain and there they prayed fervently for the loved ones at home, and that if any were sick that God would heal them. Willie marked the time, and on comparing notes after getting home, found that his little daughter, Isabella, at that very time, was very sick nigh unto death, and as near as could be learned at the time Willie and his brother were praying under the rocky cliff away up in the mountains, little Isabella took a change and was healed.

Willie returned to his home in Kaysville in the month of December, to find his log cabin deserted. A few days before, Rachel had found it necessary to go to her parents till Willie returned. On a very cold day she got a chance to ride as far as Salt Lake City on the running gear of a wagon. Very thinly clad and without shawl, (for Willie had it with him) she took her little babe in her arms and started. A Mrs. Cadberry was riding on the same wagon. She was warmly clad and wrapped in a big warm cloak. During the journey she turned to Rachel and said: "It is terrible cold, I can hardly endure it and I am warmly dressed. How can you stand it, girl? I would think that you would perish."

Rachel replied: "I don't know, unless He that tempered the wind for the shorn lamb has made my back equal to the burden."

In the spring of 1858, Willie and Rachel moved south to Provo bottoms. Nearly all the people from Northern Utah went south leaving their home, and crops, not knowing whether they would return, but the U. S. Commissioners appointed by the President visited Salt Lake City, and discovered that the reports sent the President were false, and that the army ought not to have been sent. A compromise was effected, the army at Bridger was to go to Cedar Valley and establish a post there, and the Saints that had gone south returned to their homes in the north.

During their sojourn south, while hunting stock, Willie was in a heavy rain and was out all night. This gave him a severe cold, which made him sick for nearly a month. While still sick, Rachel and he moved back with her father's family as far as their home at South Mill Creek. As soon as he began to recover, he with Rachel went to Kaysville to harvest some fall wheat left there. Willie was still very weak, and he was not likely to gather strength fast on their diet, which was bread and water, for they had neither meat, milk nor butter. Willie's farm was nearly a half mile from Kaysville town, where he had borrowed a team to haul some brush to make a shed to keep the sun off while resting during harvest. Just as he was going to take the team back, a large hare jumped up before him and ran for a short distance. Willie said to Rachel: "Notice which way that goes, and when I come back we will go and get it." On his return he took his only weapon, a pistol about a foot long, which had been made in Salt Lake City, loaded with powder and marrow fat peas, and side by side Willie and Rachel went to hunt the hare among the sage brush. They found it and while it was running he fired his pistol, and hit it on the backbone. It proved to be very large, and lasted them for meat nearly a week. During that week Willie increased in strength very rapidly.

For some years Willie and Rachel struggled on in poverty. Everything appeared to go the wrong way. They seemed to be working against fate. Rachel dreamed that if he would go and take her sister Ellen to wife as she had requested him when he came to woo her, that they would begin to do better, and God would prosper them accordingly. Willie went and took Ellen to wife also, and from that time they began to prosper just as Rachel had dreamed.

Nearly a quarter of a century has now passed away, and both Rachel and Ellen have marriageable children, and a happy prosperous family. To this day they have never regretted the covenant that they made with each other in girlhood, that in marriage they never would be separated.