

CHAPTER ONE	Page 1
MY CHILDHOOD	Page 1
CHILDHOOD JOYS AND REVERSES	Page 5
CROP MIRACULOUSLY SAVED FROM GRASSHOPPERS	Page 11
ORE HAULING	Page 11
EXPERIENCES AS A COWBOY	Page 11
I LEARNED TO READ	Page 13
HERDING SHEEP FOR WAGES	Page 13
I LEARN TO SMOKE.....	Page 14
NARROW ESCAPES FROM DEATH.....	Page 15
NELS HAS A CLOSE CALL.....	Page 16
U. S. MAIL AND EXPRESS CARRIER	Page 17
THE NIMROD INSTINCT	Page 18
 CHAPTER TWO	 Page 20
MY CAREER	Page 20
I PLAN TO ATTEND B. Y. A.	Page 20
SPEAKING IN TONGUES.....	Page 20
MY FIRST TEACHING.....	Page 20
MY OPINION OF OPPOSITE SEX	Page 21
I MEET THE ONE AND ONLY GIRL	Page 22
I AGAIN ENTER B. Y. A. AT PROVO	Page 24
THE ONEIDA STARE ACADEMY ORGANIZED	Page 26
 CHAPTER THREE	 Page 29
MY MISSION.....	Page 29
APRIL Page 29	
MAY Page 31	
A DREAM AND ITS INTERPRETATION.....	Page 34
JUNE Page 36	
JULY Page 41	
 CHAPTER FOUR.....	 Page 44
PRAYERS OF FAITH.....	Page 44
PRAYER FOR RAIN	Page 44
FINDING A CLOG IN THE SEWER.....	Page 45
LOST HORSES FOUND THROUGH PRAYER	Page 46
FAITH REWARDED	Page 47
INCIDENT CONCERNING MAE.....	Page 47
A PROPHECY AND FULFILLMENT	Page 48
 CHAPTER FIVE	 Page 49
VISIONS AND DREAMS	Page 49
MAE'S ACCOUNT	Page 49
A VISIT FROM MEDA'S GRANDFATHER.....	Page 51

I SEE MY MOTHER.....	Page 51
GIFTS OF THE SPIRIT	Page 52
GENEALOGICAL WORK	Page 53
ROBES OF THE PRIESTHOOD.....	Page 53
CLOAK OF ELIJAH	Page 53
THE BREAD OF LIFE.....	Page 54
THE SECOND COMING.....	Page 54
CHAPTER SIX.....	Page 56
TESTS OF FAITH.....	Page 56
SACRIFICE	Page 56
A VISIT WITH PRESIDENT WOODRUFF.....	Page 57
OTHER INCIDENTS OF THE STILL SMALL VOICE.....	Page 58
ANTAGONISM OF STAKE PRESIDENT	Page 59
I HAVE SEEN THE LORD	Page 60
TAKING ANOTHER'S BLAME	Page 61
DROPPED FROM THE HIGH COUNCIL	Page 61
HIGH COUNCILS CAN BE MISTAKEN	Page 64
I AM REMINDED OF DUTY	Page 64
APPENDIX A.....	Page 66
PATRIARCHAL AND SPECIAL BLESSINGS	Page 66
PATRIARCHAL BLESSING	Page 66
A MISSIONARY BLESSING.....	Page 67
PATRIARCHAL BLESSING OF ALMEDA G. NELSON.....	Page 70
PATRIARCHAL BLESSING OF JOSEPH G. NELSON	Page 71
A BLESSING GIVEN BY PATRIARCH JUDSON TOLMAN. FOR COMFORT.....	Page 73
A SPECIAL BLESSING	Page 74
APPENDIX B	Page 75
CERTIFICATES AND COMMENDATIONS.....	Page 75
SEVENTIES LICENSE.....	Page 77

CHAPTER ONE

MY CHILDHOOD

To perpetuate his own name, my father called his first son Lars; but when Mrs. Taylor, one of mother's lady friends, saw what a fine little chap he was she said, "call him Nels." So he became Nels Lars Nelson—"Nels" to all his friends and admirers. To honor the man who brought to him and the world the most priceless of all gifts, the Plan of Salvation, he named his next son Joseph -myself. This momentous event to me occurred on March 10, 1864, according to mother's memory, but this note appears in my father's diary: March 11, "Marta foed en san" (Martha bore a son). To reconcile these dates I take it that my advent occupied the latter part of March 10 and the fore part of the 11th. At all events it must have been well with mother for Father writes that he went to the field in the afternoon.

Mother questioned the propriety of calling her little son Joseph, although he was born in the land of Goshen, Utah, and was a descendant of Joseph who was sold into Egypt. In appearance he resembled Esau, having a generous coat of hair at birth. This, however, may have only been nature's forecast of a rigorous future that awaited this little son of Adam. Since arriving at "Man's Estate", I have learned to honor the name of Joseph because of the great and good men who have borne it, but as a child it was a great burden for I must always be good because of that name! I thought as a child, why did not mother give me a name that was not renowned, yet carried with absolute freedom?

I was very young and small, perhaps not more than four years old when in company with father, Emma and Nels, I went to the great mountains to the east of Goshen. Every morning I had seen the sun rise over those mountains and wondered. The distance seemed endless, but we finally arrived at the "mountain" and passed over. It was an event of great importance - my first journey.

The scene changes. We are in a store in Payson. Father has disposed of his cedar posts and whatever else he had to offer in exchange for the cradle, (a scythe with a wood frame or four long fingers attached, for harvesting grain.) He held it in his hand. It was consternation, almost tragedy in his face. His posts hardly paid for the cradle. I felt his dilemma and was powerless to help, and I wanted to help oh so much. Imagine my joy and his, when the man said, "Well, take it along anyway." The act of kindness on the part of the merchant has remained with me all these years and it warms my heart to this day. I have attributed that good deed to one of the Hancock Brothers of early Mormondom who were leading merchants of Payson at that time. The mountain has dwindled to a mole hill, the great distance to a span, while that act of kindness and demonstration of gratitude, I am sure, has enriched my life and shall go with me into eternity.

Speaking of names, I must tell how a name affected me. We had for a neighbor, Jasper Jorgensen, an eccentric cobbler, whose only child at home was a daughter of about my sister Emma's age. She was called "Josephine." That name became a "kill-joy" to me. I thought it reflected in some way on my so that whenever the name was mentioned I would blush for shame or eliminate myself from any game where she was to be present. She grew to womanhood but I am sorry to say her life proved a checkered one.

Father came to Utah in 1857 with all his goods in a handcart drawn by himself across the Plains. How he could have accomplished so much empty handed as he did in so short a time, is beyond me. Father must have been very industrious to be the possessor of 20 acres of land in two 10-acre plots—the upper and lower fields—besides a linch-pin wagon and team of horses—one of which, Old Tom, I remember quite well. Often it was our joy as children to meet father on his return from the field and ride home in the linch-pin wagon or on the back of Old Tom—father walking by his side, with an ever watchful eye for our safety, since we were three or four astride the horse.

One beautiful day in June, we were privileged, Nels and I, to go to the upper field, a distance of about two miles, with father. The way led through an extensive meadow. The fragrance of the growing grass and blooming flowers the balmy air, and bright sunshine, lingers with me even today. Suddenly from before us flew a large bird, it was a member of the hawk family. I was startled, but father knew. He stopped and parted the grass and lo! there was a nest with four beautiful eggs. We were ready to pounce upon them but father said “No, you must not touch them.” We came away reluctantly. Just before sundown we started for home. We boys purposely lingered behind father. Although we were not acting in collusion, I think each had resolved to get those eggs. At any rate we had no difficulty in finding the nest. We appropriated two eggs each and went merrily homeward. Either forgetting or not knowing the nature of eggs, we rolled in the grass. Imagine our surprise and disgust at finding a broken egg in each of our pants pockets. It was my first remembered journey through the meadows and my first remembered act of disobedience. Father never knew or we would perhaps have been more fittingly punished.

My father was a man of few words, given to view the austere side of life, extremely honest, and therefore very just. I do not remember of ever having been fondled by him, but I do remember having been punished. It came about in this way; We were all seated around the family hearth. Something induced me to spit into the fire. He warned me against doing it. I persisted. He said nothing more, but with his finger, transferred some soot from the chimney to my mouth. It was enough. I still remember the even to this day.

I am sure my father was very zealous and sincere in his religion. Young as I was I thought it remarkable that he would stop his work, shave and change to his best clothing and go to his Fast meeting. Such meetings were then held on Thursdays, as now we hold them on the first Sunday in each month.

To get water to the present site of Goshen, it was necessary to bring it eastward from the “Dam.” To shorten the distance, it was thought best to make a cut of about 30 rods through the sand hill. This they attempted to do. They were poorly equipped for doing this kind of work. I witnessed this being done. The ditch was from 8 to 12 feet deep and was dug with shovels and spades. When it was nearly completed it was hopelessly abandoned. The wind carried the sand back almost as fast as it could be removed. It was here that I saw my father at work. He would pitch hard for a short time, then rest on his shovel allowing his head to droop. I knew he was suffering but I was powerless to help. Incidentally, some 25 years later that cut was made with modern

equipment in a few days and is still in use.

One other scene comes to mind. I was lying in bed with my father. A chair and a pillow was at his back. I think he was dying or dead. I do not recall seeing him again.

The scene changes, we children occupied a common bed on the floor of old Grandma Poulson's kitchen. I remember listening in the small hours of the night to the ticking of her clock upon the wall. (She was the mother of Mrs. Cathrine Peterson, Hans and Jearn Jespersion and our very good neighbor who furnished us yeast—a cup of yeast in exchange for a half cup of flour.) We children were with her during the funeral and burial of father, most likely. I do not recall anything further of the event. I realized in some way that he was gone from us forever. Imagine my surprise a few days after that when I met a man that I thought was father. He proved to be Brother James Gardner. The glad word I was about to bring to mother proved a disappointment. I have since wondered if Brother Gardner really resembled father so closely as ~to almost fool me.

Mother must have felt at father's death the exceedingly heavy burden of responsibility, alone, but for her six children, two of whom, the twins, were less than one year old, while Emma, the oldest was about ten. We were exceedingly poor that year, there being no harvest, doubtless due largely to father's illness. Winter was coming on with no food on hand. Young as I was, I felt very keenly the situation. Of course, we looked to mother for help in our dire need. She met the situation unflinchingly.

The years following taught me mother's unwavering faith in God, the source of her strength—to keep God's commandments and rely upon His kind providence was the burden of her teaching to her children. We were all taught to pray. It was a good prayer. I remember some of the phrases even now.... “Help me to be a good boy (or girl). Bless my brothers and sisters. Bless mother that she may live long to take care of us.” I know that I never forgot the last part of that prayer. I shudder to think of the loss of our dear mother.

Years later I remember reading mother's Patriarchal Blessing given by Brother Morley. One feature in it impressed me much. “Neither you, nor your children shall ever lack for bread.” To date that blessing has been fulfilled. There was a time when our neighbors were without bread, but never we. I have wondered if mother remembered that promise during that dark year when father died, with winter coming on and no food for her family.

We had a cow, Old Bolley, but she was dry; I think there was no feed for her. Mother laid the matter before our good Bishop, William B. Price. He accepted the cow in exchange for flour. I remember how we rejoiced when that flour came—eight or ten large sacks full, piled one upon the other reaching almost to the ceiling of our little kitchen! It was almost a pure gift from the Bishop, since the cow was poor and died that winter. I have always loved Brother Price for that act of mercy. (He died in Salt Lake City. Had I known in time I would gladly have attended his funeral.)

Mother must have been dazed with her great sorrow and added responsibility. With us children, conditions soon became normal with the exception of the head of our small domestic kingdom. Did someone put the notion into our heads that Nels, our older brother, was the logical successor of my father in authority, or did he assume that dignity? In any event we children acquiesced in that arrangement and he became “major-domo” on the outside. I see myself saying with more deference than I felt, “Nels, may I use this rope?” As the dignity of his position grew upon him, his shoulders became square and his head more erect, but his honor was short in duration. Mother became the positive head of her house and Nels abdicated without a murmur.

Mother had great anxiety for the welfare of her children, especially for her boys. That they might keep in the “straight and narrow way,” she saw no virtue in sparing the rod. Don't let me give the impression that she was in the least degree despotic or cruel. I think she shared equally with us our punishments. I recall one occasion, and nearly all the occasions were plural. I don't claim that my brother Nels always led in our escapades, but in all fairness to him, I must admit that he was always a close second.

I don't know what the offense was, but we knew what the punishment would be. A lively imagination is not always a blessing. Too often we anticipate joys and sorrows that never materialize. Mine is a rather impatient nature, I am always eager to meet the inevitable more than halfway. That is why I was in the lead on this occasion. Mother met us with a grave countenance, but a steady hand. That hand held the proverbial rod. I rushed to receive the first consignment but I am now ready to admit that my zeal far outran my judgment. When the castigation was well under way, I know that I gave vocal evidence to the neighborhood that Joseph was still within that small pair of homespun pants. All things, joy and misery have an end. I was through, I had paid the price. My back stopped tingling, for I was about to witness company in misery. Nels was backing up to get his, when lo! the wheels of justice jumped a cog; he escaped. I thought then and still think that my dear brother has something coming to him that he doesn't hanker for. Fifty years after the event just recorded, I asked mother how it was that Nels escaped on that occasion. She said, “When Nels came hunching up to me I just couldn't punish him.” So we will close the incident with a tear for justice and a smile for mercy.

Perhaps less than two years after father's passing, mother's hand was sought in marriage; first, by Mr. Fredrickson, the husband of Aunt Emma, mother's sister. He was a rather pompous gentleman, whom I have since learned failed in making Em an ideal husband. His courtship was of short duration. He left in a “huff” for his home in Skull Valley, Utah, when his suit was denied.

Jens Jorgen Jensen, our neighbor on the east, who with his wife Mariah and his two little daughters Dorthea and Annie lived in a “dugout” on their one acre of land, became the successful suitor. Jens, by his kindly helpfulness in mother's great need, won her confidence if not her love.

In the light of after events, I have often wondered, if Jen's philanthropy toward widow and children was unmixed with worldly gain. (Father at his death, owned two small farms with team, wagon and farm implements.) Jens was a very industrious, in fact a hardworking man whose ideals of manhood favored brawn rather than brain. He was opposed to higher education and cultivated a healthy sneer for the “white collared” man.

My childhood impression of him was that he was a very kind and good man and I believe we all felt glad to know that mother's burden of responsibility was shifted to other shoulders. Mother and Jens were Sealed for Time in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Utah, March 13, 1871.

I was now about eight years old and with the advancing years came added responsibility. I did the work that usually falls to a boy on the farm. Two years younger than Nels, the lighter work was given to me. In the spring, herding cows was my work, especially after Dan Atherlay gave up the town herd; but in harvest time, I raked the bundles after Jens' cradling, while Mother and Nels did the binding. To harvest 10 acres of wheat in those days meant a week's hard work for all hands. The best part of the job to me was the noon hour. Mother cooked the meal over the

campfire which always included new potatoes dug from the “field patch.” For gravy, she used melted butter, pepper and salt. We had very little meat if any, but there was always coffee with lump sugar for the older members. The shocking of the grain usually fell to me, and to this day I never see a field of newly cut bundles but that nightmare of my childhood comes before me. You see, I had to do this work alone. It was too much to expect of a little lonely boy. A picture of a 10 acre field of bundles is in my mind as I write this. It was mine to shock. The task seemed endless, appalling! Imagine my relief and joy when my sister Emma came to help me. My legs fairly flew to the task. My heart sang for joy. Of the many good things my dear sister did for me during her life of about 60 years, this alone remains a fixture in my mind. I had occasion to relate the incident at her funeral which was held in Goshen, Utah, in September 1918.

I think none of my seven boys can honestly accuse me of such thoughtless, heartless, conduct toward them—Stepfather Jens saw to it that we were well supplied with work. In all his life with us he never gave me so much as a dime. Occasionally he would buy candy for his little daughters which he shared with my sisters, but never a taste came to me, and oh, how I longed for sweets. He often offered me a chew of tobacco, which I as often refused. When a streak of luck came his way he would treat himself to a flask of whiskey which he called “schnapps.” This he also offered to me which I did not always refuse, but I was never drunk. I don't pretend to understand his psychology. He tolerated me, but never loved me and at times I think he hated me, but he never struck me. Nothing was too good for his friends, but his friends were not of his household. He was a hard worker and what he lacked in judgment he perhaps equalized in muscular energy. When I first knew him he was neat in appearance, almost “dandified” to the extent of curling his hair in front of his ears. He had faith in the Gospel, but did not keep the word of Wisdom and hence was not clear in Doctrine. His temper was ungovernable, and thus he fell an easy prey to the powers of evil. During his tantrums he often caused great sorrow to mother and other members of the family. These mental storms of his were generally followed with racking, terrifying headaches, and great dejection and fits of despondency.

Now that I recall those events, I marvel that Jens was not driven to commit some awful crime under the dominance of Satan. I think he often contemplated suicide—I found him once seated in the cellar with his hat off and a loaded musket in his hands. I seemed to sense his purpose, though only a small boy, and took the gun from him, which he readily yielded to me. I have recorded this event that it may teach wisdom to those who may read. There is great danger in giving way to anger!

CHILDHOOD JOYS AND REVERSES

Children must have joy and we had ours. I experienced all the thrills and joys that are depicted in that beautiful poem “The Barefoot Boy.” From earliest spring to latest fall my feet, fro-, necessity, were bare—in fact, I can't remember ever, as a child, having a new pair of shoes. Always somebody's “cast offs” came to me, but I didn't mind. I could race like the wind without shoes. It was the Saturday night bath that tried my soul. Mother insisted on a general clean up once a week. All our pleading to the contrary was in vain. Into the tub we went—feet and all, and such feet! They were black as the ground and covered with bleeding chap. After the soap suds scrubbing came the application of some sort of fat, usually salty butter. This was the “unkindest cut of all.” Nels and I howled and placed our feet up to the little south window where the breeze could cool them; by morning they would be healed and ready for another week's adventure.

Swimming in summer was our greatest pastime, and mother's greatest trial. She had a mortal fear of our drowning and so would not consent to our going into the water, but we disobeyed her

counsel and took the consequences (and there always followed a consequence). Just how she could tell we had been in swimming I never knew, but she always knew, and we paid.

The Peterson boys, Louris, Charley, and Lishe, who lived just north of us, were our companions. Someone would give the sign -the waving of the arms as a swimmer does—it was enough. We would all meet at the “Old Swimming Hole”. Lishe (Curly Jones) was the champion diver. He would drop down into the water like a rat, never leaving a ripple and remain under the water until we thought him drowned, then his curly head would appear at the extreme edge of the pond. Louris was my boon companion (buddy, as we would say today). He died one night in a mine in Eureka, Utah, all alone, from foul gas I suspect. I shall speak of him again. (The Peterson boys, Louris and Peter, are cousins to Dorthea and Annie Jensen, our James B's half-sisters. Andrew Peterson was stepfather to Elisha, Charles, and Maria Jones. Their mother was Cathrine Poulsen Peterson.)

The meadows just west of our house would flood and freeze during the winter, and this became a wonderful skating rink for young people of Goshen. I can almost weep over the sorrows of the little boy who never owned a pair of skates. So much joy lost that could have been his at so small a cost.

I learned to skate well on borrowed skates. These I managed to get after many refusals, and then only when the owners had tired of the sport and gone home. This left me alone to my pleasure, which had thus lost its zest.

I rode 25 miles for Charley Jones for a pair of skates, one of which was broken, not beyond repair, I thought. Old Mr. J.W. White, who was a blacksmith, tried to mend it for me. “My heart was in my mouth” as he hammered on it. It finally snapped and so did my anticipated joy. He “haw, hawed,” but I know he was sorry for me. He too was a wonderful skater. I didn't get much pleasure out of a single skate.

John Biglo Johnson, an Englishman, was my first school teacher. He “kept” school in a one-room log house, where all grades were in attendance. The children came at the ringing of a cowbell. The furniture consisted of slab benches without backs. The heating was by means of a large fireplace in one end of the building. The only memory of that first school is a flogging given to “Chang” (Charles) Steele. I remember Brother Johnson saying “Don't you sauce me.” I wondered what me meant. (Back talk was “sass” in those days.) I don't remember of learning a single thing in this school, although it continued into the summer. I don't know how many years he taught. I do know we paid tuition by helping dig his potatoes in the fall.

His method of instruction was a very primitive one. The larger pupils managed to get some help on the road of the three “R's” but the little children were quite neglected. I recall his way of teaching a reading class. Calling the class, he formed them in a semi-circle about his chair. The first pupil at the right would read a “verse” in a sort of swinging motion, which was imparted to the whole class. When a pupil finished, the teacher would say, “Next,” and so on until all had read. The teacher always remained seated. He seemed always tired and more than half asleep. I can't recall ever being noticed.

My next teacher was Teancum Pratt, a son of Parley P. Pratt. I liked him. He was cheerful. He sang for us occasionally; I remember one song, “We Want No Cowards in Our Bands,” and “A soldier I Will Be.” I made a little progress in Brother Pratt's school. Mother gave me a new book. The first lesson began, “The sun is up and it is day. The dew is on the new hay, but it did not wet the old oak.” “See the pig? He dug up a nut.” A picture showed all the objects. I doubt if

I got beyond the first page, but I am sure I could read all the first lesson as well without the book as with it.

Other teachers followed: W. C. A. Wallace, a sleek hypocrite, if not an escaped criminal. He came to Goshen one Sunday with the Home Missionaries. When questioned he claimed to be a “77.” Of course that's where he stumbled, but he was already hired and so “kept” the school. He had had some education, and the pupils made progress. He had one pupil in grammar. We wondered what it was all about. He made good use of the “rod.” It was my job to furnish the switches. To the good pupils he gave “rewards” -generally an apple, of which he kept a supply in the school room.

He lived with Miss Hanson, a Goshen girl whom he was “supposed” to have married. When he disappeared later she became the wife of Andrew Sorenson and had some fine children.

Mrs. Christine Higginson, Bill Higginson's first wife, who taught a private summer school, was our next teacher, I think! I made a little progress with her but I don't recall it. Up until now I had never read a book—not even a story, Letters were meaningless to me so far as words were concerned. Such a thing as phonetic spelling was unknown in my childhood, and lacking the power of invention I failed in learning to read.

Childhood is the age of imagination, of marvelous credulity. From the many shades and colors woven into the fabric of father's carpet-bag, which hung on the wall at the foot of our bed, my brother and I could see anything from the beast or bird to a band of lurking savages, ready with uplifted tomahawks to pounce upon us. This naturally led to adventure and expeditions of all kinds. I shall note one or two.

To enjoy the freedom of the air and fly like the birds was a perpetual dream. Next to that was to possess the birds, but they were so elusive. However, this handicap was easily overcome, according to advice given by some of our grown-up friends. This is the formula: “While the bird is at rest, put a few grains of salt upon its tail and the bird is yours.” Easy! Nels procured the salt, I followed to carry the game. The blackbirds had met for chorus practice along our partition fence. This was our chance. Even now I recall the picture of my brother, salt in hand, as he moves with cat-like stealth toward the birds—they fly! He tries again—again they fly. Nothing daunted, he tries the third time and then throws the salt at them as they fly away. He comes back to me with a beautiful map of disgust upon his face.

Melons and boys in the season thereof, are almost inseparable. It chanced that our neighbors, “Andrew,” on the south had what appeared to be a fine crop of musk melons. We had heard mother comment on the fine crop “Andrew” had. We of course, thought since they were Andrew Peterson's melons, to procure them all that was necessary was to cooperate with the Peterson boys. It must be said here to their credit that they doubted the ownership of the melons, but we were certain that mother said they belonged to “Andrew,” and was not Andrew their father? This seemed conclusive evidence -evidence we were very ready to believe. I remember I had some qualms of conscience about the whole thing, but I also had a great longing for melons. Appetite won. We selected a fine, large yellow one with ribs extending from end to end. The adjoining meadow was our rendezvous and Nels was, as usual, Major-domo. With a kitchen knife, procured for the occasion, he cut us a generous slice. We fell to, but not for long. One of the boys remarked, “I don't believe I like melons.” I had already come to that conclusion. Our feast was voted a failure. No wonder, it was a real squash we had taken. The Andrew in question proved to be Andrew Sorensen and not Andrew Peterson. I am sure a boy of this generation could not be so fooled, but a melon feast in my day was almost a lifetime's event.

When Jens came to us, he brought a gun called a musket. It was long and heavy, but would shoot. Ducks were quite plentiful and we were born “Nimrods.” After chancing upon the game, the gun being too heavy for one so small to handle, I would receive the gun over my back or shoulder while Nels would sight and shoot. The next time this arrangement would be reversed and I would do the shooting. This naturally led to a longing for lightweight shot guns that would be of best service to us. The longing became a passion.

Now, the grain fields of Goshen were not protected from stray animals, hence it became necessary to herd them day and night. Jens entered into a contract with the people to do this herding for a stated amount per acre. This work fell to Nels and myself. We were to receive each a single-barrel shot gun as reward for our diligence. No more faithful service could have been given. From catalogues we selected our guns, cheap ones of course.

The wonderful hunting trips we were going to have was a never ending topic of conversation. Fall came, our work was done, but our guns never materialized. We felt so disappointed and hurt that I think we didn't even ask for them. From the lessons so dearly learned I have tried to keep faith with my own children.

I was now about 10 or 11 years old and not yet baptized. How so important a thing in my life should have been neglected, I do not know. It was on my own initiative that it was done, sometime in the summer of 1875, as nearly as I can judge. It was about this time that President Brigham Young recommended that a general reformation take place in the Church; rebaptism being the first step to so desired an end. I recall that a number of adults were baptized in the warm spring east of Goshen on the day of my own baptism, Brother Peter Roberts Officiating. I do not remember by whom I was confirmed a member in the Church, but I do remember that it was done. I have not been able to find a record of this work.

As an outgrowth of the Reformation, the saints were invited to enter the United Order. I was too young to know or feel seriously the motivating power that led Jens and our family to desire to enter the United Order, but I take it that deep religious zeal prompted the thought. At any rate, the Order did not come to us, so we would seek a place where the Order was already established.

This proved to be in Maysfield, Sanpete County, Utah. After disposing of our home and land we, with our household goods and livestock, left Goshen in the year 1876(?). Just as the Goshen Valley passed out of sight someone started the song, “Babylon, Oh Babylon, I Bid Thee Farewell, We are going to the mountains of Ephraim to dwell.” The journey was quite a lark for us children, but I fancy mother left with an aching heart the burial place of her dear husband, my father, and her brown-eyed infant son, Ephraim.

In the sequence of events, I failed to note the death by drowning of my little brother, Ephraim. He was a twin to Martha (Mattie), and was born May 30, 1869 in Goshen, Utah. About one year after mother married Jens, when the twins were about 2 ½ years old, little Ephraim, who, by his beauty and loving disposition became the joy of all our hearts, took his little tin cup and toddled to the water ditch, presumably to get a drink, became over-balanced and drowned while his feet were yet upon the foot-board that crossed the stream. Imagine mother's agony at finding him in this condition. Efforts at resuscitation failed to restore him. Poor mother was heartbroken. To my knowledge she mourned for him 40 years after his death.

Soon after this, little Martha was taken very ill. I remember seeing her in her little bed-hollow eyed, thin, and suffering. One day she said to mother, “I think I could eat a little fish.” I went to

the ditch south of our place and found a fish. I thought it a marvel then to find a fish in such a place. It seemed to be just the thing to start her on the road to recovery, for she was soon well again.

Little Ephraim was buried by the side of his father, so we thought, in the old burying ground west of Goshen. I remember the kindness shown mother on that sad occasion. The first grave dug seemed to be in the wrong place and was abandoned. They dug again and mother still thought this place too was wrong. I remember hearing about Andrew Sorenson saying, "We will dig all day if it takes that long to find the right place." (My gratitude to Brother Sorenson.) Even now I cannot say if Ephraim lies beside his father. It matters little, however, since he is sure to have a glorious resurrection along with his father and mother.

About the year 1874, my half-brother, John, who became the apple of his father's eye, was born and was a baby of about 2 years of age when we moved to Maysfield.

The journey remains a high spot in my memory. Nels and I rode horses and with Flora, the dog, drove our stock. I think we were two nights and three days on the journey. J. B. Carlson and Peter Noble of Maysfield brought their teams to help us move. Two things about the journey I remember, our long common bed and Flora's supper. For some reason she did not eat the bread thrown to her, so Brother Noble cut it up in small pieces, placed them before her on the plate, saying, "Please." This seemed so quaint that it has stuck in my memory.

Arriving at our destination, we received a cordial welcome from the people. Ready-built homes awaited us. My mother's family at this time consisted of the following members in the order of their ages: Emma, Nels L., Joseph, Anna Marie, Martha, and John—seven souls including mother. Jens' other wife, Mariah, and her two daughters, Dorthea and Annie also had a home provided for them. So far our homes were better than those left behind in Goshen and our welcome seemed genuine.

Soon, our possessions were appraised and listed and ourselves installed as fully accredited members of the United Order of Maysfield. We settled down to our new life. I noted that most, if not all, of the members of the order belonged to one of the three Scandinavian nations, Denmark, Sweden, or Norway, and that the prerequisite for membership seemed to consist of a good moral character rather than of earthly possessions. All were supposed to labor—each in that field for which he was best fitted.

J. P. Carlson was Major-domo of all work, while Peter (Twin) Hansen, his son-in-law, was President of the Order. On Saturday nights a report meeting was held, in which we were credited with the amount and kind of labor performed. This consisted of work similar to that done in any rural community. My work as a boy was to assist in stock feeding, which I did during the winter under the direction of a kind old Swede whom they called "Guban" Erickson. In the spring the sheep herd was assigned to me. The flock consisted of about four hundred head, which I would herd on the hills east and north of town, returning them home each night.

Two events were "shocked" upon my memory during my shepherd days, Nels (Twin) Hansen, brother of our President, and I were detailed to care for the sheep in the north fold. We carried our lunches from home. The Twin's dinner consisted of a pail of bread and milk which his wife, Julia had prepared for him. Shortly before dinner he was called away from camp. On his return he attacked his meal when, lo! the milk was apparently all gone. He came to me quite angry and charged me with drinking his milk. Think of it! He was apparently too stupid to know that the bread during the morning had absorbed the milk.

One morning I took the sheep out as usual. All went well until late afternoon, when something kept me behind the flock; I'll not say I had been careless and fallen asleep, I do not remember. At any rate, when I started to look for the sheep I could see no trace of them, go whichever direction I chose. I was non-plussed, dumbfounded! I spent the time going home trying to conjure a plausible excuse for my delinquency when, what do you think? I found them safe—all 400 of them—within their enclosure. They had all come home, “wagging their tails behind them.” I was relieved of tremendous anxiety. Only one other person knew of my plight—he smiled and said, “I closed the gate.” Needless to say, I kept my chagrin to myself.

In the fall I labored in the harvest field, binding my stint along with men three times my age. Boss Carlson did the cutting with a self-rake machine and two strong teams. He made things hum, I'll say.

The women did the milking and “Mother” Carlson measured and apportioned the milk to the members of the Order in quarts per capita. Our family of seven fared very well—we always had butter. It was not so with a family of two—it often happened that they must be contented with one or two quarts at best, while our portion was from seven to fourteen quarts. This division of the milk became a source of envy to small families. I remember seeing jealous looks and hearing envious remarks when it was my turn to receive the milk. On the face of this arrangement it did seem unfair, but the small families could have pooled their milk and thus have been able to make butter. Greed and selfishness became the undoing of the organization. Many honest families, sustaining their losses, moved away in disgust.

Less than two years sufficed Jens and our families on this decidedly human form of the United Order. Emma, who was now developing into young womanhood, preceded the other members of our family by some months in moving away from Maysfield and the Order.

It is evident that the religious side of the Order failed largely in its appeal to Nels and myself. True, we attended service often, which was conducted always in the Scandinavian tongue. I recall old Father Ruft's talk; he looked so odd with his round red face and his one remaining tooth as he recounted his early experience in Mormondom. He said, “Dekalte meg en Bilsabu!” (They called me Bellzebug!) Brother Ruft's work in the Order was the making of wooden shoes for the community, at which he seemed to be an expert. He used wood from the pinion pine, which in the process of seasoning did not check. It would do our sophisticated descendants good to know that Nels and I each had a pair and wore them for a short time during the winter.

The spirit of Nimrod, rather than the spirit of worship, dominated my brother and myself at this time. While mother and others were worshiping, we were out with the gun. We succeeded in bagging a nice bunch of ducks and, from sheer bravado, Nels displayed them before the window of the worshipers, which in modern phraseology, quite “got my goat!” It was while in Maysfield that I was ordained a Deacon in the Aaronic Priesthood by Brother Carl Olsen. This is one of the cherished memories of that time.

Not willing to accept a share in what remained after the dissolving of the Order, which now seemed inevitable, we, with our household goods, and cattle, all except Flora, the dog, returned to our old home and former possessions. About a month after reaching Goshen, Flora also came to us, so the family was complete.

I can't close this chapter without a testimonial to the sagacity, love and devotion of this dog, Flora. She had been ours from puppy hood. On leaving Maysfield she was given to one of the

neighbors, who doubtless had tied her up for safekeeping. After an elapse of some weeks and judging that she had become reconciled to her new home, these people must have released her. No sooner free than she left the people of her adoption. To her dismay she found us gone. After a month how could she know which direction we had taken? To reward her devotion and save her heartache some kind Providence guided her to us. About noon one day she rushed into the yard, fairly bubbling with joy. Nor was she content until she had greeted each member of the family separately. The distance from Goshen to Maysfield must be more than one hundred miles through strange cities and roads. This and the lapse of time must obliterated all signs of our passing over the roads.

For years she and I were pals on many a lonely vigil. When one day we shall have arrived at our final home, I think Heaven will be incomplete without a visit from our earthly animal friends. It often fell to my lot to bring home the cows when they had strayed or failed to return. Flora was always my companion.

CROP MIRACULOUSLY SAVED FROM GRASSHOPPERS

While only a small boy, we had fought the grasshoppers the year previous and saved a part of our crop. Their deposited eggs were so numerous however, that following years' crop seemed hopeless. Farmers all around us failed to plant thinking it useless. My mother said, "The Lord knows we must have food. We will trust in Him and plant," which we did, while large farms all around us lay fallow. The hoppers hatched in myriads! The ground seemed fairly alive with them. They trimmed the outer leaves of our wheat but just as soon as they were able to fly, they arose as if by common impulse and disappeared, I know not where. The great numbers fairly darkened the sun's light. We had bread for our sustenance. Mother's faith was rewarded!

ORE HAULING

On our return to Goshen from Maysfield and the United Order, we found that a new industry had developed. Iron ore had been found in the mountains west of Goshen and was being hauled by team from the mines to Santaquin on the Utah General Railroad. This ore was used in large quantities as a flux for the working of precious ores in the large smelters near Salt Lake City. This ore hauling became a major business for the people of Goshen in connection with their farming operations. It required two days to make a trip from Goshen to the mines and home; the next day from Goshen to the depot and Santaquin, then home. We were paid about \$4.00 per ton for hauling and the average team would haul from 1 ½ to 2 tons.

Jens naturally took advantage of this source of ready cash, although very poorly equipped. Nels and I each with a team started the hauling, which was done during spare time from the farm.

EXPERIENCES AS A COWBOY

When I was a boy I herded cows on the hills for about one and one half cents for each cow a day, taking them on to the feeding places and returning them at night. Some of the boys who did the same kind of work were: Walter Jensen, (who ate half of my dinner) Groveth Lewis, Gus Weslyen Lewis, Elisha Jones,—these were some of my boyhood companions.

This was about the time that the Utah Central R. R. had its terminal at a point about five miles south of Santaquin, called York. All freight for southern Utah was brought to this point, making it a thriving station. To see a train of railway cars, and especially to ride on them, was a momentous event to a boy and in those times. We brought our cows to a place called Little

Valley, left them there to graze, and made our way over the mountain to York to have a ride on the cars. I was very thrilled with the idea. I saw the engine coming toward some cars standing on the “Y” and rushed to board one of these, attempting to climb on by way of the coupling. My knee and leg dropped between the bumpers of the two cars. Not a moment after I extricated myself from this hazardous position, the engine bumped the two cars together with a terrific concussion! To this day, I tremble when I think how narrowly I escaped being maimed for life, for my knee might have been crushed to a pulp. It is needless to say I never tried to take a ride on the “Y” again.

Besides our own cows, we herd boys would often herd the cows for families who had no other means of taking care of their cattle. At 1 ½ cents per day for each head, if I succeeded in getting 10 cows from the town besides our own, I would earn 15 cents per day. Other boys did the same. We would unite the herds for mutual help and company.

After reaching the herd grounds, we naturally had much leisure time, which was spent in all kinds of ways that the idle minds could invent—rolling rocks down the mountain side, swimming, fishing, playing “Jacks,” mumble peg, and marbles, for diversion a “dog chorus.” This could be started by playing a harmonica or howling near a dog's ear. Soon the whole pack would point their noses heavenward and unite in the dog song.

It would have been better for our souls' comfort had we limited our energies to such innocent pastimes, but in justice to myself, I must say that we never made a raid on a melon, potato, or corn patch without leaving some scars upon my conscience. The boys justified themselves in taking “Dick” Johnson's melons in preference to Hans Jespersion's because Dick had said when asked for a melon, “No! Who the hell ever gave me anything?”

Some of my cowboy friends, although kind and generous, I fear had not received much spiritual training, as their afterlives would indicate. There was Lish Jones, who became a “Bum,” a common tramp. Cuss Lewis, it was said, had served time in jail—I hope this is not true. I don't know what became of Groveth Lewis and Arthur, his brother, but “Manny” (Manuel) Thomas and Walt Jensen have both held high places in the church.

I must record an event that took place while we were herding in the “Corner,” the mountains east of Goshen. We were all in a deserted log cabin, some asleep, others playing jacks or “Nine-penny Morris,” when someone discovered that it was becoming dark. On investigation, we saw that the sun had become black, all but a mere crescent. Never having heard of such a thing as an eclipse of the sun, we became terribly alarmed. Surely the “Last Day” had come, for, said one, the sun would be darkened at that time. “What shall we do?” Someone suggested that we pray. I said, “Boys, if you haven't prayed before, it is now too late. Let's gather the cows and go home and if it is the 'Last Day' we will end it in the company of our folks.” This met the minds of all, but when one was assigned the act of going after the cows on the mountain side he demurred, saying that he had heard that “the rocks would fall down upon the wicked.” We hardly knew what explanation to make for bringing the cows home so early—the sun by this time having almost come out of the eclipse. To our way of thinking, it was a sign given that carried a warning of the great day to come, and I think we all resolved there and then to prepare for that great event.

I LEARNED TO READ

I was now about 14 years old, tall and slim as a rail, thoughtful, self-conscious, and with an insatiable desire to know. Years before, I tried to prove to myself that the earth did move by driving a line of stakes in the earth and then watching them for hours to see if I could note a

variation. Up until now I had never read a book nor yet a single story. It was no sacrifice for me to give up any other kind of diversion if by doing so I could hear a story read or told. My younger sister, Anna, who was a good reader, often came to my help in this respect and it fell to the lot of my little sister, Martha, to give me my first lesson in addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. About the first money that I earned I spent for a little book that I could not read. Chagrined at my bargain, I determined to get something out of it, and so got someone to read a verse from my book, which I committed to memory. Here it is, "Contentment is the richest gem that sparkles in a diadem, and gives the greatest ease." I have long since questioned the truth claimed for the above statement.

About this time mother read to me, during the long winter nights, the Book of Mormon in the Danish language. I became so fascinated with the story and its marvelous truths, that I could hardly wait for the hour to continue the narrative. Some years after I undertook the reading of the "Pearl of Great Price" in the same language and succeeded well.

One day I surprised the family by undertaking to read a book. Nels and the girls were delighted at my attempt. At first I stumbled badly but kept diligently on, then discovered to my intense delight that each succeeding page became easier to master and finally I completed "Robinson Crusoe." It was an achievement—another milestone in my life.

That winter I attended Zachariah S. Taylor's school. I was tall enough and old enough to belong in the highest grade, the 5th reader, but I felt my own limitations dreadfully, although the presence of such girls as Mell Morgan, Mame Price, Francis Touse, and other "Angels" spurred me on. I had a good seat-mate in Joseph White, old John W's son, who helped me over such words as "catastrophe", and "philosopher," so that when it came my turn to read, I didn't utterly fail. But spelling was my nightmare. Nine-tenths of my time was given to that hateful study, with shameful results. Each succeeding day would find me, not quite, but nearly at the foot of the large class, with William. H. Allen or Mell Morgan at the head. The girls tried in vain to oust William from his place of honor, and finally succeeded by means of a trick.

They had noticed that when a difficult word was given to him, he would thoughtfully at the same time twirl a button on his coat. To remove the button by stealth was the game. They succeeded. A difficult word went down the line and returned to the head. William. felt for his button and found it was gone. The girls watched, tittered, and William. missed the word. While Mell moved to the place of honor, William's chagrin became the innocent joy of the class. It was an old trick that succeeded once more.

HERDING SHEEP FOR WAGES

Spring work on the farm was well over when a Mr. Brown offered me a job herding sheep at \$15.00 per month. I accepted the place and with Flora, and my yellow mare set out to find the herd, which I was told was in the hills some 25 miles to the east(?) of Goshen.

By night I had arrived at my destination and was accepted a member of the crew, which consisted of Mr. Brown, the owner, Mr. Riley, a typical Irishman, foreman John, a conceited young man, and myself. It was lambing time. John had charge of the "dropping." Riley collected the young lambs and their mothers, which after a few days were turned over to me. Thus each day reduced the dropping herd while my flock increased in numbers proportionally, until finally I had them all except the males. I must have succeeded quite well for Mr. Brown boasted to the neighbor that he had an "almighty good boy," which coming to me, added wings to my already fleet feet.

During the shearing time I was installed as cook and I learned much about the swelling property of dried apples. Time came to move the fall range. They wanted me to go along but home had by now become very dear to me, so I declined. After washing up all the pots and kettles, Mr. Brown paid me—not so much as I expected, in fact I thought he cheated me. I was very disappointed and indignant at being so treated when I had served him so well. Shame upon me!

I never knew how desolate one could feel until I was left alone in the mountains. I had not seen my mare for several days and now I must find her. In vain I trudged over the hills until I became desperate. She was nowhere in sight. The prospect of being alone in the hills without shelter or food was anything but pleasant. I had done my best but had failed to find my horse. What could I do? But of course—call upon the Lord to help me in my need. I laid the matter before Him in my humility. Imagine my delight when I looked off to the west in a little valley that I had traversed several times that day, and saw my mare walking out of a small patch of timber into perfect view. It was only a matter of minutes until I caught her and was on my way home.

The first persons I met on arriving in Goshen were Mrs. Rouse and her son Walt, who explained to her that I had been from home herding sheep. She remarked, “See how black his hands are.” Truly up until that moment I had not noticed my hands, but now I saw they were all that she claimed for them and I instinctively put them out of sight.

I LEARN TO SMOKE

I think it was Paul Gourley or Cuss Lewis who taught me how to smoke tobacco. They offered me every encouragement and commended my effort very highly when I was able to inhale the smoke. I soon became an expert and could smoke with the best of them. Nels learned the habit about the same time. The fear of hurting her feelings kept us from letting mother know we had acquired the habit.

Iron ore hauling now became a business with us both summer and winter. The freighters habits became ours. No sooner was the meal concluded around the campfire than as a sort of climax to the evening sociability, a sack of “Bull Durham” tobacco went the rounds and all participated in the cigarette smoke. We had no regrets nor compunctions of conscience for our indulgence in tobacco, save this one—we kept it strictly from Mother's knowledge. I think to the end of her life she had not discovered that her sons had acquired that vicious habit.

At the age of about 17 my brother Nels conceived the idea of attending the B.Y. Academy. One evening while camping in the corner after the meal, and the making of cigarettes was in order, Nels said, “I'm through.” and tossed the sack. My smoke lost its flavor after this episode—so strong was the force of example that I resolved to quit also, but want to say here, Any fool can acquire the habit, but it takes a real man to discontinue it. I think perhaps neither of us stopped absolutely for some weeks or months, but, we finally conquered, with God's help.

NARROW ESCAPES FROM DEATH

Nels became a student at B.Y.A. and of necessity the iron ore hauling fell to Jens, my stepfather, and me. It was a most strenuous life, especially in winter. The rule for obtaining loads at the mines was: First arriving, first served or loaded. Since teams came from all directions in Goshen, drivers rushed to get on the main road first. The rule was “no passing” but some dishonest drivers did pass. The lucky ones first there were first loaded -it was a big handicap to be late. It often happened that we left home at 3:00 in the morning, with frost so severe that the wheels

sang and creaked, sometimes locking with the cold frost. we arrived at the mines while the miners were still at breakfast, and then had to wait till nearly night before getting loaded to return home, in zero weather.

I recall one such trip. I was alone and sat upon the load with the cold so severe that I became drowsy and tingling warmth came over my body. I remembered of hearing that this was a symptom of freezing to death, and to escape this fate I threw myself off the load while the team was in motion. I discovered to my horror that my limbs refused to function—I couldn't walk. By persistence I finally restored circulation and caught up with my team.

To escape the intense cold in the mornings, we often built a fire in the wagon box. This we were able to do by first covering the floor of the box with sand and then from the roadside we collected brush, which made a blazing fire. One fire sufficed for a number of teamsters, while the teams followed by their own volition. Often they were tied to the wagons in front.

In the early spring of 1879, as nearly as I can remember, happened the incident upon which my life journey turned. The mine at which I loaded this particular time was near the top of the mountain, with a dug-way road running down to its foot. I had perhaps 2 tons of ore on my wagon. At the starting point the wagon stood at an angle of about 45 degrees. In addition to the hand brake, one of the wheels was dead-locked with a “shoe”, a bar of iron with clutches into which the wheel dropped—to this was also added a heavy log chain. Seated on the sack of straw upon the front part of the load and our feet dangling upon the double-trees was our usual position.

In order to use the hand-brake with all my strength, I knelt upon this sack of straw, and threw my whole weight on the brake lever. Frost was on my glove, and my hand slipped over the lever, just as the team passed over the steepest part of the road. I fell, without any support, between the horses, but caught the tongue. The team became frightened, although I called “whoa.” For some unaccountable reason, the “rough-lock” broke, and the force of the load pitched the horses helplessly down the mountain side in a mad race—a race with death itself!

I had purposely waited for the man in front of me, George White, to reach the foot of the dug-way before I started, but my wagon struck his and witnesses declare that ore from my wagon load was thrown into his, the concussion was so great. The wagon hounds were broken, inside and out, one wheel was against the horses flank, my legs and those of the horse's under the broken axle. I never lost consciousness in all this, but just how I was able to hold to that tongue during that terrible ride, no one but my Heavenly Father will ever know. I do not ever remember even making an exertion to hold fast. I do remember praying fervently for God's protection, but never had the remotest idea that I would escape alive. I felt the need of someone to tell me what to do. There were deep ruts on both sides of the dug-way—so deep at points that the axle dragged. The thought occurred to me, “If I let go, I'll be dragged to death by the axle or be cut in two by the wheels,” for I never could hope to roll clear of the wreckage in its tremendous momentum.

I had heard that before dissolution, a panorama of life's journey passes through one's mind. I weighed the pros and cons in my life, and decided the balance was in my favor. All this made me feel I had reached life's end and my chief thought was, “What will the sensation of death be like?” Miners came from all directions to offer aid, and stood around not knowing what to do. The major part of the load was already thrown out. It was I who told them what to do. I called for them to lift the axle off my legs. This they did—the horse jumped up, and they pulled me out. I had previously tested my legs to see if they were broken and was thankful to know they were

whole. I had never fainted in my life, but came near losing consciousness when released from the wreck.

Bob Gourly, foreman of the mine, carried me down to the miners' cabin. No sooner there than I asked him to bless me, which he did, trembling like an aspen leaf. Word reached home of my accident. Mother went into the bedroom and prayed thus, "If Joseph is to be a cripple, please, Lord, take him." She and Jens came up to the cabin that night, but waited until morning to take me home.

Aside from the direct intervention of the Lord, I feel that no mortal could have undergone that ordeal and lived to tell the story. I must have been struck many times by the ore, but the sensation was not painful. The ore felt like balls of yarn, as I recall the feeling. My face and ears were torn and bruised, my collar-bone broken, and one finger on my right hand mashed.

It was three months before I attempted to haul another load of ore from the same mine. I got part way down the dug-way when the breast strap broke, but the neck-yoke swung around and caught a ledge of rock, which stopped the team. That was my last load of ore. On my way home I told the boys, "I'm quitting ore hauling and am going to school." I'll never forget the remark of Will Steele when I made this announcement, "Your head's level."

One incident which made a lasting impression upon me I must record before closing this chapter. I was unloading my ore at the depot at Santaquin and came to a lump too heavy to heave over into the flat car. As the train came slowly by, a fine, rosy-checked, robust conductor, seeing my predicament, jumped from his train onto my load, listed and threw this heavy lump of ore into the freight car, hopped back upon his train and was gone, but his act of kindness warms my heart to this day. I think his name was Riter.

One other incident which seemed bordering on miraculous. My brother Nels and I each were on a load of ore. To lighten the load, we drivers walked where the loads were heavy. By some mischance Nels slipped and fell, and the heavy load passed over his foot. How he escaped without bones being broken I shall always feel was due to kind Providence.

NELS HAS A CLOSE CALL

Bart Race was a fiend for liquor and while under its influence seemed obsessed with a murderous spirit. He too was hauling ore. By some means my brother, then about 18, had incurred the enmity of Bart, a man of perhaps 40 years. They were camped for the night between Santaquin and Goshen on the ridge. As they sat around the fire, by that subtle sense better known as inspiration, Nels recognized a sinister motive in Bart Race's heart. With catlike movement he sprang at my brother, who, being on his guard, got out of his reach, seized a neck-yoke, and with a stunning blow, knocked the brute down.

After Bart recovered consciousness, he tried to pass the incident off as a joke, in order to lull my brother's suspicions, but Nels was not deceived. When he made down his bed for the night, he placed his coat and hat in such a way as to appear as a man lying in bed and went into the brush some distance away to watch results. When the camp was quiet, in the dead of night, he saw the would be murderer crawling toward his bed, and with a knife struck what he thought was my brother, two or three times. I feel sure my brother's life was saved this night by listening to the prompting of the Spirit. (Incidentally I here inform the reader that Bart Race murdered his wife while she was confined in bed and then ridded the world of a monster by taking his own life.)

U. S. MAIL AND EXPRESS CARRIER

Having decided to quit ore hauling and attend school, I accepted a mail and express carrier job for my brother-in-law, Peter Nelson, my sister Emma's husband. The route was from Utah Central Railway and up through the mining district of Tintic. It required a 2 day run to make the round trip. This was perhaps the most critical period in my life, as I view it now.

In connection with the U. S. Mail and express, I carried passengers. Also, these obviously were characters who frequented saloons and mining camps—adventurers, so to speak, and were free in offers to share their whiskey and tobacco with me. A dangerous habit could have easily been established, but some power kept me from accepting this indulgence.

Holmansville was the home station in Tintic. My hostess was Mrs. Sam Rudd. I witnessed, going through the mining district, nearly everything adverse to religion. Fortunately for me, I stayed at the home of Father Titchen, at Santaquin the other end of the route. He and his good wife, Edah, were very kind to me, supplied me with good, wholesome food, and good books to read. While there I read all the "Faith Promoting" books that were published at that time. At this advanced period in my life, as I write this account, I realize more strongly than ever the infinite value of such a course of reading in the life of any young man.

The fare for passengers was \$2.50. It was my duty to collect this as well as express charges on all packages and parcels -nothing less than 25 cents on any package. In this way I often carried large sums in my pocket from fares, express charges, etc. This I always left with Sister Emma each noon as I called to get my lunch en route. I can't say I was never tempted to use some of the money to appease my boyish appetite for candy, nuts, crackers, etc. No one could have known the loss but myself, but with one exception—and then I spent a dime for walnuts—the temptation was passed without yielding to it, but even now those walnuts stick in my memory.

As carrier of mail and express my responsibility was not without danger, since often I carried large sums in payrolls, and gold and silver bullion. Once the express train man stepped upon my coach and asked, "Have you any means of defending yourself?" "Yes," I replied, "I've a pocket-knife." "Well, you'd better keep your foot on that bag, it contains \$10,000!"

On the return journey from the mine and mills, I often carried as much as 4 or 5 hundred of gold and silver bullion. Only once did I realize fear. On this occasion I was driving over the "Divide" between Eureka and Holmansville, at a point where the road passed between two huge boulders. I saw a man on either side, apparently waiting for me—but just then the owner of the mill rode into sight and the two would-be robbers disappeared down the gully.

A half-broken animal I was given to drive was fitted with sharp shoes. All went well until I came to the top of the dug-way, when he sulked and refused to budge. The passengers walked to the hilltop, leaving the horse trouble to me. The sun was getting low and the mail and passengers must be delivered. What was a boy to do? I heard just then a cow-bell, and decided it might be on some horse. To my joy, I found this presentiment correct. I caught the old "bellhorse," hitched him in, drove the coach to the top of the hill, unhitched him and turned the borrowed horse loose, the balky one doing the remaining part of the trip. I felt great relief on arriving at my journey's end and really had much sympathy for the horse, thinking he was quite tired. No sooner had I taken off the harness and was in the act of hanging it up to a point straight behind him, than he kicked at me with all the power and venom of a demon incarnate. He missed me, one newly sharp-shod hoof going each side of the small of my back. His kick was meant to kill! To give my reader some idea of the force applied by those wicked hoofs, two boards of the barn where they

landed were splintered from top to bottom. To find myself unhurt was indeed a marvel to me. He knocked me down by the close proximity of his legs to my body. It is said that even animals shall be accountable for deeds done in the flesh, in the day of judgment. From the look he gave me as I lay weak against the wall, I judged that his crime had been deliberately planned. Although weak almost to fainting, I thanked God that once more my life had miraculously been spared.

Soon after this incident, my brother-in-law, Peter Nelson, returned from Idaho, whither he had gone with a number of others from Goshen with a view of making homes. Duties on the farm forced me to give up the stage driving, but with the money acquired from this work thus far, I bought the long coveted shot gun.

THE NIMROD INSTINCT

My neighbor, Soren Paulson, was a born duck hunter. Twice my age, yet possessing the spirit of youth when it came to hunting ducks, he was ever ready to take a trip to Utah Lake, which was easy to reach from Goshen. This fall we built a boat, Soren and I, to make our hunting more successful; for real use, however, it proved a failure. It was left launched in the sloughs of the lake.

During one hunting expedition, in company with "Mannie" Thomas, a boy about my own age, his gun was discharged accidentally and the charge went swishing within an inch of my head. I had to thank God for again preserving my life.

At one time I was returning from "Stewart Bottoms" with my game, when a heavy snow storm came up and before I realized it I was lost. Through the blinding darkness I groped, first in one direction and then another, trying to find some familiar landmark. I had a vision of freezing to death in this fierce situation. All my life I had been taught to rely upon the Lord in my extremity. In the greatest humility, I dropped upon my knees and called upon my Father. No sooner had I finished my prayer, than a light appeared, which made plain a familiar landmark and established my direction. Even though darkness settled around immediately, I had got the direction and arrived safely home.

Another incident, which probably helped me make a wise future decision, happened as I was on my homeward journey with a fine brace of ducks. A buggy, with a number of people in it, stopped and a genial gentleman, who I afterward learned was J. M. Tanner, greeted me with, "Why, you're a regular Nimrod!" He and others of the company knew Nels and were out to campaign for students for the B.Y. Academy. (This same gun I refer to was later sold with other belongings to equip me for a mission four years later.)

CHAPTER TWO

MY CAREER I PLAN TO ATTEND B.Y.A.

I definitely planned to go to school, as I had made some progress under Zachariah Taylor, whose methods seemed much better than any we had previously had in the public school. Efficient teachers were scarce and therefore those who were trained under Dr. Karl G. Maeser were in very great demand. To supply this deficiency, the school authorities of Utah County sent the then acting Superintendent, Milton H. Hardy, to find eligible young people for this service. He came to Goshen, and after investigation “William. H. Allen and Joseph G. Nelson” were recommended by John Morgan, one of the wealthy townsmen. We accepted this invitation. The conditions were, free tuition in B.Y. Academy for which we agreed to teach one year in Utah County, after being duly prepared. In order to be prepared to enter on this venture, I was obliged to study up on subjects not taught in the public school—grammar was one of these. I carried books to the field with me and studied while my horses rested. It was my part to do the fall plowing, to prepare for the next year's crop. This farm work which devolved upon me alone, necessarily made me some weeks late for the opening of school, but to my surprise on entering I found I was equal to the best and ahead of many, as a result of my home study.

My sisters, Annie and Mattie, and brother, Nels, and I, lived in a part of Dr. Rigg's home. To help defray expenses, the girls took three other students to board. The major part of expense, aside from provisions brought from home and the profit from these boarders, was taken care of by brother Nels (Nels).

SPEAKING IN TONGUES

About the middle of the school year, the institution met with a serious calamity. During the night the building took fire and became almost a total wreck. But Dr. Maeser was equal to even this emergency. He found quarters for the students in store buildings newly erected by S. S. Jones and other merchants. It was in the Jones' Building during general assembly that I first heard the “Speaking in Tongues and the Interpretation.” Sister Zina Young was the one favored with the gift. This left upon my mind a convincing testimony of the reality and divinity of the Latter-Day Saint religion.

The message given in tongues was to the effect that “Angels were present with us, and many of the departed, whose children were in school, were also present and rejoiced over the course their sons and daughters were taking.” I studied very hard and conscientiously, but felt myself rather a dull student. I left school before the close, to again do the spring work on the farm in Goshen.

The Academy opened the following year in the large warehouse near the railroad depot. I was still in the “Normal Department” and took instruction, “Theory of Teaching” under Dr. Maeser. I also took some classes as a teacher in the lower grades, which helped prepare me for the work I was to do. The subject that impressed me most was a course in “Theology,” given by Brother Maeser. Filled with the spirit of the Gospel, he seemed to radiate a light. His face like alabaster and his beautiful white hair left an impression upon me I shall never forget.

MY FIRST TEACHING

At the close of this school year, Brother Nels was called to fill a mission to the Southern States. To help in this call, I quit school and became a teacher in the District School at Santaquin. Wages were Low—\$40 per month; but after the first month the Board raised my wages to \$45

per month without solicitation from me. Accommodations for schools were very poor. One room had to seat 86 pupils on long benches. The poor little feet in many cases dangled six inches above the floor. The 43 beginners I had were equipped with slates and pencils only. My one and only text book was "Monroe's Reading Chart." I had a piece of blackboard 4 x 6 feet. Two other grades, "Firsts" and "Seconds," made up the total to 86 pupils.

I boarded near the school house with Brother and Sister Nels Nelson and family for which I paid \$10 per month. Most of the balance of the \$35 went to the Mission Field to brother Nels. I usually walked home to Goshen on Friday, a distance of seven miles. Monday mornings I rode "Billy" back to Santaquin and turned him loose to return by himself to Goshen.

It was during this winter that I became an amateur actor in "The Poor Young Man." Annie and Mattie also took part. My friends, Alexander Jameson, William. H. Allen, Mell Morgan, and Emma Morgan were also in the cast. We were honored to have in the audience when the play was presented Dr. James E. Talmage of the B.Y.A. faculty, who declared it "very well done." I was the "Poor Young Man," and having seen the same play in the Salt Lake Theater, used my memory of it in my acting. William. H. Allen, afterward my brother-in-law, took the part of the "Doctor." This title stuck to him all the rest of his life.

During the year someone recommended me to the school board of Monroe. I was offered \$60 a month. With such a magnificent raise I accepted and became Principal of the Monroe Schools, with my sister, Annie, as assistant teacher. The previous teacher had been run out, so I was told, on account of his views of religion not according with those of the Bishop.

In order to gain prestige with this community, I was advised to board with this Bishop Cooper (a policy that proved a very wise one, for the Bishop always championed my cause). I used diplomacy and asked his advice in many things. I also became the Theological teacher in the Sunday School, with the Bishop as my assistant.

The school management was approved by the people and I became quite popular as a result. I was reelected for a second year and things went smoothly until spring, when an incident occurred which was to shape my future life socially.

MY OPINION OF OPPOSITE SEX

On March 10, 1888, I reached my 24th year. I had always had a very great respect for the opposite sex, but none but the best appealed to me seriously. Beauty and intelligence, especially the latter, were the main factors that drew my admiration. Anything false or deceptive, even though associated with beauty and popularity, repelled me. To trifle with affection was to me next to murder. No one could accuse me of idle flirtation. If I saw a virtue of beauty, I was very likely to praise it. Unavoidable, personal defects were sacred to me.

Such high standards for the opposite sex made my acquaintances in any community very limited. Not that I had much to offer in the way of personal attractions—my spirit only I judged to be great and worthy of any woman's admiration. I've known a number of women who appealed to me, but if I made such known and was not accepted, I pitied their judgment and remained heart-whole. There was one young woman in my home town with whom I became rather intimate to the extent of regular correspondence. From my boyhood I had admired her, at a distance.

While teaching in Monroe I wrote her a proposal of marriage, but no sooner was the letter posted, than an awful regret possessed my soul. I immediately wrote another letter telling her to

pay no attention to my proposition until she saw me. Had she accepted and her acceptance letter had time to reach me before my refusal reached her, I felt I would be bound to marry her, no matter what my feelings were. Fortunately for me, she failed to answer. This is my firm belief, that the sacred relationship of man and wife, since its destiny extends through the eternities, transcending time and space, is the supreme ultimate of existence, and that our choice of companions antedates mortality. I also believe there are Lucifer matches, so to speak, that when entered into, end in divorce, with all its train of woes.

The village school teachers in early times were usually considered rather popular and above the average. You will pardon me if I seem to hand myself bouquets, when I say that I could have taken for my special associates the best girls of the town. This would have met with general approval of the village folk, but when I failed to take any of them, it, more than any other reason, became my undoing as a school teacher in that community.

It is my firm belief as a L.D.S., that all of God's children may be guided by inspiration and to be guided by the promptings of the still, small voice is the acme of human wisdom. About the year 1884, sister Annie visited friends in Holden, Millard County She brought back to our home at Goshen with her an autograph album which bore the sentiments of her southern friends. In reading them, one stuck me as very remarkable, not only from its beautiful Spencerian penmanship, but also from the matured thought of one so young, for she couldn't have been more than 13 years of age. This is the sentiment as I remembered, "pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defense, and fills up all the mighty void of sense." (Signed) Meda Giles.

Even then, I had a vague notion that she would come into my life. Could I have interpreted properly the promptings, I would have known that she would be mine for Time and all Eternity. I attended the B.Y.A. at Provo, she at Millard Stake Academy. During these four years I had never seen her, but kept her in mind. The Angel of Destiny brought her to me in the spring of 1888. I heard that she was coming, and I was so sure of myself and my future that I told my sister that I was going to marry her.

I MEET THE ONE AND ONLY GIRL

To my children, and after them, to my posterity, which if faithful to God's revealed plan, shall become as numerous as "a mighty nation," to all of you I dedicate this chapter.

Sometime in the month of March 1888, I first met "Mother." We had both been teaching school --she in Leamington, Utah, I in Monroe, Utah. My sister Annie brought Meda to my school and introduced us. To say that I was favorably impressed is to put it very mildly. To me she was beautiful. I said to myself, "She will retain her beauty to old age," which prophecy has been fulfilled. She is now passed 66 years, yet it requires but a few days of real joy to remove the lines of care from her dear face and sorrow from her heart—then she is young and beautiful as the sweetheart of 50 years ago.

She came to me under a cloud due to an unfortunate condition of her sister, but it required only a moments conversation to prove to me that she was the pure angel of my dreams. I was sure of myself and of her, but of course it would not do to let her know the state of my feelings. I wanted her to feel that she was angling for a trout—not a "common sucker."

It was on April 5th (Father Giles' birthday anniversary) that we became engaged, about 15 days after we first met. I do not believe in too long courtships but ours was too short for the joy, where hearts are truly united. Someone has said that there is greater joy in the pursuit than in the

possession,” but not so with us. “Mother” is dearer to me now than ever before in our lives. Bless her sweet soul!

My school was drawing to a close and I must then leave for my duties on the little farm in Goshen. Meda was to go to her home in Holden. Time was golden with us. Our trysting place was the front steps of the school house where I taught. We were not to blame if having no watch, we lost track of time until we observed that beautiful constellation that appears above the eastern horizon about 3 a.m. at this season of the year.

On my way home, I stopped at Nephi for a few hours. and purchased a ring for my sweetheart. It had all the marking of a genuine gold band, the jeweler assuring that it contained as good material as was “ever put into a ring.” The scoundrel! The ring was worthless, yet I paid the full price. He must have seen somewhere in my hair a sprinkling of alfalfa seed. When I discovered the fraud the jeweler had left for parts unknown, so there was no redress there. I afterward placed on Meda's finger a real gold band with this wish, “May you live forever and always be happy.” She has never removed this ring; after all these years of toil it has worn to a mere thread of gold, but still a symbol of her heart and soul—pure gold.

It was June 27th in 1888 in the East Room of the beautiful Manti Temple that we were sealed over the altar for “Time and all Eternity” by that great defender and friend of the Prophet Joseph, Daniel H. Wells. This day was the 44th anniversary of the Prophet's martyrdom. I was terribly frightened, but Brother Wells put us at ease when he said with a smile, “Turn your faces this way, if you dare look an honest man in the face.” We dared. we had nothing to hide. It is said that “Conscience makes cowards of us all.” This depends upon the kind of conscience. I can say of your mother, my beloved wife, she can face all men and angels without a tremor. In all the years I have known her she had never spoken vulgar words, or willingly listened to shady, unclean stories, and her conduct has been in keeping with her high standard of morality. I am truly grateful to put this testimony into writing, that it may prove a guidepost of real worth to all who may read this story. Verily, she had kept her covenant, “Be fruitful and multiply that you may have joy in your posterity.” Twelve times has she entered the “Valley of the Shadow of Death,” and each little stranger was made a welcome guest from the presence of the Lord. God bless you, my darling!

Our children in the order of their births are:

Zersia Mae	May 30, 1889	Goshen, Utah
Joseph Lynn	Dec. 8, 1891	Preston, Idaho
Marta Almeda	Feb. 22, 1894	Preston, Idaho
Jennie Giles	Feb. 22, 1896	Preston, Idaho
Ephraim Benson	Aug. 2, 1898	Preston, Idaho
Emma Giles	Aug. 17, 1902	Preston, Idaho
Don Giles	Sep. 15, 1904	Preston, Idaho
Scott Giles	Dec. 15, 1905	Preston, Idaho
Jesse Giles (twin)	June 10, 1908	Preston, Idaho
Anna Giles (twin)	June 10, 1908	Preston, Idaho
Karl Giles	Feb. 18, 1911	Preston, Idaho
John Aaron	Jan. 17, 1916	Preston, Idaho

More of the personal characteristics and achievements of each of these children will be found later in this story.

I AGAIN ENTER B.Y.A. AT PROVO

(This chapter was written by J. G. Nelson while visiting his daughter Marta at her San Xavier Indian Reservation home, near Tucson, Arizona, March 1937.)

As it was my desire to better equip myself for service as a teacher, we moved our household goods to Provo, and I entered again as student of B.Y.A.

On May 30, 1889, our first little one came to us while at Goshen for summer vacation. We called her Zersia Mae. Of her loveliness and glorious gifts more will be said later.

I had barely gotten started well in my school work, when my wife became ill with typhoid fever. We were totally ignorant of this malady, but we exercised faith in the Lord. While Meda was so ill, little Mae was attacked with croup, awakening her mother by gasping for breath. I took her into my arms and rushed into my brother's home while someone called a nearby doctor. He came, took one glance at the child, thinking her case hopeless, passed out. Brother Nels and I administered to her, no sooner had we rebuked the disease than a quantity of phlegm was thrown out of her throat and little Mae's life was saved.

We called a doctor who pronounced my wife's illness "typhoid" and further remarked that nothing more could be done than we were doing. She was growing weaker and weaker in this condition when the Power of Evil tried to strangle her. She struggled and gurgled, attracting my attention. I was lying on the foot of the bed while I prayed mightily to God to release her from this power and she relaxed. At the same moment I saw the ugliest demon imaginable, and in my excitement struck at him, vainly of course, for it was only a spirit. I felt terribly depressed. I couldn't leave my wife and attend my school and asked her, "What shall we do?" She very promptly replied, "Get me out of here and take me to the Temple or I will die." I began preparations to fulfill her desire, but everything seemed to balk it. I procured recommends, and made arrangements for being taken to the depot early the next morning. (Little Mae was taken to Goshen to Mother, while we made this trip.) The morning came, I helped my wife dress and we waited for the buggy that was to take us to the depot. It was almost train time. I called a cab—it failed to come. We began walking, and before the cab met us we were within a half block of the depot.

Before leaving our apartment, my wife took a severe cramp and as much as a quart of clotted blood passed from her bowels. She said nothing to me of this, but went to the depot with me as a support, boarded the train for Manti, which train then only went within 40 miles of Manti—the remaining 40 miles had to be made on the stage, horse drawn. The roads were wet and frozen --every foot meant a bump of greater or less proportion, and to one in the condition of my wife, must have caused agony.

She doesn't remember whether she was baptized for he, health or what happened after we arrived at the Temple, but I do know that she was baptized for her health and was made well. I took her to a place close by the Temple where she could be quiet and rest. The lady was kind and fixed a comfortable bed upon which Meda lay down to rest. I went back to the Temple to talk to some of the brethren. I had no sooner left the house than a voice which seemed to come from below in the center of the room mockingly said to Meda, "You think you're going to get well, but you're not." This brought her quickly to her senses and she promptly replied, "Yes, I am going to get well," and quickly went out into the kitchen where the good lady was preparing supper.

The next morning we returned to Provo, I stopped off at Santaquin to get our baby Mae. Meda went on alone, and even walked those six blocks back to our rooms. She was weak, but all disease germs were killed. A few days later when Meda's father visited us and she told him our

experience, he remarked, "You've had a severe case of typhoid, daughter. It's a wonder you didn't die."

I again took up my studies in the Academy, but this plan was to be upset again. One morning Brother Maeser came into the Normal Department where there were 40 prospective teachers. He stood and looked over the whole class in his characteristic way which reminded one of the demeanor of the ancient prophets, and made the announcement that a teacher was needed in Southern Idaho. After looking over the 40 of us, he said "Brother Nelson, you come into my office at noon." I filled the appointment promptly and he informed me that the Church Authorities were starting Stake Academies in Preston and Paris, Idaho. "Come in about three days after talking it over with your wife, and let me know your decision." We did talk it over and decided it would be better for me to remain in school. I reported accordingly to Brother Maeser at the end of the three days. He announced, "It's no use 'Brudder' Nelson. I've already sent word you are coming." This was final so far as we were concerned, since we felt ourselves missionaries in the Cause of the Lord.

We disposed of our possessions, boarded the train, stopping long enough in Salt Lake to purchase the necessary records, in accordance with Dr. Maeser's instructions. (We knew just what would be needed from our experience in the Summit Stake Academy.) To save the Stake the shipping expense we carried these records with us, the purchasing bill was sent to the Board of Education. (Incidentally L. L. Hatch, a member of this Board in discussing this item in a Board meeting, proposed that "Brother Nelson be charged with the account since the Board didn't order these records.") President George Parkinson was wise enough to see the absurdity of such a thing, so I escaped with nothing more than a mental shock.

While in Salt Lake we attended the October Conference, 1890. I stood not more than six feet from President Wilford Woodruff when he announced the famous "Manifesto." The proposition was placed before that vast audience by Apostle Lorenzo Snow. While I firmly believed in the principle of Plural Marriage, I voted without reservation to sustain the Prophet of the Lord and the authorities in their decision to abolish the practice.

We arrived in what the Conductor announced as Preston, but we looked in vain even for a depot, as our one trunk, a new one, was pitched from the baggage car into a little barrow pit ravine at the side of the track. Upon this my wife and I sat with our little daughter, Mae, waiting for someone to come and tell us where to go to find Preston.

I finally decided to go in search of someone and succeeded in finding Bishop William C. Parkinson. My first impression of him was that he had a Gentile look. I suppose this was from his business-like, aristocratic manner. He took us to his home where he and his wife made us very comfortable, until we could find a place to live.

Right here I wish to pay tribute to Bishop William C. Parkinson. In business he was shrewd as most business men must be, but humanely merciful and kind. His religion and the duties it imposed upon him were ever the uppermost incentives. Friendly, kind, cheerful, no one in need of sympathetic love and advice were ever turned away empty. His splendid wife, Nellie, was his close helpmate in all things beneficent and kind. She was like a mother unto us during our whole acquaintance and association in Preston. Their memory is held sacred and ever brings great measures of pleasure to us.

About this time a conference of the Oneida Stake was called at Franklin. Dr. Maeser had previously informed me that at this conference I would be called upon to represent the school and enumerate some of its great purposes. I was invited to ride with Bishop Parkinson to the

Conference, but no further notice was taken of me after my arrival at Franklin. To say that I felt chagrined and disappointed is to express it mildly. Meeting was held upon the public grounds. I listened to the speaker during the forenoon session, but I was never more lonely than that day among hundreds. I've always had a rather inferior complex, personally, but the cause I represented was tremendous in its scope—the preaching of the Gospel to the disfranchised members of the church together with secular subjects. For personal honor or to be “seen and heard of men,” I have never sought, but representing as I did a cause fraught with such wonderful possibilities for the untutored youth of the community, and for this inexcusable slight on the part of the authorities at this Conference, I felt deeply insulted and debased.

As I wandered about among the groups of people busily engaged in eating their lunches, I was invited by Boyd Porter to join their repast. I had no claim upon him or his company and naturally felt that I could not accept what seemed pity or charity. Let me say though here—after all these fifty years whenever I see Boyd Porter, or even hear his name, my heart is warmed with gratitude for that one kind act.

I left the crowds, went down to the depot with the view of returning to Preston. I met a gentleman and his wife and learned that there was no train till evening. This brother, Joseph Johnson, invited me to ride with them, which invitation I accepted and arrived safely at Preston where I was welcomed heartily by my dear wife and little Mae.

With the kind aid of Brother Mathias F. Cowley we found one room at Mrs. Mary Head's home. Again through Brother Cowley's kindness we obtained a team, went to Franklin and purchased furniture sufficient for simple house-keeping in this room.

Since it was yet some days before school could be opened, this same good Samaritan suggested that I take his team, go to the canyon and get a load of wood. This I accepted. Louis Lamont, Henry Head and Oscar Jensen piloted the way to the canyon. We stopped at a spring the first night, fed our animals and slept till morning. We drove on then a few miles further. The wood was pointed out to me on the side of the mountain. The three went off together and I was left to work by myself. I suppose they enjoyed many a joke as to “how the school teacher would get along.” They secretly resolved that after they had got their loads they would come back and get “the teacher's load.” Imagine their surprise when they came to help “the teacher,” he already had his load. I didn't admit to them I had nearly famished for water up on that side hill all day in the hot sun. With their help I finally got the load upon the wagon. I always think of these three men with gratitude in my heart for their kindness to me on that occasion, and I'd go a long way to do either one of them a favor.

THE ONEIDA STARE ACADEMY ORGANIZED

The officials who were to prepare a place for the school either for lack of time or oversight had failed to provide any equipment save the house itself. This was situated a little west of where the Wilford Hotel now stands and had been used as Anthony Head's furniture store.

Accordingly when we, the teachers and pupils, gathered at this place, it was obvious that the opening day must be postponed. In due time benches were brought from Franklin, I made two blackboards from ordinary lumber and covered them with slate cloth. (These were used long after the school was moved to the rock building now occupied by Preston High.) Sometime in the latter part of Oct. 1890, the Oneida Stake Academy was organized with Almeda G. Nelson and Joseph G. Nelson as sole faculty. There were pupils of all grades, from beginners to high school age, all eager to enter upon this new experience.

We had our instruction to “teach all subjects under the guidance of the spirit of the Lord,” and therefore humbly petitioned our Heavenly Father in all we did. Each day school opened with devotional exercises. The first hour was devoted to subjects pertaining to the Gospel, and all students were under obligation to take it. Standard Works of the Church were used as texts. All secular branches followed during the rest of the day.

There were stalwart boys and girls from all over the Stake, which then comprised Pocatello, Gentile Valley, and all towns south to the Utah line. These had had very little opportunity for education, there being only inadequate public schools, and in those scattered conditions.

These students undertook their tasks with determination seldom exhibited in the youth today. They felt their need of knowledge and now the opportunity was theirs, they put all their energy into the effort to obtain it.

Pages could be filled with experiences of how these roughhewn diamond boys from the cattle ranches and the farms, and girls whose unsophistication in social affairs made them shy and awkward, were transformed into fine cultured students. Most of the charter members came back the second and third years and from this group Bishops, Counselors, Mayors and County and Stake officials were chosen in later years.

My wife taught with me two years, when other members were added to the faculty and the school grew. The basement of the new Academy Building was finished sufficiently to hold school in during the next year 1901-2, and the upper building the following year 1902-3. I taught in this school for several years with scarcely any pay. There was no Church appropriation during those years when Church property was all confiscated by the Government, but the school must go on. All who desired were invited to attend. None were excluded, but were to pay tuition according to their ability to do so. (Many never paid and to this day we have among our papers an order on a poor brother for tuition of his two big boys. These boys are now men who hold Doctors degrees and laughingly tell how they rode to College on a straw tick in the back of the family buggy and have been on “tick” ever since.

Every student was placed upon his “honor” to observe the rules and regulations of the Academy—these were duplicated from those made by Dr. Maeser for the B.Y.A. Some of these rules were: abstain from use of tobacco and liquor, profane or vulgar language, at home at regulated hours, and no attendance at public or private parties except by permission. Required attendance at Sacrament service on Sabbath. All social functions were under the supervision of the school. (These were made the best possible.) Friends could be invited, but the students who brought them were held responsible for their good behavior.

These parties were of such high order that people deemed it an honor to be invited. They were opened and closed with prayer, never held on Saturday night lest the Sabbath Day be interfered with.

The school rooms in these years were heated by wood stoves, parents furnishing the wood on tuition. When a sufficient amount was piled for winter the boys were invited to bring their axes some Saturday and do the chopping. The girls furnished the lunches on these occasions.

Pupils failing in class requirements were held for “due work” at the close of school. From this there was no excuse. There were very few cases where pupils broke their promises to “keep the rules.” I call to mind the case of Ed Hollingsworth. He persisted in using tobacco. When called

to account he was given the choice of remaining in school or giving up his tobacco. He chose the tobacco. I advised him to withdraw quietly and promised him if he would come to me I'd help him privately with his studies. While he never came, I think my offer made a friend of him for life. Let us pause and make a comparison of the conditions now and then -are we getting worse as a people?

CHAPTER THREE

MY MISSION

In the spring of 1888 I was called on a mission to New Zealand. We never questioned that call, but accepted promptly. Just how we were to accomplish this task we couldn't tell. We disposed of all earthly possessions—horse harness, and buggy, then word came that the call had been changed to the Southern States. I replied that I would be on hand at the appointed time. William H. Allen received a call at the same time to the Sandwich Isles. The Goshen Ward generously donated toward our mission; the amount was to be divided equally between us. Soon afterward I received a Release from a foreign mission, and was to place myself at the disposal of Dr. K. G. Maeser, Supt. of Church Schools.”

Meda and I were sent to Coalville, Summit Co., to organize what was known as “Summit Stake Academy.” I do not know to this day what brought about all these changes. I asked for no change in any one of these calls, but just considered myself in the service of the Lord. The accompanying letters will show these calls and releases. (See Appendix)

We served in this Academy two years. At a General Conference, Thomas Allen, a member of the Stake School Board of Education, and a dear friend of ours made this statement, “At our last Board meeting, President W. W. Cluff said, “The greatest mistake this board has made is in allowing Brother Nelson to leave our school.”

APRIL

April 9. 1898

I was set apart to fill a mission in Oregon and the Northwestern States, Apostle John W. Taylor officiating. He promised me that if I would strive with all my might to preach the Gospel and keep myself clean and unspotted from the sins of this world, I should bring many souls to a knowledge of the truth; I should lay hands on those who were baptized and they should receive the Holy Ghost and glorify God; that I should go in peace and return in safety.

April 19. 1898

At 9 p.m. I left my home. The night was exceedingly dark and stormy, the rain falling in torrents which was not confined to the heavens alone; but like the rain falling upon the thirsty ground, the tears shed in a righteous cause invigorates the heart and glorifies the whole being.

At the station I found a number of students and friends waiting to see me off, among whom were Bishop Parkinson, Brother Hickman, Brother Charles Goasland, Brother Gunderson, our friend Peter Mortensen and others, all of whom showed more than ordinary friendship in coming out under such unfavorable circumstances. The good will and friendship, many of whom aided me with small amounts of money; one, Brother Charles Larsen, gave me \$5, Brother Henry Rodgers gave me a new hat, the best in the store and all wished me “Godspeed” on my mission.

On the train I met Brother Hendricks, Milo's brother, president of the Washington Conference who was my traveling companion as far as Baker City, Oregon where I arrived about 4 p.m. April 20th. At the station I met Brother James Maughn of Preston who joined Brother Hendricks and Brother Lewis of McCammon who went with us to South Baker. Here I met Brother Grant Geddes who showed me many marks of kindness for which I feel duly grateful.

April 21. 1898

I remained in South Baker; visited with members of this Branch, formed many new

acquaintances and by the kindness of Brother Grant Geddes was shown through the Mill of the Oregon Lumber Company, a most gigantic concern with a capacity of some 60 or 70 thousand feet per day. It is owned and managed by our people and affords employment to many families.

April 22. 1898

In company with Elder Lewis, I started out into active service and walked 10 miles and lodged with Mr. James Burrell.

April 23. 1898

Walked 8 miles to North Powder, and found Brother James Geddes, President of the Oregon Conference, and Elder William P. Clayton of Provo, Utah. A meeting having been called in this place, we met and in connection with Elders James A. Lewis, Clayton and Geddes, I addressed the meeting—this being my first Gospel Sermon to “the world.” Mr. Andrew Lind kindly entertained Elders Geddes and myself for the night.

April 24. 1898

I walked 10 miles and took part in 4 meetings; met many friends; took dinner at a Mr. Gustave Casper's at whose home we held a testimony meeting. Had an excellent time. Lodged with Brother Thomas Tanner who left the Saints years ago but is now warmed by the spirit and has a home for the Elders. (He later came and settled in Whitney.)

April 25 1898

Walked 12 miles to Baker City with Brother James Geddes and remained here until the 27th. Walked 12 miles to James, held meeting and lodged with Mr. Burrell.

April 28 1898

Left James and came by rail to Union. Brother Geddes was suffering with sore feet in consequence of having walked in new shoes. My first experience in seeking lodgings occurred at this place. On arriving at Union, the County seat of Union Co., we found ourselves “strangers in a strange land,” with night coming on and Brother Geddes suffering at every step. I informed Brother Geddes of my intention to seek lodgings at “that fine house on our left” and thus save him further pain. Accordingly we called at the door and were met by a young man of pleasing appearance who had us enter. He conducted us into a fine room neatly furnished, but his bland countenance underwent a marked change when we told him we were Mormon Elders and desired a night's entertainment. He “could not say but would see his sister about it.” Instinctively I knew what the result would be, -the house was most too good to entertain Servants of the Living God. The sister came bustling in with face flushed and eyes sparkling, with just such an expression a shrew would wear in removing some hateful object from her pathway. We received her most kindly and her face was a study when she saw two quite neat looking gentlemen who knew how to act as such. But she had many reasons why she could not keep us. She was alone, was a strong Episcopalian, but when “we would be quite contented with even a simple bed,” she said, “It is quite impossible to entertain you.” After bearing testimony of our divine mission we quitted the place, pleased to breathe the unpolluted air of God under the canopy of Heaven.

Wending our way we took turns in seeking lodging, all to no avail. At one place we were met at the door by an Advent lady who declared that they had the truth, but she could not keep us. Just

as we were going out of the gate a little red haired, freckled face ventured the question, "What are you?" "What do you mean, my boy?" I asked. "What church do you belong to?" was his next. "Or," said I, "We are Mormons." His face brightened and as he turned on his heel I heard the remark, "twenty wives." Failing to find lodgings in the city we resolved to go toward the Cove. At last we came to a Mr. Bates whose wife was an invalid. Although they were poor they made us welcome to the best they had and seemed pleased to hear the Gospel. By request we administered to Mrs. Bates who received temporary relief, but was not healed. When we again returned we received a cool welcome. I felt long before coming there the situation and spoke of it to Brother Geddes. They were not living up to the light they already had and I am of the opinion Mrs. Bates was suffering for wrongs committed in past years. They belong to that class who followed the Savior not for the Truth, but for the "loaves and fishes."

April 29. 1898

We came to the Cove, a very beautiful place of some 800 inhabitants, situated 10 miles north of Union. It is noted for its most productive fruit farms. Here we met Elders George C. Peck and Walter Monsen by appointment. After spending a very pleasant hour with the brethren, the question of entertainment came up. Elder Geddes and I met one Mr. James Bloom who attacked religion in general and the Bible in particular, very unkindly. At the conclusion of his tirade, he invited us to his home. He afterwards proved to be a "diamond in the rough." As an apology for his unkindness he said the good book advises; "If a stranger comes among you 'take him in.'" And his fat sides shook at the modern application of "Take him in."

April 30 1898

Held meeting in the Cove in connection with the other Elders.

MAY

May 1. 1898

Held meeting in the Cove and it became my duty to occupy the time. One hundred twenty were present and I had much freedom in addressing them.

May 2. 1898

Elders Geddes and Monsen started for Wallowa County, while Elder Peck and I remained to tract the Cove. In the course of our visits, we met many kind people who I hope one day to see numbered with us. Prominent among our friends here is Mrs. Stackland, a widow from Norway, whose family is one of the most intellectual I have met. The daughters excel in drawing and painting.

May 3. 1898

Spent in visiting and tracting

May 4. 1898

Held a meeting at the Cove. Had a good attendance despite the efforts of a Reverend McCarthy on whom I called at his home. He showed the spirit of persecution and would gladly have driven us from the village.

May 5. 1898

Met Mr. J. Greer, father of the present Governor of Oregon. He entertained us most kindly and recounted to us the pioneer history of Oregon, he being one of its early settlers. I also met a Mr. Bell and a Mr. Graves both of whom seemed most favorably impressed by the Gospel as I was able to make it known to them. Mr. Graves became very earnest and demanded that we give him references from home to prove our claims, which we gladly gave. This gentleman has in his possession a genealogy of his family going back many generations. I told him this might yet be of infinite value to him if he joined the Church. I also met a Mr. Page who was very favorably impressed with our doctrine.

May 7, 1898

Walked 12 miles to the Red Pepper School district in the afternoon. Had some difficulty in getting a place to stop all night, but we made it a matter of prayer and soon found a place with a Mr. D. M. Gearheart.

May 8, 1898

Held meeting in the Red Pepper School house and had a good attendance and was much blessed of the Lord. Had many invitations to go home with families for the night and a pressing invitation to call on a Mr. Conley, the great land owner, who came out to hear us, and pronounced the address the best he had heard for years. We went home with Mr. George Miller, son-in-law to Mr. Conley.

May 9, 1898

Came north to Mr. Gus Frietag's who kindly provided for our wants.

May 10, 1898

Held meeting in the evening. Not many came out to hear us. Preached the gospel to Mr. Frietag and wife who seemed well pleased.

May 11, 1898

Came to Summerville and stopped with Brother Hathaway and was kindly treated. They are members strayed from the fold.

May 12. 13. 1898

Tracted and stayed all night with John Leurs who was once in Utah and on the 13th with Mr. Bull, whose father was once a member but left the church and moved with his family to California in the early days.

May 14. 1898

Held meeting in the evening at Side Hill, and was kindly entertained by Mr. Friezzell, an Irishman.

May 15. 1898

Walked 9 miles and received the hospitality of Mr. John Hug, first having held meeting in Summerville in the large Masonic Hall. Very few people came to hear us.

May 16. 1898

Held meeting in the Dry Creek school house and was entertained by Brother Hathaway.

May 17. 1898

Was kindly received by Mr. Haskett.

May 18, 1898

Made appointments at Lone Star, and Island City, then came to La Grande by way of the sugar factory now in course of erection. Was entertained by Mr. Cansey whose wife is a member.

May 19, 1898

Visited in La Grande and while here met John Jones, Fred Olsen and Chester Smith, off for Manilla to serve in the army. Was entertained by Mr. Stepens, proprietor of the Chop House.

May 20. 1898

Held meeting at Island City in the chapel and remained all night with T. J. Snider.

May 21, 1898

Held meeting in the Iowa District in the evening and came near losing the way as it was so dark and stormy. William Evans kept us at night.

May 22. 1898

Held meeting at the Lone Star and went on to Mr. Rudolph Huggs—remained here waiting for the return of Elders Geddes and Monsen and held one meeting.

May 26. 1898

Mr. Hugg and family were members of the church at one time and lived in Cache Valley, Utah, but became disaffected through some financial trouble at the time they came to this country from Switzerland. It is claimed by them that money belonging to them was left on deposit in Liverpool subject to draft in Salt Lake City, Utah. When they desired to get the money they were met with refusal and insult. John Hugg deposited the money with Franklin D. Richards, then in England and also attempted to draw the same here but failed. According to Rudolph Hugg this was the beginning of his apostasy. (More of this is explained elsewhere in this history.)

May 27 1898

Spent time in study and conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Hugg. In the course of our conversation I was asked to explain many points of doctrine, including polygamy which I did to the satisfaction of these people. Mrs. Huggs family had joined the Josephites and made strong efforts to get her to join. Trusting in God she made this cause a matter of prayer—as a result she related the following dream:

I saw as it were a beautiful tract of land covered with flowers and shrubbery with my Josephite friends laboring there on. They called to me to join them. I started toward them and found to my surprise this beautiful parcel of ground was entirely surrounded by what seemed a bottomless chasm and when I peered into its depths I saw the foundation of their island shaking, ready to fall at any time. Seeing this I called to them, "Your foundation will fall." (As a result of this dream she would not join this organization.)

I told her God had shown her this to save her from the fate of those who had built on a "sandy foundation."

A DREAM AND ITS INTERPRETATION

During my first visit at Rudolph Hugg's I was forced to listen to a terrible tirade against President Brigham Young. These accusations coming from a man who had shown us so much kindness and apparently given as absolute facts, place me in a peculiar situation. I felt that he was mistaken, and yet I could give no proof that these things were false.

That night I went to sleep feeling very depressed and had the following dream:

It was a bright June day. I had come in from a long journey perspiring and thirsty. A picture that had impressed me while a child—there was the farm house, the orchard, the wildwood, the mill pond, and the old fashioned curb well stood by it with the Old Oaken Bucket suspended. How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing, when quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell. Then [soon], with the emblem of truth overflowing, And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well. [from *The Old Oaken Bucket*, by Samuel Woodworth] As it struck the curb, I eagerly caught it when to my surprise and awful disgust, it was blood instead of water, and the whole front of my clothing was covered with gore! I immediately rushed into the mill pond and removed all traces of the blood"

Then I awoke and pondered on the meaning of the dream. This interpretation came to me:

Anyone who knowing the truth of the Plan of Salvation, and listens passively to evil spoken against the prophets of God becomes in a sense, a partaker of the blood of the martyrs. I resolved not to remain under this roof another day without a vigorous defense of Brigham Young.

Returning to Rudolph Hugg's, I showed him the discrepancy between his account of President Young's action, and that of his brother John. John admitted to me that he had received part of the money from President Young. When I related this to Rudolph he turned pale and trembled. Striking one hand into the other he said, "There is my dream fulfilled after 40 years. It may be I have done President Young a very great wrong, but God knows I was innocent about it." He begged me almost in tears to say nothing about it. For truth's sake I am recording it here. On January 5, 1939, we, Meda and I, performed the endowment and sealing for Rudolph Hugg and wife, Mary, in the Logan Temple.

May 28 1898

In company with Brother Geddes, went to Mr. John Hugg's who recounted to us in a most graphic manner how he and his family had accepted the gospel and defended and supported the Elders in Switzerland. How on different occasions he had defended them at the risk of his own life. At one time they and the Elders were attacked by a strong mob, but owing to some unseen power they vanquished their enemies; of how he had escaped death of cholera, and in a most

humorous manner how he made a man well who was determined to die. Then he recounted the events of his coming here (to Utah) how he had deposited a sum of gold at the office in Liverpool, but was unable to say whether it was left subject to draft or if it was given to the Church outright. His want of memory in regard to particulars in this important matter struck me as peculiar and since I had heard from Rudolph mostly a different account of the same thing, I resolved to find out something more if possible. I learned from John that he had drawn both money and provisions at the office in Salt Lake City in "small quantities." These accounts being so at variance, I suspect something is wrong, not with the Church, but with them in this matter and since this thing has taken at least one of the families out of the church, I deem it of enough importance to make these notes. At night I had a most remarkable dream:

I was standing by a beautiful body of water in shape like Oregon. Others had attempted to catch some beautiful fish in a particular place when I took the line and drew out one after another of those beautiful trout. After catching a supply of the ordinary size, I determined to land a large one. For this purpose I saw I must exercise more patience, but finally landed a beauty. What struck me as peculiar they did not flounder when taken out of water, but lay perfectly contented in the green nook I selected for them. Then it became necessary for me to cross the lake or a portion of it. With a companion I started in some small but swift skiff. When fairly underway someone called out "Aren't you afraid of sinking?" I replied, "This cannot sink."

Crossing to the other side, I came to a place where I found a number of carp dead and yet having the appearance of life. I could not decide the cause of their condition for there was some water where they were. I remember saying they were not worth much at any rate. Nearby was a fish—a mongrel—half trout, half carp, covered with white and black stripes, exhibiting remarkable life for it was on dry land. It seemed to challenge me to catch it. Forever watching me with eyes (once seen never to be forgotten) yellow and piercing. Not far from this was another fish or half a fish (a trout) which strange to say was still alive—the head and part of the body gone and still it had power of motion. While I looked, I saw that most of the fish in the lake had gone to Northwest whither I must go if I desired to fish.

Whether this dream has a purpose I am not prepared to say. But this I know—I have seen the eyes of that mongrel fish. The dream impressed me and I have given it place here. The future may witness its fulfillment. The trout without a head was following this carp with peculiar eyes. This thought came to me, the trout was John Hugg or the man who had received the money and through the machinations of the woman with the peculiar eyes, lost his head.

About this time I got a letter from my darling wife, Meda, in which she tells of a dream wherein she is going before me as I wander on my mission. It is her lot to remove the snow from my path. As she clears the snow away, she does not feel cold, nor yet tired, but is rewarded at each step by the appearance of the beautiful green grass under the snow. Truly she does remove the snow from my pathway of life. No sacrifice is too great for her to make for me and the cause in which she is laboring. God bless you, my dear. I know your true womanly heart.

May 29. 1898

Held meeting at the school house, the district in which Mr. Rudolph Hugg lives. His family came out to hear us. I spoke on the purpose and destiny of man. Returning to Mr. Hugg's, I related to him some parts of my talk with John Hugg and the money. He seemed much affected by the

recital since the stories did not agree. He said, "Now I am going to the bottom of this, and it may prove that my dream of so long since is true." And I wondered if I had landed the Big fish. His family seem to take kindly to the Gospel and to show the Elders much kindness.

May 30, 1898

Brother Geddes and I take leave of Brothers Monsen and Peck. We start for Baker with the intention of holding meetings on our way. Call on Mr. Gus. Frietag who kindly entertained us for the night. We blessed his little daughter for her sight or rather her eyes. They seem to have some faith in ordinance. Trust she may get well and they receive the truth.

May 31. 1898

Called at noon on a Mr. McKennon who received us kindly. He seems a perfect gentleman. At night we came to Mr. E. E. Conley's who also gave us very kind treatment. Mr. Conley is the great farmer of this state. He cultivates about 15,000 acres of land and so well is it managed that the total expense per acre does not exceed \$1.50. It is his policy to live in peace with his neighbors but if he cannot he buys them out. Although very rich, he shares the fare of his hired help. He attended a meeting some time before in which I spoke and during this visit he said it was the best sermon he had listened to for years.

JUNE

June 1 1898

Started for Union and was compelled to wade many streams that crossed our road. after many fruitless attempts, we finally got a place to rest from the storm and the promise of a good bed, but no food as Mrs. J. H. Cowmis' health was not good. We were exceedingly thankful for a good bed and since no food was offered we found it convenient to fast, which we did for a purpose. The Elders could not get a hearing here before and we were determined to do so. The next day we made arrangements to hold meeting in the court house on the following Saturday evening and Sunday morning. The Lord had rewarded our efforts and all seemed promising. We called on the editor of the Republican, a Mr. Davis who tried to belittle us. I was on the defensive in a moment and preached to him. He wished that we might see the "folly of our ways" and I that "he might come to a knowledge of the truth." Brother Geddes was afraid I had said too much but I told him I had the right spirit and the sequence proved me right. He (the editor) was bitter as well as ignorant for he would not publish a notice of our meeting. The Democratic Editor gave us a kind reception and went to some pains to give us a notice.

June 2 1898

Went 10 miles up Cathrine Creek and found Sister John A Stoker with whom we spent a day in study and recreation. Sister Stoker kindly did our washing.

June 4 1898

Held meeting in Union Court house as appointed. Some 50 people came out to hear us and gave us the best of attention.

June 5 1898

Held meeting again in the Court house to an attentive audience, many of whom were present at

our first meeting. Called on Rudolf Hugg's daughter and her husband and bore testimony to them. These people did not treat us kindly although Mrs. Hugg desired that we call on them. The early lessons of anti-Mormon doctrine the parents taught her has taken effect and I fear will yet be a source of sorrow to them. Took dinner with a Seventh Day Adventist whose mother claimed to know the Prophet Joseph. She gave the early Saints a bad name. On our way to Stokers, we held a meeting in a District School, notice having previously been given. One family, a Spaniard and three children came to hear us. He seemed much affected and offered us some money but we declined his kind offer. He then said his house was open to us and we should have the best his circumstances would warrant. We thanked him kindly and departed while with his honest hand he brushed away this tears.

June 6 1898

Spent the day with Brother and Sister Stoker receiving the kindest of treatment.

June 7. 1898

Came to the park and took dinner with Mr. Abe Vandemeter. Gave notice of meeting which was held in the school house. Nearly the whole settlement came out to hear us. As a consequence of our fast and prayer, I spoke with much freedom. The people seemed impressed. Mrs. Martin and her daughter kindly took us home with them. Mr. Martin is the most prosperous farmer in the place and made us very comfortable and welcome.

June 8, 1898

Started for Baker City. At the Medical Spring we met Mr. Joseph Wright, the proprietor who spoke very kindly of our people. He had known them since they were driven from Nauvoo. Spoke of their trials and suffering, of a young girl who lost her sight from exposure in the storm in consequence of ice and sleet freezing upon her face, thus causing her blindness. I met another old gentleman here who in the course of our conversation spoke of our intelligent people who once lived on this continent. Said he once found in the state of Washington, while prospecting, a large marker made of cut stone and capable of holding 10 bushels of ore. The workmanship showed marked skill. It had been used for grinding quartz ore as the inside was completely polished from the constant rubbing. About noon we called on a Mr. Miles, an Irish Catholic who affected great surprise at seeing two Mormons, but called us in and cooked us a good dinner. After bathing in North Powder river, we started on our journey over the dry divide. My feet became sore and I suffered much on the journey. Came to Baker about 10:30 p.m. and was most kindly entertained by Brother and Sister Grant Geddes until the afternoon of the 13th. The meantime was spent in study and recreation.

June 13. 1898

In company with Brother William Clayton I started on a tour to Eagle Valley. On the night of the 13th, we were entertained by Mr. Huntsaker whose relatives live in Utah. They were kind to us when we once got an opportunity to preach the gospel and remove some of the deep seated prejudice. While here we met a young woman who was a member of the Church, she having joined at Baker with her husband. They separated through the influence of his family. She seemed very pleased indeed to see us.

June 14. 1898

Continued our journey but suffered some from heat and thirst as our journey lay over a barren desert of upland. At noon we came to a halfway house kept by Mr. M. M. Palmer. Dinner was ready and we were invited to eat. We did with a will, for we were much fatigued with our journey thus far. We had an opportunity to give them the gospel and we are pleased to think some good was done. Continuing our journey we came to Mr. H. Cranston's and stated our mission and requested entertainment which we received. Mr. Cranston is a firm Catholic and could not consider our doctrine.

June 15, 1898

We continued our journey to Sparta, a distance of about 12 miles all up grade. It was our hope to ride this distance since we had been promised the night before that we could go with a man whose journey lay on our course, but when morning came, he made haste to leave us behind. A time will come when he will know the mistake he made. Arriving at Sparta, a mining camp, we made the acquaintance of some prominent people there, secured lodgings of Mr. O. V. Molley. After due notice we held meeting in the school house and I was again blessed in presenting the gospel truths. Some friends were made here. The mining is mostly for gold which is found in the gravel and sand, and is procured by means of washing away the dross.

June 16, 1898

After a good breakfast at Mr. Molley's expense we were fortunate in getting a ride to Eagle Valley, located east of Sparta, and many hundred feet below. Here we found ripe cherries and roses and other flowers in profusion. The valley is surrounded by black volcanic mountains, and has almost a tropical climate. We met here a Rev. Oliver, a noted Advent, who kindly took us home to his mother-in-law, Mrs. C. Stokes, for entertainment, more to please his own fancy and get an opportunity to convert us if possible than out of Christian charity. We talked pro and con on the subject of the existence of the spirit independent of the body. The Advent's believe in "Soul Sleep" that there is no spirit but the breath. Of course we could not agree. Mr. Oliver was once a Methodist minister. I told him he needed to make one more step forward in order to be in the right faith. Mrs. Stokes seems a good woman. She is not an Advent.

June 17. 1898

We went to Pine Valley and called on Mr. Alex. U. Stalker, whose father lives in Franklin, Idaho. He left the church and became an open enemy of our people. Although he seemed vindictive he treated us kindly. He and his family belong to the Christian Church now. His wife is a daughter of Brother Nelson of Riverdale, Idaho. During our talk in the evening, Mrs. Stalker felt some of the old fire of Mormonism although she thinks or says she does that the Christian Church is the only true faith. It is a sad condition they are in spiritually.

June 18, 1898

We called on Mrs. Stalker, a plural wife of Mr. Stalker of Franklin, who chose to leave him when the persecution began and came with her family to this place. She has a family of two sons and two daughters, one daughter is married. The children are far above the average in mental power, but are much opposed to our faith. One of the sons said, "I would as leave take poison as Mormonism." My talk was a revelation to them and I have great hopes of some of them again returning to the fold. We were urged to remain overnight, but as we had given out appointments at Eagle, it was necessary that we go back. A distance of 15 miles lay before us over a high mountain and down an unknown canyon. It was now 6 p.m. and the night promised to be very

dark. A brisk thundershower came on and so thoroughly wet the underbrush that we became drenched to the skin in passing through. We finally arrived at our destination exhausted and covered with mud, but our journey down the canyon through brush, fallen timber, and boulders was almost miraculously accomplished. People had retired but we called at a friendly looking house—a log house, and although the gentleman was in bed, he dressed and made for us a bed on the upper floor, while we went to the mountain canal and washed our bodies and clothing. Putting on a change of clean underwear, we returned with no other clothing on under cover of darkness. A nice breeze from the South made our sleep refreshing.

June 19, 1898

In the Morning our kind host, Mr. J. W. Carnahan called breakfast but as we were fasting for a purpose we declined to eat. We attended the Sunday School here and desired the Superintendent to announce our meeting which he would hardly do, and yet in the community he was counted one of the best of men. Our meeting in the afternoon was a success after which Mr. J. N. Holcomb took us to his home and treated us the best in the land. His cherries and other small fruit were famous and we were at large in the midst of it all. To put it mildly, we broke our fast. Mr. Holcomb is a renowned mountaineer and has in his possession besides many trophies of the hunt, a fine gold medal in token of his marksmanship. Our meeting in the evening was attended by many young people to whom I spoke on morals as well as religious subjects.

June 21. 1898

We again took our journey along the Powder River, calling at all the far houses and delivering our message and distributing tracts. For want of other dinner I made a meal on wild currants and service berries. Sun was nearly down when we came suddenly upon a corral of cows and in their midst, two fine appearing ladies. We were going by when I was prompted to speak to them and told the lady of our mission and she kindly asked us home. Her husband was not at home and thinking we would subject her to unkind criticism, were about to go on when she said, “you are welcome to stay with us, and I am not afraid of what people may say, I am known here anyway. If you can stand it, I can.” We were furnished supper and a good bed, and breakfast. I left a “Voice of Warning.” Someday Mrs. Love, for that is her name, will accept the glorious gospel.

June 22, 1898

We removed our clothing and crossed the river and left a tract and our testimony at each home. Called at a Mr. John A. Tucker's whose wife was very rabid, but he treated us kindly. Gave us dinner of which we were much in need as we had gone a long way that day. Mr. Tucker was in Utah in the early days and spoke highly of President Young and our people. Continuing we came to Mr. George F. Johnson's with whom we received a hearty welcome.

June 23 1898

We went to Big Creek and were entertained by Mr. Joseph Truesdale whose daughter is a deaf mute, but strange to say is quite good at playing on the organ. She is quite well informed having attended the school for the deaf. She reminds me much of Mrs. Towns. I told her if she would yield obedience to the gospel she could get her hearing and also her voice. While here I received an invitation to call on a Miss Martin of the Park, who was somewhat interested in me since I spoke at the Park. I did not call.

June 24, 1898

We met Brother Alex Stokers and gave out an appointment at the Park and also at Big Creek. Sister Stoker made us welcome.

June 25. 1898

Went on to High Valley—the home of the Advents, many of whom we met and preached the gospel to. We found lodgings at Mr. John W. Minnucks who had once worked in Utah. He has one of the first Books of Mormon published.

June 26. 1898

Held meeting at the High Valley Schoolhouse after which we again returned to Brother Stokers'. On our return we met several people to whom we bore testimony.

June 27. 1898

Held meeting in the Park and was entertained by Abe Vandevanter who seems to accept the gospel truths.

June 27, the day of the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith, 1844, also the anniversary of my marriage with my dear Meda of whom I am justly proud. Wealth may bring contentment but cannot buy happiness. True happiness can be acquired and maintained only on the principle of righteousness. Forgetfulness of self is a token of Godliness and devotion to principle is Godlike. All these virtues my dear wife possesses, and to know her is to love her.

June 28. 1898

Held meeting in the evening at Big Creek to a large-and attentive audience. Was entertained by Isaac Bowman.

June 29. 1898

Started for the Powder River country, but were detained by Mr. Vandevanter who desired to know more of the gospel. I conversed the most part of the forenoon with him and the results brought out the facts that he had been dabbling in spiritualism. I warned him against its evil effects. He seemed kindly disposed toward the gospel as we teach it. Brother Clayton made some very good music for us on his tin flute. He is a good musician. After dinner, we went on our way rejoicing. Called on farmers along the Powder River and received kind entertainment from Mr. Henry W. Lee and wife.

June 30. 1898

Gave out appointment for meeting on Powder River which we held in the evening. But few came out to hear us. We were opposed much by the Evil One. Mr. Lee again took us home and made us welcome. He seems a good young man and kindly disposed toward the gospel.

JULY

July 1. 1898

Walked 18 miles over a dry, dusty road and suffered some from thirst and sun, but arrived in Baker City in the afternoon, and were kindly entertained by Sister David Eccles.

July 2. 1898

Spent time in Baker with friends.

July 3, 1898

Spent the time pleasantly with Brother Bramwell, the Mission President who came on the 2nd, but owing to important business was compelled to go home on the 3rd. I was very favorably impressed with Brother Bramwell and during our talk it was decided that I go West and labor between Viento and Portland in connection with Brother William J. Barnes, also of Preston.

July 4, 1898

I witnessed the celebration in Baker City and partook of the barbecue. In the evening, Elder James Geddes and I witnessed the fireworks. It was a grand display, but as I stand in the presence of the grand or magnificent my thought fly to the "dearest spot on earth," and a feeling akin to sorrow possesses me. My dear ones so far away! but a time will soon come when there will be no more separation.

July 5 1898

Spent the time with my fellow Elders Brother Monsen and Peck, just come from the north.

July 6. 1898

Elders separated. Brother Peck and I took train for Viento, a distance of 300 miles. The scenery along the route is magnificent. High mountains, pine clad, only broken here and there by crystal cascades.

After leaving Baker City, Elder William. Barnes and I were sent to Viento, a lumber camp on the Columbia River, located at a point where the White Salmon River enters the Columbia from Washington State.

The large mills here were owned by David Eccles and Company. I think Bishop Nibley was a member of the company. We were kindly entertained by grandfather Eccles and wife—parents of David, the financier and father of the Eccles fortune. Here we met William. Eccles, a brother of David who had been in the camp for a number of years.

One night we received an urgent call from father Eccles to cross over Columbia to see him. The wind was blowing and the river was rough. we went to the water's edge and saw a rickety little boat with a sail made of burlap. It was enough to frighten one to enter on a voyage in such a frail boat --but it was in keeping with our calling as missionaries. With a smile we entered and arrived in safety—the river is about one mile wide at this point.

We met a young woman and her children. She claimed to be the wife of Mr. Eccles, Samuel or William., I am not sure which. She desired to be baptized and become a member. We baptized her and reported the same to the President of the Church. What action was taken after that I do not know.

Soon after this, we met Sister Eccles No. 1 who paid our way to Portland and made us welcome in her home in East Portland. She went home to Ogden and left us in possession of her home. Here we cooked our simple meals and did our laundry while trying to put over our message in the big city.

While here we found a good friend in Brother Westegard who was employed in the R. R. shops in southeast Portland. It seems that he had heard the gospel in Denmark. We held meetings in his home and were made welcome to the best they had to give us during the remainder of my stay in Oregon. I baptized Brother Westegard, wife and some of his children that were of age.

They geyed him in the shops for entertaining us. One night he came home with this story:

As soon as I entered the shops a man called out, "Are they gone? Are they gone?" and another answered, "Not yet, not yet." Then they all laughed.

Westegard's home was near the shops and surrounded with large pine trees. When we came they claimed to have seen our host's rooster and all of his harem fly to the pine trees - from this vantage point in the top of the pine, his majesty anxiously called to his wives, "Are they gone?" They answered "Not yet."

Shortly after this I was called home to resume my work in the Academy. Dear little Mae met me a few rods from home wiping the faces of the smaller children as they came to "meet papa." It was no small disappointment to fail to see my dear Meda on that occasion. However, she returned that night from a political convention held in Malad, being unaware that I would be home so soon.

CHAPTER FOUR

PRAYERS OF FAITH PRAYER FOR RAIN

The event that I am about to record, began Saturday, July 1, 1916, and was consummated on the evening of July 2, 1916.

We had a wonderful stand of wheat on the farm at Winder which during the early part of June promised a bounteous harvest; but the dry south winds blew daily, with not a sign of clouds or rain, until the crops, once so full of hope, seemed doomed to fail unless the Lord would send rain.

That which was true in our case was also true of all our neighbors, who were trying to raise grain without irrigation.

We needed so much that crop of grain, and felt nothing but the power of God could save it.

I was at this time a member of the High Council of Franklin Stake and Joseph S. Geddes was president. On Saturday, July 1, I called President Geddes over the phone and made known to him the sorry outlook for a harvest on the dry farms. I made this statement, "Tomorrow is Fast Day and I feel it would be a splendid time to call upon the Lord in all the meetings of the Stake and importune Him for rain." I further suggested that we could get in communication with all the Bishops by phone, and earnestly sought President Geddes to do so. His reply was, "If we ask the people to pray for rain and the rain doesn't come, I'm afraid it will hurt their faith." To say that I was disappointed is to express it very mildly.

That night Mother, Mae, and I sought the Lord in humble prayer and received this answer, "Brother Joseph, as a member of the High Council, you have a perfect right to counsel with the President of the Stake, and tomorrow when you bear your testimony, if you feel the Spirit, you may pray for rain."

My place with other members of the High Council and Stake Presidency was on the stand. During the course of the meeting I arose to bear my testimony, depending on the Lord as to what I should say, when this testimony came: During the reign of King Ahab and his wicked wife Jezebel, Israel under these leaders apostatized and sought the worship of Baal.

The lives of the prophets were sought and many of them killed under the direction of Jezebel. Even the life of Elijah, the great prophet who held the sealing power, (and who in our day, visited the prophet Joseph in the Kirtland Temple and conferred this same power upon him) was driven from the confines of men into the caves of the rocks, to save his life and there he called upon God to seal the Heavens that rain might not fall upon all the land of Palestine, until, through suffering, Israel might be brought back to worship the God of Heaven.

Not a drop of rain had fallen for three years. Through sore distress the King and the people sought for Elijah, the Prophet.

Israel repented, then Elijah reminded the Lord of the fact and said, "Oh Lord send the rains again upon the lands." In answer to his prayer copious rains fell over the land and Israel rejoiced and praised the God of Heaven.

I knew the Lord had inspired and brought this story to my mind, and in keeping with this thought, I was permitted to call upon God for rain and did so.

It was a great test of my faith and courage, knowing how President Geddes who sat by my side felt about asking the Lord to send rain; yet I knew the Lord was on my side.

At the close of my testimony I said, "Brother and Sisters, if you will join me, we will ask God to send rain to save our crops." I don't recall the exact words of the prayer, but I know they were inspired by the Lord.

The meeting closed and the wind continued to blow, dry and hot from the southwest, but about the time we arrived home, the wind suddenly veered around to the northwest, gaining in force every minute, until it became a gale, which extended clear to Salt Lake City, doing damage to excursionists on the Lake. Just at dark, the rain came and continued for about fifteen minutes.

With bared head and tears streaming down my cheeks, I walked out into the storm, and thanked God for answering my prayer. Then as if by magic, the sky was swept clean of clouds and mist and the stars shown out in all their brilliancy.

It was such a marvelous event that had happened! The greatest potentate on Earth, with all his wealth and power could not have accomplished that which took place that night.

Doubts then began to assail me and I had no peace of mind until we sought again the Lord in prayer. This was the remarkable answer that came to us. "Thou didst indeed put thy hand into the lions mouth (referring to Brother Geddes' want of faith) but he did not harm thee. The rain came in answer to thy prayer! The rain came in answer to thy prayer! The rain came in answer to thy prayer! Art thou now satisfied? If the people of the Stake had exercised such faith as shine, it would have rained for a week!" The material good that came from this rain was a very limited thing but the fact that the Lord had answered my prayer was worth a million! In discussing this experience with some of our neighbors, notably, John Johnson and his wife, Eva, whose large crop was also burning up, and knowing that in numbers there is a strength, we resolved to call a number of our friends together and ask God to come to our rescue.

On the appointed day we met in our dining room in Preston Brother and Sister Johnson with others of our friends. Before engaging in prayer, Mae and I retired to our sacred room and asked God if it would be all right to pray for rain. The answer was: "It is all right, but pray in this way—the Lord's will be done." So we prayed and in the midst of the prayer there was a gentle roll of thunder immediately above our heads although the sky was cloudless. the rain did not come and I inquired again of the Lord and reasons and the answer was: "All through the Cache Valley the first hay crop is being harvested, and the people are praying that the weather remain fine." Thus the prayer was answered in God's own way.

We were further told that the Lord always does the thing that is best for the majority of the people. We raised a fair crop of wheat despite the absence of rain.

FINDING A CLOG IN THE SEWER

At home in Preston in mid-winter, with two feet of snow covering a heavy depth of frozen ground, I was crippled in my right foot as the result of stepping on a rusty nail. None of the boys were at home. The sewer became clogged and the basement was being flooded. From the outlet of the cesspool, 16 feet from the house, the sewer line took a westerly course, then south to the outlet 50 feet from the house.

I knew that I must find the stoppage, but felt unable to dig through that frosty ground in my crippled condition. Could I have been sure where to dig along the 50 foot pipe, it wouldn't have seemed so impossible.

Mae and I were in the basement room. I explained to situation to her, "Mae, the Lord has always answered your prayers, now, would you ask Him where I must dig to find that impediment?" She hesitated, thinking perhaps it a trivial matter to ask the Lord about, but it was of vital concern to me. She finally said, "I'll try." She retired to her bedroom, laid the matter before the Lord, came out smiling and said, "Papa the stoppage is in the first turn of the pipe." The question was now up to me to find the first turn of the pipe—it could be in either east or west direction within several feet. Silently, I told the Lord my situation, with shovel in hand, in words something like this: "Oh Lord, you've been kind to tell us the cause of our trouble, now please guide me that where I shall strike my shovel, there will be the place to dig." Let it be remembered there were two feet of snow covering this whole area. All the landmarks were covered. I waded through the snow, and when prompted to do so, I struck my shovel down, and found the exact spot and in a short time had the trouble removed.

LOST HORSES FOUND THROUGH PRAYER

Our farm was 10 miles north from our home in Preston. We often went out in the evening in order to be there to begin work early the next morning, carrying supplies to do for several days in our one-horse buggy. The work animals were left in the farm pasture.

On this particular occasion, we arrived at the farm about 9 o'clock. I at once went to look after the welfare of the three teams left there. I went the full length of the pasture, but found no trace of any of them. All sorts of conjectures rushed into my mind as to their whereabouts. Some horses had been stolen from our neighbor's ranch. Ralph Perry not only lost his team, but harnesses and buggy were stolen a few weeks before. Had my horses also been stolen? The fear of it was exasperating! It was a dark night and I had no means of continuing the search or of finding any trace of the course they had taken. In my dilemma I sought the Lord. It had been our practice (Mother's, Mae's and mine) when at our wits end, to seek help from this Source of Intelligence. We usually did this unitedly, but I thought distance means nothing to the Lord, only unity and faith is required. About one fourth of a mile from our farm cabin, was a telephone, in my brother Jim's house. From that point I called my wife at Preston and apprized her of the situation saying, "The Lord has always helped us in our dire need. I will unite with you and Mae at once in calling upon the Lord. I feel sure we will not be disappointed. You call and let me know the result."

It was now about ten o'clock. The phone soon rang and Mae's voice came clearly over the wire. "Papa, the horses are not stolen! They crossed Deep Creek at the west of the cabin, continued west, found a weak place in the fence, broke through, continued westward to Twin Lakes Canal, crossed the bridge, then went north about a half mile, entered the fields on the east, and there you will find them now." Imagine my joy and thankfulness when I went to the spot indicated and found all the horses, brought them home and slept in peace.

FAITH REWARDED

Sometime about the middle of June, the weather was beautiful and seasonable for warmth, and we planted quite an extensive crop of beans. These were up and looking fine.

We set out tomato plants just before leaving home for the farm late in the afternoon. We had

scarcely finished the planting before a cold north wind struck us and the temperature fell to danger point. Looking at it from a natural standpoint all our garden, beans, tomatoes and corn were doomed.

Knowing that the Lord had heard our prayers in times past, we sought Him earnestly to protect us against the cold and frost. After doing so we felt an assurance that all would be well although a heavy sleet of rain came with the wind and stood in pools in the wagon tracks as my wife and I made our way to the farm. I remember distinctly that the wagon wheels crunched the ice as they passed through the ruts in the road. The night brought heavy frosts to many sections; the tops of the alfalfa were frozen at the farm. The next day on our return home we found our tomatoes untouched with frost, not a bean plant was destroyed, but the red roots which had sprouted profusely were black and dead. God had saved our garden in a miraculous manner.

At another time our pear trees (and we had a dozen all told) were filled with blossoms until they had the appearance of huge cones of snow. Suddenly the temperature began falling, falling. Hopes of a fruit crop had often heretofore been blasted by these sudden changes in temperature. We know the blossoms just in a prime stage to be injured by even a slight frost. We thought of the advisability of building straw smudges to be kept burning all night, then we remembered how gracious the Lord had been to us in times past. Accordingly we sought Him in earnest prayer to spare our pear crop. That night sure enough the frost came until there was heavy sheets of ice on standing water. When the sun came up we anxiously watched for the effect upon the blossoms which usually turn them black in the center if frozen.

To our amazement and joy, not one blossom fell or turned color. Later the pears hung so thick that supports had to be placed under the limbs to save the tree from breaking under its heavy weight. Generally a pear tree will thin its own crop by shedding many of its blossoms just before the petals fall, but this year there was no thinning. Every pear it seemed hung until fully matured. It was a marvel indeed. In other parts of town all tender vegetables were hurt badly and our neighbors marveled that our pear blossoms escaped injury—another incident of faith rewarded!!

INCIDENT CONCERNING MAE

We had brought Mae home from Salt Lake City where she had been attacked by the powers of Evil, but we seemed to be powerless to help her through prayer or otherwise. At times she would run to the extreme end of the field, other times she would run down the streets to the neighbors who naturally became frightened at such conduct. At this particular time she had run to the extreme northwest corner of the alfalfa field which was wet with a heavy dew. She was wet to the knees. We were in despair. We repaired to our sacred room and supplicated God in all humility and seriousness. As we thus prayed there appeared before me this sentence directly before my eyes in letters of gold, “Let not thy faith fail thee.” The significance of this experience was that these were the very words given by Church Patriarch John Smith and also by Stake Patriarch Samuel Parkinson Sister Each gave a blessing to me for comfort in this distressing experience. We did not let our “faith fail” and subsequently she was healed and resumed her work as teacher.

A PROPHECY AND FULFILLMENT

Since all of God's children who know that Jesus is the Christ are potential prophets or prophetesses, this was verily true of my father Lars Nielsen.

I will cite an instance. In the inception of the Josephite movement, many of my father's friends in

Goshen adhered to the “New Faith.” Among them was a brother Andrasen and his family. Father labored for days with him, trying to show him the “error of his way,” but all in vain. Andrasen and his company were determined to return to headquarters of the Josephites in the East. It was then that father made this prophecy, “Brother Andrasen you will start on your journey East, but you will die on the way.” After traveling a few days Andrasen fell and was killed by a loaded wagon passing over him.

CHAPTER FIVE

VISIONS AND DREAMS

This is the story related by my mother.

Vision, like revelation and inspiration, comes not by the will of man but the will of God.

It has been my privilege to experience at various times the meaning of vision. In each instance it has been the same. In short, one sees by means of his spiritual eyes. One feels the waves of light as in rapid motion from the eyes to the object shown. One seems to be seeing through the physical eyes, but this is not so because the light that brings objects to our view naturally is not used in vision. In vision one sees the thing revealed as in broad daylight although the night may be intensely dark. The moving picture is not unlike vision.

At the time John Taylor became President of the Church, he received a revelation from God to “set the Church and the homes of the saints in order.” Vacancies in all the Priesthood quorums were filled. Ward teachers were called on to visit all members of the Church with instruction to labor diligently with slack members and to report all who did not respond to this kindly method of reformation.

Among the latter were my brother-in-law, Peter Nelson and my sister, Emma, his wife. About this time the writings and lectures of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll the agnostic of the nation, appealed strongly to all people who were not believers in God and the plan of salvation. Tom Payne and Ingersoll were the luminaries who appealed to Peter. Religion, and anything that savored of it, made him angry. To avoid being insulted or having my feeling crushed, I refrained mentioning religion to him.

In many respects, Peter was a generous, intelligent gentleman. I was present when the ward teachers called upon him and Emma. After presenting the object of their visit, Peter said, “Since I cannot subscribe to the requirements of your society, I think it honorable to have my name stricken from your records.” Emma, my dear sister, followed his lead. In justice to him I fell sure, though they were baptized in their youth, they never had a testimony of the plan of life and salvation.

We moved to Idaho and soon after this Peter was operated on for gall stones and died under the operation. About two years after, I had this remarkable dream:

I found myself in the road opposite Peter's old home in Goshen, Utah. Peter came toward me with outstretched hands, his face beaming with delight. As he took my hand he made this remark, “Joe, have you heard the news? The prison doors have been opened!” I was surprised at his kind greeting since it was a radical change from his former attitude.

A short time after this the mystery was explained. My sister Annie and her husband, W. H. Allen, visited us on their honeymoon. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple and while there my brother-in-law, William. H. Allen was baptized and endowed vicariously for Peter, and so the prison doors were opened for him.

MAE'S ACCOUNT

“On the evening of November 8, 1915, I, Mae, together with my father and mother, met in prayer for the purpose of receiving comfort and instruction regarding certain questions which we

desired to have answered of the Lord. We met and prayed once but the inspiration was withheld. Not shaken in faith we prayed separately and again approached the Lord with greater faith and humility than before. I felt that some great manifestation was to be made but I knew not what it would be.

“We proceeded as upon other occasions, father leading with his prayer of faith, followed by mother's sweet pleading supplication. As soon as I began my prayer I felt the Spirit of God descend upon me in mighty power and I could no longer pray in my own words but must needs voice the words of the Holy Spirit. For such is the gift of inspiration. When inspired by the Spirit of God, one speaketh not in his own language or his own thoughts but is a medium through which the Spirit speaketh and maketh known the will of God, pertaining to the question which has been asked in prayer.

“By the Spirit, many great and wonderful things pertaining to this life and the life hereafter were made known to us. While we were thus being instructed, I felt the presence of unseen beings and suddenly it was made known to us that my Uncle's spirit, even the spirit of Uncle Peter, Aunt Emma's husband, was present in the room and that he had a message which he desired to have given to Emma, his wife. This was the message as it was worded by the Holy Spirit of Inspiration. 'Emma, Emma, be baptized and enter at the gate, for I have accepted the work which has been performed for me in the Temple of God. My soul hath suffered in Purgatory. I have atoned for my sins and hardness of heart. Now wait, I am held back by thee, for until thou art baptized and have received shine endowments and hath been sealed unto me and our children have been sealed to us, I cannot progress farther. Emma, Emma, be baptized and then shall I be able to perform my mission here in the spirit world. Do thou as Muriel and Eva have done, then shall Russel, Erving, Lee and Hazel Follow thy example. Then shall our family be united for time and all eternity, then shall we have exaltation and eternal increase in the eternal worlds. Emma! Emma! I thy husband plead with thee. Be baptized, enter into the covenant which I have accepted that we be not separated.' “This was the message which the Spirit dictated. The message that Peter desired should reach earth and be delivered unto Emma, his wife. We were told that Uncle Peter's spirit stood by the bedside where we were kneeling and would not depart until he had heard from Joseph's lips the promise that he, Joseph, would deliver this message unto Emma.

“The instruction was full and complete. At this point the words were checked that father might promise in prayer that he would faithfully deliver this message. Father solemnly covenanted in a few words of prayer that he would faithfully deliver the message. Then the Inspiration continued and we received beautiful and complete instruction regarding other questions which were in our hearts.

“We were told to meet in prayer with Aunt Em and Aunt Annie at some appointed place in Salt Lake City at the time of April Conference. There Aunt Em would be told why she had been caused to suffer so much through Hazel's misfortune, and she would be comforted.

“This I have written from memory by the aid of the Spirit of God. For I have prayed that I might faithfully record the words of the message as they came to me through the Gift of Inspiration which my kind Father in Heaven has given to me.

“Received evening of Nov. 8, 1915. Written evening of Nov. 9, 1915.”

(Signed) Mae Nelson

I kept my promise to Peter and as a result Emma was baptized by my brother, Nels Nelson in the fount in the tabernacle at Provo, Utah. Emma began failing in health and died in her home in Goshen, Utah.

Mae and I sought the Lord in Emma's behalf and were informed that she, Emma, would make much greater progress in the Spirit world, that when we went to Goshen to bury her some of us would have a "marvelous manifestation." My brother James B. Jensen and Nels were also in Goshen for the funeral. James B. and I slept in one of the south rooms in Emma's home. About 4 a.m. this remarkable vision came to me:

My mother and my sister Mattie came in a halo of light—so indeed that objects in the room were in plain view. Mother stood about 4 feet in front of Mattie. They seemed to be about the same age, though mother was past 89 when she died. Their eyes sparkled and their faces shone with youth and beauty. Dressed in some filmy white material. they smiled as I shouted, "Oh, you darlings!" Then darkness. I had seen them with my spiritual eyes.

I also saw what appeared to be the spiritual body of my sister Emma standing in the doorway facing mother and Mattie. It may be that it required some time in her new environment to materialize for I saw her as if formed of heat rays like one may see in the summer time. A little child was also present and took a tumble over the floor as a child would. This I took to be the spirit of my brother Ephraim who died at 2 ½ years by drowning.

Brother Nels and I spoke at the services at which time I testified of the visitation.

A VISIT FROM MEDA'S GRANDFATHER

This event took place the latter part of January, 1916. John, our last child, was but a few days old.

His mother was almost on the border line of Eternity. At such times the veil separating the mortal from the spiritual world is all but removed.

To prepare for this momentous occasion in our lives, the mother occupied the best room in our home—the parlor. Separating this room from the one on the south was a colonnade. The room was dimly lighted from a street lamp in the distance shining through a glass door. To be close at hand, in case of need, my cot was placed against the south end of the dining room, in full view of the bed of mother and child.

Standing in the archway looking toward me, my wife saw her grandfather, Joseph Giles. She described his appearance as follows:

He wore a pair of grey "jeans," pants rather loose fitting, with braces made of the same material, and a white factory shirt. His shoulders were a little stooped, his hands held in front. He seemed to be gazing intently towards Joseph. In telling this to her father, he replied, "Daughter, you have undoubtedly seen my father—your grandfather."

This was the first of our spiritual manifestations.

I SEE MY MOTHER

A little time later I found myself awake and noting objects in the room made visible by the dim light from the street.

It was at the dead hour of night, about three or four a.m. when I felt a peculiar sensation like an electric current, beginning at my hands and feet. Suddenly, I was aware that my mother stood by my side. I was surprised and wondered at her lifelike appearance and yet I realized that she had passed away years before, and I thought, "This must be mother's spirit." I remembered too, the explanation given by Prophet Joseph Smith, that if asked, a spirit will not offer to shake hands with you, but she looked so material, and so like the mother I had known as a boy that I, putting out my hand, asked, "Mother, can you shake hands with me?" She smiled and answered, "I'll try." Imagine my surprise and joy that I felt her hand as naturally as ever in my life. Without hesitating, I put my arms about her, felt the warmth of her body and kissed her on the cheek. To me she was just as tangible as ever in life. I noted the appearance of her hands, the clothing that she wore, her teeth, her eyes - just as I had known her best in life. I was ready to ask a volume of questions when suddenly I found myself lying on the cot, as I was when this experience first began. While this was wonderful to me, it seemed not an unusual thing to her, which is but another proof of the statement made by President Brigham Young that our departed loved ones are all about us.

Earnestly desiring more information upon this subject, I sought the Lord in prayer at about the same hour the next night. The same physical sensation was experienced and heard, but I did not see the many people as they seemed to be moving about in the room. I was awake and perfectly conscious of the things that took place each time.

Accordingly, I sought the Lord for an explanation. This was the answer. "Thou hast indeed embraced thy mother, but the power by which it was done, cannot be comprehended by the finite mind." Mother was not a resurrected being, yet I felt her body as tangibly as I had ever done in life, so I have drawn this conclusion—that for a short space of time, my spirit left my body and being in the same element as my mother, I was able to feel her as if in life. This verifies the statement of the Prophet Joseph Smith that "spirit is material but cannot be felt by mortal man."

Spiritual manifestations do not come by the will of man, or to satisfy the curiosity or caprice of mortals, but only by the will of God and there must always be a purpose for such manifestations. We were not slow to perform this work for Grandfather Giles and for many in his line. My mother's message to me was, "While you are working for Meda's people, don't forget mine!"

GIFTS OF THE SPIRIT

Some of the gifts of the gospel as declared by Joel, one of the prophets of old, are dreams, visions, revelation, etc. "2-28, I shall pour out my spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions." I was neither old nor young but middle aged, and so I take it that I was eligible for all or any of these gifts god was willing to pour out upon all who are faithful.

In the midst of our worries this dream came to me. I found myself in the depth of the ocean and realized the water under me was a mile deep. I began to swim in what I supposed to be in an easterly direction. I thought I swam with great ease, hoping to find some landmark, but nothing but the awful green of the ocean was before me—then south, but not a sign of land or hope could I see in any direction. Even the sky was scudded over with clouds that looked grey like the ocean. When I was about to give up in despair, I looked up and saw the blue of heaven through a rift in the clouds, which filled me with unspeakable joy, for I knew Heaven was the one source of my help. I immediately awoke filled with great joy.

The Prophet Joseph said that “to dream of swimming in deep water signifies success among many people, and that the word will be accompanied with power” ... Page 255, Vol. 5, Church History.

GENEALOGICAL WORK

At the time when Samuel W. Parkinson was installed as President of Franklin Stake, numerous changes were made in the officers of the stake.

In discussing with my wife the probable positions to be filled, I expressed the hope that if anything were assigned to me, it would be the Genealogical work. (I mentioned this to no other living soul.)

Something called me away from home on the day these appointments were being made. On my return, I was not at all surprised that I had been appointed Franklin Stake Representative of Genealogical Organization, with my wife as one of my helpers. To more thoroughly qualify us for this work, we were given some wonderful manifestations.

ROBES OF THE PRIESTHOOD

I was asleep or so it seemed on the bunk bed at the old farm cabin. I was startled to see a man kneeling with his arms on the bed, smiling into my face. The peculiar thing about it was that he was stark naked! He was clean shaven and seemed about the age of 40. I awoke and was surprised to find him gone. I inquired of the Lord the meaning of this strange visit and received this significant answer, “Thou shalt indeed clothe them in the robes of the Holy Priesthood. He represents a type of condition in the Spirit World. Without earthly ordinances, they are indeed naked!”

CLOAK OF ELIJAH

As one of the signs of the true plan of salvation in our day, the Prophet Joel said, “I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh, your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions.” In fulfillment of this prophecy, I wish to relate this significant dream:

I found myself in an unknown country. My father was walking ahead of me and my mother followed immediately behind. Our destination was the home of his sister whom we were going to visit. (At this time I knew nothing of my father having a sister.) However, we came to her home. I noticed my father wore a cloak or cape similar to that worn by Brigham Young. My father stepped upon the platform immediately before the front door. I saw him reach to open the door. I turned around to see where mother was but she was nowhere in sight. Turning back to father he had also disappeared, the house too was gone, I found myself in a “lone and dreary world without a vestige of human life!” It was twilight. The only real thing was the cloak my father had worn which I found upon my own shoulders. I awoke and pondered

When Elijah ascended to heaven the cloak which he wore fell upon the shoulders of Elisha, according to the Scriptures. All Israel knew that Elisha was to be Elijah's legal successor. Whether this has any significance, let the future answer. Of this I am sure, I do not wish to take any precedence over my dear brother Nels (Nels) but if there is anything left undone that my father wishes me to do, that I shall do, with the help of the Lord.

THE BREAD OF LIFE

“Your old men shall dream dreams.” Joseph, Lehi, and Nephi, were shown the future in dreams, and as I am of this same lineage as these worthies, holding the same Priesthood they held, and since “God is no respecter of persons,” I too am entitled to similar blessings. This is my dream and its fulfillment.

I found myself in possession of a cake as large as a wagon wheel, three feet in diameter. I saw it was white beyond description. I ate a great piece of it for it was most delicious to the taste. The more I consumed the more I desired.

Since it was so appetizing and the amount to limitless, I desired my friends to enjoy it with me, hence I sought President Joseph S. Geddes of the Franklin Stake and offered to share with him. He looked at what I had to offer, but refused to accept my gift. I then perceived that he was hovering over a very small fire from the center of which I saw a tiny cake rising, made of the same material of which my ponderous one was made. It made me smile to see him waste his time over such small returns, however he refused to accept of any of mine.

I then sought out my brother, Nels Nelson, and exhibited my wonderful prize and offered to share it with him. He did not reject it nor yet accept it, but looked over his shoulder at me. Not to be denied the pleasure, I broke off a large piece of “the bread of life” for such it was, and left it with him.

About this time Mother (Meda), Mae and I were having those wonderful spiritual meetings in our home—the gift of Tongues, interpretation of tongues and direct inspiration. It seemed that nothing we desired to know was withheld from us. Naturally we wanted our friends to share our joy. Patriarch William. Daines, his wife Chloe, Patriarch L. A. Mecham, John Johnson and his wife, Eva, were some who met with us and received of these glorious manifestations. Having thus been favored, we inquired of the Lord if it would be all right to call a meeting of the leading brethren of the Priesthood for testimony purposes. Our answer was to the effect that if the leading brethren of the Priesthood would meet at Brother John Johnson's home (it having been dedicated and privately situated) we “would have glorious time.”

The brethren who were named by the Lord were President Joseph S. Geddes and others all of whom were willing to come at the appointed time and place. When I visited Joseph S. Geddes he refused to come. He apparently wanted none of my delicious bread of life. He had his own private loaf, diminutive as it was. When I saw his hostile attitude, I called the meeting off.

My brother, Nels, and his wife Maud, met with us and knelt in prayer as we in turn called upon God for a blessing. The pure Adamic Tongue was given with so much power that the bed around which we knelt shook as if by a current of electricity. Maud received a blessing, but my brother refused in these words, “I don't think that I need one.” The tongue was not interpreted -the only one not interpreted in the many we had heretofore received. This has always been a source of regret to me. I think my dear brother has long learned that he who cannot accept the Kingdom of God “as a little child” may not enter therein.

THE SECOND COMING

While I was engaged in the genealogical work in Franklin Stake and in Temple work for Meda's and my people, my mind was naturally given to thinking much about the spiritual side of life. I think no one comes within the “Spiritual Realm” without previous thought on things spiritual. When all the world is asleep, the spiritual dominates. This occurs usually in the very early hours

of the new day—from about 3 a.m. to 5 a.m.

No doubt many of us have thought, “What shall become of the great cities and their inhabitants when the 'Lord sets His hand' to build the New Jerusalem and its glorious Temple? I have read this statement from the sayings of Heber C. Kimball. “The country will be swept so clean not even a yellow dog will oppose our coming.” It was not a dream, but the experience was so realistic that the whole scene was indelibly fixed upon my mind that I need but think of it to renew the entire scene.

I found myself in the presence of great buildings. Turning toward the east I saw in the center of the plaza or public park a great throng of people—men and women, and children, huddled there together and expectantly looking toward the south. Then an awful cry of fear and despair escaped them. Turning toward the south I saw the cause of their agony, for out of a clear sky there came great columns of fire which swept away the city from which they had lately fled. Then the fire came upon them and consumed them completely.

While I marveled, a voice said to me. “The day cometh which shall burn as an oven, and all the proud, yea, all that do wickedly shall burn as stubble, for they that come shall burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch!” I looked again, and not a vestige of city or its people was left. Then I afraid, for I saw that terrible holocaust coming toward me. I cried, “O, Lord Thou knowest.” And the fire passed by me and left me unharmed.

Shortly after this I found myself in a great plain, uninhabited. The landscape extended miles upon miles, terminating in a low range of mountains or hills. It was twilight, and facing toward the east I saw a wonderful planet, in color like silver, which moved along the horizon toward the north. When It disappeared a wondrous light sprang up in the east, so that all might see its glory. I thought, “It is the morning of the coming of the Redeemer of the world.” And I shouted, “The Lord will surely come.” (See Matthew 25-26; For as the light of the morning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west, and covereth the whole earth, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be.”)

I perceived it was early springtime, for the earth was damp and young grass springing up from the ground. On the authority of the writer, I would say the month was April and day the sixth. He will come when only 50% of this people will be looking for Him. May _ , my children, be of those who “have oil in our lamps” at His coming.

CHAPTER SIX

TESTS OF FAITH

“... for I know that the Lord giveth no commandment unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them.” (1 Nephi 3:7)

SACRIFICE

The Oneida Stake Academy had incurred a debt of several thousands of dollars. At a Stake Conference it was proposed by the representatives of the General Authority, Apostle Ruder Clausen and Patriarch Hyrum G. Smith, that to meet this deficit the money be borrowed on a note signed by the Stake Presidency and High Council. Without further consideration it was suggested that this note be signed there and then.

I had never entered into any kind of financial obligation without first consulting my wife and on this occasion I felt more strongly than ever that I needed her advice and therefore did not sign the note at that particular time, realizing our financial condition, which no one else knew better than ourselves.

We had just lost our home by fire, our one-hundred acres of wheat just in blossom was all killed by frost—not a peck was harvested. Our last cow, three fine brood sows with all their litters, and a good brood mare, all had died, within a few weeks.

It had always been our policy to pay our obligations, and to take this new responsibility with nothing to offset it, seemed more than I felt I could assume—and yet not to meet the request of the brethren made me unhappy indeed. I rushed home, laid the matter before Meda who joined me in this conclusion. They can have all we have left and we will start anew in another place.

Brother James Johnson, a member of the Stake Presidency, had been assigned to take this note to Salt Lake the following morning to raise the needed money. I called and told him to place my name on the note also. There were other High Councilmen some who were well able to pay, who did not sign. For my tardiness in signing the note, my regular appointments in the Stake were canceled, and as if this was not sufficient punishment, I was called before the Stake Presidency and turned over to the tender (?) mercy of Taylor Nelson, then counselor to President Geddes. He glared at me as though I was one of the worst criminals and scathed me unmercifully. What he said need not be recorded here but his words and conduct reminded me of Phillip of Spain and his cruel Inquisition. My wife and I had virtually given “our all on the altar of sacrifice,” for we were sincere in that which we had done.

At the time it did not occur to me that President Ruder Clausen represented the Prophet of God, and that I should have followed his advice without question.

Dear children, remember this. It is always safe to follow the advice of the Lord's prophets without hesitation or question.

I had no peace of mind until I had written my apology to Apostle Clausen and the attached letter was his answer:

Office of The First Presidency of the
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
67 East South Temple St.

Salt Lake City, Utah

January 18th, 1915

Elder Joseph G. Nelson,
Preston, Idaho

Dear Brother:

Your letter of the 14th inst. came duly to hand and contents noted. Your explanation is perfectly satisfactory to Brother H. G. Smith and myself. I was pleased to learn that the High Council are now all in harmony.

The Lord bless and prosper you. May your losses by fire and failure of crops be made up to you in the near future.

Sincerely your brother,

(signed)

Rudger Clausen

A VISIT WITH PRESIDENT WOODRUFF

Shortly after the Salt Lake Temple was finished, there was a general call made of the people for donations. I had just concluded the year's teaching of the Church school at Coalville, had no money to donate and concluded I would offer my services as a worker in the Temple. Acting upon this I went to Salt Lake City to visit with President Woodruff. I walked out to his residence in South Salt Lake, arriving at his home just as he had called for evening prayer. I stood and waited till the prayer was finished, then knocked on the door. He answered in person, invited me in, and after the family retired, we sat at a table and talked. I told him why I had called upon him, after which he gave me many instances of his life's history—how his life had many times been miraculously saved by listening to the still small voice and heeding the warnings. I asked him, "Brother Woodruff, what kind of a voice is it? Is it an audible voice you can hear?" And he said, "No it is a voice that speaks to the mind. And I advise you to learn to know it. I have had angels visit me, but nothing has given me such a testimony of the truth of the Gospel as the whispering of 'the still small voice.' It is my firm conviction that no great event in one's life that would bring either disaster or success but that one may be warned by the still small voice of the Spirit." Let him who reads this take note of the truth.

I was attending the first great Teachers Convention at Provo. The noted Dr. Parker was the main lecturer from the East. At the close of the three days' convention many of the teachers were to go on an excursion to Saltair. I had my satchel packed, went as far as my brother's gate, and stood for a moment, undecided whether to go straight home to Preston or to go with the teachers. The "still small voice" said to me, "If you go on this train for home you will have an opportunity to talk with the President of the Church." I said to myself, that decides it for me. I'll go on this train. I arrived at the S.L. Depot, the train was going on north, a number of the apostles and with them President Snow entered the car in which I was seated. I waited to see how my spiritual impression was going to be fulfilled.

The apostles left the train at points between S.L. and Ogden, then President Snow turned and beckoned me to come and sit with him. The day before the case of Moses Thatcher had come up before the Apostles and his statement made before the Quorum was published in the papers. President Snow asked by what I thought of the statement, and I remarked that it didn't sound sincere to me. He said, "That's just what we thought." He gave me an account of his early

experiences with the Prophet Joseph Smith. Some of these incidents I will here recall.

“On one occasion we were attempting to move by hand a small building. Quite a number of men were helping—the Prophet Joseph directing. When all was in readiness, the prophet said, 'Now she goes,' but it didn't go and some of the workmen were ready to apostatize because a 'prophet is not always a prophet.'

“On another occasion,” President Snow continued, “I was conversing with the Prophet when this thought came to me. 'Man is now as God once was; as God now is, man may become!' I looked at the prophet and he said, 'Brother Snow, that's correct.’”

It was delightful to visit with the prophet of the Lord and when we parted, Brother Snow said, “Brother Nelson, you're one man in a thousand. Never go through Salt Lake without calling on me.” It was good to have the approval of the prophet of the Lord, but I never called on him again.

OTHER INCIDENTS OF THE STILL SMALL VOICE

“The prayers of the faithful availeth much.”

My sister Mattie had become the plural wife of Reuben G. Miller, the President of a Stake with headquarters at Price. She had been teaching in Price where she met President Miller, but since the government had placed a ban on such marriages, my sister was compelled to live alone much of the time. While occupying the upper rooms in Mrs. Mulholland's house in Salt Lake, she became very ill from a heart ailment which eventually caused her death.

I was at work in the garden at Preston, Idaho, when I was prompted, “Go to Salt Lake and see Mattie, your sister; she needs you.” I accordingly went to the house, told Meda my impression, and prepared to take the first train for Salt Lake.

On arriving at Mattie's apartments, I was surprised to find Mother there and my sister sick in bed. She greeted me with, “Oh, Joe. I've been praying that you would come.” Mother was also happy and sang, “There is Sunshine in Your Heart” as she went about doing the little necessary tasks.

In this room there were two doors close together, one rather dark, and mistaking the cellar door for the one leading to the closet, Mother fell the whole distance to the floor below. I ran to her rescue, carrying her with remarkable ease up those steep stairs and laid her on the bed. She seemed to be unconscious, and I feared the result to Mattie's heart. I immediately administered to her, and she revived at once. The marvel to me is that Mother was not seriously injured. Before leaving to return to Preston, I was able to get Sisters Annie and Emma to come and take care of Mother and Mattie. I shuddered as I thought what the result of Mother's accident and Mattie's illness might have been had I failed to heed the Spirit's promptings. Both of them were comforted and blessed by my short visit.

All who become members of the Church of Christ by virtue of the Holy Ghost that is conferred upon them, become eligible to all the spiritual gifts enjoyed by the ancient saints as recorded in the New Testament. Signs do follow the believer in our day as anciently. I have witnessed most if not all of the gifts spoken of in the Holy Scriptures, many, many times.

The Prophet Joseph speaks of “another comforter” other than the Holy Ghost, which will be the privilege of the faithful to receive. This “other comforter” is nothing less than the presence of the Lord, Jesus Christ.

ANTAGONISM OF STAKE PRESIDENT

Through much sorrow and tribulation, we sought the Lord as our One and seemingly only friend. He rewarded us richly. It became known that we enjoyed those spiritual gifts in the home. As a result, we were ostracized by leading men of the Stake, particularly President Joseph Geddes.

I will relate here an instance:

Our daughter Mae possessed all the gifts given to mortals. On one occasion she exercised the gift of tongues in the First Ward meeting of Preston. It was to the effect that a great calamity was coming to the inhabitants of the earth and that nothing but the power of God could avert it.

President Geddes was not present when the Tongue was given, but he took occasion to call upon us and chastised Mae for exercising of the Gift, and me for encouraging it. Mae said to him, “Brother Geddes, if I have the spirit of inspiration, what must I do?” “Quench it,” he said. We felt that it was not the spirit of God that prompted Brother Geddes to give such advice. The attitude of the Stake President was to us an index of our standing in the Stake—discredited.

The “Flu” came. Many more died than perished in the World War. Doctors were helpless with all their remedies. It came to Preston soon after the October Conference of 1919, and strange to say our family and Mae in particular was the first one attacked, and it was she who predicted its coming. Soon after, all members of the family were attacked. Emma, Don and Scott, as well as little Karl. John was the baby, one and a half years old.

It was while we were harvesting the beet crop—the children all helping even though they were coming down with the disease. It was while engaged in this labor that the Still Small Voice of the Spirit informed me that I would be attacked, but for a few hours only. This proved to be true. I was sick for about six hours. While working in the beets, administer voice of the Spirit said to me, “When George Paul is attacked with the flu, go and administer to him.” This was some weeks before he came down. By this time a mortal dread possessed the whole community. Doctors did all they could to no avail—they were powerless. Perhaps not one family in the community escaped the disease. There were many deaths. Help could not be had for fear of the plague. As a precautionary measure, all wore masks over mouths and noses (a thick padding of cotton cloth), hoping thus to prevent the germs of the disease from entering the body. So little help came from the physicians that the Saints called for the Elders of the Priesthood to administer to the sick. Very few of the Elders responded, out of fear, I suppose. Brother Watkin L. Roe and I never failed to respond to the call of the sick. We went into all the Wards of Preston—always removing our masks in the presence of the sick that their faith might not be weakened. It was an ordinance of the city that all must wear masks when on the streets, so we complied.

It was on a Sunday that Brother Roe and I, passing the temporary hospital in the course of our ministrations, were told that George Paul and his wife were there sick with the flu. Then I remembered the warning of the Spirit of inspiration. I told Brother Roe we must go to their aid. We found them both sick -George unconscious with his face to the wall—the doctors had pronounced his case hopeless. I asked Sister Paul if she desired us to administer to them. She said, “Yes, especially to George, but we have no oil. Will you go to the drug store and get some on our account?” We did so, consecrated the oil in her presence and administered the ordinance

for the healing of the sick. George was paralyzed so that nothing had passed through him for days. His wife testified later that we had hardly reached the foot of the stairs before he vomited and his bowels acted freely—they were both healed and are living and well today, May 26, 1938. This is but one example of many where the power of God saved the sick, fulfilling the prediction, “Nothing but the power of God could save the sick.”

I HAVE SEEN THE LORD

That same evening of President Geddes' visit, we felt that we must get consolation from a higher source than that of a Stake President whose attitude we felt was all wrong toward us. Immediately on his going from the home we, Mother, Mae, and myself, each in turn, which was our custom, called upon our Father in Heaven to learn the mind of the Lord with respect to our course of life. The answer came immediately—“Brother Joseph, what does it matter if all the world is against you if you know that the Lord loves you? And to prove that he does love you, He will show Himself to you in the heavens. You will not be able to speak to Him, but you shall see Him.”

By the advice of Apostle Mariner W. Merrill we had purchased a dry farm of 160 acres from Erastus Lamb in Winder. It was located about 10 miles north of Preston on Battle Creek.

The Flu was still raging, yet it was necessary that we plant the fall wheat. Mother, little John and I went from home to do this work. Don, Scott, Emma, Karl and Jesse and Anne with the home were left in Mae's care. Mother and baby John were sick with the flu.

It was in the latter part of October or the early part of November 1919 that the wonderful promise given to me by the Lord was fulfilled.

Our bed consisted of a mattress placed upon the floor of the farm cabin. The hour was about four a.m. when I aroused Meda by saying, “I have seen the Lord!” At an angle of about 45 degrees in the heavens I beheld the Redeemer of the world as he stood in the painting in the Logan Temple, and I hope I may lay claim to the statement written below this painting: “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.” At any rate I have seen my Redeemer! I could see the wall and the beautiful scroll work that surrounded the gate and I shouted, “The Lord will surely come!” The way He held His hands brought this thought to my mind: “Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest.” The scene can never be eradicated from my mind while I live. Soon after my exclamation a large white cloud settled over the scene, then darkness. I never knew until then that I had been seeing with my spiritual eyes, so clear was the vision. Thus, the Lord made good his promise to me.

On another occasion this message came to me from the Lord through inspiration: “You are becoming more like the Lord each day, and I have named your name to the Father.”

While this experience was given me, our daughter Mae was having a dreadful experience with the children having the flu. Scott was choking and cried for his sister to save him. She grabbed the oil and pouring some over his head called upon God to bless him. He coughed violently and a mass of phlegm was thrown out of his throat. The little fellow cried in gratitude, “Mae, you've saved my life.”

TAKING ANOTHER'S BLAME

I was at one time a member of the presidency of a Seventy's Quorum in the Oneida Stake, and as

such it became our pleasure and obligation to entertain, or find entertainment for visiting members of the First Quorum of Seventy.

Apostle Ruder Clausen and President Joseph W. McMurrin were visitors at the Oneida Stake Conference. In his capacity as one of the presiding Seventy, President McMurrin called upon our Quorum Presidency and gave us instructions pertaining to our duties.

We had been advised of his coming, and accordingly made arrangements for his entertainment. The responsibility was given to our Senior President, Willard S. Fellsted, and myself.

I had made all arrangements with Brother Henry T. Rodgers to take care of Brother McMurrin. On my way to Council meeting, Brother Rodgers informed me that his wife had taken suddenly ill and could not entertain Brother McMurrin. There was no time to make other arrangements.

At the close of the meeting I explained the situation and Brother Fellsted generously (?) placed the blame upon me when it was equally his. I accepted it without protest, in other words, "I was the goat."

Brother McMurrin was angry, acting like a spoiled child. We compromised by taking him to the Hotel.

It chanced that I was to conduct a Religion Class demonstration in the afternoon session of Conference. I felt so crushed and heartsick over Brother McMurrin's attitude toward me, and knowing he would be on the stand at this meeting, I had about made up my mind to fail to appear. The Lord came to my rescue and I gave the demonstration in a manner beyond my natural ability.

When President Clausen arose to speak, he commented on the manner in which the exercise was given in these words: "I doubt that in all Israel that exercise could have been given better!" This was "heart balm" to me. In my heart I thanked President Ruder Clausen and have ever felt kindly toward him.

DROPPED FROM THE HIGH COUNCIL

During the administration of Elder George C. Parkinson, I was chosen as one of the High Council of the Oneida Stake in which position I acted during the subsequent years of his presidency. When Joseph S. Geddes was chosen to succeed Brother Parkinson as Stake President, I was still retained in the Council until the following incident happened:

At one of the Council meetings we were called upon to nominate two new members. I arose and suggested John Johnson and Joseph E. Ward for consideration. When the name of John Johnson was brought up, Hugh Geddes arose quickly and said, "I cannot sustain John Johnson." James Callen as quickly seconded this objection. Now I had known Brother Johnson ever since he had come into the community. He was a man of high educational ability, strong moral and religious character, particularly fitted for the work required of a councilman, in fact at this very time he was Stake Supt. of Sunday Schools and was doing a very fine piece of work. He had filled two successful missions to New Zealand, comprising a total of eight years. I felt that it was wrong to pass judgment upon a man without giving him a chance to defend himself. I resolved I would try to make peace between these men and Brother Johnson whom I loved and respected.

The next day I met him on the street and casually asked, "What have Hugh Geddes and James Callen against you?" I never once mentioned the circumstances or the place where I had got my

information. In all the years I had served in the Council I had never broken my trust by telling the things that were discussed in these meetings. My wife can bear me out in this statement.

Brother Johnson subsequently went to Councilmen Hugh Geddes and James Callen and asked them each, "What do you have against me?" When so bluntly approached, they made some very insignificant charges, but went straight to President Geddes and reported that Brother Nelson had told what took place in the Council Meeting. Immediately after this I received a note from the Stake Presidency canceling all my appointments as High Councilman and requesting my presence at a "Special Meeting."

While this request came as a shock in a way, I was somewhat prepared for it. I had received this information through inspiration: "They (the Council) will try you on a technicality of their ruling." I had also been shown in a dream that which I was about to pass through. I dreamed I was standing upon the Banks of Bear River, but its waters were more turbulent than any I had ever witnessed except in passing below the locks in Columbia River. I thought no living soul could possibly escape destruction if out in that stream. I saw on the opposite bank a beautiful building being erected. It seemed the blocks were marble. I saw the angry waters cutting away the bank and undermining this wonderful structure. I cried out an alarm, with the hope of saving the building. In the midst of this scene I failed to notice that the angry waters were also undermining the ground upon which I stood. Ere I was aware, the earth gave way from under me and I found myself in the midst of this terrible flood. When I thought death was inevitable, I called upon God for help. At this same time I heard a voice from the west encouraging me, and without effort on my part, I was carried in safety to the bank. The interpretation of this dream I will give after the proceedings of the special "meeting as recorded."

At this special meeting, all members of the Stake Presidency and all except Brother Hart of the Council were present. President Geddes stood up and in a halting manner made a statement of the purpose of the meeting, accusing me of an infraction of the rules of secrecy of High Council.

In all High Council proceedings where a man is being tried according to the rules laid down in Doctrine Covenants Sec. 102, he has the right to be defended by one-half of the Council. For the benefit of my descendants, the proceedings given for such cases by the Prophet Joseph Smith were totally disregarded—all members became prosecutors. I made no particular attempt to defend myself, relying upon the clearness of my conscience and innocence. I was aware of the fact that the proceedings of High Council which are supposed to be secret, were often broadcast on the following day. Therefore in disgust or defiance I made the single statement, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." But the majority had "stones to cast"—false ones, but nevertheless hurtful.

Belnap arose and moved that I "be dropped from the Council." This received no second. Harrison Merrill said, "Can we ever trust him again." Charles Goaslind, so it was reported to me, discussed the case and prejudged me on the public streets saying, "As soon as I heard of it I said, 'He ought to be dropped.'" There was only one voice raised in my defense and that was Brother Joseph Hansen "from the west" (he then lived in Dayton) who said, "I'm willing to stay here all night but what we get this properly adjusted." His was the "voice from the west," I had heard in my dream. The beautiful building built of white granite represented the character of John Johnson, the brother I tried to uphold which was being undermined by false words.

Let me remark in passing that these same two brethren whom I nominated to become High Councilmen were selected and sustained very shortly, another proof that my judgment was not at fault. James Callen, a few years later, under strain of trial, took his own life. Hugh Geddes

subsequently went to John Johnson, confessed the wrongs he had held against him, and begged his forgiveness which was fully granted by Brother and Sister Johnson. (This was told to us by Sister Johnson herself.)

This one-sided trial was drawn out over a period of weeks. I met with them when requested to do so, heard the same faulty judgments passed upon me, until I finally told them, "Do as you wish with me, my conscience is clear. I have meant no wrong, but only desired peace between brethren." With these remarks I left the meeting, feeling it useless to further rehearse an action that was so apparently justifiable.

At a subsequent meeting I had the shock of my life when Arthur W. Hart, who was absent at the first meeting, and who, I felt sure would see from my point of view, stood up and denounced me in no uncertain terms. I was most terribly surprised. He was the one member who I felt would defend me. He was my friend whom I had defended a hundred times or more when his character had been assailed for having married and maintained a second wife after the Manifesto of the Church. He had also made enemies on account of being a lawyer and I had always said things in his favor. I felt much the same as I think Caesar felt when his friend Brutus stabbed him, "And thou, too, Brutus. This is the unkindest cut of all." I subsequently told Brother Hart of my faith in him and had thought if he had been present at my trial he would have understood and defended me, and he remarked, I think with no little sorrow and shame: "And I was the worst of all."

Later years have unfolded some startling facts. Suffice it to say I have forgiven Brother Hart and count him as one of my best friends now. I suppose many meetings were held without my being present and certain judgments passed upon my case. A committee-, Brother William. Daines and A. W. Hart were appointed to wait upon me and report what decision had been reached by the Council, but I told them, "I don't want to hear any more about the affair." President Joseph Geddes also came to the house to "talk the situation over," but I couldn't control my emotions and left the room, leaving my wife to do the talking. This is the report she gave of the conversation. "Brother Geddes said in substance, 'I'm sorry for this whole affair and want to do what I can to repair the injury Brother Nelson feels. We have decided to let him come into the High Council as an Alternative and work his way back up to where he was.' Sister Nelson spoke up firmly with this answer, 'Brother Geddes, he will never consent to this. If he did, it would be the same as a confession that he had committed a wrong which he hasn't done. Furthermore, President Geddes, you don't know the value of the man you are judging. All these years he had been faithful and true to the trust placed in him and you'll never find a better one ever.' Brother Geddes wept tears of real sorrow expressing the wish that he could wipe out the whole unpleasant affair, but this of course was not possible."

There are two elements I feel I must mention in connection with this case—President Geddes was a half-brother to Hugh Geddes, the one who objected to John Johnson's nomination, which may have made President Geddes feel that he couldn't decide against his blood kin. Taylor Nelson, his counselor, had previously sat in judgment against me, and I think had never felt kindly toward me since, because of the injury done me and not repented of. In all fairness to some members of the Council, L. A. Mecham, William. Daines, Joseph Hansen, James Johnson (counselor to President Geddes), while they didn't openly condemn me, they remained silent during the trial. I judge they didn't wish to oppose the President even though they may have felt me innocent of any great offense.

I was dropped from the Council upon false accusation, and, of course, crushed in my feelings, until I cared not to go to any assembly where I must sit and see my accusers occupying the "seats of the mighty." In all these weeks and months I did my ward and also my Sunday School

teaching work, but neglected to go where I would be forced to sit in the audience and face these accusers. Two years passed and I had not been to a Priesthood meeting or to a Conference.

HIGH COUNCILS CAN BE MISTAKEN

To my dear children and grandchildren who may read this, I wish to say that majorities, even High Councils in the Church, are not always right in their decisions. As proof of this I cite the following example.

A prominent man from our Stake, then Oneida, while on a mission in England, overstepped the law of chastity and was sent home in disgrace. His standing in the Church was taken from him. He had a testimony of the divinity of the Latter-day Saint work and naturally a desire to be reinstated. He therefore appealed to the High Council, of which I was a member, for his Priesthood to be restored to him. In his statement, I felt that he lacked sincerity and true repentance.

When a vote of the Council was called, I was the only one who objected to his request. My disposition has always been to defend the one in distress, but in this case I could not feel justified in voting to grant this man's desire and explained to the Council thus: "I am sorry brethren, but I cannot vote with you on this. However, if you will present the facts to the President of the Church (Joseph F. Smith) as they now stand, and he approves of your action, I shall be glad to withdraw my objection." This was done and an immediate answer received from President Smith, "By no means, do not restore this man's Priesthood to him." I was therefore vindicated even though the majority ruled against my judgment. Just what subsequent action was taken I do not know for the offender moved out of the Stake and is now in Logan, and seems to be faithful in the Cause, for I see him often in the Temple.

I AM REMINDED OF DUTY

In one of our home inspirational meetings, the word of the Lord came to us. Like a shaft from a clear sky came the question,

"Joseph, why don't you go to your Priesthood meetings? You will say it is because your feelings have been hurt. Think what would have been the result of the Plan of Salvation if the Lord would have said, 'I'll quit because my feelings are crushed?' Never a day passed that he was not abused and insulted."—I cried out, "Lord, I'll go, I'll go." This was on Saturday. The next day was the Monthly Priesthood Meeting held in the Academy building. As I was going up the steps to attend this meeting, a voice said to me, "President Geddes will call upon you to offer the opening prayer." The assembly room was filled, many standing in the space next to the door. I was among these. After the first hymn was sung, President Geddes stood up and said, "will Brother Joseph G. Nelson come to the stand and offer prayer?" of course I responded. The prayer I am sure was inspired. Many came to me afterward and expressed how they had enjoyed the prayer. I felt a warmth of the Holy Spirit to such a degree that its effects did not leave me for several days.

This experience proved to me that the Lord was pleased with the response I had made to his admonition, and convinced me beyond a doubt that one is not justified in holding back in the performance of duty, even though one's feelings have been crushed.

As a result of my being dropped from the Council, not only I, but other members of my family were looked upon as untrustworthy members, and we all felt the weight of ostracism. This was no imaginary situation. We felt the spirit of it, the Lord, however, was uniformly our Friend. I

had the following dream which significance showed plainly the attitude and sentiment of the people of the Stake.

A Stake Conference was being held. The stand and buildings were filled with people. I found myself walking up the central aisle, preceded by James Callen. He was dressed in spotless white and I in rags. Imagine my feelings as the people gazed on us and judged. (It will be remembered that James Callen was one of the leading factors against me in the trial before the High Council.)

I sought the Lord for a meaning of this dream and the answer was, “This is how you are relatively viewed by the people of this Stake, but James Callen's heart is not right before Me.” I wish to say this, the Lord is always just and while I was admonished to forgive them all, He the Lord “would take care of them and time would come when I would pity them.” This came true.

James lost his property, brooded over it until he became seriously ill. I wanted to go and bless him for I felt that something terrible was pending. But no opportunity came to do this. Then we heard that the poor fellow had committed suicide. Brother Hugh Geddes lost everything also. Even his children apparently failed to care for him in his last years, for he died in the home of his niece, Grace Sponberg, I am told. Joseph Belnap also died and went into oblivion. Charles Goaslind who prejudged, has also met with much reverse and sorrow. I've never wished any of these brethren ill, and have forgiven everything pertaining to the tragical affair.

(Let me, the wife of Joseph G. Nelson, here state that all of these men have been forgiven fully by my husband—so fully, in fact, that I marvel over it, knowing as I do that they crucified him in their attitude and cruel words against him, all of which were so unjustifiable.)

APPENDIX A

PATRIARCHAL AND SPECIAL BLESSINGS PATRIARCHAL BLESSING

A Patriarchal Blessing given by O. N. Lillianquist on the head of Joseph G. Nelson, son of Lars Nelson [sic] and Martha Bendtson [sic], born March 10, 1864 at Goshen, Utah.

Brother Joseph, in the name of Jesus Christ and by virtue of the Holy Patriarchal office, I place my hands upon your head and seal upon you a Father's and a Patriarchal blessing, with the blessings of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, with the blessings of the new and Everlasting Covenant, that these blessings may rest upon you in mighty power, and be a source of life and light unto you, that you may be preserved from sin, sorrow, and death, and be a laborer in the Lord's vineyard, yea even until the Lord and Master shall come and reward you among the faithful of His servants. Prepare thyself for the day will come when you will be called to preach the Gospel of the Son of God unto many nations of the scattered House of Israel, and help to gather them unto the lands of their fathers from all the earth. To this end, I bless you and consecrate you, and seal upon you the attributes of faith on the brother of Jared whereby you shall have power to do many mighty works in the name of the Lord, and you shall travel in safety on land and at sea. At thy rebuke the destroyer shall flee from thy presence. You shall heal the sick and raise up the dying. The Angels of the Lord will protect you and carry you safely through all dangers and preserve you against every calamity. The power of God shall rest upon you in great glory.

Listen to the Still Small Voice and keep yourself pure, and all these blessings shall be yours. You shall have power to walk in the footsteps of thy fathers, the Ancient Patriarchs, and be associated with them in the Kingdom of Heaven, for thou hast descended from them through Joseph and Ephraim and art an heir to the fullness of the Holy Priesthood with the privilege to stand at the head of a numerous posterity. Thou shalt also do a great work in the redemption of the dead, and stand as a Savior on Mount Zion, filled with the saving power from on high.

You shall enjoy every blessing that your heart could desire in righteousness, and your name shall go down to posterity in honor until the latest generation. You shall stand in your lot and place in the morning of the first resurrection as one of the hundred and forty-four thousand, and become a King and a Priest unto the most high God, and reign with the Redeemer in the Earth.

These are the blessings the Lord has in store for thee which I seal upon thee by virtue of my office, through your faithfulness; and I seal you up unto Eternal Life in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

A MISSIONARY BLESSING

Given upon the head of Joseph G. Nelson, in the Salt Lake Temple Annex, April 9, 1898, by Apostle John W. Taylor.

Brother Joseph G. Nelson, we, the servants of the Lord, put our hands on your head and set you apart to perform a mission in the land of Oregon under the direction of the presidency of that mission, and we bless you that you may have wisdom to attend to all things that are put to your care, and say unto you receive ye a renewed portion of the Holy Ghost, that it may rest upon you from this moment from the crown of your head to the soles of your feet, that it may take of the things of the Father and give them unto you that you may magnify your calling in an acceptable manner before god; that you may bring many souls to a knowledge of the truth. And we say unto you as servants of the Lord that if you will devote yourself to the preaching of the gospel of repentance unto that people with all your might, mind, and strength, and will keep your garments and your body clean and pure and unspotted from the sins of the world, that you will bring many souls to a knowledge of the truth, and when you lay your hands upon their heads they will receive the Holy Ghost and glorify God and testify of the same.

We bless you unto this end, and say unto you go in peace and return in safety. If thou art faithful to thy calling the Lord will send His angels before your face and prepare the way before you, and you shall be the means of accomplishing a good work and come again to the land of Zion clothed with the blessings of the Holy Priesthood and be received and approved by His servants whom He has called to guide and direct in the affairs of His Church here upon the earth. We bless you to this end in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

William B. Erekson, Reporter

Stake Presidency
Oneida Stake of Zion
George C. Parkinson, President
Sol. H. Hale, 1st Counselor
Joseph S. Geddes, 2nd Counselor
Charles D. Goaslind, Secretary

Preston, Idaho
March 19, 1904

Mr. Joseph G. Nelson
Preston, Idaho

Dear Brother:

In harmony with the wishes of President Joseph F. Smith, to the effect that the leading brethren and sisters of the several wards and stakes of Zion should be granted the privilege of receiving their Second Blessings in the House of the Lord, and in view of your continued faithfulness and untiring activity, in the great cause our Father has established for the exaltation of his children, it affords us true pleasure to enclose you herewith your temple recommend, duly signed, with this invitation for you and your wife to proceed to the temple, at your earliest convenience, and receive this great blessing, your Second Anointing.

May the Lord bless and preserve you in the purity of these high covenants, we are, with warmest regards,

Your brethren in the gospel,

(signed)
George C. Parkinson
Sol. H. Hale
Joseph S. Geddes
Presidency Oneida Stake

April 25, 1910
Robin

A Patriarchal Blessing by M. Christensen upon the head of Joseph G. Nelson, son of Lars Nelson [sic] and Martha Bendtson [sic], born March 10, 1864 at Goshen, Utah.

Joseph G. Nelson, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I lay my hands upon thy head, and in the authority and power of the Holy Priesthood I seal upon thee a Father's and a Patriarchal Blessing. And I say unto thee, dear brother, that thou art one of the noble sons of God, and the eyes of thy heavenly parents have been upon thee from the beginning of thy days here in mortality. Thy heavenly Father ordained thee and set thee apart to come forth in these the latter days, to receive all the ordinances and blessings pertaining to the new and everlasting gospel. Therefore, I say unto thee dear and beloved brother, through thy faithfulness and obedience in keeping with all the commandments of God as they have been and shall be hereafter, thou shalt be of the chosen ones of the sons of the most high God to help build the new Jerusalem.

Thou and thy beloved wife and family shall receive an eternal inheritance in the Center Stake of Zion, yea dear Brother shine eyes shall behold a part of the glory of God in the House of the Lord, which shall be built on Adam-on-Diamon [sic]. Thou shalt converse with the prophets, Joseph and Hyrum, and thy Redeemer. Thou shalt behold in that temple the glory of God, for the Lord will touch thy mortal tabernacle with His holy finger. Therefore, through thy faithfulness thou shalt be enabled to behold the glory of God. Thou art of the true lineage of Ephraim, therefore all of the blessings pertaining unto that lineage shall be shine through thy faithfulness in observing all the laws of God. Thou shalt have great wisdom, influence and power among the children of men. Many will come unto thee for counsel; thou shalt be a great counselor in the midst of Israel, and many will call thee blessed. If thou desire it in thy heart, it is thy privilege, and shall be thy privilege to go forth among the sick and afflicted as a servant of the most high God to heal them from their afflictions, for thou shalt have power from on high by the Holy Priesthood of the Son of God, to cast out the evil spirits, for they shall fear in thy presence. Dear Brother, in the pathway of thy life thou shalt have power to rebuke the raging elements and they shall obey thy commands; therefore dear Brother, be always like unto a little child, be humble, faithful and true, then no great blessing that thou desires" in thy heart shall be withheld from thee.

Dear and beloved Brother, it is the Lord's will that thou shalt have wives and multiplicity of children. In thy declining years thy children will be unto thee as a ministering angel, thou wilt stand in their midst a father and a Patriarch to bless and comfort them. Yea, dear Brother thou shalt bless hundreds of thy progenitors, relatives and friends. As a servant of the Most High God, I seal upon thee all of these blessings, and I say unto thee that thou shalt be of the few that shall come forth in the first resurrection, clothed upon with all the gifts, blessings, glory and power, and dominion, with thy beloved posterity, wives and children, and shall become a King, and a Priest unto the most High God, for as a Patriarch, I seal upon thee all these blessings with eternal life, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

PATRIARCHAL BLESSING OF ALMEDA G. NELSON

Salt Lake City
June 29, 1910

A blessing given by John Smith, Patriarch, upon the head of Meda Giles, daughter of Joseph S. and Sarah Giles, born in Holden, Millard County, Utah, November 1, 1870.

Sister Meda Giles Nelson, by virtue of my office, I place my hands upon thy head and as the spirit shall direct, pronounce and seal a blessing upon thee. Thou art numbered among the daughters of Zion who were chosen of the Father to labor in His Vineyard and I say unto thee, be of good cheer. Let thy faith fail not and the blessings of the Lord shall attend thy labors and give thee peace. Thy guardian angel will in answer to prayer remove barriers from thy way, give thee strength in times of trial, and hold the adversary at bay that health and peace shall reign in thy dwelling. The Lord has heard thy petition. He knowest the secrets of thy heart. He has witnessed thy trials, accepted thy labors and thus far thy reward is sure. Therefore look on the bright side and be cheerful in thy deportment and it shall be well with thee.

It is thy privilege to live to a good old age. It is thy duty to sit in council among thy sex and to impart knowledge unto the younger which thou hast gained through experience. Therefore reflect often upon the past and the present and thy memory shall receive strength. Incidents of the past will be brought to thy mind which will give thee evidence that the hand of the Lord has been over thee and that thy life has been preserved by an unseen power and for a purpose. By reflection also thou shalt remember promises of the Father through His servants which are shine and shall be verified. Therefore again I say unto thee, let thy faith fail not and it shall be well with thee.

Thou art of Ephraim and heir to the blessings of the New and Everlasting Covenants, and in common with thy companion thou shalt receive thy blessings with also shine inheritance among those who have fought the good fight, kept the faith and won the prize. Therefore be comforted. This blessing with all which thou art heir to I seal upon thee in the name of Jesus Christ and the authority, of the priesthood I bear. Even so—Amen.

PATRIARCHAL BLESSING OF JOSEPH G. NELSON

recorded in book - - - a. a.
Salt Lake City, Utah
June 29, 1910

A blessing given by John Smith, Patriarch, upon the head of Joseph G. Nelson, son of Lars and Martha Bendtsen Nelson, born in Goshen, Utah County, Utah, March 10, 1864.

Brother Joseph G. Nelson, Thou art of the House of Israel. Thy name is written in the Lamb's book of Life and shall live in the memory of the Saints. Thou art of Ephraim and an heir to the Priesthood, called of the Father to labor in His vineyard. It has been thy duty to be a peacemaker wheresoever thy lot has been cast. Thou art also chosen to assist by precept and example to reclaim the wayward. Thou knowest that there are many of the youth in Zion who although honest at heart are careless and indifferent in regard to their privileges, their duties and the changing scenes through which it shall be their lot to pass. Thou knowest also that a kind word will effect much. Thou knowest also that cheerfulness will often turn aside anger, restore peace and gain influence among people.

It is necessary that you reflect often upon the past and present for so doing shall receive strength and as you gain experience, thy faith shall increase. By reflection thou shalt remember with profit, teachings of thy parents. Incidents also shall be brought to thy mind which will give thee evidence that thy mission is not yet finished, that it shall be thy privilege yet to see much of the world to lift up thy voice among strangers, bearing witness of the Father and a messenger of life and salvation unto those in darkness.

The gift of healing is shine through prayer and faith. Therefore remember that thou knowest that there is a God in Israel in whom we should trust. Thou knowest also that He will hear and answer the prayers of the honest and that He will reward according to merit. Listen to the voice of prudence and be obedient to the whisperings of that still small voice and thy pathway shall be made clear. Thou shalt be prospered in thy labors. spiritual and temporal.

Thy name shall be handed down with thy posterity in honorable remembrance. Therefore look forward to the future with a prayerful heart and an inquiring mind and thy mind shall expand. That thou shalt see things as they are, be wise in council and valiant in the defense of truth, virtue and righteousness. This blessing I seal upon thee in the name of Jesus Christ and I seal thee up unto eternal life to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection, even so, Amen.

Logan Utah
June 15, 1937

A blessing given June 15, 1937 on the head of Joseph G. Nelson by Patriarch Judson I. Tolman at Logan In Brother Tolman's home.

Brother Nelson, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by the authority of the Priesthood I hold, I give unto you a blessing for your comfort. Inasmuch as you are afflicted and nervous and feel the need of a blessing, I promise you in the name of the Lord that if you are humble, your affliction shall be removed and you shall have peace and rest.

I bless you that your mind and intellect may be clear and function according to nature.

I bless you that your nerves may be quieted, that you may not be discouraged. Look unto the Lord and He will hear you and bless you in your need.

I bless you that all your organs shall function properly and that your body may be built up and made well. Be humble and prayerful and exercise the gift of faith, and you shall be healed.

I bless you that your heart may be filled with love and that you shall have power to drive out hate.

I bless you that according to the will of God you shall live and go up to the Temple of God and there work for your kindred dead, that those who are looking to you to do this work shall not be disappointed.

I bless you that you may be able to perform this work for them.

I bless you that means may come to you sufficient to meet your obligations and to provide you with sufficient to give you the necessities of life and to help the cause of the Lord.

Through your faith you shall be restored to perfect health, body and mind.

I bless you with all the power and faith within my right, with all the righteous desires of your heart; that you may be comforted and healed and be made equal to the work before you.

Keep God's commandments and you shall be blessed.

I seal these blessings upon you in the authority of the Priesthood I bear, and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, Amen.

A BLESSING GIVEN BY PATRIARCH JUDSON TOLMAN. FOR COMFORT

Brother Nelson, by authority of the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood, and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I bless you that you may be comforted and encouraged.

The Lord loves you and is pleased with your life. You have done the things that shall bring you into the Celestial Kingdom into the presence of the Father. He has yet many choice blessings in store for you. He will touch you with His Spirit, that your heart may be comforted and your mind be settled, your nerves subdued.

I bless you that every organ of your body may function properly, that your brain and intellect function properly. Look up, and rejoice in the Lord!

I bless you that you may receive joy and satisfaction. I bless you that you may not dread old age, but look forward to the joy of going home to meet the Lord and Master and to preach His Gospel there as you have here. Look anxiously for the time to come when you shall lay down this body and live forever in the presence of the Lord and receive the plaudit from Him "Well done thou faithful. Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee Lord over many."

To this end I bless you with all the righteous desires of your heart, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

(Note) After the conclusion of the above, Brother Tolman said, "I felt the spirit go through my arm and hand on to Brother Nelson's head."

Brother Nelson testified he felt the same power, which was the Holy Ghost. A.G.N.

A SPECIAL BLESSING

Logan, Utah
June 28, 1943

A Blessing given by Patriarch J. I. Tolman upon the head of Joseph G. Nelson.

Brother Nelson, in the authority of the Holy Priesthood, I lay my hands upon your head to give unto you a special blessing.

Dear Brother, I pray the Father in Heaven that I may have His spirit, that he will forgive us of all our imperfections, that there may be nothing stand between us and Him to prohibit a blessing. Rely upon the tender mercies of the Lord. May his spirit be upon you. May your organs all function properly; your brain be healthy and strong; and I say unto you, dear brother, your mind shall not give out but shall remain strong as long as your body shall last. Let your mind thwart the power of Satan.

Do not listen to Satan's promptings. The Lord will never forsake you, but will always comfort you in times of great distress. Therefore rejoice in your testimony of the Lord.

You shall be blessed financially and have means to do all you desire to do in righteousness. You must always acknowledge the hand of the Lord in your trials for He has said He is not displeased with any save those who do not acknowledge His hand in all things.

Trials are for a purpose and you shall reap a reward for all you have passed through. You shall have strength to endure whatever shall come to you and you shall rejoice in the Gospel. Your organs shall function properly from the crown of you head to the soles of your feet.

You will not be left alone, but shall have the spirit of the Lord to bless and comfort you, and shall live as long as the Lord shall need you to do His will on earth.

These promises and blessings I seal upon you by the power of the Holy Priesthood and the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

APPENDIX B

CERTIFICATES AND COMMENDATIONS

Missionary Certificate

To all Persons to whom this Letter shall come:

This certifies that the bearer Elder Joseph G. Nelson is in full faith and fellowship with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and by the General Authorities of said Church has been duly appointed a mission to Northwestern States to preach the Gospel and administer in all Ordinances thereof pertaining to this office.

And we invite all men to give heed to his teachings and counsel as a man of God, sent to open to them the door of Life and Salvation - and to assist him in his travels, in whatsoever things he may need.

And we pray God, the Eternal Father, to bless Elder Nelson and all who receive him and minister to his comfort, with the blessings of Heaven and Earth, for time and all eternity, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Signed at Salt Lake City, Utah, April 9, 1898 in behalf of said Church.

Wilford Woodruff
George Q. Cannon First Presidency
Joseph F. Smith

Salt Lake City
August 7, 1888
Elder Joseph G. Nelson
Goshen, Utah

Dear Brother: Your name has been suggested and accepted as a Missionary to New Zealand.

The work of the Lord is progressing in the nations, and faithful, energetic Elders are needed in the ministry to promulgate the everlasting Gospel openings for doing good appearing in numerous directions. Yourself, with others, having been selected for this Mission, would there be no reasonable obstacles to hinder you from going, we would be pleased to have you make your arrangements to start from this City at as early a date as to leave San Francisco, 18 October, 1888.

Please let us know, at your earliest convenience, what your feelings are with regard to this call.

Your Brother in the Gospel,

(signed) Wilford Woodruff

P.S. Please have your Bishop endorse your answer.

SEVENTIES LICENSE

Book H. No. 132

This certifies that Joseph Nelson was ordained one of the Seventy Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Abraham H. Cannon on the 19th day of June A.D. 1887, and is therefore authorized to officiate in all the duties pertaining to said office and calling.

By order of Council of the First Seven Presidents of the Seventies this 2nd day of October A.D. 1888.

(signed) A. H. Cannon, Presiding

Attest

Robert Campbell, Clerk,

President's Office
Salt Lake City, Utah
October 2, 1888
Elder Joseph Nelson
Goshen, Utah

Dear Brother,

It has been represented to me that your labors are needed in the Church schools that are now being established throughout the Stakes of Zion, and that your services in that direction will be more valuable to the cause of truth than a mission. I have decided to honorably release you from the call made upon you to go to the Southern States, so that you may place yourself at the disposal of Professor K. G. Maeser, in some one of the Church Academies.

Please communicate with him, and he will inform you where you are most needed.

Your Brother,

(signed) Wilford Woodruff

To Whom it May Concern:

This certifies that Elder Joseph G. Nelson occupied the position of Principal of the Summit Stake Academy during the Academic year 1888-9 and as such officer, faithfully discharged the duties thereof—in a manner satisfactory to the Board.

W. W. Cluff
President, Summit Stake
Board of Education

John Royden, Sec.
Coalville, July 3, 1889

Office of The First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
P. O. Box B

Salt Lake City, Utah
August 16, 1898

Elder Joseph G. Nelson,
Viento

Dear Brother:

I am directed by the First Presidency to enquire if it would be agreeable to your feelings and consistent with your circumstances to fill a mission of about one year's duration, not in a foreign land, but in the educational interests of the youth of Zion. The proposition is this, that you accept as a mission the duty of acting as an instructor in the Academy of the Oneida Stake of Zion for the school year 1898-9 (which commences on the second Monday in September) that you do so without other pay than that your board and lodging will be provided, and your labors will be accounted so much missionary work to your credit in building up the kingdom of God on the earth. Kindly give this your prayerful consideration and answer as promptly as your circumstances will permit.

Your brother,

(signed) George Reynolds, Sec.

Coalville, Utah
May 29, 1890

To Whom it may concern:

This certifies that Brother Joseph G. Nelson and Meda Nelson, his wife, have been connected with the Summit Stake Academy for the past two years, Brother Nelson as Principal and Sister Nelson as Assistant, during which time we have ever found them diligent and faithful in the discharge of their duties and well qualified for the positions they have occupied; and have given entire satisfaction to the Board, in their government and control of the Academy. This certificate was ordered issued by the Summit Stake Board of Education, at a meeting of said Board held May 20, 1890.

(signed)
W. W. Cluff, President
John Royden, Secretary

Office of Presidency
Oneida Stake
Franklin, Idaho, May 13, 1891

To whom it may concern:

This certifies that Elder Joseph G. Nelson, as Principal and Sister Meda Nelson as teacher of the Primary department, have been engaged in the Oneida Stake academy at Preston, Idaho, during the school year of 1890-91, and that as a result of their very able and faithful efforts they have materially advanced the status of the school and won the love and respect of the students as well as the approval and high esteem of the Stake Board of Education.

We therefore cheerfully recommend Brother and Sister Nelson as both efficient and worthy to engage as instructors in the Church Schools of Zion.

George C. Parkinson
Chairman, Board of Education