Sketch Of My Life*

ELIZA R. SNOW SMITH


My parents were of English descent—their ancestors were among the earliest settlers of New England. My father, Oliver Snow, was a native of Massachusetts—my mother, Rosetta L. Pettibone, of Connecticut.

In my early childhood, my parents moved to that section of the State of Ohio bordering on Lake Erie on the North, and the State of Pennsylvania on the East, known as the "Connecticut Western Reserve", where they purchased land, and settled in Mantua, Portage County.

I am the second of seven children—four daughters and three sons: all of whom were strictly disciplined to habits of temperance, honesty, and industry; and our parents extended to us the best educational facilities attainable at that time, without preference to either sex.

Although a farmer by occupation, my father performed much public business—officiating in several responsible positions, and, as I was ten years the senior of my eldest brother, so soon as I was competent, he employed me as Secretary in his Office. This experience has proved of great benefit to myself and to

* The Relief Society General Board is pleased to be the first to publish "Sketch of My Life," an autobiography of Eliza R. Snow, prepared upon request of Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft, American publisher and historian. This autobiography was completed in 1885. The original manuscript, written in the beautiful and legible handwriting of Eliza R. Snow, is now in the Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, California. This valuable historical material is made available to Relief Society through courtesy of the Bancroft Library and LeRoy C. Snow, nephew of Eliza R. Snow. Mr. Snow first heard of this life sketch in the fall of 1943. Through his efforts, photostatic copies of the forty-nine large folio pages were obtained, together with publishing privileges. In submitting the manuscript to Relief Society, Mr. Snow included the following statement:

"During the early 80's, Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft, the historian, spent considerable time in Salt Lake City gathering material for his great library. While here, he became well acquainted with my aunt, Eliza R. Snow, who assisted him in his work. Before leaving Utah, Mr. Bancroft asked Aunt Eliza to write a biographical sketch of her life to add to his collection. This she did, finishing it in 1885. I believe it is her only autobiographical sketch. Some of the most important experiences in her life are related exclusively in this sketch.

"Because of Aunt Eliza's close association with the Relief Society of the Church, I think it very fitting that this important manuscript be published in The Relief Society Magazine. I learned of its existence only very recently and am loaning a photostatic copy to the Relief Society General Board for its publication."

The eventful life of Eliza R. Snow, first secretary and second general president of Relief Society, and one of the most illustrious of our early-day women leaders, is always of interest to Latter-day Saint women, but when told in her own gifted writing style it becomes fascinating. The comments and observations which accompany the recital of events by Sister Snow add charm and value to her story.

"Sketch of My Life" will be published, together with illustrations, in six installments, beginning with this issue of the Magazine and concluding in the August issue.
others, at different periods of my variegated life.

Whether my mother anticipated or originated the wise policy of Queen Victoria, concerning the training of girls, does not matter—at all events, my mother considered a practical knowledge of housekeeping the best, and most efficient foundation on which to build a magnificent structure of womanly accomplishments—that useful knowledge was the most reliable basis of independence. Hence her daughters were early trained to the kitchen and housekeeping in general; then to various kinds of needlework etc.

Two years in succession, I drew the prize awarded by the Committee on Manufactures, at the Portage County Fair, for the best manufactured Leghorn.

My parents carefully impressed on the minds of their children, that useful labor is honorable—idleness and waste of time disgraceful and sinful; and, with us, book-studies and schooling were ever present—intermingling with every other industry, not omitting music and singing: Thus we never knew what it was to be idle. I mention these items as constituting a key to my subsequent life, showing that the impressions made in childhood and youth give indelible stamp to character.

My apparently inherent fondness for reading was encouraged by my parents. I was partial to poetical works, and when very young frequently made attempts at imitation of the different styles of favorite authors. In school I often bothered my teachers by writing my dissertations in rhyme, thereby forcing from them acknowledgements of inability to correct my articles, through lack of poetical talent; and yet, my teachers were uniformly too indulgent to protest against my rhyming practice.

On one occasion, my versatility occasioned me intense mortification. I was a small girl in a “Grammatical Institution” of young gentlemen and ladies, taught by a Presbyterian clergyman. Up to this time, the Professor had uniformly read before the school, the compositions written by students; but it so happened that a change was to commence that very day, and each student must read his and her own production. Unfortunately for me, without surmising any change, I had indulged my mirthfulness in a humorous poetical article, written in a peculiar measure, which I copied from a war-song in one of the periodicals of the day—the extreme oddity of the measure rendered the article so exceeding amusing, I was well aware that it would create laughter among the students, and I should break down if I attempted to read it. I could have listened composedly had the Prof. read as I anticipated; but for me to read it before that audience! How could I? I tearfully told the Prof. I could not. But an equitable law must not be sacrificed to my timidity, and the Prof. compassionately helped me out of the dilemma by propounding to excuse me for the present, provided I would come the next morning, before the students assembled, and read it to him; to which I responded with all promptitude.

When quite young, I commenced writing for publication in various journals, which I continued for sev-
eral years, over assumed signatures—wishing to be useful as a writer, and unknown as an author.

During the ever memorable contest between Greece and Turkey, I watched with deep interest the events of the war, and after the terrible destruction, by the Turks, of Missolonghi, I wrote an article entitled “The Fall of Missolonghi.” Soon after its publication, the deaths of Adams and Jefferson, almost simultaneously occurred, on the Fourth of July [1826] just at the time when, in honor of the glorious day, the nation was chanting songs of Liberty. I was requested, through the Press, to write their requiem, to which I responded, and, to my regret found myself ushered into notoriety, and not long after, eight volumes of “Godby’s Lady’s Book” were awarded me for a first-prize poem published in one of the journals.

That “men are born poets” is a common adage—I was born a patriot—at least, a warm feeling of patriotism inspired my thoughts as evinced in many of the early productions of my pen. I can even now recollect how, with beating pulse and with fond emotion I listened when but a small child, to narratives of the Revolution. My grandfather on my mother’s side, when fighting for the freedom of his country, was taken prisoner, and confined in a dreary cell, and so scantily fed, that when a fellow prisoner, incarcerated with him, died from exhaustion, he reported him sick, in order to obtain the usual amount furnished for both—keeping him wrapped in his blanket as long as he dared to remain with a dead body. This with many other incidents of Revolutionary sufferings recounted by my grandparents, so deeply impressed my mind, that, as I grew up to womanhood, I fondly cherished a pride for the Flag which so proudly waved o’er the graves of my brave and valiant ancestors.

My parents were Baptists in their religious profession—free from bigotry and intolerance, their hospitality was proverbial, and their house a welcome resort for the honorable of all denominations. As a natural result, my acquaintance became extensive.

I was early taught to respect the Bible, and in Sabbath Schools recited much of the New Testament—at times reciting seven of the long chapters in the Gospels, at a lesson. When studying those interesting narratives, my mind, many times, was filled with reflections of the deepest type, and my heart yearned for the gifts and manifestations of which those ancient Apostles testified. Sometimes I wished I had lived when Jesus Christ was on the earth, that I might have witnessed the power of God manifested through the Gospel, or that I could see, and listen to a true Prophet of God, through whom He communicated His will to the children of men. But, alas! that day and those blessings had forever gone by! So said the clergy of my own time, and the clergy professed to know.

Although my parents adhered to the Baptist creed, they extended to their children the right, and af-

(1) Some of Eliza R. Snow’s nom de plumes: Narcissa, Pocohontas, Minerva, Tullia, A Mormon Girl.
forded us every opportunity we desired, to examine all creeds—to hear and judge—to “prove all things.” Through being conversant with priests and people of different sects, I found them widely differing from each other; and all, more widely differing from that “form of doctrine,” and practice described in the New Testament, with the writings in which, I grew more and more familiar year by year.

Feeling that religion was necessary, I sought for it; but, when I asked, like one of old, “What shall I do to be saved?” and was told that I must have a change of heart, and, to obtain it, I must feel myself to be the worst of sinners, and acknowledge the justice of God in consigning me to everlasting torment, the common sense with which God had endowed me, revolted, for I knew I had lived a virtuous and conscientious life, and no consideration could extort from me a confession so absurd. Some told me one thing and some another; but there was no Peter, “endowed from on high.”

I heard Alexander Campbell(2) advocate the literal meaning of the Scriptures—listened to him with deep interest—hoped his new life led to a fulness—was baptized, and soon learned that, as well they might, he and his followers disclaimed all authority, and my baptism was of no consequence. During my brief attachment to that church I was deeply interested in the study of the ancient Prophets, in which I was assisted by the erudite A. Campbell, Walter Scott(3) whose acquaintance I made, but more particularly [by] Sidney Rigdon who was a frequent visitor at my father’s house.

In the autumn of 1829 I heard of Joseph Smith as a Prophet to whom the Lord was speaking from the heavens; and that a Sacred Record containing a history of the origin of the aborigines of America, was unearthed. A Prophet of God—the voice of God revealing to man as in former dispensations, was what my soul had hungered for, but could it possibly be true—I considered it a hoax—too good to be true.

In the winter of 1830 and ’31, Joseph Smith called at my father’s, and as he sat warming himself, I scrutinized his face as closely as I could without attracting his attention, and decided that his was an honest face. My adopted motto, “prove all things and hold fast that which is good,” prompted me to investigate, as incredulous as I was; and the most impressive testimonies I had ever heard were given by two of the witnesses to the Book of Mormon, at the first meeting of the believers in Joseph Smith’s mission, which I attended.

(2) Alexander Campbell (1788-1866) was cofounder with his father, Thomas Campbell, of the church or sect, Disciples of Christ. From 1813 until 1830 they remained nominally Baptists, but there were differences which caused trouble. When Alexander assumed leadership, he advocated a return to scriptural simplicity in organization and doctrine, and his followers in the denomination became known as Reformer.

(3) Mr. Walter Scott, a Scotchman by birth, but at this time a resident of Pittsburgh and a dissenter from a Scandinavian church with which he had formerly been associated.—D.H.C. Vol. I, footnote p. 121.
What await the paraids and the opendar here,
Are we then to a heavenly sphere?
In the image of salvation, what is the worth,
In their judging state, the frail things of earth?
What is death to the good, bed our entrance gate,
What is placed on the verge of a rich estate,
Where commissioned we to are awaiting by?
Bury me quietly where I die.

Like a beacon that rises o'er ocean's wave,
There's a light—there's a life beyond the grave.
The picture is bright, and it becomes me on
When the noble and pure and the brave have gone,
Who have battled for truth with their mind and might,
With their garments clean and their armor bright;
They are dwelling with God in a world on high,
Bury me quietly where I die.

Salt Lake City, Utah,
April 19, 1875

Ezra T. Snow Smith
On the 5th of April, 1835, I was baptized by a "Mormon" Elder, and in the evening of that day, I realized the baptism of the Spirit as sensibly as I did that of the water in the stream. I had retired to bed, and as I was reflecting on the wonderful events transpiring around me, I felt an indescribable, tangible sensation, if I may so call it, commencing at my head and enveloping my person and passing off at my feet, producing inexpressible happiness. Immediately following, I saw a beautiful candle with an unusual long, bright blaze directly over my feet. I sought to know the interpretation, and received the following, "The lamp of intelligence shall be lighted over your path." I was satisfied.

In December I went to Kirtland —was happy in an association with the Saints, fully appreciating their enlarged views and rich intelligence from the fountain of Eternal Truth, through the inspiration of the Most High; and was present on the ever memorable occasion of the Dedication of the Kirtland Temple, (the building of which was commenced in June 1833, and completed in 1836) the first superstructure erected by command of God, and under His immediate direction, for many centuries. In that Temple, after its dedication, I witnessed many manifestations of the power of God.

In the spring of 1836, I taught a select school for young ladies, and boarded with the Prophet's family. At the close of the term I returned to my parental home, where friends and acquaintances flocked around me to enquire about the "strange people" with whom I was associated. I was exceedingly happy in testifying of what I had both seen and heard, until the 1st of Jan. 1837, when I bade a final adieu to the home of my youth, to share the fortunes of the people of God.

By solicitation, on my return I resided in the family of Joseph Smith, and taught his family school, and had ample opportunity to mark his "daily walk and conversation," as a prophet of God; and the more I became acquainted with him, the more I appreciated him as such. His lips ever flowed with instruction and kindness; and, although very forgiving, indulgent, and affectionate in his temperament, when his God-like intuition suggested that the welfare of his brethren, or the interests of the kingdom of God demanded it, no fear of censure—no love of approbation could prevent his severe and cutting rebuke.

Though his expansive mind grasped the great plan of salvation and solved the mystic problem of man's destiny—though he had in his possession keys that unlocked the past and the future with its succession of eternities, in his devotions he was humble as a little child.

Previous to the completion of the Temple, I proffered a cash donation to the "Building Committee," which they very much needed, but insisted on my acceptance of a note of hand for the amount. This, they subsequently redeemed by deeding me a valuable city lot, very favorably situated and under good cultivation.

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(4) "The Prophet Joseph Smith baptized my mother and two sisters, Leonora and Eliza R. Snow, into the Church."—Statement of President Lorenzo Snow."
Note: The Army’s rate of infection was even higher in the last war, running at over 9 per cent in 1918...over 90 men a year out of 1000.

XIV. Psychoneurotic breakdowns are a problem in the present war, as they are in all wars.

Causes: Military specialists have assigned many contributing factors to the increase of psychoneurotic breakdowns, not the least of which is the crescendo of noise and tension in modern warfare. The major cause seems to be, according to these experts, unusually prolonged exposure to combat conditions.

Figures: A significant proportion of all casualties in combat are psychoneurotic.

Definition: A psychoneurosis is the physical expression of mental conflict, and is not a sign of cowardice. The soldier is torn between his desire to stay at his post, and his natural instinct to stay alive. In the face of extreme exhaustion this conflict may produce an acute anxiety state, paralysis or anesthesia, reactive depressions, from which the soldier may recover promptly with proper rest and care.

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—containing a house which accommodated two families: one part opportunist made a home for a widowed sister with two children—the other, I rented. This, like many other trivial events in human life, proved to be one of the little hinges on which events of immense weight occasionally turn.

My brother Lorenzo was in a Presbyterian College. From his letters I learned that he was investigating their orthodoxy. At length he wrote me, saying, “If you have nothing better to offer than this, then good bye to all religions.” I feared he was approaching the vortex of infidelity, and felt that the only rescue was in the unadulterated Gospel of Jesus Christ, and was anxious to induce him to come where he could see its workings and judge for himself. I wrote him he could have a home with my sister, if he would spend his College vacation with us. He came, and to improve the time he engaged in study under an efficient Hebrew Teacher, who had opened a school for the benefit of the Saints in Kirtland, and while studying a dead language, he also studied the eternal principles of a living faith. He was baptized—ordained an Elder, and is now [1885] one of the Twelve Apostles. Although this belongs to my brother’s history, I consider it one of the events of my life, inasmuch as he has been a great benefit to me, as well as having been energetically useful in the cause which I esteem dearer than my mortal life.

(To be continued)

(5) Fifth president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (1898-1901).
(6) Tuesday, 26 [January 1856] Mr. [Joshua] Sexas arrived from Hudson, to teach the Hebrew language, and I attended upon the organizing of the class, for the purpose of receiving lectures upon Hebrew grammar. His hours of instruction are from ten to eleven, a.m., and from two to three, p.m. His instruction pleased me much. I think he will be a help to the class in learning Hebrew.—Prophet Joseph Smith, D.H.C. Vol. II, pp. 385-386.
Sketch Of My Life

Eliza R. Snow Smith

CHAPTER II

In the Spring of 1838, when through persecution, the Saints were compelled to leave Kirtland, with my father's family I moved to Adam-ondi-Ahman, Daviess Co. Mo., where we arrived on, or about the last of July. But our stay was short—a fierce mob violence, with which all departments of the State authorities, civil, judicial, and military participated, so soon manifested itself, that before the year closed, in submission to the Governor's order, we moved from Daviess Co., to Caldwell; and, on the 5th of March, started enroute for Illinois.

A few days before leaving Adam-ondi-Ahman, the former owner of the house, for which my father had paid in full, came in, and impudently enquired how soon we should be out of it. My American blood warmed to the temperature of an insulted, free-born American citizen as I looked at him and thought, poor man; you little know with whom you have to deal!—God lives. He certainly over-ruled in that instance, for the original owners of two homesteads which my father paid for, although they had made arrangements for mobbing us, previous to the purchase, never regained possession.

The Governor gave us ten days' notice to prepare and leave Daviess County, and in the meantime, subservient to his order a posse of Militia was to remain in the vicinity, ostensibly to protect the Saints; but we could not decide which was most to be dreaded, the Militia or the mob—no property was safe within the reach of either.

It was December and very cold when we left our home, and, after assisting in the morning arrangements for the journey, in order to warm my aching feet, I started on foot and walked until the teams came up. When about two miles out, I met one of the so-called Militia who accosted me with, "Well, I think this will cure you of your faith." Looking him squarely in the eye, I replied, "No, Sir, it will take more than this to cure me of my faith." His countenance dropped, and he responded, "I must confess you are a better soldier than I am." I passed on, thinking that, unless he was above the average of his fellows in that section, I was not complimented by his confession.

In recording the following incident, I wish to perpetuate the remembrance of the only expression of sympathy which, to my knowledge, was uttered by the former citizens of Mo. in our behalf, from the commencement of our persecutions in that State, till our final expulsion. On our outward journey, after a night of rain, which changed to snow and covered the ground in the morning, we thawed our tent which was stiffly frozen, by holding and turning it alternately before a blazing fire, until it could be folded for
Thirty acres of land, including the whole of this hill on which are the ruins of the altar of Adam, have recently been purchased by the Church.

packing, and, while we all shivered and shook with cold, we started. As the sun mounted upwards the snow melted and increased the depth of the mud, with which the road before us was previously amply stocked, and rendered travel almost impossible. The teams were puffing and the wagons dragging so heavily that we were all on foot, tugging along as best we could, when an elderly gentleman on horseback overtook us, and after riding along-side for some time, apparently absorbed in deep thought, as he (after enquiring who we were) with apparent interest, watched women and girls, men and boys, teams and wagons slowly winding their way up a long hill, enroute from our only earthly homes, with no prospect before us, he said emphatically, "If I were in your places, I should want the Governor of the State hitched at the head of my teams." I afterwards remarked to my father that I had not heard as sensible remark from a stranger since entering the State. In my memory, from that time to this, I have cherished a filial respect for that gentleman, and fancy I see a striking resemblance of him in the portrait of Sir Von Humboldt, now hanging on the wall in front of me.

We arrived in Quincy, Illinois, where many of the exiled Saints had preceded us, and all were received with generous hospitality.

My father moved to one of the northern Counties, I stopped in Quincy, and while there wrote for the Press several articles, for which I received many encomiums, with urgent solicitations for effusions, which, probably were elicited by the fact that my articles were produc-
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...tions from the pen of a "Mormon girl."

From Quincy, my sister, her two daughters and I went to Lima, Hancock Co., where we found a temporary home under the roof of an old veteran of the Revolution, who, with his family, treated us with much kindness; although through ignorance of the character of the Saints, their feelings were like gall towards them, which we knew to be the result of misrepresentation. Occupying as we did, an upper room with a slight flooring between us and the occupants below, we were obliged to hear bitter aspersions against those whom we knew to be the best people on earth. Frequently our host, after vilely traducing our people, of whom he knew nothing, suddenly changed his tone and boasted of the "two noble women" he had in his house—"no better women ever lived," etc., which he would have said of the "Mormons" generally, had he made their acquaintance. We were pilgrims, and for the time had to submit to circumstances. Almost anything innocent is preferable to dependence—with these people we could earn our support at the tailoring business: thanks to my mother's industrial training, for which, even now I bless her dear memory.

IN May, the Saints commenced gathering in Commerce, (afterwards Nauvoo) and on the 16th of July following, I left our kind host and hostess, much to their regret, Elder Rigdon having sent for me to teach his family school in Commerce, and, although I regretted the separation from my sister, I was truly thankful to be again associated with the body of the Church.

The location of the city of Nauvoo was beautiful, but the climate was so unhealthy that several efforts had been made to build it up, and as many times abandoned. It seemed to have been held in reserve to meet the occasion, for none but Saints full of faith, and trusting in the power of God, could have established that city. Through the blessings of our Heavenly Father on the indefatigable exertions of the Saints, it was not long before Nauvoo excited the envy and jealousy of many of the adjacent inhabitants, and, as "the accuser of the brethren" never sleeps, we had many difficulties to meet which ultimately culminated in the most bitter persecution.

To narrate what transpired within the seven years, in which we built and occupied Nauvoo, the beautiful, would fill many volumes. That is a history that never will, and never can "repeat itself." Some of the most important events of my life transpired within that brief term, in which I was married, and in which my husband, Joseph Smith, the Prophet of God, sealed his testimony with his blood!

* * * *

When in March, 1842, Joseph Smith, assisted by some of the leading Elders, organized the "Female Relief Society of Nauvoo," I was present, and was appointed Secretary of the Institution. In the following summer, I accompanied Mrs. Emma Smith, the President, to Quincy, Illinois, with a Petition signed by several hundred members of the Society, praying His Excellency, Governor Carlin, for protection from illegal suits then pending...
against the Prophet, Joseph Smith. We met with a very cordial reception—presented our petition, which the Governor received with manifestations of sympathetic sincerity, pledging his word and honor that he would use his influence to protect Mr. Smith, whose innocence he fully acknowledged. But alas! soon after our return, we learned that at the time of our visit, and while making protestations of friendship, the wily Governor was secretly conniving with the basest of men to destroy our leaders.

The awful tragedy of the 27th of June, 1844, is a vivid, burning, scathing stain on our national escutcheon. To look upon the noble, lifeless forms of those brothers, Joseph and Hyrum Smith, lying side by side, after having been brought home from Carthage, where they had been slaughtered in their manhood and in their innocence, was a sight that might well appal the heart of a true American citizen: but, what it was for loving wives and children, the loyal heart may feel, but let language keep silence!

This scene occurred in America, "The land of the free, and the home of the brave," to which our ancestors fled for religious freedom—where the "Dear old Flag" yet waves; and under which not one effort has been made by the authorities of either County, State, or General Government, to bring the perpetrators of that notorious murder to justice. The expulsion of the Saints from the State of Ill., soon followed after
the deaths of the Prophet and Patriarch.

On my first arrival in Nauvoo, (then Commerce) I resided in the family of Elder Rigdon—taught his family school—was with his mother (who lived with him) at her death—attended her funeral on the 6th of Oct., the first Conference held in Ill. In the following winter my father came for me—I went home with him—found my mother suffering from hardships and exposures through mobocracy. The next Spring my father moved to La-harpe, 30 ms. from Nauvoo—remained there one year, then moved to Nauvoo. My home was with the family until father exchanged his home for one in Walnut Grove, 75 ms. from Nauvoo; a settlement where a Stake of the Church had been appointed. After my parents moved, I lived with the Prophet's first wife, and taught a school of 65 scholars. Before its close, I went and boarded with brother and sister Holmes for a short time, and previous to the exodus of the Saints from Ill. I lived in the family of Col. Stephen Markham. Much of the winter of 1845-6 I spent officiating in the Temple—the upper part of which was sufficiently completed for administering the sacred ordinances of the holy Priesthood as God had revealed them.

On the 13th of Feb. 1846, with Sister Markham, I crossed the Mississippi on a ferry-boat, and joined the camp of the Saints, three miles from the river, where we found wood and water in abundance. I was informed that on the first night of the encampment of those who preceded us, nine children were ushered into the world; and from that time, as we journeyed, mothers gave birth to offspring under almost every variety of circumstances except those to which they had been accustomed—in tents and wagons—in rain-storms, and in snow-storms. I heard of one birth occurring in the rude shelter of a hut—the sides formed of blankets fastened to poles stuck in the ground—a bark roof, through which the rain was dripping: Kind sisters held dishes and caught the water—thus protecting the mother and her little darling from a shower-bath on its entrance to the stage of human existence. Had not this, as well as many others, been a case of necessity, no other result than death could have been anticipated, to both mother and child.

Let it be remembered that the mothers referred to, were not savages, accustomed to roam the forest and brave the storm and tempest—those who had never known the comforts and delicacies of civilization and refinement. They were not those who, in the wilds of nature, nursed their offspring amid reeds and rushes, or in the obscure recesses of rocky caverns. Most of them were born and educated in the Eastern States—had there embraced the Gospel as taught by Jesus and His Apostles, and for its sake had gathered with the Saints; and under trying circumstances, assisted by their faith, energies and patience in making Nauvoo what its name indicates, "The Beautiful." There they had lovely homes—decorated with flowers, and enriched with choice fruit trees, just beginning to yield plentifully. To these homes, without lease or sale, they had bid a final adieu, and, with what little of their
substance could be packed into one, two, and perhaps in a few instances, three wagons, had started out desertward, for where? To this question, the only response at that time was, God knows.

From the 13th to the 18th several snow-storms occurred, and the cold was so intense as to bridge the Mississippi river sufficiently for the passage of heavily loaded wagons. The men built huge fires, and when not necessarily otherwise engaged, warmed themselves around the crackling blaze. The women, when the labors of cooking and other ceteras did not prompt them outside, huddled with their small children, into wagons and carriages for protection from chilling breezes.

My dormitory, sitting-room, writing office, and frequently dining-room, was the buggy in which Mrs. Markham, her little son, David, and I rode. With the best I could do for myself, I frosted my feet which occasioned me considerable inconvenience for several weeks.

On the 28th we moved out. Previous to breaking camp, (all who designed traveling in the first company had crossed the river, numbering from six to seven hundred), they were partially organized into tens, fifties, and hundreds, which was afterwards completed for the order of traveling; with Captains, Pioneers, Superintendents, and Commissioners, to each hundred, and Captains over each fifty, and ten.

We traveled four miles and put up for the night when the prospect, at first sight was dreary enough. It was nearly sun-set—very cold, with four or five inches of snow on the ground: but with brave hearts, strong hands, and plenty of spades and shovels, the men removed the snow, and suddenly transformed the bleak desert into a joyous town.
of cloth houses with log-heap fires, and a multitude of cheerful inhabitants. The next day the Nauvoo Band came up, and its stirring strains were wafted abroad and re-echoed on the responsive breeze.

From time to time, companies of men either volunteered or were detailed from the journeying camps, and by going off the route, found jobs of work, and obtained food for the people and grain for the teams. As we passed through a town on the Des Moines, the inhabitants manifested as much curiosity as though viewing a menagerie of wild beasts. Their levity and apparent heartlessness was proof of profound ignorance. How little did they comprehend our movement and the results which the Almighty had in view!

On the 2nd of March we again moved forward, and our encampment this night may truly be recorded as a miracle on natural principles, and yet, very strikingly peculiar—a city reared in a few hours, and everything in operation that living required, and many additional ones, which, if not extravagances were conveniences. The next day, great numbers of people in companies were in from the adjacent country patrolling our anonymous streets, viewing our unique city, with astonishment visible in their countenances. In the evening sister Markham and I took a stroll abroad, and in the absence of street names, and tent Nos. we lost our way, and had to be piloted within sight of our own domicile.

At this point Col. Markham exchanged our buggy for a lumber wagon, in order to assist others in carrying freight; and in performing this act of generosity, so filled the wagon, as to give us barely room to sit in front. This wagon, with bags piled on bags, was my sleeping room—the family lodged in other wagons and in a tent. Instead of comfort, necessity was the order of the move, and the best faculty for adaptation to circumstances, the best inheritance. We were thankful to be so well off—fleeing from persecution, we were in pursuit of a land of peace. The mob in the vicinity of Nauvoo, knowing that I wielded the pen, had threatened my life, lest, as they said, I should write about the tragic scene at Carthage. Although I had neither fear nor dread of death, I felt as I expressed in the following:

LET US GO

* * *

Let us go—let us go to the wilds for a home
Where the wolf and the roc and the buffalo roam—
Where beneath our own vines, we in peace, may enjoy
The fruits of our labors, with none to annoy.

Let us go—let us go where our Rights are secure—
Where the waters are clear and the atmosphere pure—
Where the hand of oppression has never been felt—
Where the blood of the prophets has never been spilt.
Let us go—let us go where the Kingdom of God
Will be seen in its Order extending abroad—
Where the Priesthood of heaven, unopposed will go forth
In the regeneration of man and of earth.

* * * *

When we started again, Mrs. M. [Markham] and I were seated on a chest with bran-kettle and soap-box for our foot-stools, and were happy, and well might be, in comparison with some of our sisters who walked all day, rain or shine, and at night prepared supper for their families, with no sheltering tents; and then made their beds in, and under wagons that contained their earthly all. Frequently with intense sympathy and admiration I watched the mother when, forgetful of her own fatigue and destitution, she took unwearied pains to fix up in the most palatable form the allotted portion (most of the time we were rationed) of food, and as she dealt it out, was cheering the hearts of her children, while, as I truly believed, her own was lifted to God in fervent prayer that their lives might be preserved, and, above all, that they might honor Him in the religion for which she was an exile from the home once sacred to her, for the sake of those precious ones which God had committed to her care.

(To be continued)

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WHEN WE MUST SAY GOODBYE

Grace Zenor Pratt

... Remember this ... when we must say goodbye—

There is no need for words ....

But turn your loving face toward mine,
While in your eyes I read the promise sweet
Of faith and courage through the darkest hour;
That where you go, I too shall go with you
In spirit; on sea, in plane, on battle's gory field,
In foulest prison cell, or glorious victory
I shall be near to share and bear with you
All gain, all loss ... for nothing, ever now,
Not even pain nor death, can kill our love—
... Remember this, we have no need for words—
When we must say goodbye.
Sketch Of My Life

Eliza R. Snow Smith

CHAPTER III

We were traveling in the season, significantly "between hay and grass," and the teams feeding on browse obtained by felling trees, wasted in flesh and had but little strength; and at times, it was painful to see the poor creatures straining every joint and ligature—doing their best, and looking the very picture of discouragement. When crossing the low lands, where Spring rains had soaked the mellow soil, they frequently stalled on level ground, and we could move only by coupling teams, which made very slow progress. From the effects of chills and fever, I had not strength to walk, or I would not have been guilty of riding after those half-famished animals. Most of the time I was obliged to ride, no matter how dangerous it might be on roads formed by the hand of nature.

In some instances, a cow and ox—and frequently two cows were yoked together: and these poor animals, after helping draw wagons through the day, at night furnished all the milk with which the family was supplied; but the yield was a small pittance, especially when divided among a number of tired, hungry, houseless, little ones. It would require a painter's skill and pencil to represent an encampment where we stopped, as we frequently did, to give the jaded teams a chance to recuperate, and the people to straighten up matters and things generally. Here is a slight touch from my journal.

"Our town of yesterday has grown to a city—laid out in a half-hollow square, fronting East and South on a beautiful level, on one side an almost perpendicular, and on the other, a gradual descent into a deep ravine, which defines it on the North and West. At nine o'clock this morning, I noticed a Blacksmith's shop in full blast, and everything, everywhere, indicating local industries of real life. Only the sick are idle. Not a stove or cooking utensil, but is called into requisition; while tubs and wash-boards, etc., are taken one half mile distant, where washing is done by the side of a stream of water. I join Mrs. M. [Markham] in the washing department, and get a Buggypide to the scene of action, as a spectator, where the boys have the fire in waiting; while others of our mess (21 in number) stop in the city and do the cooking arrangements; and for our dinner, send us a rich portion of their immense potpie, made of rabbits, squirrels, pheasants, quails, prairie chickens, etc., etc., trophies of the success of our hunters, of whom, each Division has its quota. Thus, from time to time we are supplied with fresh meat." I will now attempt a description of a prairie fire, and then, as I am writing merely "a sketch," I shall pass hastily forward.
At our encampment at the head waters of the Grand River, we saw a fire in the distance coming rapidly towards us with tremendous fury. Our men turned out en masse, and set fires to burn a broad extent around our premises, for the wind was so strong, that, without this precaution, the fire would have swept over us almost instantaneously. So soon as we felt secured, we gazed with admiration and astonishment at the terrific grandeur of the devouring element before us, as the devouring element rolled in awful volumes over the tall, dry grass, interspersed with leafless trees as dry as tinder—the flames rising at times, to the height of forty or fifty feet, and shooting, as if drawn by powerful attraction, from tree to tree. I had often read and listened to descriptions of “Prairies on fire,” with the dangers to which travelers are exposed in consequence, and had thought those accounts over-drawn, but now I can say in truth, that the reality “beggars all description.”

I now pass hurriedly over the founding of the settlement called Pisgah—the unjust requisition of Government in calling out the Mormon Battalion and consequent hardships devolving on the women and children, as they have long since become subjects of history.

When we left Pisgah, Col. M. [Markham] was minus one teamster, and Mrs. M. [Markham] to avoid having another to cook for, proposed to drive the gentle, well-trained yoke of oxen which was selected for the wagon she and I were to occupy; but soon after we started, she was taken quite ill, and of course, the driving fell to me. Had it been a horse team, I should have been amply qualified, but driving oxen
was entirely new business. However, I took the whip and very soon learned to haw and gee, and acquit-
ted myself very well in driving most
of the way to “Winter Quarters”
(now Florence) the cattle being so
pliable that I could sit and drive. At
the best, I was often much fatigued,
the family at times having so much
sickness, that I had to cook as well
as nurse, and I was truly thankful
for strength to do for those from
whom I received much kindness.

On the 2d we arrived at our “Win-
ter Quarters” where we joined the
general Camp. From exposure and
hardship I was taken sick soon after
with a slow fever, and as I lay sick in
the wagon, where my bed was ex-
posed to heavy rains, and, at times,
unavoidably wet from head to foot,
I realized that I was near the gate
of death; but in this suffering and
exposed condition, I did not feel
that God had forsaken me—my trust
was in Him, and His power pre-
served me. While passing through
this trying scene, I not only realized
the goodness of God, but experi-
enced many kindnesses from my sis-
ters, whose names are not only writ-
ten in my Journal, but also are en-
graven on my heart; and I never shall
forget the unceasing kindness of
brother and sister Markham, with
whom I journeyed from Nauvoo to
this winter stopping-point. At the
time of which I am writing, many
were sick around me, and under the
circumstances, no one could be
properly cared for. Although exposed
to Autumnal rains in the wagon—
worst was yet to come.

On the 28th of October, a com-
pany starting out for supplies, re-
quired the wagon which sister M.
[Markham] and I occupied; and the
house we moved into, having been
built of logs, with openings only
partly chinked and mudded—the
wind cold and blustering, found
plenty of crevices on the sides
through which to play; while the
roof was shingled only on one side,
with a tent-cloth thrown over the
other: and besides, it was minus a
chimney, and when a fire was kin-
dled, the smoke so filled the house,
that a breathing apparatus was of
little use, and the fire was put out-
side. Mrs. M. [Markham] had
partially recovered from her sickness,
but was feeble—I was not able to sit
up long, and under the circumstan-
ces, having to dispense with a fire, I
had to keep my bed.

The men had so much to do in
preparing for winter, our circum-
stances were much the same—cook-
ing done out of doors, etc., until past
the middle of November, when our
chimney was built—the house
chinked, and other improvements
added, which we were prepared to ap-
preciate.

About the last of December I re-
ceived the sad news of the death of
my mother, in which, although ac-
companied with a feeling of heavy
bereavement, I realized a sweet,
soothing sensation in the thought
that she was free from all earthly
ills. She had lived to a good age,
and been a patient participator in
the scenes of suffering through the
persecutions of the Saints. Her
mortal remains sleep in peace—her
grave, and that of my father, whose
death preceded hers less than a year,
are side by side, in Walnut Grove,
Knox Co., Illinois.

The privations, hardships, and ex-
posures to which we had been sub-
jected, combined with the unhealth-
ness of the climate of our Winter-Quarters, caused much sickness, and sickness increased destitution: but in the midst of all, we enjoyed much of the Spirit of God, and many seasons of refreshing from His presence. My life, as well as the lives of many others, was preserved by the power of God, through faith; and not on natural principles, as comprehended by man.

Our extensive encampment was divided into Wards, and so organized that meetings were held in each Ward. An order was introduced and cheerfully carried into effect, that each able-bodied man, should either give the labor of each tenth day, or contribute an equivalent, for the support of the destitute, and to aid those families whose husbands and sons were in the Battalion, and those who were “widows indeed.”

On the 7th of April, 1847, President Brigham Young with his band of pioneer braves, started in search of a home for the Saints, in the mountains of the desert.

The first emigrant company started early in June. Brother and sister Robert Pierce kindly offered me a seat in their carriage, which was left vacant by the death of their daughter Mary, a promising young lady, who had fallen a victim to the sickly climate; and on the 12th of June, we bade Goodbye to many dear friends, and again started on pilgrimage.

Previous to starting for an indefinite point—probably one thousand miles into the interior, and from all supplies, the idea of an outfit was a very important consideration. Some of our brethren had purchased and brought from St. Louis a few articles of Merchandise, which supplied our local Store with some of the necessaries and comforts for journeying. I was to start immediately, and what about my outfit? Its extent must be determined by the amount of means. On examining my purse, I found it contained one dime (ten cents)—I was nearly minus ink—I could not go without that article: one dime was just the price of a bottle, and I made the purchase.

After we started out from Winter Quarters, three or four days were consumed in maneuvering and making a “good ready.” At an appointed place for rendezvous, a general meeting was held around a Liberty Pole, erected for that purpose, and an organization effected similar to that entered into after leaving Nauvoo. Also, at our next point, on the Platte River, a Liberty Pole was erected, from which our National Flag floated gracefully on the breeze. How dear to the heart of an American, has that sacred emblem ever been! And, although at that time, it yielded us no protection—although we were homeless exiles, the wave of the “Dear old Flag,” seemed fraught with that inspiration which silently breathes a promise of peace.

As we moved forward, one Division after another—sometimes in Fifities—sometimes in Tens—but seldom traveling in Hundreds, we passed and repassed each other, but at night kept as compact as circumstances would admit, especially when in the Indian country. Not knowing how our “red brethren” might feel disposed toward us, it was admitted that caution was the parent of safety. East of Fort Laramie, many of the Sioux nation mixed with our traveling camps—sometimes in our front and sometimes in
our rear, on their way to the Fort, where their national Council was in Session.

We had no other trouble with them than the loss of a few cooking utensils, which, when unobserved, they light-fingered; except in one instance, when our Ten had been left in the rear to repair a broken wagon, until late in the night. It was bright moonlight, and as we were passing one of their encampments, they formed in a line closely by the roadside, and, when our teams were passing they simultaneously and vigorously shook their blankets to frighten the teams and cause a stampede; however no serious injury occurred, although the animals were dreadfully frightened—cows broke their fastenings, oxen turned their bows, and horses pranced and trembled, while some of the weaker human nerves were not altogether proof against the unanticipated scare.

Those Indians carried their tents and baggage on horses, mules and on drays formed of tent-poles, and drawn by horses, mules, and dogs: covers for the little ones were made by fastening skins over bows fixed to the upper side of the drays.

We had two fearful stampedes while on this journey—the first was in the evening—the animals were in a corral formed by placing the wagons and carriages side by side, with the tongues on the outside of the hollow square, to which open spaces were left on two sides, for ingress and egress. The wagon in which I had retired for the night was either second or third from one of these openings, and to this gateway the animals all rushed—bellowing, puffing, and snorting, while they rushed against, and clambered over and up-
on each other in heaps, above the wagon-tops, and so frightened that it was some time before they succeeded in breaking through the gateway in making their escape. The scene was horrible! Some animals died of injuries—many had their horns knocked off, which produced pitiful sights. The trouble was occasioned by a person shaking the dust from a buffalo robe, which frightened the near animals—they started others to run, and the contagion spread almost instantaneously thro' the entire herd. The camp necessarily halted for the recovery of the runaways, most of which were found the next day.

The second stampede occurred in the day-time. We had stopped to repair a dilapidated crossing over a broad slough—the teams were standing two, three, and four abreast; and from the top, nearly to the bottom of a gentle slope, facing the hands at work, when two men on mules, with blankets swinging, rode galloping past—frightening the back teams, and they started on a rush forward, which started others, and soon nearly every vehicle was in motion with fearful velocity, the drivers absent, and women and children in wagons, carriages, and others still more exposed, standing where they were in danger of being crushed by the reckless flying wheels. With fearful velocity, heedless of crossings and bridges, those teams whirled their vehicles across the slough where, it was admitted that the most skillful teamster could not have succeeded. I was sitting alone on the back seat of a carriage, holding the reins of a high-spirited span—vehicles were flitting past—the horses made several springs, and I knew very well, if they really got started, no human power could prevent them stripping everything to strings. While I held them with all my strength, I prayed with all the fervency of my soul. Mrs. Pierce and her daughter Margaret, with whom I was journeying, being out of the carriage when the scene occurred, had been trying to stop some ox-teams, but finding they could not succeed they came, one on each side, and caught the horses by the bits: they stopped prancing, but shook all over like a person with the shaking urge. Whatever skeptics may say, I attribute my preservation at that time to the peculiar and special blessing of God. And not only mine, but that of others: in the midst of the many fearful exposures, no one was seriously hurt.

Much of the time we journeyed on untrod ground, but occasionally we struck the track of the Pioneers and read the date of their presence, with an “All well” accompaniment inscribed on a bleached buffalo skull, and had a general time of rejoicing. Those skulls were duly appreciated; but at times, the tremendous herds of live buffaloes were very annoying, especially when crossing their watering paths in near proximity to a river, and we were compelled to make a break in a line of wagons, and wait for two or three thousand of those uncompromising animals to pass.

We had many seasons of rejoicing in the midst of privation and suffering—many manifestations of the loving kindness of God. In very many instances the sick were healed, and those who by accidents were nigh unto death, made speedily whole. I will mention one case which was under my immediate ob-
servation. Mrs. Love, an intimate friend of mine, fell from the tongue of her wagon, containing sixteen hundred freight; the wheels ran across her breast as she lay prostrate, and to all appearance, she was crushed, but on being administered to by some of the elders, she revived; and after having been anointed with consecrated oil, and having the ordinance of laying on of hands repeated she soon recovered, and on the fourth day after the accident, she milked her cow, as usual.

Many, yes many were the star and moonlight evenings, when, as we circled around the blazing fire and sang our hymns of devotion and songs of praise to Him who knows the secrets of all hearts—when with sublime union of hearts, the sound of united voices reverberated from hill to hill; and echoing through the silent expanse, apparently filled the vast concave above, while the glory of God seemed to rest on all around us.

On one of these soul-inspiring occasions—prompted by the spirit of Song, I wrote the following:

**SONG OF THE DESERT**

Beneath the cloud-topp'd mountain—
Beside the craggy bluff,
Where every dint of nature
Is wild and rude enough:
Upon the verdant meadow—
Upon the sun-burnt plain—
Upon the sandy hillock,
We waken music's strain.

Beneath the pine-tree branches
Which have for ages stood—
Beneath the humble cedar,
And the green cotton-wood:
Beside the broad smooth river—
Beside the flowing spring—
Beside the limpid streamlet,
We often sit and sing.

Beneath the sparkling concave,
When stars in millions come
To cheer the weary strangers
And bid us feel at home.

Amid the cheering moon-light,
Fair Cynthia's mellow rays
In social groups we gather,
And join in songs of praise.

Cheer'd by the blaze of fire-light,
When evening shadows fall,
And when the darkness deepens
Around our spacious hall,
With true and warm emotion
To saintly bosoms given,
In strains of pure devotion
We praise the God of heaven.

*(To be continued)*

**RATION POINTS SPUR FAT COLLECTIONS**

The collection of fat greases continues to be a most vital war need. Housewives are continuously urged to save and turn in household fats.

Since the inception of the points-for-fat program, there has been an increase in the household fat collections. Housewives over the entire nation have responded enthusiastically to this new arrangement. However, the nation is still far behind the quotas set by the War Production Board. Official figures show that we have only one-third of the required stockpile of glycerine, which is the vital ingredient obtained from fats.

—Official Salvage News Bulletin
Sketch Of My Life

Eliza R. Snow Smith

CHAPTER IV

Had it not been for the rich seasons of refreshing from above which we experienced from time to time, with renewing influence; it really seemed as though many must have yielded beneath the weight of fatigue and exposure; who were thus enabled to struggle through.

But with all that was so kindly and timely bestowed, deaths made occasional inroads in our traveling camps. Nursing the sick in tents and wagons, was a laborious service; but the patient faithfulness with which it was performed, is, no doubt, registered in the archives above as an unfading memento of brotherly and sisterly love.

The burial of the dead by the wayside was a sad office, and so sad, that had it not been for a genuine feeling of sympathy for the bereaved, I would not have witnessed its performance.

On the 4th of August, we met several of the “Mormon Battalion”—husbands and sons of women in our Division; and to see the care-worn faces of those women, beaming with the glow of exquisite joy in a happy reunion, after a long toilsome separation, imparted unspeakable pleasure to us all.

On the 17th, a letter brought by brethren returning to Winter Quarters for their families, was publicly read, confirming the cheering report of the first arrivals, to wit: the Pioneers have found a location in Great Salt Lake Valley—a City site was being surveyed, etc. etc., which prompted a feeling that we had a definite point before us—a future peaceful home.

On the 8th, we met the main body of the Pioneers, led by President B. Young and H. C. Kimball, who were returning to Winter Quarters to spend the winter. It was a joyful time, and so deeply interested and absorbed were all, that no guard was kept, and about forty horses and mules were stolen in the night—some of them were not recovered; which crippled the teams and impeded our progress, for many times, especially in ascending hills, the teams had to be doubled, thus causing much delay. But with all these, and other impediments, we strung along and reached the valley, one company after another, until all had arrived. Our arrival was on the 2nd of October.

Our first winter in the mountains was delightful—the ground froze very little—our coldest weather was three or four days in November, after which, the men plowed and sowed, built houses (huts) etc., during the winter—the temperature truly seemed to have been particularly ordered to meet our very peculiar circumstances. Every labor, such as cultivating the ground, and procuring timber and fuel from the canyons was an experiment—most of us were houseless: and what the result, would have
been, had that winter been as severe as the succeeding ones, the Lord only knows.

The small amount of breadstuff brought over the plains, was dealt out sparingly; and our beef, made of cows and oxen that drew it, was, before they had time to fatten on the dry mountain-grass, very inferior. Those to whom it yielded sufficient fat to grease their griddles, were considered particularly fortunate. But we were happy in the rich blessings of peace, which, in the spirit of brotherly and sisterly union, we mutually enjoyed in our wild mountain home, and what we had, seemed to be multiplied as we carefully and thankfully used it.

When the men were toiling in the fields and canyons, the women devoted much time in meeting together—administering to the sick, and in fervent prayer to God for assistance from on high, in behalf of our brethren who labored hard with but little food to sustain them. Some large families detailed a portion of their number, who spent their time in digging the wild “Sego-root,” the use of which was taught us by the Indians, of whom we sometimes purchased it, and proved it to be a nutritious, substantial article of food, and not unpalatable.

**President Young** had made arrangements for me to live with his wife, Clara Decker, who accompanied him with the pioneers, and remained in the valley while he returned to Winter-Quarters for the other portion of his family. I found her living in a log-room, about eighteen feet square, which constituted a portion of the East side of our Fort. This hut, like most of those built the first year, was roofed with willows and earth, with very little inclination—the first-comers having adopted the idea that the valley was subject to little, if any rain, and built their roofs nearly flat. We suffered no inconvenience until about the middle of March, when a long storm of snow, sleet, and rain occurred, and, then for several days, the sun did not make its appearance. Mrs. Clara Young happened to be on a visit to her mother, (who lived outside the Fort) when the storm commenced, and did not return until it subsided.

Sally, an Indian girl who had been purchased from a tribe by which she was held captive, was with me.

(Continued on page 351)

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Sketch Of My Life

(Continued from page 313)

roof of our dwelling was covered deeper with earth than the adjoining ones, consequently did not leak as soon, and some of my neighbors huddled in for shelter. One evening as several were sitting socially conversing in my room, the water commenced dropping in one place and then in another, and so on: they dodged it for a while, but it increased so rapidly, they concluded to return to their own wet houses. After they left, Sally wrapped herself in her buffalo robe on the floor, and I spread my umbrella over my head and shoulders as I ensconced myself in bed, the lower part being unshielded, was wet enough before morning. During the night, despite all discomfort, I laughed involuntarily while alone in the darkness of the night I lay reflecting on the ludicrous scene. The earth overhead being fully saturated, after it commenced to drip, the storm was much worse inside than out, and as the water coursed through the willows and pattered on the floor, washed the stones from the earth above, and they went clink, clink, while the numerous mice which the storm had driven in for shelter, ran squealing back and forth—the Indian girl asleep on the floor, altogether made the situation rather romantic.

A little now about the Indian girl. The same Indians who brought her, had, a short time previous, brought an Indian boy whom they offered for sale, saying they would kill him at sun-down if not purchased. Our people did not credit their threat, but when too late for remedy, learned that it was promptly executed, which prompted some of my neighbors to purchase Sally (whose Indian name was Pidash) when brought in and offered for sale with the same threat; and was placed in charge of Mrs. C. Young, and under our mutual care and cultivation, she very soon became disgusted with her native habits—became neat and tasteful in dress, and delicate in appetite, although at first she crunched bones like a dog. When she had sufficiently learned to communicate her ideas in our language, she informed us that she was of the Pibandy tribe—that her father died—her mother married again—her step-father was cruel to her and sold her to those of whom she was a captive. She proved to be a good, virtuous woman, and died beloved by all who knew her.

(To be continued)

SUMMER PRIMARY MERITS SUPPORT

The Primary Association is continuing regular meetings during the summer months. Five excellent activity bulletins have been distributed as follows: (1) arts and crafts; (2) nature and wood lore; (3) games and plays; (4) drama and literature; (5) music. Local organizations will select from this list the activities which they wish to feature. Home cooking and sewing projects will be conducted for girls, and victory gardening and carpentry will be included for boys. A program based on any of these activities should be very attractive to children of Primary age. The Primary is to be complimented upon planning so well for children during the season when they are out of school and have so much leisure time, and mothers should encourage their children to attend summer Primary.
Sketch Of My Life

Eliza R. Snow Smith

CHAPTER V

BEFORE we left Winter Quarters, a Committee, appointed for the purpose, inspected the provisions of each family, in order to ascertain that all were provided with at least a moderate competency of three-fourths pound of fine flour per day, for grown persons, and one-half pound for children—a precautionary measure to prevent famishing. A portion of the “Mormon Battalion,” having been disbanded on the Pacific coast, destitute of pay for their services, joined us before Spring, and we cheerfully divided our “rations” of flour with them, which put some of us on scant allowance.

Soon after our arrival, a tall Liberty-pole was erected, and from its summit, the “Stars and Stripes” seemed to float with, if possible, more significance than they were wont on eastern breezes.

Many, whose circumstances would not admit of coming the first year, sent seeds for fruit trees by those who came; and as the season advanced, it was highly gratifying to see the multitudes of sprouts starting up in newborn nurseries in various directions. But alas! a tragic fate awaited the luxuriant growth of those trees in embryo. Precisely corresponding with descriptions of ancient locust raids on the Eastern Continent, the crickets of enormous size, came down from the mountains, moving in a solid phalanx taking everything before them, while desolation followed, insomuch that had not a host of sea-gulls (which we considered a special Providence) come to the rescue, all of our crops would have been destroyed. Those gulls in large swarms, went through the invading army, swallowing the crickets wherever they went—as their stomachs filled, they vomited and filled again, until the premises were entirely cleared. The drouth of the summer prevented its full growth and the wheat left in the ground after the cricket ravages, was, much of it too short to cut, and was pulled.

In the first winter a company of men was sent from the valley to California for seeds and cuttings. They arrived home early in May, and I gave 75 cents for 6 or 7 little potatoes, all of which I could hold in one hand. I let them out to raise, and in the fall, my half was a heaping half-bushel of beautiful, well developed potatoes.

On the 20th Sept. 1848 Pres. Young arrived, and with him a large company of Saints, which produced a scene of general joy.

Our public metings were all held in the “Lord’s parlor”—i.e. out of doors, where was plenty of room for the new-comers, with sufficient groundfloor to sit or stand upon: with a rustic elevated Stand for the speaker, and as a rallying point for the audience. Quite an improvement on the first year’s experience, when our place of gathering was by the side of a wheat stack.
A neat brick building, called "Council House" was early completed: the lower story was occupied as its name denotes, and the upper, in administering in some of the sacred ordinances of the Gospel. Subsequently the "House of the Lord" was erected, and I was present at its dedication—a privilege that cannot be too highly estimated. From that time, when in the city, I have been a constant officiate in that House.

Our numbers had so increased that before the close of the second year, representatives of the people met in Convention and formed what was termed a "Provisional Government of the State of Deseret." A Constitution was adopted and Delegates sent to Washington, asking admission into the Union. The people elected a Governor, Judges, and members for the Legislature—all of whom, discharged the duties of their several offices, without pay. The General Assembly adopted the following rule—"All non-punctual officers and members shall be subject to fine." And sufficient means was thus realized to furnish fuel, light, and brooms.

In the autumn of 1850 Congress passed an Act by which we were organized into the Territory of Utah. Millard Fillmore then President of the U. S., appointed Brigham Young, who previous to this, was Governor of the State of Deseret, Governor of Utah Territory. He was truly the choice of the people, but the wishes of the people were not consulted in choosing the other officers: with the exception of Marshall, all were appointed and sent; and most of them, especially
the notorious Judges, Brocchus and Brandebury, with their colleague, Day, were positively nuisances; and because the Government would not send a posse of soldiers to destroy us, they went howling away.

The Secretary, Mr. Harris, withheld the money sent by him to pay the expenses of the Legislature. But to us, money and all, their exit was a good riddance, so long as their sole object was to stir up strife between Congress and the Territory.—So much in explanation of our Territorial birth. From our first settlement in the mountains we celebrated the Fourth of July, our great National birthday; and the Twenty-Fourth of that month, the day of the arrival of the Pioneers in the valleys of the mountains.

In this early time poets were not as plentiful with us as at present, and I was expected to furnish one song, and sometimes more than one, for each of these occasions. It so happened that the Government officers, above referred to, absconded in 1852, just before we had a Mammoth Celebration of the Fourth. Our first Tabernacle having been completed, did honor to the occasion. In composing a song for this celebration, prompted by the circumstances of the times, I indulged in the ludicrous—adopting the measure and also the tune of "Old Dan Tucker," in which it was sung, and called for the second time, creating a considerable merriment in the audience.

I here transcribe the song for the Fourth of July, 1852, for its novelty.

All hail the day Columbia first
The iron chains of bondage burst!
Lol! Utah valleys now resound
With Freedom's tread on western ground.

Chorus

Though Brocchus, Day, and Brandebury,
And Harris, too, the Secretary,
Have gone! they went! But when they left us,
They only of themselves bereft us.

Here is a people brave and free,
Bold advocates for liberty—
The champions of our country's cause,
And firm supporters of her laws.

Chorus—Tho' Brocchus, etc.

The Banner which our fathers won—
The legacy of Washington,
Is now in Utah wide unfurled,
And proffers peace to all the world.

Chorus—Tho' Brocchus, etc.

We'll here revive our country's fame,
The glory of Columbia's name;
Her Constitution's germ will be
The basis of our Liberty.

Chorus—Tho' Brocchus, etc.

With hearts of valor, firm and true,
With patriotic ardor, too,
We now commemorate the day
Where Freedom chants her sweetest lay.

Chorus—Tho' Brocchus, etc.

Long as the everlasting snows
Upon these mountain-tops repose,
Those rights our vet'ran fathers gained,
Shall in these valleys be sustained.

Chorus—Tho' Brocchus, etc.

This Territory shall not rate
Inferior to a sister State
For justice, order, harmony,
Peace, virtue, and integrity.

Chorus—Tho' Brocchus, etc.

Our Motto.—"Truth and Liberty"
As heretofore, will ever be;
And heav'n's strong pillars sooner shake
Then we our Standard will forsake.

Chorus—Tho' Brocchus, etc.

(To be continued)
Sketch Of My Life

Eliza R. Snow Smith

CHAPTER VI

The "Female Relief Society" was organized by Joseph Smith in Nauvoo on the 17th of March, 1842. It was organized after the pattern of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, with President and Counselors, and accomplished much good in administering to the sick, relieving the wants of the poor, etc. The Prophet had donated to the Society a Lot, and the frame of a house, as a commencement for establishing a home for the homeless, but the ruthless hand of persecution thwarted this benevolent purpose—the Prophet was massacred and the Saints driven from their homes.

From the time of the expulsion from Nauvoo, the Female Relief Society remained in status quo until it was reorganized under the direction of Pres. B[righam] Young in the year 1855, commencing in the Fifteenth Ward, S. L. City.

As I had been intimately associated with, and had officiated as Secretary for the first organization, Pres. Young commissioned me to assist the Bishops in organizing Branches of the Society in their respective Wards; for, at that time, the Bishops had not acquainted themselves with the movement, and did not know how to proceed. To me it was quite a mission, and I took much pleasure in its performance. I felt quite honored and much at home in my associations with the Bishops, and they appreciated my assistance. Each Branch of the Society, although constituting a self-governing body, and empowered to create committees and whatever officers may be needed from time to time, in accomplishing its many and increasing labors, is under the direction of its respective Bishop or presiding officer of the Ward.

Not long after the re-organization of the Relief Society, Pres. Young told me he was going to give me another mission. Without the least intimation of what the mission consisted, I replied, "I shall endeavor to fulfill it." He said, "I want you to instruct the sisters." Altho' my heart went "pit a pat" for the time being, I did not, and could not then form an adequate estimate of the magnitude of the work before me. To carry into effect the President's requisition, I saw, at once, involved public meetings and public speaking—also travel abroad, as the Branches of the Society of the sisterhood extended at that time, through several Counties in Utah, and ultimately, all the valleys of the mountains—numbering, at present date, nearly three hundred; besides other Branches in the U.S., Europe, Asia, Islands of the Sea, wherever the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints" has established its Branches. Some years ago, by mutual consent, the word female was
dropped, and the Society called “Relief Society.”

Its first duty is to look after and relieve the wants of the poor, to accomplish which committees are appointed to visit each family residing in their respective districts, at least, once every month, and report to the presiding officers. The cultivation of the members of the Society (which is composed of aged and middle-aged women) physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually, is another prominent feature of the institution, which has proved very beneficial. At the time of its organization in Salt Lake City, the Saints were very poor, and the funds of the Society were raised by contributions of carpet rags, pieces for patchwork, etc., which were converted into carpets, quilts—wool carded, spun, and knitted into socks and stockings, by the industry of the members, who met together, sometimes weekly, at others, once in two weeks, to work the crude material into wearing and saleable articles.

In 1876 I was called upon to report the charitable Institutions conducted by women in Utah, to the “Woman’s Department” in the Centennial Fair in Philadelphia. At that time, the number of Branches of the R. S. was very much less than at present, but my financial Report was between ninety-two and ninety-three thousand dollars Disbursed by the Society, including relief to the poor, emigration of the poor, to assist in building Temples, schoolhouses, meeting-houses, etc. Since that time the favorable circumstances of the L.D. Saints, have added to the facilities of many of the Branches, and they have purchased land and erected houses for their own accommodation in holding meetings—doing business, etc., also Granaries for storing wheat against a day of famine.
IN 1867 I organized the first Society of Young Ladies, called “Young Ladies’ Retrenchment Association,” under the direction of Pres. B. Young. Subsequently the name was changed, and it is now known as “Young Ladies’ Mutual Improvement Association,” and is now organized, and in active operation in nearly every settlement in the mountains, and in each Ward in our Cities; and, after the pattern of the Relief Society, these Branches are organized in Counties (Stake capacity) with a General or Central Board, presiding over all.

In August 1878, Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells and I, after attending a Conference of the Young Ladies in Farmington, Davis Co., spent an hour, waiting for the train, with Mrs. Aurelia Rogers. During our conversation, Mrs. R. expressed a desire that something more could be effected for the cultivation and improvement of the children morally and spiritually than was being done through the influence of day and Sunday-Schools. After consulting together a few moments, I asked Mrs. R. if she was willing to take the responsibility and labor on herself of presiding over the children of that settlement, provided the Bishop of the Ward sanctioned the movement. She replied in the affirmative. The train was near, and no time to consult the Bishop; but directly after arriving home, I wrote the Bishop, and by return Mail received from him a very satisfactory response, in which he, (Bishop Hess) not only gave his permission but hearty approval accompanied with his blessing. I then informed Mrs. Rogers that she might consider herself authorized to proceed, and organize in Farmington, which she did, and I commenced in the Eleventh Ward in Salt Lake City. We adopted the appellation of Primary Associations, and admit as members boys and girls from four to twelve, and in some instances, sixteen years of age.

The children are now organized with a Branch in each Ward in our cities and towns, and one in each settlement—they are also organized in Stake capacity—also with a Central Board. The Branch Associations hold weekly meetings—are presided over by adult ladies for President and Counselors, but the Sec. and Treas. are chosen from the children, and it is surprising to see with what aptitude many of them become proficient.

I have traveled from one end of Utah Ter. to the other—into Nevada and Idaho, in the interests of these organizations—have organized hundreds of the Young Ladies’ and Primary Associations since their introduction.

In company of Mrs. Z. D. H. Young, my 1st Coun. in the R. S. Central Board, I spent the Autumn and Winter of 1880-1 in St. George, officiating in the Temple for the dead, and visiting and organizing Associations in that interesting City and adjacent country—having traveled one thousand ms. by team over jolting rocks and through bedded sand, occasionally camping out at night on long drives, before I started for home, and returned to Salt Lake City in March.

In Nov. 1875 I was notified of an appointment, and not long after received my credentials from Philadelphia, requiring me to take charge
of the Woman's Department in Utah for the Centennial Fair. I saw at once that the proportions of the work before me, compared better with the elephant than the butterfly; but I never had shrunk from duty, and it was too late to begin. I selected and organized a Committee of twelve, composed of "Mormon" and Gentile Ladies—got up a printed Circular which we sent post-haste to all Presidents of Relief Societies, and Young Ladies' Associations, calling for a united co-operation in preparing and collecting specimens that should be worthy our representation, and do honor to our grand National Centennial Fair. We received a hearty response, and succeeded in collections beyond our most sanguine anticipations. I wrote a Petition which was signed by the Committee, and presented to the Legislature in session in S. L. City, asking for an appropriation to enable us to defray expenses in forwarding our specimens to Philadelphia; which, for reasons satisfactorily explained, was not granted. We made a selection of some hundred dollars worth of choice, light articles and sent to Philadelphia, and directed our energies toward a Territorial Fair—obtained the use of a commodious building—arranged our specimens in two departments including a picture gallery, which we kept open during the summer of 1876, with grand success.

After closing the Fair, Pres. Young told me he wished the sisters to start a home-industry Store in the building occupied for the Fair. He proposed for us to sell on commission and everything sold must be of Home Manufacture. Of course this required a new organization, for all engaged in it must be "Mormon" women, and interested in the development of Utah.

President Young gave me permission to order as much as I wished of cloth from his factory—which, with other varieties from the Woolen Mills in Provo, constituted a staple trade at our commencement. As the object of the movement was to promote home-manufacture we placed our commission percentage at low figures, which encouraged and brought to hand a great variety of useful and fancy articles, which gave the store the appearance of an Eastern bazaar, and attracted much notoriety. But experience proved that, no matter how many were obligated to sustain the enterprise, the weight of care and responsibility slid on to my shoulders, and could not be divided without hazarding success. With the many duties devolving on me, I found that my labors in this direction were too much, and, after the expiration of one year, with mutual consent, the establishment passed into other hands, and we were honorably released. But the movement was not of the ephemery class—shortlived; it still lives, and the Store is in successful operation under the management of two young gentlemen.

(To be continued)
Sketch Of My Life
Eliza R. Snow Smith

CHAPTER VII

SOME years before the death of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and long before the thought had entered the mind of Pres. Young to propose a visit to the “Holy Land,” the Prophet said to me, “You will yet visit Jerusalem.” I recorded the saying in my Journal at the time, but had not reviewed it for many years, and the, to me, strange prediction had entirely gone from my memory—even when invited to join the Tourist-party, although the anticipation of standing on the sacredly celebrated Mount of Olives inspired me with a feeling no language can describe; Joseph Smith’s prediction did not occur to me until within a very few days of the time set for starting, when a friend brought it to my recollection, and then by reference to the long neglected Journal, the proof was before us. While on the tour, the knowledge of that prediction inspired me with strength and fortitude.

Accompanied by several very dear friends, on the morning of the 26th of Oct. 1872, I left Salt Lake City, en route for Palestine. In Ogden I was joined by my brother, Lorenzo Snow, and after an affectionate parting with the friends who accompanied me, we took train for New York via Chicago where we spent one day.

In New York we met George A. Smith, the President of our party, Elders F. Little and Paul A. Schettler, our interpreter and cashier, Miss C. Little, my lady companion, who left home before me, to visit friends in eastern states. After securing our Passports, we steamed out from N. York on the Minnesota—encountered one storm which satisfied my curiosity to witness “a storm at sea,” and arrived safely in Liverpool. On leaving London, our party consisted of six gentlemen and two ladies.

We visited principal places in Europe, Asia, Africa, Egypt, Greece, Turkey in Europe, etc., and on our return, after a flying trip among our relatives in the States, my brother and I arrived home in July, 1873.

In 1875 I compiled the letters written abroad by Pres. Smith, T. A. Schettler, my brother, and myself, and published in a well-bound book containing nearly 400 pages of instructive, truthful descriptive reading matter making a respectable and useful addition to our home literature. Since that time, I have published seven books, the last and largest, containing nearly 600 pages was issued, and a few copies bound in September 1884. My first Vol. of poems was printed and bound in Liverpool, Eng., under the supervision of Elder F. D. Richards, at that time presiding over the European Mission. A few years later, I sent the manuscript of the 2d Vol. to the same Office for publication, but through some casualty it was lost, or supposed to be, and was missing until I had relinquished all expectation of it, when it was accidentally found only too safely deposited in an obscure till in the Office. I ordered the Manuscript returned, and published it in Salt Lake City—
our printing establishment having, by that time, good facilities for book-making.

Including a “Tune-Book,” I have, in all, published nine Volumes, besides second editions to several of them.

In connection with my literary, social, and sacred labors, I have expended considerable time, labor and means in promoting the culture and manufacture of Silk. In our first organization of our “Silk Association” I was appointed Chairman of a Committee to raise means by donation or investment as capital, for this enterprise. We applied to those who were in possession of wealth, but the prospect of early proceeds was not sufficiently promising for their speculating ambition. But we succeeded in obtaining means sufficient to start the manufacture of the raw material, with simple appliances, to fully test the feasibility of success, provided sufficient interest could be aroused in this direction. Our Cocoons, and reeled silk were examined by proficient in silk culture who visited us from all parts of the civilized world, and in all instances pronounced equal, and by many, better than in other countries. Thus far, it had been the work of women. After applying to the Territorial Legislature for means, which was generously granted, we purchased a set of machinery; we then applied to the authorities of the Church, and, in response to our request, a meeting was called—a new organization formed, with Mr. William Jennings Pres., and other gentlemen associated. I held the position of Vice Pres, for some length of time, and resigned in favor of another lady with fewer responsibilities than myself.

(To be continued)
ALTHOUGH two Hospitals, St. Mark's and St. Mary's had been established in Salt Lake City by their respective religious denominations, the Latter-day Saints felt the need of one of their own where the sick and maimed, who desired, could have the sacred ordinances of anointing with oil and laying on of hands administered without being exposed to the contempt and ridicule of those who ignored them. But the means, labors, and attention of our people being necessarily directed in so many channels, that in cases in which Hospital appliances were indispensably requisite for the alleviation of suffering humanity, we patronized those in operation.

Leading "Mormon" women have, from time to time, suggested that we make a move in the direction of a Hospital of our own, but without location, building, and without funds to start out in an enterprise of such magnitude seemed preposterous even to the most sanguine. At one time, President Young proposed to me, if I would take charge, and preside over the Institution, he would donate a certain Lot, on which was a moderately sized house, for the commencement of a Hospital, of which he would give a warranted deed for that purpose. But at that time my labors and responsibilities were such as rendered it an utter impossibility for me to accept the proposal and, as he declined entrusting it to another, the generous offer passed from our reach; but the want of a Hospital of our own grew more apparent year by year until in 1881-2, when in the minds of several "Mormon" women it was settled as a necessity, and the idea was coincided in by some of the leading men.

In the Spring following, the "Catholic Sisters," who for seven years had conducted St. Mary's Hospital on premises which they rented, were going to vacate them, which suggested an opportunity for us to obtain the place by paying rent as they had done. After consulting the First Presidency and other prominent brethren with regard to the feasibility of the undertaking, and receiving encouragement respecting means for that purpose; it was decided for the L.D. Saint women to inaugurate a Hospital. Accordingly an organization was formed, entitled "Deseret Hospital Association"—consisting of a Board of Directors—House Surgeon—Matron—etc., etc., and I was required to preside, which although acknowledging the honor conferred, I accepted with the greatest reluctance—reluctance that approached nearly to obstinacy. I saw at once that we were grasping a Mammoth—that as we had to commence at the bed-rock—build-additions, make repairs in the building, and fit up in every department much thought, labor, and time must
be devoted in that direction. I realized the great need, and the importance of the movement, and did not feel to shrink from my labor or responsibility, but when my time was all occupied, as it truly was at that time; for me to involve myself in other and untried duties, seemed nothing short of subscribing to neglect of those already resting upon me: but I obtained a promise that after the Hospital was in good running order, I might resign.

In connection with the “Board of Directors,” which consisted of ten ladies, I spent very much time—calling, and attending Board meetings—consulting, etc., etc., and succeeded beyond our most sanguine anticipations. Although many of our patients were unable to pay expenses for treatment, by liberal donations we were enabled to fit up the building, supply each department, and pay our work-hands, nurses, etc., etc. But our remuneration consisted in the consciousness of doing our duty, and in the sweet enjoyment which follows extending relief to suffering humanity—not one of us received one cent for our services—we were not hirelings, dollars and cents, with us personally, were out of the question.

I retained the position of President nearly two years, when I resigned, and Bishop H. B. Clawson succeeded me, retaining the original Board. And here I must say, that my associations with the members of that Board, in the struggles, labors, trials, and success, in starting out in a new direction, have very strongly endeared them to me, I trust never to be severed from my affections.

Since my resignation as President of the “Hospital Association,” I have
had no time to be idle. Visiting associations, organizing, etc.—officiating in sacred ordinances in the “House of the Lord”—administering to the sick—writing for publication—proof-reading, in connection with an extensive correspondence and other et ceteras, keep me fully employed. And, at this period of my life, to be able to perform the many duties, and labors of love required of me, is certainly worthy of a higher tribute of gratitude to God, the Giver of all good, than I am capable of expressing.

—Thus closes “Sketch of My Life”

E. R. SNOW SMITH

YES, I WOULD BE A SAINT

My heart is fix’d—I know in whom I trust.
’Twas not for wealth—’twas not to gather heaps
Of perishable things—’twas not to twine Around my brow, a transitory wreath—
A garland deck’d with gems of mortal praise,
That I forsook the home of childhood: that I left the lap of ease—the halo of life With friendship’s richest, deep, and mellow tones—
Affection’s fond caresses, and the cup Overflowing with the sweets of social life, With high refinement’s golden pearls enriched.

Ah, not a holier purpose fired my soul—
A nobler object prompted my pursuit: Eternal prospects opened to my view, And Hope Celestial in my bosom glow’d.

God, who commanded Abraham to leave His native country, and to offer up On the lone altar, where no eye beheld But that which never sleeps, his fav’rite son, Is still the same; and thousands who have made A covenant with Him by sacrifice, Are bearing witness to the sacred truth, Jehovah speaking has reveal’d His will. The proclamation sounded in my ear—

It reached my heart—I listen’d to the sound—
Counted the cost, and laid my earthly all Upon the altar, and with purpose fix’d Unalterably, while the spirit of Elijah’s God within my bosom reigns, Embraced the Everlasting Covenant

* * * *

It is no trifling thing to be a Saint
In very deed—to stand upright, nor bow, Nor bend beneath the heavy pressure of Oppressiveness—to stand unscathed amid The bowing thunders and the raging storm

Of persecution, when the hostile powers Of darkness stimulate the hearts of men To warfare—to besiege, assault, and with The heavy thunderbolts of Satan, aim To overthrow the kingdom God has rear’d. To stand unmoved upon the withering rack

Of vile apostasy, when men depart From the pure principles of righteousness—

Those principles requiring man to live By every word proceeding from the mouth Of God—to stand unwavering, undismay’d And unseduced, when the base hypocrite Whose deeds take hold on hell, whose face is garbed With saintly looks drawn out by sacrilege, From the profession, but assumed and thrown Around him for a mantle, to enclose The black corruption of a putrid heart— To stand on virtue’s lofty pinnacle, Clad in the robes of heavenly innocence, Amid that worse than every other blast, The blast that strikes at moral character, With floods of falsehood foaming with abuse— To stand with nerve and sinew firmly steeled, When, in the trying scale of rapid change, Throw’d face to face, and side by side to that Foul hearted spirit, blacker than the soul Of midnight’s darkest shade, the traitor, the Vile wretch that feeds his sordid selfishness Upon the peace and blood of innocence; The faithless, rotten-hearted wretch, whose tongue Speaks words of trust and fond fidelity, While treachery, like a viper, coils behind The smile that dances in his evil eye—
SKETCH OF MY LIFE

To pass the fiery ordeal, and to have
The heart laid open, all its contents strewed
Before the bar of strictest scrutiny;
To feel the finest heart-strings drawn unto
Their utmost tension, and their texture proved.

And yet, although to be a Saint requires
A noble sacrifice, an arduous toil,
A persevering aim; the great reward
Awaiting the grand consummation, will
Repay the price, however costly; and
The pathway of the Saint, the safest path
Will prove, though perilous; for 'tis decreed
All things that can be shaken, God will shake;
Kingdoms and Governments and Institutes,
Both civil and religious, must be tried—
Tried to the core, and sounded to the depth.

Then let me be a Saint, and be prepared
For the approaching day, which like a snare
Will soon surprise the hypocrite—expose
The rottenness of human schemes—shake off
Oppressive fetters—break the gorgeous reins
Usurpers hold, and lay the pride of man—
The pride of nations, low in dust!

BURY ME QUIETLY WHEN I DIE

On the “iron rod” I have laid my hold;
If I “keep the faith,” and like Paul of old,
Shall have “fought the good fight,” and
Christ, the Lord
Has a crown in store, with a full reward
Of the Holy Priesthood in fulness, rife
With the gifts and the powers of an endless life,
And a glorious mansion for me on high;
Bury me quietly when I die.

I am aiming to earn a celestial crown—
To merit a heavenly, approv’d renown;
And whether in grave or in tomb I am laid—
Beneath the tall oak or the cypress shade;
Whether at home with dear friends around,
Or in distant lands upon stranger ground—
Under wintry clouds or a summer sky;
Bury me quietly when I die.

When my spirit ascends to the world above
To unite with the choirs in celestial love;
Let the finger of silence control the bell,
To restrain the chime of a funeral knell—
Let no mourning strain—not a sound be heard
By which a sad pulse of the heart is stirr’d—
No note of sorrow to prompt a sigh;
Bury me quietly when I die.

What avail the parade and the splendor here,
To a legal heir to a heavenly sphere?
To the heirs of salvation, what is the worth,
In their perishing state, the frail things of earth?
What is death, to the good, but an entrance gate,
That is placed on the verge of a rich estate.
Where commissioned escorts are waiting by?
Bury me quietly when I die.

Like a beacon that rises o’er ocean’s wave,
There’s a light—there’s a life beyond the grave;
The future is bright, and it beckons me on
Where the noble and pure and the brave have gone,
Who have battled for truth with their mind and might,
With their garments clean and their armor bright:
They are dwelling with God, in a world on high;
Bury me quietly when I die.

—Eliza R. Snow Smith
Salt Lake City, Utah,
April 13, 1885.
Source

The Relief Society Magazine, Vol. 31, No 3, March, 1944, 130-36, 192 (Chapter I)
The Relief Society Magazine, Vol. 31, No 4, April, 1944, 207-14 (Chapter II)
The Relief Society Magazine, Vol. 31, No 5, May, 1944, 272-78 (Chapter III)
The Relief Society Magazine, Vol. 31, No 6, June, 1944, 313-14, 351(Chapter IV)
The Relief Society Magazine, Vol. 31, No 7, July, 1944, 392-94 (Chapter V)
The Relief Society Magazine, Vol. 31, No 8, August, 1944, 450-53 (Chapter VI)
The Relief Society Magazine, Vol. 31, No 9, September, 1944, 504-05 (Chapter VII)
The Relief Society Magazine, Vol. 31, No 10, October, 1944, 578-81 (Chapter VIII)