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A FEW THOUGHTS

OF MARY L. MORRIS

DEDICATED TO HER CHILDREN

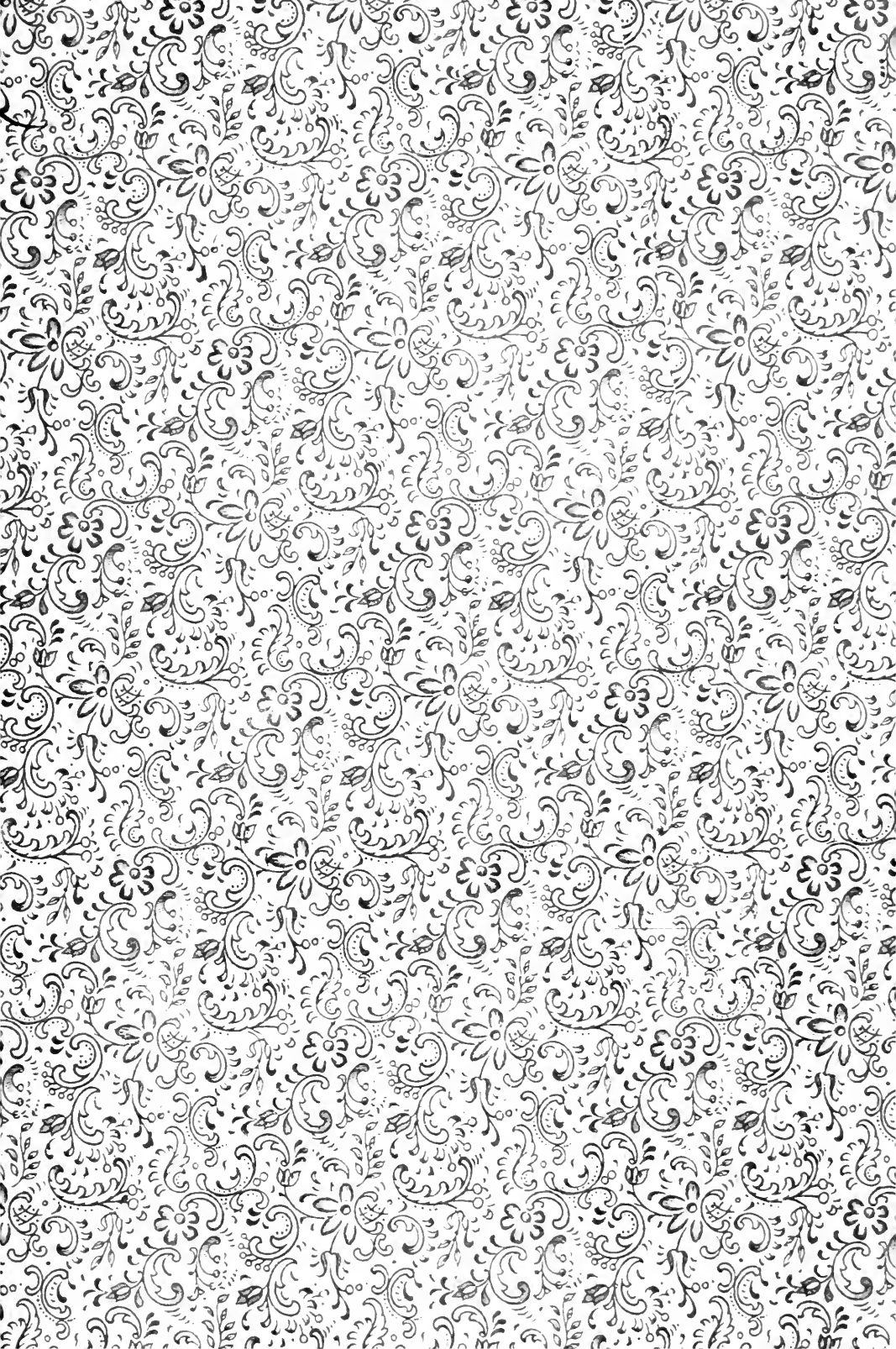
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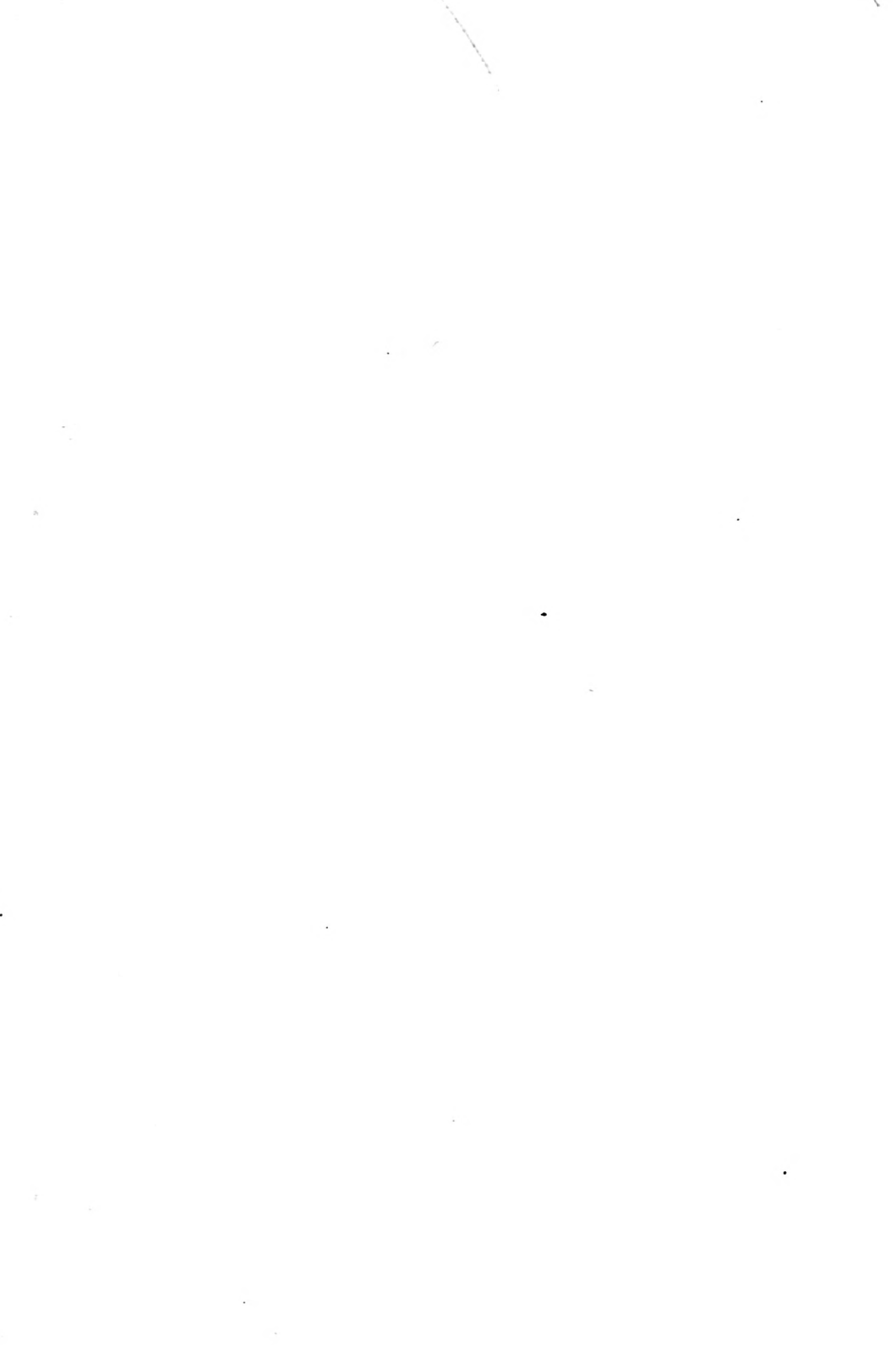
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To my dear Friend
Emma W. Cummings
Dec 25th 1918.





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A FEW THOUGHTS

OF

MARY L. MORRIS

DEDICATED TO HER CHILDREN

For Private Circulation



SALT LAKE CITY
MAGAZINE PRINTING CO.
1918

THE
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OF THE
AMERICAN
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NATURAL HISTORY

PREFACE



I HAVE been requested by some of my children and one of my daughters-in-law at various times to publish some of my writings in book form, so that they might have them to read to their children, and tell them a little of the life of my brother Charles L. Walker, and my sisters Agatha and Dorcas, whom so few of the children ever knew.

So, as a result of these requests, I have compiled this little book, which contains a number of my selected poems and brief sketches of the lives of my brother and sisters.

MARY L. MORRIS.

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A FEW THOUGHTS OF MARY L. MORRIS,

Dedicated to Her Children.



LINES IN MEMORY OF RICHARD VAUGHAN,

Son of Elias and Mary L. Morris.

Born Salt Lake City, July 20, 1882.

Died July 20, 1882

LITTLE floweret, you have left us,
In this shady, sorrowing sphere;
Death's cold hand has thus bereft us,
Thickly falls the bitter tear.



Who was it hovered near our bed
When in the throes of motherhood?
Who was it came with noiseless tread
To bear our baby heavenward?

Perchance some dear departed one,
Commissioned from the realms of joy,
To take our little new-born son
Where pleasure reigns without alloy.

AN ACROSTIC ON JOSEPH SMITH.

JUST when the time was due
For God to send the truth,
An angel from his presence flew
To a pure, unlettered youth.

On our fair western land
This favored boy had birth;
His parents' guiding hand
Formed character of worth.

So Joseph knelt and prayed,
Upon the forest sod;
There Satan too essayed
To thwart the living God.

Enshrined in glorious light
Two persons then appear,
In robes of brilliant white,
Their countenance most clear.

Pointing to his own Son,
The great Jehovah said:
"Hear him, He is My own;
In him my plans are laid."

"Have sects and parties strife?"
Said Jesus to this boy.
"In them there is no life;
They bring to you no joy.

"Standing by power from heaven
The truth you shall proclaim,
Though earth and sky be riven,
Yet will I you sustain."

Much will Satan try you;
Yes, Hell will ope her jaws,
But I am always nigh you—
You'll triumph in My cause.

Ingrafted in the Gospel
He passed from youth to man;
No trial was too heavy,
No suffering too keen.

Thousands dearly loved him,
And he loved millions, too;
He gave his life a martyr—
What more could mortal do?

Having done the work assigned him
His course is ended here;
All foes are left behind him;
Nations shall him revere.



RESIGNATION.

A BIRDLING sought my nest,
And filled my soul with love;
And oft I pressed it to my breast—
'Twas given from above.

And in my daily walk
It prattled near my feet,
An when its infant lips could talk
My joy would seem complete.

Months and years rolled by
And she to girlhood grew,
A companion sweet had I;
My love was stronger, too.

She was quick of thought and eye,
Her figure lithe and tall;
Her fingers deft and spry,
She lent a hand to all.

She loved to help God's work,
The young folks loved her, too;
Whatever part was given her,
That part she loved to do.

One night her father dreamed,
Which filled his soul with woe;
For sure to him, it seemed,
Our darling soon must go.

We guarded her full well,
And kept her near our side;
For fear some unseen ill
Our loved one might betide.

One day she looked so tired,
And asked if she might bathe;
And on her horse she hied,
And down the road she sped.

I watched her all the while,
As far as I could see;
No more I saw her smile—
She ne'er came back to me

Until at evening hour
They brought her body home;
The whirlpool's cruel power
Had claimed her for its own.

My God! and shall I say,
That thou hast dealt me wrong?
Oh no, to thee I'll pray,
For thou canst make me strong.

This treasure all was thine;
Thou only lent it me,
That I might call it mine,
Then yield it back to thee.

I know that I shall meet her,
If I but faithful prove;
In perfect peace I'll greet her,
And with unbounded love.

She's free from all temptation,
The Father's hand doth guide;
While I'm in tribulation,
In bliss doth she abide.

Then let me thank my God
For all his loving care,
And kiss the chastening rod
He wisely doth prepare.



FRIENDSHIPS.

OH, friendship fair! thy streams are pure,
Thy Fountain grand and will endure;
The heart is warmed and cheered by thee,
Thy links will reach eternity.

A TRIBUTE TO OLD MEXICO.

FAIR Mexico, a tribute would we pay
On this thy glorious freedom's day,
Where native warriors led by native braves
Now burst the shackles that would make them
slaves.

We, too, rejoice in this much-favored land,
Where found we shelter and a kindly hand.
God bless thy President, and cabinet, and all
Who through wise tolerance their country saved
from thrall.

Long live the government, beneath whose liberal
folds
The stranger, and the pilgrim, its generous law
upholds;
Where with God's blessing on man's daily toil,
The golden grain springs forth from thy produc-
tive soil,

And fruit and flowers and flocks and kine,
With milk and honey, and the luscious vine;
Thy golden sun makes bright our path each day,
Thy silvery moon beams forth its lustrous ray.

Thy sweet toned warblers make glad thy lofty
trees,

The care-worn brow is fanned by thy delightful
breeze;

Thy flowers are gorgeous, thy roses rare,
Thy maidens beautiful, thy matrons fair.

Long live thy noble chieftain and the country that
we love,

Pray we for their safety to the king of kings
above.



COME, LITTLE KATE, UPON MY KNEE.

COME, little Kate, upon my knee,
And bring your work and thimble,
And make nice stitches one, two, three,
You soon will be quite nimble.

Your alphabet you've conquered now,
And soon you'll learn to spell,
And pretty lessons then you'll read,
And pretty stories tell.

And then you soon will learn to knit,
And many useful things,
For surely half our happiness
From love of labor springs.

LITTLE RAY.

THOU art gone far away to thy beautiful rest,
We may not behold thee again;
Thy own precious image we may not caress,
In this world of sorrow and pain.

We fain would retain thee if it were heaven's will
That thou should'st remain with us here,
But the Father hath called thee a mission to fill
In yonder bright heavenly sphere.

We cannot recall thee, nor ask thee to stay,
Thy sufferings are grievous to bear,
While angels are waiting to bear thee away
Where all is most lovely and fair.

Thy hand is outstretched to receive the last kiss
Thy mother doth fondly bestow,
Thine eyes glancing round on thy father to gaze,
For death now creeps over thy brow.

Thine eyelids are weary, thy patience unchanged.
Thy sufferings no tongue can describe,
The heart strings are subject to piteous pain,
Where death hath the power to divide.

Thy breath draweth shorter, thy life's ebbing fast,
Thine eyelids now closing in rest;
Thy sufferings are ended, thy tortures past,
Thy spirit is now with the blessed.



A PAIR OF SPECTACLES.

TAKE pity, I pray, on a housewife and cook,
And send me the means by which I may look
And find out each day how the folk are progressing
Under the Governor's message and messing.
He is terribly wrathful, I understand,
He'd like to kick Jacob clean out of the land;
He may find before long there's a hook in his jaws,
And come to a very undignified pause.

Were I to leave home but one hour in a day
All matters would take a most unpleasant way;
The birdlings would wish that the bird had not
flown,
But true to her instincts had tarried at home;
Her step would be still far more weary than now;
The furrows of care would disfigure her brow,
When the maidens came home for their dinner at
one,
They would find that the cook and house maid
had gone.

THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN.

By Miss Gould.

(Taken from Maguff's Fourth Reader.)

This poem is written from memory of more than 50 years.

“I AM a pebble and yield to none,”
 Were the swelling words of a tiny stone;
“Nor change nor season can alter me—
I am abiding while ages flee.
The pelting hail and drizzling rain
Have tried to soften me long in vain;
The tender dew has sought to melt
Or touch my heart, but it wasn't felt.
I am a pebble, but who are thou
Rattling along on the restless bough?”
The acorn was shocked at this rude salute
And lay for a moment abashed and mute.
She never before had been so near
The gravelly ball and mundane sphere;
She felt for a while perplexed to know
How to answer a thing so low.
But to give reproof of a nobler sort,
Than the angry look or the keen retort.
At length she said in a gentle tone:
“Since it has happened that I am thrown
From the lighter elements where I grew

Down to another so hard and new,
Besides a personage so august,
Abased I will cover my head with dust,
And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom change, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,
Nor the tender dew, or grinding wheel,
Has ever subdued or made to feel.”
And soon in the earth she sank away
From the comfortless spot where the pebble lay;
But it was not long e’er the soil was broke
By the ’pearing head of an infant oak,
And as it arose its branches spread;
The pebble looked up and wondering said,
That modest acorn never to tell
What was enclosed in her tiny shell.
That the pride of the forest then shut up,
Within the space of her tiny cup.
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,
To prove that nothing could hide her worth.
And Oh! how many will tread on me,
To come and admire that beautiful tree
Whose head is towering to the sky,
Above such a worthless thing as I;
Useless and vain, a cumberer here,
I have been idling from year to year,
But never from this shall a vaunting word
From the humble pebble again be heard,
’Till something without me or within

Shall prove the purpose for which I've been;
The pebble could not this vow forget,
And it lies there wrapped in silence yet.



THE ANTS WE LIVE WITH.

THERE are ants on the windows and ants on the
floors,
There are ants on the tables and ants out of doors;
The ants out of doors are of marvelous size—
At a casual glance you'd mistake them for flies.

There are ants in the butter, and ants in the
cream,
In the molasses and sugar they also are seen.
There are ants in the pie-crust—when we have
any—
And when we have meat, O, my, there are many.

They eat it like so many ravenous beasts,
And hold their high carnival over these feasts;
They eat it, and eat it, yes, right to the bone,
And never let go 'till the owner has come.

We duck it and duck it right into the water,
'Till among these young ants there's been quite a
slaughter;

Then we pick it and pick it until we tire,
And then feel like throwing the rest in the fire.

And when of an evening we sit down to write,
Here they come running right under the light
With a gnat they are carrying right under the
lamp,

Or a piece of a fly over letter and stamp.

Then while we're writing and thinking ahead,
They've cleared gnats from the table and gone off
to bed;

Then we've found others of daintier form
On our beds and our pillow, they do us no harm.

We've a box of dried apples outside of the door,
And with tight fit and good latch we thought
them secure,

But here come the ants with the greatest of ease,
And roam o'er our food and do just as they please.

In one lady's cupboards are thousands of pairs,
And some in the parlor and plenty up-stairs;
To control these pest ants she is really unable,
So she sets her raw meat right square on the table.

There was one place we thought was pretty secure—

It is our window which faces the door;
But this very morning our hopes are all vain,
For on the white curtain they march in a train.

One evening while sitting at the table to write,
An ant caught a fly, but she put him to flight;
So we see by this little incident here,
That sometimes the victor has the victim to fear.



LETTER TO A GRANDSON.

My Dear Grandson:

IN presenting this little book of sacred songs, I offer it as a souvenir of my infancy, showing how God-fearing people taught their children to honor God, revere His servants, and respect persons older than themselves. I would like this little book to be kept as long as you live. It will show you the difference in the world of seventy years or one hundred years ago and the time in which you live.

Turning to the eighth page you will find a little hymn taught me by my mother when I was but two years of age, and I can now at sixty-four years

of age repeat it. I would like you to commit it to memory.

The doctrines contained in this little hymn book are not altogether correct, for the author of them, Dr. Watts, lived in the 18th century, two hundred years before our Heavenly Father sent the Gospel to the earth.

Now, as childhood's days soon slip away, I would say a few words which would help you in climbing the rugged hill of life. The thing needful is the Gospel of the Son of God. This I know your parents have taught you. As you cannot walk through life alone in an acceptable manner before God, if you will ask Him in faith, he will aid you in choosing a companion who will walk with you into His presence. Having served Him thus far, you can claim the blessing.

Having formed this holy alliance, never find fault with the companion which you have chosen. If you see faults in her, ask God to show you your faults. Never speak to her in a disrespectful manner before your children, but always honor her in their presence, although you may differ with her. If a father cannot control by love and a worthy example, there is no other way of reaching their hearts and leading them in the straight and narrow path.

If you see a fault in your children, pluck it

out at once as you would an ugly weed from among your choice flowers before it has a chance to produce seed of its kind, and having plucked it out, both root and branch, now plant a flower where the weed grew, water it, nourish it and strengthen it continually. Let no tares grow about it and as sure as I am writing this to you, this will bloom in riper years and the perfume thereof will cheer your tottering steps to the grave.

Never let your tongue speak against the principles of the Gospel or any of God's servants. Honor God and he will honor you.

Bless you, my dear grandson, that you may remember these few words that I have written, is the desire of your Grandma,

MARY L. MORRIS.



A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF LITTLE JESSIE PEARL.

It had been the intention of the parents to have a photograph taken of Little Jessie on her birthday, but as her death occurred before that date, there was no picture taken. It has been my object in this little poem to describe her appearance in a pen picture, as nearly as possible.

OH, sweet little Jessie, the pride of our heart,
How little we thought that with thee we must
part;

How bitter the sting, how piercing the smart.

Thy beautiful eyes! how they follow us now,
How bright were the curls that decked thy fair
brow;

We fancy we're smoothing thy silken locks now.

Pearly thy teeth, and sweeter thy kiss;
The sound of thy dear little feet, how we miss.
To have but one look at thy face would be bliss.

Oh, sweet little Pearly, who brightened our path,
How fain would we take thee from cold mother
earth,

To cheer us and bless us and gladden our hearth.

We think thou art coming, but no, it is vain,
We never shall clasp thy fair image again
In this world of sorrow, and darkness, and pain.

We know thou art gone to the dear ones above;
Their arms will enfold thee, their hearts beat with
love;

We know they will take special care of our dove.



AN HISTORIC SKETCH.

AN angel through the midst of heaven
Flying with the gospel plan,
To him, the glorious truths were given
To deliver unto man.

A youth had earnest sought the gospel
As 'twas taught in ancient days,
But by man so long perverted
Each to suit his own dark ways.

He had found in James' writings
Chapter first, verse number five:
"If any of ye lack for wisdom
Ask of God, He will provide."

'Twas a time of great confusion—
Each declared he had the light;
Joseph bowed, in lone seclusion,
Asking God which sect was right.

The power of darkness sought to slay him;
By them his tongue and limbs were bound;
They, in their fierce anger threw him
Prostrate, dumb, upon the ground.

Still, his prayer to heaven ascended,
Though he uttered not a word;
Then a glorious light descended—
He beheld the living God.

Standing near the great Jehovah
Was His well-beloved Son,
And the Father, pointing toward him,
Said to Joseph, "Hear ye Him."

Then the Savior plainly told him:
"All the sects and creeds are wrong;
They are false, and I abhor them;
To none of them must you belong.

"In due time, if you are faithful,
An honored instrument you'll be
In my hands, to spread the Gospel,
From land to land, from sea to sea."

Then the glorious vision ended—
Joseph's heart was filled with joy;
The Father and Son ascended,
Leaving truth without alloy.

SECOND PART.

At night, when Joseph knelt to pray,
And meekly bowed his youthful head,
His room became more bright than day—
An Angel stood beside his bed.

His robes were a most brilliant white,
And they were girt with gold;
His face exceeded noon daylight;
Most precious truths he told.

To Joseph, he of scripture spake;
Of times both new and old;
Of a record that did silent wait
For Joseph to unfold.

This record gave a clear account
Of the aborigines,
Of this delightful continent,
And how they crossed the seas.

How Nephi built a goodly ship—
Instructed of the Lord;
How ore was moulten, tools were made,
By His inspiring word.

And how they left Jerusalem
Long centuries ago,
And how a compass true was found
Which pointed where to go.

When they in meekness bent their way
This compass guided well;
When they from peace and love would stray
Its points refused to tell.

Still on they went, from east to west,
Directed by our God,
Until they found a place of rest
On fair Columbia's sod.

Though many nations rose and passed,
And wars did them divide,
This record true was safely clasped
And faithfully inscribed.

'Twas handed down, as 'twas begun,
From one prophet to another,
Or from father unto son,
Or brother unto brother.

The latest one who had the charge
Of this historic work
Was Moroni, son of Mormon,
And 'twas he who brought it forth.

'Twas he who came to Joseph
In visions of the night,
'Twas he, who at Cumorah's hill
Met Joseph by daylight.

'Twas he, when Joseph had made plain
In our own English tongue
Who took the record back again
To the place where it belonged.

THIRD PART.

When hireling priests well understood
That God was with this boy,
They thirsted for his precious blood,
And sought him to destroy.

Still on he went in light and knowledge,
Many languages he learned;
Yet he entered not a college,
He by heavenly power was taught.

Much he strove to bless his nation,
Liberal principles he taught,
And how the slaves' emancipation
Could on peaceful terms be bought.

He taught the Gospel of our Savior
To the land that gave him birth,
And to bless it was his labor;
They rewarded him with death.

Naught can stop the onward progress
Of the work by him begun;
It's founder is the great Jehovah,
It's author the Beloved Son.



A TRIBUTE TO ELIAS MORRIS.

MY poor pen is ignorant, yes, and very weak ;
How can I paint the picture, or the merits speak
Of this good man ?—the father, brother, friend.
Many tongues now bless him and hearts in sorrow
bend.

He sought not for vain glory
Such as mortal man can give ;
The poor may tell his story,
For in their hearts he'll live.

His hand was ever open
To the feeble, sick and poor ;
The afflicted and heart-broken
He turned not from his door.

He has borne the gospel message
Over mountain, hill and dale,
To castle, hut and cottage,
Through streams and lowly vale.

The humble of old Cambria
He sought with heart and hand,—
Leaving all his loved ones
In Columbia's favored land.

No purse or scrip had he ;
 In the name of Israel's God
He traversed land and sea,
 Bearing the precious word.

He builded for mankind—
 The structure firmly stands ;
His skill and care combined
 Made work for many hands.

Most faithfully he trod
 In duty's path, though steep,
Holding the iron rod
 Till life's sands were complete.

And with this mortal coil
 He laid his armor down ;
There comes an end to toil,
 Where waits a brilliant crown.

He had no party lines,
 He loved mankind alike ;
His deeds with lustre shines,
 He firmly stood for right.

The Father called him home
 Another place to fill ;
At a faithful son's return
 Each heart with joy will thrill.

TO A FATHER

*Written in behalf of Mrs. Sarah Unger, who came from
Wales forty-three years ago.*

THOU art gone and we are left
In this wide world of thee bereft.
Our grief is hard to bear;
Our hearts are struck with sorrow sore
To think that thou wilt come no more
Our joys and woes to share.

It seems to me I cannot live,
And nothing can I do but grieve
While parted from my mate;
The children cling around me so,
"Oh, mother, dear, why did he go
And leave us to our fate?"

There's nothing lacking on thy part
To make thee precious to my heart,
While passing o'er life's wave.
Thy virtue and integrity,
Thy patience and sincerity,
Thy soul was true and brave.

Thy heart was true to Israel's God,
Still holding fast the iron rod,
 And strove to lead us too;
There's nothing that thy father asked
That's made thee feel too heavy tasked—
 You loved his work to do.

* * * * * *

I've waited in the lonely night
Where the fire upon the hearth burnt bright
 And the children sweetly slept;
My heart would heave and wildly beat,
For him tossed on the far off deep,
 Where the storm-king fiercely swept.

And then when homeward he'd return
Our hearts with love and joy would burn
 To see his face once more;
The children on his knee would climb,
Each little tongue it's love would chime,
 Their hearts were gushing o'er.

But many days have passed since then,
The girls are grown, the boy's a man,
 And I have turned quite gray;
Thy face is printed on my heart,
Thine eyes their kindly light impart,
 Although so far away.

Our daughter of her spouse bereft,
She and the little children left
 Without a hand to guard;
The anguish of her widowed heart
Now wakes in me the buried smart
 That in my bosom laid.

But when our work on earth is done
We'll meet in realms bright as the sun
 If we but faithful prove
To God and all His holy laws,
And help sustain the righteous cause
 Brought hither by his Son.



LITTLE KITTY'S DOWN THE WELL.

LITTLE Kitty's down the well—
 How she came there I can't tell—
Whether thrown, or down she fell,
But little Kitty's down the well.

I'll throw to her some good soft string,
And with her little paw's she'll cling;
Then I'll draw her up, you see,
And from the well she'll be set free.

Then she'll roll upon the grass
And from her skin the wet will pass,
And the sun which shines so high
Will make her coat both warm and dry.

Then she'll jump, and frisk and run,
And have such lots and lots of fun;
Beat the children climbing trees,
And do cute things with greatest ease.



THE WEED AND HER FRIENDS.

A WEED looked up from the lawn one day,
And turning its head around,
Said, "I see that the people have gone away,
And the mower lies flat on the ground.

"And the hoe stands under the elm tree there,
And the digging fork close by its side;
They're a most industrious pair
When with energy applied.

"But I don't care for the mower and and hoe—
O dear me no, not I;
They cannot touch me from head to toe
When no human hand is nigh.

“And I have friends in the sun and air,
And the rain-drops clear and bright;
And the evening dew with its mantle fair
Which glistens in morning light.

“So I’ll rear my head in native pride
And crown it with bright, red beads;
My shoulders and arms I’ll spread out wide,
And load them with tinted seeds.

“Now Autumn with its balmy air
Will play on my offspring’s brow;
In rich, soft soil drop many a pair
Awaiting the spring-time’s plow.

“Next comes the wind with his mighty power—
He does his work wisely and well;
He carries my children from tomb to tower,
O’er mountain and flowery dell.

“Next comes the snow, with her silent wand—
She keeps my children warm;
King frost is nigh with his icy hand
To seal them from the storm.

“When winter’s o’er, and the snows have gone,
And the sun comes to kiss me again,
March wind will pluck the gems from my crown
And scatter them o’er the plain.

“And some of my babies, like most little ones,
Will paddle in brooklets clear,
And down through great streams will journey on
Through oceans to lands afar.

“Now, if this young man, having charge of all,
Had, before he went away,
Plucked me up, though I was but small,
Left nothing of me to stay,

“I could not have grown ten thousand strong,
Aided by sun and air,
And the wind and the rain as they came along,
And the dew with her mantle fair.

“But now I have gone beyond his reach—
He never can gather me in.”
Let this humble weed her lesson teach,
For such is the journey of sin.



A SACRED RIDDLE.

A BOY came out of a city of old—

He had father, and mother and brothers three-fold,

And when they had journeyed three days on the plain

Their father commanded they go back again.

There lived in this city of error and sin

A man who held records of their people and kin.

This man of the city was mighty and tall;

He had many servants who came at his call.

These boys were afraid of the man who was tall,
So they counseled awhile outside of the wall.

Then after some terrible things had been done,

They brought out the records through this faithful son.

This boy, though the younger, was braver than all.

He was stalwart and manly, and noble withal,

And so he went forth with his life in his hand

To do and to keep God's holy command.

One morning their father stood near the tent door

When a beautiful compass he found on the floor.

This fine compass pointed which way they should
go—

Our Father in heaven had ordered it so.

Then onward they journeyed and forward they
bent,

Now traversing desert or camping in tent.
Encountering danger from beasts of the glen,
O'er sod never pressed by the footsteps of men

No stop by the wayside where harvest might yield
The pleasant and bounteous crop of the field.
No couch for the mother, or soft pillow laid
Where she pressed to her bosom her newly-born
babe.

No warm food or kind nurse to soothe her in pain,
But onward, still onward, they journeyed again.
Their huntsman and leader had broken his bow ;
They scourge him, and smite him, to add to his
woe.

But an angel was sent to deliver this lad,
Whose brothers were wicked, rebellious and bad.
He made the earth shake on the place where they
stood ;

They knew he was sent from the presence of God.
And when they had journeyed eight years on the
plain,

And suffered much hunger and hardship and
pain,

They came to some water, the beautiful sea—
Now how could they cross it? The question must
be.

Our Father who watched them by night and by
day,

Now showed his young prophet the only true way.
A ship must be builded with stern and with bow,
To glide o'er the water in safety, you know.

This ship was not built from the manner of men—
The great Master-builder had shown forth the
plan.

The work of this ship was exceedingly fine—
The Creator of worlds had made the design.

He showed this young builder where he could find
ore,

To make needed tools from the metal in store.
The ship now completed, o'er the blue waters
plowed,

But the people it carried were exceedingly rude.

They danced and made merry, forgetting their
God,

So the young prophet feared they'd come under
his rod.

He spoke to them plainly and gave warning words;
For this they took him and bound him with cords.

His dear little children had come on the scene—
Their father in bondage for three days had been.
His wrists and his ankles were swollen and sore;
They beg for their father sweet freedom once
more.

They asked that their father be given to eat,
And the cords taken off from his hands and his
feet.

But the brow of the uncle was dark with fierce
hate:

“We love not your father, nor pity his fate,

For we are the elder, and he but a youth;
We fear not your God; we love not the truth.”
The good ship was tossed and heaved up so high,
The waters were foaming and black was the sky.

The lightning was flashing, the loud thunders roar,
No land was in sight, far, far was the shore.
The uncles now feared they would sink in the sea,
And for their own safety their brother set free.

Their brother was happy, his heart filled with joy,
His praises to God had ascended on high,
And when he took hold of the compass once more
The gallant ship glided in safety to shore.



A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.*January 1st, 1900.*

In the year 1900 your brother, Edward T. Ashton, gave a feast in honor of the old folks of his ward, the Twenty-fourth, and the Fifteenth Ward, he being bishop of the Twenty-fourth Ward at that time. On that occasion he requested me to write this greeting, which was given on the program following the feast. Speaking of the two who have gone, "A father and a mother true," they were Bishop Elias Morris, your father, and Sister Sarah M. Kimball, who was with the Prophet Joseph.

FRRIENDS and neighbors long united,
For a while we've dwelt apart,
But our friendship, undiminished,
We offer you our hand and heart,
Asking you this day to join us,
In our feast take ample part.

Two have gone, who used to lead us,
A father and a mother true;
How we loved, and how we miss them—
This is right, it is their due.
They are working for God's kingdom,
Though now parted from our view.

One was with the Prophet Joseph,
 Joined him in the work of love,
Never ceasing in her labor
 Until summoned from above.
Blessed woman, how we prized her!
 Gentle as the harmless dove.

The other hailed from far-off Cambria,
 A man of valor, true as steel!
No wonder that the people loved him,
 He constant labored for their weal.
He is watching, he will greet us
 When we've crossed life's battlefield.

Others, too, have followed after,
 In the year just sped along;
They have filled life's fitful chapter,
 No more they join our social throng.
Peace go with them, they have conquered,
 Now they sing triumphant song.

We've seen ups and downs together,
 Through these many changing years.
We've had calm and boisterous weather,
 Mingled joys with many tears,
But Zion's onward, ever onward,
 For her future we've no fears.

Prophets have been sent to guide us,
Chosen servants of the Lord,
And they daily, hourly feed us
With our God's undying word.
Heaven bless them, peace attend them,
While they scatter truth abroad.

We have others now here with us,
Men of merit, truth and might,
And though laboring from their boyhood,
Still they're staunch and true and bright,
Ever working and defending,
Battling on for God and right.

And we've many veterans with us,
Those who've stood in early days;
Here they stand with faith unfaltering,
Numbered with the silver-grays;
Never flinching, nothing doubting,
Walking wisdom's pleasant ways.

We once more extend our greeting,
Fathers, mothers, welcome all!
Though this year be short and fleeting,
May it bring its joys to all!
May we be humble, never stumble,
Keeping clear of Satan's thrall.

A DIALOGUE ON GENERAL MORONI.

Between Josephine Morris and Mary McGlockln, who were studying the Book of Mormon in my class twenty-five years ago in the Fifteenth Ward Sunday school.

Josephine—Whom do you think is the greatest general spoken of as far as we have read from 1st Nephi to the 26th chapter of Alma?

Mary—I consider Moroni the greatest general we have read of.

Josephine—Who was Moroni?

Mary—He was the chief commander of the Nephite army.

Josephine—What was it that made him so great?

Mary—In the first place, he feared God and loved Him with all his might, mind and strength, and in the second place he seemed to possess natural talent and ability which peculiarly adapted him for such a position.

Josephine—Yes, and I have noticed that whatever emergency confronted him, he was equal to it, and seemed to know just what to do and how it should be done.

Mary—We can see all the way along that his heart burns with the love of liberty, home, friends,

country and humanity at large, and above all a determination to carry out the will of God. I think him one of the greatest patriots that ever lived.

Josephine—Do you remember about the Liberty Pole he erected?

Mary—He tore a piece of his coat and wrote upon it: "In memory of our God, our religion, our freedom, our peace, and our wives and children." This he fastened to a pole and called it the "Title of Liberty." Bowing himself to the earth, he prayed mightily to his God for the blessing of liberty to rest upon his brethren as long as a band of Christians should remain to possess the land; and, besides, the flag of liberty waved from the towers, and thus he caused the standard of liberty to be planted among the Nephites.

Mary—I often think in studying these great characters, that if we continue in the straight and narrow path we may have the privilege of talking to them of the history of their day.

Josephine—It is very remarkable how similar were the struggles of the ancient Nephites to those of the Puritan fathers, and still more remarkable that there should be a condensed though true history of the United States of America in the prophet Nephi's wonderful vision as contained in 1st Nephi, 11th chapter.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

THE vacant chair, that hallowed spot
Where sat my cherub bright;
His limbs were round, his eyes were blue,
His brow was spotless white.

His gentle ways, his happy smile,
His patience—seldom met,
For even when imposed upon
He was contented yet.

The golden glint upon his hair,
His soft and loving touch,
There's naught to me that can compare,
And nothing else is such.

Wilt thou not take a word of love
To dear ones gone from earth,
From parents who, though now bereft,
Were honored with thy birth?

Go, angel, lamb, and stay thee there,
In those fair realms of light,
While we for lasting peace prepare
In this dark land of blight.

A TRIBUTE OF SYMPATHY

To Mrs. Mary B. Eyring.

HOW beautiful a mother's love,
How eloquent her grief;
My tears are streaming with the flood
That brings her heart relief.

None but a mother's heart may know
The wealth of her undying love;
'Tis heaven's gift, that precious glow,
That crowns our motherhood.

We prize thy faithful mother-love,
We've watched thy tender care;
Angels look down and thee approve,
And thy deep sorrow share.

"My work is ended," she said,
While gazing on her treasured boy;
His breath has stopped! his spirit fled,
And with it went her joy.

A son, a husband thou shalt meet,
With all that happy, glorious throng,
In purest love, each other greet
And join the conqueror's throng.

A lustrous crown awaits thy brow
Of brilliants, carved so rare.
In a mansion bright of pure delight,
And thou shalt enter there.



TO LITTLE RAY.

June 20th, 1873.

A RAY of rosy sunlight
That gladdened all my heart;
Alas, too soon it perished
And left a stinging smart.

'Tis the birthday of my cherub,
And he has passed away;
How sharp the pang that pierces
My heart, this livelong day!

But the rosebud fair will bloom
On a brighter, happier shore,
And there we may caress him,
Where parting is no more.

The ways of God are perfect,
The why, not always clear,
But trusting in His perfect love
The end we need not fear.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF ANN AGATHA PRATT.

MY sister, Ann Agatha Pratt, was born in Leek, Staffordshire, England, June 11, 1829. She was tall of stature, graceful, and had a very fine figure. When she was a baby people would stop in the street to admire her; she had such a noble countenance. Her hair was dark brown, eyes grey and very large, with a kindly and intelligent expression. She had a high forehead, a good complexion, with cheeks like a full-blown rose. Her teeth were good and regular and very white. She was naturally intelligent, well poised and cosmopolitan in her views, a good conversationalist and a great worker, and whatever she did was well done. She was mistress of her trade, that of a milliner.

She was an apt student, and although she left school at an early age, continued to study throughout her life. She was an excellent knitter and continued to exercise that useful art even when in later years deprived of her sight.

She told me that when our sister Dorcas died, although she was but 15 years old, Agatha finished all the millinery work that mother had on hand at the time, June being a busy

month for milliners. She could do cap millinery as quickly and as well as an old hand. When she was about 17 years old she went to work as an improver at a milliner's shop in the heart of the city of Manchester, where we were living.

Soon after this she emigrated to America and became the wife of Apostle Parley P. Pratt. She drove an ox-team across the plains in the year 1847, and passed cheerfully through all the privations and hardships of this period, including plowing, planting and stacking hay and making shoes (they were leather shoes and made upon a wooden last). She was good enough to teach me this useful art, and I was proud of her efforts in this regard as well as my own.

She earned many hundreds of dollars by millinery work; yes, I think during her long life it might have amounted to thousands of dollars, for in those days the wives of the apostles had to support themselves and their children a great deal of the time.

Sister Agatha loved to sing, and was a member of the Tabernacle Choir when that building stood where the Assembly Hall now stands, before it was torn down in the year 1875.

She was president of the Nineteenth Ward Relief Society for many years, with Sister Ann Neal and Sister Whipple for her counselors, and

when she moved out to Mill Creek and built a home there, her former bishop would not give her up.

After she moved to Ogden she was chosen secretary of the First Ward Relief Society organization there and continued in the good work for many years.

She has borne her trials with becoming fortitude, and her sorrows with that meek submission that becometh a saint. And when in a great degree she had become deprived of her sight she still wrote and continued to exhibit that cheerful spirit which characterized her whole life. She was most excellent company, genial, mirthful and well posted in current events and general topics, and her heart was so overflowing with the milk of human kindness that she had a good word to say of most people.

Her life was rich in experience, and she sustained all her life by thought, word and deed the principle of plural marriage, which to my mind is like the refiner's fire and the fuller's soap.

I cannot recall a single unkind word occurring between us during our lives. The following incident will serve to show how my sister Agatha and I got along together: During the time our sister Dorcas lay in death, Agatha wanted me to get some article which was in my mother's room. I

being only nine years old I naturally dreaded going through a room where a dead body lay. But I braved the death chamber and went for the article desired, for I could not say "No" to my elder sister.

I will relate an incident of her childhood as she gave it to me: When she was a very little girl she went for a walk with my father, who was very fond of taking his children with him whenever possible. As they stood by a stall where green peas were sold she saw a boy pick up a pod, and supposing that she might do the same, reached out her little hand and took one also. Father had her kneel down and ask that woman's pardon and then he took his little child into the churchyard and talked to her very solemnly for a long time, showing her the evil of such conduct.

My sister was the mother of seven noble children, who lie very near to my heart. Two of them, Marian and Louie, have been gathered to a brighter and better land. Following are the names of the others: Agatha P. Ridges, Molona P. Eldridge, Moroni Walker Pratt, Eveline P. Woods, and Wilford Owen Ridges, the youngest son. At the time of the death of my baby niece Marian, I was in the city of Saint Louis, but was present at the death and funeral of her sister Louie. I still recall that upon this sad occasion I noticed

with profound admiration, mingled with deep love, that upon our return from the grave, although her frame was quivering with grief, not a sound of complaint passed her lips, but that from the depth of her grief-stricken heart these words ascended to her God, "Thy will be done."

Here is an incident in her life by herself. She says that when she was a very little child they were awakened by a cry of "Fire." My father arose and dressed himself, then dressed her, put her on his shoulder and took her to see the fire. It was only a short distance away from our house. The building was a six-story brick building, situated in quite a narrow street, with a similar building upon the opposite side. When they arrived, flames were forcing themselves through every window, and the fire engine was throwing water upon the building on the opposite side of the street, knowing that it was impossible to save the already burning building. As she sat upon her father's shoulder she wondered why they did not throw water upon the building that was on fire, being too young to understand why they should wet a building that was not on fire.

Years afterwards she was relating the circumstances of the fire. My father, who was in another room and heard her tell it, asked, "Which way did we go?" She replied, "Through Lounge's

entry," it being a nearer way to reach the fire. When my father heard it he was astonished that she should remember the occurrence, for she could not at the time have been more than a year and a half old.



MY SISTER DORCAS.

SOME time after we joined the Church, two elders—one a brother named Sands—were brought to our home. They came for the purpose of administering to my sister Dorcas, who had been a cripple for about eleven years, as the result of an attack of measles. She walked with her hand on her knee. After the administration of the elders she began to improve and would straighten herself against the door every day, until before her death she could stand almost erect. Her death, which occurred about 1842, as a result of typhoid fever, was a great trial to my mother. Although I did not know it at the time, being only about seven years old, my sister has told me since that father had very grave fears for mother after Dorcas' death, though we never remember to have heard a murmur pass her lips. Agatha says that father was always anxious to

have me accompany mother everywhere she went in order to divert her mind a little from her great bereavement.

Dorcas, being a delicate, nervous child, extremely sensitive and a cripple, had wound herself around the tenderest cords of mother's heart. She was of fair complexion, rather dark red hair and blue eyes. She had very quick perceptive powers and nimble fingers. She would make pretty doll bonnets of straw. Hats were not worn in those days, except with riding habits or as sunshades, wide brimmed.

When I was a child, there was a saying that to dream of a wedding was a sure sign of death in the family. I dreamed of a wedding and thought I must be in attendance, but had to borrow a dress to wear. My sister died soon after, and strange as it may seem I had to wear a borrowed dress at the funeral, my own not being finished. I remember also that it was a blue black, instead of a jet black, as is usually the custom for mourning. Our bonnets were what was called "drawn bonnets," made of a sort of corded lawn, shirred. I remember them distinctly, although it is more than sixty years ago. In spite of the fact that we were only children, and the day warm, for it was in June, we were dressed all in black as was the custom.

People used also to believe that to see a

“winding sheet” in the candle was another sign of death. This winding sheet was caused by the wax, or tallow of the candle melting and running down the side of the candle in fine flutings or crinkled sort of ribbon. We noticed a winding sheet in the candle one night, shortly before our sister’s death, and it seemed to point in the direction in which she was sitting.

In those days they did not dress people for burial as we do now, but instead a finely pleated shroud or winding sheet was placed over the body. It was made of soft white woolen goods, called domet, and was laid in pleats an inch in width from the neck to the waist and finished at the neck with white ribbon. Mother’s own nimble fingers arranged the soft pleats of the shroud of her treasured one. The remains were tenderly laid to rest in the Brunswick Chapel Cemetery, in the village of Pendleton, near the city of Manchester, England. Sweet rest to her dear remains.

When upon her death bed, Dorcas asked my sister Agatha to be baptized for her. All matters of this nature have been attended to.

Although her death was a sore trial, we have lived to acknowledge the hand of the Lord in it. With her frail constitution, she could never have endured the trials and privations that we after-

wards passed through in crossing the plains and in our pioneer life for many years after we reached the valley.



A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MY BROTHER, CHARLES LOWELL WALKER.

BORN in Leek, Staffordshire, England, Nov. 17, 1831, he was the only son of his parents, William Gibson Walker and Mary Godwin Walker. He, as did his sisters, Ann Agatha, Dorcas and Mary Lois, moved to the great town of Manchester, Lancashire, England, in the year 1837. Here he attended our father's school and others. In his early teens he worked at the trade of blacksmithing for a firm by the name of Chatterly and Sanky. The former partner afterwards joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and remained steadfast. This gentleman's eldest daughter, Miss Ann Chatterly, when grown, came to Utah and became one of my staunchest friends, being about my own age.

During the time that your Uncle Charles worked for these gentlemen, a piece of meat was thrown to a large savage dog which was kept chained up in the shop. The meat fell into a box

of nails, and your uncle, fearing that he could not reach it, attempted to place it nearer to him, whereupon the beast flew at him, and seizing the arm thus kindly outstretched to help him, nearly bit it through, the great teeth nearly meeting. It was dark before he could reach home, and mother happening to be out, he waited in dread to tell her what had happened, for he sympathized with her, knowing how dearly she loved him. She, however, soon examined the arm, while I began to faint. As she already had her hands full in attending to the dreadful wound and no person was near to help, she told me to lie between the two doors, and this remedy was effectual in my case.

Mother was somewhat of a surgeon and her own family physician, and her treatment must have been successful; also, I think God looked down in pity on the son of his servant, who was himself suffering privation and hunger as He ministered to the meek and poor of the earth. And I think He was also mindful of the self-sacrificing mother of this child who had so willingly given up her natural protector. There was never any ill effects from this terrible bite.

Your Uncle Charles was, as were his sisters, very large for his age, and he grew to be a large, handsome man, or at least very fine looking. I know I was proud to walk beside him. He was

tall, well built, and had dark brown, rich-looking hair, slightly curled above his coat collar, as was the custom fifty years ago. His complexion was olive, his skin smooth and fine, his eyebrows well marked and he had good teeth. As a child, mother had taught him to love his books and after he returned from work and had eaten supper he would take a book and read until bed time. He went to work at five in the morning and as he walked along he would mark the time for his marching by playing a merry tune on his clappers, made of two pieces of flat bone, which seemed quite cheerful at such an early hour.

Like most boys, when he wanted to tease he could make things lively. He had a little cat that he was very fond of and would buy meat from the cat's meat man to give to her, but when he wanted some fun he cut the meat in small pieces and tying a piece of string to one he would pull it away the moment the animal got it into its mouth. One day, however, he played this trick too long, for the poor kitten became so ravenous that when it was finally allowed to swallow the meat it ate so rapidly that death followed.

Once, I remember, he had a gathered toe. When the time came to remove the plaster that had been put on it, we all sat around watching and dreading the painful ordeal. Suddenly,

mother said in a startled manner, "Name of goodness, what's that on the top of the cupboard?" And while we were all looking in that direction she nipped off the plaster.

One day he had been teasing your Aunt Aggie and going on at a great rate, and though mother loved him dearly she saw that it was time to quell the matter, and told Aunt Aggie, who was about 14 years old then, she must master him. Aunt Aggie was as tall then as she ever was and your Uncle Charles was big for his age. Half way up the stairs leading from the kitchen there was a window, and picking him up in her arms, she, tantalized almost beyond endurance, decided to pitch him out of the window. I do not know that he would have been hurt much had she done so, but upon second thought she slapped him soundly on the place where children generally take such chastisement. He was completely cured, and the greatest love and appreciation of her noble character ever dwelt in his breast, but he never tried to domineer over his sister.

Your Aunt Aggie tells me that he would tease me until I would jump up and down and grit my teeth, but not a word would escape my lips. I suppose this was so that I might keep control of my tongue.

I remember that at one time a friend called to see my mother, who walked part way home with her. I, being the youngest child, wanted to go too, but your Uncle Charles took it upon himself to see that I did not, and held me until he knew that she had gone too far for me to follow her. Then he let me go, having had enough fun at my expense.

In his early teens the way opened up for him to emigrate to America. It was in this wise: A family of the name of Williams, living in Cheshire, and to whom our father had preached the Gospel, were coming to America and Brother Williams being a blacksmith and willing to help your Uncle Charles to learn his trade, it seemed a good opening for him to go in their company. With them he went to St. Louis, Mo., where we afterwards expected to meet him, but when we had arrived there he had accompanied Bro. Williams and family to the state of Kentucky to work. He remained with this family until he came to the valley, as Utah was then called. But while he crossed the plains he worked his passage as teamster for a man named Peter Burgess, with whom we became acquainted during our sojourn in St. Louis. I have heard it said that Uncle Charles not only drove the team, but cooked for them, prayed for them and asked a blessing upon the food he had cooked.

These people had accumulated considerable means during their stay in St. Louis and I suppose the humble conditions of the Saints in Great Salt Lake Valley were not suited to their taste, for they either went back or went on to California.

Now comes the supreme test for your Uncle Charles. A strong attachment had grown up between him and the Williams family. You may remember in speaking of them, in relating scenes of my childhood, I spoke of the spirit of God which was poured out upon us in the little cottage meetings held in their home, and that when at one time I had quenched the spirit of testimony, Sister Williams had remarked in a voice of kindly chiding: "The angels will go up again and say, 'There was no testimony from Polly today.' Their reverence for your grandfather at that time almost amounted to worship and they would, with joy, listen to any counsel that he might offer.

Time passed and we were all members of the same ward in the city of St. Louis. After my mother passed away we looked upon Sister Williams almost in the light of another mother, but after a while began to notice that there was some change in her attitude towards the Gospel. One day she came to see me and as she talked she railed against the president of the ward, whom we looked up to as we would a bishop today. I lis-

tened to what she had to say, but young girl as I was, I cringed for her spiritual safety. I think she had been brought up before this brother in some matter, but her attitude was very antagonistic.

I think they brought some of their disaffected spirit with them when they came to the valley. There was a famine here at this time, owing to the grasshopper war, and this, with a murmuring spirit, was too much for them to withstand, so they decided to go to California, where all apostates sluffed off to in those days. It was called "going to hell."

They tried hard to persuade your Uncle Charles to go with them, and his sense of gratitude for their kindness to him, and his attachment for them as a family, added to the lack of work and scarcity of food, pulled hard upon him. But he let right rule and overcame.

I had watched our friend, Sister Williams from the time that she began to find fault and saw that she was gradually losing the faith. I heard later that Brother Williams, once one of our dearest friends, died cursing Apostle Erastus Snow, then president of the St. Louis conference.

And so it is, to find fault with those who are in authority over us, it means spiritual death, if

not repented of and discontinued. I have watched many such people and the result has always been the same.

Your Uncle Charles at the time had neither father, mother or brother to guide or counsel him, but his sister, your Aunt Aggie, was here and she was a safe friend. It seems to me that he stayed with her part of the time, her husband, Apostle Parley P. Pratt, being always the same generous, hospitable person in famine or in abundance, having had much of the reverses of life himself.

After your Uncle obtained employment at a blacksmith's shop, conducted by Brother Jackson, and boarded with your grandfather and the lady whom he had married, for you will remember that my dear mother died while we were in St. Louis.

Your Uncle Charles was about thirty years old before he married, his wife being a Miss Abigail Middlemast, a native of Nova Scotia, but who had been reared in Utah, I think. She was neat and thrifty and very comely. Both were members of the Sixth Ward of Salt Lake City and had lived in the ward a number of years. They had a nice log house of one room, of good height, and unlike most log houses, had large windows.

One corner of the room served as a wardrobe for your Aunt Abbie's clothing, which your Uncle termed her "dry goods."

One afternoon, soon after their marriage, your Cousin Aggie and I went to call upon our new sister-in-law, but she happened to be out. But your Uncle Charles did the honors of the house as quietly and as quickly as most experienced housewives would have done, setting a nice hot meal before us. We were able, however, to test his wife's ability as a cook by the excellent peach preserves we had for dessert, which went off like hot cakes. After a while your Aunt Abbie came home and I remember that she and your Cousin Aggie waltzed around the room, which was parlor, sitting room, bedroom, kitchen and for the time being ball room, all in one. Your Uncle Charles, too, was an elegant dancer. The fall that we moved up from the south he came to invite me to go to a ball with him, but as I was not going out much at that time I was obliged to decline, and so I think I never had the pleasure of dancing with my only brother. Many years afterwards, when they had a family of small children, and all were sick with the whooping cough, he said that he used to waltz to one little patient after another at night, with the bottle of cough cordial in his hand. And sister Sarah Maria Cannon, mother

of your brother, George M. Cannon, also spoke of his ability as a nurse, and told me many years ago that she owed him a debt of gratitude for doctoring her foot when a cow kicked it. At the time that his little children had whooping cough, his wife also was seriously ill with inflammatory rheumatism, and no help being obtainable he took the part of housekeeper as well as nurse. Upon one occasion while washing dishes he could not find the dish cloth, when lo and behold! he discovered it in his coat pocket, where he had mechanically put it.

His fellow actors tell me he took his part well upon the stage also. They were Apostle A. W. Ivins, Bishop J. C. Bently and others.

After he had been married a little while, he had your father lay the foundation for two adobe rooms. He had also very fine currant bushes growing in his garden, which bore fruit almost as large as marbles, these being our principal fruit in those days. But these prosperous circumstances were doomed to be disturbed.

A call was made for people to settle southern Utah, or Dixie, as it was then called, and he was among those called to that very hard and trying mission.

At a meeting held with the object of receiving a report from those who had been appointed

to go, your Uncle Charles, in answer to the roll call, said: "All wheat," which meant all right, or an assent. Two men sitting near him ridiculed him for being willing to go. These men were well-to-do and did not care to break up their well-appointed homes.

Your Uncle Charles tried very hard to sell his earthly possessions in order to obtain an outfit, and one night told the Lord that if he wanted him to go on the Dixie mission he must send someone to buy his place. The next morning, before he was up, a knock was heard upon the door. People arose about 5 o'clock in those days, so it must have been at an early hour, for he was not up. When he opened the door, he found his visitor to be Brother Jonathan Pugmire, who had come to buy his home.

So he and his young wife went down to the hard, hard, hard Dixie mission, and stood to the rack, hay or no hay. He sent me word once that some of his fellow missionaries were eating bread made from broom corn seed and that the family of Apostle Erastus Snow was among the number, but, thanks to God, he had not been without a little flour, thus far.

In one of his early letters he wrote the following: "Forgive me for calling it a country; when they got through making the world they gathered

together the flint, black-rock and lava and made Dixie. When the cows come home they lie on their backs and throw their feet up in the air to cool them after walking in the hot sand. When you open the oven door to see how the bread is doing and the hot air puffs out upon your face, that is how the wind blows here."

He wrote me again: "It rained here the other day, and my house being like a willow basket, everything was wet, even our bed, my wife and our newly-born baby, but thanks be to God and to the holy priesthood, my wife was up when the baby was only five days old, and able to do all her chores, except milking." The baby was their first born, which is your cousin Zaidee.

When she was a toddler, your Aunt Abbie came up for conference. She and one of her neighbors, a sister Ide, gave the following dialogue as if they were in their Dixie home: "Well, what are you going to have for dinner?" "Bread and molasses." "And what are you going to have for supper?" "Molasses and bread." Or the ever-faithful, as they called it, and were thankful even for that.

Your Uncle Charles was rewarded for his sacrifice, privation and toil by having the spirit of God for his guide, while for the two men who rid-

iculed him for his cheerful response to so trying a mission, the younger man was drowned and the older apostatized.

Uncle Charles was privileged to help in the erection of the house of the Lord, compose a hymn for its dedication and was called to guard its sacred walls both within and without as long as he lived. He spent his hard-earned means obtaining the names of his ancestors as far back as the 11th century, and found that we are descended from Harold of Saxon. He also obtained the coat of arms of the Godwin family, which is three leopard heads in scarlet and gold.

I did not see very much of him on account of his living so far south; in fact, in fifty-six or fifty-eight years I only saw him five times, but he corresponded with me from time to time. Here is a copy of one of his letters, written in 1869:

St. George, Feb. 21st, 1869.

My Own Dear Sister Poll:

It is my desire in this epistle, to let you know that I am at the present time alive and well and sincerely hope this will find you the same. It seemed an awful long time since you wrote a line to me, and the same way with Agatha. But "fortune will sometimes smile on the lame and lazy" and it smiled on me the other day, for while I

was engaged in playing with the brass band at Brother Snow's, who should come in but John Parry and the fat, good-natured John McFarlain, who is now a permanent resident of St. George. John Parry told me that Elias was coming home next year, if all went well. I should like to see his genial countenance again.

Don't be down cast, my dear girl, "there's better days acoming," as our blessed mother used to sing to us when we were children. Don't you remember her sweet voice and how select and chaste she was in all her melodies? I sometimes think of those days and the things we passed through and tears will moisten my eyes.

Last year I received a few letters from father. He still believes that he is on the right track, but yet confesses that he is not happy. He urges me to think for myself, says that the Church was right in the beginning, but now it has gone astray and the heads of the church are now seeking after money. He sent me his photograph and that of Mrs. Walker. She looks pretty well, but he looks very old and careworn, with long white beard hanging on his breast.

Our winter has been very mild and we have been treated to but one hail storm of about ten minutes duration. The current bushes are out in leaf and the peach blossoms are beginning to open out.

Say, what is the matter with Agatha? She doesn't answer my letters. I have had no word from her since last October. How is she getting along and how are you and those blessed children? Miss Zaidee often talks about her Cousin Effie, and the little shears.

Well, God bless 'em and tell them Uncle Charles loves them; kiss them and tell them to be good to their ma.

Now, my dear, be kind enough to write me soon and tell me all about yourself and Agatha.

Goodbye and God bless you, my dear Poll, is the worst wish of your friend and brother in the covenant of peace.

CHAS. L. WALKER.

Here is another letter of a later date from my brother:

St. George, Utah,
July 8, 1890.

My Dear Sister:

Yours from Manti, June first, is before me. It affords me much pleasure that at last, after so many trials, you had the great privilege of going into one of the temples of the Most High, and I am sure you enjoyed it, and had circumstances permitted you would have enjoyed yourself much more, and the spirit reveals something to them

that they thought not of before. No, I did not do any work for Mrs. Clews, nor for her daughters, not knowing of their death. Neither have I done any work for the Mrs. Burton you mention, having no dates nor clews, but I do remember hearing Bert's father say he had some relatives by the name of Burton.

I recollect an Irish lady, Mrs. Hollis, who used to be kind to Dorcas in sending her little dainties once in a while, and if I were sure she was dead I would set her feet on the path of progress. And then there was old Thorley, the policeman, who used to say when reading from St. John: "And I saw the hearth, like a sey of glass, klar as krisc-hale, like pewer wahttur." I should like to be baptized for him, for I do believe he was sincere in his belief and spiritual readings. I don't think, if I knew his genealogy, I should neglect even old "Fat Milk" Tommy, nor old man Clegg, the father of that notorious liar, Ann Clegg, with her camel feathers, etc.

I am glad you saw and had a good time with some of my acquaintances, and hope at some future time you may have the blessed privilege of not only going through a temple but in ministering in one. I think the sanctity of these holy throngs would be congenial to your nature.

Well, I must close, I see, hoping that this will find you enjoying the serenity of heaven, is the kindly wish of your big brother,

CHARLES.



The last time I saw your Uncle Charles was in 1881. He died January 11, 1904. The Dixie Advocate has the following to say of him:

CHARLES L. WALKER.

In the above features will be recognized the lineaments of Charles L. Walker, well-known to almost every resident of southern Utah, who departed this life on the 11th inst. As "poet laureate," temple guard and temple worker, he became intimately acquainted with a number of people of the southern part of the state.

Charles Lowell Walker was born November 17, 1832, at Leek, Staffordshire, England. His parents were William Gibson Walker and Mary Godwin Walker. When the subject of our sketch was six or seven years old his parents moved to Manchester, where they first heard the gospel of the Latter-day Saints preached, and embraced the same. He was baptized into the Church by his father on the 22nd day of April, 1845.

He left England February, 1849, in the ship "Henry" and with about 209 other saints was landed in New Orleans some time in April and then worked his passage to St. Louis on the "Grand York." During the summer cholera broke out and many of the saints died. He then moved into Kentucky to get an outfit together to come to the valley with the saints. He made four trips back and forth from St. Louis, after which he worked on a railroad in Illinois. This company also failed and he then found employment in St. Louis for a number of years. Here he was set apart as counselor to Bishop Seal.

He crossed the plains as teamster for a man who was transporting a threshing machine and a quantity of merchandise to Utah, arriving in Salt Lake City early in September. Here he went to work for Apostle Parley P. Pratt, and boarded with his sister, Agatha, she being one of Apostle Pratt's wives. When famine came upon the people the family was no longer able to provide him with food, and from this time until 1857, he says, in his autobiography, "I will not attempt to describe what I went through. Hardships, hunger and starvation, digging roots to subsist upon, living on greens, cornmeal, siftings, etc., and not enough of that."

In the spring of 1857 he got steady employ-

ment and things wore a brighter aspect. On the first of June he was ordained a Seventy and placed in the Fourteenth quorum. Soon after he joined the Nauvoo Legion and enlisted in Hyrum B. Clawson's company. This being a cavalry company, he spent most of his time scouting on Ham's Fork, Bridger and Cache Cove, until meeting with an accident, he was relieved from duty.

In the spring of 1858, with thousands of others, he left his home and moved south. Being detached on guard duty, after moving his father and his family to Provo, he went to Salt Lake and witnessed the entrance of Johnston's army into Salt Lake, with all their munitions of war, from the top of the old Council House. During the summer he moved back to the city and for several months acted as ward policeman. From 1859 to 1861 he was kept busy building and with his ecclesiastical duties, he being a blacksmith and stone cutter by trade.

September 28, 1861, he was married to Abigail Middlemast of Tapes Harbor, Halifax. In 1862 he was called to Dixie and located in St. George by counsel of Apostle Pratt, and here he resided until the time of his death.

During his residence here he has served as policeman, bodyguard to President Brigham Young, second counselor to Bishop D. Milne,

school trustee and a number of times performed missions to the Indians to protect the Pies from the Navajoes in Kanab county, and since 1872 has been almost a constant worker in the St. George temple, for the past twenty years, has served as night guard, refusing to abandon his post of duty until within three or four days of his dissolution. He was a laborer also on the temple from the commencement of the foundation to the setting of the capstone; also worked for some time in the Manti temple. In 1877 he was married to Sarah Smith. Both of his wives survive him.

He was a faithful member of his church, and was endowed with more than ordinary intelligence. His poetic productions have a fame extending beyond the range of his acquaintances, and he was ever willing to respond with suitable lines to commemorate any important occasion. He was a good citizen and will be greatly missed.



LINES IN MEMORY OF CHARLES L. WALKER

(Dixie's Poet.)

Guard the Temple! Guard it well—
As faithful as the one who fell
In peaceful slumber, and has fled

To mingle with the faithful dead.
Our loss is his eternal gain,
For though not numbered with the slain
And gave the watchword "All is Well."
A soldier true, though he sought not fame,
A guard and poet he earned a name
That may linger long on the pages of time,
Duty and poetry sublime combined.
His soul soaring high in the conflict on earth,
He returned to the home that first gave it
birth,
He has ceased from his labors to enjoy his
reward,
"Enter into thy rest," thus saith the Lord.

SARAH J. ATKINS, St. George.



I am fortunate to have in my possession one of his poems, written by your Uncle Charles, which is as follows:

TEMPLE SONG.

(Tune—"Hold the Fort.")

LO a temple, long expected, in St. George shall stand,
By God's faithful saints erected here in Dixie land.

Chorus:

Hallelujah! hallelujah, let Hosannahs ring;
Heaven shall echo back our praises, Christ shall
reign as king.

The noble task we hailed with pleasure, coming
from our head,
Brings salvation, life eternal, for our kindred dead.

Holy and Eternal Father, give us strength we pray,
To Thy name to build this temple, in the latter
day.

Oh! how anxious friends are waiting, watching
every move
Made by us for their redemption, with a holy love.

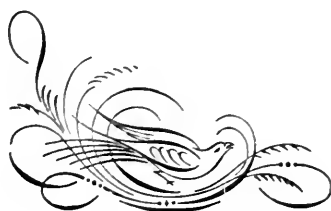
Long they've hoped through weary ages, for the
present time,
For the everlasting gospel, with its truth sub-
lime.

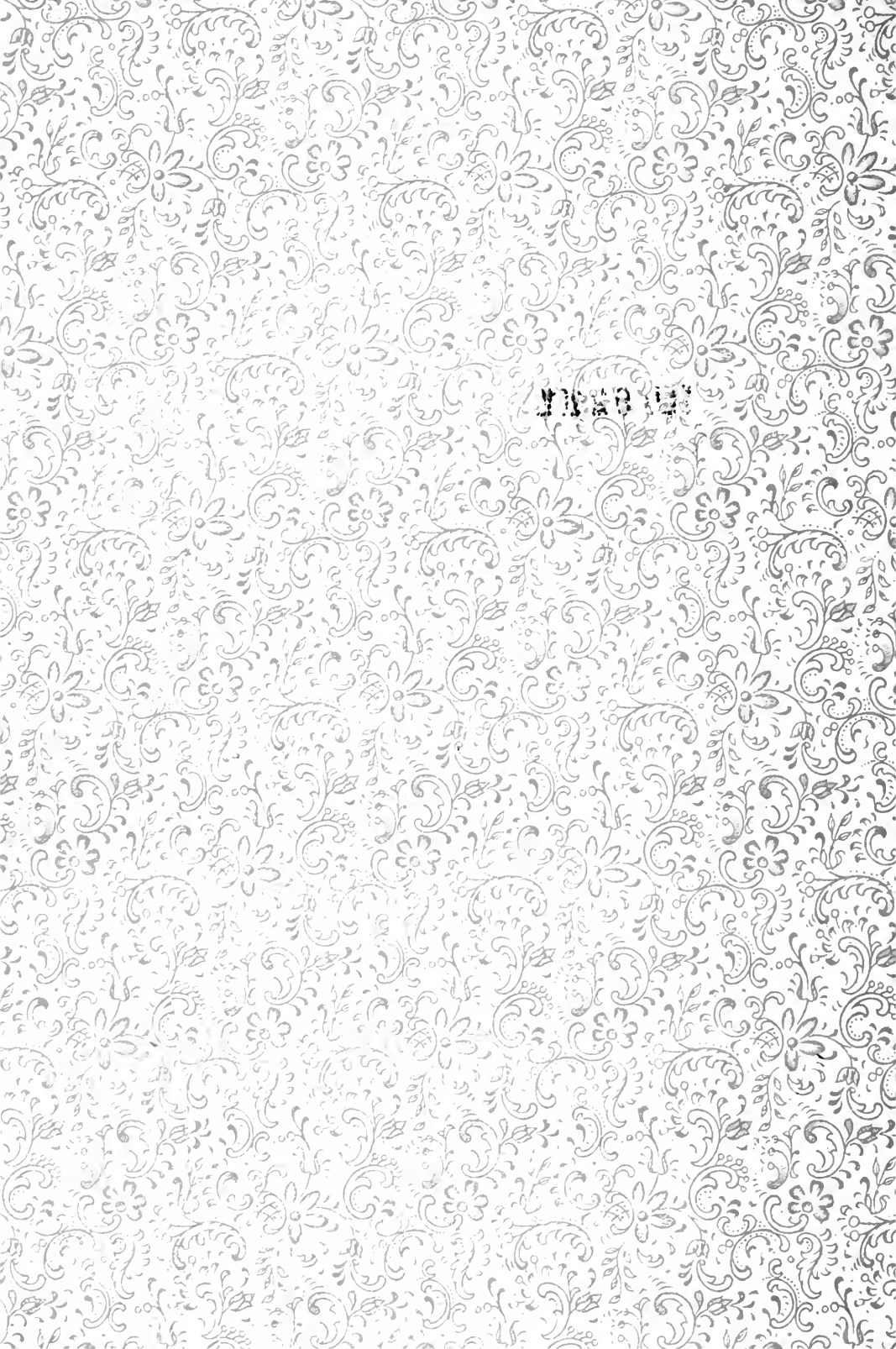
Lo! the prison doors are open, millions hail the
day.
Praying, hoping for baptism, in the appointed way.

Glory! Glory! hallelujah, let the structure rise.
Rear aloft these noble towers, pointing to the
skies.

Hell may rage and Satan tremble, still that house
we'll rear;
Heaven will aid us, angels guard us, we've no need
to fear.

C. L. WALKER.





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