

things growing out of this mission shall the fullness of the Gospel spread into England." After Pratt's preaching several sermons, John Taylor with others received the good tidings and joined the church, and from that day until the day of his death he was a zealous worker.

The other part of Heber C. Kimball's prophecy was also literally fulfilled as he gave it to Parley P. Pratt, for on the 8th day of August, 1839, he left Montrose to fill his mission. In Nauvoo Elder Taylor joined Wilford Woodruff, who was scarcely able to drag himself along, and who remarked that he felt and looked more like a subject for the dissecting table than a missionary. (Look at President Woodruff now, 55 years afterwards!) These two were among the first to take the glad tidings to England. The thousands that heard them there will remember with what pleasure they were received in that land. To speak and to write was John Taylor's pleasure; if his children, grandchildren, and the young of Utah had heard him, as I have heard him, and read his editorials on the duty of the Saints, they would be proud of him. I will here advise his children and grandchildren and all the young people of Utah to read his "Life," by B. H. Roberts; but even that book can give you but a faint idea of the great, good and brave man. He was a server of the Lord, and a champion of human rights. He was shot with five bullets at Carthage Jail when Joseph and Hyrum Smith were killed. Hear what he says: "When I reflect that our noble chieftain, the Prophet of the living God, had fallen, and that I had seen his brother in the cold embrace of death, it seemed as though these was a void or a vacuum in the great field of human existence to me, and a dark, gloomy chasm in the kingdom, and that we were left alone. Oh, how lonely was that feeling! How cold, barren and desolate was that thought!"

The bullet that was aimed at John Taylor's heart buried itself in his watch; he suffered and lingered many months between life and death. On getting well, hear what he says: "I shall never forget the feeling of gratitude that I then experienced towards my Heavenly Father (when he found how his life was saved). I felt that the Lord had preserved me by a special act of mercy; that my time had not yet come, and that I had still a work to perform upon the earth." The hands of the watch stood at five o'clock, sixteen minutes and twenty-two seconds, thus marking the moment when its possessor stood between time and eternity. That he was preserved for a great work, and that he did that work and did it well, all those that knew him can testify. In organizing the people into companies to move from Nauvoo to Council Bluffs, and getting them quartered away from the mobs, to prepare a large company to live, and afterwards to prepare them to follow the Pioneers, was no small job. He had no sooner landed them at the Bluffs before he was again called to go to England on important business. When he returned President Young with Elder Woodruff and others were ready to start West; no one knew where they were going—they were led by faith. Elder Taylor was left in charge; it was he that sent men out into Iowa and Missouri to trade horses for cattle, buy corn and flour. When a company of

one hundred wagons was ready they started out. His company consisted of 1,300 souls; more than half were women and children, some of the men having gone with the Pioneers, and five hundred men with the Mormon Battalion. It was a brave undertaking to start with this train through hostile Indians. Parley P. Pratt took the lead with 50 wagons, then Elder Taylor with 50; Charles C. Rich between them with a small cannon. These trains kept as close together as grass and water would permit.

On, on, these pilgrims traveled, and what faith they must have had! Think of it, young people; five hundred brothers, husbands, and sweet hearts, marching to the then far off land of Mexico to war, perhaps never to be seen again, and still others ahead, with but a handful of men in the midst of Indians and a wilderness! How often must the thought have occurred, "O where is my husband tonight! or my brother, or my lover?" What fortitude these grand, brave people must have possessed. They were men and women that must have been born for the occasion. Still, they were in a manner happy, for they would pray and sing and make the best of it.

In all these anxieties, labors, fears, hopes and rejoicings Elder Taylor took part. Many leaned on his strength in those days. When despair settled over the colony he infused it with hope; when the weak faltered he strengthened them; when the fearful trembled he encouraged them; those cast down with sorrow he comforted and cheered. His faith and trust in God, and in His power to preserve and deliver His people, was as unshaken in the midst of the difficulties in coming to and settling these valleys of Utah as it had been in the midst of mob violence in Missouri and Illinois; as unmoved as it was amid the confused shouts and curses, groans and shriekings and murderous bullets, all mingling together, that made up that scene of hell and death in Carthage jail. What caused fear in others provoked merriment in him.

We find in October, 1849, at that conference, that Elder Taylor was called to go to France, Lorenzo Snow to Italy, and Erastus Snow to England. With only eight or ten others, they traveled the plains in the cold, pitiless winds and storms, only about half clad, with no extras. It is different now, going in a Pullman palace car with cash to pay your way. His labors in France the reader will get in his history. After three years' absence he returned, only to be appointed a home missionary. Soon after he was sent to New York to start a paper called *The Mormon*. Horace Greeley in giving it notice said it was a creditably printed newspaper and well edited. The office was situated on Nassau and Ann streets, between the *Herald* and Greeley's paper. Here is the prospectus: "We believe in good, sound, healthy morals, in matter of fact philosophy, in politics uncorrupted, and that secures the greatest good to all. We believe in the God of heaven and certainly in religion. We believe in a religion that will make a man go down to the grave with a clear conscience and an unfaltering step, to meet his God as a Father and a friend without fear.

Well do I remember when in San Bernardino with Bartholomew's circus,

buying the old papers from Joseph Rich, and Marion Lyman, and among them were *The Mormon*. The editorials of many I cut out, and though a thoughtless boy they interested me. I recognized the writer's ability then, and when I became acquainted with him in after years it was as though I had known him always.

When the Johnson Army of 1857 was camped on Ham's Fork, Captain Van Vliet came to Salt Lake for grain for the command, but there was none for him; the people had made up their minds not to be persecuted any more, and this is what they said and did. Elder Taylor addressed the meeting that the captain attended, and the Elder asked the people, "Would you if necessary put the torch to your houses and lay the land in waste and go to the mountains?"

Brigham Young said: "Try the vote."

Elder Taylor—"All you that are willing to set fire to your property and lay it in ashes rather than submit to military rule and oppression raise your right hand."

About four thousand all voted.

Elder Taylor—"I knew what your feelings would be. We have been persecuted and robbed long enough, and in the name of Israel's God we will be free!"

The captain was astonished and went home a friend to the people.

While preaching that day Elder Taylor got very earnest, and President Young caught him by the coat-tail as a reminder. Taylor turned around and said, "Brother Brigham, let go my coat tail; I tell you, the bullets in me yet hurt!"

All know how the army were at last used; first to bring money to the people, and afterwards they were sent down South to fight the battles of the nation.

After President Young's death John Taylor was chosen as President of the Church. He brought to that office the experience of many years with President Young. He at once pushed the three temples in course of erection, sent out more missionaries, and gave great life to everything. One of the first incidents was a jubilee, such as ancient Israel used to have. Eight hundred and two thousand dollars (\$802,000)—one half of that was owing to the Perpetual Emigration Fund—was forgiven the people, so that those who were too poor to pay it were relieved. The Female Relief Societies had saved up 34,761 bushels of wheat which they loaned out to the poor that had none for seed. Many other good things were done at that jubilee which has had its good effect.

In one part of the Bible we find where Joshua asked the Lord to let the sun and moon stand still, while he licked the five kings. This shows to me just how anxious he was to have a good chance to do their work. In a later verse we can see how long the time seemed while he was in the fight; it says the sun stood still and the moon stayed until the people avenged themselves upon their enemies; after the fight, we read that there was no day like that before it or after it; the sun did not go down for a whole day. I can appreciate the feeling and anxiety, for when the Indians had us surrounded once it seemed to me an age, before we got out of it; since that time it has been plain to me about the sun standing still