

DEATH OF A GOOD MAN.

David Williams whose death occurred on the morning of Dec. 6th, 1889, at Price, Emery County, was the son of David and Sarah Williams, and was born in Blaenavon, Monmouthshire, Wales, Dec. 16, 1827, and hence was aged nearly 62 years. He embraced the Gospel in its fullness in the year 1847, and was soon after ordained a Teacher, and then a Priest. In 1849 he was ordained an Elder and called to the ministry. He traveled as a missionary four years, principally in North Wales, and labored with marked zeal and success. He married Miss Sarah Williams on May 29, 1847; migrated to St. Louis in January, 1855, and was president of the Welsh Saints who formed a considerable part of the large company on the ship. He remained in St. Louis about one year, when he went to Kingston, Ill. He remained there but a short time when he removed to Canton, Ill., where he located in the fall of 1856.

He was at this time in very poor circumstances financially, but he set to work with a will and soon improved his pecuniary condition. He was a coal miner, at which calling he worked. After a time he purchased a tract of coal land in the town of Canton, which subsequently became valuable property. He also acquired two other tracts of coal land near Canton. In December 1875, Elder B. F. Cummings, Jr., who was traveling in Illinois as a missionary, met him. He had long been separated from intimate association with the Saints, but his faith in the Gospel as taught by the Prophet Joseph Smith was firm and bright, and at his request he was rebaptized by Elder Cummings, January 8th, 1876.

He immediately took an active part in extending the work of the Gospel in Canton and vicinity, which had now commenced to open up in a very gratifying manner. Owing to the facilities Brother Williams had for furnishing employment, scattered Saints found, and converts made by the Elders in that region were invited by him to come to Canton, and in a few months a branch of about fifty members existed there, of which he was president.

At the opening of the year 1876, he was a wealthy man, and was using his means generously to forward the work of the Gospel. But business reverses overtook him in rapid succession, and before the middle of 1877 he was compelled to make a settlement with his creditors which left him in poverty. The settlement made, he had but a few hundred dollars left. He now made preparations to gather to Zion, and out of his scanty funds he generously assisted a score or more members of the Canton branch to pay their fares to Utah. He arrived in Ogden August 9, 1877, and a few days later came to this city, almost without a dollar. But he and his family were happy and cheerful. He began the business of a retail coal dealer in a small way, in which he continued for some

months when, early in the year 1878, he was called on a mission to the Southern States. He responded and labored in that field eleven months when he was honorably released.

He was an excellent geologist and an experienced coal mine manager, and soon after his return from his mission he became manager of the D. & R. G. coal mines, at Pleasant Valley, in October, 1880.

The mines were rapidly developed under his control and soon quite a community of miners and their families were gathered there. Many of these being Latter-day Saints, a branch of the Church was organized of which he was made president. In 1883 Pleasant Valley Ward was organized and he was ordained a Bishop and set apart to preside over it.

He continued in this position till December, 1885, when he went on a mission to Wales. For a time he labored as a traveling Elder, but later became president of the Welsh mission, with a numerous and energetic corps of missionaries under him. During his administration that mission assumed an activity it had not known for many years. He spent his own money freely to forward it, and labored with great zeal and energy. It was while he was president of the Welsh mission that Jarman created great excitement in that country. Repeatedly Brother Williams was surrounded by howling mobs, who thirsted for his blood; but physical fear was an emotion unknown to him, and he never shrank from either danger or duty.

He returned to Utah in November, 1888. During the three years of his mission, asthma, a disease from which he had long suffered more or less, became deep seated, and he never obtained relief from it. Notwithstanding his broken health, he could not brook inactivity, and in May of this year he opened a general mercantile business at Price, Emery County. From that time until his death he suffered terribly at frequent intervals. He passed away like a child falling to sleep.

Brother Williams was a good and a remarkable man. He was a natural leader, and gifted with rare abilities in some directions. To look into his clear, blue, earnest eyes and doubt his honesty, was impossible. He decided the most important matters instantly, and was generally guided by a correct intuition. In his business plans and enterprises it was nearly always a leading object to provide employment or aid for others, and he has planned for and helped to feed thousands. Ingratitude which is so often the reward of the philanthropic worker, never swerved him from his purpose to labor for the welfare of others. He was a father to his employees.

As a parent he was solicitous for and devotedly attached to his children; as a husband he was tender and affectionate; as a business man he was intelligent and thoroughly reliable; and as a Latter-day Saint he lived and died faithful to the obligations of the Gospel, having a firm assurance of his election to a glorious resurrection.

He leaves two wives and was the father of fourteen children, seven of whom survive him. He also had a large number of grandchildren. These, with hundreds of his countrymen living in this region, and a host of other friends and acquaintances, will cherish his memory as that of a man worthy of their esteem and affection. Peaceful be his rest.

OUR CHICAGO LETTER.

Well, this is Thanksgiving Day in Chicago, and a wild, blustery, stormy, snowy day it is. Religious services are being held in all the churches. Thanks, in honeyed words, are offered to God for His bounty and beneficence; but unfortunately for thousands in our city this abundance is a myth. There are 10,000 children in Chicago destitute of clothing decent enough to attend the public schools. How many thousands of hungry stomachs, cold firesides, and frozen bedrooms in our city only the genius of starvation and misery knows. Yet we read of the Misses Pullman being introduced to society as part of our thanksgiving celebrations! These young persons have just stepped into womanhood, and the event is celebrated with splendor, magnificence and unlimited outlay. The hall in which they met their friends is described as "a vale of cashmere," and their raiment rivals that of any Arabian fairy tales. Yes, extremes meet even in Chicago.

The 28th of November is an eventful day in many respects. It was on this day 51 years ago that Joseph Smith and several others were sent to Liberty Jail in Clay County, Mo., on a charge of treason. What a mockery of justice and honesty! This very county of Clay has since become the synonym for treason and murder, and perhaps the fathers of Jesse James and of Cole Younger were of the men who charged Joseph Smith with treason. Oh, Mephistopheles, arise and laugh!

It was on this day 50 years ago that Joseph Smith arrived in Washington to seek justice from the great father. Did he get it?

It was on this day in 1846 that Elijah Freeman and Richard Carter, of the Mormon Battalion, died near Sorocco, on the Rio Grande, and were buried there. The spirits of these brave men arise in protest against the malignant wretches who now charge that, while in the flesh, they were enemies to their country and rebels to the government in whose service they died.

It was on this day, Nov. 28th, 1854, that George Q. Cannon arrived in Salt Lake from the Sandwich Islands, where he had been on a mission of peace.

On November 28, 1878, died at Spring City, Orson Hyde. On November 28, 1881, died at Provo, Elder Beebe.

It was on November 28, 1882, the gallant Phil Sheridan arrived in Salt Lake City, on his inspection tour of the military posts of Utah. The brave soldier, the gallant hero, the honest man is no more, but his name will live, and in no place will