

While I was looking wonderingly at the happy throng, I saw with unspeakable joy my father and mother near me, looking as they did when alive, only more pleased and happy. The man mentioned above seemed as he passed among the people to electrify them with joy. He said to a woman, "I have come to let you people know that they are doing a great work down there for you." "Down where?" she asked. "There is a place down there called Manti Temple," he answered. "How do you know?" the woman asked; to which he answered, "I have just come from there." At this the woman broke into exclamations of joy and praise to God, in which the multitude joined. "I must go," the messenger said, "and let other people know." They were unwilling to let him go; but he departed.

The people appeared to increase immensely in number around the place where the information was received, until it seemed like an extensive valley filled with persons who were still gathering and rejoicing, and filling up the space as far as the eye could reach.

A this juncture a strange and unpleasant looking individual came up to me and asked me sincerely what I wanted there?

"I have come to the light," I answered. "To the light," he replied gruffly. "Yes," said I, "to the light; some love darkness more than light, because their deeds are evil, and I have come to the light to make my deeds known." Upon this he vanished.

Then it appeared to me that I returned; but how I got back I knew not. When I awoke the clock struck three, so I had been in the condition I have described for the space of three hours—the happiest three hours I ever spent in my life.

I am now nearly eighty-two years old, and I write this (trusting you will publish it) in order to encourage my brethren and sisters in the great and grand work of redeeming the dead.

JAMES GLEDHILL,

Gunnison, December 18, 1888.

**A CASE OF MIRACULOUS HEALING**  
LAST night in company with one whom I baptized thirty years ago in Georgetown, Mahaska County, Iowa, I was recounting the results of one week's work in that part of the country. The circumstances were of a peculiar character. Only one individual in that neighborhood belonged to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He was dangerously

sick, and was pronounced by his doctor, Ezra N. Woodworth, to be dying. The doctor remarked to a brother of the dying man, "If the 'Mormon' Elder who has just arrived here should heal your brother and I do not care what course he may take, I will be a 'Mormon' and go to Salt Lake City; the best board of physicians in the world cannot save him."

After anointing with oil and the laying on of hands, God's power of healing became manifest and many of the friends of the supposed dying man, believing, rejoiced and praised God.

Doctor Woodworth, on coming in soon afterwards, examined his patient and exclaimed: "Mr. Stevenson, there is nothing to hinder this sick man from getting well; he has undergone a change." To this I replied: "Doctor, you will have to go to Utah, or else take your words back. But this man being healed, and his being able to drive a team across the plains next spring will not make you a Mormon."

Soon after this I preached by invitation in a log school and meeting-house, which was filled with an attentive audience; and subsequently, when Dr. Woodworth and myself gave out an appointment to hold forth at a double frame house at Hopewell, near by, at the request of a relative of the sick man—a Mr. Daniel Rober—we were rewarded for our labors with abuse from a Methodist minister, who threatened to incite the people to mob us.

It was interesting then to hear Dr. Woodworth say: "Go on, Mr. Stevenson, and preach. You have friends enough to protect you." The doctor and others were quite prepared for any emergency. Although it was a very cold and snowy night, we had a crowded, quiet and attentive congregation.

The sick man was healed. His finger nails and toe nails fell off in consequence of the disease, but he recovered and in the following spring drove a team over the plains, and lived 20 years afterwards. This man's name was Jesse O. Ballinger, and he died firm in the faith at Springville, Utah County, Utah, where many of his friends have gathered. Soon after this powerful testimony, we baptized a brother of Ballinger, in Georgetown, on the 5th of December, 1858, at which time the weather was so cold that the water was frozen on his hair and clothing before we arrived at the house. Subsequently two of Ballinger's sisters, three of his

nephews, besides other relatives, and several of his friends, gathered to Zion, and now number in Utah, all told, about 150 souls, all from a small beginning of one week's work in 1858.

We were able, while spending our Christmas eve of 1888 together to review the past with satisfaction, and were surprised at the result of our past labors, thanking God for His mighty power.

EDWARD STEVENSON.

Pleasant Grove, Utah County, Utah,  
December 25th, 1888.

#### THE NEW DANGERS OF SENSATIONAL FICTION.

THE danger to the community in the yellow-covered romance has been so long celebrated that it has become somewhat tedious. The daily newspaper constantly gives us fresh revelations of gangs of boy-burglars, haunts of infantile pirates, or perhaps some secret order with dire oaths and bloody daggers. We are ready to cry out that the public health demands a censorship, that our boys are too precious to the State to be left to such a diet of horror and crime. Indeed, we draw the cords a little tighter round our girls also, lest they, too, fling away home for a sensation, and do more than dream of poison or coachmen. It were better if our anxiety came to something, and remedy were to wait upon alarm; but since we are content to meditate upon the evil, let us follow the matter to the end, and see how far it extends; let us see where, perchance, it is leading us, also, the grown-up children—this new conduct of life, this government of novels. A clever observer once declared that the main use of newspapers was to cause all the world to think alike at the same time, and that out of such common thought might come any great revolution in ideas or action.

Novels will answer the same purpose if they are only widely enough read, and perhaps they are even stronger motive powers. It may not be malapropos, therefore, nor altogether without value, to consider the probable effect upon the general public of certain wonderfully successful novels of the day. The survey is by no means reassuring. Life and religion, one and the other, are being swept along by the wind of fashion just now, and it must be that shortly we shall be overwhelmed by the gathering whirlwind. The most popular novel of the season makes life one wild rush of passion; impulse is mistaken for strength, love