

The Father and Founder of the British Mission—One of the Most Active and Industrious Utah Pioneers—Something of His Sterling Characteristics.

The elder Kimball was a man of force and energy, qualities which his son Heber inherited to a marked degree. The latter received a limited amount of schooling only, the school days of his life being confined to the first five and fifth to his fourteenth year, and was of a quality usually found in the primitive schools of the day. He was not an ardent lover of books, but drew his lessons from life and nature in all their varied aspects. When he was about the age of fourteen he was put to work in his father's blacksmith shop and acquired a knowledge of that useful trade. When he was nineteen, his father having met with reverses, he was thrown upon his own resources, and he now began to face the first bitter experience of his life.

"At this time, I saw some days of sorrow; my heart was troubled and I suffered much in consequence of fear.

five miles from Mendon, and tarried at the house of Phineas H. Young. They were Eleazer Miller, Elial Strong, Alpheus Gifford, Enos Curtis and Daniel Bowen. Hearing of these men, Heber was prompted by curiosity to visit them, "when," says he, "for the first time I heard the fullness of the everlasting Gospel."

Both Heber and Brigham received the word gladly, and were impelled to testify of its divinity and for which they both continued to labor with all their hearts until the end of their days in mortality upon the earth.

RESIDENCE OF PRESIDENT HEBER C. KIMBALL, ERECTED IN 1848-49,
AS IT LOOKS TODAY.

In the construction of the building no effort was made to conform to any particular style of architecture though the long sweeping porches and commodious accommodations partook of the colonial character. It covered considerable ground and was two stories high and had many conveniences that were absent from the Pioneer homes of Utah. Roominess was one of the objects aimed at, and on the south side were the double parlors eighteen by forty feet in size. In these many notable gatherings of ecclesiastical, civil and social character were held, and in them several of President Brigham Young's birthday anniversaries were celebrated, as were also a number of those of Mrs. Vilate Kimball, wife of President Heber C. Kimball, whose birthday also occurred on the first of June. Colonel Kane, Judge Kinney and other well known characters of that day were frequently entertained here. All funerals of the family took place here, and here the mother of President Joseph F. Smith died, and from here she was buried. In these rooms President Kimball every morning, when at home, called his family and hired help together to engage in family prayer and to be instructed in their respective and collective duties. On the upper floor was another large room 24 x18 feet. It was known as the "West Chamber." Almost any day one could enter it and find from three to five spinning wheels and two looms in full operation, in the manufacture of the plain yarns and homespun goods that clothed the inmates, all of whom were as industrious as the bees that swarmed in the great orchard, and garden, which covered the block and from which hundreds of bushels of the finest apples and other fruit and vegetable products were annually gathered and packed away for winter use. A very excellent water system connected the premises with City Creek canyon. To be sure the pipes were not of iron as they are today, but were of logs which had their centers bored out and through which a beautiful stream of cold, clear water, continually flowed. President Kimball continued to live in this house until the day of his death in 1868. It is now owned by Mrs. Phoebe T. Kimball, the widow of his son, Heber P. Kimball, and looks just as shown in the above picture. At the rear of the house, some of the additions, have been torn down, otherwise there is no change in the general appearance of the dwelling than that which was presented half a century ago. The adobe barn which stands to the south and east of the Kimball lot is now owned by Hon. Henry W. Lawrence, but was built by President Kimball.

being a later addition. In 400 years the Turks demolished all these buildings. The act of vandalism gave the impulse to the first Crusade. The church was rebuilt, but destroyed again in 1224 by the Mohammedans. It was rebuilt, and in 1808 it was destroyed again by fire. In the last years of the war it was done, and a British soldier was placed on guard in the sacred edifice to keep the peace between the worshipping Christians, who appear in all sorts of costumes—Greek, Abyssinian, Latin, Armenian, Celtic. Syrian and unassorted—and white-winged peace has broadened over the sanctuary ever since, except at Easter. Then the pilgrims come, and the pilgrims seem to be unusually active and wide-awake, and eyes are blacked, noses punched and heads broken in spite of the fact that the pilgrims are religiously bound not to hurt one another. One man set himself killed

THE MOHAMMEDAN
MOTIVE

We enter the church by the courtesy of the Mohammedan doorkeeper, who had indeed rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than to dwell in the house of Allah. The Mohammed is more backslid in it—Oh, a great more. This office is hereditary and the Mohammedan family which holds it has been in it for centuries. We can show us the stone on which the body of the Savior was laid for anointing; the altar of Adam, and in the wall a recess in which a cross was set when the body was laid down. A crack in the masonry with a crack in the wall which was made when the life on the cross went out with a cry of agony. Through the crack the blood of the Savior ran down upon the skull of Adam, which is buried here in a small cave. How did it get here, when Adam died so far away? Well, when the blood of Adam just swam here, that's all—except that it buried itself when it set here. I believe that is all. You could have more.

It. From here we go on to the place where Jesus was nailed to the

cross; then we stoop down
below in the rock in which

stood: it is lined with metal. Black stones in the floor mark the spot where stood the crosses of the two thieves; the one on the north is the place of the one who died last. In the middle of the little store where the women stood as the body of Jesus was placed in the tomb. And here we enter the Chapel of the Angels and see, under the altar, the place in which the robes of the Lord from the door of the sepulcher. There also is a very narrow chamber in the tomb in which the Lord lay. There are two round holes in the wall of this chamber, through which the light of the holy fire miraculously flashes, from which the other sacred lamps and candles are lighted. I believe that, "Another thing we saw—a cup with a flat base, which was used by the Lord entering the earth. I believe that also. The tombs of Joseph of Aramathes and of

codemodus were also in this church. And the place where Mary met Jesus after His resurrection; there is a ring in the floor where the Savior stood. And another where Mary stood. What do you admire about all this arrangement of things? The exactness and absolute certainty of things. You are not left "guessing." And here also is the stone pillar to which the Savior was bound when He was scourged. Do not fail to see the five branches in which Abraham found the ram caught by the horns as he was layed in the act of offering up Isaac. Did not ask to see the ram, but I have no doubt he was around somewhere,

THE LIMIT REACHED

There are many other wonderful, remarkable and miraculous things to be seen in this most wonderful church, but in order to get through this country I had to get a undue strain. I have been obliged to limit my time here, and just to much per day, and by the time I got the olive branches of Abraham's ram, I had reached my limit for that day. I wish that you, who are here, could have believed it, and when I was using to see something that you don't believe? Now the next time you come to the temple, I will begin at the top, and go on to the bottom, and at will just shut me out at Adame's bull. However, that won't matter, because I got that in this time. It takes people, you know, to see things that you see in this church. That is, when you are alone, or in a small party. A large party of course can divide things

You see, it isn't a church at all.

ever suggested, it is a sort of "department church." It consists of many churches, chapels, convents, workhouses, and almshouses, all belonging to all sorts of religious bodies, and all of which are about half a dozen. There is but one entrance to this community of churches and convents, the door at which sits the porter, the only person who knows where there is neither entrance nor egress. But if you are locked in the spirituality of the monks of one order another will give you a cup, and a sweet, and pillow. The fare is abundant, and the service is gracious. When I was here, I have tried it, and never enjoyed it better. The sleep, that is: Not this church, but in Protestant church home. You know, yourself, the dearest of all naps, the nap that is hot and dry, and in which all the windows are closed and the sermon droned along at about "fiftly."

ON THE HILLTOP.

It is refreshing to get out of the church, away from the dark, narrow, smoky, filthy, ill-smelling streets, past the unholy city through the Damascus Gate, and climbing the slopes of "the green hill" above the "rotte of Jerusalem" watch the sun go down. It is pleasant to forget the favored and worse-flavored city with its puerile traditions and its imbecile pretensions of Christian and Muham-

Pretty Little Private Burying Ground, Wherein Fifty-Six Bodies,
Including Those of President Kimball and Bishop
Newel K. Whitney, Repose.

The only private burying ground in the city aside from that of President Brigham Young's is that known as the Kimball-Whitney cemetery at the rear of the old homestead on north East Temple street. It comprises a greensward plot of $4\frac{1}{2} \times 8$ rods, and is enclosed by a handsomely ornamented wrought iron fence set in a coping of cut Kyune stone and shaded by stately poplar trees which line the interior of the enclosure, the entrance to which is by a gate on the south.

In the very center of the lot stands the monument shown in the above cut and beneath it rests the body of Newell K. Whitney, while a short distance to the north and west are buried the remains of President Heber C. Kimball himself. A beautiful pine tree today grows over his exact sleeping place, and around his body are the bodies of several of his wives and children. Thirty-two Kimbals, thirteen Whitneys and eleven friends of the family are buried in this lot which was dedicated and set apart for private cemetery by President Kimball and Bishop Whitney in 1848, for the two families. The first body to be interred in the sacred spot was that of Mrs. Ann Houston Whitney, and Bishop Whitney was the second. In 1850, in it, was buried the first of the descendants of President Kimball and Bishop Whitney jointly contribute to the expense of maintaining the ceme-

There are many interesting reminiscences associated with this piece of ground, which in the providence of God, has been made sacred by the ashes of our noblest warriors. First, the Indians or Lamanites, and second, the Anglo-Saxon; for like the spot upon which the Kimball residence stands, it was the site of an old Indian cemetery, and in it today, it may be singularly enough related, lie the bodies of two Indian girls who were captured by the late President Kimball. At that time the various Indian tribes inhabiting the intermountain region were at war with one another, and the Indians had sold the children of their enemies. These two fell into the kindly hands of President Kimball's family but like other captives of war, they were not civilized. They longed for the freedom of the open air life that has for so many generations characterized the life of the Indian people, and soon pined and died.

Among the friends of President Kimball who are buried there, is Joseph Hovey, of the Nineteenth ward. He honored and respected President Kimball very much and when his last illness came and when he knew that the hour of death was upon him he sent a special messenger to President Kimball and requested that his body might be buried in the plot. President Kimball, in the goodness of his heart, readily granted the dying man's request. The next day Mr. Hovey died, and at the obsequies

President Kimball preached the funeral sermon. The body of David Smith, who was dragged to death by a horse at Kayaville, was also given interment here, as were the remains of Celestia, the little child of Priscilla Huntington Kimball, who was drowned in City Creek.

The monument erected to the memory of President Kimball, is in an excellent state of preservation considering the fact that it was reared more than thirty years ago. It has a granite base and a marble shaft with sandstone trimmings. Upon it, chiseled into the marble is this wording:

In Memory of
HEBER CHASE KIMBALL

One of the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, who was born June 14, 1801, in the town of Sheldon, Franklin county, State of Vermont, and who died in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, June 22, 1885, aged 83 years and 8 days.

Early in 1832 the Gospel was embraced by him as a message of glad tidings, and he became its life-long defender and advocate. Chosen by the first conference of the Saints, he was ordained an Elder in 1832, and one of the Twelve Apostles in 1835, and after the death of the Prophet Joseph he was called to be the first and chief counselor to President Brigham Young which position he held when he departed this life. He filled many missions in England and faithfully in his own and foreign lands. He was called to Zion in 1834, and went up to redeem Zion in Jackson county. In 1837 he carried the Gospel to England, that being the first of the Apostles to do so. Compensation across the ocean to foreign lands. Again called with his brethren, the Apostles, he filled another mission in England in 1841. He was also one of the members who embarked for the Great Salt Lake on July 24, 1847. President Kimball was an effective missionary, a wise counselor, an unflinching defender of the faith, a loving husband and a tender father. In times of trial, of difficulty and danger, his knees never trembled, his hand

"He was a man of as much integrity, I presume, as any man who ever lived upon this earth. I have been personally acquainted with him forty-three years and I can testify that he has been a man of truth, a man of benevolence, a man that was to be trusted."—President Brigham Young.

The names of President Kimb's wives who are buried here are like

engraved upon the shaft, as is also this further inscription:

In Memory of
NEWEL K. WHITNEY,
Presiding Bishop over the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, born
February 5, 1797, in Marborough, Wind-
ham county, Vermont; died September
23, 1850, at Great Salt Lake City, Des-
eret, having been a member of the
Church twenty years, and faithfully
officialled in his office eighteen.



nedan—for they mutually surpass each other in those respects. On this green hill Christ died for men; or on that one farther south; or this one to the west; of "holy" places—more of everything "religious" except the majesty of the ark and the glory of the Shekinah. All that was gone.

THE FARTHER VIEW

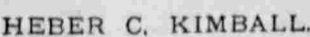
The air is pure and sweet on the green hill, and the day is purpling into the shadows of the twilight. It will be long in the morning, but before the thought can write "It is too late," the splendor of the departed day, the glory of the stars shine out and fill the soul with majesty and beauty. Nothing is left except the memory, and God didn't make that. It used to be said of the Christ that "the common people heard him gladly." Someone said that the dayside preaching of this Carpenter, that the people whose hands were calloused with toil and whose garments bore the marks of poverty. And just now one hears a death cry from the ranks of the workingtons toward the church which somehow doesn't seem to be favorable.

It is much pleasant and better out of the church. "I was down there with my sticks and stones, but one can see the sky, and the stars, and the mountains, which is much better."—Los Angeles Sunday Times.

Ada: as her husband "lara speak of George as her intended? Are they engaged?" Alice:—"No, but she intends they shall be."—Credit Lost.

She: "Left her husband, has she?" He: she used to say he was the light of her existence." He: "Yes, but the light began to go out at night."—Tit.

"Some men," remarked Uncle Eben, "has jes enough austin in 'em to keep 'em from bein' any good for hitchin' posts."—Washington Star.



BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

Jerusalem, April, 1901.

you must always accept the broad and statement of history." I once President Weston say, in much phrase than I can remember, usually distrust its details." That might—indeed, I must accept the of Gettysburg, but I might tem- "little bit" the personal narra- of the private soldiers, especially they dealt with brigade move- and army corps maneuvers. is especially true of political his- and remarkably so of military 1891, and in a measure—quite a describing measure—of religious have for details. "What a passion growing with all vital interest, the life may be, the audience always to know "if he killed the owl," the "bald eagle" and the "olive of minutes" which the "strait- led of giants," not for the purpose adding them, but with the design them for leisurely and enjoy- devotion is very evident in this of Palestine, which the history is on the pages of more than 3,000 written years.

ne stalwart and pestilential smell asserting itself above its fellows, a very

tion in a school of Leviathan odors—streets carpeted with offal, beast, human and "various," a city unfit for the habitation of white men, a Turkish city, in short—that is a brief, comprehensive and truthful description of it, that's the City of Jerusalem as it reveals itself to the senses today. Oh, once in a space they tell me, you come into a clean place and want to lie down and revel and wallow in it. That's what they tell me. I didn't see any. I didn't want to go into the city at all. I'm sorry now that I went. But the

"What!" they said, "come 15,000 miles to Jerusalem and then not enter the

Only City? "What utter nonsense."
TOUCHED BY A TATTLESE
ROEBER.
So I went in much against my will,
I hadn't been in the church of the
Holy Sepulcher half an hour before
some pilgrim picked my pocket and
stuffed a watch worth \$500 in it. And
even the only thing in the world. It
wasn't some competition, however, my
wings was not so great as to make me
after a reward of \$5 for it.

What made me disgusted with the
chief was not so much the fact of his
being an oblique you expect that under
turkish misrule anywhere: you would
be grievously disappointed if you didn't
see it: the shock might prove fatal. I
great

A DISAPPOINTMENT.