

In conversation with him he said in substance:

"I was well acquainted with your grandfather Robert Fawcett. He lived at what we call Wood Bridge in Dent Dale. I was also well acquainted with your great uncle, William Fawcett, and his wife; they lived on the Hill Top or Dip Dale. They had a large family—fifteen sons and daughters, of a big, stalwart race. I knew them well. They lived to a good old age, and always resided on yonder hill. A few years ago they began to drop off, one by one, until today all—all but one—are sleeping in the silent tomb. The one that remains we call her Aunt Betty. She still lives there on the hill top, but at present is paying a visit to her daughter, who is married, at Leeds. Old Bryan, the butcher, was the last one to lay down his weary body; he was a stout, heavy set man."

An old lady, near eighty years of age, named Ellen Bentham, said she was well acquainted not only with my grandfather, but also my great grandfather, Miles Fawcett. At his death she made his shroud. She also pointed out to me the house where my mother and her brothers and sisters were born.

I took a stroll to the old church. That edifice was presumably erected about the twelfth or thirteenth century. It has recently undergone a thorough restoration at a cost of £2700, and the rebuilt part has changed its ancient-looking appearance.

Then I passed through the old churchyard. There are not many monuments or tombstones,—a large number of the residents of Dent Dale being of the poorer class. Here lie the remains of a large number of my relatives, but nearly all their graves are left without a mark of remembrance. How quiet and solemn everything appeared! In looking around at the green fields and garden, in the valley, nature appears to have donned her sweet spring garb. Listen to the warbling of the birds! How sweetly they sing! The old clock in the steeple strikes two—what doleful sound! I stroll on from one part of the yard to the other, reading over the varied inscriptions. There is only one of my relatives by the name of Fawcett who has a tombstone erected to his memory. He was my great-great-uncle, brother to my great grandfather. His name was Robert Fawcett. Reflections of the past come before me. What changes have taken place since my visit to Dent thirty-eight years ago. At that time a large number of my relatives were in the prime of life. Today they sleep in the tomb, awaiting resurrection morn. Here lie the remains of hundreds of good, honest men and women who have died without the Gospel—died without fulfilling the commandment which Jesus gave to Nicodemus: "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God." These people have never heard the Gospel preached—have never heard the sound proclaimed—have never been taught the way to eternal life. And will they be condemned? Will they be debarred from obtaining a glorious salvation, notwithstanding they have never heard the Gospel preached? I answer, No! God is just. Jesus said: "He that believeth on me, though he were dead,

yet shall he live." The antediluvians heard the Gospel preached to them by Jesus, so they could be "judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit." So it is with all who have passed from this life without having the privilege of hearing the Gospel. They have the opportunity of accepting it and can become members of Christ's kingdom by obedience to His laws and ordinances. Oh, how my bosom is filled with rapture at this glorious thought, and how anxiously do I search for the names of my dead ancestors that I may have the privilege of assisting them in this noble cause. May God speed the day when will be revealed the names of the departed ones who have died without hearing the Gospel preached, so the ordinance of baptism can be administered unto them.

In my travels I have never seen a more hospitable people than the residents of Dent Dale. Wherever I went they kindly invited me to participate of their hospitalities. I became acquainted with many who made inquiries concerning our religion, but could find none who had ever heard of it being preached in Dent Dale. To me it was a grand privilege to speak to them about the Gospel and explain the doctrines and principles of our religion. They listened with the greatest attention. To them it was something new; and I believe that when Elders are sent to preach the Gospel there, much good will be done and souls converted unto Christ.

Of the many visits I have made since I left home, Dent Dale will be one long remembered, and not easily forgotten by your humble servant in the Gospel of Christ.

ROBERT AVESON.

ST. JOSEPH STAKE CONFERENCE.

The quarterly conference of the St. Joseph Stake of Zion was held in Pima, June 11 and 12, 1893. There were present on the stand, Elders Christopher Layton, William D. Johnson and Morgan H. Merrill, of the stake presidency, Patriarch P. C. Merrill and members of the high council.

Sunday, 10 a. m., the speakers were Elders Christopher Layton and the Bishops of the various wards throughout the stake, who reported the people to be in a healthy condition both spiritually and temporally, also that they had an abundant harvest and the brethren were busy gathering it.

2 p. m. The sacrament was administered to the congregation. Elder C. Layton felt pleased with the prosperous condition of the stake. Elder W. D. Johnson reported the condition of the stake and urged upon the people the necessity of living their religion and lending a hand to help roll on the work. Elder George Cluff spoke upon educational interests and urged the people to put their shoulders to the wheel and help to complete the academy that is now in course of erection, for it would not do to let a few do it all; he spoke at some length of the interests of the young men and ladies in educating themselves.

Monday 10 a. m. The speakers were Elders C. Layton and M. H. and P. C. Merrill. They gave an account of the

dedication of the Salt Lake Temple, and the instructions and counsel given therein; the subjects of tithing and donations were dwelt upon by M. H. Merrill.

2 p. m. The clerk read the statistical report of the various wards in the stake. The general and local authorities were presented and sustained by vote of the conference. The rest of the time was occupied by Elders Henry Royle, P. C. Merrill, Wm. D. Johnson, M. H. Merrill, John Wasdon and C. Layton. The subjects of the dedication at Salt Lake City, education and our local welfare were the main ones treated on during conference. There was a good turn out and a good spirit prevailed during our sessions.

F. W. MOODY, Clerk.

THATCHER, June 17, 1893.

FILLMORE HAPPENINGS.

FILLMORE, June 19.—Quite a gloom has brooded over us for a number of days past owing to several cases of sickness of women, and two deaths. Mrs. Mercy Croft Callister, the twenty-year-old wife of John W. Callister, died on the evening of the 13th under circumstances that created great sympathy for the young husband, who was 200 miles from home in Nevada. Messengers were sent by team to inform him of his wife's sickness. Dr. Tilson came down from Payson on the 12th and gave encouragement for her recovery but hope was blighted in death. Bishop T. C. Callister started off in the night to bear the still sadder news to his young brother, whom he hoped to meet at Deseret, thirty-five miles away. Not finding him he got a fresh team loaned by Brother Dan Black and drove it ninety miles that day, and the same team seventy miles more the next day. The Bishop tells how he prayed to the Lord to sustain that team that they might endure the heat and thirst of that long and tedious journey. Our God does not sleep and doubtless heard his prayer. When Johnny saw his brother he cried out: "Tell me the worst, I know my Murt is dead, or you would be at her side!" The young man was entirely prostrated with grief and fatigue when he arrived here.

The funeral was a large one, as the young lady was a great favorite in public esteem and a school teacher of remarkable ability. For a number of terms she has taught in Kanosh, and possessed that special charm of commanding obedience with attractive admiration. She was the daughter of the well known and respected Jacob Croft, who sat like a familiar monarch in the face of death, this being the twelfth child that had fallen before the reaper's sickle, with the last one sobbing at his side; four wives had been gathered in, and the lonely whiteness of octogenarian sat and mutely wept, the embodiment of faith in God and the Gospel restored to earth in this dispensation, sustained by the peace of a virtuous life and the comforting influence of the Holy Ghost.

Sunday at 9 o'clock a. m., Millisa, wife of Brother Alma Greenwood, died after years of suffering. About ten days since she was stricken with paralysis and has shown little signs of consciousness since. She was thirty.