

to the meeting house about noon, where a large assembly had gathered to pay their last respects to him, and to hear his funeral sermon preached. The speakers were Wm. Bramhall of Springfield, Wm. Paxman, president of Juab Stake, Wm. M. Bromley, Wm. R. Webb, Thomas Barratt and Bishop Wm. D. Robinson, all of whom spoke in the highest terms of the deceased and his many admirable qualities.

Samuel Wagstaff was born October 20, 1820, in the village of Caidcot, parish of Northill, county of Bedfordshire, England. He was one of a family of eleven, seven of whom obeyed the Gospel, and six of them emigrated to Utah. His mother also came to this country, and died in 1856, at Lehi, Utah county. He married Lucy Maria Webb in England on December 25, 1840. She bore him nine children, all of whom survive, except one. He embraced the Gospel in 1849, and immigrated to Utah in 1862. On his arrival he came direct to American Fork, and stayed there continually till his death. Deceased married four wives, two of them are dead, and the other two survive him. One of the latter is blind and was in this sad state when married. He served a term of imprisonment in the Utah penitentiary, in 1888, for conscience sake, and it is from a sketch of his life written while there, that this summary, in part, is prepared. He leaves eleven children, fifteen grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

Brother Wagstaff was a prominent and active worker in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints from the time of his conversion and baptism up to the day of his death, and thought no sacrifice too great in the discharge of his duties. He presided for a good many years over a branch of the Church in his native land, and through his unwavering faith and kindness won the love and confidence of all its members. Soon after he settled in American Fork he was appointed by Bishop L. E. Harrington to act as one of the presiding Teachers of the ward, which position he has filled with marked success ever since. He was an active Sunday school worker up to a few years ago, when the Bishop released him from that capacity, so that he might have more time to lend his energies in other necessary directions. In his position as presiding ward Teacher he was eminently successful and was a great help to the Bishopric of the ward, as he seldom failed to satisfactorily adjust difficulties between discordant and refractory members within the purview of his jurisdiction. For the last few years of his life, he made it his special business to visit the homes of the afflicted and downcast, and to administer words of cheer and comfort to them; he would arrange to go to the homes of the old and feeble and administer the Sacrament to them on the Sabbath day, and when he could get a few of them together at their homes, he would hold a short meeting with them, and give them a chance to speak of God's goodness if they felt so inclined. Thus many a poor old soul was made to rejoice who was unable to go to the public meetings.

Like many more of the Latter-day Saints who have gathered from the Old World, Brother Wagstaff was entirely out of taste with the prevailing dogmas of sectarianism and was anxiously looking and waiting for something better and higher to appease his soul which he found to his great joy in the Gospel message delivered to him through the instrumentality of Joseph Smith the great Prophet of the nineteenth century. In 1849, the year in which the deceased obeyed the Gospel, the tide of prejudice ran high in England against the Latter-day Saints and their missionaries, and

it was hard for them to get places in which to hold their meetings. Brother Wagstaff opened his house to them for this purpose, and, as he lived in a rented house, was threatened with expulsion therefrom for so doing. On one occasion the lord of the manor served notice on Brother Wagstaff to leave his home within a specified time or he would have him ejected by force; but through a lucky coincidence, unknown to the dictatory, Brother Samuel had just settled his rent for another year, with an agent who had authority to receive it, and was thus legally justified in biding defiance to his would-be persecutors. The parish parson was the chief instigator of this intended trouble, and was very wrathful when he found that his schemes were foiled.

So, another of nature's staunch noblemen—a true, faithful, tested servant of God—has lived and departed, and goes down to the grave ripe in years, honored and respected by all who knew him, to await the benefits of the first resurrection, and the happy, welcome plaudit, "Come, my faithful servant, enter into the joys of thy Lord." J. C.

ISRAEL IVINS.

ST. GEORGE, April 20, 1897.—Israel Ivins was born at Tom's River, New Jersey, on the 19th of May, 1815; joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and went to Nauvoo in an early day; was a true friend to the Prophet Joseph Smith; was married to Anna Lowrie Ivins on the 19th of March, 1844, by Jedediah M. Grant; came to Utah in 1853; was married to Julia Hill Feb. 12th, 1857. He surveyed quite a large portion of the northern part of Utah and some of Idaho, as also the greater part of Lincoln county, Nevada. He moved to St. George in the year 1861, and surveyed the city of St. George, as also the Rio Virgen and other fields and ditches. Although not a diplomated physician, he has performed a great amount of successful medical practice among the people of this southern country, and he was never known to ask the question, have you any money, but tendered his services to both rich and poor and thus made many friends in very deed. Among the many acts that he has performed among the people for the defense of Zion's cause, may be mentioned the winter spent in and around Echo canyon during the Buchanan crusade. He was the father of eleven children, six of whom and his wives have preceded him to the spirit world. He leaves five children and a number of grandchildren to honor his name and a host of friends who will cherish his memory while life shall last. He died on the 16th of April, 1897, in his own peaceful home, with very little pain. He had been confined to his home for a number of years, having been blind about six years, and thus having to be cared for by his family, who performed this duty cheerfully, he having taught them by his affection for them all their lives to love him. He has gone to meet his loved ones on the other side.

The funeral services over the remains of Brother Ivins were held in the St. George Tabernacle on the 18th of April, 1897. Elder Hober J. Grant of the Council of Apostles was present, also Elder A. W. Ivins, president of the Mexican mission, who is a son of Brother Ivins, and who arrived from Salt Lake City to attend the funeral. Elder George Woodhard was the first speaker. He said in all the long life of Brother Ivins, and he had known him ever since he had joined the Church in an early day, his life had been spent in striving to do good and to assist in building up the Church and Kingdom of God on the earth. President D. D. McArthur also had known the

deceased from his early history in the Church and bore testimony to the remarks of Brother Woodhard. He prayed God to bless the good and noble family of Brother Ivins and exhorted them to follow their father's good example. Counselor E. B. Snow also had been acquainted with Brother Ivins for a number of years, and he, too, knew he was a sincere man, had lived an honorable life and had gone to his loved ones; exhorted all to follow his worthy example. Elder H. J. Grant said were it not for the knowledge that we have of the Gospel and its glorious privileges and blessings, we might consider we had lost a brother and a friend. But the Gospel teaches us that a death here is a birth into another sphere. He spoke of Brother Ivins's integrity to the cause of Christ, and of his long and useful life; while some who were called to the Dixie mission had failed to fill it, and in some cases had made money, yet Brother Ivins had stayed and did his duty, made a success of life and raised an honorable family who do now and will forever call him blessed. W. C.

NATHAN TANNER PORTER.

Nathan Tanner Porter, son of Sanford and Nancy W. Porter, was born July 10, 1820, at Corinth, Orange county, Vermont. The same year the family moved to Augusta, Oneida county, New York, and three years later to Liberty, Trumbull county, Ohio. It was there the child of one summer passed the first of a long series of experiences common to frontier life. Four years was long enough to await the coming of near neighbors and in 1827, the westward journey was resumed.

Traveling by flat-boats as far as Evansville, Indiana, transfer was made to a truck-wagon which carried the boy and his family associates as far as the banks of the Illinois river near Peoria, Illinois. It was here that Elders Lyman Wight and John Carroll succeeded through divine intervention in making the older members of the family true followers in the Church of Jesus Christ. Thereupon, when the gathering place for the Saints was pointed out, another home was abandoned, and during the winter of 1831-2 a trying and hazardous journey was made to Jackson county, Missouri. The Fifth or Prairie branch included the inheritance of Father Porter and family and once more they pitched their tent on the outskirts. On the 20th day of June of the following year, the twelve-year-old boy sought and received baptism, Elder Jonathan Sumner officiating. While this date marks his entry into the fold of Christ it by no means indicated the beginning of faith in the Gospel. However, it began, in the life of the youth, the long epoch of suffering for the right. Just one year and the haven of peace and sacredness had become the place of greatest peril. What is known in history as the first Missouri persecution brought him to the banks of the Grand river, a refugee, there to behold the fireworks of heaven—a scene that brought victory to the outcast and defeat to his oath-bound enemy. Moving down the river, the foundation of another home was laid, only to be left unfinished some five years later.

The fall of 1839 found the young man together with his parents on the west bank of the Mississippi river, opposite the town of Nauvoo. The second Missouri persecution had taken place. Another ill now joined forces with the persecutor. Through over-exertion sickness followed and then and there it was that for a return of health and strength the all of life was placed upon the altar. As a volunteer the boy of nineteen summers began his missionary labors which were to cover a period in this life of more than half a century. In the spring of 1841 he