

Wilford Woodruff to a foreign mission at the very time when he knew that assassins were nightly plotting to take his life. Nothing in the annals of history is to my mind more sadly pathetic than was the parting of Joseph from those truest friends in the hour of deadly peril—save only that scene—that awful scene in the lovely garden where Jesus, the spotless Son of God, sweat blood while heavy-eyed slumber bound in senseless sleep every human heart capable of sympathetic emotion or pity for his deathly agony.

To understand what the Prophet suffered when sending away the few men in whom, in those dark days of trouble and sorrow, he could implicitly rely, we need only remember how his sensitive nature called him back from life to death, when false friends accused the shepherd of deserting his flock. How sadly pathetic, how reproachful sounds after the lapse of years, words wrung from a wounded heart—"If my life is of no value to my friends it should not be of value to me."

I have wandered from Brigham to Joseph. Well, God made them one—brothers before they came here—brothers here, brothers hereafter. In life their love and devotion to each other was something touchingly tender and beautiful. In life Joseph the Prophet was true to Brigham, his foreknown successor. In life Brigham was equally true to Joseph. And who can say that one word of reproach ever fell from his lips after Joseph sealed his testimony with his blood?

Brigham Young was human and no doubt had human imperfections; possibly they might have been shown to the living, but I do not think that he was ever jealous of the dead. The sun has spots—I am not able to say that God had not placed them there for the temporal salvation of man made in His own image. I am not able to bear more light and heat than comes from the king of day with all the spots that obscure his face! I have seen Brigham Young at times when he appeared, much as I can conceive, a greater than mortal man to be. But for my own, and the sake of others I was glad to realize then, and am glad to know now that he was human and doubtless had human frailties, though I was unable to discern many that I was sure were such.

Thinking of him reverently now, and trying to grasp the scope of his great mind, I am much in the condition as when after two days' hard work, I failed to reach the top of a volcanic mountain in Mexico. Joyously I traversed the belt of flower and fern, then passed, much fatigued, the upper skirting of the timber beyond which vegetation yielded to the sway of eternal ice and snow. Yet above and within I knew there was a throbbing, though slumbering heart of fire, the extent and force of which no man could estimate. Still struggling upward, anxious to reach the height for which I had toiled, my feet grew cold, my head hot, while the heart beat hard, the brain grew giddy

and reason uncertain, but something whispered, "You have measured your capacity."

So with the character of Brigham Young. However great I may think it, it still is greater than that. However much I may try to exalt his life it still is beyond that. Broad as I may think his capabilities, they were broader than I can estimate. However high I may place his wonderful character, it still—like that volcanic mountain—is higher than I can reach.

Its height and breadth and depth are beyond the scope of my powers. In contemplating them I am amazed even at my faint conceptions of its magnitude, and yet I have but reached the ferns and flowers. A way above is the hardy pine, and still above these the garnered treasures of ice and snow to be melted by the growing heat and sent down, with the laughing brook, to gladden the parched earth below.

Brigham Young was colonizer, statesman, philosopher, philanthropist, reformer, prophet, leader, priestly king, an honest man, God's noblest work. In June, 1837, Heber C. Kimball, Orson Hyde and others were called to go on a mission to England. Heber was exceedingly desirous that Brigham should accompany them, but Joseph the Prophet said "No; I shall keep him with me." The wisdom of that decision was soon verified. Brigham publicly and privately testified that he knew by the testimony of the Holy Ghost that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the Most High God, and had not transgressed and fallen as apostates declared. In consequence of that testimony his own life was threatened and he left Kirtland in December following. Later the Prophet and Sidney Rigdon fled from the fury of mobs, and joined him in Indiana, where Joseph sought to get a job sawing and cutting wood. Failing to secure work, and being weary, he came and said: "Brother Brigham, I am destitute of means to pursue my journey, and as you are one of the Twelve Apostles who hold the keys of the Kingdom in all the world, I believe I shall throw myself upon you and look to you for counsel in this case."

At first Brigham was unable to think Joseph was in earnest, but on finally being convinced that he really was he said: "If you will take my counsel, Brother Joseph, you will rest yourself, and be assured you shall have plenty of money with which to pursue your journey." That simple incident, trifling in itself, goes to show in what estimation the great modern prophet held the wisdom and strength of his friend and predicted successor, even in those early days. God verified, too, the words of his apostolic servant, and Joseph was soon supplied with "plenty of money to pursue his journey." A more striking incident of brotherly devotion to Joseph, and of obedience to the revelations of God through him, is shown in the fulfilment of the word of the Lord given in 1836 respecting the Twelve

Apostles and their duties in reference to preaching the Gospel in the regions round about and definitely fixing the date—April 26, 1837—when they should take leave of the Saints at Far West "on the building spot of my house sayeth the Lord," previous to their departure on a mission over the great waters.

As the date mentioned approached many of the Saints found themselves banished, Joseph the Prophet imprisoned and the Twelve could return to Far West only at the peril of their lives. But there was the revelation fixing time and place for the performance of a special work assigned to the Twelve by the Lord. Mobs had declared with an oath that one revelation of Joseph Smith at least should fail of fulfillment, even if all others should be verified to the letter. This one, boasted they, names date and place where and when certain things are commanded to be done, and we will see that they are not done. Even many of the authorities of the Church, it is said, urged that the Lord would not require the Apostles to fulfil that revelation literally, but would accept the will for the deed. But Brigham Young and the Twelve with him thought otherwise. He and they felt that the Lord had spoken and it was their duty to obey, trusting in Him to protect them and determine results.

The Prophet was imprisoned and the responsibility of the Church and of sustaining the word of God was on the Twelve, and Brigham Young was not the man to let it fail. Reaching the vicinity of Far West the Twelve hid themselves in a grove, while the mob came into the town and taunted the committee in charge, respecting the revelation mentioned and threatened them with violence if they were found in Far West the next day.

"Early on the morning of April 26th, the elect day"—The Twelve proceeded to the building spot of the "Lord's House," held their conference, excommunicated thirty-one persons from the Church, and through the assistance of the master workman recommenced the construction of the "Lord's House" by "rolling a large stone upon the north-east corner." There were present of the Twelve: Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Orson Pratt, John E. Page and John Taylor. On that sacred spot and on that memorable day, they ordained Wilford Woodruff and George A. Smith to the office of the Apostleship and called them as the Lord had directed to fill the place, in the quorum of the Twelve, made vacant by those who had fallen. Following the ceremony of ordination, prayer was offered, each praying in turn beginning with Brigham Young. After which they sang "Adam-ondi-Ahman," and took leave of the Saints as instructed in the revelation.

These circumstances clearly show why Joseph was loth to part with Brigham even on the earnest solicitation of his almost equally beloved friend Heber. To the pleading importunities of such even