

dially, and when leaving pressing invitations were extended for our return.

While at Bellville we were hospitably entertained by the presiding Elder of the Reorganized branch of his town, Joseph E. Belts. He has made more than one trip to Utah, and was not only impressed with its beautiful neatness and the frugality of the Saints, but an everlasting impression was stamped upon his brain that although he may endeavor to talk away, time nor ages will not efface, i.e., that the Utah Saints have the power—the priesthood that binds on earth, and in heaven, and causes multitudes, and kindreds, and nations, and tongues to be united into one harmonious whole—one as the Father and the Son are one. He was so much impressed with the truth of our position that he candidly expressed to us that the only thing he could do was to “live in hopes,” as he had “no way of knowing which was right.” I informed him that was where we had the advantage of him, Jesus says, “whosoever shall do the will of my Father, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.” We, who have embraced the doctrine taught and administered by the authority of Heaven know the path that is marked for us to be the one leading to and through the “strait gate.” He reminded us that the scriptures inform us that we must “live in hope.” We called his attention to the fact that Peter declares that we shall add to our faith, hope and virtue, and to virtue knowledge;—we had obeyed this, and now had that knowledge that the priesthood and power were with us. He asked for some outward evidences. I told him they were too numerous to be all mentioned in a day or two’s conversation, but to illustrate some forcible outlines that the observer, though merely casual in consideration, could not help but see and mentally if not orally acknowledge. I called his attention to the fact that while the Prophet Joseph lived, his whole energy, soul’s ambition and struggle was, from the very first, to “gather the Saints,” and to build temples that the work of redemption, for the dead as well as the living might go on, for, says he, “there is not any too much time,” etc. This was the spirit of the Prophet. I also illustrated this way: If you should board the train at Bellville, enroute to Salt Lake City, with the perfect understanding that there was no change of cars,—that there was only one road, and no stop-overs allowed, and when at St. Louis there was a change of conductors, but at the “all aboard” away the train speeds, nothing unusual would be regarded as having occurred by the change of conductors; the general management and plan had undergone no change or variance. On the other hand, before the train left St. Louis, some, when they realized that there was not much slumber nor sleep enjoyed, that it was a through train, and being influenced by hotel drummers and sbarks in general that they could get a good sleep by staying, and take the next train were thus led off, and had lived on such promises for over fifty years—would you not begin to think that perhaps those who remained and followed other conductors have boarded the wrong train? Such is the case with the “stone” or “kingdom” that Daniel saw, filling the whole earth. The change of conductors—Brigham Young one other successor to the Prophet Joseph—has made no

lull or pause in the work, but with great rapidity the stone has moved and is still rolling,—the Saints have continued to gather; springs and streams have burst forth in the desert, and temples have not ceased to be built, until now the “mountain of the Lord’s house” is fully established in the tops of the mountains, and some from every nation are saying “come, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob,” as was clearly predicted by Isaiah and Micah both, to transpire in the last days. While those who have slept are now wandering, like sheep without a shepherd, and, as you say, trying to encourage a faint “hope” that perhaps they can “climb up some other way,” etc. We then asked our friend if, when he could see all this striking contrast, he did not feel as though he had missed the train?”

This gentleman is by no means the only one that is candid enough to express a doubt. On the same visit, while in conversation with Ann Edwards, who once belonged to the church proper, in England, with an honest expression told of how warm she then felt, and what unspeakable joy at their meetings and gatherings together then filled her heart, while now, it appeared calloused or frozen. She continued by saying that she hoped the Lord would forgive her for what she had done wrong. My humble prayer is that the honest in heart among this people may speedily see their error and come in at the door into the sheepfold.

On Saturday, December 7th, Elder Roberts and I bade each other a farewell—such a one as only Mormon missionaries can,—he for home, and myself (having conference and other business to call me—also to try and improve my health) for Chicago.

Leaving St. Louis at about 8 p. m., on the C. and A. road, I reached the famous city at about the same time Sunday morning. The city was a grand sight to me, with its many people, cars and large buildings. As I wended my way toward Madison St., I beheld the smoke and fire raging from a six or eight story building. It was not long until about thirty-five fire engines were on every side and corner of the entire block; and how they did pour huge streams of the cold sparkling water into that building from every side. And still the fiery serpent hissed forth from roof, doors, and windows,—a perfect sea of sparks and glaring flames, until the building was perfectly shelled. What must the fire of “71” have been, when there were 2,100 acres of land burned over, with 18,000 buildings consumed, rendering 100,000 people homeless, (nearly double the entire inhabitants of Salt Lake City) and actually destroying about \$192,000,000 worth of property, making a grand total loss of business etc., of not less than \$290,000,000

This sight led and appeased the curiosity—but I realized more physical strength, in partaking of “bread and cheese” at Elder Andrew A. Dahles’ abode, 2916 Calumet avenue. Himself, wife, and daughter have a comfortable abode here, and extend a general invitation to all Saints and friends, who may visit Chicago, to call on them. Elder Danle is the only Elder we have laboring in Chicago, and when it is considered that it would take just about twenty cities the like of Salt Lake to make one Chicago, our young Elders at home can

see that we have plenty of room for them—even in this great city. I remarked to Elder Dable that I believed that when he had called on each family in his town and left a Gospel tract, the Lord would be willing for him to be honorably released and return to Utah. He did not seem to be favorably inclined to laboring by piece work.

On the Monday we were on business and sight-seeing; not forgetting to visit the Masonic Temple with its twenty-one stories, nor the stock yards, and the board of trade, which looked to us like a chaotic gambling pool.

On Tuesday we took the Chicago and North western train to Elgin, Illinois, and when at the depot walked about one mile to the asylum, where we had the opportunity of meeting, and conversing with the prophet’s youngest son, David Hyrum Smith, who was exhilarated with our coming. He conversed quite freely, and with peculiar intelligence and acute memory, and it was only occasionally that he would lose his threads, (which he was always cognizant of,) and would seek to bridge with supposition. He would speak of walking with Brother Stevenson, and sitting on the grass, plucking flowers, and the correspondence received from him, headed “Snowflake, Arizona,” with a misty eye. He mentioned the fact that Brother Stevenson had sent him a sermon, preached by Elder F. M. Lyman, on “Church organization,” which he said was “simple and very beautiful.” When we opened before him the “views of Salt Lake City, he became warmly interested, and mentioned his visit to Salt Lake, remembered the foundation of the Temple—also where State street, (the State road) is, and of going in bathing at Black Rock. He recognized the faces of Presidents George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith; said he had met them at the World’s Fair. He appeared to be so rational and pointed in his conversation that I ventured to test his power of thought and views, to wit: “In your opinion, which do you believe the Lord intended to lead the Church, Brigham, or Joseph?” His only answer, with a smile, was: “That is a strange question.” We let the matter rest there; but to us his simple answer, meant volutes—he knows more than he cares to tell.

After remaining about two hours we parted, having secured his autograph, in a very neat legible hand. He almost made us promise that we would come again, and Elder Dable promised to take his wife and visit him during the holidays. He also expressed a desire to have Presidents Cannon and Smith visit him; and hopes some day to go to Utah; says he believes it will be more wealthy.

While at Elgin we did not fail to visit the great Elgin watch factory. About 2,200 men and women are now employed; before the “hard times” came they employed 3,300. They now turn out about 1,400 watches per day, and have turned out 2,000 per day. Every individual gets paid by piece-work, and some handle about 17,000 pieces per day. Some parts of a watch are handled and worked by eighty-seven persons before they are ready to place in position. No coal is used for fuel; petroleum in its crude state, and some little gas is used. The works are superintended by George Hunter, Esq., with his son as assistant. All ministers are