

STRONG TESTIMONIES.

There is much opposition to the claim made by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, that "it is the duty of its members to receive revelation for themselves at any and at all times;" and however much this fact may be doubted, those who "know for themselves" are not disposed to yield because a hundred, or even a thousand, disbelievers tell them they were "deceived." I wish to narrate a few of the revelations made to me, and the circumstances under which they were given, for the benefit of those who choose to be benefited thereby, and in order that those who do not want testimony might be left without an excuse.

How often have men of apparent intelligence remarked in my hearing that it might be that the Saints of latter-days have manifestations of God's power, but they themselves could not believe it.

I was born at Farmington, Davis County, Utah, on April 3rd, 1852. Shortly after, as is the custom among our people, my parents took me to the ward fast meeting, so that I might there be placed in the arms of the Elders, and receive a name and a blessing from them. On that occasion I was named and blessed. I would here state that I am one of ten sons, some older and some younger; that when I was blessed at this meeting others were blessed also; that the Elder who pronounced the blessing soon removed from our town; and although my father noted the fact of my having been blessed on such a date, I never made inquiry; nor was it ever talked over in our family circle or in my presence until the winter of 1881. I was then nearly twenty-nine years old, and in connection with Brother Leonard G. Hardy, of Salt Lake City, I was called to visit and address the Y. M. M. I. A. of each ward in Davis, Morgan, Summit, and Wasatch counties. We began our labors at the southern end of Davis County, first traveling north and then east. On the evening that we held a meeting at South Hooper—Brother Hardy and I having been blessed with much freedom—after dismissal an old gentleman, bowed down with the snows of many winters, pressed forward and grasped my hand, saying, "How do you do, Brother Steed? God bless you. You are the boy I blessed when you were a babe at Farmington." Shaking the veteran by the hand, I replied, "Kind sir, how do you know that I am the boy whom you

blessed, for you are a stranger to me, and I am unable to say who blessed me?" He rejoined, "I know I am not mistaken. I know you are the boy; for the same spirit that thrilled me while blessing you then came over me tonight while listening to your address." "Strange, strange!" thought I to myself, unable to tell the name of the Elder who did this service for me; "and here I am confronted by a man who says he has this knowledge, and gives his proof. Strange, strange!" I ruminated. "I will surely prove this mystery; I will search the records. Your name, please? It is written down, and now I will obtain the proof as soon as I reach home." "All right," he answered, "I am not afraid; I know I am right."

After our mission was finished, and I was again at home, I questioned my parents. "Father," said I, "Can you tell, mother, can you tell, the name of the Elder who blessed me?" My mother replied, "I believe it was Brother G—;" and father said, "I am uncertain, but I think it was Elder R—; I kept a journal in those days, and I will find it." Sure enough it was found to be none other than this same aged brother who had told me by the Spirit, for father's journal recorded the name of Elder Charles Dalton as having performed the service for me.

On the seventh day of September, 1881, in Anoka County, Minn., while on a mission to the people of that county, in company with Brother C. Wallentine, of Paris, Idaho, we being in a new and, to us, strange part of the district where we had never been before—tired, footsore and hungry, with a prospect of rain—we turned aside from the road into the woods, as was our custom, to ask the Lord to show us by His Spirit where we could find shelter for the night. While on my knees praying the vision of my mind was opened, and a house, different from any other I had ever seen was shown me. In gladness I arose and told Brother Wallentine I had beheld the house wherein we would stop for the night. He asked me to describe it, which I was able to do with minuteness. We traveled on to the next house and Brother Wallentine remarked, "This is the one; will you ask here?" "Brother Wallentine," said I, "does that house answer the description I gave?" "No," he answered with a laugh, which I thought signified that he only half believed what I had told him.

"Well," I observed, "don't ask nor expect me to ask until we come to the one which I have described." However, we were tired, and to put me to the test he inquired for lodging at each dwelling we came to, but invariably the answer was "No."

At length when close upon sunset, on ascending a hill, and to my great delight, our eyes beheld the house which had been shown me while praying, and which I had so well pictured. "Well, Steed," said Brother Wallentine, "there is the house; I suppose you will ask to stay there?" "Yes," I replied, "I will; and, Brother Wallentine, be assured that 'no' will not be the answer." And it was so. A hearty "Come in" was given in response to my knock. Supper, bed, and breakfast were furnished to us, and on leaving next morning, when thanks and good day were said, "Call again if you should ever come this way," were the parting words.

I will here say that all the parties named in these two narratives are still alive; and in proof of the truth of these statements I refer those who doubt them to,

THOMAS J. STEED.

CAPITAL NEWS.

The hearing before the House committee on Territories is still in progress, and there has been some lively tilting between the two delegations. The committee are highly interested, and many questions are put in order to draw out the facts. On Monday morning Judge M'Bride made a lengthy address. He acknowledged that he was one of the "anti-Mormon ring" that had been spoken of by Mr. Richards, and was also an "agitator." He spoke of the organization of the State of Deseret, and the large area it proposed to include in 1849, and went on to say he did not dispute the statistics and other such information conveyed in Mr. Richards' speech, which through that gentleman's courtesy he had been able to examine.

The speaker then pooh poohed the idea that the Mormon pioneers found a desert when they arrived; as he said he had been in Salt Lake valley before then, and rode through grass so tall that it wet his moccasins with dew! "There never was a more inviting spot on the face of the earth!" The track taken by the Mormons across the plains was "as well beaten as the old military road from Wheeling to Baltimore, and as