have a son born in the new and everlasting covenant, and I looked upon it as a great blessing to be thus honored.

I was living in the adobe row just on the north side of City Creek, where the first home Heber C. Kimball built in the valley was situated. It was very comfortable compared with what we had been accustomed to since leaving our homes. It was there my son Joseph was born, and I was so anxious that he should grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord that I prayed continually that I might have wisdom to teach him those things that would be for his highest good, that he might grow up to be an honor and a blessing in the Kingdom of God. I know now that my prayers were heard, and I feel that the Lord has been very merciful to me, and that though many of my sons were taken away when young, yet this one has been spared to me, and in my old age he is my stay and comfort, and I expect he will assist me in my work for the dead in the Temples of the Lord.

He grew to manhood under Gospel influence, for I never lost sight of the promise I had made to the Lord to train him up to do His bidding. I have had more joy, more comfort and more satisfaction in this one son, who was born in this celestial order of marriage in the new and everlasting covenant, than in all the other children I have borne. He is to me an Isaac indeed, and I feel to thank God that He gave me so good and so noble a gift, and I acknowledge His hand in all my trials and afflictions, and realize that He has guided me safely through, and that in my declining years I am reaping the reward promised to the obedient and those who keep the commandments of God without murmuring, and who endure persecution through evil report as well as good.”
two women are descended from a race of patriots, and it is not strange that a generous share of heroism has descended to them, and that it very strongly marks the character of the family. The Huntington families are intermarried with the Lathrops, from whom Presendia was named, and this family was also among the early New England settlers, one of whom was the Reverend Samuel Lathrop, who, for non-conformity, being a preacher in the First Congregational Church in Boston, was imprisoned for two years, and on being released in 1634, came to America and was the first minister of Scituate, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Kimball's mother was Zina Baker whose father was one of the first physicians in New Hampshire, and whose mother descended from the Dymock's of Sir Edward Dymock, Queen Elizabeth's champion. Presendia was the fourth child of her parents, and was born in Watertown, Jefferson Co., N. Y., September 18, 1810. Mrs. Kimball is said to be the exact counterpart of the Eliza Huntington whose likeness is in the book, the record of the Huntington's, as a type of the race. Sister Presendia is a woman to see once is to remember always. She reminds one of the daunt of the old times, large, tall, grand and majestic in figure, dignified in manner, yet withal, so womanly and sympathetic that she seems the embodiment of the motherly element to a degree that would embrace all who come under her influence. Truly she may, in every sense of the word, be termed a mother in Israel in very deed. Her life has been exceptionally eventful. It is impossible to give in a brief sketch like this even a tittle of her wonderful experiences, but a few items will convey to the reader something of the life of this good woman, so rich in faith, so full of integrity to the Gospel, and will perhaps be beneficial to others, and show of what material have been the women who have been foremost in helping to establish the principles that have called forth so much comment throughout the civilized world. It takes women of more than ordinary stamina to endure all the stigma, reproach and calumny that is sure to follow the introduction of any new ideas, even though they may be for the progression and advancement of the human race here and hereafter. The father and mother of Sister Presendia both became members of the Church at a very early date, they had been Presbyterians of the strictest kind.

The Huntington's with their family, contrary to the wishes of their relatives and friends, shortly after embracing the Gospel as taught by the Prophet Joseph, removed to Kirklan, Ohio, where the saints were gathering together and assisted in building the Temple in that place, which is still standing as a testimony to all of the faithful labors of the people of God, in erecting Temples to the Most High in the face of the bitterest persecutions. At the time of the gathering to Missouri, Father and Mother Huntington went up to Jackson County, and shared in the hardships and perils of that eventful epoch in the history of the Church. The hardships endured there by these veterans are too dreadful to contemplate, and eventually both of them laid down their lives in consequence of the privations and persecutions to which they had been so cruelly subjected. Faithful and true to the very last hour of their lives, were these noble saints of the Most High; descended from those who had battled for freedom from oppression and nobly earned the title of freemen for themselves and their posterity; yet for the same reason, their religious faith compelled them to pass through the same series of trying ordeals, until death came to their relief. Who shall answer for the noble lives thus sacrificed? Is there not an avenger of the innocent and suffering of the Saints? Yet these things trans-

A VENERABLE WOMAN.

PRESENDIA LATHROP KIMBALL.

It is a singular fact, and one that any thoughtful person cannot avoid noticing, that many of the men and women who first embraced the Gospel in this dispensation, were the direct descendants of those who died in persecution in the old world, to find an asylum in the new, where they could worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. And how similar has been the history of this people to that of the Pilgrim fathers and mothers. Among this number is the lady who forms the subject of this sketch. Her genealogical record on the father's side (Huntington was her family name), has been traced to Simon Huntington, the Puritan immigrant who sailed from England in 1633, but died at sea, leaving a widow, Margaret Huntington and three sons. Of Mrs. Kimball's illustrious ancestors was Samuel Huntington, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, Governor of Connecticut, and President of the Continental Congress. Wm. Huntington, grandfather of Mrs. Kimball, and nephew of Samuel Huntington, was born in Tolland, Connecticut, and served in the army through the Revolutionary war. He moved to New Hampshire in 1784, and there Mrs. Kimball's father, Wm. Huntington, was born; he also served in the war with Great Britain in 1812. In 1804, the Huntington's removed to Watertown, New York, and there Presendia Lathrop was born, also her sister Zina D., whose biography we published last year in the EXponent. These pired under the broad spread folds of the flag of liberty, freedom to all, religious liberty to every creed and color. Consider too this was not on account of the practice of plural marriage, there could be no such excuse then, for the principle had not yet been revealed.

To be Continued.
A VENERABLE WOMAN.

PRESENDIA LATHROP KIMBALL.

[Continued.]

The youth of Sister Presendia was passed in comparative seclusion, in the quiet country town where she was born. The advantages of education enjoyed at that early period were few, and in remote districts such as Watertown, the people were only taught to read, write and spell and a little arithmetic and geography. This was considered quite sufficient, especially for girls. Presendia Huntington had a mind deep enough to have grappled with the most abstruse studies, but such was not the order of the day when she was young, therefore she was compelled to submit to the existing conditions of the times, while her whole soul thirsted after knowledge and intelligence. Girls were taught housewifery in all its details and departments. They were also taught to spin and weave, to knit and sew. The amusements were mostly dancing and riding on horseback. Everything was very primitive and simple and done in the most economical manner. In those days the habits of life were such as promoted health, activity and full physical development. Sister Presendia merged from childhood into a very large well-proportioned and handsome young woman. In mind she was inclined to be spiritual and reverential, though not pronounced, as to a declaration of her religious sentiments. She became acquainted with Norman Buell, a young man of considerable ability and enterprise, and after a formal courtship subsequently married him at the age of seventeen. The first years of the married life of Mr. and Mrs. Buell were passed in Mansville, New York. Mr. Buell was a manufacturer, and his business was so different to anything his wife had been accustomed to in her own home on a farm, that she was inclined to be unhappy on account of it, though in a worldly point of view they were well off. There first child was born in Mansville, Dec. 12, 1838, and was called George. Shortly after, on account of Mrs. Buell's predilections in favor of farm life, her husband sold his machinery and business and returned to his father's in Redmond, Jefferson Co., N. Y. The estate of Mr. Buell's father being settled soon after, he received his portion and bought a hundred acres of land in an adjoining county township of Pinbury, Lewis Co. There he built a nice comfortable house and a commodious barn, set out an orchard of valuable fruit trees, and stocked his farm well with cattle and sheep. There was also a maple orchard on the farm, so they manufactured their own molasses and sugar as well as some to sell. They kept geese too, and as Mrs. Buell was a farmer's daughter and accustomed to all the details of farm life, she soon had her house well supplied with downy feather beds. They raised flax too, and Mrs. Buell worked up for domestic use large quantities of both wool and flax. A little husband made a living in which she did the weaving, so you can readily understand her hands were never idle; and in the language of the Scripture it might be said of her, “she layeth her hands to the spindle and her hands hold the distaff,” “she maketh fine linen and selveth it,” and so on. Here upon the farm in the new house her second son was born, Dec. 25, 1831. The young couple cleared seventy acres of the new land and made a splendid farm. They made up their minds to acquire wealth by dint of hard labor, industry and perseverance. They were united in the endeavor to make their home comfortable and pleasant, and the young wife performed her part well, assisting her husband as much as possible. Sister Presendia says, “I primed all the cloth for our house, made the putty, set the glass and painted the whole house inside and as far outside as I could reach, Mr. Buell finishing where I could not reach.” In the fall of 1833, she repainted the parlor floor; her little boy Silas ran in while the paint was still wet and left the prints of his little feet; she had good cause to remember this circumstance, and it impressed itself firmly upon her heart after, for on the 13th of November a terrible accident occurred by which the little one lost his life. The mother had been belling down cider in a very large brass kettle, and this having been removed to another room, the little boy went in and accidentally fell so that he was buried and died thirteen hours after the injury. Sister Presendia says, “no one but a mother can realize the sorrow of an accidental death.” This was the end of happiness at the farm. The mother's health gradually failed; she was unable to fulfill the daily duties devolving upon her, and it was considered advisable to get the counsel of some physician. Mr. Buell was going from home on business to Adams village, and it was decided to take Mrs. B. with him to see a doctor. Mrs. B. was so ill that they could not return home, and at the house of Dr. Baggs, at Lorain, on the return route, she was obliged to remain. Here she was so low that her father and mother were sent for. Mrs. B. was confined with a son, who died the same day it was born, March 8, 1834; it was named Thomas Dymick. Her parents, as was previously stated, were strict Presbyterians, believing much in the efficacy of prayer. She says, “when my father left me he said, in a feeling and tender manner, may the Son of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings; and I felt he never expected to see me again.” However, through good nursing and medical treatment she was restored to health, but she did not wish to return to the farm, there were too many sad recollections connected with it. Mr. Buell sold his farm and rented a woollen factory in Lorain, resuming his favorite employment.

About this time, Sister Presendia says, the ministers of the different denominations in that vicinity tried to persuade them to unite with the church, each one presenting his particular views, desirous to have them receive and be

[To be continued.]
A VENERABLE WOMAN.

PRESENDIA LATHIOP KIMBALL.

[Continued.]

Many incidents worthy of record and owning to the untoward occurrence while the Buelis were living on Fishing River, Clay Co., Missouri. Mr. Buell was employed as carder, at a mill some distance from home, and his wife and family were consequently very lonely, as the log house they occupied was surrounded by the woodsmen and neighbors, situated in the woods. Here in this sequestered spot Sister Preendia lived with only a young girl for her companion. And even the girl who had come there on purpose to teach in that district, of course left. Mrs. Buell entirely alone during the day, as her little son George was old enough to attend school and went with his teacher. She writes, "I used to stay alone all day in the woods, my company, the thoughts in my mind, and the natural sounds of the turtle doves in the forest." In this very humble home, on the 24th of April, 1838, her first daughter was born, but lived only four hours, she called her Adelino Elizabeth. It is wonderful how much strength Mormon women have borne; and under what peculiarly trying circumstances many of the children of the Latter-day Saints have been born.

As an example of heroic courage, we are permitted to give the following. One day while Mrs. B. was living in this secluded place, she had occasion to go to the mill four miles distant; she drove her own team and took her little son George with her. As she came out upon the prairie she had to pass through a large company of miserable, ragged, poorly dressed horsemen. She says, "as the horsemen rose to go up the hill, she, with her team and little child, was only a little to the left of them. The horsemen called a halt—and dismounted, facing the company towards Mrs. B. and the child, holding their horses by the bits. Sister Preendia says, "I thought of Mr. Carey, who had a short time before been killed on the prairie as he was returning home from the mill. I thought, what if in my life, I expected to be shot. I asked the Lord in silent prayer to let my only child go with me if I should be killed, as my husband had entirely lost his faith in the Gospel. I did not have a single urge mind, and went steadily on over the hill, and the horsemen stood looking at me, but the shock nearly overcame me." Think of the trial of that moment; and also of the brutality of men who style themselves Mormons and children, to thus intimidate a defenseless woman and her little child on an open prairie, where there was no possibility of obtaining help! It is too inhuman to bear thinking of. Those who were with this account will be strengthened with still greater reverence on the white hairs of this aged veteran in the faith. The same Fall Mrs. B., while living on the river bank, had another dreadful fright from these Missouri mountebanks, who were anxious to drive and destroy the Mormons. One day six men rode up to her door on horseback, all well armed. They inquired if she had seen two men pass by there on foot. She said, No, she had not; then they crossed the river in search of them. They were just gone when two brethren, Bro. Rust and Bro. Cleveland, came in; they were in search of work. Mrs. B. informed them of the danger that awaited them if they proceeded. She gave them something to eat and to carry with them in their pockets, and told them they had better go up the river and back to Far West and travel all night as they had certainly been watched for evil. The brethren were often whipped and sometimes killed if they could be caught outside of the "Mormon" settlements.

Later on in the season when the carding was over where Mr. Buell had been employed, he rented a grist mill and two carding machines, built a comfortable house for his family, out of the woods, and commenced business again on his own account, and run the mill through the following winter. The persecutions against the Saints grew stronger and stronger. Mr. Buell having apostatized from the Church, was possessed of a very opposite spirit to that of his wife, who was strong in faith and fervent in spirit. Sister Preendia prayed earnestly to the Lord for her companion, that he might return to the faith, but his mind had grown very dark and it was useless to reason with, or entreat him to see the error and doubt which had misled and confused him. The Huntingtons were obliged to leave Far West at the time of the driving of the Saints from Missouri in the Spring of 1839, and Sister Preendia felt entirely alone and forsaken. She expresses it thus, "I never saw my mother again. I felt alone on the earth, with no one to comfort me, excepting my little son George, for my husband had become a bitter apostate, and I could not speak in favor of the Church in his presence. There was by this time no one true Saint in the State of Missouri to my knowledge."

Sister Huntington (the mother of Sister Preendia) died on the 8th of July following, from hardship and fatigue brought on by the merciless men, "who persecuted the Saints unto death," many were killed and many died of hardships, others deprived of health, which they were never able to regain.

From that time on Sister Preendia suffered greatly in her feelings, and was overburdened with sorrow, and her mind saddened with the griefs of the people she so loved, and she obliged to remain away from them all, with no one to whom she could open her heart. Mr. Buell prospered in business and in a temporal point of view, the family had an abundance of everything necessary to make them in every way comfortable.

About this time another son was born to the house of Buell, Norman Oliver, on the 31st of July, 1839. This incident was directly after the dreadful outrage perpetrated against the Saints in Mo. These two boys, George and Oliver, both to grew manhood, married and had families of their own. The northern mills of the State of Missouri, some of the greatest events transpired in the history of the Church.

To be Continued.
A VENERABLE WOMAN.

PRESENDIA LATHROP KIMBALL.

[Continued.]

In the fall of 1840, Mrs. Buell moved from her home in Missouri to Illinois and settled between Quincy and Nauvoo. During the time she lived there, a period of between five and six years, she made frequent journeys to Nauvoo and visited among the Saints, being particularly acquainted with Joseph and Hyrum, with Mother Smith and family. Sister Presendia, as we shall hereafter call her, became more familiarly associated with the Prophet and his teachings, which were attracting much attention among the Saints and all sorts of slanders imaginable were being circulated. Truth is always counterfeited and every true principle of science or religion introduced into the world has been met by strong opposition from the masses, generally the ignorant and bigoted. In Nauvoo the teaching of the principle of celestial marriage by Joseph spread like wildfire, and all sorts of improbable and impossible misrepresentations were noise abroad. Is it so strange that the Gospel having been restored to the earth and the holy Priesthood bestowed upon the servants of God according to the prophecies of Scripture, for instance, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Malachi, that the Lord should command his servants to fol-

low in the footsteps of Abraham, the father of the faithful, and other ancient worthies with whom He condescended to hold converse? To me it seems only consistent with the dealings of the Lord with his people from the commencement of the world. The Lord’s ways are not as our ways, and man cannot judge the Almighty.

Joseph himself taught the principle of plural marriage to Sister Presendia, and her heart was humble, and her mind open to receive the revelations of heaven. She knew Joseph to be a man of God, and she had received many manifestations in proof of this, and consequently when he explained to her clearly the knowledge which he had obtained from the Lord, she accepted the sealing ordinance with Joseph as a sacred and holy confirmation. The troubles and difficulties that arose afterwards, that eventually resulted in the death of Joseph and Hyrum, kept the Saints in a constant state of anxiety. The sisters who had entered into these covenants were in one sense separate and apart from all others. Their minds were more expanded, new light had burst in upon them, and they were buoyed up by a spirit which they scarcely understood, otherwise they could never have borne the calamity and reproach cast upon them, because of their having taken upon themselves these solemn vows. No tongue can describe, or even portray the peculiar situation that environed these noble self-sacrificing women, who through the providence of God helped to establish the principle of plural celestial marriage. Those who speak of the principle of a plurality of wives as degrading, or degrading, know nothing whatever of the practice of it as it exists among the Latter-day Saints, and those who condemn these sainted women who have taken upon themselves this cross, in all purity of heart and motive of purpose, are as ignorant of their lives and the reverence in which they hold these sacred relations, as they are of what exists upon another planet, or they would never dare upbraid and sneer as they do at those whom God has called to take such an important part in his great Latter-day work.

The crisis came, when the Prophet and Patriarch were foully murdered. How did it affect the people, the Saints? They were plunged into the depths of grief for the man of God they had so loved, and the wives and children of these noble men, were sorrow stricken beyond measure. Sister Presendia heard the dreadful tidings and could not believe it true but when it was confirmed and she comprehended the situation, she called upon the Lord in her loneliness, and asked that the Holy Spirit might comfort her in her extreme need. To attempt the recital of the suffering and anguish of those who mourned for the Prophet and Patriarch, is impossible.

The time came for the performance of ceremonies and ordinances in the Nauvoo Temple. Sister Presendia was some distance away, but she was notified by her friends that it would be her privilege to go into the Temple, and in the language of Scripture straightway she came, and availed herself of the opportunity.

Hereafter we recognize her as the wife of the renowned Apostle Heber G. Kimball. The next great event in the history of this people was the exodus from Nauvoo; and with this we take up the thread of the narrative of this distinguished woman, of whose life we are only giving a brief sketch. To be Continued.
It is difficult to write a life so varied, one may say complex, as that of the Sister Presenda. The following are so many details that make up the complete whole that require more space than newspaper columns afford. Hence, brief outlines have brought us so far on the journey. We have reached the Winter Quarters, and now let us stay awhile in this resting place by way to recall a few items of interest. Here the people waited, in great expectation, for the pioneers, waited for the Mormon Battalion, a weary waiting, a desire to wait.

The Saints built log houses, "chinked in," according to a Western phrase, and covered generally with straw, the floors being dirt or sometimes pinchbeck. When we consider the comfortable homes the Saints had left, the hardships and privations they had endured, the hundreds of deaths by the way, we may truly say, the Saints were very little and the flow floor and dirt, a little straw upon the dirt floor for cleanliness. Here she toiled day after day with scanty fare and taught the children, and when school would close for the night her whole life was given to teaching. She had weaknesses and sufferings; but she loved the children and gained their affection.

The people were afflicted with much sickness, the water of the Missouri river was unhealthy, it was heavy, and the crops were scarce, and the lack of vegetables and fruit caused scurvy and other similar complaints, and on all sides there were sickness and want. It was a difficult task to feed the children of Israel in the wilderness. Yet through faith they endured without murmurings, and besought the Lord for strength and his spirit to sustain them. Sister Presenda's home was a very humble one, but there was plenty of straw and dirt, a little straw upon the dirt floor for cleanliness. Here she toiled day after day with scanty fare and taught the children, and when school would close for the night her whole life was given to teaching. She had weaknesses and sufferings; but she loved the children and gained their affection.

About this time three of the brethren who went on to the Trans-Mississippi were taken ill and returned to Missouri, and the other three came back to Winter Quarters, having been engaged in special business from Pueblo. One of the three was John Tibbetts, the other names the lady does not remember. The circumstance made a very sad effect on her mind, she says, "I never beheld such a pitiful sight before; as these poor, worn out travelers presented. Their clothing hung in rags, their faces burned, and with sun and snow they were nearly blind. Their feet were wrapped in rawhides from the buffalo. I sat and heard them tell how fearfully they had suffered crossing the prairies in the dead of winter, and all this in the employ of a government that had driven us from our homes and children into a savage wilderness. I could not refrain from weeping when I looked upon these my brethren and realized how they had suffered."

As early in the Spring of 1847 as the snow left the ground the pioneers who had been busy preparing themselves during the winter, left to search out a haven of refuge for the Saints who had been compelled to flee from a land of liberty, yes, a land of freedom, freedom purchased with the blood of our own ancestors, who had themselves fled from religious persecution and tyranny. Only a few men were left to raise grain and vegetables, and protect the women and children.

hundred able-bodied men had gone to Mexico to serve their country, and the pioneers took away not only one hundred and fifty more, young men, but also the aged, the feeble, the women and the children. The sisters left almost as it were alone, were humble and prayerful and lived near to the Lord, otherwise they could not have sustained their trials and the Battle-talion men, the families of the pioneers were left as it were dependent upon the Lord for protection. Sister Presenda at this time was living with Sister Laura Pitkin, another of the wives of Heber C. Kimball, near Sister Vilato's, and they used often to meet and pray together and others of the family and neighbors would gather in. They were young and exercised in their feelings for the pioneers who had gone out into a new, and to them, discovered country, expected to the perils of a savage wilderness. It was a time of great anxiety. Soon after the pioneers left, when the chief went to wait another company, consisting of all those who could fit themselves out with teams and provisions, grant for planting and implements of husbandry, started upon the trail of the pioneers towards the Rocky Mountains, and were lost to all communication, the girls and the company they joined were probably given them for their comfort and consolation in this trying time.

To mention one or two of the wonderful manifestations of the healing power will surely not be out of place. A small number of times, such as one hundred and fifty, were exercised in their feelings for the pioneers who had gone out into a new, and to them, discovered country, expected to the perils of a savage wilderness. It was a time of great anxiety. Soon after the pioneers left, when the chief went to wait another company, consisting of all those who could fit themselves out with teams and provisions, grant for planting and implements of husbandry, started upon the trail of the pioneers towards the Rocky Mountains, and were lost to all communication, the girls and the company they joined were probably given them for their comfort and consolation in this trying time.

On another occasion, previously, a visit was made to the pioneers, one of the manifestations of the healing power will surely not be out of place. A small number of times, such as one hundred and fifty, were exercised in their feelings for the pioneers who had gone out into a new, and to them, discovered country, expected to the perils of a savage wilderness. It was a time of great anxiety. Soon after the pioneers left, when the chief went to wait another company, consisting of all those who could fit themselves out with teams and provisions, grant for planting and implements of husbandry, started upon the trail of the pioneers towards the Rocky Mountains, and were lost to all communication, the girls and the company they joined were probably given them for their comfort and consolation in this trying time.

To be Continued.
VENERABLE WOMAN.

[Continued]

therefore the priesthood of God is upon the earth; evil influences are strong in proportion to the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Satan is ever on the alert, sly, watchful and cunning as a serpent. If any duty is omitted, for any reason, it exists not wholly consistent with the humility and complete obedience of the doctrines of Christ, any weakness of the flesh to which all men and women are liable, Satan is there ready to step in. The wonderful manifestations of the power of God as evinced in the gift of prophecies and the healing of the sick in Winter Quarters, at the time the Saints were remaining there for a little season, must needs have a corresponding opposite as powerful for evil as these were for good. Sister Prescindia, alluding to the subject, says, "The night after we had received many blessings at Sister Leonard's my sister Zina came home with me. After we had retired for the night we both felt the presence of the destroyer at the door, the feeling was beyond expression. Before morning Brother William told me to go to his house, and said his little girl was dying. I instantly arose, dressed myself, and repaired to the house where the dying girl lay in the last agonies of death, beyond the reach of mortal aid. She died in a few minutes on my lap." The mortality among little children was very alarming, yet many were healed almost as miraculously as being raised from the dead.

Not many days after the circumstance just mentioned a meeting was held at the house of Christine and Frances Swan Kimball where the evil power was again apparent; so strong was the influence that the spirits were seen and heard, and they tried to destroy those in the room by choking them. Sister Laura Kimball fell, and I laid our hands upon five of those so affected, and rebuked the destroyer in the name of Jesus. This is one of the instances wherein the words of the Prophet were fulfilled, 'when he said at the time of the organization of the Relief Society in Nauvoo,' "That the Sisters should have power to cast out devils; torebuke the powers of darkness and do many wonderful things." The Sisters felt themselves much humbled in spirit, and feared they had done something wrong that had grieved the spirit of the Lord. The next day I had occasion to visit Kanesville and was detained there about a week. During my absence another meeting had been held at Sister Wilate Kimball's, and the evil power manifested itself in various ways. The sisters not feeling able to cope with the powers of darkness, sent for Bishop Whitney, and no sooner had he crossed the threshold than there was a dead calm. Those who had been most affected with this mysterious power sank down unable to rise and, seemingly plunged into excessive grief. Bishop Whitney brought with him on this occasion Elder William H. Kimball, eldest son of Heber C. Kimball, and they laid their hands on the affected ones and rebuked the powers of darkness and commanded them to depart. Bishop Whitney in speaking of it afterwards said that the sisters were so near the administration of angels that the devil stepped in to hinder the blessings the Lord was willing to pour out upon his handmaids. There were not many brethren left and the sisters had to assist in many ways, both temporal and spiritual: It was a time of loneliness, a time of necessity, but it was also a time never to be forgotten, accounted for by the nearness to the Lord in which the people lived and trusted.

The experiences of the people as they journeyed towards the land of promise, the place of refuge, and sojourned here and there by the way, for a little season, enduring fatigue, privation and hardships, without homes, almost without shelter, deprived of the blessings of comfortable food and clothing, can never be written on the pages of history, except here a little and there a little; but He who heareth the young ravens cry, who watcheth the sparrows fall, and numbereth the hairs of the head, has a perfect record kept in a higher court.

To be continued.
Sister Presendia says she can never forget the sight these brethren presented when they arrived at Winter Quarters, ragged, barefooted, their feet bleeding and torn, they seemed more dead than alive, and looked very like Mohicans, so rough and uncanny. They had to be nursed and fed with the greatest care they had been so long without food. One of these men was Edward Martin, who died, in this city, about a year ago. The others Mr. John Tibbets and Thomas Woolsey. Sister Presendia was much affected by this circumstance, and always looked upon it as a miracle, their being preserved to cross over such a wilderness in the dead of winter, and find their way without guide or compass.

In May of the same year, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Willard Richards and other leading men of the Church, started enroute for the valley, each of these brethren in charge of a large company of Saints. Sister Presendia and her little son Oliver left Winter Quarters on the 6th of May. Her son George had not followed her according to promise. Many women had to drive their own team, yoke and unyoke their cattle, milk their cows, if they had any, and cook over the camp fires; the hardships incident to a journey of this kind are calculated to bring out all the weak points of character, and to prove the integrity of the individual to the cause in which he may be enlisted. Everyone who has crossed the plains over the sand ridges, through the sage brush, encountering Indians, buffaloes, wolves, etc., etc., will, I am sure, bear me out in the assertion I have made. Sister Presendia, like many others, had much to endure, and drove her own team, part of the way through in delicate health, and sometimes unable to sit up on her care and labors were varied and numerous, but she enjoyed the spirit of her religion, and was happy in feeling that she was about to reach a place of refuge, where the Saints could worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. She however arrived here on the 22nd of September, and settled down to home life in the Old Fort. January 6th, 1849, Sister Presendia was confined with a daughter. The little one was named Presendia Celestia, and was a very bright and handsome child. The baby was a great comfort to the lonely mother, who had left her home and come thousands of miles away. She grew to be very beautiful and intelligent and attractive. No daughter was ever more fondly loved in infancy than this little one, indeed she seemed rightly named Celestia, for she was more like a celestial being than a mortal one. On one occasion President Young inquired her name, and was told it was Presendia Celestia; quick as thought he said, celestial Presendia; and so it seemed she was spiritually in form and feature. Her mother's heart was turned around her so firmly, that it seemed as though to be separated even for a short time was almost insupportable. But the purest and dearest are often taken in infancy.

**To be Continued.**
A Venerable Woman.

PRESENDIA LATHROP KIMBALL.

It cannot be expected that coming here as the Letter-day Saints did, without money and only provided with the barest necessities to take out an existence, but there would be much privation to contend against. None were exempt. The families of Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball shared in these respects equally with others. Sister Presendia lived in a very poor home indeed and endured much hardship in consequence. When her little babe was quite small she had to put up an umbrella over them in bed to protect them from the thick, muddy water that came down through the dirt roofs. Mothers who have little delicate babies sitting in their comfortable parlors or elaborately furnished nurseries, can have little idea of the trials of the mothers in those early days in the settlement of this valley. Brother Edward Martin who had a much more comfortable home than Sister Presendia, and seeing how much she had endured wading through the deep snow in the middle of winter to feed and milk her cow, offered her a helping hand, and she spent most of her time at his house where she was made much more comfortable. Under all these trials and difficulties Sister Presendia was patient and cheerful, thanking her Father in heaven that He had permitted her to gather with his people to the Rocky Mountains, and also that she had been a mother under the new and everlasting covenant of marriage. Her little babe grew to be a most intelligent child. During its infancy she devoted herself to the care and development of this little one exclusively, except household duties, always taking her with her wherever she went.

Strange indeed, but the destiny of everyone of the Prophet Joseph's wives, that have had two children born in the new and everlasting covenant, has been to bury their first born in the covenant.

Sister Mary A. Hubbard, who now resides in Willard City, came and said with me about two months, which was a great comfort to me. She had a lovely babe about the same age as mine, and it took my attention, and was a great blessing for the time. After she went home I gradually lost my appetite, and grief filled my heart. In the fall my health became very poor. My sister Zina and I went to Cottonwood with our children to Brother Bankhead's, to see if the change would be beneficial. There I was taken very ill and thought to be near my end. I was nigh unto death, my feet were cold, my tongue was stiff in my mouth, I could not speak, yet I was very much conscious; a candle in the room looked like the most distant star. It was a log house, and the walls had sunk so that the door could never be opened or closed tight without effort, yet the door opened by invisible hands in the middle of the night, and my father and Joseph Smith walked into the room. I knew by that appreciative spiritual power, which all possess to a certain degree, that they were in the room, and I turned my head to the wall, feeling impressed that they had come for me, and that if I should see them, I must go with them. I felt that it would be too much to leave my little Olive, my only one now left to me, alone in the world without a single friend, with the burden of his great sorrow upon him, for he mourned and could not be wholly comforted for the loss of his little sister. Brother Bankhead sent for Brother Kimball, he came and administered to me, an anointing of hands I was healed, and able to return home. Several Elders administered to me at different times. I returned to the city after an absence of a few weeks and saw that my health failed perceptibly. I went into a kind of decline, which developed dropsy of the heart, and subsequently dropsy of the entire body.

To be Continued.
assured it was only through mighty faith that I was healed. During my severe illness the Lord showed me many marvelous things and I sang praises to Him on my bed of affliction, as did the Psalmist of old. I cried and composed as I sang. I told my feelings to President Kimball, and also what I saw and heard. The Lord has been very good to me in the midst of deep trials, and I thank Him. He has hitherto upheld and sustained me in the hour of deep affliction. He has manifested tenderness and mercy and given me strength equal to the day."

"In the Spring the work of giving endowments commenced and President Young called Sister E. A. Whitney and myself to officiate in the ordinances of the House of the Lord. The position seemed as natural to me, as if I had always been accustomed to it. We both enjoyed the labor very much for we loved the work and the Lord blessed us with His Spirit. We seemed to live in above everything earthly or trivial while engaged in those spiritual duties, and we had many comforting dreams as well as other manifestations that the Lord approved of our ministrations. O, it is heavenly to be thus employed; angels seemed to watch over us, for had we not made every sacrifice willingly that we might serve our Father in heaven and keep His holy commandments? Sister Whitney was abundantly blest with gifts and graces in spiritual things, and I loved her as my mother, a mother in Israel to all the daughters in Zion, and especially those who had entered into the new and everlasting covenant. One night she dreamed that we went to the Council House where we officiated and that I went into the large room and apparently danced in space, for I did not touch the floor, but kept above it. She said I was perfectly transparent, and there was not a spot or blemish of any sort upon my body. Sister Whitney stood against the door herself, as she thought, so that no one should interrupt me until I had concluded my dance. This was a good testimony to me and also to her that I was fit to minister in the holy ordinances. It is not good to be too visionary, or place too much confidence in dreams, but there are some dreams that are given for the comfort and encouragement of the dreamer that strengthen our faith and help us to bear the trials of life and overcome the various obstacles that are continually thrown in the way of the Saints."

In looking back over those days, I realize how the Lord marked out my way and the blessings that He poured out upon me, and I feel to thank Him that He preserved me in many strait and narrow-places, and that my feet never slipped, although the way was sometimes dangerous, for trials were plentiful in those days and one needed to be on the alert, lest he be taken unawares and fall through murmurings or in an unguarded moment. My health kept on improving every day, my spirit was cheered and buoyed up and I seemed to take a new lease of life.

"About this time Dr. Willard Richards organized "the board of health," and I was one of the first to join and attend the lectures. This was exceedingly interesting and opened up a new field of labor and channel of improvement to the sisters. I shall always look upon it as one of the greatest blessings to the women of this people. Dr. Richards took the utmost pains to instruct us and teach us concerning the origin of life and the wonderful organism of the human body."

A VENERABLE WOMAN.

PRESIDIA LATHROP KIMBALL.

[Continued.]

"My health was very delicate, so much so, that during the winter of 1850 I was under the necessity of keeping a girl to wait upon me. Sophia Curtis lived with me and took care of me, she was so good and kind. My husband thought I might die at any moment, and told his family he did not know when I might be taken away. In fact I feel