as eye could see, was a canopy of ex-
quisite blue and white.
Beneath me was a soft carpet of
beautiful green, interspersed with
clover blossoms of white and all the
dainty shades of pink and brown.
The waters from a fountain trickled
on past my feet and were lost in the
distance to my gaze, for the room
in which I reclined was not of the ordi-
nary architect's dimensions. Where-
ever I turned my eyes I beheld
beautiful pictures in colors none of
Italy's best artists have been able to
produce. Finely carved sculpture
was here and there adorning the vast
dimensions of this magnificent palace.
Sweet music came in silvery cadence
to my listening ears. Dainty, frail,
beautiful creatures were flitting about,
dancing, flying, fluttering amidst the
flowers and shrubbery that adorned
this palace.
And how came I by all this vast
domain?
"And this earth shall be given to
the saints of the Most High," "I go
to prepare a place for you, that where
I am you may be also."
of the towns in western Iowa, and the homes of many of the Saints, we finally brought up at Bro. H. J. Hudson's in Columbus, Nebraska, on the 15th of July, 1869. We bought our tickets and pulled out for Salt Lake City, and on the 15th we arrived at our destination, tired but well, except headaches. Brother David was made seasick by the motion of the stage from Uintah Station to the city, otherwise we were in good health.

Cousin John Smith, patriarch of the Utah church, kindly invited us to make his house our home, and brought our baggage from the hotel to his home. I mention this here because I desire to bear testimony of Cousin John's universal kindness to us always.

On the 16th we met numbers who came to see us at John's, and we spent the evening with Cousin Samuel B. Smith's, but we returned for the night to Cousin John's. On the 17th we called on President Brigham Young, to see if we could get the tabernacle to preach in, and now really begins our experiences in this strange mission.

We went into the Deseret News office, and made inquiry if we could see Pres. Brigham Young, as we were instructed that that was the best way to get an audience with him. We were invited to sit down till our request could be taken to him, and get an answer. It seemed to me we were detained here about two hours and a half, and to make the time more unpleasant, a half or altogether crazy man was permitted to harangue us in a very unpleasant manner. We could not order him out for we were only there by sufferance. Finally I stood that thing about as long as I thought was necessary, and arose to go, telling David I did not come here to be insulted by a half crazy man. In addition to the insane ravings of that man there came numbers of curious ones who stared at us and passed on through or out of the office in which we were sitting.

As we rose to take our leave, a messenger came to inform us President Young would see us. Would we walk into his office? We passed through two or three anterooms or connecting rooms between the Deseret News Office and President Young's private office, and were ushered into the presence of Brigham Young and about nineteen or twenty others; and the puzzle of our long wait was solved. Messengers had been sent out in the city to call in the principal men of the church to be present at the interview, and it took time to get them all in. There were Pres. Brigham Young, John Taylor, Daniel Wells, George A. Smith, Brigham Young, Jr., George Q. Cannon, J. F. Smith, John, Henry Smith, John Smith, Samuel Smith, Joseph Young, Phineas Young, and a number of others whose names escape my memory now. From the imposing array of names, you can judge the interview was considered by President Young to be an important one. To say I was surprised does not fully express my feeling at this imposing array of the heads of the church there. I had simply called upon Mr. Young to request the use of the tabernacle, not expecting to meet so strong an array of talent.

We were formally introduced to all in the room, and after this ceremony, I simply announced the object of my call, telling President Young I understood that others were granted the use of the tabernacle when not in service by themselves, and as my brother David and I were there to represent the Reorganized Church we would like to be accorded the privilege to address the people from the pulpit of the tabernacle. Here let me explain a little. Three years before I had spoken in Line and Fox's Garden, a place of public resort in the city, and in my service I was opposed by my cousin, Joseph F. Smith, and in my answer to him I made use of some statements which displeased President Brigham Young; and ere my request was noticed I was called upon by him to take back or retract my statements. I told him I could not do so because they were strictly true, and I stood ready to prove them. He asked me where I got my information, and I remarked I had lived through the experiences of many of
the events referred to, and did not need to have anyone inform me. He then asked me if my mother did not give me information. By this time so much had been said we were both getting warm and earnest in our converse. I answered, Yes sir, and I had more confidence in her statement than I did in his. This made him quite angry, and he began to abuse my mother, calling her "the damnedest liar that ever lived;" accused her of trying to poison my father twice, and also accused her of stealing my father's and Uncle Hyrum's picture, and his family ring, and withholding them from the church and the family, and other things of like nature.

I finally told him to stop; that what he had said was false and he knew it to be false. Of course this angered him still more.

Some one said, "We love you boys for your father's sake." I said that made no impression upon me, I expected to live long enough to make for myself a name, and have the people of God love me for my own sake.

At this President Young arose to his feet, clenched his fists, and shook them down by his side, raised upon his toes and came down on his heels repeatedly as he said, "A name, a name, a name. You have not got God enough about you to make a name. You are nothing at all like your father. He was open and frank and outspoken, but you; there is something covered up, something hidden, calculated to deceive."

I told him time would tell.

He then told me that article on marriage in the Book of Covenants had been written by Oliver Cowdery and published in the book directly in opposition to father's wishes.

I remarked, "President Young, unfortunately for your statement, that article with every other one in the book, used by the church previous to father's death, was laid before a general assembly of the church in solemn assembly, and indorsed by the whole church." I then challenged him or any other authorized representative of the church there in Utah to meet us in discussion of the differences in faith and organization existing be-

between us. I told him, "You say you have the truth, and that we are in error. If you have the truth, what need you fear? You are men in full vigor of mind and reason, we are but boys. If it is as you say you can easily overcome us, if we are in the wrong; but if it proves that we are right the sooner you get right the better. Unfortunately for us, a Mormon legislature has made laws prohibiting preaching upon the streets of the cities in Utah, so we are denied the means used by your missionaries in Europe to convert thousands; but you have not made it a misdemeanor to preach upon the mountain side, and we propose to get the ears of this people, if we must needs preach on the mountain side."

President Young would no longer talk to me; so I said, "Come, David, let us go; it is useless to prolong this controversy." We arose to our feet, and David said, "Mr. Young, are we to understand that we are denied the use of the tabernacle?"

President Young then turned to his brethren, and said, "What do you say, brethren?" Several of them expressed themselves disapproving the letting us have it. The exact words of none come to me except those of George Q. Cannon. He arose and said, "So far as I am concerned, I can soon express myself. After we whose hairs have grown gray in the service of God and after we have borne the heat and burden of the day in persecution and suffering, on land and sea, and have labored long and hard in heat and cold to build up the work and name for their father; for these boys to come now and ask us for the use of our houses to tear down what we have been so many years in building up, to me it is the height of impudence, and I will not give my consent to it." He was very much in earnest, his face was as white as death.

David then quietly arose to his full height and his face was also white but his words were calm, but oh, so full of sarcasm: "We will not deny that you have traveled far, suffered much, and labored hard to build up a name for our father, but what sort of
a name is it? A name that we his sons are ashamed to meet in good society, and it shall be our life's work to remove from our father's name the stain you have heaped upon it."

None were so severe as George Q. Cannon. After an expression had been called for and given, President Young then turned to David and said, "No, David, we do not think it wise to let you have the tabernacle." As we arose and turned to go out, Mr. Young said, "Boys, don't let this be your last visit; come again. I would gladly take you to my bosom if I did not think I would be taking a viper to my bosom that would sting me to death."

I told him he need not be alarmed, it was not likely after the reception we had just passed through, that we would visit either at his home or office. We went out, and the light was on. If my memory serves me right we had to pass the Walker place of business to reach Cousin John's.

I now think we called that afternoon and secured the use of Independence Hall, the only building I believe then in the territory not controlled by the church. I stepped out on the sidewalk and announced for fifteen or twenty minutes that on Sunday night there would be a meeting in Independence Hall, and that the Smith boys would preach there. The news spread like wildfire in prairie grass, and by Sunday night I dare say nearly every man in the city knew of the meeting.

The first meeting we held in Independence Hall was a success, so far as numbers were concerned. The hall was full till there was no longer standing room, and for yards around the building men crowded near the windows. Some apple trees growing near were made use of, people climbing up into them to see and hear better. On my way to the hall I met a man who spoke to me and held out his hand to shake hands. "I presume you don't know me, and it's just as well, but I feel friendly to you, and what I leave in your hand may do you some good. Ask no questions; the information is authentic, and may be relied on;" and as he shook hands he left in my hand a closely folded paper, which, when I unfolded gave me the minute, or resolution, formulated and passed at a meeting of the school of the prophets, the Saturday night previous. It was simply a record of the action looking to and concerning the treatment of Brother David and I, and our meetings. All members of that church were "counseled to stay away" from our meetings. My readers cannot understand the force of this advice or counsel, unless they have had some experience in the mode of governing the church membership in those days, when the members were expected to "obey counsel, asking no questions." Disobedience to counsel sometimes brought dire results.

Well, of course I had no way to prove the truthfulness of my information but to wait and see if developments justified faith in it or not. I was blessed in telling the people the differences between us as a church. I also remarked that I had learned that the members of that church had been counseled to stay away from our meetings, and that I was glad of it, for I knew human nature so well that the place they were counseled to stay away from was the very place they were going to, to see what there was to be afraid of. It was a good advertisement for our meetings. At this meeting we gave notice that we would hold meetings there every Sunday, two services a day, so long as we stayed in the city, at two and 7:30 p. m., the Episcopal Church having secured the hall previous to our coming for the morning service at eleven a.m.

During the week, we visited many of the old Latter Day Saints and were received kindly by many, by some very cautiously, and by some very unkindly. As an instance, on one occasion I was talking on the street one day with an old-time Saint, and we met a friend of his as he supposed. He introduced him to me, when the man drew himself up and said, "I don't know him and don't want to know him." and deliberately turned his back on me and walked away.

This week we made arrangements
to stay part of the time at Bro. James Browning's home, and part of the time at Bro. James Horlack's, where we established a sort of headquarters. We did not feel that it would be the proper thing to impose upon Cousin John and lay him liable to harsh criticism by his brethren because he harbored the enemies of the church, notwithstanding he was always very kind and treated us as relatives. All the week curiosity ran high and many questions were asked, and answered, and we were the recipients of a number of very anxious requests to be careful how we went around at night, and where we ate our meals, etc., etc.; but to these we paid little attention. Much of our time was occupied in studying the history of the church, and posting ourselves on its literature and doctrine. Sunday finally came, and we were ready for it. As I approached the hall again I met my friend, and another little slip of paper was left in my hand, giving me as before the action of the high council, or school of the prophets, relative to us. This time I was informed that four men had been appointed to attend our meetings and ask questions, take notes, and otherwise disturb our meetings, and if possible embarrass us; and their names were given. At the close of our evening meeting I again told my congregation what action had been had and how they intended to meet us. I also was informed that counter meetings, or meetings on the same hours we were holding meetings, had been organized in the fourteenth ward meetinghouse. These meetings were started by President Brigham Young himself, at one of which he took pains to renew the abuse of my mother, calling her "a wicked, wicked, depraved woman," a liar, and other scandalous names.

It was quite a task upon my good nature to sit still and hear a man call my mother a liar, as Brigham Young did, and if I had not been in some sense prepared for it, I do not think I could or would have done so. Before leaving home on my mission, my mother called me in her room one day and had a long talk with me. Among other things she said: "Alexander, you are going west on a mission to save souls. There are souls here right at home which are of just as much value to God as any of those to whom you are being sent, and so far as I am concerned of far greater value. You need not flatter yourself that you are going to win those old members of the church back to the paths of virtue and righteousness, for you will not be able to do so, at least none of those who were leaders here before they went west. They will none of them ever return, they have sinned away the day of grace, and I want to warn you and thus put you on your guard. Don't you ever allow yourself to feel hurt or bad at anything they may say about me. They will say bad things about me. Don't let it worry you at all, for I had rather they would say evil things of me than good; they cannot hurt me, and it need not hurt you. I know them and I know the spirit they are of, at least the leaders of that people, and I tell you again you never will win any of them over to the church." I wondered at what my mother told me, and often pondered it in my heart, for I did have hopes that some day the Lord would soften the hearts of some of those men who knew the truth once and bring them back again to the primitive faith of the church.

Well, when Brigham Young was abusing my mother so to my face, my first impulse was to strike him, and quick as a flash I seemed to hear the words, "You are representing the Lord Jesus Christ," and then followed the words of my mother, "Do not let anything they may say offend or hurt you, they can't hurt me and I would rather they would speak ill than good of me," and at once I had myself in control.

The reason why I had hopes of them was found in section 105, paragraph 5, Doctrine and Covenants. "And pray for thy brethren of the twelve, admonish them sharply for my name's sake, and let them be admonished for all their sins; and be ye faithful before me unto my name. And after their temptations and much tribulations, behold, I, the Lord, will
feel after them, and if they harden not their hearts, and stiffen not their necks against me, they shall be converted, and I will heal them.” I did hope some of them would be healed. I was sure they were desperately sick, morally and spiritually, and needed conversion and healing, and God alone could do it if they would let him.

But I am digressing from the historical line of my story. To return; the meetings in the fourteenth ward were kept up as long as our meetings continued and sometimes were in charge of Joseph F. Smith, my cousin, and he was one of the four who had been appointed to spoil our meetings if they could. At one of our meetings, this man arose and began to ask questions. I was in the stand and had quoted from a letter written by my Uncle Hyrum Smith, concerning polygamy, and I quoted all there was in the letter touching the subject at issue in my sermon, and this party insisted that I read more of the letter. Under ordinary circumstances I would have complied with his request, but as he had been appointed as one of four to interrupt our meetings, I did not feel under any obligations to grant him any favor at all. I told him quietly I had quoted all that bore upon my subject, but he insisted so vehemently that the congregation arose to their feet and cried, “Put him out, put him out,” and for a moment it looked like there would be serious trouble. I finally got order.

Cousin John Smith, who was sitting by the side of Joseph F., persuaded him to sit down and be quiet.

At the close of this meeting I notified those parties that I was an American citizen and I knew my rights as such, and if they did not cease disturbing my meetings I would summon a guard of soldiers from the camp above the city, and the first man who willfully disturbed my meetings again I would have arrested and put in irons. At the close of my meeting Governor Durkee came forward to the stand and shook hands and endorsed my action, and I was assured that if I wanted the guard from the camp all I had to do was to ask for it.

I really did not believe I would need it, but then it was good to know I could get it if I needed it. This was only one of the interruptions we were subjected to while laboring in the city; and right here let me say a change of operation was made in meeting us and this was the last serious interruption we met with in our meeting.

Some of our friends thought I made a mistake in not reading the balance of the letter, and many asked me why I did not. Our opponents at once jumped at the conclusion that I dare not read it, and so stated. I am satisfied more people hunted up the Times and Seasons I quoted from and read the letter three to one, than would have done so if I had read it all at that time. For a week the people were alive and busy, some asserting we dare not read the letter, others said, Why they is nothing in it for the boys to fear. Sunday came round again, and it was Bro. David’s turn to speak. Of course I did not know what he would choose for a subject, but you can imagine my surprise, instead of opening the Bible and reading from it, he took up the Times and Seasons, and as a reading lesson he read that letter of my Uncle Hyrum which for a week had been under controversy, and so many had said we dare not read it. Well he read it and then proceeded to analyze it, making one of the strongest arguments I nearly ever heard against polygamy. Our opponents were completely surprised; they seemed dazed, at least so many of them as we heard from. There was never a word said about our being afraid to read that letter again, and oh, so many came to us and confessed they never knew there was any such letter in the Times and Seasons.

This experience demonstrated that we would need a set of the Times and Seasons. I began to make inquiry and a Danish brother came to me and told me he had a set. I borrowed them. This man was poor and wanted an Inspired Translation, and had not the money to buy one. I gave him one and gave him eighteen dollars for the set of Times and Seasons. They are