Mothers in Israel.

Autobiographical Sketch of Mary Ann Stearn's Winters.

[We continue this month the charming child-classic written by one who not only passed through the beautiful and terrible scenes in Kirtland, Nauvoo, and Winter Quarters, but who also remembered keenly her childlike impressions of those striking events. We present some pictures of the author's birth-place in Bethel, Maine, but her word pictures of conditions in Nauvoo, given in this and the following articles, scarcely need embellishment. We hope our readers will enjoy this recital with us.—Editor.]

RETURNING FROM ENGLAND.

January 1, 1843, we were on board the ship going from the mouth of the Mississippi up to New Orleans. The weather was delightful—oranges were on the trees, cotton was still in the fields.

The captain of the pilot boat invited our captain, and Mr. Pratt and family, to take New Year's dinner with them on the pilot. Mother not being able to go, and the little boys and Oliver not quite recovered from the measles, Mr. Pratt, Aunt Olive and myself were all that could accept the invitation.

We had a fine dinner—a great treat to us after being on the ship ten weeks—and a sailing vessel at that, as no steamer had ever crossed the ocean at that time. They treated us very cordially—sent nice fruits to mother and the children, with fine sliced apples with sugar and brandy. This was declined at first, but had to be taken in order not to offend our entertainers. Our journey up the river was a very pleasing experience. The rolling of the billows was a thing of the past and we glided smoothly on past forests, orchards and plantations—an ever-varying scene of loneliness and grandeur. The negroes were everywhere present, and I imagined the people had turned dark skinned during our absence. In a few days we arrived at New Orleans and were there treated with the same southern cordiality by the officers of the shipping company that we had received on the pilot. A steamboat—the Goddess of Liberty—was chartered and the two hundred and fifty Saints went on board, and a week later were landed at St. Louis. When we had proceeded as far as Chester, in the southern part of Illinois, our family landed there and took up our abode for the winter, as our enemies had threatened to arrest Brother Pratt as soon as he should step on Missouri soil.

OLD STEARNS HOME.

The porch is the only outside change except removing of shutters my age, and their company made the time pass more pleasantly with me than it otherwise would have done. Their mother was a cultured, southern lady and the little girls were very nice companions, the one two and a half years old was a nice playmate for my little sister Olivia of the same age. The little boys, Parley and Nathan, had plenty of room to run and play in the large building, and we made ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. We had plenty of provisions and everything necessary for our comfort in that line. Brother Pratt had bought sugar and molasses by the hogshead at New Orleans, as also other groceries, to take up to Nauvoo, and many a time have my thoughts reverted to those days as I afterwards lived here in Utah, without a taste of sweets for months at a time, and I longingly remember that good quality of brown sugar at $3 50c per pound. One night there was quite a strong shock of earthquake that rattled and shook the building and woke us all up, and I never forgot the queerness of the feeling it gave me, being the first I had ever experienced.

One day I went to the store, and one of the clerks asked me all sorts of questions about "Mormonism," until I felt very indignant, and finally he wanted to know if he should marry my moth-
Aurelia—one a little older and the other a little younger than myself, and my love for them was like that of a sister. I enjoyed their companionship very much and our friendship grew stronger as the years rolled on. We passed through the trying times of those days together, we counseled together, we comforted each other. And I can number these two as the tried and trusted, lifelong friends of my childhood's beginning. Their house faced the center of the public square and ours was close by, and many a time we have stood and watched the Nauvoo Legion drilling there, and our hearts swelled with pride at their noble appearance, and when the muffled drum would sound in the silent hours of night, how our souls would sink with dread at the ominous warning of trouble to our beloved city. But children's hearts are light, and we enjoyed our schools, our meetings, and our play times, little dreaming what the future had in store for either of us.

One of our most enjoyable pastimes was to visit the Temple and run round on its walls, until it grew so high that it was considered dangerous, and we were prohibited from that pleasure.

On the fourth of July, 1843, there was an excursion, on the little Maid of Iowa, up to Burlington, Iowa, and my father and mother and Aunt Olive went on the pleasure trip. Mother and Aunt Olive were dressed alike and were standing a little distance off, when Brother Joseph said to Brother Parley, "It is the will of the Lord that those two sisters should never be parted" (meaning that they should both belong to one man). This being the next year after he received the revelation on Celestial Marriage.

is an added testimony to the truth of that principle. I heard Brother Pratt tell it on his return home, and my mother also told me about it, and remembered it all her life, and frequently spoke about it.

Later in July there was another excursion on the little boat—this time down the river to Quincy, Illinois. Mother could not go on account of little Natic's leg being broken; Aunt Olive was also detained at home, so I was permitted to go with Pa, Uncle Orson, and Aunt Sarah Pratt.

We took dinner with the Mayor of Quincy, he having invited Brothers Joseph and Hyrum and others of our people whom he had become acquainted with during their sojourn in that city, and entertained them at his house, but I think it would be more proper to say that Brother Joseph did the entertaining, as he talked, and the rest listened with the greatest attention. After a very enjoyable time, as all seemed to testify, we started on our return journey. Our progress was slow, the little boat being too small to stem the rapids successfully, and it was nearly morning before we landed at Nauvoo. Early in the evening, being tired and sleepy, Pa took me on his lap to rest. He was sitting on the deck opposite Brother Joseph, so near that their knees almost touched. Brother Joseph was preaching, and numbers crowded around, listening. He stopped and gently raised my feet upon his knees, and when I would have drawn them away he said, "No, let me hold them; you will rest better." I was soon sound asleep, and the next I knew, it was morning, and we had landed at Nauvoo.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PRESIDENT WELLS IN IDAHO.

President Emmeline B. Wells is, at the present time, in Wallace, Idaho, visiting at the home of her daughter—Mrs. Wm. C. Woods. She was accompanied on this little vacation trip by her granddaughter—Miss Katherine Cannon. President Wells has been very active in connection with stake conferences work. She has visited a great many stake conventions, as well as the Northwestern States Mission.

SCHOOL OF OBSTETRICS AND NURSING.

We are pleased to announce that the Relief Society School of Obstetrics and Nursing will begin its present term on Monday, September 18, 1916, at 9 o'clock a.m. Fourth Floor, Bishop's Building. From many letters of inquiry we predict an increased attendance over last year.

Any information regarding the school will be promptly given upon inquiry, at Room No. 29, Bishop's Building, Phone, Wasatch 3123.

AMY BROWN LYMAN,
General Secretary,