

## BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE OF MRS. MARY ANN R. BROWN

### BACK TO MERRY ENGLAND

I remember my childhood home in England, the first house in a row of seven houses. These and about seventeen other houses were owned by my grandfather, William Dunn, my mother's father. Their rental brought him a fair income. At the house where my father's family lived there was a fine well, from which all the tenants of the row of seven houses drew their water. These houses were located on a sloping hill called Kate's Hill. In England, between rows of tenement houses, ran high walls built of stone and brick.

I have no recollection of my grandfather William Dunn; but I do have a vivid recollection of my grandmother Jane (Jewkes) Dunn. My mother took me to her home on a visit when I was very young. We walked the distance. Grandmother was not well, but Mother had to return home in the evening to attend to her family, but intended coming back to grandmother's the next morning. To spare me from walking home, grandmother persuaded Mother to let me stay over night.

Grandmother's home was a very grand one, and she was waited upon by servants. These servants made me very welcome in their rooms and in the kitchen. But when supper time came I was obliged to eat with grandmother. She had ordered potato cakes. I told her I could not eat them, where upon I learned that it was grandmother's policy to tell me what I might do and her determination that I should obey. I did not eat the potato cakes for supper, so grandmother instructed the servant girl to warm them up for my breakfast. This was done. But they were still unpalatable from my point of view, so again they were saved until the next morning. While grandmother was out of the dining room, I slipped them down the neck of my dress and carried them to the toilet. Afterward I felt very sneaking for having done this, and dared not tell it until after my grandmother died. Had it not been for grandmother's sternness, it is doubtful that I should have remembered her.

My own parents were not so stern. Perhaps the spirit of the Gospel in their hearts made a difference - for I was born to Latter-day Saint parents.

When mother was a girl her leg was scalded very badly. Grandfather spent hundreds of dollars with doctors who tried to cure the effects of the burn but were unable to, and a running sore developed, causing much concern.

It happened that one of grandfather's tenants was a Latter-day Saint woman, with whom Mother was quite friendly. This woman produced a bottle of olive oil and told Mother that if she would apply it to her leg, exercising faith in God, her sore would be healed. Mother proffered to buy a bottle of like oil and use it where upon the woman explained that it was the consecration which gave it healing power. Finally Mother bought a bottle of olive oil and this woman took it to the L.D.S. elders who consecrated it and mother applied it to her leg as directed, with the result that the sore began to heal. She became interested and desired to learn more of the Latter-day Saints. The woman invited her to attend their meetings which she did. The doctrine she heard appealed to her, and she said that if her leg healed she wanted to be baptized. Her leg did heal completely and she, true to her pledge, was baptized. Later she made this known to her parents, who were very much grieved over it.

It was at one of the L.D.S. meetings that mother met father, who was also an L.D.S. convert. He later obtained employment from Grandfather Dunn, and in time married mother.

In childhood I was delicate in health, and on this account was pampered somewhat by my parents. At school age I was hampered by a severe whooping cough. The doctor recommended for me a change of climate where I might be kept much on the water. So Father arranged for me to stay with a family named Wedge, at Albrighten. Here I stayed for a year and grew rosy and strong. I desired to stay longer, and the family too desired that I should, but

father insisted on my returning home.

Upon finding me so well, my parents endeavored to persuade me to go to school. Those of my age were so far ahead of me that I could not reconcile myself to going. The Wedge family were so urgent in their desire to have me return to them that they promised to see that I should be taught the school subjects.

Between their inducement and the importuning, my parents allowed me to return. My father had paid for my keep while I was with them the first time. But this time I cared for Miss Wedge's mother, who was feeble. For this I received a small wage. But my schooling was entirely neglected. Miss Wedge was a member of our branch of the church, but she was the only member of her family who was a Latter-day Saint. I stayed with her mother until she died.

Upon returning home, I could not reconcile myself to going to school, for I was so far behind those of my age, and also because of my mother's need for my help due to her children being born in close succession.

My father was a teamster by trade and very expert. He was in the employ of a company and often had occasion to move great pieces of machinery. On one occasion the moving of a piece to a particular locality meant employment to hundreds of people. But it was a dangerous and difficult task. He succeeded, however in accomplishing it. The people who were thereby insured employment were so grateful and appreciative that they carried father about upon their shoulders. A book was published telling of this event and containing pictures featuring it. I remember that my father had a copy of this book.

#### WESTWARD HO, TO THE LAND OF JOSEPH !

My Father's home was always open to the Latter-day Saint missionaries. Our family were considered good singers and many times we were asked to sing at their meetings.

In 1873, while at his place of work, my father was taken very ill and was soon seriously stricken with a paralytic stroke. The doctor who was called to attend him gave us no hope for his recovery. In fact, he told mother that he would pass away at twelve o' clock that night. The doctor was obliged to leave, but he said he would make out Father's death certificate and leave it at his office so that mother might get it.

When the doctor had left, mother called the family together and told us that we could not spare father. We all fasted and prayed to the Lord to send the Elders to our assistance. The hour set by the doctor came, with all the family and relatives gathered about Father's bedside. It looked as if every breath would be his last, and yet he lingered in the valley of the shadow of death.

The next day I answered a call at the door, and there to my great joy were three of the Latter-day Saint elders, one of them Robert Burton, the president of the Burmingham conference. I was crying, and he placed his hand on my shoulder asking me what was wrong. I explained: "Thank God you have come; my father is dying." I led them to father's bedside where mother was holding his hands and friends and neighbors were gathered around. Father's eyes were set as in death. Elder Burton stroked his face, gazed at him and finally asked Mother what she desired. She answered that she desired the elders to administer to him, and assured them that she knew that through their administration he would be restored, for she knew that God had sent them in answer to our prayers.

Seeing mother's faith, the elders administered to father. Elder Burton sealed the anointing and in his prayer promised father that he should recover, be gathered to the land of Zion, and go through the House of the Lord with his companion.

We learned from the elders that their coming was not by chance, for it had been made

know to them by the Spirit of God that something was wrong at our home. It was but six weeks later when Father set sail for America.

He had been in America but a short time when he had another stroke. This was at Fountain Green, Utah, where he was living with my mother's half brother, Samuel Jewkes.

Two years after coming to America, father sent for his family. I was then a young woman of sixteen, and was working for a family in England. The woman of this family was unwilling that I should leave her, and expressed herself as feeling certain that I would not be satisfied to live in America. She invited me to return and live with her if this should prove to be the case, and proffered to send me my fare.

Our family joined father in America in October 1875. It had been necessary for father to borrow money from the immigration fund to bring us. Naturally he was anxious to repay this, and that same autumn attempted to obtain the necessary means by caring for the Fountain Green Co-op sheep herd.

He and my brother James were out in the hills with these sheep and were rounding them in for the night one evening when James noticed that father did not look well. He persuaded father to go to the tent, and promised him that he would bring in every sheep.

When James came to the tent he found father speechless and powerless to move from the effects of another stroke. Finding that he could not revive father, James tried to make his way to town for help. A terrific storm was on and the night was cold and so dark that James was soon lost and could find his way neither to town nor back to camp. In this dilemma he knelt and prayed to God for help, then arose and tried again to find his way but could not because of the extreme darkness and the storm. Again he knelt and called upon the Lord, praying, he said, as he had never prayed before. Upon arising he saw a little light off in the distance as if it might have been a candle light, and a voice said to him, "Follow this." He did so and it led him to the tent and then disappeared. As soon as daylight came he made his way to town for help.

During this night mother had spent sleepless hours of intense anxiety, for she knew by the feeling that was over her that father had been taken with another stroke. When word reached her the next morning of his condition she insisted that he was not dead and said she knew that he would be restored because the elders had promised him that he should go through the House of the Lord with his companion.

Again he was restored and as soon there after as they were able to, father and mother went to the Endowment House in Salt Lake City.

I relate the foregoing incidents and family history to show the religious, economic and social environment under which I was born and under which I grew to womanhood.

After I came to America, and even after I was married, Father tried earnestly to persuade me to attend school, offering to pay my way. But I was unwilling, whereupon he said: "My girl, I have done all I can to give you the advantage of an education. Now my skirts are clear, and if you come up in the resurrection ignorant, it will not be my fault and you will know that I am clear." I answered: "Yes, father, I know that you are clear and have done all you can for me." I felt that father had enough to bear to pay off our immigration debt and keep the family going. But now after the many years that I have gone through life handicapped by the lack of the education which he so much desired me to obtain, I am convinced that God would have made his shoulders broad enough to bear his burdens. Really in the last analysis my attitude did not lighten his burdens. It added to them.

It was in Fountain Green that I met the man who became my husband, Charles H. Brown. In England his parents had been members of the same branch of the church as that to which my father's family belonged, and my mother remembered Charles when he was a baby; but I did not meet him until he and I had both located in Fountain Green. He had left the old

country, like so many of the honest in heart, for the gospel's sake, and like others he had felt the power of opposition to his convictions. When he sailed his sister refused to shake hands with him and said that she hoped the ship would sink.

## PIONEERING

When our second child, Sarah Lydia, was a babe, my husband was called by church authority to move into Castle Valley and help settle this part of the wilderness of the West. We owned nothing but a small strip of land in Fountain Green. This my husband traded for an ox. My brother James signed a note by which another ox was procured. It was necessary to get a wagon. My husband succeeded in borrowing an old one from Albert Collard, he had nothing with which to buy it. Father advised Charles to leave me and the baby at home with him until Charles should get a place prepared in Castle Valley for us. So leaving wife and babe, my husband made his way into what later became Huntington, Emery Co., Utah. This was in the autumn of 1879.

After my husband had gone I could not bear to live on Father. He was getting old, his health was poor and his means were scanty. I looked for something to do, and obtained a place to live and fifty cents per week by helping in the home of a Sister Green, my neighbor Marcella Guymon's mother. I would do up her work in the morning and then go out washing by the day. I did five washings a week on the board at twenty-five cents a washing. Mother would care for my baby during the day and send her to me at nursing time by my sister Sarah Ellen. Thus I spent the winter.

Conditions of travel were such that it was a rare thing to receive any word from my husband. In the spring, however, he and Albert Guymon, Joseph E. Johnson and some others whom I do not now recall, came back over the mountain on snow shoes. Castle Valley was so frozen up they could do nothing until the weather modified.

As soon as the weather was warm enough, my husband and others who were pioneering Castle Valley returned to work on the irrigation ditch which they were building. This is now called the North Ditch in the water system of the Huntington-Cleveland Irrigation Company.

In July of 1880 my husband came for me, - and what kind of a home do you suppose I came to? There were four dugouts situated along Huntington Creek and my husband had made arrangements with Noah T. Guyman for the use of these. Pending our arrival some one had locked three pigs in the dugout which we were to occupy. It was night when we arrived, I was weary and the conditions which confronted me were too much. I broke down and wept.

The ditch broke during that first night of mine in Castle Valley. This necessitated that my husband should take the shovel and go to work on the ditch early the next morning, leaving me alone to clean the dugout. During the day I scraped and scraped soil out of it with a hoe, but there was no way of eradicating the pig-pen stench except to let nature take its course. We were obliged to camp in the wagon for several weeks.

Possibly my children will care to know what I did with the means I earned while working in Fountain Green before I came to Castle Valley. The spring that Charles came over the mountain on snowshoes I had ten bushels of wheat, three-hundred pounds of flour paid for, and five dollars in cash saved, and had paid some to Brother Albert collard on the wagon, I do not now recall how much.

My desire was that with the five dollars cash I had saved, Charles should get his second citizenship papers. This seemed very urgent to me, for I realized that without citizenship rights he would not be able to homestead land and enjoy other privileges of an American citizen. Circumstances prevented him, however, from getting the papers at that time.

The ten bushels of wheat which I had earned, Charles brought with him that spring and

planted on what is our old homestead, or the Brown farm in the north fields of Huntington.

That Autumn he returned to Fountain Green and cradled wheat to earn our bread stuff, and while he was gone I harvested our crop of grain grown from the ten bushels of wheat. This is how I did it: I turned the water down a row at a time of the patch to loosen the soil then pulled up the grain by the roots and stacked it by hand, for it was too short to cut. I placed my baby on a quilt in the field where I could watch her while working. When the grain was thrashed there were nine and a half bushels.

The winter which followed was a severe one, and was marked by an experience which stands out in my memory. When we left Fountain Green father had given us a cow. Myself and two other expectant mothers were dependent on the little milk obtained from this cow for feeding our babies, who of necessity had been weaned from the breast. One morning my husband came in from doing chores with the milk bucket empty. I noticed he looked strange and inquired what was wrong. He said "Roan is dead!" It was as if a dagger had struck my breast when I heard his words, for it now looked like starvation for the three babies. Only God knows how they received sufficient nourishment to survive, but they did. Although I and the other mothers, who were Margaret and Emily Cheeny, wept and felt the loss keenly, yet we trusted that God would give us wisdom sufficient to find some way of feeding our babies. There was not the food stuff in the country to select from nor to procure that there is today. Only those who experienced those scanty years can realize how great a loss was a cow in those days.

This same winter my Father died, and the day of his death there was a sweet singing in my ears, which came intermittently all day. The notes were sweet, but they caused such a lonesomeness to come over me that I wanted to get away from them. It was two weeks after this that I learned of my Father's death and when the news reached me I could then understand the meaning of the lonesomeness. It was a hard trip to cross the mountain in the winter, but when the news of Father's death came Charles went a-horse-back to see mother and try to comfort her.

He aimed to make it over the mountain to the first settlement the first day, and so took no bedding except a quilt on the saddle. However night overtook him on the mountain. So he was obliged to build a fire and wait until morning, although he had no feed for the horse. By the way, the horse had been hired from Christian Otteson. The next morning, although he spied a smoke and made his way to what proved to be a saw mill being run by one of our old neighbors of Fountain Green. To be sure there was a warm breakfast there for him and feed for the horse.

The day that father died he had been worrying about Charles and me wondering how we were getting along. Albert Guymon happened to be over to Fountain Green and was leaving that morning for Huntington. Father arranged with him to bring us a box of groceries and meal. When these supplies reached us little did we realize that Father passed away at three o' clock the same day he sent them.

Later Mother told me the circumstances. He had not felt well that morning. Nevertheless he was up and around and did up the morning house work while she went to the store for groceries. Mother had laughed at his offer to clean up the house, for he had not been accustomed to do anything of that nature. But when she returned from getting the box of supplies off he had the house in order. They sat and affectionately talked, Father remarking that he had dreamed that he was taken with another stroke and that he would have to leave her. Mother responded that it was very singular for she had dreamed likewise. They wept in each other's arms, but finally reconciled themselves saying that they would be submissive to the will of God. Father arose cheerfully and went out to chop wood, and it was but a little later that mother discovered him sitting on a log of wood, overcome by the fourth stroke which he suffered during his latter years.

I mention this incident to show the great solicitude of parents for their children and how they love and help them to the end.

And Mother's watch-care was the same, for even after Father's death she sent groceries and things which she knew I had no way of getting. Oh, how timely those supplies were in my dugout home, and how I used to skimp to make them go as far as possible.

The dugout where I lived was a one-roomed home. In one end were two beds, one for parents, and another for our children. The other end served as kitchen and general living room. Even in times of favorable weather I was timid about having the family sleep in the open because there were so many snakes in the country at that time. But we did not always sleep unmolested even in the dugout because scorpions were as prevalent as snakes.

One night after we had retired my child Mary Jane cried out that a scorpion had stung her. I sprang from my bed, followed by her father, threw down the quilts from the children, and there, sure enough, was the scorpion still clinging by its stinger to her toe. Her Father and I spent the rest of the night poulticing her toe with mud, which was effectual in drawing out the poison and no serious results followed the sting.

This incident brings to mind the circumstance of Mary Jane's birth. I went home to Mother for that event, for it was not possible to obtain the needed help in Huntington. Elders had been called in to pray for me during my travail, among them James Guymon (an uncle of my neighbor Laura Brown). When my babe was born aunt Jane Woodward, who waited on me, called to Elder Guymon to bless the babe quickly, for she was struggling between life and death and it appeared that she was going. Brother Guymon stopped in his blessing for probably a minute, and my heart sank within me, for I supposed the child had died in his arms. But he continued and promised the child that she should become a mother in Israel, should go through the House of the Lord, that she should be changed in the twinkling of an eye and live to see the second coming of the savior.

When I was able to return home my husband came for me, and before we arrived home I came to know by experience the meaning of thirst. We returned by way of Price Canyon and when we had reached this canyon one of our oxen gave out, which caused much delay, for we were obliged to stop at intervals to let him rest. We knew of course that there would be no water to obtain between Price Creek and Huntington and my husband thought the animal might stand the trip better if we traveled from Price Creek to Huntington in the night. So we filled our little canteen with water and attempted this. Instead of making the distance that night, we were three days on the way.

On the third day Charles walked to Huntington to get help. While he was gone my thirst became so intense and my tongue so swollen I was speechless. I had the two babies and I suct first one to the breast then the other to keep their mouths wet.

While I was in this predicament James Jeffs of Castle Dale drove up and called to me I was unable to answer, but made him understand that I was suffering from thirst. Fortunately he had water, which he administered very carefully and wisely.

Even before Charles started to walk to Huntington we had become so thirsty that we had searched for the spring which we had heard bore the sign "Water here but death near."

One other incident belongs to the events of dugout days. Our flour was gone. Charles at last exhausted his resources. He tried at the little store, which by this time had sprung up in town, to procure some but failed. I was nursing a baby at the time. For two days I had gone without bread that I might make the little we had last the longer for my family. On the second day my children caught me weeping and insisted on knowing the reason. I unfolded to them the true situation and requested them to kneel with me and ask the Lord to open a way for us to get flour. Our prayers were answered in this way:

I had walked out to where Charles was working to talk over the situation with him and see if we could devise any way of getting the needed flour. He assured me that there was no way that he could see. As we talked who should drive up but my Sister Sarah Ellen and her husband

George Westwood. I was distressed, for I had nothing with which to fix them a bite to eat, and I felt that I could bear that anyone rather than my sister should know our circumstances.

I invited them in anyway, and as George got out of the wagon he produced a hundred pound sack of flour, saying, "I don't know whether you need this or not, but I felt like bringing it over." Imagine my joy and thankfulness. We assured him that we would pay it back as soon as possible, - for he had only two hundred pounds now in his own home.

The end of this sack of flour was drawing near. I had but a small amount left. Again there seemed no possible way of getting more nor of returning what my brother-in-law had brought us. It was a Sunday evening. My husband and I had walked out to the corral to look over the chickens and consider whether there were any way we might exchange them for flour.

As we were thus engaged we noticed a number of men with packs on their backs coming along toward us. On arriving they asked if we could direct them to Charles Brown's. When they found that ours was the place they were looking for they expressed their thankfulness and said that they were tired and hungry. I did not know them. They were miners from Winter quarters and had walked down from the camp. They said, "We were told that if we reach Charlie Brown's we would be all right."

It was with no little concern that I went to the dugout to prepare supper for them. I had but a loaf and a half of bread for the whole hungry group. I prayed in my heart as I proceeded, and the spirit of the Lord whispered to me, "He who was able to feed the multitude on a few loaves and fishes is able to feed these men on a loaf and a half of bread".

Really I do not know how they made out a supper, but I gave them such as I had and they seemed to enjoy it and to be filled, and they spent the evening in song and jollification.

For their breakfast I used the last of the flour. Their business down here was to look over the country and see what prospects there were for building a canal to get water to Cleveland. They were about to be on their way when one of them, an elderly man, (his name is Samson Potter and he lived and died at Cleveland), called the attention of the others to the conditions. He said, "I noticed that this good woman shook her flour sack to supply us our breakfast. It may have been the last she had. It is evident that she can cook for us if she has anything to cook. Let's leave her something and we will know where to find a home when hungry." They bought me flour from town, and I have not wanted for bread from that day to this.

These men went to work on the Cleveland Canal. There were several camps of them, and I had the employment of doing their baking and washing, which brought means, much needed, into my home.

For quite awhile my brother James and his wife Elizabeth Jewkes lived with us in the little dugout. Just a few days ago Elizabeth spent an afternoon with me. As we talked over the experiences of those days she remarked, "I would be willing to go through all that poverty again to have the happiness and contentment which we enjoyed." Truly we were a happy, contented people. We never went to bed with ill feelings in our hearts, and my sister-in-law was as near to me as a sister.

Finally my brother and she moved elsewhere, and my home in time evolved from a dugout to a log room. The sense of exaltation we experienced in making the transfer is easier left to the imagination than described. My husband had tried so hard to get the log room ready before the birth of our daughter Clara, but did not succeed. But we moved into it that same year.

The nine years we lived in the dugout really covers the pioneer phase of my life. We began to have more to do with, for the country in general was building up and it was not so difficult either to raise crops as at first. The cause of the poor harvest when we obtained only nine and a half bushels of wheat from ten bushels planted was not due to unproductive soil, but

to irrigation conditions. For quite awhile the farmers had difficulty in keeping the water in the canal. It persisted in washing out. They had to learn to control it by experience.

The first school we had in this locality was held in a log building of two rooms, situated on what is the old farm of Jens Nielson. Really the school began in a brush shanty, but the log rooms were put up before winter came on.

As I remember Sallie Wimmer was the teacher. I tended her children as she taught. My children were not old enough to begin school at the time.

From the beginning religious services were held in Castle Valley, for the pioneers of this section were God-fearing people, Latter-day Saints, most of whom had come in obedience to calls from Church authorities to settle here.

Our first place of worship in the vicinity of Huntington was a brush bowery, located on the north side of the river just above where the bridge now spans the river on the state highway.

The first conference held in Castle Valley, at which representatives from the Council of the Twelve apostles of the church were present, was in Cottonwood. The little settlement between what is now Castle Dale and Orangeville.

I attended this conference, it was in August 1880, and had the privilege of riding home in the same buggy in which the visiting elders rode. These were Erastus Snow and Brigham Young Jr. Emery Stake of Zion was organized at this conference, and Elder Christian G. Larson was made president of the stake. I remember how he wept upon receiving this call.

I am seventy-two years old now, but I recall this conference distinctly. My daughter Lydia was a baby and was ill during the night of croup and I had the elders administer to her. I stayed that night at the home of Uncle Samuel Jewkes.

In the conference we, the settlers, were promised by the servants of the Lord that upon condition of our faithfulness in keeping the commandments of the Lord, we should prosper and grow. They said that the country was full of riches and that in God's own time these should come forth.

Will I recall remarks which I heard Elder Kanute Peterson make in a meeting of the early days of Castle Valley. I think it was the time that Elder Lars P. Oveson was made bishop of the Cleveland Ward. Elder Peterson said that before any settlers had been called to Castle Valley he was driving through this country with a mule team. He had filled his barrel with water at Price Creek and judged that he could make it safely that day to Huntington Creek. But after starting on his way from Price Creek he was hailed by a voice which said, "Stop." He looked around, and seeing no one decided to go on, reasoning that it was foolish to stop there. A second time he was called to and told to stop. This time he obeyed, unharnessed his mules and began kindling a fire. As he did this a sound of music from the distance greeted his ears. He humbled himself in prayer before the Lord and prayed that if there was a message for him he might have strength to receive it. The music came nearer. A cloud appeared before him and from out of it a voice said, "Yes there is a message for you. We want you people to come and settle this country, and we have been waiting for you to take this message."

Elder Peterson testified that he did take this message to the general authorities of the Church in Salt Lake City, and that it was following this experience that settlers were called to settle Castle Valley. I recall, too, that in relating his experience he said that he actually saw in the cloud some of the musical instruments which he had heard. The elders stopped in Huntington to hold a meeting here, and while the congregation was gathering in the bowery I heard one of the brethren ask Elder Peterson if the instruments were like the musical instruments had among the people here. He replied that they were not, and was then asked if he could draw a picture of any of them, whereupon he drew on a piece of paper one of the instruments.



Some people in reading the incidents which I have related of a visionary nature; as, my brother's being lead by a light and a voice to the tent after he had lost his way, or my hearing music the day my father died, or of Elder Kanute Peterson's vision, may feel to regard them lightly, judging that they are foolishness.

I wish to leave my testimony with my children that these incidents are not foolishness, neither were they the experiences of a superstitious, light-minded or childish people. They were experiences of sturdy, sober-minded, practical pioneers, whose state was lowly and whose hearts were contrite. In those days we drew near to God, and he, true to his promise, drew near to us. The veil between heaven and earth was thin. We endured willingly many hardships and cheerfully made many sacrifices in order to carry on what we sincerely believed to be God's work in subduing a desert and advancing civilization, and in this God acknowledged us and made us feel his approval and his guiding, supporting hand. So it was not inconsistent with the conditions that occasional spiritual manifestations should be visited upon us to give us hope and stimulate us in our struggles.

I know that when my husband and I began to prosper and get away from the lowly state of our pioneer days we began to forget the Lord and to neglect our religious privileges and duties, and grow real careless.

During this period of carelessness I was give a dream, which I have always looked upon as a warning given to me from divine source to call me back to a remembrance and observance to the teachings of the Gospel of the Redeemer.

I dreamed that I was dead and a messenger showed me around and pointed out different homes which were prepared for different people. Among them was a very grand place, which the messenger said was Christina Pearson's. I remarked to him that she was still alive. I knew, for she was my Relief Society teacher. He explained that the place was nevertheless hers and was ready for her when she should die. I wondered if she would be able to take care of such a fine place, for I know how humble her state was in this life. This thought I expressed and the messenger assured me that she would have the knowledge to keep it all right.

Finally I was shown a house consisting of two log rooms. The surroundings were beautiful as they were about every place in general, but the house, although it was clean, was not grand. I asked whose place it was, and was informed that it was my house. I wondered how it could be that I should be given a poorer house than the one I owned on earth. I was told that I had sent up nothing with which to build a better one.

This dream was given me years ago before my husband Charles died, and while Peter Johnson was bishop. It impressed me very much with the feeling that I and my husband had grown careless about the payment of our tithes.

Two other testimonies are calling for mention here.

After my daughter Lydia's death I used to fast and pray that I might be permitted to see her. I felt that if I could see her only once I would be more satisfied. One night I dreamed she came and I heard her call "Mother". After she had gained my attention she asked me to not pray for her to come, explaining that she had her work to do and that she had been obliged to neglect it to come this time. Then she showed me a lane which she had to pass through and said there were evil spirits about and that she was in danger of being overthrown by them. I regretted very much that I had prayed for her to come lest I had placed her in jeopardy. She answered my anxiety saying, "Don't worry, Mother, I'll be all right this time."

After this dream I ceased my fasting and praying to see her for I felt that I was doing wrong.

When my last baby, Zella, was born she struggled for breath, and the doctor worked with

her but with no effect. So brother Peter E. Nielson was called to bless her and give her a name. He pled with the Lord that if it could be in accordance with his will he would let her stay even if it were for only a little while.

She lived five months and was then taken. She was the sixth child for me to bury and I felt that I could not bear it. I really grew bitter in my heart and began to argue with myself that there was no God or he would have spared me this sorrow. Our home was so lonely and we had waited with such anxious expectation for this little one.

While I was in a bitter, unreconciled mood, Elder Alanzo E. Wall called as a ward teacher. Upon learning how I felt, he reasoned with me, trying to get me to view the matter differently. I responded to his reasoning that he had never lost a child and did not realize what it was.

Then he told me that the time would come when I would kneel at the graves of my loved ones and thank God that they were buried in their purity and innocence and were resting in peace.

I have lived to see his words verified, for during the terrible stress of the Great World War, I did kneel at their graves just as he said I would.

#### TO CHARLIE MY HUSBAND

Long years ago in the days of our poverty, when I felt that no expenditure of means should be made except for the bare necessities, Charles bought me a photograph album for Christmas. When I remonstrated because of the apparent extravagance, he said in his quiet way,

"I knew you had lots of photographs and needed some place to keep them."

Recently when our married daughters were home on a visit they came across the album and asked "Why do you keep this old album, Mother? It's so faded and worn, it ought to be burned."

They did not sense how dear it had grown to their old, faded mother. Its title page I preserve in this book of remembrance and dedicate it to their father.