

ORSON GURNEY SMITH

On the plains of Iowa, near the city of what is now called Keokuk, Lee County, destined for an unknown place in the West, two wagons stopped and let the remaining group of over sixty ox teams go on without them. All were of the company of Mr. John Brown.

An old lady, experienced in maternity matters, remained with the waiting wagon to care for the mother there who was expecting her second child. The father and mother had joined the Latter-day Saint Church in 1850 in their homeland of Eaton Bray, Bedfordshire, England. Then their kindred and friends turned against them; no one of them had gone to see them off on the boat which was to carry them across the sea to America. It was far from easy to leave the land of their birth, the graves of their dead, brothers and sisters and relatives, all that was dear to them on earth. They did not know if they would ever see those dear and familiar scenes again. Can you sense the pain and sorrow that filled their hearts?

The father, Thomas X. Smith, was scarcely 21 and Margaret Gurney, his wife, was just 20. They had come from long lines of good English stock with a record of frugality, honesty, trustworthiness, and charitable inclination to mankind in general. They were independent in thought and action. They were liberal in their views and accorded all the same as they claimed for themselves. But one thing became more dear to them than family. When the sound of the restored gospel of Jesus Christ reached their ears, they

saw the light of truth. "It burst upon their souls like a flash and aroused them to a sense of obligation that compelled them to accept it regardless of price," wrote their son, Orson. "This they did and what a heritage they left me of faith, courage, determination, love for God, truth, honesty, integrity and loyalty to principle. I am proud of it and realize the great responsibility left upon me to see that my part be as nobly done as they have done theirs."

During the night of the birth, July 4th, 1853, a large dog, probably part wolf, appeared from nowhere and crouched under the wagon until they started forward again. Then it disappeared and was not seen again. After the birth and a brief rest, they had been ordered to proceed as fast as possible to overtake the train. Under such conditions one can imagine the plight of the young mother unaccustomed to outdoor life with its special brand of hardship. They had just completed a three-month journey on a lightweight sailing vessel, over rough seas, with a two-year-old child to worry about. They had landed in New Orleans and taken a boat to St. Louis where they had been fitted out with an ox team, entirely strange to Thomas, for the trip across the plains. But he soon became an expert ox team driver, mastering "Whoa, Haw, Gee." After overtaking the company they continued on into the valley of the mountains and joined the saints who had gone before.

It was late in the month of September. Thomas secured an acre of land in Farm-

ington, Utah, where he built an adobe home, sixteen by twenty feet, with a fireplace in the west end. A door was in the east and a window in the south, and a dirt floor and board roof completed the home. I wonder if Thomas had had any previous experience in building in England since he had been a factory worker most of his life. And adobe was not a building material used in England, common only in dry arid climates such as the Great Basin desert of Utah. I suspect that he learned the pioneer skills from scratch. He cultivated the lot and raised good garden food after the first season.

But at first food was scarce and they were forced to resort to native greens and sego roots and wild potatoes that were found on the bottom lands. Thomas' brother George and wife Catherine and their family of three children located about forty rods south and built a cabin there. Hatters by trade in England, as was Thomas, and totally without experience in roughing it, all four combined their ignorance and did all their cooking in Thomas' bake oven and over his fireplace. They learned to make bread, prepare meat and vegetables, soup and mush in a large black pot hung over the fireplace. For work, Thomas had charge of Willard Richard's grist mill in Farmington.

All of this information was told Orson by others but from here on he began his own autobiography. He told from a four-year-old's memory of the sad news of the U.S. Army on its way to Utah to destroy the Mormons. The men were called to arms, among them his father. They drilled as best they could and in due time marched to Echo Canyon to prevent the army from entering the valley. Orson's mother, with her three children, was now left to shift for herself with the mercy of always ready, helping neighbors.

Now came another change to be met with the required faith and courage. Word came for all families to move south while the army was threatening. Orson's mother loaded her three children, along with two neighbors, and all their belongings, into one wagon drawn by one ox and one cow. They took chickens and a pig and everything they owned except some books which they buried in the ground in a trunk. Away they went, destined for who knew what. Their first camp was made in Salt Lake City where some good friends invited them in out of the rain. As Orson approached the blazing fire on the hearth, he saw what he thought to be a great pan of biscuits. He rushed up in anticipation of getting one to appease his hunger only to find it to be a hearth made of dried bricks. His disappointment was bitter!

They were on the move the next morning on their way to somewhere. On this journey, in some unaccountable manner, Orson and the pig he was holding fell out of the wagon. They missed the pig, a choice and valuable animal, and went back to find it. Orson said he didn't know what might have happened to him had they not missed the pig.

After three days of travel they reached Clover Creek, Utah County, and pitched their teepees on a ranch called Cheney's. The teepees were built like those of the Indians, willows stood on end and tied at the top and spread out at the bottom to make room for beds and shelter. Around the outside was spread any kind of covering available to keep out the cold. Here they stayed for the winter, and it was a hard one. Cattle died from the cold and insufficient food.

With spring came word that they could return to their homes, which they did as soon as possible. They found their place as they had left it, although dampness had ruined their books. It was quite a loss to them.

whole attitude was to live harmoniously and perfect their lives for the celestial degree of glory, which they all worked on. The reason for polygamy as they understood it was to raise up a superior group of righteous people in this new country that was being established, to give the unborn spirits a chance to tabernacle in the flesh. They had left a land of oppression to come to a land where they could worship God as they chose. According to the witness of all Orson's children they did live in harmony, enjoying the spirit of the Lord.

Orson had not been home long until he was sent for by Washington Dunn, who had a fifty-mile contract on the Northern Pacific line, just building through Montana. Orson met him at Dillon, Montana, on the Northern Pacific where he wanted Orson to go over the timber adjacent to his contract, which he did for a month.

Orson bought a horse and saddle and lit out alone. He hired a guide whenever he needed one. He traveled around on the Madison, Jefferson, and Galitan Rivers, then skirted the now Yellowstone National Park and returned to Dillon and made his report, which pleased Mr. Dunn. Then he wanted Orson to join him in his contract, but Orson was feeling family pulls and so returned.

However, his lot seemed to be cast away from home for, after a short stay, he leased and farmed a small piece of land for a year, planted lucerne on another piece, and got a fine team of horses and a wagon by selling his home in Logan.

Orson helped on the new rock meeting house in Paradise and saw it finished and prepared for use. After that first load of rock from the previous winter, the ward now turned out and hauled enough loads of rock to finish it. They burned the lime and laid all

the rock. Timbers for the roof, ceiling, and windows were placed and the building closed in and plastered just as the cold spell came in November.

Then they threw the building all open and let the plaster freeze dry; that plaster has never moved or fallen off, according to Orson. By the first of January it was ready for use. David James, a former bishop, gave them a bell and it still hangs there. An addition has been put on the east side under the direction of Bishop Samuel Oldham that gives more room and conveniences for the better enjoyment of the community.

Orson's next call was from Brother George Q. Cannon asking if he could be one of a party to go and search out a line of railroad from Tooele on through to California west of and out of the Meadow Valley wash. Orson agreed and went home and got ready; and with J.E. Langford, two Andrews boys, and a surveyor named Sharp, two saddle horses and a team and wagon, he left for Salt Lake and traveled west to Tooele, onto Gold and to Sharp, on to Groom, Pahranaget Valley and back by way of Desert Springs and Black Rock and home. The Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railroad Company brought the U.P. road bed to Meadow Valley Wash and built it on to California as the line now stands.

Orson and companions now returned home and reported all their findings. They were never used. Once more he was at home and took up his work in the ward. While on his last trip he got interested in a gold venture that resulted in building a small mill, laying a pipe line, and then moving the mill onto another property called Chirpa in Nevada. He and others bought the Johnie from which was taken about ninety thousand dollars, but the long haul and wild country were against the successful operation of the property.

J.E. Langford was the superintendent and together they got a buyer and recommended a sale of the whole property for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Then trouble began, their foreman was killed, the new mill was jumped by renegades. Hugh Cannon and Orson walked up in face of their guns to parley with them but to no avail. So they went to Belmont, the county seat of Nye County, got the sheriff but by the time they returned, there had been a skirmish, their leader was killed, and the rest arrested and convicted and jailed. In their absence someone had set fire to the new mill and they left and never went back. All was lost. A splendid gold property was gone for the want of protection from mobs and money to put it in good producing shape.

Orson was now called and set apart as second counselor to Charles O. Card, President of Cache Stake. Here he served for seven years. During the crusade against the Mormons' plural marriage system he was absent from the state for six years. He spent this time railroading, first in Montana and then Oregon and Washington, and with F.S. Allen he built nineteen miles for the Montana Central, six miles for the Seattle and Lake Shore lines. At this time he went to Canada and helped colonize Cardston. His wife Mary Ellen was with him in all this work and stayed three years in Canada. Orson built a home and stable and dug a well and fenced a lot there. After three years he and Mary came home. He then went to Oregon and placed and ran two saw mills at Pleasant Valley for David Eccles. His wife Annie went with him this time and wintered in Rexburg, Idaho, where their son, Lyman, was born. Then they went back to Canada where he helped build a log meeting house and assisted at many other projects. Owen, another son, was born there.

After going from state to state for six years, engaging in all kinds of enterprises, he sold his outfits and went home to his three families and settled down and gave himself up. He was arrested, tried, and acquitted. Statehood had now been obtained for Utah, and the Manifesto was sustained by the church by which it abandoned the practice of polygamy and peace was declared.

Orson was now called and set apart as President of Cache Valley Stake and served in that calling for six years. His counselors were Simpson Maten and Isaac Smith. During this incumbency he sold his farm at Avon, his second home in Paradise, and built in Logan. He did some farming in College Ward and Smithfield but most of his time was occupied with church work which covered all of Cache Valley and kept him traveling most of the time. He drove a team of tall young mares and could reach the farthest settlements and return home the same day when not detained by night meetings.

His wives were of the finest type of women who threw their whole souls into his work and sustained him in every way by faith, prayers, and works. No women could have done better, said Orson. Carrie was Stake President of the YLMIA and traveled extensively, beloved by all who knew her. Sarah Ann labored in the ward Primary and Relief Society and was greatly respected. Mary was always active in Relief Society and Sunday School, being secretary of the Relief Society for many years. Orson said they were the greatest gift of God to man and felt himself blessed beyond his worthiness. He often said that his prayer was that he would be worthy of them and could go where they go.

Among the many and varied interests he tried to look after, he was elected Postmaster and served for three years with Joseph Squires as assistant.

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on the old shaft and put a windlass on it. Harris explored the old workings sufficiently to determine its value and found it of no value to them without a large outlay of money.

In 1932 his wife Mary Ellen developed a cancerous growth in the abdomen which troubled her continuously for two years, the last one very bad. They had all the medical skill obtainable and this could give her no relief. The family waited on her night and day.

Daughter Olena was constantly present for four months after her mother came home from the hospital. She had been operated on to no purpose. She gradually grew worse until death released her. On the morning of January 27, 1934, she went peacefully to sleep. What a loss to him, Orson said, a dear companion for fifty years less six months. He describes her as a woman of rare ability, mentally and physically strong. She had brought into the world ten beautiful children under most strenuous and trying conditions. She was faithful to her family, her church, and her God. She was loved, honored and respected by all of them. Two sons preceded her to the grave. Orson said, "I honor her memory and hope that I can be where she has gone throughout all eternity."

Orson wrote much poetry throughout his life. I will insert two poems here at this point:

*Day by day I am going that way,
I care not how soon or when.
Just as I can say to my latest day,
I am still just as true as I ever have been.*

*I look forward with joy, with the sweetest alloy
For the day that again we shall meet.
Where no power can destroy, nor harm annoy.
Over there when each other we greet.*

*So I bow to my fate, and without any hate,
To what God may yet have for me to perform,
Whether sunshine or storm,
And do my level best evermore.*

*I would not change my life thus far,
For anything that reigns.
Earthly honors fade and mar
The soul with aches and pains.*

*I would not change for all the wealth
Of Croesus or his gang;
It would not buy my lifelong health,
Nor make me what I am.*

*I would not change for earthly power
Of all the Dukes and Lords;
For that can vanish in an hour
And leave me no rewards.*

*I bow to one who lives and moves
In majesty and power,
Controls them all and works and loves
To blessings on us shower.*

*In Him I found a friend indeed
With power to bless and save.
To give to me my every need
From my cradle to the grave.*

*Why should I want to change my place
Or the path that I have trod;
For I shall see Him face to face,
My Father and my God.*

Orson kept in touch with all his large family by letter and verse so that, although they were scattered, thousands of miles apart, he could by this method convey to them his love

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for them and the spirit that animated his soul by which they might be lifted up to greater heights of perfection, greater endeavor and accomplishment to the honor and glory of God. He said:

My soul is wrapped up in their noble mothers and them. In and through them I carry on forever. I love them all far beyond their ken, for they cannot see as I see for lack of experience, but that will come to their joy, for the older they get they will understand me and my mission, and the more they will love and respect me and their mothers and the heritage we have left them.

We are all descendants of Joseph who was sold into Egypt through the loins of Ephraim, his choice son. No greater blessing or heritage can come to any man or woman. In addition to that, they have all been born in the new and everlasting covenants, heir to all the gifts and blessings of Abraham, Issac and Jacob, sealed upon them through their parents, and they will have them sure if they will be faithful in keeping all the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.

This letter I wrote to my boys in March 1915, and I reaffirm its contents today for it is my testimony November 17, 1934, and the desire and sentiment of my heart for all my boys and girls alike for all are as one to me. I dearly love and appreciate every one that God has given me, and what I say to one I say to all.

My Dear Children, As I have time this evening, I desire to write a few lines to you; and since I am longer away from you than I expected to be, I know you will accept a letter including all of you. Since I am as interested in one as in the other, my feelings are the same for all of you, my hopes for you are the same. I have met many people, talked with them. walked with them, and have found out how

densely ignorant they are about our people Utah and the doctrines of our faith. I have men come to me to my face and say that there is something about me that attracts them and they ask me what it is.

I tell them that I am a Mormon and they exclaim, "Well, what do you believe in anyway?" I tell them all they ask for and they are pleased. One man said to me, "Brother Smith, I see you never smoke, drink, or swear, and you show it in your face. I can see you never read novels for you have something good to say all the time. I never hear you use bad language or superfluous words and really it is a pleasure to meet you." Another said, "Mr. Smith, I shall feel lonesome when I do not meet you, for you impress me as being a clean, sweet man, and I have enjoyed your acquaintance."

Now my boys, there is nothing out of the ordinary about me that men should voluntarily tell me such things, but it is God who magnifies me in the eyes of such men because I have kept His commandments. He has blessed me with power to keep clean and sweet from the use of forbidden things, and men see it stamped on my face and in my acts among them. I could not do it alone, but every night and morning I kneel beside my bed and ask God with all my soul to help me to keep His commandments and He does it.

I feel the power of his spirit and in humility I thank Him for His help. When I was your age I had all the temptations that you have to meet, but I never forgot to pray. I attribute my power to resist temptation to that one thing above all others.

(Then Orson recounts many of the incidents I have already reported about his many escapes from danger and death, crediting the Lord with them.)

He continues:

This does not say that I have done right all the time, boys, for I am weak as you are, left to myself, and I have my careless ways, and I have done many petty things of which I recall some. I have played truant, disobeyed my father and mother, and a lot of things I wish now I had not done. I might have been more kind to my dear mother and lightened her burdens more.

I trust God now as I never could have before because the grosser sins He has helped me to avoid and for so many things He has done for me. I know what I believed when I was young, that we shall stand before our Creator and face up with our lives in all their detail, and we shall need no reminder of our acts, for they shall roll forth from the great phonograph of God, and then we shall see all we have done.

I know these things are true, boys and girls, and when a stranger says that the purity of my life is stamped on my face and in my acts, I can tell you, boys, that I am amply paid. I want you just as clean as the father from whom you sprang. You should be better than I for you had a better start. Do not risk another moment of your lives in disobedience to God's laws, for every day is a day lost or gained whichever way you go.

There are but two ways, right or wrong, good or bad, up or down, light or darkness, purity or impurity. Choose you now which way you will go. One brings happiness and peace of mind. The other brings unending sorrow and remorse. I believe in you. I have faith in you and down in your hearts there is something telling you that these things are true. This is the still small voice of the spirit; listen to it and it will grow and grow until it will become your guide.

I pray for you always and if my life shall inspire you to pursue the paths that I have trod,

I tell you in all confidence you will be blessed and you will never regret it. I am proud of my father for he did leave me rich in faith, health, and happiness. Receive my blessing, boys and girls, and prize it as a jewel, for such it is and you will know it some day. Your loving father.

Postscript. I am now working in the temple and have been for years, for my dead kindred; and at home I garden and do all other kinds of labor necessary to keep things in shape and provide a livelihood for Mother and myself (now Annie is left). I find time for ward teaching monthly, priesthood class meeting, Sunday School sacrament meetings; I try to go regularly and enjoy it all. Near three thousand persons I have worked for in the temple.

The morning of the 5th of August 1935 Orson went out to get his mail and sat down on the porch to read his letters. The next thing he knew was one hour later when he realized that that day, at an hour that he could decide, he was to leave this mortal life. It had been shown to him. He went into the house and told his wife Annie, to prepare her. He visited with his children who came to see him and wrote the following poems:

At the Close of Day

*Why should we want the sun to always shine
And darkness always stay away?
We would not know that either were so fine,
Were we deprived of either night or day.*

*And so we love the morn, its beauty rare
Inspires the soul, expands the breast
To breathe the morning air,
And urges all to do their level best.*

*When the sun has reached the zenith of the sky,
How nice to rest the weary bones a while,*

*And eat the noonday meal before we try
To finish up the day, and then we smile.*

*But, oh, the joy of eventide
When shades of eve overcome the heat.
No matter then what may betide,
We feel relief and rest our aching feet.*

*We do relax and rest around
And spend our time in every way
That joy and comfort may abound.
So it is with life's eventide,*

*The summing up of all the past,
The ripening of old age, from prime,
The drawing of life's close at last,
Such is the close of the day.*

*The best of all the rest,
To sweep the trials away
And place us in eternal life, the best.*

He ate his dinner and wrote letters. At evening time while Annie was out gathering in the wash, he lay down. When she came in to call him to supper which she had placed on the table, she found he had slept quietly away. She went to call for help and as she opened the door, all she could hear was the singing of many birds. It was five in the evening and no one was near.

When his dear sister Lucy heard about his passing, she asked them not to move him until she could come and see him, which she immediately did.

His Patriarchal Blessing told him that a guardian angel was assigned to him at birth and he would be watched over all his life. He knew this person, not by sight, but by his nearness so many times during his lifetime. His children have been by his side when he has told them of this presence.

God was so kind to him. He gave him many choices that helped him through hard

experiences. The children felt that God truly loved their father. He and his good wives walked close to their Maker. Mary Ellen said many times that if she was a good character and an understanding woman, it was largely because of him and the way he didn't judge people, and the kind of a life he lived. There was never any quarreling in their midst. There were 27 children and with a common play yard, yet they never had any hard words. Neither did the wives ever have differences that were visible to the children.

They never heard an unkind word spoken to or of each other. This peaceful life often made it very hard when they went out of the home to mix with others who didn't enjoy such a wonderful childhood. They never had any gossip in their home and were never allowed to say anything that was not good about anyone. The same has been said about the home Orson was raised in. Only good was ever spoken, or they were told to say nothing.

His children buried Orson and such a wonderful sweet spirit was felt by all of them as they bid him farewell, so Margaret reports. He was a wonderful father and husband. He did love his fellowman and any mistakes he might have made in his lifetime were surely never intended and he sorrowed for them. His was a very special spirit.

He was buried in the Logan City Cemetery which had been his homestead and which he donated to the city for a burial place.

The man who will be remembered by mankind with love and gratitude is the one who has been inspired and who has lifted mankind to the highest ideal in life. The name of Orson Smith has gone down in history among those men and will be remembered forever.

the saw spun like lightening and would have cut me in two that instant had I not. The gates of the wheel had frozen to its rim and the water was running through; as soon as the water thawed the gates loose from the rim, the wheel flew with the saw also. I was saved by a miracle wrought by my Heavenly Father.

Orson tells of many other incidents in his life that, had it not been for his faith in God, he would have been killed. In his words:

In my youth I had all the temptations that any generation has to meet, but I never forgot to pray. I attribute my power to resist temptations to that one thing. There were many simple things that I went to the Lord with that would seem small things to us now to bother the Lord about, but in my innocence I did it and my prayers were answered. Once when I was fifteen years of age I got lost in the desert and had been without water for three days. I was led by prayer to find water, and after I reached it, but for the promptings of the spirit, I should have killed myself by drinking too much. Another time I lost a large pocket-book away out on the desert among the sage-brush and had no idea where I had dropped it, but in answer to prayer I found it.

My labor often led me into the mountains among the timber and often have I knelt down all alone and poured out my childish soul to God, and invariably I have felt a warm glowing feeling in my bosom as if in answer to my prayer, and I lost all fear. I have been snatched from the jaws of death so many times that I know there has been a divine hand over me.

In addition to my experience with the saw are some other incidents. Once when I was ten years old I was placed on the back of an ox. He was a big one but gentle. In some way he became frightened and ran away, throwing me to the ground. I was unconscious for hours but life was spared me.

I was once met in the canyon by a band of Indians who were on the warpath. Some children had been stolen by some of the roving bands, and I, of course, knowing all this, wondered what was going to happen to me. I crawled off the trail into the rocks but they saw me and came after me. I had some dinner with me so I invited them to eat with me, which they did, and ate every bite I had, but it bought my liberty, for they left me, and I made my way over the cliffs and out of the mountains toward home as fast as possible. I could run like a deer in those days.

Other escapes from death occurred when I was older working on the train as brakeman. While I was coupling two cars, the upper draw gear slipped by the lower one and I was between them; another foot and I would be cut in two. I reached out my hand and waved the engineer to move ahead and thus was liberated without a scratch.

Another time between Richmond and Franklin, Idaho, when the road was new and rough, on a very dark night, the train broke in two. We had no air brakes then, and braking was done by hand. I was on top of the box cars running along when all of a sudden I stopped. Had I stepped another step or two I would have fallen off the car between the rails and been run over, for the section ahead had broken away and parted right there just as my lamp went out. I freely and honestly acknowledge God in all these things. For some purpose known to Him, He has delivered me from the rushing torrents of the mighty Yukon rapids and from starvation and destruction on the great Pacific Ocean, and from the guns of savage Indians and outlaws in Death Valley when J.J. Cannon and I walked into the muzzles of their loaded rifles. God protected me from destruction on the Southern Pacific Railroad when the trucks of the tender turned at right angles with the engine and miraculously pre-

vented the ditching of the entire train from falling over cliffs hundreds of feet high. He has rescued me from drowning in rivers I have crossed. Some power greater than mine has watched over and kept me.

But of all the escapes that have come to me, the one I prize the most is my escape from tobacco, whiskey, coffee, tea, and women. I thank God with all my soul for this above all else that He has done for me. Now I can meet any man, woman, or child, living or dead and without fear or shame look them in the face and say that I have set them an example that they can follow. By doing as I have done I testify to you that no greater joy can come to the soul of man from any source in life than the one this will bring.

After Orson's mission to southern Utah, he returned to school in Salt Lake City at the University of Deseret until he finished in 1873. He was called to teach school in his nineteenth year under the superintendency of Miss Ida Cook. The second year he taught the first grade school, for that year the schools of the city were graded. It was this year that he met Carrie Carpenter.

Carrie was born Carolyn Mariah Carpenter in the state of Wolfden fame, Putnam, Windham County, Connecticut, April 15, 1857. She was the first child of Ezra Davis Carpenter, born July 30, 1833, died April 23, 1893 at Logan, Utah; and Jane Betsy King, born January 15, 1836, died October 4, 1920, at Jerome, Idaho.

At an early age, Carrie, as she was called, developed sincere and earnest devotion for religion. Her people belonged to the Baptist church. At the age of eleven years she applied for membership. In her own words:

I well remember the evening when I and a number of others who were candidates were asked to rise to our feet in turn and tell why

we wished to join, and the reason and ground work of our conversion. I trembled much at the prospect of having to rise before so large an audience, many of whom were my associates. However, I was sustained in the strong assurance that baptism by immersion was so plainly portrayed in the pattern set by the Savior that I felt it must be plain to everyone that immersion was the only reasonable way to be baptized. I told them all what I thought, and the aged minister, Reverend Charles Willet who presided, was so delighted that he arose and complimented me then and there for the clearness of my ideas at so tender an age.

*No less profound were the impressions I gained two years later when we were aroused and startled by the message of my father's half uncle, Ira Allen, who had come east to obtain genealogy. He brought to us a knowledge and understanding of the Bible in its entirety. When he returned home, he left a number of books, and among others was the volume of *The Seer*, which contained the revelation on "Celestial Marriage," also a treatise on the same subject by Parley P. Pratt. I was then 14 years of age. I read this book carefully alone to myself, and decided it to be correct. I could not see why one woman should be favored with a home and a good husband, and another equally good woman should have to live single if she could not find one. This was very plain to me, and I mentally determined that if I had a good husband, and some good woman would like to have him, too, I would share with her, believing that she would appreciate my unselfishness and reward me with a good share of her love, too, a thing which I lived to realize.*

She learned to play the organ at an early age, and when she came west to Utah, her father brought her organ which she continued to play. She became organist for Evan Stephens when he led the choir in Logan. It

He was the Postmaster for Logan City for several years. He helped build the electric light plant.

Patriarchal Blessing

The following blessing was given by John Smith on the head of Orson, son of Thomas X. and Margaret Gurney Smith, born near Keokuk, Iowa, July 4th, 1853.

Brother Orson, thou art of the house of Israel, numbered with the sons of Zion and thy pathway is marked out inasmuch as thou wilt listen to the whisperings of the spirit and be obedient to the priesthood, for the eye of the Lord has been upon thee from thy birth, he has preserved thy life for a wise purpose; he has work for thee to do in which, if thou art faithful, thou shalt see his name glorified and his arm made bare in behalf of Israel, for thou shalt see many changes and witness trying events among the people, for it shall be thy lot to travel much at home and abroad and assist in gathering scattered Israel, and if thou wilt seek wisdom, thy mind shall expand, the vision of thine understanding shall be opened, and thou shalt comprehend things past, present, and to come.

And if necessary thou shalt prophesy and perform miracles in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, for the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon thee in mighty power and make thee equal unto every task. The angel who was given thee at thy birth will warn thee of danger, give thee council in time of need and power over evil and unclean spirits; therefore, listen to the promptings of the monitor within thee and thou shalt find friends wheresoever thou shalt sojourn, and so long as thou art in the discharge of thy duty, no power shall prevail against thee.

Many times thou shalt be warned of events to come by dreams of the night and thy duty made

known by visions of the day, and many will seek thee for council, wonder at thy wisdom, and rejoice in thy teachings. Thou also shalt be a peacemaker among thine associates. Thou art of Ephraim and entitled to the blessings of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, with every gift and privilege promised unto the fathers in Israel and thy name shall live in the memory of the Saints. Thy children shall grow up around thee and bless thee in thy old age and all shall be well with thee

This blessing I seal upon thee in the name of Jesus Christ, and I seal thee up unto eternal life to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection, a savior in thy father's house.

Even so, Amen.

(The original is in the picture book of Orson.)

Orson's Poetry

To My Children

*"Twas eighteen hundred and seventy-five
That I began to build a hive.
The strongest of my soul's desire
Was of a host to be the sire.*

*My hopes have all been realized
Beyond what I could have surmised.
Three blessed girls essayed to share
My life and its attendant fare.*

*I little dreamed my purpose then
Would be fulfilled in women and men.
But now with joy I see my life
Reflected in each precious wife.*

*Mother indeed is every one,
Entitled to honor of daughter and son.
We've lived it right as nature goes;
Wherein we've erred the Father knows.*

*To you has come the best of health,
Sweet pure bodies is your wealth.
Born heirs to all that God has given
To choicest of his sons of Heaven.*

*He now stands ready and able
To rule and reign all the earth.*

*It is not the gold one possesses
Nor the palatial home where he's born
That makes him loved by the masses,
But the heart that is at once true and warm.*

*Then dear loving children remember
This one thing must be understood.
Though in years you are now but tender,
If you wish to be great be good.*

Born heirs to all that God has given
To choicest of his sons of Heaven.

I've done my best to do for you
What all true fathers try to do.
The very best in act and word
My soul has constantly been stirred.

That in you all it might inspire
To better lives, ascending higher
Than I could hope in life to reach
Or even express myself in speech.

I've tried my best to do you good;
Some day I will be understood.
I know that you'll not fail me then
For you will see it better when

I have been laid beneath the sod,
It's then your thoughts are turned to God.
It's been my purpose all the way
To see you faithful every day

To God, who sent you here to me
And made you share my destiny.
On you depends our future place,
What part of Heaven we shall grace.

The promise to us has been great
You hold in you that promised fate.
It won't be long that I am here
And when you stand around my bier

I would not have you weep and cry
But think of me and harder try
To lead the way to life and light
As you have known me make the flight.

I'm not ashamed to meet you here
I'll greet you in another sphere.
I've asked you not one thing to do
That has not been my purpose, too.

In you my happiness is complete
And 'tis a joy when 're we meet.
In you and your posterity
I live throughout eternity.

For good or bad as you elect
My name and yours you can protect.
I leave these lines you to pursue
The good in them I hope you do.

And if a hope they do inspire
I hope God's spirit keeps afire.

The Faith of Peter

The chief apostle of the Lord
Was tested to the core.
His faith was in his Master's word
But tried he was so sore.

'Twas on the storm-tossed Galilee
When Christ upon it walked.
"Master, bid me come to thee,"
Said Peter, as they talked.

"Come," the Savior quickly said,
And straightway Peter went.
A step or two, he became afraid
And quickly did relent.

"Master, I perish," he fearfully said,
"Oh save me or I die."
"Peter, oh thou of little faith,
Why not, for it is I."

This man of strength and weakness, too
When danger draweth near,
The lesson brings to me and you
No one is safe from fear.

His Master standing, doomed to death
He denied him thrice, with heated breath
To Roman and to Jew.

But after all this weakness shown
His strength was oh, so grand.
That Jesus claimed him as his own
To lead his little band.

Faithful to the very last
He stood the test of years
And made amends for all the past
Though bitter were his tears.

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SUP BOOK

The lesson we can learn from this
Intended for our gain
If we would share the Master's bliss
We must his grace obtain.

Some sinking soul may call on me
And you and all the rest.
The hand that lifted from the sea
Shall succor the distressed.

If we become that savior, too,
To lend a helping hand,
We all shall know what Peter knew
And with him we shall stand.

So we are tried with faith to prove
As if our strength to test
Our every act, our every move,
Though we do our very best.

But we are never left alone.
How thankful we should be
Before the raging tempests done
He lifts us from the sea.

The moment when we think we're gone
And everything is lost
He saves the ship and brings us home
No matter what the cost.

Oh weak, frail mortals that we are,
Depending on our God
If we but Peter's faith could share
And tread the path he trod.

Soliloqui

I wonder why we are so tried, in this fair world of
ours,
Where nature with itself has vied to beautify its
bowers.

I wonder why each mortal soul must wracked
with sorrow be,
While striving hard to reach a goal in faith and
integrity.

I wonder why the very heart began to meet what
would endure.

I wonder why there is a power that counteracts
the right,
That plucks the sweet from every flower that
happens into sight.

I fain would answer if I can the questions oft
propounded
By every human form of man who by them are
surrounded.

There are needs by those offenses come if we
would rise to glory.
We meet an opposite alone that tells for us the
story.

We all must stand upon one plank, for right of
choice was given.
Our agency to choose, maintain, for none are
forced to Heaven.

It is no mark of Heaven's law that one is tried
and tested,
For he that lives a pure man must have his peace
molested.

No one can know until he's tried what strength
there is within him,
And this is why, the test applied, deep waters
keep him swimmin'.

To The Children

The base of true greatness is goodness,
Remember and keep this in view;
And if your desires are to progress,
In this lie the chances for you.

One example I call to your notice,
One you have heard in the past
Whose life was devoted to Justice
And stands at our head to the last.

This person was born in a stable,
Note the real humble place of his birth.

Andrew Furiman

I am glad I have known him. His life has been an inspiration, especially under the trials as I saw him stand firm and true. It ought to be a lesson, as inspiration and hope to everyone who knew him. God bless his memory. His glory will be as great as any man can obtain. His was the God-given, prayerfully cultivated gift of being able to enlarge the native godliness and inner dignity of all men whom he met.

This personal magnetism was an expression of a soul who understood and loved his fellowmen; a soul of great native endowments further enlarged and refined by tragic and triumphant experiences. His influence was warm and compelling in intimate conversation, and when he didn't speak directly to a loved one, he wrote, and the thing he wrote became more prized with the passing years.

Elder Melvin J. Ballard:

Orson was a player in many events, little and big, then occurring or scheduled to occur over the greater part of the continent. The country was young and tough and mean—yet there was a place for virtue and goodness. But it took a real man to move in the stream and face the current by doing the honest and honorable thing.

Except for intermittent intervals, he was to be away for months on end as he sought to wrest a small fortune from the violent west in an area stretching from Alaska to Mexico and east to the Mississippi River. This energetic activity stemmed primarily from a desire to relieve the misfortune of his friends. How he was able to work at it among the roughest element and keep sweet, unsoured, was due to a serene conscience and a personal testimony that God lives, built on a foundation of a royal heritage passed on by goodly parents.

He got this testimony as a young man after stating to brother W.C. Parkinson that he was going to find out whether there was anything to this thing called Mormonism or not. The building stones of his life which he steadfastly laid according to the divine plan of salvation were his birthright from his stalwart parents and their parents, and so on reaching back to Adam.

I was riding on the train in California and was sleeping in an upper berth. In the night I arose and went to the state room and in some unaccountable way I found myself lying on the floor and I was standing over my body looking at it.

... suddenly I found myself standing over my body on the train and looking at it. Finally I entered into it and got up and went back to my bed in that upper berth and slept until daylight. I saw no one and no one saw me, but the incident was real and the experience overwhelming and has never left my memory. My wife and little ones were together and happy, and I have never feared death since then.

A few aspects not mentioned in Orson's fantastic career are: He supervised the building of Brigham Young College. He built the Logan Sugar Factory for David Eccles and taught the farmers how to raise sugar beets.

Why Am I A Mormon

A question I can answer brief:

*The truth which Jesus died to prove
To raise mankind from out the groove
Of disbelief and Satan's chain,
Has been restored to earth again.*

*For ages long it has been hid
Until a Joseph lifts the lid.
When lo, as men from out the earth,
The Book of Mormon does come forth.*

*Within those lids divinely sealed
Are laws by which we can be healed
Of every wrong which mortal man
Is heir to, by Jehovah's plan.*

*No more need strifes and feuds arise
To weaken nations with surprise.
And war, which out of malice wrought
Such devastations and sorrow brought,*

*Would be no more if men would see
The plan revealed by God's mercy.
Now I accept the Mormon creed
Because it makes so plain the need*

*Of principles divinely given
To show again the way to Heaven.*

*Man so long has torn apart
All bonds which bind the human heart,*

*Until we at last seek out the good
And glory not in each other's blood.
In tatters hangs the emblem free;
Torn from the mast of Liberty*

*It flutters now upon the brink
Of desolation, sure to sink.
A few despised but honest men
And women, too, have sought to stem*

*The tide of error in its train
And turn our hearts to God again.
Earnest they labor in their zeal
To show the world what the Gods reveal.*

*And many the trials they've risen above
In human interest and in love.
I have studied long and hard to find
Another sect who loved mankind*

*With such devotion of real worth
To raise them from the things of earth,
And place them where each one may see
The greatness of eternity.*

*In vain I search from shore to shore
To find another sect, where rich and poor
Alike join hands and march along,
Mingling in sorrow, rejoicing in song.*

*All this has caused my soul to rise
And look as now through Mormon eyes.
A thousand thanks I daily give
To God, for causing me to live*

*When chances were so great for men
To wander back to Him again.*

**Testimony To The Divinity Of
The Book Of Mormon**

*I have read it through many times. Never
once without getting something new. I know
it is true by the spirit that burns in my soul
every time I read; by its testimony of the Bible*

and its teachings of Christ on this and the eastern continent, in both the same; by the testimony of 12 men of unquestioned honor, who saw the angel and the plates and handled them; by the Indians, a remnant of which this book is a history; by the wonderful discoveries made on this continent corroborated by archaeology and science.

Testimony Of The Divinity Of The Doctrine And Covenants

I testify to you and all men that I know this Book is true by the spirit that comes to me while reading and studying it; by the perfect organization it gives the church; by the orders of the Priesthood it restores and ordains; by the plan of salvation of the living and the dead; by the temples built and operated for that purpose; by the testimony of the 12 men who testified that it was revealed to them that it is true, and was revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Testimony Of The Divine Truth Of The Pearl Of Great Price

I know this book is true: by the spirit I feel while studying it; by the clearness with which it sets forth the creation of the earth and all things in it; by the two powers it wields among men and the effect of obedience and disobedience; by the history it gives of the appearance of the Father and the Son Jesus Christ to Joseph Smith the Prophet, and Moroni and John the Baptist, to tell where the record of the Book of Mormon was and to restore the Aaronic Priesthood.

Patriarchal Blessing given by John Smith on the head of Orson, son of Thomas X and Margaret Gurney Smith, born near Keokuk, Iowa, July 4th, 1853.

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Brother Orson, thou art of the house of Israel, numbered with the sons of Zion and thy pathway is marked out inasmuch as thou wilt listen to the whisperings of the spirit and be obedient to the priesthood, for the eye of the Lord has been upon thee from thy birth, he has preserved thy life for a wise purpose; he has work for thee to do in which, if thou art faithful, thou shalt see his name glorified and his arm made bare in behalf of Israel, for thou shalt see many changes and witness trying events among the people, for it shall be thy lot to travel much at home and abroad and assist in gathering scattered Israel, and if thou wilt seek wisdom, thy mind shall expand, the vision of thine understanding shall be opened, and thou shalt comprehend things past, present, and to come. And if necessary thou shalt prophesy and perform miracles in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, for the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon thee in mighty power and make thee equal unto every task. The angel who was given thee at thy birth will warn thee of danger, give thee council in time of need and power over evil and unclean spirits; therefore, listen to the promptings of the monitor within thee and thou shalt find friends where-soever thou shalt sojourn, and so long as thou art in the discharge of thy duty, no power shall prevail against thee.

Many times thou shalt be warned of events to come by dreams of the night and thy duty made known by visions of the day, and many will seek thee for council, wonder at thy wisdom, and rejoice in thy teachings. Thou also shalt be a peacemaker among thine associates. Thou art of Ephraim and entitled to the blessings of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, with every gift and privilege promised unto the fathers in Israel and thy name shall live in the memory of the Saints. Thy children shall grow up around thee and bless thee in thy old age and all shall be well with thee

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This blessing I seal upon thee in the name of Jesus Christ, and I seal thee up unto eternal life to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection, a savior in thy father's house.

Even so, Amen.

(The original is in the picture book of Orson.)

A Father Challenges Four Sons

Build me a son, Oh Lord, who will be strong, one who will be proud and unbending in defeat, but humble and gentle in victory;

A son whose worthy and earnest desires will be backed with a will to do;

A son who will realize that to know himself is the foundation stone of knowledge.

Rear him, I pray, not in the paths of ease and comfort

But under the stress and spur of difficulties and challenges.

Here let him learn to stand up in the storm, Here let him learn compassion for those who fail.

Build me a son whose heart will be clean, whose goal will be high,

A son who will master himself; one who can laugh, yet not too proud to weep;

One who reaches into the future, yet never forgets the past.

And finally, Lord, a son who shall know thee and daily petition for the strength of thy guiding hand.

Then I, his father, will dare to whisper, "I have not lived in vain."

band when she was twelve years old and always admired him from a distance. She attended school at Paradise and one year at Draper, graduated from the grade schools and received a scholarship to the University of Utah. But her parents did not wish her to go so far from home so she attended the Brigham Young College at Logan.

After Orson married Mary Ellen, they went to Cardston, Canada, to avoid imprisonment while Annie stayed and lived with Carrie. Carrie would hide her from the deputies of the U.S. government. My mother, Geneve, Carrie's sixth child, had the duty to be on the alert for the white covered wagons which the deputies used to travel in and notify Carrie so she could hide Annie, for they would search the house for Orson or any of his other wives. In the meantime, Mary and Orson pioneered and built a home in Canada where two children, a son and daughter, were born. They had two previous children before going to Canada. When their fifth child was two weeks old, Mary returned to Utah where she was watched over by her two sister wives.

In Paradise, Orson won the respect of the people by working with them, and before spring succeeded in getting started on a meeting house. Orson hauled the first load of rock with his father's team. Jarome Merrill quarried it and got out a good lot of fine rock for the next winter. Orson later rented the old home of John F. Wright in 1876 and lived there until he could build a two-roomed log house of his own south of the square. When the ward was fully organized Henry C. Jackson became his first counselor and Harry Shaw his second and they proved to be true and helpful men to him and the ward. Orson presided there for twelve years. His picture hung in the rock meeting house for many years.

During Orson's administration in the Paradise ward, he was permitted by leave of absence to go to New Mexico to take charge of a log camp for John W. Young who had a large contract on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad. Here he labored at Bacon Springs.

He went to St. Louis, Missouri, to buy a saw mill and logging wagons and other supplies, brought them out, put up two mills, cut and hauled lumber, ties, and piling timbers to the Springs for one year. Then the mills were sold to J.M. Lotta of Indiana, who wanted Orson to continue with him and take the mills on the San Francisco mountains.

However, Orson refused to stay longer away from his family and ward. By now they had two sweet girls born to them, Margaret and Ida. His father and mother-in-law, the Carpenters, also were in New Mexico working for Mr. Young. They were in a store in Holbrook where they stayed for nearly two years. They had come to this new country as raw greenhorns, knowing nothing of pioneering, but they had the faith and courage to stick it out. Ezra worked at anything he could find. His trade was merchandising so that work came more naturally.

After working in a saw mill for awhile he worked in a store in Logan, then Smithfield, then Lewiston, then Franklin, and finally died at Lewiston. He was an honest and upright man, said Orson. Mother Carpenter returned to Logan with their two remaining daughters. The youngest married John Smith and moved to Jerome, Idaho, where Mother Carpenter died and was brought back to Logan to be buried in the Logan Cemetery near Father Carpenter. They were beloved by all who knew them, said Orson, and they had done more for him than he could ever do for them..

The three families now lived in separate homes, but the lots were adjoining. Their