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## Memorial Monument Dedication (Concluded)

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**Abstract:** A summary of the events of the dedication of the Joseph Smith Birthplace Memorial Monument, on the centenary of Joseph Smith's birth.

## MEMORIAL MONUMENT DEDICATION.

BY SUSAN YOUNG GATES.

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(CONCLUDED.)

Returning to Roylton, an evening service was held, at which Elder John G. McQuarrie presided, and Presidents Joseph F. Smith, Anthon H. Lund and Elder Charles W. Penrose addressed the large congregation. Elder Junius F. Wells also made brief remarks. R. C. Easton and Emma Lucy Gates sang solos with unusual brilliancy and pathos, accompanied by Cecil Gates. The congregation joined in singing *America*. A very genial friendship was shown by the hotel proprietors and the citizens generally. A kindly, generous spirit seemed to prevail among all the people. Considerable pains were taken by the residents, two fine pianos being loaned, one at the cottage, and one to the hotel, for the use of the musicians of the party.

The special car left for Boston early Sunday morning, all of the New York party accompanying them to that city. The Utah party went at once to the Parker House, on arriving at Boston; after luncheon, all went down to the commodious hall, on Deacon street, in which the elders hold regular services. Here were found quite a company of resident Saints, who, with the visiting parties, filled the large hall.

Again Elder McQuarrie presided at the services. Vases of exquisite flowers decorated the pulpits, and a good piano aided the musical part of the exercises. The speakers were Elders George A. Smith, Hyrum M. Smith, Charles W. Penrose, and Rulon S. Wells and Pres. Joseph F. Smith. The spiritual feast that was enjoyed through the power that rested upon our beloved Presi-

dent, will never be forgotten by those present. His exhortation to the young men present to keep themselves clean and unspotted from the sins of the world, moved even the reporter who came from a great Boston daily to report the services. It will not be out of place to refer, also, to the inspired remarks made by Elder Rulon S. Wells at this meeting, as well as the exquisite singing of Emma Lucy Gates who sang *Joseph Smith's First Prayer* with such feeling that all present were touched to the heart.

An evening exercise was held at the same place, conducted by Elder McQuarrie, at which Elder C. W. Penrose gave one of the most stirring and eloquent sermons of the trip. He was followed by Elders Ashby Snow, B. F. Grant, Frank Y. Taylor, Patriarch Angus M. Cannon, Benjamin Goddard, and President Seymour B. Young of the presiding Seventies Quorum. All of these brethren spoke with spirit and power. President Anthon H. Lund closed with some excellent and appropriate remarks. Emma Lucy Gates sang twice, pouring out her heart and voice in melodic praise to God.

The next day was Christmas, and President Smith and some members of his family party were entertained at the home of Mr. Frank Bennett at Saugus, ten miles from Boston. Everything possible was done to make the visit a pleasant one, by Mr. Bennett, his wife, and happy, genial family.

Bright and early Christmas morning, the members of the Smith family who had remained at the Parker House, Boston, took the train for Lynn, Massachusetts. Automobiles were secured, and, calling at the home of Mr. Bennett, the rest of the pilgrims were picked up.

About twenty-one miles northeast of Boston is situated Topsfield, in Essex county, Mass., where the original progenitors of the Smith family, in America, located in 1630.

It is supposed that the ancestors of the family came from the English village of Topsfield, in Essex county, but the supposition cannot be confirmed, on account of a lack of proper records. The cemetery, where a number of the family are buried, was visited. Among them are Robert Smith, his wife Mary; Samuel, son of Robert, and his wife Rebecca; also Samuel, son of Samuel, and

his wife Priscilla. In 1873, President George A. Smith visited Topsfield and had a monument of Utah limestone erected there in honor of his ancestors.

The company also visited the home of Asael Smith, son of second Samuel, and grandfather of the Prophet. The old house had been torn down, and the new one built on the old site. All enjoyed a drink of the cool, clear water from the old well at the side of the house. During the persecution of the despised Quakers, Asael was bold enough to invite them to his home and befriend them. For this act, he received persecution from his neighbors, and, to secure peace, he moved his family to New Hampshire, and from there to Tunbridge, Vt. The home of Robert Smith, the founder of his race in America, was next visited. As with the home of Asael, a new house stood on the foundation of the old one. There, also, was found an old-fashioned pump.

The party called on Mr. George Francis Dow, secretary of the Topsfield Historical Society. Mr. Dow has taken much interest in compiling the history of the Smith family, in that section of the country. The people generally follow agricultural pursuits and are quite successful, as the soil, in this section, is very good. The party returned by way of Saugus, and partook of Christmas dinner with Mr. Bennett and family, reaching Boston in time for the train whose next destination was Palmyra.

The other Utahns divided into various parties. Some went up to Bunker Hill, others visited the old South Church, familiar to all students of American history. Here George Washington was christened, and here are exhibited many relics of the Father of Our Country. Here also the grandfather of Brigham Young, Dr. Joseph Young, was christened, in 1730. It was in this church that the mass meeting of indignant citizens was held just prior to the famous Boston Tea Party. Here, indeed, beat the very heart of the early American pilgrims and patriots. When one views the extensive relics which are gathered here in this old church for the information and education of the multitude, one wonders why the rich, historical store of Utah and "Mormon" history are not similarly gathered and put upon exhibition.

At this place we parted with President McQuarrie and wife, who had done so much to make our visit pleasant in Boston. Also

we left here Lucy Gates and brother, the Eastons, and other New York and Boston friends.

Did you ever have a Christmas tree in a flying car? Spangled and bedangled, glittering amidst its green? If you never did, you can't imagine how queer it looked to see the popping white heads and popping eyes of that merry company, rising in their seats, as Seth, the colored porter, sailed down the aisle, on Christmas night, just after the train left Boston, carrying a gorgeous Christmas tree. Where had such a thing come from, gay with shining balls, and loaded with paper parcels? Ask Edith! The girl who knows everything, and who does everything good and thoughtful. There were clowns that beat their cymbals together, every time you pressed them on the stomach; and dark-skinned dolls, and shining reptiles. Beetles that crawled and clapped their metal wings when their internal regions were properly wound up with the accompanying key. And, of course, candy and nuts galore. Ask the Judge and Brother McDonald about that. The ladies all gave each other "things." Pres. Smith gave each lady a hat pin, and Brother Goddard gave the favored fair a china plate with a street scene in Royalton upon it. And so the jolly evening ended; as usual, at last, with sacred songs of praise, and a quiet prayer. Peace and good will surely came to that car on that Christmas night. Then on towards Palmyra!

Of all the places on the earth, sacred to the hearts of the Latter-day Saints, Judea and Cumorah head the list. Where the ancient prophets lived, suffered and died—and where Jesus the Christ worked out his earth-destiny—that land of Galilee and Jerusalem is dear to the soul of every son of God! But here on this continent, also, prophets lived and suffered and died. Here came the Savior of the world. And here, hunted and driven, the last Nephite prophet rallied his forces around an ancient historic hill which had once before been the last battle ground of a dying nation. Once Ramah, now Cumorah, held about its feet the contending armies of the two great peoples. And here the last vestige of the pure faith and religion of the Nephites dripped, drop by drop, from the heart's blood of the peeled and hunted race which had at last deserted home, truth, love, and God. And here, alone and in exile, Moroni buried the records of his people,

and over this sacred spot his resurrected spirit watched for fourteen hundred years with unceasing vigilance the treasures committed to his care. What a tragedy! Could the mind of a mortal conceive such a sublime epic as this?

How frail and human we are! When the merry party of thirty emerged from the special car, at Palmyra, all the surface talk was of carriages, crops, routes and country. But most of us carry deep down in the sub-consciousness of the brain our real thoughts, our actual selves. We put on our talk as we do our clothes, to act as a shield for the inner being, or to please our friends.

One word, nay two, twenty, and indeed a volume, might well be spoken to tell of the tact, forethought, and excellent management of the business head of our party, Elder George Albert Smith. No care was felt by individual members; there was no hitch in the perfect arrangements which were made for the comfort and convenience of the whole party. All were alike guarded and shielded from worry and extra expense. Carriages, meals, street cars, and even special trains, were arranged and provided, under the sole charge of this capable head. And that he could and did so efficiently handle a large party of thirty people, securing every needful accommodation without one break or delay, marks him as one of our rarest executive officers.

The party, on reaching Palmyra, entered closed carriages, and drove at once to the Smith farm, now owned and occupied by Mr. William Chapman.

The gentleman and his charming young wife were entertaining guests, but all united in one hospitable line of welcoming hosts to bid the Utah party welcome to the historic roof-tree.

This house was finished about 1824; the Smith family first lived in a small log house near the place where this home now stands. It was upon this "new" house that Alvin Smith, the Prophet's brother, was laboring with such eagerness, when he was stricken with his mortal illness. His pathetic appeal to his brothers to finish the house, so that his parents would have a comfortable home in which to dwell, rings in the ears, as one goes from room to room of this now old "new" house. Joseph Smith did not receive his first visions here, but it is pretty certain that he trans-

lated part of the Book of Mormon here, and here were concealed the plates for many months. Here, too, no doubt, angels conversed with him, and taught him glorious principles.

There are two historical pieces of furniture in this home—a large, handsome divan, and a fine, heavy mahogany table made by President Brigham Young in his early youth, and bought by the late Miss Fanny Chapman, sister of the present owner of the house. Here also is the old cannon ball, a relic no doubt of the Mack family's patriotism in the Revolutionary war, which was found by Mr. Chapman under the roof of the bedroom occupied by the Prophet Joseph. When the house was repaired and enlarged, some years ago, two of these cannon balls were found in the roof, and one he gave to the late Franklin D. Richards. Mr. Chapman's theory is that they were placed there in accordance with an old New England superstition which makes cannon ball a protection from evil spirits.

The northwest corner of the north front room, between two windows, is pointed out as the place where, screened by a curtain, the youthful Prophet translated the plates of the Book of Mormon. This tradition, like others connected with this historic place, is given by Mr. Chapman on the authority of an intimate friend and associate of Joseph Smith, in those early days. The gentleman has promised to write out this statement, thus verifying, as nearly as may be, the places where the work and manifestations of the Prophet are located. Joseph's bedroom has been occupied by Mr. Chapman for many years. There is a quaint closet attached to it which is just as it was when occupied by Joseph.

From the home, after being photographed several times by our indefatigable amateurs, Elders Smith and Goddard, we drove down to the grove across the stream where there was once a pool used, such is the tradition, for baptismal purposes. This pool has been filled up, but Mr. Chapman carefully points the place out.

There are many stretches of woodlands on the Smith farm, as well as on all the adjoining farms in this country. Wood is the fuel, mostly. But nowhere can there be a more beautiful woods than this splendid grove of beech, birch and maple, covering from five to eight acres. The singular part of it is that for at

least two-thirds of a century no ax has been laid at the roots of these trees.

When asked why this had been, Mr. Chapman replied that his father, who bought the farm in 1859, had been told that this was the particular piece of wood in which Joseph Smith claimed to see a vision; and his father had never felt disposed to mar its sacred silence or beauty. He had passed the charge on to his son, the present owner, and that charge has been sacredly observed. That the grove is of ancient growth is evidenced by the trees; one stump had one hundred and eighty rings on its surface.

Into these stately woods our party went, with reverent steps and glistening eyes. The heavy carpet of dead leaves rustled a welcome, and the tall roof trees bowed in quiet response to the thrilling thoughts which stilled every heart.

Here had the boy kneeled in absolute faith, and here had evil and good battled over his prostrate body. Here, finally, earth's fountains burst, and truth, the sum of existence, swept down on the beams of direct revelation. The profound mystery of the presence of God the Father, and his Son Jesus Christ, hovered like an unspoken prayer, over the whole scene. With one accord the party gathered about the President, and someone began the simple but touching song, *Joseph Smith's First Prayer*. No more profoundly grateful hearts and voices were ever raised on earth than ascended to the throne of God in that song, in that grove, on that blessed, beautiful day. Oh, that all our friends in Zion could have been present to swell the chorus. Then the party drove toward Cumorah.

Arrived at the home of the man who farms the place, the lady of the house, who was alone, gave gracious permission for the travelers to go up on the hill, which is known everywhere in the vicinity as "Mormon Hill."

The wind blew a chilling gale, but all quickly ascended the steep, northern acclivity of the hill. The hill is farmed on the eastern side, but the western side is too precipitous and rocky for such purposes. A straggling growth of small timber covers some portion of the western slopes. The top of the northern part of the hill is quite sharp and narrow in its crowning edge. But it slopes and widens quickly as it reaches southward, finally losing



itself in the plains beyond. The northwestern side of the hill is where the box was concealed.

The party was specially blessed with the presence of President Joseph F. Smith, who visited the spot in 1878 with the late Apostle Orson Pratt. Elder Pratt pointed out the place, previously shown to him by Oliver Cowdery, where the box lay hidden. Then seven large trees were near the place, and a grove of timber covered the lower west side. President Smith fixed his eyes on a place, a third of the way down, and near the northern end of the hill. This, he concluded, was the place pointed out by Brother Pratt to him. There was a slight depression just where his eye rested, and soon our party were down there; and sure enough, there were the decayed stumps of the trees which once shadowed the spot. Bits of the stump and some smooth slate rocks were picked up as souvenirs.

Then all returned to the top of the hill, the hymn, *An Angel From on High*, was sung, and the president said quietly, and solemnly, that he would engage in prayer. The spirit of that prayer grew with its utterance until the whole wide world, the past and the future, opened to the gaze. That hour was an epoch in the history of this people.

Once more returning to our carriages, some members of the party secured some ancient Indian arrow-heads, gathered on the hill by the lady at the farm house, and then a quick drive was made to the Palmyra Hotel, where an excellent supper awaited us. Every one was kind, and every comfort was provided.

In the evening we had the pleasure of examining the old printing press on which the Book of Mormon was first printed; then we called on Mr. Sexton, a liberal and cultured gentleman, the wealthy banker of the place, who showed us the first sheets said to be struck off from the press of the Book of Mormon. This gentleman told some of our party the touching story of his noble mother's life-work. She was a Quaker preacher, and, under God, carried light and hope to many sad and darkened souls. He also gave us a booklet describing the ceremonies attendant upon the presentation of one of the historic Cuban war cannons to Palmyra, in honor of Admiral Sampson, whose birthplace Palmyra is.

There is an old lady who knew Martin Harris, still living in

Palmyra, but she has no friendship for the people among whom Martin Harris cast his lot. However, Mrs. Alyne, for such is her name, gave us a picture of herself as a souvenir of our visit.

Once more, that evening, we were speeding on our way westward, following the historic trail of our pioneer fathers and mothers, as they followed the lead of the Prophet Joseph Smith. As always, the evening shadows drew the party closer in happy communion; and, as always, our evening visits closed with a song service, led by Apostle Hyrum Smith, and his wife Ida and sister Ina. But these were not all the singers; President Seymour B. Young raised many a tuneful lay with his rich baritone voice, and there were others who added strength to the various parts.

Our destination was Kirtland; but we stopped at Cleveland, Wednesday morning, and from there took a special street car to Willoughby, about sixteen miles away. Here we found some exceedingly large wagons and exceedingly small teams to carry our party over the hilly roads to Kirtland. But all things pass, and we drove at length up the last pretty hillside, and faced the small and simple, but exceedingly beautiful, Temple at Kirtland. Perched upon a commanding point in all that rolling expanse of hills and vales, its spire caught the gaze long before the last turn in the road brought it fairly before the eyes.

Places as well as people have a more or less dominant atmosphere; and surely the surrounding influence of this once sacred Temple would freeze the most bubbling enthusiasm.

One could but be grateful that the place is not a stable and junk house as it was some years ago. The Reorganites who own the house, have taken great pains to restore its original design and finishing.

Elder U. W. Green, one of the Reorganite twelve apostles, came over very courteously and made himself very agreeable to the whole party. He was a gentleman, and as such he conducted himself. But how we longed to be alone in that historic structure, just our own party and the crowding memories which filled heart and brain.

My sweet Ina had brought her little Doctrine and Covenants, and we sat quietly together in one of the pews and read the startling revelation given to the Prophet in this same house. We

gazed with awe-struck eyes upon the "breast-work of the pulpit," upon which had rested the feet of our Savior. Could it be that we were permitted to be, for ever so short a time, within those sacred walls, hallowed by such a manifestation? O, that we could leave forever all the weary faults and daily sins that plague our weak mortality! Alas, they go not away for the wishing! But clasping hands, my Ina's in my own, we wished a solemn wish, and prayed us each a sacred prayer.

The party were deeply interested in studying the quaint carving on the pillars and copings everywhere. The turned wood of the semi-circular pulpits, the carving on these as well as elsewhere justified the high praise given by Elder Green—who stated that architects and builders declared this work and the Gothic windows to be as fine and rare as any found in the United States. But oh, the poverty of the people who built the house! It must have looked a palace to their starved eyes.

We did recall, and with profound joy, the fact that when they were working upon this Temple—when so many of the Twelve and leading men deserted their posts and plotted against the prophet—Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball stayed on, working night and day to fulfill the revelations of the prophet. No wonder Joseph honored Brigham and Heber—they loved him with a love that was stronger than death, and in that love they honored God, and kept his commandments.

We were told that the old curtains had disappeared, torn to shreds by curio vandals. New ones hung in the old places. Regulation sectarian pews fill the lower hall, and a beautifully-carved contribution box rests upon the lower pulpit. An impossible story is told of this box belonging to the original furnishings of the Temple, being cared for by an old lady during the days when the Temple was used for a dance hall.

Above the lower hall is another one, its counterpart, even to the odd lettering on the three pulpits in each end. Still above are a series of low-ceiled class rooms, which, we were told by Elder Lorin Farr, were used as class rooms in the old Hebrew school. The second hall was used by the School of the Prophets. Those who now own the Temple have no conception as to what a Temple means, and it is used, therefore, as an ordinary sectarian chapel.

In an ante-room, near the entrance, hung a front view picture of the prophet, which was not a very pleasing likeness; beside it was a small picture of his wife, Emma Hale Smith. The deep, mournful lines upon her face, the heavy-lidded eyes, and the tragic mouth, weighed upon the observer with unwept tears. What was her life, and where is she now? Do these questions trouble you?

It was a painful surprise to find that an entrance fee was charged to view the Temple. No words may tell the conflicting emotions called up by this fact. To the Latter-day Saint, it was worse than desecration, it was defilation. If the Temple were shown at all, to make it a merchandise!

The grave yard, where some of our dear ones were buried, lay close to the temple. If President Brigham Young's first wife, Miriam Works, was buried here, as is said to be the case, no trace of the grave could be found. We were told, however, by Elder Lorin Farr, our genial, wonderful, living history-book, that she was buried from this Temple, and that the prophet preached her funeral sermon. Joseph said that she would not lie long in the grave, but would soon be resurrected.

Certainly here in Kirtland was buried the Patriarch Hyrum's first wife, Jerusha, and here our present beloved Patriarch John Smith was born. Near here, also, Judge Shurtliff was born, and here Elder Lorin Farr lived with his parents. How fortunate we were, nay, how blessed, in the society of these grand pillars of the Church to vivify and make alive for us every spot of ground we visited.

The site of the Kirtland bank, the old Whitney homestead, as well as that of Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Joseph Young and Amasa Lyman, were all pointed out to eager, curious eyes.

President Smith visited Mrs. Keziah Turk, an old lady who was full of memories and anecdotes of the former inhabitants of Kirtland. Sites of the homes and burying places were visited, and photographs taken of most of these historic spots.

Back we drove, and walked and waited, to Willoughby, where dinner had been prepared for us.

Hearing of a historic chair, said to be the workmanship of Brigham Young while in Kirtland, a search was made for it, but

only its picture was discovered with some pretty verses written about it by the gifted lady who once had possession of it. Then street cars to Cleveland, and westward again we flew to Chicago next.

It would be interesting to tell of the delightful day spent at Kenosha, the whole party being taken in special cars, and then being shown some of the most prosperous shops in that city, wagon shops, automobile and plow manufactories, etc., as well as being entertained royally at the Pennoyer Sanitarium for luncheon. But this would be impracticable in the limits of this article. Yet, a word must be spoken about the generous hospitality of Mr. Slosson and his charming daughter Agnes, with her brilliant Southern friend, Miss Mabel Hale. Through the same generous hospitality our whole party went to the theatre in Chicago, that night, to see Maxine Elliott in her frothy play of *Her Great Match*. But we all enjoyed it, for we were, just then, in the mood to enjoy things. What temporal creatures we are! When the highest spiritual blessings are poured out upon us, we turn from them to eat, to drink, and to cast longing eyes at forbidden pleasures. It is good that God is more merciful to our sore weaknesses than we are to each other—or where would we go for salvation?

Next day a number of the party went to see the doleful, dreadful sights of pork-packing. Others, who had full purses, as well as hearts, tramped about the department stores in search of presents for loved ones at home. But a few were whisked immediately away in our car, eight miles out of Chicago, and there left for the day. President Lyman and Judge Shurtliff, who were in the car, found their way back; but Brother McDonald, Seth and one woman whiled away the day as best they might. A long string of jingling verses made merriment afterward, as a part of that day's exile.

In the evening the fine Chicago church, presided over so efficiently by Elder German E. Ellsworth, was filled with friends and resident Saints. Excellent music, under the direction of Elder Louis Ramsey, was furnished by a choir of about twenty voices, sustained by the heavy pipe organ.

Again the remarks made by the brethren filled every soul with joy, and touched every heart. The speakers were: Elder John

Henry Smith, who was eloquent indeed. President F. M. Lyman followed with a finished discourse on the restoration of the gospel. President Lund then read some passages from the scriptures, and gave a thoughtful exposition thereon. Elder Penrose followed with one of his rousing testimonies, and the inspired words of our President closed the services. All felt renewed and strengthened by the thoughts uttered.

It was a surprise to see Mme. Lydia Von F. Mountford come sailing into the church just as grand looking as ever; she was accompanied by her sister, Mme. Mamreof, and a princess of the Six Nations, a Mohawk Indian woman. All were exceedingly pleased to see the Utah people, and the pleasure was surely mutual.

Again westward! The last two days brought the little party in the car closer and closer together in the bonds of love and good-fellowship. Surely, never before has there been such an expedition, although there may be many to come after. It was a universal expression that no event in the past could compare with it.

And when, on New Year's Eve, the little company gathered for a quiet testimony meeting on the flying train, not even the blessed atmosphere of the Temple could exceed in power and spiritual radiance the glory which filled every heart and streamed in mellowing tears from every eye. Each one spoke, and the sweet confessions borne, the predictions made, the comforting assurances given, crowned by the tender, solemn confidences of the leader of us all, this was an experience too sacred to even describe. Those who were partakers could but ask God and their own hearts how they—of all his children—had been so blessed!

It was a Memorial Company indeed! For the memories of each one will carry its fulness to all eternity. And when our President, moved, as he was, to the core by the grateful, loving expressions made to him personally by most of those present, said, with the voice of true inspiration and power, "Give not glory to man, nor the son of man, but to God and to his Son Jesus Christ! To him be all the honor and the praise! 'Tis not I, nor any man, not even the Prophet Joseph Smith, who stands at

the head of this work, directing and leading it! It is God, through his Son, Jesus Christ!" Ah, that was the voice of the shepherd, and we all knew it for ourselves. Men are men, and therefore weak! But God and Jesus Christ! Jesus is mine, is yours, is every man's beloved Lord! To win his deepest love, we have but this to do—to keep his plain commandments! There is no kinship, no tribe, no race in Jesus' love. For he is Lord of all the world. And even weak Samaritans, and women, can win his tender love and pity. And so this lesson, this comforting, precious New Year's lesson, sank into all hearts and blessed each hungry soul.

When New Year's Day was half gone, our car reached home—our beautiful home in the vales of the mountains. Our dear ones, so missed and loved, met us at the train, but even so, each member of the party sighed to find the trip was o'er, and life and stern reality were before us all once more.

Who was the best, the kindest, the most thoughtful, the most grateful and blessed of all that goodly company? Ask each, and you will receive the same answer.

Every Latter-day Saint will appreciate the delicate honor which prompted the president of the Church to make this journey an entirely independent affair. Each individual guest bore his own individual expenses; the Church was not taxed for any one's going, but each gladly paid his own way.

And now the trip is over, and like life, 'tis one of mystery; for what is real is never seen, and what we see is but the shadow of the giant forces which are ever hiding, but moving with a tread that shakes the universe.

Out of the mists of memory rises that exquisite shaft; it cleaves the sky, the flawless surface bearing a clear-toned, divine message to the darkened world of superstition and unbelief. Who runs may read; and the way-faring man, though a fool, need not err therein. This is the inscription cut upon the monument:

Sacred to the memory of  
JOSEPH SMITH THE PROPHET,  
Born here, 23rd December, 1805.  
Martyred, Carthage, Illinois, 27th June, 1844.

On the opposite side of the die:

## TESTIMONY OF JOSEPH SMITH.

In the spring of the year of our Lord, 1820, the Father and the Son appeared to him in a glorious vision, called him by name and instructed him.

Thereafter heavenly angels visited him and revealed the principles of the gospel, restored the authority of the Holy Priesthood, and the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ in its fulness and perfection.

The engraved plates of the Book of Mormon were given him by the angel Moroni. These he translated by the gift and power of God.

He organized the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on the sixth day of April, 1830, with six members.

He devoted his life to the establishment of that Church, and sealed his testimony with his blood.

In his ministry he was constantly supported by his brother Hyrum Smith, who suffered martyrdom with him.

Over a million converts to this testimony have been made throughout the world, and this monument has been erected in his honor, to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of his birth, by members of the Church which he organized.

They love and revere him as a prophet of God, and call his name blessed for ever and ever. Amen.

Around the capstone above the die:

If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.—James 1: 5.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

## COMPANIONS OF MAN.

*(For the Improvement Era).*

“I Can’t” and “I Can” are companions of man,  
From his earliest youth.  
The one he shall choose means win or means lose  
In the battle of life.

If “Can’t” be his guide, he will always abide  
On the lowlands unseen;  
But if he choose “Can,” the helper of man,  
To the hill-top he’ll climb.

As the city whose light shall shine forth so bright  
That it cannot be hid;  
Through wisdom and strength, he will triumph at length,  
In wresting from “Can’t” his domain.

GRACE INGLES FROST.

Salt Lake City, Utah.