

remain. On my father's farm there was a beautiful grove of maple—some two hundred trees, standing when I was there before, with no other timber among them, the ground sown with white clover—it was one of the most beautiful lawns I ever saw when I left it. I drove up before the house in which I was born, and said to the man who was residing there, "Is that grove standing?" "Not a maple tree on the farm," was the reply. "Not a single one?" said I. "No," said he, "not a maple on the farm." I had not even the curiosity to drive across the farm, for in my mind that grove was the feature of all others, it was the place of my dreams.

Many of you know that in 1853 we had difficulty with the Indians in Southern Utah. At that time I was military commander of the Southern Department. Previous to every attack on the settlement, my dreams would carry me back to that grove, and there I would see, or get some intimation of, the coming trouble with the Indians. Now there is not a tree left. It would have been about so with the people if I had stayed away a few years longer.

I went into the school district where I had resided some six years, and visited Mr. Porter Patterson, with whom I was well acquainted in my boyhood, and began inquiring for the neighbors. "Why," said he, "they are all gone but four: myself and wife, and Mr. John Stafford and Mrs. Garfield are all the married people that remain that lived here when you went away, thirty-nine years and two months ago." "Then," said I, "I must go to the graveyard."

These reflections would bring to my mind the sermons that I had heard in my youth. I went to the cemetery, and saw the graves of a great many of my old comrades. There were headstones with inscrip-

tions to many whom I had known, and some whose funerals I had attended, and I could recite texts, and a portion of the sermons preached at those funerals. They were generally passages like this—"Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." Passages of this kind were generally selected as warnings to all to be ready for death.

From the monuments in the graveyard I found that a good many had been summoned in their youth, for there were the graves of boys and girls with whom I had associated, some of them my relatives. I visited three cemeteries with a like result—the one in our own neighborhood, one in Colton and the other in Potsdam village, in all of which I had been more or less acquainted.

Latter-day Saints, in their preaching, call on men and women to prepare to live, and they teach them how to live, believing that if any person is prepared to live as he ought to, he will certainly be prepared to die whenever the summons shall come. It was never a part or portion of our teaching to attempt to scare men to heaven. I went to the meeting-house, or rather to the site of the meetinghouse, for the old frame building had been replaced by another of bricks, and it converted into a lecture room for the normal school. In that old frame building I had been most solemnly sentenced to eternal damnation, nine times, by a Congregationalist minister forty years ago. He had gone to his grave, and nearly all the persons present in the congregation at the time, had followed, or preceded, him. The object of this sentence, in the eloquent and solemn language in which it was pronounced, and so oft-repeated, was, no doubt, to stir in the minds of impenitent sinners, and of