

MARTHA ANN SMITH HARRIS

Written by Sarah Harris Passey, daughter

Martha Ann Smith Harris was born at Nauvoo, Hancock County, Illinois, May 14, 1841. She was the daughter of Hyrum and Mary Fielding Smith. This great and good man was born at Tumbidge, Vermont, February 9, 1800. He was a boy with a prayerful heart, and later, a man of God, as true as this generation or any other has produced.

Like the rest of the family, he was inured to hard labor amid circumstances of privation with little opportunity for education. He moved with his father and family to western New York, and when Joseph, his brother, announced his visions and revelations to his family, Hyrum at once received his testimony and espoused the cause with Joseph, becoming to him probably the nearest, truest, and best friend he had among men--not that scores of others lacked in their integrity and love for the Prophet, for many would gladly have died for him at any time. But Hyrum was a brother in the flesh and knew Joseph better from childhood to the hour of their martyrdom than any other man. Consequently, under every circumstance, he was better qualified to sympathize and confer a brother's love than other men.

At the age of 26, on November 2, 1826, Hyrum married Jerusha Barden, who shared with him the trials the remaining days of her life and became the mother of six children whose names were: Lovina, Mary, John, Hyrum, Jerusha, and Sarah. John became Presiding Patriarch of the Church and held the position until his death in Salt Lake City. The office of Presiding Patriarch descends to the first born of the family, from father to son, provided always that the son is worthy to inherit this holy calling. Let it here be said and remembered by all the saints in every generation that no better, nobler, purer man than Hyrum Smith could have been chosen to receive this Holy Patriarchal Priesthood. May the chain of his generations to who this office shall descend never find within it a weak or broken link.

On the 13th of October, 1837, his wife, Jerusha, died. This was during the persecutions and hardships entailed on the saints in Missouri. In November the same year he met and married Mary Fielding December 24, 1837, a lovely English girl, who went into the home and was a mother in very deed to the family of his motherless children.

Later she became the mother of two children, Joseph Fielding and Martha Ann, the subject of this sketch.

Joseph Fielding Smith, who on October 17, 1901, became President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and who was honored and loved as his father was, served in that position until his death on November 19, 1918 at the age of eighty years. He was Mary Fielding Smith's son.

Mary Fielding, Martha's mother, was a native of England. She had energy, faith, and determination, coupled with good business abilities, and was a most worthy and suitable companion for her husband.

Martha's childhood days were spent amid scenes of persecution and hardships which resulted in the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum, her father.

In May, 1839, came the move. Hyrum Smith's family was among the first to settle in Nauvoo. His home was on Water Street, one block west of the Mansion House. Here they remained until after the awful tragedy which occurred at Carthage Jail June 27, 1844. Martha, though a small child, remembers the sorrow and suffering of her dear mother when the news came of her husband's death. Martha was just recovering from the measles. Some friends wrapped her in a blanket and carried her to the Mansion House to look at her dead father and uncle.

I have heard Mother tell many times of the large dog which belonged to her grandmother, Lucy Mack Smith, and the Smith family. Tig, the name of the dog, would be sent to the store with a note and a basket and would bring home the groceries. Mother has also told us about sitting on the knees of her father and uncles, no doubt being made a lot of, she being the baby of the family.

Her mother left Nauvoo in 1846 as an exile from her home and country, for no other cause than that of worshipping God according to the dictates of her own conscience. As the years went by, and through the hardships of crossing the plains, Martha was always a great comfort to her mother.

Mary Fielding Smith, with all of their living children, left the beautiful but fated city of Nauvoo in the summer of 1846, owing to the demand of the mob. The bulk of the Saints were forced to leave early that spring. Arrangements were made with the mob, however, that the poor and dependent, the widows and orphans, be permitted to remain in the city until those in advance should send for them. The job, however, violated this agreement and ordered those remaining to leave the city within a short specified time. They barely escaped from the city of Nauvoo before its destruction.

The mother had succeeded in getting provisions, bedding, wagons, ox-teams, her husband's big white horse, and a few other necessities loaded on a flat boat and taken across the Mississippi River to Montrose, Iowa. The children and household effects were

In the spring of 1848, they left Winter Quarters and started their long journey across the plains; the family arriving in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake with their mother on September 23, 1848, after traveling a distance of more than one thousand miles.

Martha always did her bit to help her mother, gathering fuel and gathering buffalo chips for fuel to burn. One day when her mother was driving the stock alone, they lagged behind, and when camp was made in the evening, no mother nor sheep were in sight. Oh, the alarm of those children for fear the Indians had taken her. Several of the men went in search and about ten o'clock they all returned safely, having found the lost ones who had taken the wrong trail.

At another time a herd of buffalo which seemed miles in length came bellowing and running alongside of the migrant train, which caused consternation to the travelers, but its course was checked and it passed on by one side of the train.

When about half way across the plains, one of the oxen became weak and not able to take another step. It dropped as though dying. Martha's mother brought her consecrated oil, asked her brother, Joseph Fielding, and others to administer to it. They did and through faith the oxen was healed. It opened its eyes, drew up its feet, arose, and continued its journey.

Martha, with the rest of the family, suffered many hardships through being poorly clad and sheltered and from hunger. Martha had beautiful golden hair and the Indians who visited the camp offered her mother their best pony for Martha's two long braids. But she said, "Not for all of your ponies would I cut my baby's hair!"

On one occasion the captain of the company told Mary that she and her family were a nuisance and would delay the whole company. She turned and said, "Captain Lott, I will beat you into the valley yet, and I will not ask any help from you, either."

Just before entering the valley, the company encountered a severe hailstorm which scattered their cattle in all directions. While they were still hunting, Mary Smith, who had been far enough behind to miss the storm, passed them with her little train and fulfilled her predication by arriving in Salt Lake on Saturday, the 22nd. Sunday morning Mary washed and brushed and dressed the children in their best and had Sunday School and thanked God for his many blessings unto them. In the afternoon they all got on the wagon and drove back to meet the rest of the company as they entered the valley!

The family settled at East Mill Creek, six miles south of Salt Lake City, where by hard work and good management they soon built a home, two small adobe rooms where they could enjoy a little comfort, which today (1929) still stands, and near it is a beautiful monument which was erected in her memory June 5, 1927.

taken across in a skiff. They with their mother spent the night in their camp on the bank of the river, listening to the bombardment of the city of Nauvoo. At that time it was the largest and most beautiful city in Illinois.

In the fall of 1847, her mother and her brother, Joseph Fielding, made a trip down the Missouri River to St. Joseph, Missouri, about 150 miles, for the purpose of obtaining provisions and clothing for the family for the coming winter and for the journey across the plains the following spring. They made the trip by team, taking two wagons with two yoke of oxen on each. The weather was stormy and the roads very bad, making the journey very hard, trying and unpleasant. At St. Joseph they purchased their groceries and dry goods and at Savannah they laid in their store of flour, meal, corn, bacon, and other provisions. Returning to Winter Quarters, they camped for the night in an open prairie of the Missouri River Bottoms, by the side of a small spring creek, which emptied into the river about three-quarters of a mile from there.

They were in plain sight of the river and could apparently see over every foot of the little open prairies where they camped. They usually unyoked their oxen and turned them out loose to feed, but this time they turned the oxen to feed in their yokes. The next morning when the best yoke of oxen were missing and could not be found after a search had been made by Mary's brother Joseph Fielding and her son Joseph F., who was nine years of age and a teamster, they went into camp and found Mary kneeling in prayer. As she arose, her brother said, "Well, Mary, the cattle are gone." "Never mind," she replied and her voice fairly rang with cheerfulness. "Never mind, your breakfast has been waiting for hours and now while you eat, I will take a walk and see if I can find the cattle." Mary continued straight down the stream of water until she almost stood on the bank of the river, and then she beckoned to her brother, who ran to her and there saw their oxen, fastened to a clump of willows in a deep gulch. This, like many other circumstances, was one of the first practical and positive demonstrations of the efficacy of prayer.

Martha, my mother, has told me many things of this incident. It made an indelible impression upon the minds of her children. The impression made upon Martha's mind by this striking answer to her mother's prayer never left her, but has done much to encourage her in meeting every responsibility and caused her to realize that, no matter how arduous the task, the Lord will not fail those who put their trust in Him.

Martha inherited many of the sterling qualities of both of her parents. Her mother took another trip to Keokuk, Iowa, where she sold the real estate left by her husband in Hancock County. She received in exchange wagons, oxen, cows, sheep, and four horses which provided her with means of transporting her large and dependent family to Winter Quarters.

would bleed. She spun the wool into yarn and wove the yarn into cloth, blankets, sheets, jeans for men's clothing and linsay with cotton warp and woolen wool for women's clothing. She used peach leaves, indigo, and red adder to make real "dyed in the wool" stripes and plaids for dresses for herself and others.

Martha and her chum, Jane Fisher, were allowed to glean wheat in the field owned by Jane's father. They worked hard and gleaned enough wheat to buy their winter dresses.

Martha Ann met William Jasper Harris and they became very good friends when there came a call for William to go on a mission to England. Martha felt like this would be another trying experience to part with the one who had won her heart. But she was brave and being handy with her needle and willing to do all she could, she went to help his mother, Emily Harris Smoot, in the work of preparing things for his journey. Heavy hand-knitted socks, brown homespun clothes, provisions and bedding were made ready. William went to the Endowment House to receive his blessings and be set apart, after which President Young said, "Have you a young lady you think enough of to marry?" William said, "Yes, I have." "Go bring her here right soon and be married before you go." That afternoon Martha was greatly surprised when William came rushing in the house and said, "Go get your sun bonnet, Martha, and come with me. We are going to be married!"

Martha turned to his mother and said almost breathlessly, "What shall I do?" "Law me, honey," said Mrs. Smoot, "put on your calico dress and go with him." So Martha climbed into the wagon and they went to the House of the Lord and were married April 21, 1857, by President Brigham Young.

Two days after their marriage, her husband started off with the handcart company on the long journey across the plains in company with seventy elders. William left his young bride in the care of his mother, Emily Harris Smoot, plural wife to A. O. Smoot, where she worked hard in the home, helping to spin, weave, to make butter, cheese, and milk many cows, morning and evening. Also she did many other general household duties. There were sixteen in the Smoot family where she lived and earned her board and clothes while her husband was away.

After laboring eighteen months in England, the missionaries were called home on account of Johnston's Army invading the valley.

After arriving home, William and Martha remained at the Smoot home for two years with William working on the farm for Mr. Smoot and Martha going on with her daily duties.

One day William was plowing in the field and a young man named Joseph Abbott was walking back of him carrying a brass bucket while he was dropping corn in the row. Lightning struck both of them, melting the brass bucket and killing Mr. Abbott instantly.

The children, guided by the example and teachings of their mother, loved each other dearly, and all worked to help build the home and support the family. Martha was taught to knit stockings and so many yards of yarn were measured off by her mother each day, which had to be knitted up before she could have her dinner or supper as the case might be. Martha also was taught to spin; at the age of eleven years she could spin four skeins of yarn a day.

Besides paying one-tenth of all her products, and the very best, Mary Fielding Smith would load up a wagon with cheese, butter, potatoes, bread, and vegetables and take it six miles into Salt Lake for the poor immigrants who were continually entering the valley.

All this exertion, toil, privation, and anxiety finally had their wearing effects upon this mother. She went to visit at the home of President Heber C. Kimball, and while there, was taken very ill. Much faith was exercised in her behalf, she did pray so hard to be healed, but it was not to be. She breathed her last breath September 21, 1852, surrounded by her loving family and friends. This was a hard blow on Martha.

A lady by the name of Hannah Grinnells, always called Auntie, who had lived with the Smith family for many years and crossed the plains with them, and whom they loved next to their mother, kept up the home and cared for the family for a year, and then she died.

Martha then went to live with her mother's sister, Mercy B. Thompson in Salt Lake City where she attended school. Her brother, Joseph F., at the age of fifteen years left for a mission to the Hawaiian Islands, where he made many converts to the Gospel, and innumerable friends. This was a very trying period in Martha's life. Her half-brother, John, married and continued to live in the family home at East Mill Creek. Martha went back again to the once happy home to live with her brother, Patriarch John Smith, and his wife where she lived until her marriage.

Mother has told us many times of the trying events she went through; comforts for her were practically non-existent and food was scarce. Many times she would go to school with only one biscuit and a little parched corn to last her all day. How happy she would be when in the spring she could dig up sago lily bulbs to eat and later when the groundcherries were ready, together to make preserves to eat on their dry bread. Speaking of groundcherries, I can remember going with Mother when I was small many times way down in the southwest fields to gather groundcherries for us. Mother and we children have gathered hundreds of groundcherries for ourselves and to sell.

Martha had little time for idleness. She did many chores, morning and night, before and after school. She herded sheep on the hills east of the home, many times barefooted until her feet

William was found some distance away unconscious by Martha's brother, Patriarch John Smith, who happened to ride by that way, and got to them as quickly as possible. He found William had been dragged for some distance by the frightened team of horses, his nose and mouth were filled with dirt and mud. He was taken home and through faith and the untiring care of his faithful wife for many weeks, was nursed back to life, though he was never a strong man after. Martha had to go on doing all she could to help support her family.

Four months after this accident, their first baby, a son, was born to them, August 4, 1859, whom they named William Jasper, Jr. Soon after this baby came they moved into the city where her husband freighted goods by team to many places for a number of years.

Four more children were born to them. Their names were: Joseph Albert, born August 19, 1861; Hyrum Smith, born August 14, 1863; Franklin Hill, born September 11, 1867; and Mary Emily, born October 23, 1865.

In 1866 during the Black Hawk War trouble, her husband was called to fight the Indians as Second Lieutenant in Heber C. Kimball's Company, furnishing his own horse, saddle, bridle, and bedding, and was gone three months, fighting the Indians in Sanpete County, leaving his wife to provide for the family.

For eight years her husband served as policeman in Salt Lake City, when he was called to go to Provo to serve as body-guard to President Brigham Young, which he did for many years.

They sold their home in Salt Lake and moved the family to Provo. They purchased the corner on Second South and Third West, where a two room adobe house was built. This family again endured many hardships in making a new home. Six more children were born to them. Their names were: Lucy, born March 10, 1870; Joseph Fielding, born June 28, 1872; Mercy Ann, born March 30, 1874; Zina Christeen, born May 13, 1876; Martha Artiemiess, born June 27, 1879; and Sarah Lovina, born December 8, 1882.

Thirteen in the family lived in these two rooms until the youngest child (myself) was nine years old, when a larger and better house was built.

Martha always worked hard to help support the family. While they lived in Salt Lake she paid thirty dollars and gave six weeks' work to learn the glove-making trade. For twenty years she made gloves each fall and selling them for prices ranging up to seven dollars a pair. She would buy buckskins and beaver furs from the Indians as they passed through on their way to their winter camp.

Her children remembered different times seeing from six to twelve big buck Indians lined up along the fence to sell her their furs and skins. Some of the hides she would smoke and cure herself, but for the finer gloves, she would get Brother H. B. Smart to dress them at the Provo Woolen Mills. She made hundreds of pairs of gloves. Some were beautifully embroidered and beaded; also the high gauntlets and short work gloves. People came from far and near to order to secure these gloves.

For many years she went among the sick, being called out at all hours of the day or night, regardless of her own health, to do good to others and make them happy until she would faint from weariness. Much of this was done, however, for sweet charity's sake, often giving up her own scanty clothing and food to help.

Six months she was confined to her bed, suffering from the bone in her knee being splintered. It was broken and reset twice and put in a cast where she laid on her back until the bones came through her flesh. When she got up again she used crutches for eighteen months and then walked without them.

While she was suffering so much, Aung Zina Young came from Salt Lake to visit Mother. She said, "I have a blessing for you, Aunt Martha." So she laid her hands upon her head and blessed her and spoke in tongues. We children were kneeling around the bed also praying that our mother would be healed. Then she interpreted it and told her that she should walk again and be made well, with many other grand promises which were surely fulfilled.

For many years she was a recognized authority in making temple clothes and laying away the dead.

In 1898 she fell and broke her right arm from which she suffered severely many months, also of nervous prostration. With her lame right arm and hand, it was wonderful how she could do the work she did. She knit and crocheted many beautiful shawls, caps, booties, mittens, and stockings. She pieced and quilted many beautiful quilts all herself. She was never idle, always thinking of the welfare of others. The Temple aprons and burial clothes she made would, no doubt, number in the hundreds. I have always felt sorry that Mother did not keep account of the many things she made. She made hundreds of temple aprons for the Relief Society in Salt Lake, sending twelve aprons all finished every two weeks to the President for the General Board of Relief Societies for their use.

William J., her husband, was accidentally run over and killed by a team of frightened horses April 23, 1909. The shock of his death told severely on her nervous system, but as her mother stood her trials, so Martha endured her life of sorrows mingled with joys; no matter what came she remained faithful to the Gospel and never lacked an opportunity of defending it.

Mother was a very independent nature, never wanting to accept favors from anyone without returning them in some way. If she owed a debt and could not pay the day promised, she would tell them why, therefore keeping her word to the letter.

Martha Ann Harris paid an honest tithing all her life. No matter how little or how much. In looking through her trunk, I find rolls and rolls of tithing receipts. She obeyed the commandments of the Lord and the teachings of His prophets and had an absolutely firm testimony of the truth of the Gospel. She witnessed many miraculous healings and heard speaking in tongues and interpretations of tongues.

Mother seemed to have had the gift of discernment. I will relate just one instance when one of her sons working in Texas was injured by a premature blast, his family decided to keep the news from her until he was well again, so she would not worry. But she wrote and asked them to please write and tell her what was the matter, she knew something was wrong and she could not rest until she knew what it was. We learned to tell her of events as they happened.

On July 4, 1909, Mother went on a trip to East Texas to visit her children who were working there. She was gone one month, taking her brother, President Joseph F. Smith and his wife Edna with her. She enjoyed a month's stay just riding and sight-seeing all the time. In 1922 she was a guest at a celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the arrival of the pioneers and rode to the head of Immigration Canyon to see the monument marking the spot where Brigham Young said, "This is the place." Mother attended many like gatherings with her brother in Salt Lake and other places.

All of her eleven children grew to man and womanhood and were married in the Temple, and all became parents. Many of them have gone out to colonize and build up many other places. One son, Hyrum, filling a mission to the Hawaiian Islands, was gone three and one-half years.

Her daughter, Lucy, died leaving two children, Edna May and Arthur Simmons. Mother took them, and loved and cared for them as her own children until they grew up and were married. Edna May gave birth to a baby girl two days after her husband's death. Mother took them home again and cared for the baby while the mother worked in the store, until a short time before her death, when Edna May married again, taking the little girl from Mother. This was hard for her, she had enjoyed the child so much. She cared for three generations of babies, giving each the same love and care.

Surrounded by her family, she breathed her last October 19, 1923, at the age of 82 years and 6 months. She is the mother of eleven children, 80 grandchildren, 100 great-grandchildren and 2 great-great grandchildren, to date.

February 11, 1929

COPY OF LETTER WRITTEN BY
MARTHA ANN HARRIS
DAUGHTER OF HYRUM SMITH

Provo City, Utah
March 23, 1881

The contents of this letter is a light history of Martha Ann Smith Harris, the wife of William J. Harris, and the mother of 10 children. This I bequeath to them and their posterity who are faithful Latter-day Saints.

* * * * *

I was born in Nauvoo, Hancock County, Illinois, May 14, 1841, the youngest daughter of Hyrum Smith, Patriarch, who was martyred in Carthage Jail.

I am only sister to Joseph Fielding Smith; we are the only two children of Mary Fielding, second wife of Hyrum Smith, my father. I was three years old when my dear father was taken from the bosom of his family and from his friends. When he bid them the last farewell farewell and gave them the last farewell kiss. I remember well the night that he was murdered. I had the measles, I had taken cold and it had settled on my lungs, I could not speak above my breath. I begged of my dear mother to lie down and rest, but she walked the floor all night. She never lay down to rest once. She would read the Bible a while then walk again, until the day began to dawn. There was a knock on the door. Mother asked who was there, the answer was "George Grant." She opened the door and asked, "What is the news?" He gave answer that Joseph and Hyrum were both murdered.

My poor mother stepped back calmly exclaiming, "It cannot be." He gave answer, "Yes, it is true." She fell back against the cupboard and Brother Grant helped her to a chair. The news flew like wildfire through the house. Those cries of agony that went through the soul of everyone were terrible. The anguish and sorrow that was felt can easier be felt than described. It will never be forgotten by those who were called to pass through it.

He was loving, kind, and affectionate, indulgent almost to a fault.

I remember one day mother had made him a pair of pants and he was very proud of them. I saw him walk back and forth with his hands in his pockets. It was seldom that he was cheerful, he always looked anxious and sober.

I can remember many little things of my beloved father's death. How sad and sorrowful my mother would look. She scarcely ever smiled. If we could get her to laugh we thought we had accomplished quite a feat. I never saw her more than smile. Oh how I loved my mother; I feared to displease her. I would rather burn my hand than vex my mother.

I can see the sorrowful look now. Those years were the severe trial of my life. I felt that I did not care to live any longer; my heart seemed crushed. I was not old enough at the time of my father's death to fully realize it, as I did the loss of my mother. I felt the world was a blank after my mother's death.

Many times I felt the keen want of a loving mother to comfort me in trials that I had to pass through. It was a sore bereavement which I felt that I could never wear out with time. I went with my mother every day for three weeks while she worked in the Nauvoo Temple. What joy that was to me. My mother to this very day is perfect in my mind's eye. God bless her memory.

I emigrated to Salt Lake City with my mother in 1848. We left our home, just as it was, all the furniture, in fact everything we owned. The fruit trees were loaded with rosy peaches and apples.

We bade goodbye to the loved home that reminded us of our beloved father everywhere we turned. We crossed the Mississippi River on a skiff in the dusk of the evening. We bade goodbye to our dear old grandmother, Lucy Mack Smith. I can never forget the bitter tears she shed when she bade us goodbye for the last time. She knew it would be the last time she would ever see her son's family again in this life. We did not realize this so much at the time as we have since.

I was baptized in 1849 by Heber C. Kimball.

Through my father's death, caused by the massacre of 1844, Mother was left sole guardian of a large family of children and dependents, for whom she provided the means of support and the removal from Nauvoo to this peaceful valley of the mountains, after providing a home for the further wants here.

She was called from her family and numerous circles of kindred and friends to enjoy the society of her martyred husband and the Prophet and the Saints that had gone before, to another state of existence. Her last illness of about two months continuance she bore with unusual patience and fortitude. She only wished to live longer to do good to her family and those around her. She died on the 21st of September, 1851. She has entered into rest and may the example she set during her life be not forgotten by those she left behind to follow in her footsteps.

I was then at the tender age of eleven years. I have felt when seeing children with parents to love and care for them my path was not a smooth one. But I am proud to be her daughter. She was truly a mother in Israel and her name shall be had in everlasting remembrance, associated as they were with the persecutions of the Saints, those tragic in a superlative degree, those peculiar qualifications that surpassed and invigilate the minds in adversity, and perseverance worthy of imitations.

At the age of 15 years I was married to William Jasper Harris, in the Endowment House at Salt Lake City, 21st of April, 1857. My brother, Joseph F., at that time was filling his first mission in the Sandwich Islands. Two days after our marriage my husband started on a mission to England. While he was gone I lived with his mother, Mrs. Emily Harris Smoot. My husband was absent on his mission one year and four months. In his absence the Saints were called upon to leave their homes and move south. I moved with the Smoot family to Pond Town, where we spent the summer, or until the latter part of July. The Elders were called home on account of this trouble. As we were traveling along the road I was driving the team of horses. I just drove around the Point of the Mountain when we saw a man riding on a white mule. To my great surprise it was my husband. We had not heard from him for six months so we were not expecting him. It was an agreeable surprise. We reached home safe and found the old house just as we left it. We moved to Provo in the Spring of 1868. We are still residing here at the same place.

I belong to the Relief Society of the Provo First Ward, Utah Stake. Sister Johnson is the president; she and her counselors are good women. They have my faith and prayers.

Mah Smoot is our stake president; she is beloved by all who know her. I also mention my dear mother-in-law, Emily Smoot, God bless them both, may they live long and be a comfort to their family.

I have enjoyed living in this world, I am grateful for the kindness from the good people of this town, they have helped me in times of sickness and need. Now my dear children, never be ungrateful. Always be sure to pay your tithing, for by so doing I have, and you will, receive a great many favors and blessings. I feel to sincerely thank my Heavenly Father for His mercies to me. Ingratitude is a very great sin. Through privations and hardships my load has seemed at times more than I could shoulder, but I tried to do my duty. Have tried to be a Latter-day Saint. My Father in Heaven knows how hard it has been. He has seen my struggles, has heard and answered my prayers, that have been offered for the welfare of myself and those here I love. Though many times I have fallen short through my weakness, my desire is to do the will of the Lord and live so while I remain here on this earth to strive to keep His commandments, that at the last day He may say, "Well done, my faithful handmaid." This is the desire of my heart.

My dear children when you read this letter I shall have passed away very likely; although my blessing says that if I am faithful I shall never sleep in death, but shall be changed in the twinkling of an eye and be caught up to meet the Savior in the clouds and be forever with Him.

I know not how this may be but I DEDICATE MYSELF AND ALL I HAVE ON THIS EARTH INTO THE HANDS OF MY HEAVENLY FATHER, asking him in the name of Jesus Christ to grant that me and my companion and my children and those that I love may be saved in the Kingdom of Heaven. Even so, Amen.

My children's names, and birthdates

William J., August 4, 1859, Salt Lake City; Joseph A., August 19, 1861; Hyrum S., August 19, 1863; Mary Emily, October 23, 1865; Franklin H., March 10, 1867; Lucy Smith, March 10, 1870, Provo; John F., June 28, 1872, Provo; Mercy, March 30, 1874, Provo; Zina Christeen, May 13, 1876, Provo; Martha Artimisa, June 27, 1879, Provo.

(Joseph, Hyrum, Marily Emily, and Franklin H. all born in Salt Lake City.)