

ONE HUNDRED YEARS—A EULOGY.

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OF ZION.

“For Joseph truly testified, saying: A seer shall the Lord my God raise up, who shall be a choice seer unto the fruit of my loins.

“And his name shall be called after me; and it shall be after the name of his father. And he shall be like unto me; for the thing which the Lord shall bring forth by his hand, by the power of the Lord, shall bring my people unto salvation.”

—BOOK OF MORMON.

Thus spake a holy man of old, Joseph of Egypt, as he gazed into the future and beheld the course of his lineage. His mind lit up with joy that his people should be brought “out of darkness into light, out of hidden darkness and out of captivity unto freedom.” The vine that had run over the wall, wild and untrained, was to be reclaimed and pruned by a master husbandman.

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of that choice seer, whom the passing centuries have at last revealed, and who has passed amid the throng of humanity into the eternities, his devoted followers will, on the twenty-third of December, fitly commemorate.

Where shall we seek for the parentage and home of the prophet, seen from the fading shores of distant Egypt, in the morning of the world's history? Shall we go to the palace, the abode of wealth and power? No; for prophets, though always of noble blood are seldom of noble circumstance. To the house of learning where wisdom and skill are strong to advocate and defend? No; for God plants oftener his momentous word in virgin soil, not among the weeds and stones of faulty philosophy or narrow creeds. The great policy that sent Christ to the manger is essentially right

now as then. It is rather the sign of divinity that men shall come bounding from the wilderness, or from the care of ravens, or with shepherds' staffs from among their flocks; so it will not be unbecoming our prophet if we seek his abode with the humble, or his parentage among the poor—the thing alone needed to make him worthy shall be a humble and obedient heart, with fortitude and fervor, that, like Daniel or Joseph of old, he shall stand steadfast and undeviating, though rocks shall rend, and earth and hell conspire against him.

From among what nation or people shall he come? From the ripened monarchies of the East, where tyranny sits enthroned and there is no large liberty of voice and belief? No; rather from some young aspiring world, happy in a well-earned freedom, with its face to the light of advancement. What country could give him more fitting birth than our own loved America?

In what form shall he come? As the hermit or recluse from his cave, with his staff and flowing beard—gloomy with his burden of thought—with pensive eye upon the future? No; he should be buoyant and cheerful with the great hope that his message brings; young and vigorous, for his labors shall be great—brave, for his dangers shall be many. He must be spiritual, but in this practical age he must be practical, to bring his message, however glorious, to the minds of men.

The time of his coming who shall say? Shall it be amid the light of the gospel day? No; for his mission is to bring men to the light out of darkness. His coming must mark an epoch in history, and be a requirement of the times. He comes as a new witness to tell men of God and his attributes—to testify of him. The time, then, shall be in an age of doubt and diversity of opinion,—his mission to clear up unsettled questions, and reveal to troubled minds the mysteries of the gospel. This, then, is the man, and this his country, our country, made more sacred by his presence,—and the dawn of the nineteenth century, the time. Let us go to the woods and hills of Vermont, the home of many of our sturdiest patriots, and find his birthplace, and discover his ancestry, that we may more fully know this messenger of God.

When the roll of the progenitors of Joseph Smith is called, he will not blush, but in pride will he turn to as noble a line as has

graced our land. Deeply religious and intensely patriotic, they have served with equal energy, God and their country. Suffering and enduring alike in either cause, they have proved before armed foe, and in the spirit's battlefield, their courage and integrity. They hewed their way into the forests, the groves resounding with their sturdy blows. Clean and upright among their fellowmen, they lived their simple lives, such lives as poets dream of as being typical of the Nation's best manhood. And here the elder Joseph of heroic frame reared his family, and here the younger Joseph, inheriting his father's vigorous body, and his mother's devout mind, first saw the light. God touched the eyes of his grandfather, and he saw in prophetic vision one who should spring from his race to bear a message that should revolutionize the religious world, but no one dreamed that this blue-eyed boy, with waving hair, so cheerful and animated, was the destined bearer of this joyous news. Among his playmates, his childhood was passed in the experiences common to all. As he grew older he shared the labors of his father in the field, doing his part toward the maintenance of the family. And the young boy grew strong and straight in body and limb, and with a wholesome mind.

This period was part of his preparation. What did God need? His servant must be dutiful, even as Joseph, the new, of America, and Joseph, the old, of Egypt, were dutiful. He must be vigorous and strong, for he enters upon an arduous work that shall try every nerve of his body and fibre of his soul. He must be untrammelled and unbiassed by worldly ideas—what need of much secular schooling, when angels are to be his teachers and he sits face to face with holy men of old, and hears the voice of the Mighty One himself in counsel! And, so in Nature's school, under his mother's eye, no doubt under the watchcare of angels who knew his mission, he passed his simple childhood, and came to be a thoughtful, amiable, gentle youth, such as men and women love.

Under the hallowed influences of his home, where the scriptures had prominent place, and in the uplifting power of his surroundings, seen and unseen, his mind was directed to God. A deep yearning filled his soul, "Lord, I believe; who shall tell me what to do?" In the professed light of the nineteenth century, he stood in doubt as to the Father's purposes. Who shall teach him? The

religious world cannot; his lessons at his mother's knee, before the open book, have taught him all they know of the Savior, the Redeemer of the world. Shall he come to him? Yes; surely, but by what plan? Where are God's appointed ministers, which the way? Then from a score of directions, came the invitation, "Lo here is Christ." Dazed, no doubt, by his perplexities, who can tell the trouble of his honest soul—and here, had not God pointed the way, he must, as thousands of other souls, have gone wandering and unsatisfied to his grave. To the scriptures, ever his guide, he turned for light, and in their pages sought for the word denied him elsewhere. A passage, beautiful in its simplicity and definite in its promises, caught his eye: "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." As his mind rested on this promise, so unequivocal and sure, I believe that the powers of good and evil that surrounds him, must have stood hushed, with awed looks,—at this moment when the future of a dispensation of God was being decided. I believe that then the powers of good must have said, "Joseph, this is the living word of God; it is for you; he will hear you; go to him." And then, I think, the evil must have said, "This is the dead word, he will not answer you—God's voice is silent." Then, I think, his strong, simple, young spirit took sides with the powers of Heaven, and faith came to him, and angels must have rejoiced, for they saw at hand the dawn of a new day!

There is a newly awakened hope in the soul of this fourteen-year-old boy; it must have been that some measure of the import of the ages, past and to come, rested upon him: in awe he must have stood on the threshold of the new dispensation, beckoned by the promise of God. Not idly, as one would seek for a trivial gift, but with a sense of its immensity, did the boy seek an answer to his question.

Now, in nature's solitude, with the grand old trees, the birds and squirrels, his only visible auditors, with the forces of good and evil standing with keen interested expectancy, he speaks to the Father with the faith that dispels distance and destroys the obstacles of mortality.

And now the adversary of souls, who sees in the glorious faith of the youth the triumph of the truth that God still speaks, in the

desperation of his imminent defeat, hurls his forces on the boy so powerless of his own strength to resist, and he is borne to the earth. As the clutch of demons bind and pinion him in the grip of death, in an agony of pain and fear, he cries aloud for deliverance. Darkness is dispelled, and the brilliant light of celestial day shines round him. The devils flee, as from before the cohorts of Michael, the archangel. The earth and the heavens have met; the Father and the Son have revealed themselves; the world has a new witness; the sun of Truth, the light of Righteousness, and Revelation have arisen; the glorious Dispensation of the Fulness of Times is ushered in! Hear, ye Heavens, and give ear, O, Earth, for the Father has spoken! Let the hosts immortal, and the multitudes of men, praise him, for his face is again revealed and his wonderful word made known!

The message of the Son of God is in the boy's mind and heart, where it lies inscribed as though written by a pen of fire; shall he ever forget it? Shall he ever deny it? Nay; though granite hills shall melt, though mountains shall dissolve, though the sea wither away under the fierce elements, yet shall the testimony remain in the boy's heart, as stand the marks of the finger of the Mighty One on the stone tablets of Moses of old!

As one leaves the holy precincts of a temple, the boy leaves this sacred spot with awed heart, the force of a mighty truth surging through his soul as the tides of an ocean. He feels that the great knowledge of God's revelation is not for him alone, and in the family circle, among his brothers and sisters and by the side of his parents who love him, he recounts the great events. They listen reverently, for the grave face—the inspired light in the blue eye, which even now seems to see the vision,—proclaims that this is truth. Next, to the neighboring ministers, men whom he respected, and of whom he had sought spiritual advice, he tells his story, and his honest, sensitive soul is shocked by their ridicule. Strange that men should revile and proclaim as of the evil one that for which the earth was an hungered—the knowledge of the Father! Strange that men should be the instruments of Satan to thwart that which was for their happiness! But now the neighborhood, which had hitherto been his friends, rise almost as one man to revile him. As if evil spirits had taken individual control of

them, they fought his message with savage might. In all stages of opposition, from incredulity, scorn and malice to attempted assassination, he was buffeted about, until his ardor subsiding, and their anger partially spent, there came a period of comparative rest, when, in silence, he carried his thoughts unknown save to his loved ones and his Father above. Thus were his mind and spirit maturing, thus was being completed his preparation; soon he was to enter upon an education to prepare him for the great mission that was before him.

The boy is now seventeen years old; he is grave, thoughtful and earnest. There are times when he yearns for more light, when he thinks of the past, and wonders if the heavens are locked again by reason of his fancied wrong-doing. No; they are only awaiting the development of his mind and powers for the work before him. Soon the time is at hand, and from the heavens there comes a mighty angel bearing the everlasting gospel to the inhabitants of the earth, and delivering to this youth the designs of God. In the darkness of the night, while the world slumbered, celestial angel-teacher, and willing pupil, sit in his lone chamber, lighted by a heavenly effulgence, and mysteries of the past and purposes of the future, are made known. The history of a continent and an extinct nation is revealed, their records promised, and the young man directed in the further fulfilment of God's plans. And in such exalted teachings, he receives, at intervals, a knowledge of his own work, and is set to prepare for its consummation.

Seldom in the history of the world have men been so favored. To read the words of wise and good men is a great privilege; to sit in their presence and catch inspiration from their voices is a greater privilege, and one that few enjoy; but to be with celestial beings who come as messengers of the Almighty, to hear their words of truth, and to know that while philosophers may differ, and learned men contend, here is the end of all controversy, is the greatest of all educational blessings that have been given to man. Who need wonder, after this training, that his future public utterances were given with the certainty of final authority. Prophecy has been verified, the angel has flown through the midst of heaven, and the gospel is again in process of restoration to this simple American boy; the mind, prepared by proper experiences, is grow-

ing and expanding with divine knowledge, and a force is maturing that shall affect the earth. Through four wonderful years, he maintains a probation of trial and patient waiting, until at last into his hands, with solemn warning, are placed the records of God's dealings with his ancient people on this continent.

His experiences hitherto have been preparatory and educational, now begin the real labor and trials of his devoted life, which shall not cease until he reaches Carthage jail. His, the immediate mission now to translate the record given him, and he commences his difficult task. Where before, his troubles were merely storms, now they are hurricanes, and all the fury of earth and hell is turned upon him. Murderers lay concealed by his pathway; robbers pry through locks, and break through walls, to get the precious records; hounded and harassed by foes, betrayed by friends, in an hour of weakness almost deserted by God, strong indeed was his soul to endure until at last, restored to favor and conquering by an indomitable will, the book was translated, and he had obeyed. Through it all, sometimes fearing but never doubting, he had learned the Father's attitude toward his children—he gives them work to perform toward which he expects them to bend every energy; guiding, aiding and rescuing them, when human powers fail, but always requiring steady and noble effort to perform.

His soul was now keyed to the lofty purposes of Heaven. He had proved his power to endure, withstand and perform all that the Master should require. Other exalted beings now come to him, and upon him are conferred the powers of the Priesthood, by hands that held them anciently. The authority of God has been given him, and henceforth he goes fully accredited and empowered, as were the apostles of old, to spread the gospel of salvation in the world. Like them, he lifts up his voice and calls to repentance, and now the mind of the Father, made known to him in revelation, prepared the first steps in the formation of the most perfect and wonderful system of modern times. Good men and women come to him, and stone upon stone is laid the foundation of the Church of God. His purposes are broad; his designs, far-reaching; and, ere yet his meager following had the strength that would insure them permanence, his choicest disciples are sent hither and thither in the world to proclaim the "glad tidings." Across con-

tinents, over oceans, in poverty and amid perils, they traveled, fearlessly crying repentance, and thousands, gladly recognizing the voice of the Shepherd, gathered to assist in the great work.

With the great accessions to the Church, new movements are projected and work designed. Temples are to be reared, cities built, and stakes of Zion established; a center is dedicated to be the chosen spot where, some day, shall arise the New Jerusalem; and there was a breadth, and grasp, and inspiration, in the work, that proclaimed the management of God. At times, the Church was in danger from internal dissensions, as presuming men endeavored to assert authority, but straight to the line their youthful leader walked, exercising justice and judgment, as became a Prophet of the Most High; and, out of these trials, the Church emerged stronger and stronger day by day. By his side stood a band of choice men actuated by the same noble aspirations and high resolves that he possessed; men whose lives were at his command, and energies and talents, ever ready in the cause. Always an advocate of education, and deeply studious himself, the Prophet had organized, at an early day, a school for the study of languages, and in every direction were spreading out the elements and forces of advancement and enlightenment.

The trials and persecutions of these times, who shall describe? They are fully known and registered only by the angels of heaven, who in tears must have seen the bloody footprints of this faithful people, as scourged and driven, harassed and hounded, they followed their noble leader; and ever upon his head there came the wildest gusts of the tempest. Only in brief intervals, from the night previous to the sacred day on which he had received the plates of gold, had he been in peace. Many times he had been dragged before tribunals on charges that could not be sustained. Maligned and persecuted, tarred and feathered and poisoned, spat upon and reviled, even as was the Savior—and through it all, he emerged, dignified and unruffled, in kingly mien and power. Where his people were in gravest danger, there could always be found the shepherd, his breast bared for their salvation; and whether he crossed the country to lay their wrongs before the rulers of the land for justice; or, whether through swamps and mire, he carried his fainting companion on his back for miles to

safety, he was first and foremost the man of God, magnificently fearless.

When the full history of the ages is revealed, men will know that here was one of the noblest spirits placed in as choice a tabernacle as ever fell to the lot of mortal. Tall, powerful and straight, gentle, though stern, if necessity required, with penetrating eyes that read the soul, whose countenance when lit by inspiration shown by the power of God, he was by his friends the best loved man on earth, by his enemies the most hated and feared; truly the words of the angel were fulfilled, that his name should be held for good and evil throughout the earth. One scene which, some day, when our people shall have a genius worthy of the attempt, shall furnish a theme for one of the grandest paintings of all time will show him thrown, chained to his brethren, into a filthy cell: their lewd and beastly captors, to harrow up the spirits of their victims, are talking with fiendish glee of their devilish accomplishments; the burning of their captives' homes, the insulting of their wives, the ravishing of their daughters; until, stung to a pitch of righteous anger, it will show this chained captive, towering in the majesty of a lion above his craven persecutors, who grovel in the dust at his feet, their weapons forgotten, their courage lost before his mighty indignation and wrath. Another scene will show him upon the fever-stricken banks of the Mississippi with his brethren and sisters around him dying. His overwrought spirit is sorely tried with the sufferings of his beloved people; he can endure the scene no longer, and in the power of the priesthood, as I imagine the Savior must have done in days of old, he takes the sufferers one by one by the hand, and bids them rise and follow; and, where before was despair and death, now came joy in their great deliverance. Great were the many pentecostal days in which this modern prophet participated; so amid his many sufferings he was always happy, ever buoyed up by the Spirit of God.

His mind reached out and grasped the treasures of the infinite, and today there is no truth in our doctrines that he was not the means of advancing, or which he did not elucidate. Old, narrow notions of the creeds of the day, he overcame by keen truths. He relegated to the trash-heap of exploded theories, the barbaric idea

of infant damnation. He took from the infidel his greatest argument when he held out hope beyond the grave to those who had not the privilege to hear the Gospel in mortality; thus limiting the doctrine of eternal fire, and proclaiming anew God's infinite justice. Having seen God the Father, and God the Son, he could testify with certainty as to their powers; and the immaterial God of the world no longer reigned supreme in the heavens. He proclaimed the gospel of education, by saying, "It is impossible for a man to be saved in ignorance." He revealed to the world that there are degrees of glory awaiting mortality, in the hereafter, commensurate with their individual merits. He revealed the fact that the priesthood of God binds the generations living to the generations dead, until all are linked together in one great chain whose head is Christ. He revealed the design of temples, in which should be performed these ordinances for the living and the dead. He revealed a system of economy, or social science, which, if practiced, would settle forever the vexed questions of capital and labor, and would provide for the complete happiness and advancement of mankind. He gave advice on the great questions agitating the nation, at that time, and which he foresaw would come up later, that if followed, would have saved thousands of the Nation's best lives, and many millions of her treasure. He laid out cities, took active part in municipal and political affairs, wore the epaulettes of a lieutenant-general, journeyed far and near, carried the gospel to the Indians, making known to them their ancestry. He revised anew the scriptures, and delved into the mysteries of astronomy, beyond the depths of the mightiest reasoner in that science.

Long ere his people saw these hills, his all-comprehending vision had swept across the plains of the great unexplored West: he saw our snow-capped peaks and mountain rills, and glorious summer skies, and planned his people's migration to a future home away from the power of tyrants. All this, and a thousand other things, in the intervals of great ministerial labors, while hounded, hiding, driven, scourged and imprisoned. God had given him great physical powers, and unbegrudgingly he used them in His cause. Wherever he went he towered a veritable king among men. Great men came long distances to see him, and departed impressed by his magnetism and the clearness and precision of his views, but

when the day's labors were ended, upon the public square, in the assemblies of his fellows, he would throw aside his dignity and become as they, and compete in friendly bouts of strength and skill,

Had he lived until now, he would have been one hundred years of age. There are now few remaining who knew him in their maturity, but it was my fortune to be born of a mother whose family knew him in his home life, and who saw all sides of his character, and often I have seen her eyes light up at the recollection of this man of God, and speak of him sadly as one speaks reverently some loved name too sacred for the common ears of man.

This, then, is Joseph Smith; Joseph, we call him, and think of Joseph who delivered Egypt, of whose lineage he comes. I think it was God's purpose that, in the simplicity of his name, this prophetic title should stand out preeminently. This is the man who lived so grandly and fought out, step by step, his way to a seat among the immortals; and, finally, when his work neared completion, gave one last great evidence of his devotion and unselfishness, second only to that of the Redeemer of the world.

The plots of his enemies have thickened around him, blood-thirsty mobs, under the guise of legalized armies, are planning his capture, and the further persecution of his people. He sees in his withdrawal the object of their assaults removed, and the safety and comfort of his people assured. With a few friends, he crosses the Mississippi, and prepares to flee to the Rocky Mountains; but not his foes, this time, but his false friends, conspire to defeat his object; and the message comes to him to return,—not to desert his people in this hour of need! Keener than the wrongs of his enemies must have been this stab to his faithful heart, who, under all circumstances, had proved himself their faithful defender! O shame, that men and women should be so blind and forgetful.

Now he returns, with a full knowledge of the doom awaiting him, like a lamb to the slaughter, his conscience clear before his Maker, and soon before as base and heartless a rabble as ever drove martyr to his doom, he is driven to the slaughter pen of Carthage. O, sad the day to the prophet and his people. Sad the day to Illinois, whose soil is drenched by the best blood of America! Sad the day to the world, which loses now the messenger of its regeneration! His faithful brother by his side, sharing his

self-imposed martyrdom, with faithful brethren sharing his danger and wounds, true to every testimony given him of the Father,—true to every trust of his people—with the great cry, “O Lord my God,” penetrating the heavens, he yielded up his life, another martyr to the world’s advancement!

These things are true. They are not the idle rumors of disordered brains. Sane men, who walk the earth with integrity unquestioned, testify of them. They are written in man’s records, and transcribed in the books on high. This history is in the memory of his companions in life, and will remain forever cherished in the hearts of their descendants. Time cannot efface it, but it will increase in brightness until, with consuming flame, it shall burn its way into the history of this nation and of the world. He shall be fully known and correctly estimated, and men who have reviled shall do him reverence. Every prophetic word he uttered shall be fulfilled, for truer prophet never lived, and more noble martyr, save One, has never died!

Pocatello, Idaho.

VOICE FROM JOSEPH.

Come to me, will ye come to the Saints that have died,
To the next better world, where the righteous reside,—
Where the angels and spirits in harmony be,
In the joys of a vast Paradise? Come to me.

Come to me, where the truth and the virtues prevail,
Where the union is one, and the years never fail.
Where the heart can’t conceive, nor the natural eye see
What the Lord has prepared for the just: Come to me.

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Come to me, all ye faithful and blest of Nauvoo;
Come, ye Twelve, and ye High Priests, and Seventies, too;
Come, ye Elders, and all of the great company,
When you’ve finished your work on the earth: Come to me.

Come to me; here’s the future, the present and past;
Here is Alpha, Omega, the first and the last:
Here’s the “Fountain,” the “River of Life,” and the “Tree!”
Here’s your Prophet and Seer, Joseph Smith: come to me.

W. W. PHELPS, in *L. D. S. Hymn Book*.