

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.

\* \* \* \* \*

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*.