

ceived, and the Book of Mormon which he was instrumental in bringing forth. Many people, a century from this centennial anniversary, will bear testimony to similar knowledge and light, for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is the undying work of God.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

A CHILD'S REMEMBRANCE OF THE LAST TIME SHE SAW
JOSEPH SMITH.

BY MRS. SARAH RICH MILLER, DAUGHTER OF APOSTLE
CHARLES C. RICH.

The Prophet, and my father, General C. C. Rich, were associated together in many ways, both military and civil, and the Prophet came frequently to our home to see my father on business, and would notice us children. We called him Uncle Joseph.

A few days before his death, he, in company with his brother Hyrum and several men on horseback, were passing, and my little brother and myself were out playing. We saw them, and I called out, "Uncle Joseph!" He heard me, and, reigning up his horse, he motioned for us to come to him. We ran out, and he put his hand down and drew me up on his foot in the stirrup, and kissed me. I boosted my little brother Joseph up, and he kissed him, and told us to go into the house and be good children.

I never saw him again; a few days after this, my mother told me he was dead, also Brother Hyrum, and that grandfather and my mother were going out to meet the bodies. I watched, and saw the procession, and a wagon covered with green boughs or bushes, and a lot of people in carriages, and on horseback, like a funeral procession. This made such an impression on me that I never forgot it, and it always causes a sad feeling when I speak or think of it. My father was in Michigan, at the time, electioneering for General Smith, and distributing his *Views on Government*.

Salt Lake City, Utah.