

lecting together parts of interesting experiences that may be scattered through two or more volumes, and bringing them together into their proper relations into a connected whole as no one else could do, since an ordinary reader would scarcely recognize the true relation of the scattered parts.

One of the first incidents recorded which greatly impressed my mind and which may convey a useful lesson was related by my father. His parents, who had a large family, lived in Nauvoo, and were quite intimate with the Prophet Joseph. In fact, his father, being a Master Mason, officiated in conducting the Prophet through all the degrees of masonry. In doing this the Prophet explained many things about the rites that even Masons do not pretend to understand but which he made most clear and beautiful.

On Sunday, August 4, 1844, two of father's brothers, Hyrum and Josiah, desiring to go with some companions down to the river to swim, asked their father's permission, but as it was Sunday the request was denied, to the great disappointment of the boys.

In Nauvoo at that time there was little to amuse boys of that age on Sunday, and having no work to do, they naturally sought other ways to pass the time, one way being bathing in the Mississippi river.

"Well, if you cannot go swim-

ming with us, at least you can go down with us to the river," they urged, until at last they consented.

But when they reached the river and all the other boys stripped and went in, and were having great sport, the brothers watched them longingly from the bank, and the boys coaxed them to come in also.

"The water is fine. It's lots of fun. Come on in. We wont tell," they urged. "There is no harm in having a little swim."

At last one of the brothers yielded to their persuasions, undressed and went in, while the other remained on the bank unwilling to disobey his father even if no one would tell on him.

At first he seemed to enjoy the sport, but after a time he suddenly stepped into a deep hole, or where the water was beyond his depth and called loudly for help. This frightened his companions who dared not venture out to where he was, but the brother on the bank did not hesitate. He quickly pulled off his coat and jumped in to rescue his drowning brother.

For a time he struggled manfully against the mighty current, but in vain. The two brothers were drowned!

His companions had to return with the sad word to the sorrowing family. In this way I lost two uncles before I was born, but their death has been a great lesson to me.

### Thrice Blessed

You climb my knee—O little erring tad,  
Your big eyes drowned in wonder,  
And pray to someday be as good as dad,  
To never fail or blunder.

I kneel to you—O little trusting lamb,  
In humble re-adjusting,  
And pray to be the man you think I am,  
Thrice blessed in your trusting!

—Bertha A. Kleinman