

defiant through everything. Truth is the rock on which I stand, and I know whereof I speak, and that is why I have no fears. I am willing to answer any reasonable question that anybody may desire to ask. The time has been when my conscience forbade me to speak of these things, and no cross questions would have made me reveal the facts. The time had not come to publish to the world this "holy order of matrimony." It would have brought great trouble upon the Prophet and the people; but now I feel it my duty to bear my testimony to the truth of Joseph Smith teaching and practicing plural marriage some years before his death. And the revelation given through him was no less true because it was not written as soon as revealed. Emma was a witness to Joseph taking plural wives, on one occasion at least, and if she has denied it on her death bed (which is very hard to believe) even forty times over, it does not destroy the fact; and as to J. Adams denying that he performed the marriage ceremony, I think it is a mistake. It might have been George J. Adams that denied it, but the one I mentioned in my affidavit was James Adams, generally known as Judge Adams, of Springfield, Ill. He did not reside in Nauvoo, but was there on a visit. I do not think he would deny it, unless he had apostatised, and I know an apostate will say and do almost anything to injure the truth. But if he and Emma, and every other witness should deny it, the fact still remains. Emma seemed to feel well until the ceremony was over, when, almost before she could draw a second breath, she turned, and was more bitter in her feelings than ever before, if possible. She had, as it were, bound us to the ship and carried us to mid ocean, then threw us over board to sink or swim, as the case might be.

She often made things very unpleasant, but I have nothing in my heart towards her but pity. I know it was hard for Emma, and any women to enter plural marriage in those days, and I do not know as anybody would have done any better than Emma did under the circumstances. I think Emma always regretted having any hand in getting us into such trying circumstances. But she need not have blamed herself for that, in the least, for it would have been the same with or without her consent, and I have never repented the act that made me a plural wife. It has been to me like an anchor cast within the veil. It gave me a hope that was like a rod of iron to cling to while wading through heavy mists of hatred and persecution. And I could say truly:

"I've a hope that will not fall,
It reaches far within the veil,
Which hope is like an anchor,
Oh, that's the hope for me!"

Yes, that is the hope for me. It will never perish, and when thorns have been strewn in my pathway beneath my feet, and dark clouds have gathered over my head, this hope has cheered me on my way. I have often looked back with joy and thanksgiving that I listened to the "still, small voice that whispered to my soul." The door is open—enter! It may look dark, dreary and desolate, but peace, joy and exaltation lie beyond. The longer I live, and the more knowledge and understanding I get pertaining to the principles of the eternal worlds, the more I rejoice in the one act of my life that made me the wife of Joseph Smith, and bound me to him for time and all eternity. I feel perfectly secure under his guardianship. I know he was a prophet of God, and I know that he received the revelation on celestial marriage years before it was written, and it was through him that the revelation was given making known the baptizing for the dead, and through him many other points of doctrine were reveal-

ed. He organized the Relief Societies, also the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Societies, and these revelations of Joseph Smith's are the rock on which this Church is built, and it cannot be shaken. It is as firm and immovable as the mighty rocks that form the mountains with which we are surrounded. The principles of the Gospel are perfect and cannot be confounded. Mankind is weak and imperfect, they may be shaken, and perchance some may fall, but God's work will never fail.

Then let those who love a lie better than the truth have the desires of their hearts. Let them cherish falsehood and hide themselves in its subtle threads. Let them build for themselves a foundation of quicksand, and a platform of cobwebs. They will see, sooner or later, that it will melt from under their feet as the dew wastes before the morning sun. Let them heap reproach upon my head, and scoff at the order of celestial marriage, what do I care? it does not hurt me in the least. I rejoice in my religion; and I appreciate the blessings that I enjoy as a Latter-day Saint.

I have borne the contempt and sneers of the world for years, and I can still bear them. My hope is buoyant, and I fear nothing that the enemy of righteousness can do. Let them fight the truth, trample it in the dust, besmear it with their filth, yet truth, eternal truth, will rise bold and unblushing, in spite of all opposition. This is my testimony to all the world, and it is true, whether they receive it or not. There may be a few who will receive it, and rejoice in the privileges and blessings that God has bestowed upon His people in the last days. For my part I am not ashamed of my religion; I love every part and portion of it. Neither am I ashamed of my name, nor would I be even if it was,

EMILY DOW PARTRIDGE SMITH YOUNG, ETC.

LETTER VII.

TO MRS. SARAH A. CANNON.

DEAR SARAH:

Munich, where we have just been visiting, is where the two brothers, John Q. and Abram H. Cannon, were when John Q. first came to Germany, and I was much interested in all I could learn about their mission here, the places they traveled in, and so forth; how Abram used to laugh at John Q.'s peculiar pronunciation of the German words. He took his turn this time in laughing at me. There are many things here to remind us of Abram, among them some five or six hymns in the German hymn book. I had to come to Germany to learn that our brother was a poet.

I have seen many beautiful pictures since I came to Europe; some of the finest works by the best masters, and I have enjoyed them more than words can express. In the galleries where I have been were students copying and studying the different subjects. I have wished so many times since I came here that I could sketch; every day I see some lovely spot that I would like to keep forever in remembrance.

From the windows of the office here in Bern, there is a beautiful view; the River Aare runs just below, and sloping on the opposite bank is a high, grass covered hill, dotted with pretty Swiss cottages. I could never tire of looking at this scene. The Aare is a very beautiful river.

Yours affectionately,

ANNIE.

BERN, Jan. 27th, 1881.

LETTER VIII.

TO MRS. BELL M. SEARS.

DEAR BELLE:

Since I last wrote you everything has gone on as usual. We are both quite well, and there is not much change in the daily routine, while we are in Bern, except an occasional invitation to spend an evening with some of our people.

John Q. is just about to start out on a trip through the Central Swiss mission, though it will not be a very long journey. Of course you heard that we had expected to come home, then were suddenly informed we were not to go.

The sisters here had made every preparation to give us a farewell surprise party, so we were not the only ones who were disappointed, though they declared they felt like having the party as an expression of their delight that we had to stay.

It is most lovely weather here, now, just like spring time, and so pleasant to walk over the hills and down by the river. We can get a charming view of the mountains, and they are indeed lovely; crowned white with snow, and glittering in the sunshine, with the bluest of skies above them, and verdant hills beneath. This is a very picturesque, odd looking city, yet it is very attractive to me. There are such delightful walks in every direction, and wherever the eye rests, there is a most beautiful scene.

Yet I often think that there is no pleasure in traveling or seeing the world compared with the pleasure of being with our loved ones. We can not have too much of the society of those we love, and only too soon separations come without our bringing them about ourselves.

With great love for all at home,

ANNIE.

BERN, Feb. 12th, 1881.

LETTER IX.

BERN, Feb. 29th, 1881.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

For several days we have been saying, on the 29th we must write to mother, sure, and we have lost no opportunity to inform everyone that this month our mother will have a birthday, which is indeed quite an event in our family. How I wish I could be with you to-day, and enjoy the sweet pleasure of your company. I have been wondering, this morning, how you would celebrate the day. I hope, however, it may be a happy, cloudless day for you, and that it is only the beginning of many happy years that are to follow.

John Q. and myself are both in excellent health, and enjoying ourselves splendidly. John Q. returned from his trip through the Central Swiss Conference last Tuesday. He had a very pleasant time. To-morrow he starts off again into the East Swiss Conference to make some changes there and visit those branches. I am very glad that he can now get time to be out among the people more, and away from the office work, though it is very lonely for me when he is away. He is going among all the Swiss branches, and perhaps into the German, we cannot tell until some definite work is begun concerning emigration.

Concerning masque balls, I quite agree with you; not that I know anything wrong about them myself, for I never attended one, but simply because I think a prejudice against them was born in me, and I always rather encouraged that prejudice.

We read the papers with much interest, especially the parts pertaining to the Utah legislation. Even here, in this remote region, there is much persecution among the Saints, and it