

phets and of Priests of the Most High.

Man gradually learns the principles of government, order, harmony and beauty, so that ultimately principalities and power, wisdom, might and knowledge await the being or beings that are faithful to the laws they are appointed to observe to obtain their exaltation; and the earth itself must progress and progress, until celestialized and rendered fit for the habitation of the Gods.

Gazing on futurity, the subject rises beyond our vision, and we cannot behold all the glories of eternity. But as well as progression, there is retrogression. When we cease to advance we soon begin to retrograde; and beholding how nations, at one time powerful and majestic, fall and sink to rise no more, when they forsake the

principles of virtue; and seeing, also, how individuals, though at one time loved and respected, when they fall into sin become miserable and debased, what manner of men, then, ought we to be?

We can know well our duties—we can in part taste the joys of heaven and behold the Paradise of God. We should cleave to the principles of light and truth, for we may rest assured that in them alone can be found true happiness. Whilst sorrow and wretchedness await those who walk in the paths of sin, may we, then, by faithfulness and our progress in the practice and knowledge of virtue, and the principles of scientific truth, fit ourselves for the eternal possession of happiness, wisdom and power, in the society of the good and holy, and in the presence of the Great Supreme.

HISTORY OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.

(Continued from page 825.)

HISTORY OF LUKE JOHNSON.

[BY HIMSELF.]

“My grandfather, Israel Johnson, lived in Chesterfield, New Hampshire, and was much respected by his neighbors for his honesty, integrity and industry.

My father, John Johnson, was born in Chesterfield, New Hampshire, April 11, 1779. He followed the occupation of farming on a large scale, and was noted for paying his debts and living independently. He moved from Pomfret, Vermont, to Hiram, Portage co., Ohio. He was connected with the Methodist church for about four or five years previous to receiving the Gospel.

Soon after Joseph Smith moved from the State of New York, my father, mother and Ezra Booth, a Methodist minister, went to Kirtland to investigate ‘Mormonism.’ My mother had been laboring under an attack of chronic rheumatism in the shoulder, so that she could not raise her hand to her head for about two

years; the Prophet laid hands upon her, and she was healed immediately.

My father was satisfied in regard to the truth of ‘Mormonism,’ and was baptized by Joseph Smith, jun., in the winter of 1830-1, and furnished him and his family a home, while he translated a portion of the Bible.

In the fall of 1831, while Joseph was yet at my father’s, a mob of forty or fifty came to his house, a few entered his room in the middle of the night, and Carnot Mason dragged Joseph out of bed by the hair of his head; he was then seized by as many as could get hold of him, and taken about forty rods from the house, stretched on a board, and tantalized in the most insulting and brutal manner; they tore off the few night clothes that he had on, for the purpose of emasculating him, and had Dr. Dennison there to perform the operation; but when the Dr. saw the Prophet stripped and stretched on the plank, his heart failed him, and he refused to operate. The mob then scratched his body all over, saying, ‘Damn you, this is the way the Holy

'Ghost falls upon you.' And in attempting to force open his jaws, they broke one of his front teeth to pour a vial of some obnoxious drug into his mouth.

The mob became divided, and did not succeed, but poured tar over him, and then stuck feathers in it and left him, and went to an old brickyard to wash themselves and bury their filthy clothes. At this place a vial was dropped, the contents of which ran out and killed the grass. About the same time part of the mob went to the house that Sidney Rigdon occupied, and dragged him out, and besmeared him with tar and feathers. My father, hearing the outcry of the family, went to the door, but finding it held by some one on the outside, he called for his gun, when those who held the door left; he pursued, and was knocked down; his collar bone was broken; he was taken back to the house, and hands laid upon him by David Whitmer, and immediately healed. A few minutes after this accident, we heard the voice of Joseph calling for a blanket; some person handed him one, and he came in, the tar trickling down his face; his wife was very much alarmed, supposing it to be blood, until he came near enough to see that it was tar. My mother got some lard, and rubbed it upon him to get the tar off, which they succeeded in removing.

Waste, who was the strongest man on the Western Reserve, had boasted that he could take Joseph out alone. At the time they were taking him out of the house, Waste had hold of one foot, Joseph drew up his leg and gave him a kick, which sent him sprawling in the street. He afterwards said that the Prophet was the most powerful man he ever had hold of in his life.

Soon after this persecution, Mason had an attack of the spinal affection. Fullars, one of the mobocrats, died of the cholera in Cleveland, Dr. Dennison was sent to the penitentiary for ten years, and died before the term expired.

My father moved to Kirtland, and was ordained to the office of High Priest, and was a member of the first High Council organized in the Church. He died in Kirtland in 1843.

I was born in Pomfret, Windsor co., Vermont, November 3, 1807. In early life I assisted my father in farming, and remained with him until I received the Gospel, and was baptized by Joseph Smith, May 10, 1831. Soon thereafter I was ordained a Priest by Christian Whitmer, and performed a mission to the southern part of Ohio, in company with Robert Rathburn, where we baptized several and organized a Branch in Chippewa.

In company with Sidney Rigdon I went on a mission to New Portage, where we baptized about fifty or sixty, and organized a Branch; from thence we journeyed to Pittsburg, (in the vicinity where Sidney was born and raised) where we preached the Gospel to his relatives, and I baptized his mother and his oldest brother, also several others in that neighborhood, and we organized a Branch.

At a Conference in Orange, Cuyahoga co., Ohio, I was ordained a High Priest by Joseph Smith. At this Conference the eleven witnesses to the Book of Mormon, with uplifted hands, bore their solemn testimony to the truth of that book, as did also the Prophet Joseph.

In January 1832, I was appointed by revelation, in company with W. H. McLellan, to go on a mission south. We preached several times, and, arriving at Middlebury, Portage co., brother McLellan got a situation behind a counter to sell tapes, &c., and I, preferring not to proceed alone, returned to the town of Hiram, and the Prophet appointed Seymour Brunson in his stead, with whom I travelled through Ohio, Virginia and Kentucky. We baptized over one hundred persons, and organized a Branch in Lawrence co., Ohio, and another in Cabal co., Virginia, and returned to Hiram.

Dec. 28, 1832, in company with Hazen Aldrich I started and resumed my mission to the south country. On the 31st, at Worcester, we baptized two.

Jan. 19, 1833, preached in Charleston, Jackson co., where I baptized several of the Stoker family. On the 27th, met brother Zerubbabel Snow, and baptized one. We visited the Branches, preached and set the

Churches in order as we journeyed along. Feb. 24, returned to Hiram, and assisted my father on his farm during the summer.

In the Fall of 1833, I visited the Branches raised up in Lawrence co., Ohio, and preached and baptized in that vicinity.

Nov. 1st, I married Susan Harminda Poteet, in Cabal co, Virginia.

Feb. 17, 1834, at the organization of the first High Council, which was in Kirtland, I was chosen a member.

In May I started with Zion's Camp for Missouri, on which journey I acted as pioneer, and went before the Camp—marked the signs of the times and the situation of our enemies. Having made a declaration before I started

that I would go into Jackson co., or die in the attempt, in company with my brother Lyman and others I procured a boat, and rowed over the Mo. river and landed in Jackson co., where we discharged three rounds of our small arms, and immediately got into the boat, and with all our energies rowed back. Meanwhile the mob in Jackson co. lined the shore, and commenced firing upon us, their balls skimming the waters near us. After landing I returned fire and shot across the Mo. river.

I returned to Kirtland in Captain Heber C. Kimball's company, and received my blessing in common with the members of Zion's Camp."

(To be continued.)

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1864.

REFLECTIONS UPON THE YEAR 1864.

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As this number closes the twenty-sixth volume of the MILLENNIAL STAR, it may not be inappropriate for us to take a brief retrospective view of the fast, evanescent, ever-fleeting present, as well as the ever-glowing future, which is always fraught with ardent hopes and aspirations unfulfilled, yet in the anticipated fruition of which we bathe as we pass along in life's dull stream.

The year eighteen hundred and sixty-four—how full of incidents to the world, of doubt, perplexity, casualty to life and property on sea and land; in this land, of poverty and distress and pestilence, and in America of unremitting war which has incessantly raged in its wildest fury, and would seem, through the almost unanimous re-election of Mr. Lincoln, has a renewal of its lease to an indefinite, if not an interminable future. To the nations of the earth the past year is a record of blood and tempest, and gloomy forebodings and destruction; yet we know it is but the beginning of sorrows which will continue to increase and spread abroad until all nations shall feel the avenging hand of Almighty God, for behold "their cup of iniquity is filled," and the