

Donated for Xeroxing by Lyle Anderson,
1740 18th St. N. E. Salem, Oregon 97303.
Lyle Anderson is the grandson of Emma L. Whiting Anderson.

The owner was unable to verify the accuracy of the typescript and is unaware of the location of the original manuscript from which the typescript was made. To the donor's best judgment, the first two pages were in the original manuscript.

March 29, 1976

L. Madelon Brunson

This copy has been edited by:

Grace E. Anderson
104 Colonial Road Roseburg
Oregon 97470

October 1992

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
MRS. EMMA L. ANDERSON

BORN MARCH 8, 1853

DIED JUNE 10, 1922

BEGUN

BEMIDJI, MINNESOTA
FEBRUARY 24, 1915

ENDED

MISSOURI
OCTOBER 10, 1920

WE ALL ARE HERE OF WHAT WE MEET
TO MAKE THE VERY BEST,
AND RUN THE RACE, WITH PATIENCE,
TILL WE ENTER INTO REST.

BEMIDJI, MINNESOTA

FEBRUARY 24, 1915

Dear Children,

I have had for years, a selfish desire, to write my autobiography, not with any thought of its ever being printed. It would never be interesting enough, to anyone for that. So the desire must be a purely selfish one, because I could always find something else to do, if I would. I began writing it, in the rough, (that is on wrapping paper or any old paper) about 2 years ago. Before my dear Husband had left us a year, so I copy from that.

I was born at Silver Creek, Mills County, Iowa, March 8, 1853. My father's name was Francis Lewis Whiting, he was born in Ohio, Sept. 22, 1830. He died at Clitherall, MN, Sept. 11, 1909. His parents were Elisha Whiting, and Sallie Hewlett Whiting. My father was the youngest of 12 children whose names were, William, Edwin, Charles, Louisa, Harriet, Emeline, Chancey, Almon, Jane, Lewis, Sylvester, Frances, and a babe not named.

My father was married to my mother, Feb. 12, 1852 at Silver Creek, Iowa. Her maiden name was Ann Janette Burdick, she was born in the state of New York, Feb. 19, 1831. Her parents were Cary Burdick, born Sept. 1, 1794, died Jan. 4, 1854 and Mary Baker Burdick, born Feb. 16, 1801, died March 14, 1872, at Clitherall, MN. Of her parents I know nothing, except that their names were Baker. Her only brother was called Henry Baker, he and his wife had a large family of children, one daughter, Sylvia, married a Mr. Dailey of New York. Two of their daughters were called Janette and Katy.

My mother was the 3rd child of Cary and Mary (called Polly) Burdick. Their children were Oscar, Jackson, Ann Janette, and Jesse. My Uncle Oscar, enlisted with the Wisconsin Volunteers in the Civil War, and was killed in the first battle he was in. Jackson Burdick died at Independence, MO, about the year 1890, leaving a wife and 8 children. Uncle Jesse, died at Cheney, WA in August 1913, leaving a wife and 4 children. My mother is still alive, 84 years of age.

My Grandfather Elisha Whiting, was one of the younger children of a large family. His father died, and Elisha was bound out to a man to be provided for, educated, and learned a trade. The education was very limited in those days. The trade was wagon and chair making. Grandfather and Grandmother Whiting were made acquainted with the Restoration of the Gospel in the early days of the church, 1830's or there about. My grandmother was the first to unite with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Grandfather had listened with interest, and had not objected when his wife wished to be baptized. Not starting out in obedience to the Gospel, when first led to believe, he afterwards allowed the daily lives of some who were "called to be saints" but had not yet overcome all evil, to hinder him. I call to mind now, an expression of Brother J. J. Cornish, lately in a sermon, concerning our being surrounded, by so great a cloud of witnesses so let us go on unto perfection, for if we do not lay aside some of these things some of our neighbours might stand as witnesses against us here after. For if we do not lay aside every weight and the sins that so easily beset us, and show forth the beauties of the Everlasting Gospel in our lives, our neighbours might testify against us here after, and say we did not live right, so they had not reason

to suppose we had the truth. So in my grandfathers family for some time there was division in the family on the subject of religion and life was not pleasant for my grandmother. Her faith was steadfast and her prayers were heard.

When after a time my grandfather, speechless, could not swallow and had what the doctors termed as the Death Hiccoughs had set in. At this time, my grandmother bent over his pillow, and asked him if she might send for the Elders. He could not speak, but managed to try to nod an assent, she sent for them. They came, anointed his head, laid their hands upon his head and prayed God to heal him, if it could be by His will, and ere their prayers were ended the hiccoughs had ceased. When they took their hands from his head, he asked for a drink of water and was able to swallow the water they brought him. From that moment his recovery commenced, and in a very few days not being willing to wait longer for what he felt he should have done long before. He was carried in his chair to the creek near their home and was baptized by immersion, for the remission of his sins.

When the Saints moved to Missouri, my grandparents were among the number who settled at Far West. My father remembered the time, told of in the Lucy Smith History, when the mob had surrounded Far West, and Joseph and Hyrum Smith and others were invited or commanded to surrender themselves. I have seen my father cry when telling, or reading of the time when the mob yelled and howled so when they had these men in their control. When the Saints were driven from MO, my grandfather and family were with them. The mob, burned their house and shop, and they were not allowed to take their livestock. Among what was left behind was some sheep, one of which had been a pet lamb, whose mother died, and it was raised by hand. It was raised by hand and was given a name, it would always come when called. Afterwards some of the older boys ventured back with a team to try to recover some of their own corn and property. As they were nearing one man's place they began to say "those sheep look just like our sheep". So as they drove past, one of the boys began calling the name of this pet sheep, and the pet heard them and came bounding over the fence and right up to them. They were in the enemies country and felt that they could do nothing after the extermination order of Governor Boggs concerning the Saints. So they went back without their property, except a load of corn from their own corn field.

Uncle Chancey Whiting married Editha Morley, a daughter of Isaac Morley, while in Illinois. When their first child, Isaac Morley Whiting, was about a year old, a mob came to my uncle's home, he was gone, but they told my Aunt they would give her an hour to get her things out of her house, when they would return and burn her home. As they were determined to drive the "Mormons" from the country. She knew that remonstrance was useless, but she had the courage to ask them if they would any of them be kind enough to help her carry her cook stove out of the house, as she could not manage that alone. Some of them very kindly complied, and then they left. She moved all the rest of their furniture and belongings out on to the little garden where they would not be so much in danger of fire. When Uncle Chancey returned home at night, he found his house burned to the ground, and his wife sitting in her little rocking chair in the garden holding their boy, and guarding their possessions. I heard Uncle Chancey relate this, on one of the last times I ever talked with him. He and his wife are over the river now and beyond the reach of mobs. These are only some of the trials endured by some of the early Saints.

Uncle William Whiting and wife died leaving 3 small children, Edmund, Martha, and Mary.

Uncle Edwin Whiting followed Brigham Young to Utah and followed him into that abomination, polygamy, also, for he died many years ago leaving several so called wives, and numerous children and grandchildren.

Uncle Almon Whiting married Lucia Leavitt, a niece of Eliza R. Snow, she died a few years later. Afterwards he married Lydia Garfield. He is dead but his widow and a family of children are still living.

Sylvester married Rebecca Redfield, they had 7 children. She died a few years ago. He is nearly 88 years old. He died June 19, 1915. The last one of that once large family. I cannot write the history of all my Uncles, Aunts and cousins. And there nothing of my own life worth writing about. Still I shall write something anyway.

My Aunt Emeline married Walter Cox who went to Utah afterwards and into apostasy, having several wives at his death, by their works ye shall know them.

Aunt Louise married a Mr. Talcott, she was about the age of Queen Victoria, got married about the same time as the Queen, raised a large family of children, and died about the time that Queen Victoria did.

Aunt Jane, married a Mr. Bruce but died a few years later.

Aunt Harriet died young.

My parents embraced the gospel before the death of the martyrs Joseph and Hyrum Smith, mother was at their funeral. I think all of their brothers and sisters were members.

When the Saints were driven from Illinois, my grandparents settled at Silver Creek, Mills County, Iowa. That is what the settlement was called then. I am told no such place can be found on the maps now. That may be, but I presume the creek and the place still exists, at least they did 47 years ago when we visited there with my parents at Warren Folletts and Nathan Wests. There my parents were married, and my sister Lucia born, March 21, 1855. It is also where I was born. I was 2 years and 2 weeks older than her. When I was over a year old, I took the whooping cough, and once when choking and strangling, and whooping I went into convulsions. I was given up for dead, but in answer to prayer, as I believe, I revived and was permitted to live for some reason, good or bad, time will tell.

Before this time quite a number of the Saints had gathered at Silver Creek, and organized a branch of the church. In 1849 or there about Alpheus Cutler and family moved there and for a time he was chosen President of the Branch. My father had become disgusted with the way many of the Saints who followed Brigham Young's false teachings were doing and had almost lost hope and faith, seeing so many go into polygamy after Joseph Smith the Prophet. Alpheus Cutler began to call the peoples attention to the 3 books, The Bible, Book of Mormon, and Book of Covenants. To tell them, that they did not need to go to Utah, or submit to the rules or teaching of Brigham Young and his associates in order to be saved. This seemed right and sensible to my father so he concluded to cast in his lot with Alpheus Cutler.

While there, Brigham Young, heard a rumour at Winter Quarters, that Alpheus Cutler, had gone to Silver Creek and was teaching against him and his colleagues. So he sent George A. Smith, and several others to investigate. Alpheus Cutler told them he was trying to teach the law laid down in the books to the people. They commended him, in this and in a public meeting bore testimony to the people of the calling and ordination of Alpheus Cutler under the hands of Joseph Smith, to a mission among the Lamanites. I mention this here merely to explain what was not explained to me for many year. When I heard of this event I supposed they meant that George A. Smith and others bore testimony that Alpheus Cutler was ordained to lead the church or be Presiding High Priest over all the church. Or President of the High Priesthood as it is called in the Book of Covenants. It was not till 17 years ago that my father explained this to me. He said that George A. Smith, and those with him at the time never did believe it was Alpheus Cutlers right to lead the church or be president of the High Priesthood. Of this more later, perhaps. At any rate, I am thankful that Father Cutler by his influence kept a good many from going to Utah. For they were as sheep without a shepherd, and many knew not where to look. Persecuted by enemies, robbed of hard earned savings and possessions, driven from homes, harassed by poverty, its a wonder they kept the faith to any degree.

Alpheus Cutler did not remain at Silver Creek, many years. He with a chosen few, among whom was Hyrum Murdock, Nicholas Taylor, a Mr. Patten and Lewis Denna and an Indian who had united with the church some time before this. This company, I say, moved to some place in Kansas (Valley Falls, I think) then called Grasshopper to carry out this mission of Alpheus Cutlers, among the Indians. Whether God, recognized the work done or not, I know not. I heard Mrs. Denna say years afterward that she thought a few were baptized, but they were never connected with what was called the Cutlerite Faction. Mrs. Taylor, told me before her death that the Indians did not appreciate the fact of the white missionaries coming into their country and settling on their lands. Trying to build a flour mill and such, and there was trouble very soon at any rate. By the summer of 1855 a branch of the Saints had located at Manti, Fremont County, Iowa, so I have been informed. My parents moved there, that summer or fall. I do not know just when Alpheus Cutler and his family located here, but they were there as long ago as I can remember, and before that.

Alpheus Cutler, was again chosen President of the branch. Soon their little company concluded that Alpheus Cutler held the highest authority of any one after the death of the Martyr. They proceeded to uphold him by vote, at each session of their semi-yearly conferences. Although he was never at any time ordained to that office.

So I was brought up to believe that Joseph Smith was a true prophet, but that Alpheus Cutler held the presiding authority over all the church after the Martyr's death. That all who refused to accept Alpheus Cutler as leader, or to be re-baptized by some of their officials, were really apostates. As all except Alpheus Cutler himself had been required to be re-baptized, he claiming that he would not break that link between him and Joseph. A query now in my mind would be, if it was anything that would break a link twixt him and the Prophet, it would not be right for any of them.

As a child, I was of a sickly nature and nearly every fall, I would have a long siege of fever and ague. Until when I was 10 or 11 years of age people began to predict that I would die of consumption. Meanwhile other children came to my parent's home, my sister Ella Jeanette was

born Dec. 6, 1857. My brother Arthur Wellington, came Feb. 29, 1860. My sister Mary Belle, usually called May, born Jan. 27, 1864, she died near Bemidji, MN July 22, 1911.

My memory often turns back to my childhood home, at old Manti, Iowa, near Shennandoah. There was not Shennandoah then, just Prairie. I first commenced to attend school when only 4 years old. I believe my first teacher was Ambrosia Morse, who afterward married Jonathan Cox. I have a dim recollection of attending a school taught by Charles Sperry, of another taught by a Mr. Hyde, and one by Mr. Snow. I remember a school taught by Polly Gaylord, for I liked her so well. Most of all do I remember my old teacher James R. Badham. In the beginning of the Civil War, in the United States, when the companies of soldiers would come marching through town he would always give us recess. He knew we could never keep our minds or our eyes on our studies. When a regiment of soldiers were tramping by, or a company of cavalry with their fifes and drums sounding so musically, and their pretty flags waving so beautifully through the air.

Those were scenes never to be forgotten. James Badham was the one who first advocated the idea of a Sunday School for the benefit of the children of Manti. Some of most of the older ones thought it a sectarian idea, and not of much account, and all the grown up ones that I remember of seeing at our Sunday School, except our teacher, James Badham, was Aunt Rebecca Redfield Whiting.

Well the Sunday School did not last long and I have never known of the Cutlerites undertaking to start a Sunday School again, although in my heart I was always in favour of it.

The Reorganization of the scattered members of the original organization, who refused to follow Brigham Young, and his pernicious teachings, such as polygamy, blood atonement, the Adam God theory, and such, began its work some where about the year 1852. It grew in favour slowly, as the years went by. It was a new country, the Saints were poor. After all their persecutions, facilities for traveling and sending news were few and far between. Never the less letters were sent by members of the church to Alpheus Cutler, by those favouring a reorganization. The broken fragments of branches, who desired to remain true to the books and teachings of the true Prophet, Joseph Smith, who had been assassinated June 27, 1844. These letters invited the Saints at Manti, to cast in their Allegiance on the side of the Reorganization. As the little faction at Manti, had already gone ahead, and reorganized according to their own ideas. I say reorganized because every faction, had to reorganize, not one of them could leave the organization, as it originally was, they had to reorganize, each according to their own ideas. They had chosen Alpheus Cutler, President of the High Priesthood. He had chosen his eldest son Thaddeus, as his first councillor, Chancey Whiting as his second councillor. So as this little faction had already set up and reorganization, they were not ready or willing to investigate the claims of any one else. So when Joseph Smith the son of the Martyr came claiming that he had been called of God to the same position his father had held in the church, the majority of the little company at Manti, were not ready or willing to accept his claims. They felt it was really an insult and a persecution for them to continue to send their missionaries to their vicinity to preach and try to convert their members.

The Cutlerites had set up their "Secret Endowment Chamber" and all who were allowed to enter there (as it was supposed by them) were given the Holy Priesthood, according to Melchisedek, or it was bestowed upon them. For they claim that those who enter there "attain to

these two Priesthoods", and thus become the Kingdom and elect of God. They believed that regardless of what the books teach on this subject of which I may write later, they really believed that they were the Church and Kingdom, and the only ones recognized and accepted of God.

They had no use for the Reorganization, that is the majority felt that way, never the less, quite a few of those who had been their members, turned away and accepted the claims of the Reorganization.

Thaddeus Cutler (son of Alpheus, and his 1st councillor) and wife and some of their children were converted to the new idea. Sallie (daughter of Alpheus) Anderson and her husband B. B. Anderson (who afterwards became my father-in-law and mother-in-law) joined the church of the Reorganization. So did their daughter and husband Jerusha and Jackson Burdick, Nicholas Taylor and wife, Wheeler Baldwin and wife, William Topham and wife, William Redfield wife and children (except my Aunt Rebecca) and some others.

It was a source of grief and annoyance to those left who felt in some way that they had been wronged and that those who had left them were deceived and lost. Well I believe the Cutlerite Fraternity meant to be honest, they believed in part, and were blessed in part. They believed in a restoration of the Gospel, They believed God, had spoken from on High in these Latter days, they believed God could hear and answer prayer and heal the sick.

I well remember when I was about 8 years old, that I had a terrible time with ear ache. I had moaned and cried nearly all night and a good portion of the day. When my mother came to my bedside and told me that my father and Uncle Chancey were coming to administer to me, and for me to try to pray in my heart at the same time. Well I did not know how to pray, having never been taught a prayer. Only as I had often heard my father pray but I did my best. When they anointed my head, and laid their hands on my head, and prayed God, to heal me. I never knew when their prayer was ended, for the pain had ceased and I was asleep. This circumstance gave me a belief and faith in Gods power to heal the sick. Which has never left me, but has grown stronger with the years. Although it has not always been Gods will to answer every prayer by healing the sick or removing all pain. I do not believe it was ever calculated, that mortals should have faith sufficient, to command every trial to flee away. Or every pain to cease, or every difficulty to be removed. For in such a case how could the Lord have a tried people? How could death claim us when our time had come?? I think it would be a greater calamity than any other if we could never die. Just think what a vast sanitarium this whole world would be. It would take quite an institution just to hold David and Solomon, and their wives and concubines, "Oh I'm glad we can all die sometime." While we do live it is good to have a faith and confidence in God and in His plans so that if it is His will, we may be healed, and if it is His will to take any of us from this earth, we may have strength and faith to say "Thy will be done." No doubt our faith is weak and we need to grow in grace and the knowledge of the truth and live more worthy of the blessings promised the believers. For I know God, can and has healed the sick many times in this our day. All the honour and praise be to His Holy name. Whether we be old or young, bond or free, a male, or female, Cutlerite, Josephite, scientist or sectarian, Catholic, or Protestant, let us have faith in God. Search the Scriptures whether we be in the faith or not. Seek for His guiding spirit to lead us into all truth. It is a good thing to believe in God the Father and in Jesus Christ the Saviour, and in God's power to heal the sick or to grant other gifts or blessing of the Holy Spirit. Any truth which any of us believe will never have to be given up, in order to receive more light. Yet I know that many of all these

different faiths or beliefs take every blessing gained in answer to prayer, as a sure sign that the peculiar belief or faith or church, they have united with, is the one and only true church or faith. Would it not look more consistent to believe that these things are a sure sign of God's mercy and love to all people. That these things are truths which all people ought to believe.

God does not withhold his mercy and love from people even if they are deceived in some part of their belief. He is willing to bless them according to their faith, even if they do not know everything. Perhaps when we get over on the other side we will find none of us had come to perfection of understanding on all points. I know that among the little faction in which I was brought up, every blessing received was taken as a sure sign that their church was the only true church. That they held all authority and Priesthood on earth, that God recognized. From what I have heard, I think all the factions that arose after the death of the Martyr made the same mistake.

I was recently talking with a fine old lady, Mrs. Shoven, of Vanscoy, who knows but little of our faith. She told me, of her being healed in answer to prayer, and that was the reason she was a believer in Christian Science. I asked her if she believed it was God who had healed her. "Why of course I do", she replied. Well I said I believe that is a truth that all people should believe, that God can heal the sick, and I have often had the same experience you tell of. Through doing as we are commanded in James 5:14, 15 "is any sick among you, let him call for the Elders of the church and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil, in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up." I have many times received blessings in that way. I call that having faith in God's power to heal the sick, and you call it Christian Science. It may be we are more nearly united in faith than we realize, because of our different ways of expressing it. She seemed puzzled for a while and finally asked, "But do you believe in present day revelation?" "Yes, certainly", I replied the gift of healing is only one of the gifts promised the believer. The other promises are just as true, Paul says concerning spiritual gifts, "brethren I would not have you ignorant", and he mentions, vision, dreams, tongues, interpretation, prophecies, etc. so while we believe in God's power to heal let us not disbelieve in God's power to reveal whatever He chooses in His own way. Let us all examine ourselves, whether we be in the faith or not by the sure word of God. "To the law and to the Testimony" Isaiah 8:20.

As a child I do not think I was as good or as agreeable as the common run of children. The same can be said of me yet, so if my goodness was all there was to be written of, my autobiography would be short indeed.

Well the war and the division in church lines and the death of Alpheus Cutler, which occurred June 10, 1864, all combined to cause a feeling of unrest, and the little community decided to move. In the fall of 1864, my parents, Sylvester Whiting, Marcus Shaw and Jesse Burdick, rigged up their covered wagons and with their families started out for the promised land, camping by the way. Along in Nov., I think, we reached Redwing, MN and were greeted with a snow storm, that night. Next morning the men decided we had gone far enough till spring, after some trouble, they succeeded in renting rooms in the town for the winter, so we would be in shelter. I was now 11 years old. I had been baptized when 9 years old, by my uncle Chancey Whiting. I supposed that I was a member of the true church. The Reorganization had continued to send missionaries to Manti, and I had attended a few of their meetings. I had no idea that my parents could be mistaken about anything, so shared their prejudices.

"One of the little foxes" that helped to spoil the vine, so to speak, was a belief, of which I am loath to speak, but in the interest of truth, I may as well make note of here. A suspicion that some of the neighbours, Never Themselves, were guilty of Witchcraft. Thereby afflicting their neighbours, or whoever, they might feel a grudge against. I don't know when this evil began to get in its baneful work among those who should have been Saints, but my father who was not very ready to give credence to all these suspicions, said some 15 years ago, that he believed it had been handed down in some families from generation to generation. Ever since the early settling of the colonies when they used to burn the Witches at Salem. Until some one had the wisdom or fore thought or something to accuse the Goeners wife of the crime of witchcraft. That set him to thinking and he began to put a stop to having every one burned at the stake, whom some one else might accuse.

Well it seems the little community, at Manti, had hitherto been content with accusing some of their own members of this grave charge. Now there was a division and of course, as we don't know for a surety just who might be bad enough to work at witchcraft to torment or to afflict their neighbours. Naturally there was a chance to think it might be some of those unfaithful ones, who had left us and joined the Reorganization. Thus in our eyes had stepped down a long ways from the way of truth and righteousness. I well remember when a certain young lady, of the Cutlerite faith was taken very ill, until her life was despaired of and all the faith and prayers and home doctoring had failed, thus far to restore it. It was best to try some method or trick which it was believed would send the affliction back on to the one who was bewitching her. What ever the plan was, it was tried and (so I suppose) the fever had probably come to the turning point that night. In the morning we heard she was much better, while the wife of an Elder in the Reorganization, was taken very sick. They had both, this Elder and his wife, belonged to the Cutlerite faction, but shortly before this had joined the Reorganization. This occurrence was taken as proof (nearly) positive of who had been causing this trouble. Needless to say both parties recovered in due time.

They say old people live in the past, it may be, for I can remember many thing of the past, while now I often forget where I put my specks.

Well during this winter at Redwing, my sister Lucia, and my cousin Almon (Uncle Sylvester's son) and myself, attended for a few weeks, an Episcopal Sunday School. It was at Redwing, I saw my first Christmas tree.

It was arranged for the whole Sunday School, in the courthouse, and our classes were arranged to march from the Church to the courthouse, then up two flights of stairs into the large room. As we were going up and came into sight of the immense tree all lit up candles and ornaments brightly, it seemed to me, that we were marching right up into Heaven. We were not, though we had a fine time, and were treated to cake, candies, nuts, popcorn, and a little book for each of us. We reached home, about 9:00, just as our fathers were starting out to find us. As they had expected us to be home at dark. We lived in a house back near the Bluffs, and took several walks that winter along the top of Barns Bluff. I often wonder if Redwing, looks now as it did then.

During this winter, Isaac Whiting, wife and sister, came from Iowa, and rented near us. Also Edmund Whiting, and family, Calvin Fletcher and John Fletcher and families. We stayed

there until April 6th, except my Uncle Sylvester and family who moved to Crow-Wing before this, about Feb.

On April 6th we again took up our pilgrimage toward the north, and to be able to serve the Lord in peace. To carry the Gospel to the Lamanites as that had been Alpheus Cutlers Mission, and we who were left must carry out that work.

We wanted to start early that morning of the 6th of April, but it takes so long to take down and pack up and load all your possessions into a covered wagon or two, (if you don't believe it, just try it). You may think you haven't got anything, but just try to move and you'll find out. We were very late in starting, and when we reached Brother Marcus Shaw's house, the elders entered the house and held a season of prayer. I believe we only got about 9 miles that afternoon, when we camped, and ate a hearty supper. There's always plenty to eat for the first few meals, cooked up ahead on such occasions. We children romped and played till it began to rain, then we were hustled into the wagons and to bed.

Our wagon was fixed with boards projecting out from the top of the high box, over the wheels to make the beds wide enough or long enough, so we could all sleep cross ways of the wagon. There were 7 of us all told, so the beds reached the whole length of the wagon. Slats were fixed across the wagon from one side to the other of the projections, upon which our beds were made. Underneath the beds were trunks, boxes, bundles and, oh yes, always a cook stove in the back of the wagon bed. In the day time, half the slats and the bedding had to be piled back on top of the other half to give space in front for a spring seat and to get at the dinner box.

It turned cold in the night and when we woke in the morning it was blowing and snowing something fierce. My father told us to stay in bed for awhile, and he dressed, climbed out into the storm, hitched the team onto the wagon. The rest of the men did the same thing and drove to a more sheltered place in the timber and hills. It shook us up good and plenty, the road was so tough but we only laughed.

We stayed there 2 or 3 days till the storm abated, then on we went in the cold, trying to drive a few cows, and endure whatever we had to, as well as we could.

There were 7 families, some of them set up their cook stoves in the wagons and had a fire burning as they drove along, to keep themselves warm, but my mothers stove was too large for that so we had to tough it out the best we could.

When we reached Crow-Wing, we camped there a few days, and our Elders held a consultation with some of the Indians, but no converts were made. Then we started on. I forgot to say that when we camped near St. Cloud, we heard first of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. As all our men, were strongly in favour of the course Abraham Lincoln had taken in the war, we were sorrowful to hear he had been murdered.

Our road lay through a rough country, no good roads, but long stretches of old corduroy, that needed repairing badly just the bare logs and poles no dirt or hay covering. I shall never forget those awful corduroys, for I had caught cold and been sick and was so sore all through my bowels that every jolt was agony. I would walk as long as it seemed I had strength to go. My mother

would beg me to ride, then I would climb in the wagon and lie on the bed, when jolt, bang, bump!!!! It would seem like a knife piercing my body, and I would beg them to let me walk again, though every step hurt me. I was glad when that corduroy ended and we came to a bridge over a creek or river, just in time to put out a fire that had reached the bridge. It had just begun on the timbers, a few hours later, there would have been no bridge to cross on.

All this was taken as the Guiding hand of the Lord, and maybe it was. The Lord is not slack in his watch and care no difference how wayward his children are. I am satisfied that greater blessings and fewer trials might have been ours but we "Would Not."

At last after a few days, we came to Otter Tail Lake, which looked very large being about 15 miles long. We camped there a day or two, then on to West Battle Lake, where we camped near the north shore, perhaps 3 or 4 days. Then at last on the 6th of May 1865 we reached dear old Clitherall Lake, and there we made our homes. In a few days a log house was in process of erection, my father's house, the 1st place, and we were glad to feel a roof over our heads. How our children did like to play around the sandy shore of that wonderful lake. I believe there were some lurking fear of Indians, in those early days, by the women folks. Our nearest neighbour was a Scotchman (I believe) who lived at Otter Tail Lake, and had a native woman for a wife. Our next nearest white neighbour was a man at Chippewa now called Brandon, about 25 miles south. There were a company of soldiers at Pommedeterre, and another at Abercrombie 35 or 40 miles away. Our nearest store and post office was at Alexandria 40 miles away. The people had often to go clear to St. Cloud or Minneapolis over 100 miles to get their wheat ground into flour, or their wool carded into rolls or to buy flour, sugar, shoes or clothing.

It was only two and one half years or thereabouts since the terrible massacre in Minnesota. We tried to be friendly with the Indians by whom we were surrounded and we prayed the Lord to protect us so we never had any trouble with the Indians.

Along in July the main body of the church came from Iowa, having been about 3 months on the road, driving sheep, cows, etc., along the way. I think there were 15 or 20 families. There was the widow of Alpheus Cutler, Lois by name, and familiarly called Mother Cutler, by all the neighbourhood. Her grand daughter, Emily Pratt, whose mother was dead. There were Almon Sherman, Henry Way, Dewitt Sperry, Clark Stillman, Hyrum and Lyman Murdock, Squire Eggleston, Erastus Cutler, (he had come with us but his family came with the big crowd) Mr. Oaks, William Cameron, Lewis Denna, Chancey Whiting with their families. Some however, could not see the advantages of living in Minnesota. and returned that fall to Iowa. Notably Squire Eggleston, Uriah Eggleston, Erastus Cutler, Mr. Olmstead, Edmund Whiting, Mr Oaks, James R. Badham. Perhaps the camping out trips did me good after all, as aside from a run of Billious fever at Redwing, and my trouble over the corduroy roads, I began to have better health. Perhaps because we had got out of the fever and ague zone.

There was no school at this time, so I attempted to play at teaching school, this summer after I was 12 years old, out under the shade trees. My own two sisters next to me, my cousin Ally, and Sarah and Eddie Fletcher, the children of Calvin and Mary Miller Fletcher were my scholars. I tried to follow my old school teachers, James Badham's plan in teaching. The parents thought it a good plan, and tried to get the children to be good and try to learn. I guess they tried to mind for I don't remember any serious trouble.

We were favoured with very good crops that first summer, considering the small fields and cold backward spring. The men were able to break up, and get under cultivation, and the limited supply of garden seeds we had brought with us or been able to buy. All of this little colony were poor in this worlds goods and we had to practice economy and go without many needful things. I remember my mother, coloured some unbleached muslin with oak bark, to make me a much needed dress and a piece of birch bark with some red calico for a band was made into a sunshade (for a hat), and some buckskin moccasins, bought of a squaw furnished me a Sunday outfit.

Those first few years were very busy ones with few amusements or recreations. Twice I remember a little ruffle of excitement caused by the advent of a small company of soldiers into our neighbourhood, (which was named Clitherall).

I don't know whether soldiers stationed at Abercrombie or Pommedeterre, but there were soldiers stationed at both those places, for a few years after the Indian troubles. Our little community would do their best to entertain the soldiers, by several families making room for as many as possible in our houses.

We were surrounded by Indians who sometimes, especially in winter time, would visit us in companies of 20 or more and go from house to house and have what was called a begging dance. They would file into the room, and stand in a circle one behind another and dance in their quiet way with a sing song music for a short time, then on to the next place. We were all poor enough in this worlds goods, in those days, but we always found something to give them, a little bread, flour, potatoes, rutybagies or something from our scanty stores we would divide with them. I don't think any of went hungry on account of it. Calico was some times 50¢ a yard, also common unbleached muslin. We managed to live though. I remember my father and Uncle Sylvester and we children were glad to make a meal, of hardtack and water with a little sugar. If the water was warm and we would soak the crackers awhile we could eat them.

The next spring 1866, we thought it best to set out gooseberry bushes around our door yards, so as to have fruit near home. So one bright day us children gained the consent of our parents to go after gooseberry plants. Myself and Lu, Ella and Arthur from our family, Louisa Keeler a stepdaughter of William Mason, who was older than I, our cousins Ann, Alfred, and Lide. The last 3 brought their small wagon to haul the bushes home. We went over near the outlet on West Battle Lake. I must have been of a piggish disposition and bent on doing wonders, for I chose the largest clump of gooseberries I could find. I worked and dug and chopped and rested and went at it again. The others were more sensible and chose small new shoots or not very large bushes and soon had a wagon load, we concluded to send the boys home with that load, and sent word for mother, send us out a pail with hardtack, sugar, cups and spoons and we would stay all day. We were tired and hungry and could hardly wait for the crackers, to soak in the lake water, and sugar so we could eat them, but we pronounced them good. After we had rested awhile I went at my large gooseberry bush again and finally succeeded in loosening all the roots and we loaded my one large bunch and the others small ones in the wagon and hauled it home. I worked laboriously to set it out in the corner of our garden fence by the Lake, where every one who passed by could see it. It was a beauty when all leaved out and I imagined how nice it would look when covered with berries, but imaginations was all I ever enjoyed about it. For in all the years I lived there I never saw any berries on that great big corner bush though it grew larger for years. Now in 1916, I cannot find a

vestige of my old gooseberry bush. The ones the other children set out, were all right though and bore fruit. The house is gone and the garden is part of a field, and all is changed but the land and the lake. The dear old trees are larger and I love them as a part of my dear old home. A home where love and prayer were our daily portions. Where we all learned to work and economize and where reading was so scarce that I was just hungry for something to read. I had read the Book of Mormon, before I was 13 years of age, and found it an interesting history. I read the most of the Bible when 14, but as I couldn't understand the Prophetic books in the Old Testament, I skipped over a lot of that. Our old Wilson school readers were treasured as jewels rare. That first winter a few spelling schools were held at Uncle Chancey Whittings, with Charles Sperry as teacher. The next year Zeruah Sherman taught Arithmetic evenings. The summer after I was 14, I was hired by the parents to teach the smaller children. There was no county organization, as yet, and the parents had to pay out of their own pockets and cash being scarce in the pockets, I received \$8.00 a month for my efforts at teaching in summer. In winter they would hire Miss Zeruah Sherman and the larger children would attend. She received \$25.00 a month.

That fall my father and family returned to Iowa, to get my Grandmother Burdick, as mother could not rest easy in mind till her mother was with her, so again a long trip was taken in a covered wagon. When we reached Sidney, Iowa, where Uncle Almon Whiting, lived, my father rented rooms for us, for the winter, and he worked in his brothers chair shop, at making chairs. My sister Lucia, and I wished to go to school to our old teacher James R. Badham, who was teaching at Manti, 15 miles from Sidney. I worked for my board at James Badham's, and Lucia stayed at the home of Amos Cox. The next July, we were again on the road, in a covered wagon, on our way back to Minnesota, but we were not alone. Uncle Almon Whiting and family, and our cousins, Nelson Talcott, Uncle Jesse Burdick and family, and two young gentlemen Edwin. B. Anderson, and Jacob L. Boyd, were with us, so there were 4 covered wagons jogging along the trail.

Our wagon was heavily loaded, as there were 8 in our family now. Grandma's easy chair was fixed in back of the spring seat, and facing a side entrance, as mother had fixed a sort of door in the wagon cover between two bows. Which could be unbuttoned and swing back, so one could look out at the side. Father had fixed a step between the wheels, and we could climb into the wagon at the side. When the two young gentlemen of the party suggested that Lu and I ride with them, in their wagon, our parents consented as we were so crowded in our wagon. Lu and I thought we could set together on the back seat, and view the scenery from under the rolled up wagon cover, but we found that the young men had made a plan between themselves. One of them would sit in front and drive half the day, and then take the back seat, and let the other be the driver, so we girls had to make a bargain with each other, that one must sit by Edwin half the day and then that one must sit by Jacob, the rest of the day, as we both liked Edwin better than Jacob. So that rule was strictly adhered to except one afternoon, when it was known that the young gentlemen had been drinking slightly. We girls refused to sit by either one, but took the back seat, and refused to speak to the young gents. They kept trying to say something funny to make us laugh. Lu would giggle occasionally, but Em, wouldn't smile. At last one of the young gentlemen said, "Em sits there as sober as if she didn't care a cuss", and I retorted quickly, "Why should I care for a cuss", and went on with viewing the surrounding scenery. The next day Edwin told me, that he should never drink intoxicating liquors again, and if he hadn't kept his word I should never have mentioned it here. They had only drunk enough to make them a little more talkative than usual. I believe if every young girl would show their aversion to every thing wrong in a sober

serious manner it would have a better effect on their young acquaintances than to laugh at such things.

It was very pleasant and healthful riding along through the country and a much better way to view the surrounding scenery than to ride on the train, but it is not pleasant in stormy weather. I recall one afternoon of a very hot day, when as we reached the top of a long hill, we saw a storm cloud moving fast in our direction. The drivers hurried the teams down the slope to get to a more sheltered place, ere the storm broke. As we reached lower ground, how the men did hurry to unhitch the teams from the wagon and drive them close up to the side, just as the hail came pelting down at a lively rate.

Of course the wagon covers were unrolled and fastened down snugly. Lu and I pulled a quilt over our heads as the hail knocked the rain right through the cover on to us. For awhile it was all darkness and confusion, as the roaring of the storm almost prevented us from hearing the drivers, "steady, steady," to keep the team quiet during the storm.

The storm was soon over and we jogged along our way, thankful that the storm was no worse. At last we could see dear old Clitherall Lake. I think we had been on the road 5 weeks camping by the way sleeping in the wagons, rather crowded in my father's wagon as there were 8 of us.

This morning we knew we were nearing home. Lu and I were very happy and in honour of our nearing home, and friends we donned our new print dresses, which we had recently made, every stitch with our own hands. Few people had sewing machines in 1858. So with our light sewing aprons and white collars and a ribbon at the throat, we felt ready for the day. The young men made some remark like "Well, if you girls didn't go and dress up", as we were climbing into their wagon. We were quite happy and excited when we could see the little village, off across the lake for we knew that all the young folks and half the old, would be sure to on us before night. So in my joy I unthinkingly, swung the little popple twig in my hand carelessly up and down, still glancing off toward home. Till to my surprise, I see I was hitting Edwin's hand that held the lines. I glanced up at him rather embarrassed, he was smiling and he said rather mischievously "I will dare you to do that again." Of course I quickly swung the twig on purpose that time, and as soon as it touched his hand, I felt myself folded into his arms, as he stole a kiss. Well that was the first time, but not the last. I freed myself from his arms and looked up in time to see Aunt Nan, watching us from under their wagon cover, and laughing.

In a short time we reached home, and were greeted heartily by all the friends and relatives, in fact they were all kind, sociable, friendly, old fashioned people. They didn't care whether you are with your knife, fork, or spoon, whether you wore hat, cap, or sunbonnet, or went bareheaded. The children went barefooted in summertime, to church even. A neat calico dress for women and a checker shirt without collar or tie for men was good enough for all occasions. There were no saloons or poolrooms, no gambling dens or worse dens. Enough of the restored Gospel (which is the old Jerusalem Gospel) had got into their systems to make them want to be decent. I thank the Lord for that. Doubtless we had enough failings, but Sunday passed without church service, and no one thought of forgetting family prayer at night, or of asking the blessing at a meal time.

Every one was busy, the girls must all learn to cook, keep house, iron, patch, sew, knit, and spin. We did not have any organized "Woman's Auxiliary" but it was all a part of woman's work to teach such things. I remember some hints on social purity given by good old grandmother Cutler. When some of us girls were visiting her granddaughter Emily Pratt. To the intent that love and marriage were a part of God's plan, and not to be looked upon in a light and frivolous way, nor entered into without due consideration and prayer.

My own mother also taught the same truths, so that I was early led to believe such things. A subject for prayer for guidance of our Heavenly Father, and not subjects for ridicule or nonsense.

This summer, I was again invited to teach the little ones, and was paid \$12.00 a month. The next winter I attended school taught by Brother William Corless. I remember him as a good kind man, respected by all who knew him.

The next summer, of 1869, I again tried to teach a 3 months term. I don't think I ever knew enough to merit the term teacher, really. I was now 16, and having become convinced that Edwin B. Anderson, meant what he had said, and was strong enough to keep his word, I now promised to become his wife. Sometime after this, he was baptized by one of the Cutlerite Elders, and thus we were united in faith. The next winter, I attended school part of the time, and stayed home part, to help my mother as a new baby sister had come to our home, on Dec. 10, 1869, and I loved little Sylvia Cordelia. I had been much pleased before her birth to be allowed to help make the little wardrobe. Never thought of feeling vexed at the expected event, as some daughters have seemed to feel in these Latter Days.

Time passed on, I was very busy with sewing and piecing quilts, as all my wedding outfit must be made by hand, and no girl was considered as having an outfit, unless she had bedding for one bed. I did a very little crocheting, of edging, for lingerie and pillow cases, but other wise there was plenty of necessary work to be done and little time for lace making.

On the evening of the 5th of Aril, 1870, a company of about 45 relatives and friends, gathered at the home of my parents, to attend the wedding of their daughter Emma to Edwin B. Anderson. Too young you say? Of course, but we were not worrying about it now. I only had a chance to live with my husband a little more than 42 years, not near long enough, I felt, when he was laid to rest near Vanscoy, SK Canada.

Now perhaps it would be fitting to write some what my husband's people. His father was Buckley B. Anderson, who was born in Huron County, Ohio, Jan. 14, 1819. He died July 4, 1895, at Lebeck, Cedar County, MO. He was married to Sallie M. Cutler in 1837. My husband was their 6th child born July 24, 1848, at Platt, Platt County, MO. Buckley B. Anderson was a son of John and Lydia Kellogg Anderson. John was the son Lemuel and Lemuel was the son of George, which is as far back as I have any record. My husband's mother, Sallie (Cutler) Anderson, was a daughter of Alpheus and Lois (Lathrop) Cutler, which is as far in the line of genealogy as I have been informed, except that her mother's name was also Lois. A dear old Bible name handed down for several generations. The Lathrop's were of English decent. From our earliest traditions, the first Whiting Brothers, were of English and Welsh descent.

I again taught school or made the attempt, this summer of 1870, while my young husband busied himself with farming, and building our new home. It was not what would be called a first class house with all modern conveniences, but a log house of one room. Our first furniture was all home made. My father made the chairs, of course we bought a new cook stove, and a plain set of white dishes. While my first table cloths were made of unbleached muslin, and bleached by continued washing. Too poor, you say. Well, I can't deny it, but people can be happy, with love in a cottage.

My husband owned a yoke of oxen and a cow. The farming furnished our bread stuff and vegetables, and my school wages were carefully expended for necessities, for the coming winter. Our two pigs, that we were feeding to supply our winter's meat, came up missing that fall. We imagined they furnished meat for a camp of Indians, who camped for a week or two a half mile from us. At least bones of pigs about their size were found near the camp after the Indians were gone. As no-one near, had sold any meat to them we had grounds for imagination.

In the spring of 1871, on May 29th our first child came and we named him Ernest Morell, and I thought it quite an item to learn how to keep all my work done and care for a crying baby.

In 1872 the little church of which we were members, undertook to go into; what they called a "oneness", or an organization of equality, where they were to be equal in temporal things, and considering it to be our duty to comply, with all church requirements we were of the number. We always had dressed plainly, but now we were counselled to lay aside all unnecessary adornment, so for several years, no trimming was allowed to adorn our apparel, neither collar nor jewels nor ribbon bows were worn. Sunbonnets for women and girls in summer, and warm hoods for winter, were the only style. A very good style for poor folks in a new country, but a little on the extreme.

On the 15th of Nov. 1872, our 2nd son Lewis Ethan was born. Then I had to learn how to care for two babies and do the necessary work. I also began to suffer about this time with tooth aches and neuralgia. For, about 25 or 30 years, continued to; suffer, at times terribly, with decayed teeth until I finally got rid of them all, and obtained false teeth that could not ache.

In the fore part of Jan. 1873, we were favoured with that notable snow storm that reached throughout all of Minnesota, North Dakota. Iowa and I know not how many states. It was an ideal morning, and the men thought it a fine day to finish up their threshing in the big field. They had put in all the fall threshing for neighbours who had settled near us but not of our faith, and we were very late in finishing our own threshing. My husband was in the field with the rest. I think they had nearly finished when all of a sudden they knew a storm was coming. I had company for dinner day. Sister Joseph Mcentyre, and we were visiting as contentedly when all at once her husband came in the house and said "Do you know it is storming?" We looked quickly out of the window and saw the fine snow gathering thick in the air. I knew he had come from the field, and asked where Edwin was. He replied that he had gone to the village only one and a half miles from our home with a load of wheat. I urged Joseph and his wife to stay all night, but he said no, if they would hurry they could get home all right. They lived about a mile from our house, so they started. I wrapped up and carried in the night wood, it was only a few minutes till the snow was so thick in the air, I could see only a few feet from the house. It was a terrible blizzard and turned cold so fast, and dark so soon.

I prepared the supper, but felt terrible anxious for how could Edwin, see his way home when I could only see a few feet from the window.

At last as I had risen for the 2nd or 3rd time from my knees, where I had been pleading with God, to protect my husband and bring him safe home, he entered the kitchen. We now had more than one room. What a weight rolled off my mind, my husband was at home.

He told me he had let the horses guide themselves while on the lake, but they were a little off the track when they neared the shore, but Uncle Jesse Burdick had happened to come down to the lake shore with a lantern. Seeing the glimmer of the light he knew they were off the track and swing them into it in the right place to come up the bank. It was then timber from there on home so he had not more difficulty. It was a fierce storm that lasted 3 days and nights. Many there were who did not reach home till the storm was over. My own father-in-law and others with him who had moved near Audabon, Becker MN went 4 miles to town that day and did not go home till the storm was over. No-one ventured away from home who were at home, and many lost their lives in the storm that passed over so large a tract of country. Farmers were fortunate who had plenty of fuel and could feed their stock. On the Prairies some burned their furniture for fuel. This is but an incident as we journeyed through life.

1873 and 1874 passed by uneventful except that in the fall, Sept. 1874 my parents received an addition to their family and my little new brother was named Francis Lester, he was dear to me then and he is dear to me now, though he is 41 years old and now in March 1916 I am 63 years of age.

On Jan. 19, 1875. my first little daughter was born and we named her Celia Annette. She was a ear little babe destined to remain with us but a short time. A short time before her death, which occurred Sept. 12, 1875, I dreamed of seeing my husband standing by a mound of fresh earth, with oh such a look of sadness upon his face. I saw that fulfilled in a few weeks. We had measles in the family I myself took them and the babe took the disease from me. I did not know she was dangerously ill, but thought when she broke out she would be all right. I gave her some sage tea to try to drive the disease out, but she would throw it up. She seemed quieter one day, slept most of the time, but did not pay much attention to anything. I was young and did not know much about the disease. There were no doctors in the country. Next morning we found her dead in our bed when we awoke. It seemed to me that my hair began to turn grey from that time. It seemed so terrible to me that we should have been asleep and our baby dying. In the years that have gone by since then I have heard of many like cases of a nursing babe dying suddenly if the measles do not break out on them soon.

Life is full of sorrows and disappointments yet there is some joy and gladness and love in a home, and prayer in the heart helps us tide over the deepest sorrows. Perhaps our sorrows help to lead us to prayer. Some might ask and were you always loving and prayerful, and I might say, oh no far from it.

I had naturally a very hasty temper, and with many trials to contend with, I must say I all to often allowed my temper to overcome me. Many times in our lives, I have asked my husband to forgive me for some unkind speech, while a few times he asked me to forgive him. If people love

each other they can forgive, and overlook a great deal. I don't see how people ever could get along without love, their trials would surely overcome them.

This summer of 1875, before the death of our babe, The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, had sent a missionary T. W. Smith and wife to Minnesota. They went first to Audabon, where my husband's father and mother lived, and also near where, Almon Sherman, Henry Way, Dewitt Sperry and family, and Mother Cutler lived. They had disagreed with the remainder of the Cutlerites, and moved there before my father-in-law came from Iowa. T. W. Smith preached there and baptized them all. Then my husbands' parents, father and mother Anderson had joined the church, in Iowa. T. W. Smith and wife, mother Cutler, father and mother Anderson, came down to our neighbourhood, about 60 miles, and took up their missionary work among us and our neighbours. My husband was nearly convinced that they had the truth then, but when the old rancid question of bewitching people, and afflicting them came up, it was more than he could swallow. I took it as sure proof that there was no truth to be found outside of the little Cutlerite Faction, that was worth noticing. I never stopped to think that those who believed this thing, had been Cutlerites and had believed such things then, and if it were an error, they had carried it with them into the new church they had now joined.

They really believed that some of our little church members were afflicting some of their church members. I believe that was a mistake, but I do not know anything about it. I do not know what people might do if they were mean enough to want the devil to afflict someone. Having been very failable myself and very easy to fly at man and say something I was sorry for, yet never having even wished bad luck or affliction to come upon anyone.

I judge others by myself and think that everyone will have all the trials they can stand and more to, and yet no-one be to blame for it among their neighbours. So I now set that belief down as a traditional error once had by a few of the Cutlerites. A few of them united with the Reorganization. The Lord knows all about it, but I find nothing in the word of God, to uphold such an idea.

We read in the Scriptures of the witch of Endor, and she pretended to call up the spirits of the dead and that art whatever it was, was highly condemned by the word of the Lord.

Now days there are some who believe in trying to call up the spirits of the dead, but they have a new name for it now. They call it witchcraft, no-one would have anything to do with it if they called it by the Bible name. The Book of Mormon, says when Jesus comes he will cut off witchcraft, out of the land. I believe this is what is meant by the books. Enough of this question. I could not think my parents mistaken, so would not try to investigate the position of the Reorganization, at this time. Some of our good brothers and sisters did investigate, and join them, which was a grief to us.

July 1876, came, and the grasshoppers came to our region of country, and nearly all vegetables were destroyed. We saw hard times the next two years. On July 1876 our son Victor Rover, was born. We shortly moved into old town, as it is called, to be near my mothers, while my husband went away to work. Becker county, had not suffered from the grasshopper raid, as Otter Tail county had. So my husband went to his fathers region of country and went to helping thresh. Thus earning enough to tide us over the winter. My father-in-law also sent us several sacks of

potatoes. I remembered the prophecy of T. W. Smith, that if the little community at Clitherall, rejected the Gospel he had brought us, we would go down, both spiritually and temporal.

In the summer of 1877, the grasshoppers' eggs began to hatch out and again the hoppers took our crops. Edwin and I rigged up our covered wagon and moved up to his fathers place for the summer and fall. My sister Luci and her husband, Alva Murdock, and their sweet little Bessie, soon followed us. We moved into father Anderson's shop, and my sister and I lived together while Edwin and Alva, worked for the farmers and threshers at what ever they could find to do, and thus we were provided for. "But the short and simple annuals of the poor", are not very interesting. It tells of hard work and trials while the love and happiness in the home can hardly be portrayed with a pen.

In the fall my sister and husband moved back to Clitherall. The ensuing winter, my husband and his brother Richard, took a job, of tie making and wood chopping in the timber near Detroit, MN. We moved to the shanty in the woods the day before Christmas, and as my husband told our 3 little boys, that they could have a Christmas tree, if we got to our woods camp in time, they were planning on it and so was I. Though means were very limited.

I had knit them some mittens, out of red yarn, and hid them away for weeks. I only had 3¢ of own, but when neared the little town of Audabon, on our way to the camp, I asked my husband for some change. "Why, what for?" he asked. "Why" I replied, "you have told the children several times that they could have a Christmas tree and they believe it, and are planning on it so much, I do not want them to be disappointed." "Oh" he says, "that don't make any difference, and we are liable to need every cent I've got for necessary things." "Well" I says, "I do not believe in telling the children something that I never intend to carry out, so if you have any change let me have some, it won't take long to buy a little something." A man like he, didn't want to stop in town as we had a long drive ahead of us. He gave me a quarter and I went in the store and bought, 10¢ worth of pretty red apples, 5¢, worth of striped stick candy, and a nickel apiece for a tiny red and blue tin pail. Then I got a little red tin cup for 3¢, for the youngest, and felt very well satisfied. it was after dark when we reached our camp, and Richard was there to help set up the cook stove and bedstead. We shortly prepared supper and ate it, and the children were soon in the trundlebed, asleep. Then I insisted on my husband cutting an evergreen bush, which he nailed up on the wall. I fixed twine around the red apples and hung them on the tree, also the striped sticks of candy, the red mittens, and some small cakes with raisins. In the morning our three children were as pleased over their Christmas tree and never found the least fault with it. So little does it take to please the humble poor.

Well in a short time we had a dozen men to board, at first I would have the breakfast on the table at 6:00 a.m., but Richard thought we better have it earlier, so we tried having breakfast at half past 5:00. The boarders didn't like to get up so early so settled on breakfast at 6:00. I managed to do the cooking for all hands alone for a while but found it to be too much, so my husband's sister helped me for a few weeks, then my sister May, came up from Clitherall, and helped me the rest of the winter.

The snow went off early that spring, and we moved back to Clitherall. My husband then concluded to take a homestead near East Battle Lake, on the north side and go in for himself. He settled up with the Bishop, Warren Whiting, and turned in his buildings to the society of equality,

so as not to be in debt to them. We had been holding the land we were on as a redemption for the church, but let them have it back to hold it for themselves if they wished. We did not leave the church though at this time.

We built a home on our homestead, and managed to raise a very good garden, the first year, built a pasture fence and a good sized log house. Most all of the houses in the country were of logs at this time. This winter my husband was away most of the time, at work in the woods. He hired Erna Murdock to stay with us and do the chores, haul wood etc. Early in the spring he was home working to open up a farm on our brush land. On Aug. 6, 1879, our daughter Alice Eugenia, was born. Those were very busy years.

A school district was soon organized so our three boys could attend school. After this a railroad was built through our region of the country. This made work and wages more plentiful for all the settlers. This fall my sister May married Freeman Anderson, and Arthur W. married Lois Murdock. On Oct. 30, 1881, our son Edwin Byron, came to live with us. I now began to find it a little difficult to keep all my sewing and patching done up, along with all my other work, with seven in the family. I had no sewing machine and I still continued to knit all the winter socks and stalking for the family. I sometimes took my sewing to my mothers or some of the neighbours who had machines, and so I learned to sew on a machine. We now began to be visited with sewing machine agents who wished to sell us a sewing machine. My husband would have risked running into debt for one, for me, for he knew I needed one badly, but I would not allow it. I seen how hard it was for him to pay for machinery for the farm work, and I decided that I would never have a machine until we could pay for it.

Thus the years went by. The little church we were members of had gone down spiritually till they ceased to hold meetings entirely for sometime. An unheard of thing among them before. I sometimes thought of the prophesy by T. W. Smith, to the effect that if we rejected the claims of the Reorganized Church, that we would go down both spiritually and temporally. The grasshoppers had come in a year from then, and now in a few short years, they had given up holding services.

I compare this prophecy with the only prophecy I ever heard Uncle Chancey Whiting utter, and that was when we had first entered into the order of oneness, or equality. He had been chosen and ordained, as President of the High Priesthood, before this, and according to the Book of Covenants, it should be his gift, to be a prophet, seer and revelator. I had always been looking since his ordination, for him to give some evidence of having the gift of prophecy, so when he said in a public meeting, "I tell you when this order of oneness that we have entered into becomes fully understood, there will thousands come in under this order." Well that was about 43 years ago, as I am writing in 1916, and nothing of the kind has been fulfilled yet.

Well the winter of 1884, arrived and the Reorganization, again sent a missionary to our country. Elder Thomas Nutt, came and started holding services in our Girard township. At first in the homes of the neighbourhood, we consented to have him preach in our home. After awhile I began to consider the matter thus, if there is anything to our Latter Day Saint belief, we must believe the Books. The Bible surely points out an Apostasy after Christ's day, it as surely foretells a Restoration of the Gospel by an Angel and plainly shows the coming forth of a Book which is truly fulfilled in the Book of Mormon, and the Restoration of the Gospel to Joseph Smith. I believe that Joseph Smith, was a true prophet, and we are admonished to take the Books for our guide.

Now according to the Book of Covenants, "Every President of the High Priesthood shall be ordained by direction of a High Council or General Conference." Alpheus Cutler, was never ordained to that office at any time or in any way, as I have been told by the widow of Alpheus Cutler, and by both of his daughters, Lois Sherman, and Sallie Anderson. Also my parents have admitted the same, so why should I believe he ever held this authority???

Joseph Smith, son of the Martyr, has been ordained, according to the law laid down in the Book of Covenants. I have heard the followers of Alpheus Cutler, tell that he said of himself, "I am neither a Prophet or son of a Prophet." Yet held the office to which that gift belonged by right, or pretended to hold it. Other as absurd came to my mind, when I allowed doubts to enter there were plenty of doubtful things to come up.

So when on the 5th of March 1884, we heard that there were to be Baptisms at the lake, I had the desire to be baptized. I had hardly the courage to say so until Brother Jedd. Anderson, came and told us that Ernest and Lewis wished to be baptized and asked if we were willing they should be. I replied it would be sort of strange for us to consent for our children to be baptized if we did not have faith enough to go forward ourselves. Well he said come on yourself if you believe.

He went away and I told my husband, I didn't believe I should ever have any faith in the authority of the Cutlerite Faction again, and that if he was willing to be baptized now, I was. He said, "Well if you are ready, I am." We hastily made ready and was baptized in the ice cold water of East Battle Lake, that afternoon. A hole had been cut in the ice, and I think eleven of us were immersed, according to the Bible mode of baptism, a step which we have never regretted.

I had been a member of the Cutlerite Faction, for many years and yet had not believed everything that some of them did. So now I found that I could belong to the true church and still not believe some things that a few did believe. Some questions that troubled me mentioned here to for, in the autobiography never troubled me again. I think it takes a long time for people to overcome all of their mistakes or traditions, and perhaps none will come to perfection of understanding in this life.

Still I believe we should study the word of God, and try to understand and obey that, and have charity and sympathy for others not of our faith. Suffice it so say God, has confirmed his word by signs, following the believers since we united with the Reorganization, to my complete satisfaction. Though I still pray for my Cutlerite friends and relatives, whom I believe to honestly deceived.

On July 20, 1885, our daughter Bertha Francis was born, and we all loved our lively little girl who could jump so spritely when a year old, in her jumper. In 1886 we sold our homestead and then I told my husband, you may get me a sewing machine. He bought me a fine New Home, which has been a blessing to me for 28 years or more. In the fall of 1887, we moved to Missouri and located at Independence, we remained there one year and a half.

On March 10, 1888, a dear little babe came to us which we named Raymond Arthur, he was not very well and for several months before his death, was a great sufferer, he died Oct. 18, 1888, and laid to rest in the Independence cemetery. Before his death (as before the death of our first

little daughter) I was warned of the trial coming to us, but was shown if I would be faithful I should have my children again in the resurrection. May God help me to be faithful.

In the spring of 1889, we moved to Cedar county, MO. On Dec. 23, 1889, our daughter Grace was given us, Emma Grace was her name. We rented a farm the first year and then moved onto a piece of land which my husband had bought. We were not very prosperous and though we worked hard and lived economically, we kept getting poorer. The boys grew up, and had to go away to find work, our stock died, for no reason as we could see.

On July 13, 1892 our twins were born which we named Robert Earl and Ruby Pearl. When they were 3 months old our last cow which was a good one, and well as far as we knew, came up by our gate and laid down and died, so we had to go to buying milk for the twins to have enough to eat.

On March 19, 1893, our house caught fire and burned to the ground. The most of our clothing and bedding and other things were burned. We moved next day into a little house a mile away. A week later Victor took very sick with sort of pneumonia and pleurisy combined. After being sick about a week and growing worse all the time, he was healed instantly through the administration of Elders G. Beebe and Jedd Anderson. To our Heavenly Father be all the praise.

After that we had much sickness in the family, and though we received blessings often in answer to prayer yet sickness would come again. We almost despaired of ever raising Ruby. She had so much sickness. A short time before the twins were a year old, we were thrown out of a rig, when riding, and into a ricky ditch, or gully, and I suffered a compound dislocation of my right elbow. Doctor Marquis of Cedar Springs, was summoned and he and my husbands brother Jedd, managed after the 5th trial, which caused me great pain, to set the elbow back into the proper place. It was a week before I could move a finger of the hand, 3 weeks, before I could commence to squeeze a dishcloth in my hand so as to help wash dishes, 6 weeks before I could help wash, but all these 6 weeks Victor, was about 17 and Alice 14, would each take a tub and board and work hard all one day in every week to get our weeks washing done.

Lewis was at this time in Minnesota to find work. Ernest went into Indian Territory, or Oklahoma to work. This fall of 1893, my husband was sick a while, both twins were sick, Victor was sick again and again was healed through the administration of the Elders. At this time one of our neighbours a Mrs. Bunham, came over to call on us. She did not believe as we did, and she said, "How is Victor? I said, "He seems better for a short time now." She says, "I see you had the Elders here again." I said "Yes." "Well don't you think if it is God's will he would get well any way?" she asked. "Well," I replied, "He might, but don't you think that if we do as God had commanded, we will be full as apt to be blessed of the Lord. In James, you know, we are commanded to send for the Elders if we are sick and you know some people do not deny Gods power to heal the sick. We Latter Day Saints are among the number. The Bible says some will have a form of Godliness but deny Gods power, from such turn ye away. We do not deny Gods power to grant any of the blessings promised the Believers." She looked as if I had hit her hard. She was a Campbellite in belief. This fall or early part of winter, Lewis, came home on a visit and he took a sick spell, when he got better he advised us to go back to Minnesota. My husband found a chance to sell the 40 acres, he had bought and took the most of it in horses and colts, so he rigged

up two covered wagons, and on the 17th of May 1894, we started on a pilgrimage again to Minnesota.

Ernest was still in Oklahoma, and Lewis, had returned to Minnesota, so there were 9 of us in the family. When we were two weeks on the road, we found our 5 youngest children had been exposed to whooping cough. For they had began to whoop, and we had whooping times from then on. I believe we were about 6 weeks on the road. I was very glad to meet my parents, brothers and sisters, and other relatives again.

We moved into a house which was vacant, and stayed that summer and winter. My husband and sons working at whatever their hands found to do. On Feb. 22, 1895, we celebrated Washington's birthday by another burnout. We lost lots of bedding and clothing in this fire. I must not forget to say, that after both these fires, our kind friends and neighbours came to our relief. With many needful things, which we greatly appreciated. May God bless them all for their kindness to us in our time of need. I wonder if we will understand better hereafter, why all these trials are permitted to come upon us.

This summer of 1895, we rented a farm of Orris Albertson and raised a fine crop. The children and I tried to help all we could. I crawled over the onion field time after time with the children's helping me to pull weeds. In the fall we had to put 40 bushel of onions in an out door cellar because there was no sale for them. The next spring my husband had to take them all out and dump them on the ground, because there was no sale.

Our potatoes which the children and I worked so faithfully to help dig and cellar, were partly fed to cows and a few sold for 10¢ a bushel. In the spring our wheat brought about 40¢ a bushel, still we had a plenty to eat and lived some way. The next year we rented the St. Pierre farm north of Battle Lake. Crops were poor this year too. The next year we rented a small farm of Alva Murdock. In 1898 and 1899 we rented the Ricker farm in Girard. While there Lewis enlisted in the Cuban Spanish War, with the United States.

The fall of 1899, we moved to Bemidji, MN over 100 miles north. Our daughter had taught a term of school near Deer Creek, and this summer had taught near Buena Vista in Beltrami, county. Our sons Ernest and Victor and my husbands' brothers Freeman, and Myron had taken homesteads near Bemidji, so we moved up there and lived on Victor's homestead.

I know I'm missing many interesting events, among which that I counted as our blessing were, the chance to attend several reunions and district conferences when a part of our family would go with tent and covered wagon, and stay over 2 Sundays. We were in Fergus Falls, at a reunion 2 years, at Wadena, one year, and at Detroit one year. I mean we attended reunions over 2 Sundays at those places, not that we stayed one year or 2 years at those places.

In May 1900 we were pleased to have my parents, my sister Lucia who was now a widow, and my youngest sister Corda, and her husband and family visit us. My husbands' parents had both died before this. While on this visit, Corda's husband was baptized by Elder I. N. Roberts. Which was a cause for joy to us, but of sorrow to my poor old parents, who still held their prejudice against the Reorganization. Shortly after their return home, my sister Corda, united with the

church. My sister May, who was the wife of Freeman Anderson, and sister Ella, wife of Winfield W. Gould, had united with the church shortly before I did.

We worked hard at Bemidji, but began to have more for our comfort. Lewis came from the Philippines, for which we were glad. The men worked at wood hauling and chopping, in the winter. Trying to get farms open in the Jack pine regions in summer. Our home was always open to the missionaries, and we were pleased to have them with us. Here Edwin, was ordained a Priest. I remember Brothers Nutt, Holt, Foss and wife, T. W. Smith and wife who were welcome at our home either before or after we had joined the church. Also Alexander Smith, who gave my husband, myself, and Alice, our Patriartical Blessings. After we moved to Bemidji, T. C. Kelly, I. N. Roberts, Brother McCoy E. A. Steadman, F. A. Smith, and others visited us, and all sought to strengthen us in the Gospel.

On June 10, 1900, our oldest son Ernest, was married to Miss Lilly Hand, and our oldest daughter Alice was united in marriage with Leon A. Gould at our home, ceremonies by I. N. Roberts. Leon and Alice soon left us for Lamoni, Iowa where Leon took up the work of stenography for the Patriarch. Alice wrote us faithfully of how kind Aunt Lizzie Smith was to her when she went as a bride and stranger to a strange land. Ernest and bride soon went to housekeeping on his homestead, and our family began to dwindle. We tried to start Sunday Schools and prayer meetings, shortly after reaching Bemidji. For we believed in taking our religion along with us, where ever went, for it is the religion of Jesus Christ.

In 1901 Freeman Anderson and family and my husband and myself, and our daughters Bertha, Grace, and Ruby and our son Robert, went with teams and covered wagons to Clitherall, to the reunion. While there we were pleased to witness the baptism of my sister Lucia Murdock and her two children Ralph, and Mae, into the family and fold of Christ. This summer Ernest and Lilly's son Lester Lawrence died.

When we returned home from the reunion we found Alice and Leon there. Leon left us in a few days to start on a long mission to Australia, leaving his wife with us. That fall Leon's only brother Winfield (always called Winnie) died with typhoid fever, at his parents home in Otter Tail county. This was a grief to us all, as he was such a dear good boy, beloved by all who knew him.

Alice wrote to Leon every week and received letters from him often, but he could not get her letters as he was going from one Island to another. His mail could never catch up with him, till he reached Australia. While on one of the Islands, the missionaries were warned through the gifts of the Holy Spirit, of sorrow awaiting some of their number. Leon of course would wonder if it could be Alice. Their little daughter Alice Leona, was born Nov. 28, 1901, at our home. It was way into Jan. 1902, before Leon got the letters, telling him about his little new little daughter. He heard of his brother's death while reading the Ensign.

In March Alice and baby left us to visit our relation in Clitherall. While there the baby was healed of a terrible affliction of eczema, or something like it, through administration of the Elders. When Leon came home they went to Lamoni to live. Bertha and Lewis went there soon to work, for Alice, at the Saints home for the aged.

Time passed on, our son Victor, our nephew Ross Anderson, John Hedeem, a neighbour, went to Canada, and took homesteads. About 20 miles south and west of Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. In the winter of 1904, victor, returned on a visit, and married Miss Anna Hedeem. They went immediately to their Canadian home, but she only lived a few months. She died of a blind tumour, or the effects of the operation, by doctors to remove it. Thus trouble comes so unexpected. In the early winter of 1905 Victor returned to Minnesota and worked near home all winter. I was shown in a dream that we would go to Canada soon.

A new railroad was built near our house. We boarded a dozen or more hands for nearly 3 months. Then Victor chartered a car to take our stock and household effects to Canada. Ernest and wife and little Thelma, (they had lost their first baby boy named Lester Lawrence) started for Portland, OR where Lilly's mother lived the same day we started for Canada. Perhaps it was the 12th of April, we started I am not sure now. Any way we boarded the train about 3:00 a. m. on Wednesday morning. At 11:00 p.m. Thursday evening we were at Brother Richard Anderson's. We got to Saskatoon about 6:00 p.m. and hired a rig to take us out 20 miles, so we were good and tired when we got there at 11:00 o'clock at night. Next day we drove over to Victor's home and so were at home in a strange land.

The next Monday, Victor reached Saskatoon, with the car. Our boys Byron and Victor, Uncle Rich and John Hedeem, all went with teams to help haul the effects, and drive the cows to our place. My husband filed on a homestead, joining Victors. From the first I got there I loved our Canada home. About the third Sunday after reaching there started a Sunday School. The next winter a Branch was organized. My husband was elected president, he had been ordained a priest while at Bemidji, and later and Elder at a Clitherall reunion.

We tried to make all the missionaries at home at our house, as far as possible, who came there, they were always welcome. I recall Elders Kimsley, J. L. Mortimor, H. J. Davidson, Samuel Tomlinson, Beckley Deckman, E. E. Long, Elsworth Moorman, I think his name was, U. W. Green, F. A. Smith, and Brother Hilliard, and Brother Charles Derry.

Well we did the best we could, with our limited means, we worked and prayed and trusted. Our children left home for homes of their own. Ernest's dear wife died at Dayton, Wash. Dec. 13, 1906. The next March Ernest, and little three and a half year old Thelma, came to live with us in Canada. Our girl Grace married Omar L. Nunn Sept. 4, 1907. Ross Anderson married our daughter Bertha, April 12, 1909. Victor married Miss Jennie Leach May 30:, 1909. Our son Byron married Miss Nora Hourie, May 8, 1911. Lewis married Miss Addie Caress, Nov. 29, 1911. Our number was decreasing in our home, but increasing in our children's homes. Now I think I will tell you of my husbands and my own visit to our daughter Alice's and other relatives, as to go off on a trip on the train to visit anyone, was a new and unexpected event to us old worn and weary pilgrims.

In the spring of 1909, Leon and Alice and their 4 children, and Lewis had left Lamoni, Iowa and went to or near Bemidji, MN to live. I had relatives near there and also at Clitherall. It had been nearly 5 years since I had seen any of them.

Abraham Lincoln, believed in God, and His personal supervision of the affairs of man and nations. He believed himself to be under the control and Guidance of a Supreme Being. I wonder

how far us Latter Day Saints, believe this. I remember how badly I wished to make a visit to Minnesota in the early winter or late fall of 1909.

I knew Alice needed help for a while and it seemed as if I could hardly give up the idea, that I ought to go that winter. Bertha had come to Canada, the year of 1907, and would be there part of the time, and Ruby, could do the home work. Well I thought, we are not able to furnish the means for such a trip. I wanted Pa to go with me but he thought that would be impossible.

Along the last of Nov. we very unexpectedly received \$50.00 that a brother owed us. We had not thought he could pay it that fall. About the same time a young man whose homestead joined ours, and who had stayed with us a good deal, until he seemed one of the family, heard that his mother was sick, who lived near Bemidji, too. He was to start for Minnesota the last of the week. My husband said I could go, but he did not think he better try to go that year.

The children were all in favour of my going. John Hedeem was willing I should go when he did, as I was timid about traveling alone. The night before we were to start, I was suffering with an affliction which had troubled me for years, and could not sleep well, and my thoughts ran this way. I am not very well, and we need this money for so many things, especially to pay as tithing. As we never can make out to pay the 10th of all we own, so will I not be robbing God, as well as the family if I take this trip. So I about decided to give it up though I felt very sorry not to go.

When in the morning I made my decision known, the children all objected and Edwin said "I think you merit a vacation and you better not give it up". I was afraid it might be wrong and so hastened to do some sewing for Alice, thinking if I could only get them made, I could send them with John Hedeem. Ross and Bertha came with the little gifts they wished me to take to Alice, and seemed much disappointed to think I would think of giving it up. John Hedeem came to see if I was ready and said, "well I am sure you are better able to go now than ever before". Robert kept saying "Oh Ma will take Christmas dinner with Alice." Till finally I says as we were eating dinner, "well if you will empty that trunk I will be ready in time." The boys dumped things out of the trunk in a hurry and in half an hour I was ready, my trunk was packed and we climbed into the rig and started.

We had to ride 16 miles to Sister Van Eaton's place, that afternoon. On the way there I suffered so acutely, that I told my husband that night, that it was a foolish thing for any one so afflicted as I was to ever try to go any place. That like as not, when we got to Saskatoon, I would decide to go home with him, instead of going to Minnesota. Well I tried to pray over the matter asking the Lord, if it was right for me to go on this trip, for Him to bless me, so I would not be tortured so in body, but go rejoicing in Him. Well towards morning I got easy and fell asleep, and was blessed with a dream to the effect that it was God's will that I should go. That I should be blessed in my body, that I should not try to plan to much for myself. If I would trust in Him, I should find He was directing all things for my best good. When I awoke and thought of my dream, I said "could it be possible that I could be relieved of this affliction, so that I could make this journey in comfort. I believe I will try it and perhaps hereafter I can see why the Lord is directing me to go now".

I was free from pain all the morning, rode 7 miles to reach Saskatoon. Walked around town a good deal, to make some necessary purchases and went to the depot about noon. My husband

bought a return ticket for me for about \$31.00. He thought I could stay about 3 months and Lewis would be ready to come home with me, as he intended to go to Canada in the spring.

About 1:00 o'clock, we entered the train, I thought to myself, I don't know when I have felt so well as this whole afternoon. Surely the Lord has blessed me. I believe my husband had prayed for me too, though he did not tell me so. At home the girls were putting up my lunch, I had told them I didn't feel as if I would need any thing to eat all the way down. Ere the train had left Saskatoon, I was hungry, and enjoyed every meal. This was on Saturday, and I was well all the way. We reached Bemidji, Monday forenoon, took dinner at a restaurant. John Hedeem hired a rig, to take us and our trunks out into the country. We reached his mothers first, and found her better, then on to Leon's and Alice's.

They did not know I was coming, so I took them by surprise. I found Alice, sitting up for the first time in 6 days, as little Arlo Bryon was then 6 days old. Leon's sister Ethel, had seen the rig drive up, and said "Alice there's someone come, and she looks like your mother." I went right into the house for little Winfield opened the door for me. I said, "don't be scared Alice, it is only someone from Canada." How she laughed as she said "why Ma Anderson is it possible?" We were all glad to see each other. I had never seen any of her 5 children except Leona, and she was only 6 months old when they had gone to Lamoni. When I told Lewis my plans, he said he could not get ready to go to Canada, by the first of March. I wrote home and asked my husband to try and make it possible for him to come down and make a visit this winter. I thought it would be terrible to have to go so far alone. When he wrote to me he said he would think of it but feared he could not make it.

It was the 6th of Dec. that I reached Alice's. I stayed at Alice's all through December. Except nearly every Sunday Lewis and I would go over to Freeman Anderson's and visit my sister May, and go to church, which was held at the school house or in private dwellings. New Years Day passed, and 1910, was ushered in, how I looked all day for my husband. I thought, if he does come at all, he will come before the New Year. Because the excursion rates run out by that time. The day passed and he didn't come. On Sunday, Lewis and I again went to Freemans' neighbourhood. Sunday School and Church was held in the school house that day. Freeman's folks had not gone yet and said for us to put our team in the barn, and ride over with them. When I entered the house, I thought they all looked pleased about something. Pretty soon Maurice Anderson, our nephew from Canada, came into the room I said, "Why Maurice, when did you come?" He said "Oh I got here the day before New Years Day." "Did anyone come with you?" I asked, "Yes Guy Anderson (another nephew) came. "Well why didn't you bring my old man with you?" I asked, "Oh " Maurice replied, "he did talk a little about it, but he was so changeable minded, I guess he thought it wouldn't be wise for him to come now, or something or another." "Well" I said "I don't know as it would be wise but I wish he could have come." Maud and Blynn were laughing so and I wondered why, and Maud says "Why Aunt Em would you care at all to see him?" "Would I" I replied, "I was telling Alice and Leon this morning, that I had not seen my mother or sisters or brothers for so long, yet I would give more to see Edwin, today than anyone else on earth." That seems strange, says May, "You're such old folks." "Strange or not" said I, "It is true." When we were riding along to the school house, May, said, "Well Aunt Em, maybe you won't have to go home alone anyway, now that Maurice and Guy are here." "Oh" I said, "I don't suppose they would care to have and old woman along with them." How disappointed I did feel to

think Edwin wasn't here to go with me down to Clitherall, and to visit all round and go home with me.

When we reached the school house May made me go in first, and when I got into the inner door, I stopped speechless for there sat a man whose back looked just like Edwin. I couldn't believe my eyes, till he turned his head and I knew it was him. Then I rushed over to him and shook his hand, and said right out loud in Sunday School, "Oh, they didn't let me know you had come." How everyone laughed at me then, all knowing how surprised and pleased I was. That was one of my happiest days. It seemed that the children, back at home had all combined to encourage him to come. Some of them had given him some money, to be sure he had enough, and packed his suitcases, and lunch box. This was before he said he would go, when they knew Guy and Maurice were coming. He wanted to come, but feared it would not be wise.

Well Leon and Alice, were as surprised to see Pa that night, as they had been to see me. We visited around Bemidji, awhile. Then went to Clitherall and visited there, but not long enough for Pa. We hurried back to Bemidji, to go home with the young folks, for Guy married Miss Jennie Smith, and Maurice married Amy, and Frank and his wife made up their minds to try Canada. So there were 6 young folks going with us, when I had feared I would have to be going alone.

My husband looked solemn when we were leaving dear old Clitherall, and kept looking out the car window, at Orsoss field, as long as we could see any of it. Till I said, "Edwin, I am going to try to feel as sister Lu told us to, as if I am not leaving for good, but am coming back." "Well", he said, "that's a good way to feel if you can think so." I thought to myself, Edwin doesn't feel as if he is ever coming back in this life. Then when we bid our daughter, Alice, goodbye, Oh what a look of sadness came over his face, and I noted it, and thought, Pa doesn't think he will ever see her again. I could have cried with fear of it, then, but must needs control myself.

How glad I am that we made that short visit then. I wish we had stayed longer, "but of all the memories coming now and then, the oldest are, it might have been." We had a fine trip home. We went through part of the great Eaton Store, at Winnipeg, but though I wished to see more of it, Edwin cared nothing for any of it. Only sat and waited till I was ready to go.

We reached home safely. In the summer of 1911, I came down to Bemidji, again with our sister-in-law Eliza Anderson, to see my sister May, Freeman's wife, who was very sick. We stayed about a month. May died a couple of weeks after we left her. The first one of my mother's children to end her life's work. Our dear old father had passed over the river in the fall of 1919. Well such is life, and death, in the midst of life. We mourned the loss of our dear loved ones, but not without hope of eternal resurrection.

Maurice Anderson, son of M. M. Anderson died with appendicitis while Eliza and I were still at Bemidji, leaving his young wife Amy, and baby, dear little Doris. So there was mourning at both Bemidji, and Vanscoy.

All this year I had known, that my husband's health was not so good. In the winter of 1911, he had been sick a few weeks, with what he called rheumatism, as his feet and limbs would swell. He never seemed to recover from this so as to feel as well. After I had returned from Bemidji, he took a short vacation and went with Lewis to Sedly, to a Conference, and was gone nearly a week.

After this he seemed anxious to get all his business affairs settled up. As far as possible, made final proof on his Pre-emption etc. so that when all the payments were made there would be no trouble about the proofs.

About New Years time 1912, he was again taken sick, the same as the year before. He got a little better, so he could chore around a little, but was very weak. He still thought it rheumatism. At last we prevailed on him to see a Doctor, who pronounced it leakage of the heart.

One Sunday, when we were alone, he told me, he did not know as he was ever to get well. I said "if you think so Ed, don't go till you bless me, for I do not feel as if I could bare it." (I had received evidence ere this that he would die). So we knelt in prayer and he then anointed my head with oil, and prayed God to bless me. I received a spirit of peace and reconciliation to Gods will, and he died the 23rd of May 1912.

Well I thought there would never be anything more worth writing after my husband's death, but I have found that life goes on. The Lord still has blessings for us and we still have our trials to endure.

Now as I write this page Oct. 10, 1920, the hand of affliction is upon me and I am so lame I am now going on crutches, since I wrote the former page. I have lived for a time in Canada, Montana, Minnesota and Missouri. At the present I am in Missouri, at the home of my sister Cordelia Perry's.

I am thinking of sending this book to my son Robert and his wife Martha.

With love and all good wishes. Hoping that all my children will learn, to trust in our Heavenly Father, and carry all their troubles to Him in prayer.

EMMA L ANDERSON