

In Exile
May 11th 1888

Samuel L. Adams
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Just County, Utah

Dear Brother Samuel

Your unexpected but welcome favor of May 3rd, came to hand on the 10th inst. I hasten to reply, prompted by the same kindly feeling which inspired you to write to me.

While reading your letter thoughts of early days and scenes of boyhood and youth came, crowding in the mind, awakening most delightful memories and sending a thrill of pleasure through my soul.

The old log school-house, on the banks of Cañon creek, where my first ideas began to shoot and bud, both under the shambling tuition of Billingsly, Doc Byler, Philander Bell, & D. W. Merrick, and the little "mutual associations" for improvement, and the Testimony meetings, I attended there, holds a warm place in the cranny of my heart, reserved for early men

ories. The old Blacksmith Shop, where you used to "strike the iron when it was hot," with Bro. Beebe (long gone to rest with his "Sal. L.") The old "Sugar House," Rep. Smith's long row of log cabins near it. The Beebe "residence" in the hill side, The "new," Smith's "mansion", with William ("Bill") & "Andy", (both apostates). The Bliss residence on the hill, The Eldridges home up on Cañon Creek, The Clarks, the Babwin's, the Stakens, the Fishens, and the Kennedys homes and the Old Church Farm, William Smith's place. The place you occupied, and Stratten's place, and later on, Hunter and others, are all photographed with more or less distinctness on the tablet of the mind. O! those were happy childhoods days for me! I do not forget Albert Griffins place, on the "Church Farm"; nor our old homestead, the Keffs, the gardeners, the old "Dugout" Keller, on Mill-creek; the Bakers the Pulecifens, the Thorntons, the Deckens, the Russels, the Algens, and others, nor do I forget Doc. Clinton's "Vallytan" shop way up Cañon creek, Weinals Mill, and all the rest, that came with later years, up to the time I left the "old home", then almost desolate in 1854.

From 1849 to 1854 - five years of boyish - youthful joys and sorrows stamp the memories of that time

and the pictures of those scenes and circumstances, and associations in faded colors in my mind. It was in 1852 that my blessed Mother passed away; leaving me Fatherless & Motherless, but not altogether friendless, at the early age of 13 years. My "little" sister, Martha, was only a little more than 10 years old, while John was a "big boy", and Jerusha & Sarah only little girls. Lovina, my oldest sister, was still in Nauvoo; but in 1860 came to Utah, and she and Sarah, (my pet sister only 11 month difference in our ages) have gone behind the veil. After my Mother's death, there followed 18 months, - from Sept. 21st 1852 to Apr. 1st 1854 of perilous times for me. I was almost like a comet or a fiery meteor, without attraction or gravitation to keep to keep me balanced or guide me within reasonable bounds. But my four years mission to the Sandwich Islands restored my equilibrium, and fixed the laws and meters and bounds which have governed my subsequent life. I shall always thank God and Bro. Heber C. Kimball for that mission; altho it was the hardest one I ever performed. Excuse this reference to

my personal affairs, it is not prompted by egotism.

Well, as you say - "what a contrast between then and now!" Then, we were "colts" turned out to play, and sniff the pure, invigorating air of freedom, with neither bugneros, lasso, halter or hobbles to interrupt our full enjoyment of the sweets of liberty. Our souls were our own, (and Gods,) we loved our neighbors truly, for we had but few; no enemies within a thousand miles, no vain and foolish pride, no grasping avarice, no Bager reaching out for Babylon, (we had ^{had} enough of her!) no bolts, no bars, - the "latch-string always hung out side", - no gambling halls, or place for games of chance, no thieves, no houses of ill repute, or male or female prostitutes, no land jumpers, or petty-fogging shysters, or missionary judges, no army, keeping sentinal over us on the hill, no multitude of ishmaelitish gentiles eager to devour our substance, and pounce upon our inheritances; no murderers, infanticides, foeticides or abortionists; but few drunkards, no saloons, and but little "tangle-foot" of any kind.

(But Ephraim always did like whiskey, just a little - it

was the more to his credit that he used but little
 No domineering, senseless, soulless govern-
 ors and secretaries, no "Utah Commission",
 no visible relics of colonial barbarism,
 tyranny and oppression; no contests, tricks,
 fraud and cunning at the polls; nor a thous-
 and other concomitants of Babylon, which
 now abound; misguiding the youth, and
 decaying them from moral rectitude and honor,
 perplexing parents, and heaping on them loads
 of care, anxiety and trouble, and multiplying
wants, accumulating burdens and responsi-
 bilities grievous to bear. All was indeed peace-
 ful; we were neighbors, friends and brothers,
 with the minimum of human follies, weaknes-
 es and sins visible, or extant. We had not
 so many cares, so much to do, and care for, that
 we could not pray, attend our meetings, honor the
 Sabbath and keep out of debt. We did not
 feel like grumbling or fault-finding; our
 hearts were full of thankfulness and grate-
 tude to god, for our deliverance, and our
 liberties. But we changed with the times.

No sooner did the Stranger come in, than we began to patronize him, we bought his goods and wares, we fraternized with him, gave him exorbitant profits, made him rich, sold him our homes and lands, for a song, and made him strong and defiant, covetous and grasping, until, like the Elephant in the Cobblers Shop, he is ready to turn us out of our own homes, and appropriate our substance to himself. Already is he in possession of our Temple, our Tabernacle, our Assembly Hall, our Pithing Store Houses, and much of our personal property. Our leading men driven into exile, or incarcerated, or separated from their families; while the gambler, pimp, harlot, abortionist, adulterer, whore-monger, and the vilest of the vile, walk our streets, ^{on open day} flaunting their defiance of law, order & purity in the very teeth and eyes of the executors and administrators of the law. But saith God, "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay." And O! how sad will be the fate of the evil-doer, when that day of recompense shall come! Many a "Mormon" will be there, but the Saints will smile - it will be

their turn to smile when god shall hold
in derision those who are responsible for the
trouble - and mock when their fear cometh.

Somehow I feel willing to risk the con-
sequences so far as I am concerned.

That one foot of gods heritage to his people
and but mighty few dollars have they ever
got from or through me. And if I have given
the enemy aid or comfort, I have not known
it. I judge from their hatred of me, that
I have been a thorn in their side, and an
annoyance to them. Still my aim has been
and is, and will be to do good and no harm
to all men. I have no spirit of murmuring
or complaining. I find no fault with Pravins
altho' I may endeavor to trace the source of
evil to its head. Prospects look bright for you,
don't be startled. Still you the sun shines bright
just behind the clouds for Israel. The showers
now falling, with some hail and wind and
present and distant lightnings and thun-
ders, will pass away, and the genial rays of
divine mercy and approval will shine down

with redoubled splendor and revivifying warmth, penetrate the sail restore the blade and stock and mature the grain, mete for the Masters harvest. I feel it in my bones, I am sure of it. God hath said it!

Let us purge ourselves of evil, cease to complain, acknowledge the hand of God, proclaim his might, clemency and power, trust him, love him, obey him, and do his will. Then he will take care of us - for he will care for his own, and will not desert them, for they are his. But woe to him that saith, the Lord delayeth his coming - his hand is shortened that he cannot save, the world is more powerful and greater than he, and putteth him into the hands of flesh. Woe to him who flies to the ranks of the enemy for safety, and who seeks the protection of man, from the scourges, and chastisement of God. Whom he loveth he chasteneth and he scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. Samuel the Gospel is good. Stick to it. Truth will prevail and if we do it desert it, it will not desert us, and we will prevail with it. Your brother in the Gospel of Christ Jas. P. Smith