

During the ensuing summer a fearful and continuous storm of persecution raged, until it led to the massacre of Joseph and Hyrum Smith; and John Taylor, who, although pierced with bullets until his life scarce hung by a single thread, afterwards recovered. After this horrible tragedy, the people sorrowed and mourned for their Patriarch and Prophet. Indeed, the terrible grief and consternation which were the result of the untimely death of these noble men was beyond description.

The Gentiles, our opposers, thought they had destroyed our religion, overthrown our cause, and destroyed the influence of our people, and actually had accomplished all that was necessary to do away with Mormonism.

But God's work cannot be thus ignored; another prophet, Brigham Young, was raised up to succeed Joseph, and the work rolled on. We were not allowed, however, to rest in peace; those who had apostatized from us and were filled with a spirit of rebellion against the work, sought by all their power and influence to stir up the authorities of government in the State of Illinois, and to drive us from the bounds of civilization. At this time the people were energetically at work upon the Temple, and President Brigham Young and his brethren of the Quorum of the Twelve, with the Bishops and all the leading men, were pushing everything forward towards completing the Temple, in order to obtain certain blessings and confirmations that had been promised to the Saints when the Temple should be so far finished as to enable them to work in it. The people were most of them poor, and they denied themselves every comfort they possibly could to assist in finishing the Lord's house. In the latter part of the fall of 1845 we commenced work in the Temple, and then I gave myself, my time and attention to that mission. I worked in the Temple every day without cessation until it was closed.

We were making preparations to leave Nauvoo and go into the wilderness. I had a large family, and my household cares and my many other duties were indeed arduous; I worked constantly day and night, scarcely sleeping at all, so great was my anxiety to accomplish all that was necessary and go with the first company who left in February, 1849, crossing the Mississippi river on the ice.

To be continued.

A LEAF FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CONTINUED.

The persecutions brought upon our people in Nauvoo and other places adjacent, by the wicked misrepresentations of such men as Dr. Bennett, William and Wilson Law, and others who had been members of our Church, increased rapidly. Every now and then Joseph Smith was arraigned before the magistrates on some pretext or other, and the Saints were threatened with mobs, and they felt there was no security for them because of their betrayal by designing and treacherous men.

In January, 1844, my youngest daughter was born. She was the first child born heir to the Holy Priesthood and in the New and Everlasting Covenant in this dispensation. I felt she was doubly a child of promise, not only through the priesthood, but through Joseph's promise to me when I gave him my eldest daughter to wife. He prophesied to me that I should have another daughter, who would be a strength and support to me to soothe my declining years; and in this daughter have these words been verified. My health was very poor, but I remained strong in the faith of the Gospel, and full of courage to persevere in the latter-day work. My two youngest children were frail little tender blossoms and required the most constant care.