

# Autumn Leaves

*The Footprints of One Bonnie Scotch Lassie by Miriam*

The story that follows comes to us with this letter of introduction from Sister M. Walker.

‘Dear Editor of Autumn Leaves, The following sketch of the life of one of God’s noble women was sent to me years ago while I was editing our church magazine. It was written at my own earnest request, but as it came in a time when my health was failing and not long before I was compelled to relinquish the editorial work, it was not used.

I regretted this at the time, but thinking I might be able at some time to revise and send it in, I retained the manuscript. The favourable time seemed not to come to me, and it was still in my drawer when the magazine passed into the support of your friends in favouring you with contributions.

It will not surprise you that such a request should appeal to one who had often been helped by you in this same way and that I should cast about in my mind to see what I could do. The prospect was, indeed, anything but flattering until I remembered the manuscript, and now, having obtained the promise of help in revising it, I am sending you this first instalment, which, if accepted, will be followed by others in due time.

I never at any time had permission of the sister to use her real name, but when I recall her talent, combined with her unshaken faith in God under the sorest trials and passing through the deepest afflictions, I have always loved to think of her by the Hebrew name Miriam, meaning, Exalter; for in my heart of hearts I can but feel she was worthy of that name as was the woman God appointed to go before his people as he led them out of bondage, of whom it is written, “I sent before thee Moses, Aaron, and Miriam.”

While to the reader she may be known as Miriam, her children and grandchildren will recognise her under that name as soon as they see this sketch for not an incident of her life has been changed in the revising

One item obtained from a private but responsible source I must add to this note. It refers to the personal appearance of the heroine. She loved nature and all beautiful things of God’s handiwork, and she herself was a most beautiful woman.

Even as a girl she had given the promise of loveliness which the advancing years of womanhood fully developed. Our own poet, Vida, after an intimate knowledge of her son and grandchildren, has written of her these lines:

*Shall I tell you of this highland lassie,  
This lassie that used to be?  
With hair like the depths of nighttime  
And liquid gray eyes, like the grayness  
Of an untroubled, shadowed sea?*

*Is it not fair to say she was bonnie,*

*Whose steps were so swift and so light,  
Whose crimson lips parted in smiling  
Over teeth that were even and white?*

*Did not somebody love so to touch it,  
That arm, as strong as 'twas fair,  
And the pink of the palm that invited  
The touch of the lover's lips there?'*

## PROLOGUE

The morning was grandly beautiful. Sunshine and skies serenely blue, bending above a carpet of crimson and gold, made by the frost bitten storms and piercing cold!

But, while my eyes are taking in all this beauty and my very soul is being refreshed by the purity of the life-giving atmosphere surrounding me, I find myself thinking how I shall name the story - the true story I want to transcribe from a manuscript now yellowing with age, the writing of which is growing dim from the same cause.

Ah! It comes to me now, comes as memory brings to my mind that wonderful poem of Longfellow, 'The Psalm of Life.' Life! And what for it is for you I am transcribing these yellowed pages, you will never find in this world a better, truer answer to your question than Longfellow gives you in this wonderful poem:

*Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returneth,  
Was not spoken of the soul.*

And it is because the writer of the yellowed manuscript to which I have referred knew the truth of this that she yielded to my request and gave me such incidents in her life history as she felt might be helped to others, or as to the poet wrote:

*Footprints that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, may take heart again.*

And so I have named the story '*Footprints of One Bonnie Scotch Lassie.*'

**CHAPTER 1**  
**THE ISLAND OF TIREE**

*It's forth across the roaring foam, and on towards the west,  
It's many a lonely league from home, o'er many a mountain crest,  
From where the dogs of Scotland call the sheep around the fold  
To where the flags are flying, beside the Gates of Gold.*

*I have been near, I have been far, my back's been at the wall,  
Yet aye and ever shone the star to guide me through it all;  
The love of God, the help of man, they both shall make me bold  
Against the gates of darkness as beside the Gates of Gold*

*R. L. Stevenson.*

I have been asked to write a brief sketch of my life for publication in Autumn Leaves, the magazine published especially in the interest of the young people of our church. I shall make an attempt to comply with this request, not because I have the desire to appear interesting to the general reader; but, while as a rule we are poor judges of our own work, should that which I am attempting prove to contain anything of benefit or helpfulness to anyone, I shall be fully rewarded for the effort made.

I recall the saying, 'By others' faults wise men correct their own', and if this be true, there are certainly parts of my life the telling of which should in this way be beneficial to others.

If the reader has a map of the British Isles and will look on the west coast of the same, he will find there the North Channel, and by tracing this northward, he will come to the group of islands called the Hebrides or Western Isles, and about the centre of this group he will see one called Tiree.

On this island I was born in the year 1825. This date will tell you I am going to write of things which happened in the long ago. This small island is only eight miles long and five in width. I may have been partial to the land of my birth and the home of my youth; for this little isle often seemed to me in my girlhood days like a thing of rare beauty, thrown into the waves of restless ocean for some distant, fairer clime, and often I heard strangers who came on business or on trips of pleasure to its shores, speak of it in terms of the most extravagant praise.

The island is divided by three lofty hills or diminutive mountains into almost equal parts. On the side where these mountains border on the ocean, they seem, to one standing on top of either of them, to be perpendicular down to the lapping waves, and their surface seems to be unbroken; but there are many shelves and clefts in the side, and, when the tide was at low ebb, we used to throw rocks or fire a gun close to them, and soon great flocks of sea fowls would come screaming out of the darkening air with outspread wings.

But, even in hidden places of these almost perpendicular cliffs, man, their worst enemy, could reach them, and both traveller and hunters sought them out. It was also great

sport for the young folks to go with ropes and ladders and gather basketfuls of eggs from the nests hidden in the clefts of these rocks.

Between the hills one could walk for three miles on a sandy beach almost as white as snow and as soft to the feet as velvet. Standing with bare feet where the rippling wavelets came in, watching the many kinds of fish at play, and having the small ones bury themselves in the sand beneath your feet as the tide went back, was an experience no child would soon forget.

Twice each day the tide comes and goes, leaving behind it as it flows out, not only many kinds of fish, but a great variety of beautiful shells, among which gems sometimes are found. In the summertime, twice every week, a pleasure boat used to come from the mainland of Scotland with pleasure seekers from many distant lands.

Between the hills of which I have spoken lie very large spaces of level land, covered with clover and grasses native to the soil, and the hills climb upward from the level land, they are covered with the most beautiful flowers, the fragrance of which fills the air with the sweetest perfume.

The atmosphere is very bracing, and the cool breeze coming in from the ocean is very refreshing, even in the warmest days of summer; so that exercising or walking does not bring the same amount of fatigue that there would be felt if taken in this country. The hills are not over a mile of distance from base to summit, and to climb them did not seem at all difficult to young and middle aged people.

Near the centre of the island there was one small river. This could always be crossed on stepping-stones except, at the regular times in the day when the tide from the ocean flowed in, making its waters deep and wide and leaving behind, when they receded, many kinds of fish good for the use of man.

To those who have never seen the wondrous working and marvellous things wrought by the daily ebbing and flowing of waters of the mighty deep, which come and do which no earthly hand can stay, these things may, indeed, seem miraculous; but, as man advances in his knowledge of the law by which our world is governed, they are no longer accounted miraculous.

And why? Are they not still the same as they were before scientists, whose minds the Lord inspired to search them out, came to aid of man? Why, then, should those things which man does not yet understand be repudiated as violations of nature's law, which is but another name for God's law? Let your young people know they have no cause to fear science. I am not speaking now of that which Paul named "science falsely so called," but of true science, the earnest seeking of honest men for truth.

Even they have made many mistakes - mistakes which time has corrected and which they have willingly acknowledged; but if every professed follower of Jesus, the 'man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, had been as earnest and untiring in their labours for the defence of the truth revealed by God, had they been as diligent in seeking "the kingdom of God and to establish his righteousness" as true men of science have been in their untiring efforts in seeking after truth in the physical world, God's kingdom would today be with us, and his righteousness would be established already on earth.

Returning to the island called Tiree: There is also on this island one small freshwater lake, another seeming mystery, as no source from which the supply of fresh water comes has ever been discovered. There are no rivulets running into it, but one flows out of it and empties into the ocean.

In the middle of this lakelet, there are three small islands, where wild ducks and freshwater fowls make their homes. Swans, too, come there in the summertime, but they leave when the winter comes. The Duke of Argyle, who was governor of the island when I lived there, would not allow any boats on this lake, fearing they would drive the wild fowls away.

In my time there were some five hundred people living on the island, and now I will tell you something of myself and my family.

My grandfather's house stood one quarter of a mile from the sea on the west side of the island. It was a spacious building of granite and lime, built in the old style. There is nothing grand about it to us today, after having seen so many cities, but in its time and place it was the best, or among the best on the island. There were only five two-story houses, and two of them belonged to the Duke of Argyle, so it is to be seen that grandfather was quite aristocratic.

He was only a blacksmith, the son of a blacksmith, and, being an only son, he was sent to Glasgow, where he received education and also learned all kinds of work in the iron trade. When he came back from the city, he was so much of a dandy (so grandmother told me) and looked so nice beside the country boys that she fell in love with him at first sight. They were married, and, in time, grandfather became a well-to-do farmer and magistrate, or judge of the island.

My grandmother used often to tell me that, before he was converted and joined the Baptist Church, he was what then was esteemed a pretty wild young man. He was called the best dancer and the most skilful player on the bagpipes in the three counties; but a Baptist preacher by the name of Grant came to the place where my father was then living and, by his vigorous preaching of the terrible physical punishment awaiting the ungodly, drew many young people into the church, my father among them.

This was before my father came to Tiree. He was then living on the mainland of Scotland, but after he joined the Baptist Church he came to Tiree and there obtained a school. He wanted to board at his father's, but, being of a very independent disposition, he would not accept his board free of charge, and as his father would consent to no other terms, he walked the distance of two miles, back and forth each day to his school, at the same time preaching as opportunity offered.

Grandfather had never taken pay in all his life for a meal of food and thought it would be a shame to do so, while father thought it would be a shame to impose his support upon his father. During this time he was just as earnest and persevering in serving the Lord and doing his will, in accordance with the best light he has, as he had been before in following his own will. If ever anyone was earnest in putting into practice what he thought and believed to be truth, my father was.

Grandfather's family consisted of his wife, three sons, and two daughters. He has a great stock of pride and claimed to be only five knees from Lord MacDonald; that is, the fifth generation. However that may have been, it makes little to us in our day, but the old folks made great boasts of such things, Grandfather sent all of his children to the city to make them different from others of the island. Uncle John spent many of his young days in the city, learning everything that ought to make a man accomplished.

He was naturally smart, stood six feet high, and was as handsome as any McDonald that ever walked the earth. He was pleasant and good-hearted and did not know how to be stingy. He knew navigation, land surveying, and engineering, and could make machinery 'from the needle to the anchor', as the saying was in those days.

He was skilled in the exercise of sword, gun, and bayonet, and he was one of the best of singers. No wonder I liked his company; he was so full of sunshine and anecdotes that one never tired of him. When I was fifteen he was thirty - five and unmarried, but you would think him about twenty-five from his looks.

At this time grandfather was considered the richest man on the island, and his word, despite his age, was looked upon as law, so great was the respect in which he was held. By this time the people were beginning to hear rumours of my father's past history. Uncle John has much influence with grandfather and was also very fond of his brother. He was not at all religious, but he resolved to settle the boarding question: so one day he said to my father, "I know of a plan that will get you board with father this day, if you will come with me. He will coax you to stay and share the best in his house."

Father has not the least idea what his brother intended to do, but to humour him he consented to go with him. When they went inside the house, Uncle John said: 'Father, would you like to see man who composed 'The return of Lord McDonald' and played it on the bagpipes on his return from India?'

Grandfather answered. 'I would give a good sum to see him and hear him play that same tune again as he did it that time.'

'Well,' said Uncle John, laying his hand on father's shoulder, 'here is the man;'

'Don't tell me that story,' said grandfather, and then, turning to father, he asked, 'Is there any truth in what that boy says?'

Father was perplexed, for, though he had composed the music, and played it on the pipes that day, he never mentioned such things now for fear it might weaken his influence for good and so injure the cause he was advocating, but, if he spoke at all, it must be the truth, and so he answered, "To my sorrow, it is true."

'To your sorrow!' exclaimed grandfather; 'It's the best thing you ever did in your life, and you ought to be proud of the honour you got that day. If you're the man who wrote that poetry, you will not leave my house as long as you stay in this place!'

This put father in a position where he could not again speak of leaving. The incident indicates how strong was the loyalty on the Island of Tiree towards those who were chieftains of the people, as was Lord McDonald at the time. Another incident serves to

show how great was my father's sincerity in his professions of religion: When Lord McDonald sent him a present of a beautiful and expensive set of those highland instruments, the bagpipes, father, fearing he might be tempted beyond what he was able to bear lunged them beneath the waves of the might ocean. Is anyone inclined to criticize? Then let such an one read the words of Jesus in Mark 8:43.

My grandfather was silent for some little time after laying upon father the command that he was not to depart from his home. Then turning to father, he asked; "So you know the relationship of the McDonalds to the McDougals?"

"Yes, sir," answered my father, "they were brothers."

"Right, my lad," said grandfather, "but how did it happen that their names were not the same, if they were brothers?"

Father replied, "They tell us how it happened, but, father, is the story true?"

"As true as your Bible," was grandfather's quick response, and he proceeded to tell the tradition that had been handed down from father to son but was not recorded by those who knew the facts. Not all written history is true, neither is all tradition false, but history is generally accepted, and tradition is usually rejected.

The story my grandfather told me is this: The great chief, McDonald, had two sons, twins like Esau and Jacob. The father wanted one of them to be the heir, and the mother wanted the one of them to be the successor. The name of one was Dougald, and of the other Donald. After some controversy over which should inherit the estate and title, the decision of the matter was finally left with the boys themselves.

They were to swim across the lake, and the boy whose flesh and blood first touch the land should be the winner, it being specified that it did not matter what part of the person should first touch land.

Dougald was a better swimmer than Donald, and when Donald saw that he was about to be beaten in the race by his brother, he drew his knife, severed his hand from his arm, and threw it on ahead of him to the shore. He was then proclaimed first son and heir to both the estate and the title.

Dougald then disowned the McDonald name and called himself McDougald. Although of the same lineage, the McDougalds were always inclined to peace and had on their coat of arms the dove of peace, while the more war-like McDonalds have the red hand on their coat of arms to this day. McDougald inherited an estate from his mother and became as great a chief as his brother.

My father became an inmate of his father's house, and they lived harmoniously together, only sometimes grandfather would remark that it was a great pity that the makings of such a good man as were in my father were spoiled by this new religion he has espoused.

Father was the first dissenter who ever had preached on the island. At this time he was not an ordained minister, but was just trying to pass on to others the good he felt he had received. His preaching and his daily life, which confirmed their faith in what he

taught, accomplished the conversation of his mother and his three sisters, but grandfather and Uncle John were not won over by him.

To be continued.

*Merrily, merrily goes the bark  
On a breeze from the northward free,  
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,  
Or the swan through the summer sea.  
The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,  
And Ulva dark and Colonsay,  
And all the group of islets gay,  
That guard the fair Staffa round.*

*Nature herself, it seemed, would raise,  
To minister praise to her Maker's praise....*

.....

*Nor doth its entrance front in vain  
To old Iona's holy fane,  
That Nature's voice might seem to say,  
Well hast thou done, frail child of clay!  
The humble powers, that stately shrine  
Taskd high and hard - but witness mine!*

*Sir Walter Scott, in The Lord of the Isles,*



## CHAPTER II LIFE IN TIREE

My father married the eldest daughter of Mr. Donald. She had come home recently from the city, where she had been attending school, and when they had been only one month wedded my father lost his school. It was taken from him through complaints in regard to some of his doctrinal teachings, and also because he was teaching church doctrines when he was not an ordained minister.

This was rather hard on the young couple, as my father had little but his salary to depend upon; but his friends soon rallied to his support and sent him to college for another year at the end of which time he came home an ordained minister of the Baptist Church and drew a regular salary commensurate with his position. Grandfather had also bought and furnished a home for him and a farm, well stocked with horse and cattle.

Previous to this time the young couple had lived with grandfather, and now when father was going to move to his own home, grandfather wanted me to be left with him as long as he lived and was hard for father to consent to this, but as it was the only favour his father had ever asked of him he could not refuse.

So I became grandmother's child, and as it is generally held that such as always spoiled, I did not escape the almost universal prediction. But if I were allowed to testify as to where the spoiling came from, I should have to charge Uncle John with such a larger share of it than grandmother.

I had an invalid aunt who was a great student of the Bible and really very pious. She was fond of me and at the same time very anxious that her brother should be converted. She knew that he would not allow any of them to talk to him about religion, so it came into her mind to reach him through me.

She would take me on her lap and read me all the nice stories she found in the Bible and then question me about them until I could repeat them intelligently and then send me to grandfather to tell them to him; for he would listen to a prattling child. But if the poor girl's innocent ruse had any effect, we never knew it. She died when I was four years old. She would tell me questions to ask him, and in this way I learned things that filled my childish mind with awe and wonder and led me to ask questions of my own which no one of them was able to answer.

As I could talk plainly at four years of age, I was sent to school, and when I was five years old I was reading the New Testament: when I was twelve I was studying Latin grammar.

At this time many changes took place in our family, such as affected my own life. Grandfather died, and grandmother was suddenly smitten with blindness, and Uncle Donald married and brought his bride to be mistress of the old home. Previous to this, although father lived only one mile away, I had never been willing to stay for even one night; but now I wanted to go and stay, and it made my father a very happy man.

Mother was afraid I would soon change my mind, but father said I never would. He seemed to understand me better than mother did, I soon grew content and was glad to exchange my study of Latin for that of fancywork and learning new stitches in knitting. This suited me better than Latin.

Now with seven children younger than myself, there was no chance of me being spoiled. I did not understand children very well, never having been used to them, and sometimes when I grew lonesome I would climb the hill that was on our place, from the top of which I could look over the entire island and, stretching, far, far away beyond the shore, over the deep blue which, in the distance seemed to one, watching from the island, to be sailing among the clouds.

The soil of the island is very rich, and the people living on it are better provided for than in any other part of the Highlands. In reaping time the sheaves are so heavy there is hardly any room to stack them. The farmers lease from twelve to twenty acres of this rich land for ninety-nine years and their cattle find plenty of grazing on the hills. The rent of such leases does not amount to as much as the taxes farmers pay in this country on the land they own.

No stranger is allowed to build on the island. Most of the people are more or less closely related to each other, and in this way not only has the purity of Highland Scotch blood been maintained but to a large extent, a feeling of brotherly love and kindness has been engendered among all classes.

Another thing which conduced quite materially to the enrichment of the people of Tìree before the lighthouse was built was the wrecks of vessels. Scarcely a winter was passed without one or two wrecks occurring, and then the tide would bring to shore large bales of different kinds, from the richest silks to the finest muslins, together with saddles and various other wares, and sometimes money.

But while the people searched the shore very carefully after a wreck to secure whatever the tide might bring in, they never hesitated to do all in their power to assist, even to the risking of their lives, if there was any chance to help the unfortunate ship.

The farmers would join, five or more together, and buy a fishing boat, and when not otherwise employed would go out fishing in companies and sell their fish in the nearest markets.

In my time there was much talk of the people of Tìree being descendents of the Hebrews. The Gaelic language is a mixture of which there is much Hebrew, and many of their laws and customs closely resemble the mosaic. Those who had milk, fish, fruits, or vegetables shared with those who had not, and a meal of food was never sold. I never spoke any but the Gaelic language until I was twenty years old.

There is a record in the Gaelic that tells of many people coming to the islands in boats. They were larger than the people of Tìree, who were only three or four feet tall and were called Picts. The newcomers inhabited the Highlands and were called the Hebrides, the name now given to the large group of islands to which Tìree belongs.

The descendents of these Hebrides have amongst themselves many customs of honour and integrity as well as brotherly kindness, to which few other people can justify claim. Locks and keys are not used to keep away intruders or thieves from stealing. Fishermen dry their fish, unmolested, on the open rocks all the year.

If their customs of honour or integrity are violated, the offender will have to leave the island of his own accord, for no one will associate with him, or he will be sent to Botna Bay, a small village where the Government formerly sent convicts. To be sent to Botna Bay was a punishment above any other, to have it said one had lived there for having deceived or done despite to his neighbour.

One other thing, I must not fail to mention, which seemed to be a providential arrangement in behalf of the people of Tiree. It was very, very strange to say the least, and, if not accounted for in that way, then no one at that time could assign a reason for the stubborn fact for fact it was. Not every year, but every seven or ten years, the island is visited by a large number of whales. Large shoals of smaller fish announce their coming; for it is these shoals the whales are following to their sad fate.

When the tide is coming in, these great monsters of the deep follow closer and closer upon their prey until they are left helpless by the receding tide upon the sands of the shore. In the meantime the fishermen have not been idle; for the golden opportunity will soon pass them, if it is not improved. Men on horseback have galloped swiftly over the island, shouting, "Whales! The Whales!" In answer to this cry, every fisherman has manned his boat, and every man on the island has gathered his weapons of warfare for the fray.

If the whales are not already following in the wake of the shoal of small fish fast enough, the men ply their boats to the rear and, by discharging guns and throwing rocks and other missiles frighten the huge monsters on to the shore. Twice, before I left my island home, I saw this, to me, most exciting and wonderful spectacle, and once I counted sixty or those monster sea mammals, stretched on the sand side by side, perfectly helpless, awaiting their doom. They had pursued their frightened prey to the shore to fall a prey themselves to man.

Tiree not only obtained enough oil from the whales that came to them in this way, but they were able also to furnish the neighbouring islands with what they would use until the whales came again. When the tide ebbed, it bore with it the carcasses of the victims, and when the sun went down, all was as peaceful upon the island as when he had risen in the morning.

Just here, as it comes freshly to my mind, I will insert an incident that happened on an occasion of a visit I made in after years to the city of Glasgow. Among other places, usually visited by strangers who came to the city, was the Zoological Garden, and to this my friends took me. We entered by a large gate and walked for about fifty feet through what seemed to be a partially lighted tunnel, when the man conducting us stopped, and turning to us, asked: "Do you know where you are now?"

As I happened to be nearest him and he seemingly looked to me for an answer, I replied, 'We are entering your garden, are we not?'

“True,” he said; “but look above your head; look around you closely, and see if you know where you are just now?”

I followed his instructions as did the others with me, and you may well imagine our astonishment when we discovered that, to all appearances, instead of being in what we had taken for a tunnel we were now standing with many others on the inside of a large fish, or rather skeleton of one. The mouth of which we entered; the backbone, the roof; and the ribs were hanging down the sides.

As soon as I could speak for the astonishment after the discovery, I said to the man who was our guide: “Sir, I read in the Bible, How the Lord prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah,” and I think we are in the skeleton. I have seen many whales but never one so large as this. I thought to myself there would be plenty of room for many more than Jonah in the belly of this whale, if whale it was. While I found many interesting things in this garden, nothing interested me quite as much as this skeleton entrance.

Nevertheless, there were many interesting things. There were beautiful walks, and harbours in which were tables set with all manner of refreshments. When we left this garden, we went to the Royal Botanical. We went through a glass house, one quite a quarter of a mile in length, with glass all around and a walk through the middle. On both sides of this walk one sees every kind of trees, flowers, and fruit that grows in all the countries and nations of the world, the temperature being made to suit all kinds of fruit and flowers. I could tell you it was a grand sight, and I was just in my element there. I could hardly drag myself away.

We went next to the Royal Institution, where one sees paintings of many historical characters. I saw Judith carrying the head of in Holofernes; also the faithful women who never forsook the Master in his hours of agony. Mary Magdalene was the finest looking of those. There were pictures also of David and Absalom, the latter a fine specimen of manhood.

In the gallery where were many pictures of criminals, I saw that of John Wilkes Booth with his accomplices standing beside him. Booth’s picture was life-size. He was dressed in black and was the only one who did not look like a criminal.

We visited a gallery where seemingly one looked through a window and saw the city of Paris by lamplight and it was beautiful. Looking in through what seemed to be another window, we saw the city of Rome in its grandeur. Through the next, we saw Mount Vesuvius, casting out smoke and lava, and the smoke and accompanying noise were so natural I did not wait there very long, because it was so real in its terribleness.

I looked through another window and saw the marriage of the Prince of Wales. The royal robes, the room and the furniture were just as at the time of the ceremony, and it almost took away my breath to look at such grandeur on earth.

About twenty-five miles from the Island of Tiree is another island which, though much smaller than Tiree, is far better known to historians and can well lay claim to being justly celebrate. It is about three miles long and from a mile to a mile and a half in breadth.

The history of this island begins about the year 563, when Saint Columba landed upon Iona with twelve disciples. Having obtained a grant of the island from his kinsman, Conall, King of the Scots, and later from Bruide, King of the Picts, he built upon it a monastery, which was long regarded as the mother of church of the Picts and was venerated, not only among the Scots of Britain and Ireland, but among the Argyles of the North of England, who owed their conversion to the missionaries of Iona.

“From the end of the sixth to the end of the eighth century, the monastery of Iona was scarcely second to any monastery in the British Isles. The island was several times invaded between the eighth and tenth centuries by the heathen Norsemen, and the buildings were burned and the monks slaughtered. Toward the close of the eleventh century the monastery was repaired by Saint Margaret, the wife of King Malcolme Canmore, and was visited in 1097 by King Magnus the Barefooted of Norway. ‘The Relig Oran’, or ancient burial ground is supposed to contain the bodies of a number of Irish, Scotch, and Danish Kings, but no monuments of these princes now remain.”

As it is to the life and labours of Saint Columba and his immediate followers that Iona owes most, if indeed not at all, of its distinction, it seems best that we give a few words in regard to the man himself before resuming the account of my visit to the island:

Columba was an Irish missionary, one of the greatest in the early ecclesiastical history of the British Isles. He was born at Gartan, County Donegal, Northwest Ireland, December 7, 521. His father was of the powerful clan O’Donnell and related to several rulers of Ireland and West Scotland; his mother was Eithne, who also boasted royal ancestry. He was early distinguished by his piety, and the name Columba (dove) was recognized as an appropriate one.

He showed rare monastic zeal. In 545 he founded the church and monestry of Derry, and in 553 those of Durrow, not far west of Dublin. Unfortunately, he later become embroiled in the civil strife of his country and was charged with having ingoted the bloody battle of Culdreimhne (now Cooladrummon), because he appealed to his tribe to defend with force of arms the copy of the Latin Psalter he had made from one borrowed from his old teacher, Saint Finnian of Moville.

For being thus the occasion of bloodshed, he was censured by an Irish ecclesiastical synod and recommended to do penance by foreign missionary labour. Accordingly, in 563 he headed a little company of twelve disciples and sailed away to the west coast of Scotland and landed on the little island known as Iona. There he began the great work of converting the Picts, and to this work he owes his fame.

Traditions of Columba still linger in the scenes of his labours, and many miraculous occurrences are related of him. He promoted monasticism, overcame the opposition of the Druids, made many convert including royal personages, and founded many churches. He died at Iona at midnight between June 8 and 9, 597, and left an imperishable name. With loving care his bones were enshrined, and his relics- the stone pillow on which he slept, and books he loved so well, the staff which was the symbol of his pastoral authority, and other objects he had used - were long preserved and exhibited.

It was on the island of Iona that the first college in all Britain or France was built. Uncle John took me to visit this island which, at that time, was regarded as one of the one of the wonders of the age. It was settled by an eminent and learned man who went there with a few followers. I thought then there were no larger buildings in the world than were represented by those ruins, but, of course, I was later to learn my mistake.

There was what had been an immense cathedral and a monastery, all in ruins except the front entrance and a tower that still stood, defying the ravages of time and storms. This tower was one of the mysteries of the place, because the great man who built it, or caused it to be built, it is said to have declared it would fall and very few men would live; for the whole earth would be in commotion, and this island and Tiree would go back to where they came from, and most of the people would die from fear.

Now this prophecy, or tradition of a prophecy, is largely believed in, and people will tell you that these two islands ran off with Saint Callum (Columba) and Saint Patrick from Ireland at a time when Ireland was invaded by some foreign power. They will tell you that, in the cataclysm, all the boats of the invaders were swamped, and those two pieces of land bore them off to the middle of the ocean, and hence comes the white and loamy soil of Iona and Tiree.

Sir Walter Scott refers to the ruins of Columba's works as 'Iona's Pile, where he describes them as the place where King Robert the Bruce left his sister, Isabel, during the time when he was fighting his way back from England, where he had been an exile for years. I saw the room Isabel had occupied, which was still preserved that sightseers from all parts of the world might view it. Here also were brought for burial the remains of kings and princes who died in this period, for the entire island of Iona was long considered sacred ground. Many tombs remain, their stones full of inscriptions in various languages, and telling who lie buried beneath them.

I was at the top of the tower built by Columba. The stairs wind round and round on the inside, and every bit of material in the building is all alike. It looks like rock, but no place can be found where one is joined to another. The windows are made like rams' horns twisted so they may let in the light, but no wind or rain can enter.

There is another little island not far from Iona, just a stone's throw across the sea, except when the tide is full. Then it makes a wider gulf between the islands. This little island is called Staffa. No one lives there, and one would think it was nothing but a huge pile of rocks, that had been tumbled together. Those rocks seemingly of the same size, several tons each, and as white as the driven snow: neither the weather nor the sea spray changes their colour.

When one lands upon Staffa he sees Fingal's Cave, on the door of which is written, 'Woe to them that seek to know the secret's of Fingal's Cave'. None of those Highlanders would venture very far into it. It goes down first on steps of stone, and all the work seen us most beautifully done, as if some one of consequence lived there. The farther down, there is an entrance that goes under the sea.

There was one man, more venturesome than the rest, who went in a good piece, but he came out that scared, he said he would stand to have his head cut off before he would go back there again. He claimed to have heard horrible sounds and groanings

unutterable. I suppose he heard the noise of underground cataracts, but no one was brave enough to repeat the venture, on account of the old warning, written on the rocks at the door.

To be continued.

*'A little nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the wisest men.'*

### **CHAPTER III** **THE LESSON OF LIFE**

In the days of my early girlhood I was too much of a tomboy to think of anything but having a good time, and to have one I had only to go on an excursion with Uncle John. Don't for a moment think we went alone. He had a little pleasure boat of his own, which he always kept in very nice condition, and there were always plenty of other young people who were glad of the opportunity to go with us.

We made excursions not only around the Island but also to other islands and the different places, but no matter where we went, we always came home laden with game, eggs, fish, and other edibles, and you should have seen the cotters, and the children and the women who had no children, coming to meet us as we landed. Sometimes Uncle John would divide all we brought among them.

Sometimes he would come to our house, bringing two horses, and would tell mother she would kill me for want of exercise; then he would ask her to let me go with him, and she would contest; for no one could or would refuse him. Many a pleasant hour we had at the race course, which was not far from our home. Many is the race I tried with him and brother John and another John, whom they did not suspect me of caring for. Looking back, those things seem now like a dream of the night that has passed never more to return. No wonder Solomon said, 'All is vanity and vexation of spirit under the sun.'

I have said before that Uncle John was a great favourite with both young and old. He was kind and very generous to all, but especially in his dealings with the poor. He loved a good joke but could no tolerate deception of any kind. I remember distinctly, though but a child at the time, the incident I am going to tell you. There was a man who used, without failing, to go very early to the shore on any morning after there had been a storm in the night. He went to see what he could find, and often he was heard boasting that he had seen ghosts and talked with them. Indeed, he was not afraid of them!

It happened one morning, very early, after a severe storm the night before, that uncle saw in the dim light what he took to be this man, making his way to the beach. No sooner thought than done, and Uncle John was on his way by a shorter route to the same place, clad only in his undergarments and a pair of fine boots, which he had not taken time to remove.

Arrived quickly at his destination, he quickly rolled himself in the shallow water and sand, and, with face partly averted and his father's nightcap on his head, he lay in the

dim light, a very good specimen of a drowned man, washed ashore. Very soon the talker with the ghosts came to where he lay and, stooping down, said, 'Poor fellow! You got drowned out of your sleep!' Then he began to search for pockets or belt with money, but, not finding either, was about to leave without ceremony when his eyes fell on the fine new boots on Uncle John's feet. 'I will have them,' he said, after pulling them off, he turned away with a muttered prayer that God might have mercy on the poor fellow he had robbed.

But they say it takes two to make a bargain, and Uncle John allowed him to go but a short distance when he arose and in a hoarse sepulchral voice thundered, 'Bring back those boots!' At the sound the man turned and, at the sight of what he supposed to be a dead man following him, he trembled and fell dead faint. Uncle John had to get help to take him to his own house where he was sick for a week and for a long while he would not believe uncle was the man he had found on the shore.

Uncle John was very sorry over the way his joke ended, and I remember seeing the sick man at Uncle's house and also being sent afterwards to the man with money uncle had sent him to get a him a pair of fine boots. The man was never heard boasting of talking with ghosts.

I was very fond of music and dancing, which was a source of great annoyance to father. It must seem strange that, having been brought up to look upon this as very sinful and really believing to be so myself, I still persisted in using every chance I found to learn how to dance from those of my friends who were allowed to go and be taught at dancing school. But so it was, and soon I was to learn that 'the way of the transgressor is hard.'

It was while I was at the 'Young Ladies' School' that the temptation was greatest; for it hurt my pride not to be allowed to do what the other girls of the school did. I had never been at a ball, had never read a novel, and even the poems of Robert Burns were not allowed in my father's house. There was nothing but church and prayer meeting aside my normal routine.

In music more license was given us, but nothing of a light or secular nature was tolerated. I think most of my readers will agree with me that things were pretty strict for young people, but at the same time it is well known how things were regarded at the time of my youth as well as the present.

I have mentioned before the building of the lighthouse in my time. It was seven years in building and very complete in every respect. The commissioners decided to celebrate its completion by giving a ball and a supper. The better class of people were invited, and Uncle John was amongst them. At this time I was just fifteen years old and he was still unmarried. He asked father to let me go with him to the ball as his partner.

Father consented to let me go for the ball only. I had lived so long with Uncle John when I was a child and had always obeyed him just as I had father, and he wanted me to go so badly - thought it would be so fine for me, especially as he could go with me to care for me, that when he told me to get my dress and he would pay for it, it did not come to me with the force it did later that I was disobeying father; for my mind was so absorbed with thoughts of getting ready and all it meant to me that thoughts of what it



would mean to others were crowded out. As for Uncle John, he had had his own way for so long, had been so indulged, that I doubt if a thought of trouble resulting had ever entered his mind.

And so, when the time came, we went to the ball, and I enjoyed every minute of the time until it broke up in the early hours of the morning, we were taken home by one of the leading men in his own carriage. He wished very much to continue my acquaintance and asked Uncle John's permission, but he was a lowlander and could not speak the Gaelic and besides, I had no such desire.

A prize had been offered for the one who should be adjudged the best dancer, and very much to my surprise, this was awarded to me. It was a handsome gold breastpin. I, of course, went home with Uncle John, but by ten o'clock the following morning, the news was widely circulated that I had won the prize for being the best dancer at the ball. It created much surprise, for my father's principles in regard to dancing were well known, though many who heard were less critical than they otherwise would have been, because of Uncle John's popularity and his attitude toward dancing and because I had been brought up with him a few years before.

I stripped off my ball dress, preparing to go home to father, and pity any guilty culprit who ever felt worse than I did then. I was already reaping the fruits of disobedience and deception, and feeling my guilt, I went to the back porch, hoping to get into the house by that way unobserved. But I was mistaken; for already one of the elders of the church had been there to carry the news of my misbehaviour, and father, on the watch for me, met me at the back door. The elder had come especially to enquire if it was with his consent that his children went to such places and to inform him that his young daughter was already a prize dancer.

As soon as I saw my father's face, I knew I was in for something not good to think of. The saddles and bridles were kept hanging on the back porch, and taking one of the bridles from its peg, father told me to come with him to his room. When we had entered he locked the door, and with tears in his eyes, he said to me: 'You have disgraced me so that I may never hold up my head again; never preach again; for people will say, if I cannot teach and control my own family, I am not fit to teach them how to control theirs.'

You may believe my heart was aching, but I was so overwhelmed with shame and remorse I could not utter a single word. Could I only have said, 'Father I have sinned against you and God, but I pray you to forgive me and I will never do it again,' all would have been right with him then and there, but I could not get a word out, and he thought my silence was caused by stubbornness and hardness of heart. And so - but I will draw the veil of silence over what happened in that room, only saying that for three weeks I was not able to put on my clothes. When Uncle John saw how I was suffering, there was something of a time in that family.

Even when I was under the rod of punishment, there was no anger or rebellion in my heart, but I felt more keenly how I had disgraced my father, and I was willing to suffer all that was meted out to me and even more, if by that means I could save him one single pang of suffering; for it was not want of affection that had caused me to give him

trouble but pure thoughtlessness. I loved my father dearly and knew his heart was tender, no matter how appearances might be against my faith in him.

One day I was humming the air of a popular new song I much admire when father, overhearing me, put his head in at the door, and said, 'Hush!' in a gentle tone. That evening he told me to get ready to go to church with him, and I was glad, because I had been fearing I had displeased him again. On our way to church we came to a lonely spot by the sandy beach, and to my intense surprise, he asked me to sit down and sing the song he had heard me humming that afternoon.

I looked at him searchingly to see if he really meant it or if he was going crazy, but he told me he only wanted to learn the tune. I had a clean, strong voice that had been trained by good masters, and I sang it to the best of my ability. Before we reached the church father had composed six verses and, handing them to me, he said, 'Now you need not use the vain words of that song any more.' My father was a poet, and his first book of poems was known wherever the Gaelic language was spoken; for he wrote only in his native tongue.

About the time father told mother he thought I should be sent to Tobermory to learn dressmaking. Tobermory was a nice seaport on the Island of Mull, and I was glad to be sent there, for I wanted a change and dressmaking was a good trade to know. It would take me six months to learn it, and being away from home that long would wean me in a larger measure from my present associates, and I might form new ones of a different kind. As soon as arrangements could be made, I went. I had no difficulty in learning my trade and was ready to return home before my time expired, mistress of my trade.

My father's sister lived on the Island of Mull. She too, was a writer of poetry and was very pious. She had a large family and lived in a large house that was surrounded by beautiful shrubbery and large trees. Fruit was abundant, and the contrast to treeless Tiree was very pronounced. My aunt not only had a lovely home and a happy family, but she herself had a pleasant, agreeable way with her that made all these doubly attractive. Before going home, I spent two very happy weeks with her and my eleven cousins, each of whom strove to add to my enjoyment. At the end of two weeks my father sent a boat to take me home.

My readers will have observed by this time that Uncle John entered largely into the many events and changes of my life, and in reviewing my early life I realize this, though I was not then aware of it. I have mentioned his training me on the race course to be as fearless a rider as himself. I now return to the time of that training to speak of another lesson I was learning at that time, though all unknown even to my own heart at that time, the lesson of life, the sweet, sometimes sad lesson of loving.

Uncle John and I were not always alone when he took me to the race course. When my father had first come to the Island, a perfect stranger, he had boarded in a family where there was at that time a baby boy, and as the years went by he grew into a sturdy, attractive lad. My father seemed naturally to grow very fond of him and he was often at our house. We were together at school, and sometimes Uncle John would ask him to go with us on excursions by boat or by land.

I always thought him the nicest boy in school and liked to be with him better than with any of the other boys, and I never lacked for a champion or a hero when he was near. When I had mastered my trade, however, I did not take time to think seriously about anything much but my work, for I had all I could possibly do and was getting good prices for it.

Despite all this, I was not blind to the many little ways in which Ian seemed to show a preference for me, though I never thought of it as love; for he had never spoken to me of love or marriage, and neither was I thinking of such things. But we were not ignorant of each other's likes and dislikes, and he knew I would never be the wife of a farmer.

One day after my return home from Mull, Ian said to me, 'You never told me you had caught another fish in your net while you were away.'

Not understanding his meaning, I answered, 'I was not aware that I had either net or fish; you will have to explain your words.'

'Miriam,' said he, 'did you not know that I love you and want you for my wife?'

'You certainly never told me this before,' I answered.

'Not in words,' he said, 'but do not actions have a voice, and have not mine told you many times over that I love you? Now I hear a young man is often visiting at your house, a stranger here who, I am told, is your lover. Is it true, Miriam, and if it is, would you rather have him than me? I have no claim upon you, but I have loved you long and faithfully, and it will be hard to give you up.'

Naturally I was a great tease, and I was feeling very much like it when he began to talk to me, but when he grew earnest and evidently was meaning every word he said, the inclination to tease was all taken out of me, and I knew I loved him.

'Ian,' I said as I looked him squarely in the eye, 'there is no truth in what you have heard, and you have given yourself needless trouble. I think, though I may not have known it until to-day, that I have been loving you just as truly as you have been loving me, but if you had not spoken first, you would never have known it from me. Perhaps I ought not to speak even now. You know we Scotch lassies are taught 'not to wear our hearts on our sleeves for the daws to pick at.'"

Not long before, Uncle John had given me some good advice. He said; 'Miriam, you are now getting to be a big girl, and some of these fine lads will be apt to want to talk to you and tell you that you are beautiful. If ever one has the face to tell you that, just tell me. Don't hang your head or go to blushing and say nothing, but always have your answer ready. Just look him in the face and tell him to go somewhere else with that kind of talk, that you have no room or use for it. And if he should try to put his arms around you or kiss you, mark him down as a scoundrel.'

I told Ian what Uncle John had said and added, 'I have always taken his advice, and if we have this little understanding for the present, it must be just between us two; for I feel sure that my family would not approve. So we promised to keep to our own counsel and act only as friends.'

A few months after we had this conversation, I was gathering shellfish in rather a lonely spot by the seashore when I was greatly surprised and also displeased to see Ian coming to join me. He hastened to explain that my father had given him permission to seek me, and I noticed that he looked sad and asked him if anything was wrong.

‘Not for you,’ he answered; I doubt if anything will ever trouble that hard heart of yours, but for me it is wrong. I am going to Glasgow to-morrow to attend college.’

At this I laughed at him for being so silly, and told him he ought to be glad to have the chance to go and that I only wished such good luck had fallen to me. I went on talking in this light strain until he was in better spirit. Then he wanted to know if I would not wait for him until he had finished school, but the only promise I would make was that I would wait for him, if I did not change my mind very greatly. I told him no one could vouch for himself or for the future. I said: ‘You may meet some fine city lady who will far surpass your country lassie, and I would never hold any man to a promise, if he did not love me; for only misery could follow such a union.’

We parted, promising to write, and if change should come to either of us, we would let the other know and would still be friends. So he went away and after he was gone, I had my cry all to myself many a time, though I had seemed, as he said, hard - hearted and indifferent.

To be continued.

*If just one ship I have at sea  
Should come a-sailing home to me-  
Ah, well! The storm clouds then might frown  
For if the others all went down,  
Still rich and proud and glad I'd be  
If that one ship came home to me.*

*I that one ship went down at sea,  
And all the others came to me,  
Weighed down with gems and wealth untold,  
With glory, honour, riches, gold,  
The poorest soul on earth I'd be  
If that one ship came not to me.*

*O skies, by calm! O winds, blow free,  
Blow all my ships safe home to me!  
But if thou sendest some a-wrack  
To never more come sailing back,  
Send any, all that skim the sea,  
But bring my love-ship home to me.*

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox*

**CHAPTER IV**  
**WHEN THE LOVE SHIP WENT DOWN**

Ian had been gone only a week when I went from home to learn millinery and the making of straw bonnets, which were very fashionable at that time. According to his promise, Ian wrote me, but as I was not at home father answered the letter, telling him to be patient and keep to his books, and in a year or two we would be together again.

I heard nothing more from him, but was not in the least disturbed and never for one moment doubted his love. While I kept busy, the work of my hands did not prevent my thoughts from dwelling upon him and going out to the future when we should have earned the right to be together in a home of our own, with none to say us nay. It is not possible for man to control the mind, even though in person we may be far apart from those we love.

The days sped rapidly by. I finished my course in millinery and went back to Tíree, and Ian completed his studies and came home with honours to claim his bride. He was welcomed with open arms by father as well as the rest of the family, including Uncle John, and the wedding day was set for the fourteenth day of June.

Fairer day never had dawned on the island, and sixty couples of invited guests were in the best of spirits. The ceremony over and congratulations extended, it was proposed by some of the young men that boat race be had. It would be not more than an hour's sailing, and besides the sport of the race, they would bring back fowl and eggs. So the race was soon arranged for, the boats well manned, and about one half of the guests sailed away in high spirits despite the warnings of one fisherman of an impending storm. They could not believe for one moment in the possibility of such a thing.

But the old fisherman was right! The boats were hardly out of sight of the land when a terrible storm broke with sudden fury upon them, and the boat in which Ian was sailing was swamped and went down before my eyes. I struggled hard against a strong arm that held me back from throwing myself into the sea to go down with him. My brother's boat was driven away some distance away, and others came in upset with men clinging to the bottoms in a death grip.

I was carried home and put in bed, where I lay for three weeks, unconscious of everything going on around me, When at last I came to myself, I was too weak to raise my head from the pillow. I asked mother what was the matter and where was Ian, and I told her I was having such horrible dreams.

'My poor daughter!' my mother answered me, and then the whole dreadful truth flashed upon me in a moment. Turning, my face away I burst into bitter tears, the first I had shed. Mother held a quieting draught to my lips, but I refused to take it, telling her I wanted to die. She asked me if I felt ready to meet the fate of those who wished to leave the world sooner than it was the will of God to take them, and I answered mournfully, 'Mother, I am fit neither to love or to die, but how can I live without Ian?'

I never knew until then how strong my love for him had been all the time, and now that I knew I should never see him again, I wondered how I could live. Life seemed worthless to me without him. From the day I was never the same. I had not the least

desire to be with young folks, and as soon as I was able to attend the meeting I joined the church.

Now, as I recall the time and the motives that prompted me, I can see that it was not the love of God nor a strong desire to serve him because of that love, but it was because of my love for Ian and my overwhelming desire to be with him. I could not see this clearly then, for only the spirit of all truth could reveal to my soul the way of truth, and, as yet, I was not in possession of that spirit. Had I been, I should have remembered the words Jesus uttered in the hour of his sorest need, 'Abba, Father, all things are possible unto what thou wilt.' Yes, even this God had the power to do but not the will. 'For this cause,' said Jesus upon another occasion when speaking of the same thing, 'came I into the world.'

Oh, the wonderful power of love by the dynamic force of which the world is to be saved! My heart had long been in rebellion against God and still was because of these of whom Christ said, 'Howbeit, in vain do they worship me, teaching the doctrine and commandments of men.' I had yet to learn that their teachings were the commandments of men. I tell you these things with much regret that I did not understand the love of God and that it was embodied in Jesus that men might know the love of a merciful Father and love him.

He first loved us and sent his Son into the world to learn obedience by the things we suffered and this become able to understand every sorrow we suffer. By knowing our sorrows and sufferings, he could be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God. There may be some wise enough to gain and entrance into heaven without suffering or chastisement, but for myself I now thank the Father of all mercies for his wisdom in dealing with me; for I know for myself the truth of the statement made by Brother Walker in his poem on 'The Three Wise Men';

*'That every good is worth the ill it costs,  
And seeming ills in greatest blessings end.'*

At this time, though doing the best I knew, I was groping around in darkness; for the light of the everlasting gospel of Jesus Christ had not yet shone upon the path my feet were treading.

I have now told you that of which I have said but little during my lifetime, especially to my children. I thought life would bring to them enough sadness without the shadow of what I had suffered falling upon their pathway also. As time went on I struggled to with my grief and mastered every outward demonstration of it was far as I possibly could, but my heart was so full of unuttered longings and undying memories of the husband snatched away to lie beneath the waves is almost the same hour that had seen us wedded.

I went about my daily tasks mechanically, all the joy gone out of my life, and I could not act what I did not feel. I no longer entered into singing, or music of any kind. Try as I would, I could not control my feeling sufficiently to keep the tears from rolling down my cheeks when I tried to sing, and at last I ceased to make the effort. I should have been happier, had I been able to master every outward expressions of my deep sadness,

but that was an impossible thing. The most I could do was to remain silent when others were singing, when it was not possible for me to be absent myself.

You may well imagine what a shock it was to me that at such a time and under such circumstances it could enter into the mind of my father to think I could even tolerate his mentioning marriage to me and to this day I have never been able to understand how he could do so in less than a year after Ian's death.

Father had a distant relative who often visited us and of whom, as a family, we were quite fond. Though forty years of age, the man had never married. He was young looking for his age and a prosperous merchant as well as quite a social favourite in the best society of the class in which we moved. We called him 'Mr. Bob' in our home circle, though I think that was not his proper name.

One day father said to me, 'Do you know Mr. Bob is going to marry at last?'

Now I thought very kindly of father's friend and said, 'I am very glad to hear it, and may I ask who the happy woman is?'

Father began to enumerate to me all the advantages Mr. Bob's bride would have, and I found myself wondering, what all this meant to me. Finally he said, 'It all depends upon your decision; for is it you and no one else he wants.'

'Has he the impertinence to mention me in that way?' I asked in hot anger, without waiting for an answer I went on, 'I never thought you would listen to such a proposition! And what of all those advantages you have mentioned! Would you sell your own child?'

Father said nothing more about the matter, but you may be sure was never at home any more when Mr. Bob called. Never before had I known what hatred was, but how I grew to hate that man! I felt that I might do something terrible, if he touched me. What right had he to want to marry me! How could anyone think of marrying me when my true lover, my husband, was lying beneath the cold waves of the ocean.

It was not long, however, before my parents asked if I would not like to visit the city of Glasgow. They thought the change might be good for me. I answered father that, when I wanted to go to school there he would not let me go, and now I did not care whether I went or not. But it turned out that I did go some weeks later. I think I should not have mentioned the incident of Mr. Bob's proposition which to me was simply horrible, had it not been the cause of my leaving home, which proved to be forever, and had it not been contributory to the shadow that came over my whole after life, as the reader will shortly discover.

It will be remembered that I had read the New Testament from the time when I was five years old. In the time of my bereavement I searched the scriptures almost daily for the comfort I could find there. Very carefully and diligently I sought to know and to understand the meaning of what I read, and I asked the preachers, among them my father, many questions in regard to the difference between their teachings and those of Christ and his disciples.

As thousands of others who have tried to this before me, I obtained small comfort or understanding. One of the ministers told me I was searching too deeply and might lose my reason or my faith as some others had done. Only a few days later I read these words of Jesus. 'Search the scriptures: for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me.' (John 5:39) I was using a reference Bible, and I turned from these words of Jesus to Deuteronomy 6:7 and read, 'And you shalt teach them diligently to thy children and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house and when thou walkest by the ways and when thou liest down and when thou risest up.' As I closed the book I could not help thinking, 'Can it be possible the blind are seeking to be led by the blind?' There was small comfort in the thought.

One time I asked my father why preachers in our day did not lay on hands for the giving of the Holy Ghost as the apostles used to do. His answer was that it was not needed now as it had been in the early days of the church, but the reason thus assigned was even less satisfying to me than had been his answers to the questions I had previously asked. I could not believe the perfect, which was to do away with that which was only in part, had come. I ceased to ask questions, but I could not cease to think and to wonder. As days passed on life seemed to become to each day a greater mystery, with problems less solvable.

Father had friends of long time standing, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan who had been visiting the island during the summer for health and recreation. Glasgow was their home, and as they were preparing to return to it, they urgently invited me to go with them, promising to take the best care of me and to take me to see many places of interest in that wonderful city. Accepting their kind invitation I went with them.

On the journey we passed the Mull of Kintyre, the roughest point on the coast of Scotland. I have seen ironclad ships, under full steam, tossing there for hours when the weather was rough, and they could make no headway until the turn of tide. The first landing place is Greenock, and passing on toward Glasgow at the mouth of the Leven, we came to the castle of Dumbarton, one of the four castles Scotland is bound by treaty to maintain. There, for a time, the Scotch hero, Sir William Wallace, was imprisoned, and it also served as a residence for Mary, Queen of Scots, prior to her return to Paris.

When we arrived in Glasgow, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan were most faithful to their promise, doing all in their power to interest and entertain me, but I soon found city life was not going to agree with me, and the doctor who called in said I must either go home to Tiree or to the country. I did not want to go home, for I was terribly anxious to learn to speak English and, besides, my nerves had been so terribly shattered by Ian's death and what my father had suggested to me concerning my marriage to Mr. Bob that I assure you I was glad when Mr. Duncan proposed taking me to an Uncle of his who lived on an estate just seven miles out of the city, that I might see how living there would agree with me before writing to father. So to the country we went.

Mossbank was the name of the estate to which I was taken, and lovely place it was. There was a grand mansion house, surrounded by pleasure grounds, arbours, many kinds of fruit trees, and a variety of shrubs and flowers. Mr. Duncan, the owner of Mossbank, was an old man of ninety years, the uncle and business partner of my father's friend, with whom I had come from Tiree.



As soon as the mistress of Mossbank learned that I did not want to go home, she and her husband were both urgent that I should consent to remain with them, and they offered me a good salary for very slight service.

These kind old people entertained no company, and as there were no children about the place it was very lonely for me, but so terribly had my nerves been shaken that this seemed altogether in my favour. I was relieved also to know there would be no young people to laugh at my mistakes as I endeavoured to master the use of the English language. During the first nine months of the year I lived at Mossbank, I never spoke to anyone outside of the Duncan household.

Near Mossbank there lived a family by the name of Samuel. The man himself was quite old. He had not married until he was forty years old, and I think his wife was not living at the time of which I write. This man came often to visit the old people with whom I lived, and they were always glad to have him come; for he had been captain of a government cruiser and had been to many parts of the earth. Being both educated and intelligent, he was always made welcome; for his company was agreeable.

There were ten young people in his family at home, and when I had acquired sufficient English to put me at my ease, I was ready to talk with them. I had frequently passed them in my walks, but had never done more than to nod my head in recognition. One afternoon I was sitting in one of the pleasant garden seats of Mossbank, with trees and flowers around me, trying to read the Bible when all of a sudden I was accosted by a young man in a hunting costume with gun and dogs.

*'The traitor to humanity is the traitor most accursed;  
Man is more than constitutions; better rot beneath the sod  
Than be true to church and state while we are doubly false to God!*

*He's true to God who's true to man; whenever wrong is done  
To the humblest and weakest 'neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base  
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race.'*

Lowell.

## CHAPTER V WITHIN THE FOLD

The young man in hunting suit with dogs and guns accosted me with, 'Good evening, Miss'

Not a word did I speak.

'You are fond of reading,' he said.

Still I said not a word; for I was both annoyed and greatly displeased at what I felt was his impertinence.

At last I said: 'Do you know you are trespassing? No one is allowed to hunt on this estate but the sons of our neighbour, Mr. Samuel.'

'Then it is all right,' he answered; 'for I am one of his sons. I have been away from home learning my trade, but there is a strike on just now and that brings me home until it is over.' And then he added with ill-concealed smile beneath the laughing twinkle in his eyes: 'Are you sure you are not trespassing by reading that book here?'

'This is the Bible,' I answered; 'a good book that no one need fear to read in any place of to anyone.'

Upon this he answered very quickly: 'I would be very glad to have you read some of it to me. I have never seen it or heard it read.'

Now I was young and not well versed in the ways of the world, but I was not prepared to think he expected me to accept this as true; and I saw, too, the mistake I had made in asserting that no one need fear to read the Bible to anyone. I certainly did not fear, but neither did I wish to read from it then and there to an entire stranger, and I answered him:

'I will lend you my book, and you can read and study it for yourself.'

'But I shall need your help in explaining it to me,' he said, adding; 'You say you have read and heard it read all your life; and you have had teachers to tell you things and to explain them, and surely you will be able to teach me.'

I have often wondered since if he knew what attractive way he had and was using it to the best advantage for himself. He was young and really a fine-looking lad, and his manner was like that of the spoiled boy teasing for something he knew he was not entitled to. I had just finished reading the last chapter of James and was pondering over the last verse which reads; 'Let him know, that he who converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall cover a multitude of sins.' And before I had closed the book here was this young man presenting himself and asking me to show him the way of life everlasting!

Was I foolish enough to believe him really interested in the book? To this day I cannot tell. I was so deeply in earnest myself that the probability is I did believe it. One thing, I do know that the thought if his being interested in me as a young man is in a girl whose acquaintance he seeks never once entered my mind.

He was simply young and attractive, and I had been so used to the company of young men in my cousins, brothers and those of their friends that I was lonely; for as I have said, there was no young company at Mossbank, not even children, and often I found myself wishing for those I had known in the days that now seemed gone forever.

As time passed on I became so well acquainted with the young man who came into my life in the manner I have related that I went with him to visit many of his relatives, but not one word of love was spoken and all would have ended between us, had there been any such words before my father wrote that he was coming to take me home.

I no longer thought of marriage as having any part in my life, and I was completely taken by surprise when a letter came from father saying he was coming for me next week. He said marriage would break my contract with the Duncans, which had not expired. Not a word was added as to whom I was to marry, but, knowing my father as I did, I felt nothing of this kind was needed.

The news was an awful blow to me. Marry Mr. Bob I never would, but what could I do? I would go to France or any other place to which I could possibly escape! If ever a girl was in trouble I surely was the night after my father's letter came.

Not long after my letter arrived, Jay came in to visit the family, and when he knew what my father was proposing to do, I give you my word there was a scene. In glowing terms he told me of his love for me and plead with me to marry him before my father came. 'I have loved you for the first time I saw you,' he said, 'but I respected your trouble and your feelings too much to tell you of it. Only consent now to marry me and your father cannot take you from me.'

I answered: 'There is no time for that; father is coming next week, and the banns have to be called three Sundays in succession before we can be married.'

'We will never wait for that and be lost,' declared Jay with emphasis. 'In the morning we will go to my uncle's and be married; then we will go to my father's until the strike is over; we can be married afterwards in the established church, if you wish.'

Seeing no hope in any other way than that which Jay proposed, I consented, and we were married on the following morning at the home of his uncle, and when father came he did not find me at Mossbank; for Jay had taken me to his father's home, where I was received kindly and with open arms by all of his relatives. While pleasure came with this warm welcome, there came also painful memories of another day when I had been a bride, and only God will ever know how painful those memories were and how the contrast between the two occasions forced itself upon my mind. I assumed to be gay, but no gayety was in my heart. Not a relative was near me, and I knew only too well that I must not expect their approval of what I had done. I did not see my father at this time or ever again.

My marriage was on the eighth day of March. The banns were duly published, and Jay and I were married again on June 14, 1844. I was now the wife of a workingman, and my uncles had gone, one to Australia, and the other to Toronto, Canada. I never received the portion of grandfather's property which was left to me by him. However, my uncles had at one time established me in business in Glasgow, and they may have put all my share in that investment; but as my grandfather was a wealthy man, I hardly think the business took all of what was due me.

My father went home without inviting Jay and me to go with him. He said he thought we had better wait 'until the nine days' wonder would be over' before we came, and I took this to mean that I had built up a wall between me and my old home which only time could tear down, if, indeed, even time could do it.

My heart was aching with a great pain, for I both loved and revered my father, and I now began to see how far my self-will had carried me, Was the old, careless,

thoughtless disposition always to get the better of me. Always to get in its work first? Would it always be my portion to cry out in the bitterness of my heart, Too late, too late!

At the same time, Jay's people were making of me the very most in their power of celebration of the same act for which my people were casting me off. Every bottle of ointment in their possession they were gladly breaking over my unworthy head. I could not help admit the fact, I could not help seeing that pride was at the root of the conduct of one family, and a strong desire for the happiness of their children in the impelling motive of the other.

Without justifying myself in what I had done, the kindness shown me by Jay's family won a strong place in my heart. Had I been a queen they could not have treated me better, and it was then, when my heart was sorely bruised with memories of the past and torn with almost horror at the thought of the fate to which my father was willing to have consigned me, that I resolved to stand firmly by what I had done and let good or ill come to me; to make the best I could of the course I had chosen.

I did not then see as clearly as it afterwards came to me that, in blindness, we often reject the best God has in store for us and put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter, but in time the lesson came to me.

I had now assumed the serious responsibilities of life and must do my best to meet them. For this reason I strove to overcome sad thoughts, for it made Jay unhappy to see me sad or troubled, and it was my duty to seek his happiness, for he had come so bravely and unhesitatingly to my help when I did not know where help was to come from.

It was not long before we went to the city where we both obtained work, and being in splendid health the clouds soon began to break in our skies, and life took on a more roseate hue.

I must not forget to mention here an incident which occurred just before we started, which, trivial and unimportant as it may seem in itself, led up to the obtaining of that without which this entire story would not be worth the telling. One day as I went to answer a knock at our door, I found two men standing there, their hands filled with small paper pamphlets or tracts. Being fond of reading, I accepted some of these tracts. The men said they would call again for them and would leave others for me to read, if I wished to have them. They were very well but plainly dressed and very polite and gentlemanly in every respect.

As soon as they were gone I sat down to examine the papers and to ascertain the nature of their contents. The title of the first one was 'The authenticity of the Book of Mormon.' The other was, 'Is Joseph Smith a true prophet?' My eyes must surely have opened much wider than usual as I read these astonishing words. I knew the English Language well enough to know IS to be the present tense, and as to their being prophets NOW, who did not know that the day of the prophets was long since past.

But I began to read and did not stop until I had reached the end. Well, one thing was sure, whoever that pamphlet was familiar with the Bible. And such an array of

evidence! I got out my Bible, not once thinking to find it all true, but there it was, word for word, staring at me from my own Bible, with which I had thought I was so familiar. Could it be true? Would the Lord do nothing without revealing it to his servants the prophets.

And what about this other pamphlet, this Book of Mormon? It, too had the Bible to sustain it, but it went deeper into the mysteries, and one at a time was quite enough, if not a bit too much for me just at this time. Happily, I bethought me of one of my neighbours, a very pious, church-going woman, and decided to go to her with my pamphlet and my perplexity. But when I told her that there must be something in this new religion more than people were aware of, she simply scoffed and made light of me for reading such trash. She would not read them, she said, for it was dangerous, and it was surely all of the devil.

So I went home little comforted or enlightened and sorry I had ever touched the papers. When the men called again, I handed them the tracts and told them I did not wish to read any more and would not read them. They took the tracts and after praying that the veil over my eyes might soon be rent, one said; 'Sooner or later you will be one of us, and the sooner the better for yourself.'

'Oh,' I answered hastily, 'as soon as you get outside the gate you will be shaking the dust from your feet as a testimony against me.' I said it to make light of them, but they walked away giving me no answer. And as for me, they were no sooner gone and out of sight than the accusing voice of conscience spoke loudly in my heart and I knew I had done wrong.

The men had come to me in all soberness of spirit and in the name of Christ, but I had met them in the spirit of raillery and had turned them away from almost contemptuously. Could I have seen them again I would have done it differently, but it was too late now, for no one knew whence they had come or whither they had gone; so Jay and I went on our way to Glasgow, but I took with me another memory of 'Too late.'

But God was merciful and sent us another opportunity. One day as we were going home from work we passed a large crowd, gathered at the corner of one of the streets, and in their midst was a man apparently addressing them. As we came near enough to distinguish his subject, I found it to be the one I was most anxious to learn more about, and I listened to every word he spoke as though my soul depended upon it. 'Oh,' I said to Jay, 'is not that glorious?' His subject was upon the fullness of the Gentiles, and he claimed it had already come and that God was now setting up his kingdom on earth for the last time, never again to be thrown down or given to other people.

Upon reaching home I went to one of my neighbours to talk with her over the wonderful news I had heard, and to my surprise I learned that her husband was studying the same faith with the intention of joining the church, the members of which called themselves the Latter Day Saints. She asked me if I would like to come in and learn more about them. You may be sure I gladly accepted this invitation for both myself and Jay, and we were faithful in our attendance.

I am not intending to ask the young readers of **AUTUMN LEAVES** to bear me company in my investigations in the faith of the Latter Day Saints. They have had too many privileges of hearing this 'marvellous work and wonder' presented so much more ably than I possibly could do it by my untrained pen that I pass this period over with only the remark that it seemed I never could hear enough.

The more I was told the more I wanted to hear; nor was I like the young bird, greedily swallowing every morsel put into my mouth, but I took down every passage of scripture and verse upon which they founded the doctrine on which they taught and when I went home I searched them out in my own King James Bible. Not once did I find a verse or passage misquoted, and this fact especially caused me to wonder why it was that Christian ministers of every denomination should refuse to call them Christians, when not a single denomination on earth taught so nearly the doctrine taught by Christ as did these people. Alas, the time was soon to come when this could not be said truthfully! But let me not anticipate.

How I was eager to hear and to learn all I could of the faith held by these people and I was ready to accept it in part, but that was all. I fully believed the things they taught had to come at some time, but had that time come? Was it now? One thing they taught just suited me, and that was, and that was on certain conditions I should know for myself. I surely liked that; for I wanted not the testimony of others but to know for myself. It was knowledge I wanted not belief.

Jesus said: 'My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me. If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether to speak of myself.' John 7:17. I wanted knowledge. Did I really want it? Faith and obedience was the price and the only price demanded. After much prayerful study and thought together with fasting, Jay and I resolved to obey and put the matter to a test; so we were baptized and confirmed as members of the church.

But I soon found out that this did not satisfy the cravings of my soul; for no certain knowledge had come to me as yet, and I could not truthfully say; 'I know this is the work of God,' and without being able to do this I should never be satisfied. Husks would not do any more. Nothing but the sincere milk of the word could satisfy me now. Feeling in this way I gave my mind entirely to fasting and prayer, and it was not long before I had a peculiar dream.

I dreamed that I met a tall, well-dressed man who shook hands very cordially with me and said: 'God is well pleased with what you have done.' At once it flashed into my mind that this was Joseph Smith, the prophet. He told me to be very careful; for there were many snares for the Saints. He said I would have a hard, hard road to travel and my faith would be tried as by fire.

My mind was still on the points that troubled me, and I asked him: 'Should there be prophets and apostles in the church?' He told me to look, and upon looking I saw the appearance of an iron pillar, the body of which was about as thick as that of a furnace. It was full of little wheels; and a man, with something of a glittering nature in his hand, was going among those wheels.

I looked in wonder and asked what the pillar meant, for I had not seen it there before.

The man answered; 'You will see many things that will seem new to you, but if you cultivate faith in God you will be able to understand these pillars. There are twelve of them, and see how this one is towering toward heaven. If it was not for these the world would not stand.'

I asked: 'What is that man doing, continually going around among the wheels?'

He answered: 'Should that man cease to pour oil on the wheels continually, the wheels would stop. That is the oil of the Holy Spirit.'

In the morning, after I had this dream I went to see the elder who had baptized us. He lived quite near, and I wanted to talk over my curious dream with him. I do now remember that he have me any explanation of it, but he asked if I would know the man who had talked with me in the dream should I see him again.

Without the least hesitation I answered: 'Yes; I would know him among a thousand.'

'Well,' he said, 'I cannot produce the man just now, but I have some pictures here; let us look at them,' and he opened a drawer of the table near to which we sat and took from it quite a number of pictures of Young Joseph,' one of each of the Twelve, and some others whose names I don't remember.

He showed them to me one after another, just as they happened to come to his hand. When he came to the last one, I said immediately 'That is the man.'

A smile passed over his face and he answered: 'That is a picture of our martyred prophet, Joseph Smith.'

For a time I felt better satisfied, and upon many occasions I rejoiced with joy unspeakable. The would come the clouds of despondency, brought out of clearer skies by the cares and perplexities of the present life, and it seemed that it took me a long, long time to learn the fact that even the Saints are not exempt from the trials of this life, that the peace Christ promised to leave with them - to give them - was not the peace of this world. His words were: 'In the world you shall have tribulation, but in me peace.'

In my times and days of rejoicing, when in full possession of that peace which faith in the restored gospel brought me, how little I thought that soon I should be brought to pass through trials, that bitter agony of spirit, would be brought upon the fold of God by our false shepherds.

About this time my father and oldest brother died, both on the same day. Naturally, it was a sad event for me, one I could ill have borne had not God in his great mercy brought me to a knowledge of the gospel of his Son, and had he not sustained me by the Comforter. Not long after this, I visited my island home for the last time. Mother felt that I had disgraced the family by becoming a Latter Day Saint, and she forbade my talking anything about my faith in the presence of the children; but my grandmother, who was living with her, and tough blind, was quite strong, and who, as in all Scotch families, took much interest in family affairs, wanted to hear me.

She said; 'Let the child speak, Catherine, the little time she is with us. I like to hear her talking. It's more like gospel truth than anything I have heard yet, and it's nothing but pure scripture she gives you. You must not kick against the pricks.'

The people of the Baptist Church had sent to the island a large and expensive stone to mark father's grave. I had not brought my two little boys with me and did not stay very long. My youngest sister went home with me and joined the church; my oldest living brother never worshiped with the Baptist church again. Had an elder of our church been there, I think a number would have been Baptized, but at that time there were among the Saints but one elder who spoke the Gaelic language, and he had been sent farther north. Could he have been sent to Tiree, I think many would have obeyed the gospel.

I was at home again with my husband and two dear little boys, but it was not long before the children were attacked by whooping cough, and my second boy, Duncan, died. His father was sick at the time and could not go to the funeral, but the little body was carried very tenderly by the Saints, among whom were seven of our elders.

This respect shown to us in our time of sorrow was a great comforter to me; for I knew it was a tribute of the love we as Saints cherished for one another, the sign by which all men should know we are Disciples of Christ. I needed comfort at this time, for, in addition to the loss of my child, which was a great grief to be borne, my husband's sickness left upon me the entire support of our little family. I was surely willing enough, and God not only gave me the strength to work but he sent me the work to do.

About this time an epidemic of cholera broke out in the city of Glasgow. Whole families were attacked with it and were swept to their graves in a few hours. I saw cart loads of bodies being taken from the hospital to be dumped into large holes all together, as there was not time to dig separate graves for so many. I had an aunt whose husband was captain of the Clyde Steamers. He was going to Australia with his family of wife and eleven children, and they were waiting in a hotel for his boat to sail, when suddenly the whole family was seized with the plague.

The father and six of the children were taken to one hospital and the wife and the remaining children were taken to another. The mother and the children with her recovered, but she never again saw her husband or any of the children that went with him, and she never knew where father or children were buried. I often wondered how life could be endured under such awful and bitter bereavements.

I, too, was attacked by the plague, but the result was very different from that which I have related. Obeying the advice of James, the elders of the church were sent for. One was met in the street, coming from his day's work in the coal mine. Without waiting to wash his hands, he came just as he was, fearing I would be dead before he arrived; but I was not, and he anointed me with consecrated oil and tried to put some of it in my mouth; then he prayed, placing his hand on my head. Immediately the cramps left me, and before his hands were taken from my head I was fast asleep.

The elder waited until I awoke after sleeping two hours; the pain was now in my head, and I asked him to anoint my head; he did so, and I was well from that hour. Oh, how thankful I felt, and my heart was lifted in most sincere praise to God from whom all



blessings flow. This was another fulfilling of the promise; 'They shall lay hands upon the sick, and they shall recover.'

Things now moved smoothly and quietly for a time until one evening an infidel lecturer came into the neighbourhood, and some of the Saints who wished to talk with him brought him to our house, as it was the nearest. My husband was among those who brought him. I had never before heard one of his kind talk, and you may believe I did not like it. He blasphemed the God of the Jews until it made my very heart tremble, and I thought no one had any right to bring such a man to one's house.

As I was thinking these thoughts, it seemed as if someone was standing at my back and placing his hands under my arms as though to raise me to my feet, while a voice whispered: 'Arise and rebuke.' I looked up quickly thinking some one was trying to play a trick on me I arose and moved my chair back against the wall so no one could get at my back. But no sooner had I seated myself again than the same thing was repeated, and I began to think it was desire that I should do something. At the same time the thought went through my mine that I must not.

My husband was there, and he was an elder, and there were teachers present also. Now then, could I, only a lay member, and a woman at that, do anything like rebuking, when officers of the church heard and were silent! But the voice spoke again to me: 'Arise and rebuke. You are in your own house. It is your stronghold or castle.' Upon this I arose, and the same hands I had felt before upheld me until I said all I had to say, or which I had received from another source; for I know I did not speak, but someone spoke through me. I said things I did not know and did not myself understand at that time.

I was so warm that the perspiration was dropping from my face, and yet I felt so comfortable and happy. Those in the house who heard me were very much surprised, because this was the first testimony I had every borne before the elders, and it was a strong one. Those present testified that there was a circle of light around the place where I sat, and from this light came the warmth I felt. As for the lecturer, he simply looked dumbfounded and said he never again would speak against the God of the Jews.

After all had gone and Jay and the children were in bed, I sat meditating on what had passed, and I felt a weakness coming over me whole thought went through my head that I had done something wrong; that I had spoken things I did not know for myself but only by the testimony of others. I went down on my knees and prayed earnestly to my heavenly guide to aid me in the struggle and reveal himself to me as he had done to others, so that I might speak his name with a knowledge of my own.

Suddenly while I was thus praying ( I do not know whether in the body or out of it) I seemed to be outside of the house, and the same one who had whispered to me before was beside me and told me to look up. Looking up, I saw a cloud coming down from the sky, gradually descending. I looked with wonder and awe, seeing the cloud coming toward where I was standing. It was different in colour from the sky, clearer and more transparent, not pure but verging more on a beautiful blue, the loveliest colour I have ever seen.

The cloud came near enough for me to see two personages of the size and form of two well-dressed men. I could not discern their features, nor could I tell what kind of clothes they wore, but they seemed darker than the cloud. After a brief time one of them lifted one of his hands and placed it on the other's back, while with his other hand he pointed upward, as our elders do in baptizing, and said; 'This is my beloved Son, hear ye him.' Then the two in the cloud sang: 'God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform.'

They sang the whole verse, and when it came to the repetition (for I knew it well) I joined in, my voice mingling with the voices of those in the cloud. Then Jay called me by name, asking, 'Who is that singing?'

To find out how much he knew of what had happened I answered; 'I was.'

'There were more than you,' he said, 'and that singing was outside.'

I did not know exactly what to think. Here was an instance of getting immediate answer to prayer and enough to strengthen my faith and to help me to live closer to God than ever before. But I kept these things to myself and Jay, with the exception of our presiding elder. It thought that was enough to know it, for I never liked to make a great display of anything.

I had a great deal to go through to learn to be obedient. One might think that such favours were shown me by our heavenly Father would keep me humble before him, but those outward signs seem more like guests. They come and visit us, and when they are away one feels lonely, and it would take continual revelation to keep the mind satisfied in this way; hence it is wisdom in Him who knows what is best for us to keep us in the school of experience until we learn to cultivate the practice the principles that are revealed to us in the word.

By doing this faithfully we improve the attributes and faculties he implanted in us, waiting with patience his own due time. And it is only then that we will come and take up his abode with us and our souls will be illumined by the light that will not leave us but, like a spring of living water, will flow in prosperity or in adversity.

We know it is essential, and when we learn to acknowledge his hand in all things we shall cease to complain, knowing that if we expect to be like our master when he comes we must learn to be like him here, before we can claim brotherhood with him. If every time we pass through trials and grief we could remember that these are as necessary to our welfare hereafter, or even more so, than ease our joy, it would be well for us.

I found out these things by putting into practice what I did know. I would not for a moment have you suppose I think I know it all. Far from it, but I do know I am in God's school, and I trust I am learning a little here and there, and if I lap on the progressive scale, I must be borne upward.

This is my trust and hope, that I may be found faithful even if a little. But I must go back to the times when I did not see those things so clearly. If I had, I should have been spared some trouble.

*He knows the bitter weary way,  
The endless striving day by day,  
The souls that weep, the souls that pray.  
He knows!*

*He knows how hard the fight hath been,  
The clouds that come our lives between.  
The wounds the world hath never seen  
He knows!*

*He knows when faint and word we sink;  
How deep the pain, how near the brink  
Of dark despair we pause and shrink.  
He knows!*

*Boston Transcript*

## CHAPTER VI HER AIN COUNTRIE

[In beginning this chapter, I find an explanatory note necessary in relation to the time when certain events happened. Miriam herself seems to have taken ‘small note of time,’ for in all she wrote very few dates were given. But we come now to a place where dates are important in order that the reader be not misled in the historical circumstances which are of grave importance to the fair fame of our church. Personally I regret that the detestable subject of polygamy must be mentioned. But it came into the world by the action of man or men, inspired by the prince of darkness; and those who introduced it claimed Joseph Smith, Sr.<sup>1</sup> as its author and sent it abroad to the grief and horror of not Miriam alone but thousands of other honest-hearted, honourable, God-fearing men and women. It was not until Joseph Smith had lain many years in a martyr’s grave that the document claiming to be a revelation given to Joseph Smith, Sr., from God was promulgated, printed and sent abroad. To be more definite, Joseph Smith was killed June 27, 1844. The document was first published at Salt Lake City, August 29, 1852.

Some years later the eldest son of Joseph Smith, Sr, met these men (or some of them) in Salt Lake City, Utah, and demanded proof of what they claimed. In concluding his challenge to them he said, ‘Prove my father to have been the medium through whom the document came, or have you practiced the doctrine contained therein, and then what? You have simply proved him to have been a fallen prophet.’

M. Walker, Reviser]

Now to return to Miriam and her story, It was not very long after I had that vision until the doctrine of plurality of wives was published in the Millennial Star, our own church

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<sup>1</sup> The man referred to as Joseph Smith, Sr. by M. Walker is now more commonly called Joseph Smith, Jr. and was the founder of the church and ‘the martyr’. His father is called Joseph Smith, Sr, in current writings, and his son, Joseph Smith III. M. Smith Graham.

paper. It had for some time been asserted in all the papers of the day that this was being practiced in Utah, but the elders had denied it, claiming that it was falsehood put out by our enemies, and we believed them until it came in print in our own paper as being a revelation from God.

Now I could see the necessity of the vision in which I had been commanded to hear the Son of God. I need not, and I cannot, tell the wrath, pain and suffering of that time, and even to this day I cannot bear to think of how I suffered. For a time if any of the Saints came to my house the first thing I did was to ask: 'Do you believe that doctrine?' If there was any hesitation in the answer, they must go. They could not stay in the same house with me. It was the first thing that caused me to lose my balance. They said to my husband and me: 'You be cut off the church and have the curse that belongs to all apostles.' But we thought any curse would be better than polygamy.

Here I was, in worse condition than ever. All the joy, hope and comfort that made my life worth anything at all was gone. I had never once complained in all the losses and crosses that I had had in the things of this world, looking forward to the glorious time when all things would run to their own level. You must know that this was misery!

[Oh Miriam! Miriam! Why have you so soon forgotten the direct instruction God was pleased to give you in the vision? And not to you only, but to many others to whom he had spoken, 'This is my beloved Son. HEAR YE HIM.' Then let us listen to him and refuse at all times to believe anything that CONFLICTS with what he has taught, even though spoken by an angel from heaven. Listen now to Jesus:

'And the Pharisees also came to him [Jesus], tempting him and saying unto him, Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause? And he answered and said unto them, Have ye not read, that he which made them at the beginning made them male and female, and said, For this cause shall a man leave father and mother and shall cleave unto his wife and they twain shall be one flesh?'

-Matthew 19:3-5

'There shall not any many among you have save it be one wife; and concubines he shall have none.'

Book of Mormon, Jacob 2:36.

How much of heart sorrow and bitter anguish would have been spared you then how much we would all be spared if in times of doubt and sorrow we looked to our Saviour and remembered his words.]

But time tries all things, and time caused me to take a more sensible view of this subject. I began to pray again, and in a short time I had a dream that I will tell you, as it may prove of interest; though I regard it only as a dream.

I thought that my brother John, who was buried the same day as my father, came into the room where I was. I, remembering, instantly this fact, called out gladly to him: 'Oh John, tell me, is that revelation about wives from God?'

He did not answer whether it was or was not, but said: 'You burned all your books and have given up going to America. Now I come to tell you, you must replace the books and go to America.' He said God was merciful and his judgements not what you and I

were taught to believe – but, he continued ‘Though hand join in hand, the sinner will not escape punishment.’

By this time I noticed that his clothes were damp, and I asked him how he fared since he left us. He told me he was better than he ever was in this world, but he was waiting to get baptism for the dead, adding, ‘You are the one who had to attend to that, and don’t you forget it.’

I asked him to sit down and dry his clothes, for he had been standing during all our talk.

He answered, ‘No, I have no more time, I must go. It is your fault that I am wet. I had to go through the river, and If I could not swim I could not come.’;

This set me to study afresh among many confusing notions and ideas. Yet this was only a dream. But I found that men of old had been warned by dreams, and I must not make light of it if it was God’s way. Who was I to refuse to reject the very thing I was so anxious to know? I did surely burn the books, as if they were at fault, but until that time I never found out that the lion was lying dormant in my nature. Now I found the lion was there as well as the lamb, and how to get them to agree, being in such close proximity to each other, was a problem hard to solve.

However, we left the church and that place and moved to another part of the city where we could not easily be found; and then began our bad luck as we call it. I lost another boy of four years and a girl six years old. My husband had lung fever and was not able to work for fifteen months. There was no one near who belonged to us upon whom we might call in case of need. I was working night and day at one of those large warehouse that take foreign orders, which kept me in plenty of work. I took work home to do at night by gas light until I could not see, and what to do then was a mystery.

Jay, by this time was able to go around, and saw an advertisement in one of the papers calling for reapers and offering one guinea a week and board. This was near Edinborough, forty miles from Glasgow, and the doctors thought that if he had a change of air there might be a chance for him, although they had given him up to die long before and told me I would be a young widow. But I am old now and not a widow yet.

We went and took our eldest boy, Sam, with us, leaving the youngest, two years old with a good neighbour. There were all sorts of people working there – Irish, and Highland Scotch. Remember that we are now in the lowlands of Scotland, where all manner of work is going on – commerce from every nation and factories of every description.

This place where we were working was one of the great estates that gentlemen have in these countries. I worked but a few days when I was taken sick. No one thought I would get well. Whether I would or not, the doctor had come, and the lady herself came to see me once each day.

During the time that I was so bad, my little boy of seven years was sitting one day by the roadside fixing his flowers – there were plenty of them – when the owner himself came along and asked the boy what he was going to do with the flowers.

‘I am going to take them to mother,’ said Sam. ‘She is sick, and she likes them.’

I supposed the child thought he was doing something wrong, but the man sympathized with him. My boy was very pretty and well dressed, and I suppose that was the reason he noticed him. Or was it because he looked different from the rest of the children that were there?

The gentleman took him by the hand and asked him if he knew who made him. Sam answered every question until the man was surprised that one so young was so well informed in the scriptures. He then asked Sam if he could read, and when Sam answered that he could read the New Testament, the man asked, ‘You have been to school?’

‘No Sir,’ answered the child; ‘I was never was.’

‘Who taught you to read about these things?’ asked the man.

‘Mother did,’ said Sam.

‘You must have a good mother,’ commented the man. ‘Where do you come from?’

Sam told him that mother belonged to the Highlands but that we were stopping in Glasgow until we came here. Mr. Innes, that was the gentleman’s name, went right to the Highlanders to ask them about who I was, for he thought I should not be there, and they told him. Mr. Innes proved to be the very man who used to send missionaries’ salaries to them and was one of those who had ordained father. His wife was still corresponding with mother, and as soon as I could be moved I was taken to the big house.

I was not long in getting well, for such care and nursing, I never got better before or after. In two weeks I wanted to go out to the reaping again, thinking it was a shame to be so much trouble, but they would not hear to that. The child also was with me, and they would not let him go near the other children any more. Mrs. Innes assured me that Mr. Innes would keep my time for me all the same, so I need not be in a hurry.

‘Oh,’ I said, ‘I will not take that. I have been enough trouble without that.’

‘But,’ she said, ‘he does that for all who get sick on the estate, and you would not have him change. No one can keep him from doing good. Do you know that he sold the largest estate he had for the gospel?’

I knew this long ago when I found out who he was.

‘Now will you stay with me,’ Mrs. Innes said, ‘and if you can, do some light sewing?’ It was now that I told her I had lost my eyesight and could not thread a needle. How

sorrowful she looked! She shed tears, but went off and got me some spectacles. I had never thought of them before, but now I could see and was glad.

I did some fine work for her and stayed there until harvest was over. They wanted us to remain with them. Jay would have easy, steady work, and neither the children nor I would ever need to put out our hand to a stranger, but Jay would not hear to that. He said he would get no sport there - they were too religious for him. So we left with a promise to let her know our address and to come to see her again. We had much talk about everything, especially the scriptures. I did not hide my views, although I would not tell them now that I ever belonged to the Latter Day Saints. Yet I would point out some scriptural doctrine that the church of Christ ought to have before it could ever claim a semblance to the church of Christ. They thought I was father's own daughter. If they had known where I got this education, they would not have listened.

When we left, Mrs. Innes made up a parcel for me and said, 'This will help you on your way.' I had to take it, for she said I had earned it, and more. Jay received double pay.

We went home to Glasgow and made a good trip after all. I could see, now, with my glasses. The parcel was large, and when I opened it there were nice presents for all of us - and money. We were not poor now, for were the kind that could enjoy the present, letting the future take care of itself.

When we were half way to Edinborough, we came too where they were sinking new shafts and opening new works. Jay said, 'I am not going to work on the Clyde anymore; I always get cold there. I'll ask for work here.' So he got work from the Saints who had that shaft leased. No one was working in that shaft but Latter Day Saints. They engaged Jay at five shillings a day or shift. That was the best wages he had made in Scotland, and it is only \$1.25 in the money of this country. You see the small wages they make cause the women to work. They must help, or they will have little to eat and nothing with which to clothe themselves.

Jay was now among the Saints and liked them well. When he had been working there about a week, he told them he had belonged to their church at one time, until polygamy came and ruined it all. He brought some of the Saints to talk to me, and oh, by this time I was glad to see some one who would talk about the principles that were so dear to my heart. In spite of all, I loved those who were struggling for eternal life. These men were good and sober, mostly vegetarians and I was now beginning to take a more sober view of things.

I remember reading in Joseph's history that was running through the Star weekly, that young Joseph had been appointed to lead the church, and that one time his father laid his hand on Joseph's head saying to those with him, 'This is your leader.'

These things were dawning on my mind when I became acquainted with these Saints and refreshed my memory. They advised me not to meet evil half way. They said the principle I objected to was not in practice here, and we might never be bothered with it. We were told to take things easy, to have faith, and if the leaders went wrong God would remove them. We were looking, too for the promise of God in young Joseph and when he would put things right,

I found that these people were not satisfied any more than I was myself, and I longed for the company of the Saints so much that I was lonely in a crowd. I told them I believed all but that one abominable thing, and If they thought I was fit to take communion with them while feeling that way I might join them and wait for the time to come when I could believe that doctrine. I said, 'If it is of God, I know I will.'

They answered, 'Those that are weak in the faith receive ye,' and on that footing I joined again. Jay joined too.

We got along smoothly for one year; then our eldest boy, Sam, was taken down with smallpox. It came as every other contagious disease comes in that country, like a plague, sweeping whole families away. The folks next to us lost all their children - three in one day. I sent for one of the American elders, named Buncker, but he would not come. For that reason I would not send for the native elders, for I imagined that he should have the most faith. The children looked very bad. He was one solid black mass, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, and his eyes seemed to be pushed out of their sockets. At last the doctor told me to give up my boy, for if he did live he would be blind.

This put me to thinking. I would send for our own elders, for I had confidence that they were faithful and would come. Four of them came and anointed him, laid hands on him, and prayed for him. You must understand that I sent for these elders so that they would pray to the Father to take my boy out of the suffering he was going through, for I had lost children that did not suffer half as much as he did. The elders prayed and pronounced health and strength and the blessings of the gospel on the child. He was eight years old, and hard as it was to part with him I made up my mind that I would give him up to God rather than see him suffer with no hope of recovery.

When the elder turned toward me, he noticed that I was not pleased. He thought I would be glad to hear what he had been given him to say. 'What is the matter?' he asked.

'Matter enough,' I answered. 'You only ask God to keep him in misery longer. You know he is not going to get better, and I did not send for you to keep him in agony longer.'

The man looked at me, and I felt a rebuke in his look as he said, 'I did not come here to say the words you wanted me to say, nor my own word. I said what I got to say from the Spirit, and your child will get well.'

The elders left, and in a few moments Sam asked for a tart. I could hardly believe my ears until I asked him if he had spoken.

'Yes! I want a tart.' He said.

His eyes opened. 'Do you see me?' I asked.

'Yes!' he answered.



Then I ran for the elders whom I found on the street talking. I told them, and they came back with me. They lifted objects for Sam to name before they could believe he could see. He is living to this day in spite of my unbelief.

A few days after that the other two were taken, and then I began to be afraid, for I was fleshy, weighing two hundred pounds, and the pox is harder upon those who have so much flesh. The little baby had it on her tongue, and when she would take the breast in her mouth, I could feel shivers going all through me. I got the fever and I told Jay to send me to hospital, for no one could work with me. I had no relative, and the Saints had sick ones in their own homes. But I also told him he must send for the elders before I went, for I did not think I would ever get better. There was only one elder who would come. They were all beginning to get afraid, He administered to me, and I never before heard such a prayer. One thing he said I shall never forget: 'We will not take a denial at thy hand this time, Oh Lord.'

I was healed. When the doctor came in the morning to take me to the hospital, I was waiting on my children. He was the most surprised man I ever saw. That was the second miracle that man had seen in my family.

He acknowledged that we folks had some power, whether it was from God or the Evil One. I said, 'It cannot come from evil, and you must know that when the result is good it is the opposite to evil.'

'It must be so,' he answered. 'You folks will need no doctor soon if you carry on that way.'

Still, I lost Johnny, three years old, at that time. This made four of my dear ones gone before me.

It may seem strange that our heavenly Father did not see fit to save the life of Johnny, as he had spared that of Sam. I will tell you the circumstances, and you will understand why I was more deeply grieved that I otherwise might have been, for self-accusation always makes the trouble harder to bear.

Johnny was not taken severely sick as were the others. He was covered in pocks but was up that morning and had eaten breakfast with his father before the latter went to work. Because he seemed to be getting on so well, we had not thought it necessary to have him administered to. After eating he went to his bed again.

About half past ten he called, 'Mother, I want to be lifted.' I took him up in my arms, and he put his hands around my neck and his feet around my waist and snuggled his head on my shoulder. This was the way he liked best to have me hold him, and I thought he was better. But no sooner had he got in that position that his little body was shaken with one convulsive spasm, and then all was still. I could not loosen the grip of his little hands around my neck, nor his feet from my waist, and there was no one in the house to help me. I went to the window to look into the street, hoping to see some one who would take pity on me and help me, but everyone, except those who had had this disease was afraid to come near.

It was half past twelve before help came. I saw a woman coming down the street who had had the disease (as I could tell from her pockmarked face), and I called to her. She was an Irish Catholic woman and answered my call for help. When she came in and saw the condition I was in and learned that it had been two hours in the same fix unable to get help, she lifted her hands in horror, and I do not think she left a single saint in the catalogue uncalled to for aid, praying them to help us. The she helped me unloosed the cold hands and feet of my baby and laid him on his own little bed. She stayed with me until after the funeral. I learned that her name was Green. She was a poor working-woman but a veritable friend to me in time of need.

I had now only two children – Sam, my oldest, and a baby seven months old. We were getting along nicely, so far as things of the world are concerned, and enjoying the society of the Saints, and they were surely a great help in this time of sore perplexity and doubts.

Three years passed away, and I was at times beginning to think I was too selfish to ever enjoy the celestial glory about which there was so much talk. If it were not for the celestial wives! I could endure anything else! But if it were God's commandment, as the elders from America said it was, how could I be saved without obeying. It was the elders from American who were doing this teaching. The native elders never touched on that subject. They were forbidden to say anything about it.

Then I remembered that Jesus had said, 'In my father's house are many mansions.' And I thought and said to them, 'If I am not worthy of celestial glory, I might be found worthy to dwell in one of these.'

They answered that I would not gain a crown nor a throne. I said this did not in the least trouble me, for I cared not for such things. The value of money to me was the need of it or good I could do with it, but to be loaded down with diamonds would not give me one moment's pleasure. It was love I wanted, the love of my Saviour and his approval of me, and the association with his Saints and those I loved and who loved me in return with the same undivided affection I gave to them.

'I can never expect to have this in your celestial kingdom, and so I will keep away from it,' I said.

'But,' they said, 'you will have no one to love, or to love you. You will be only a servant to those who obey the law.'

Then the vision in which God had appeared to me and commanded me, as he pointed to his beloved Son, 'Hear ye him,' would come to my aid, and I was determined that I would do nothing that was not commanded my Him.

Besides this I had another reason for not believing the men that were teaching the doctrine. I knew most of them personally, and among them were Orson Pratt, John Taylor, James Moore, Samuel Young, George Cannon, and others whose names I do not now recall. All of these, until the revelation came out in print, had denied that any such state of things existed, and looked one squarely in the face while they told the lie. This destroyed my confidence in them, and although they tried to give plausible

reasons for doing this I was not prepared to believe that God justified lying, especially in men sent forth to preach his gospel of truth.

I cannot tell you how I felt. Many like ourselves were still holding on like drowning men to a straw, waiting for the fulfilment of the promise of young men, he said, 'You need not look for that. You will never see it, for he is an infidel.'

'Then his father's prophecy will fail,' I answered, 'and we have nothing to depend upon. All is false.'

He then told me that a committee had been sent to Joseph Smith from Brigham Young, offering him the presidency of the church. Joseph would not accept it but said when God wanted him He would call him. He would not accept a call from any man or men.

'Bravo for him,' I said. 'I have faith to believe he will be called.' That answer showed plainly enough that Brigham well knew he was not called to that position. He preached good sermons, and so did all of these men. They were fine doctors - only for the one doctrine.

Three years went by, and the question of plural wives was still unsettled when another came to crown the climax; namely, that Adam was our father and our God with whom we would have to do. This was worse and harder to solve.

Until now we had thought ourselves pretty good Saints, but now we lost all the fabric we had been weaving for so long, and we looked for something worthy of our worship. Where now was the eternal life we had cherished the hope of getting? We did not know whom we were worshipping.

I did not know that Joseph had been called and chosen as the earthly head of the church, or I should not have been so troubled and should not have suffered so much because of the false doctrines heard. When will God's people learn to refuse to listen even to an Angel from heaven, if he teaches contrary to His word. In the midst of my perplexity I still had the faith that I should live to see the day of Joseph's presidency of the church, even if I had to go through the mill of adversity.

Time went on, and the elders who were with us instructed us to take plenty of medicine to keep the blood clear, and we would not need to call upon the Lord to do for us what we could do for ourselves. This indicates that they knew that had lost the power they once had from God and wished to conceal it from us.

As a church they were rejected as soon as the reorganization was effected and Young Joseph was ordained and took his father's place. Even in Scotland the change was soon apparent. Trouble arose in the branch where before kindness and love had prevailed, and the branch soon was broken up, and its members were scattered. We went back to Glasgow.

I did not go to see Mrs Innes, neither did I write to her; for I did not like to be pitied and helped. Work kept me in health, and when I did not work I studied conditions and circumstances. I could not endure the misery of reviewing all the perplexities and

thraldoms I had passed through. When I was blessed with faith and the pure unsullied gospel, all other troubles were as nothing, but when the light faded I groped in the darkness and all was confusion.

We were as sheep without a shepherd, or perhaps more like the people Paul found on Mars' Will; we did not know what we were worshipping or trying to worship. It seems to me now that I was more troubled than any of the rest. I know I felt my own unrest more keenly than I could possibly feel another's, and what I felt most deeply was that this doctrine of abomination and darkness was being preached to us by the same men who had first preached to us 'Christ and Him crucified.' The truth of their words when they preached to us that gospel purity had been confirmed by the Holy Spirit, according to the promise of the Scriptures.

How could I reconcile this with their present teachings? I was almost sleepless and could eat but little for weeks from my anxiety over the matter. I could not, and God helping me I never would deny the truth of that Gospel which Christ and Paul had both preached and which God himself had confirmed to me with the gifts and blessings of old - and the doctrine they were now teaching! On my knees I appealed to the one Helper, the one Source of Light and Truth, asking him to send me the comforter to enlighten my mind and to speak peace to my troubled soul!

After many days had passed, in all of which I continued my supplications to God, not only when on my knees but when about my daily household duties as I constantly lifted my heart to him, I opened my eyes one morning just about the dawn of day and saw a man sitting on a chair by my bedside. Though I had not arisen, I was not afraid, though surprised, and I asked, 'Who are you?'

'I am John,' he answered.

Then it suddenly flashed through my mind that it was a messenger sent to me, and I said, 'You came to tell me something. Is Adam our God? Should we worship him and offer up our thanksgiving to him and tell him our sorrows?'

He did not answer this question directly but said, 'You must be patient and faithful to your daily duties. You are on the right way and do not fear that God will ever forsake his faithful children. There is a true leader in Israel now.'

He then arose and took from the table a piece of bread, saying, 'You know how this came to be bread?'

I said, 'Yes.'

He then named all the processes it had gone through, from the bud to the mill; then he said, 'You know all this, but if you gave it to someone who had never seen bread it would be a great mystery to him.'

I said I supposed it would be, and he said, 'That is the very way with you and with many more also, but if you will stop reaching out to know things that are far out of your reach and will attend faithfully to your duties, putting your trust in God and Christ, the day

will come when all these things will be made plain to you, but you must go through the mill and be shifted and tried.' When he had said this, he disappeared.

I never forgot the lesson I had received. There was nothing about the messenger who appeared to me out of the ordinary appearance of a well-dressed man. He wore a light-grey suit, and his hair was white and long, down on his shoulders. I could plainly discern his features, and when I saw the picture of Brother Blair in a group with others it brought my vision to my remembrance.

Some years of life now passed by when, very unexpectedly, my husband had a chance to go to Nova Scotia on a government ship. His going was so sudden that none of our people could be informed of it until after he had sailed, but some kind friend (?) wrote mother that Jay had left me, and my youngest brother came to take me and the children home with him.

I explained to my brother how Jay had come to go so hurriedly and that he was going to send for us, as I wished very much to go to America. He could not believe, however, that Jay ever would save enough money to send for us, and he would not leave me. Finally, I promised to go home with him if Jay did not return or send money for us within a year.

Even then, in his faithfulness, he said he would stay and take care of us in Jay's absence, that we might not want for anything, or have the tongue of scandal directed against us while husband and father were away. To this I consented, for I was confident Jay would send money or come back for us.

It was seven months before a letter came from him. He had travelled from Nova Scotia to Boston and through parts of seven States, not able to find work at his trade. At last he tried the coal mines, his first week's work being up the Allegheny River above Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Before the end of the eleventh month of the specified year, he sent money for me and our three children to go to him.

My oldest son, Sam, was now in his eighteenth year. Don was four, and my girl was seven. My youngest child, two years old, had left before her father left for America. All of the children I had lost, I had nursed from two to six years. I was leaving behind five little graves, but I did not think of my dear ones as being there, for the faith of the blessed gospel of Christ assured me of their existence in another and better sphere than this, and I look forward to a fond reunion with them in a time not far distant.

I left homeland, friends, and kindred, never expecting to see them again in this world, but God knows I continued to love them; and that love never will grow cold, and my heart never will cease to cherish their memory fondly as in the days when we dwelt together on dear Tiree our island home. I shall never cease to pray to God to forgive any wrong they may have done me.

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Here the pen of Miriam is laid aside, and the dew facts we have of her later life come to us through her children who still survive her and who each month await with eagerness the coming to them of the brief sketch of her life from her own pen, of the existence of

which they have only recently become apprised. This is what they have contributed as the close of her life story.

Dear Sister Walker: In answer to your recent questions regarding events in the life of our dear, departed mother, I will now try.

Her lonely sea voyage ended when she landed in New York on the first day of May, 1867. They were met there by a husband and father and together they went to a town in Armstrong County, Pennsylvania, then called Nonticello. It was not then a large place, but the coal mines offered profitable employment until they removed to another town, the name of which has since been changed.

In 1872 they moved to Minersville, a place only two miles from Syracuse, Ohio, where they found a branch of the Reorganized Church and they were rebaptized by the father of Brother T. Williams. This was a time of rejoicing for Miriam, and to the day of her death her faith and enthusiasm in the work of the gospel knew no abatement. All who knew her will testify that she was a bright and shining light in the church. The many wonderful testimonies she had received, added to the steadfast consistency of her daily walk and conversation, made her a great help in the work of the Master.

I have never seen anyone more interested in telling the gospel story, and no one was ever with her long, without having a chance to hear it. Her knowledge of the scriptures as well as her familiarities with many of our best authors was an inspiration to all who are striving to 'come up higher.'

About two years before her death she had a slight stroke of paralysis, and shortly after it her mind turned to the home of her childhood and dwelt upon each scene of its beauty so much that it grew into a great heart longing to visit once more her island home.

The desire grew so strong that it seemed impossible to banish it from her thoughts by day or night.

This caused her family many anxious hours, because they were not able to gratify her longing, and neither would her strength have been equal to the long journey. But one night as she slept, God send her a most beautiful vision of the home Christ was preparing for her, the loveliness of which so far exceeded that of her childhood that joy and gratitude filled her heart to overflowing, and she awakened to find her cheeks bathed in tears of regret that one longing thought had ever been given to her earthly home.

From that hour this great desire to see her childhood home was banished from her and the peace of God took its place. There came a day when she fell asleep in Jesus, the preparer of her heavenly home, the beauty and glory of which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have they entered into the heart of man.

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We close this story, which has found its way into the hearts of many, with a poem by our sister, Vida E. Smith.

*The 'bonnie Scotch lassie'  
Is nearing life's end,  
Far, far from her 'ain countree'  
And she longs for the place  
Of her homeland's rough grace,  
Tiree, the pearl of the sea.*

*In this land I am far  
From my own mountain home,  
And my old eyes are hungry to see  
The heather on heights,  
Where long days and short nights  
It watches in beauty for me.*

*Tw'as a long way I journeyed  
And a long day I toiled  
For the children around my tired knee,  
There were times when my heart  
With wild longing will start,  
Tiree! It is calling for me!*

*This temple of clay,  
I have worn it with joy;  
Tiree, thou gav'st it to me!  
How I would it were strong  
For a short time or long,  
That my homeland again I might see.*

*But what is this vision, o angel of light.  
Fair and strong, that thou bringest to me?  
Tiree! Tiree! Thou home of my youth!  
Oh, it never, it never can be!  
Tiree, it was lovely, but this is sublime,  
This vision thou showest to me.*

*Who art thou, O messenger  
Fair as the light,  
That you smile on me thus tenderly?  
Do you know how long  
For the sea salt and strong  
And the sight of my 'ain countree'*

*And this! What is this - this vision most fair,  
And this untroubled, sunlighted sea?  
What sounds touch my ear?  
What perfumes are here?  
Thou sayest this place is for me?*

*In the home of my Father are mansions most fair,  
And this has been builded for thee;  
That home of my Father, the home that I left,  
I'm forbidden to show or to tell;  
The wonderful thing I was sent to prepare,  
As well as the message of love I declare,  
Were unlocked by the keys of pain and despair,  
Obtained at the portals of hell,  
And until the day when my work is complete,  
And the kingdom perfected I lay at his feet,  
And meet the redeemed at my Lord's judgment seat,  
Thou pilgrim, God bless and farewell'*

*Oh, land of Tiree, my child-home beloved,  
Ye live in my fond memory!  
Ye are dear as love's word,  
But this isle of my lord,  
It is calling for me.*

*Oh ancient enchantment and legend and lore,  
Go back to your dark, northern sea;  
I weep ye no more,  
For serene is the shore  
My lord is preparing for me.*

*I doubt not his goodness,  
I trust in his word,  
I leave, Lord, my way all to thee;  
'Twas the gospel ye sent  
And the life that ye spent  
That prepared this new homeland for me.*