

ZION'S TRUMPET,

OR

Star of the Saints.

No. 5.]

MARCH 3, 1855.

[VOL. VIII.

OBSERVATIONS,

By President Heber C. Kimball, September 17, 1854.

IT is some time since I spoke to this congregation, and it is with me as it probably is with many others, the longer I sit, and the less I say, the more I am troubled with fear. Is it the fear of God? No; It is a kind of a fear of the world,—a fear of man. Now there is scarcely a person but what has more or less of these feelings at times. I recollect often hearing Brother Joseph Smith say that many times his legs trembled like Belshazzar's when he got up to speak before the world, and before the Saints.

I have received instructions through the account brother Staines has given, although he could not relate all the experience he has had since he came into this Church some twelve or fourteen years ago. If he could remember it all, and relate it, his experience would be worth our closest attention. It is good, and I have been interested with it. I am interested with everything that is good; and in fact, I am interested with a great many things which are not so very good, for there is nothing that I see on earth or in the heavens but what interests me, and gives me an experience. When I see a man take the wrong road,—the road which leads to death, it is an experience to me, and it opens my eyes to shun that path. And we are taught, that if a

man will not learn by precept, or by example, he has to learn by what he suffers. By seeing the bad example of another I can shun that path, and escape the difficulties he goes into. Of course, his experience is quite a schoolmaster to me; for if I do not take that road, I do not suffer the inconvenience he does.

During my whole course from the day I first heard of Mormonism, more than twenty years ago, I have never had but one desire, and that is to do what I am counseled, it matters not to me whether it be by the voice of God, or by the voice of his servants, it is all the same with me. When we go forth as the servants of God, we are inspired by the Holy Ghost, and the Holy Ghost will speak the truth, and that is the word of God,—it is the revelation of Jesus Christ, and it is the voice of God to us.

When He commands us to go forth and preach his word, and declare his Gospel, faith, and repentance, and baptism for the remission of sins, with the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, He says it is the same as though it were spoken by His own voice, and the same condemnation will rest upon the world, and upon those people who hear it and do not abide it, and keep it, and walk in it. This is my testimony, and this is the testimony that God has revealed to us as a people. When he sent forth his disciples in His day, he said, “If they will not hear you they will not hear me; and if they will not obey you they will not obey me, and if they will not obey me, they will not obey my Father.” So it is with us, if you will not listen, obey, and practice those things that are laid before you by President Young and his brethren, you would not obey God, if he should speak from the heavens. Why? Because the Almighty has appointed him his delegate, just as much as we have appointed Doct. Bernhisel to be our delegate to *Congress*, to lay before them those things that we want in connection with him. He has not gone to do his own will, but he has gone to do the will of those who have sent him. So it is with President Young. He is our head, he is our President, our Prophet, and Leader, and the Government of the United States has appointed him our Governor. He was before, in a Church capacity. Then his voice to

this people is the voice of God, just as much as was Moses a God, when God called him and set him to preside among the children of Israel. His word was the word of God to that people, and when they did not listen to him, they suffered the penalty. We read there were two-and-twenty thousand fell in one day because of their rebellion. They rebelled against Moses, against his counsel, and against his government, which was of course rebelling against the character who sent him. God sent him and authorized him; and to us President Young is sent, ordained, and appointed by the Almighty, as Joseph's successor, to lead this people. I want the world to know this,—I want the people who come into these valleys and do not believe "Mormonism," to know what we believe. Probably there are but few men in the United States but what know that we look up to President Brigham Young as our leader, Prophet, and revelator. I want you to understand that I actually do, and I believe I have done so to the entire satisfaction of this people. I have proved it by my works from the day I came into the Church until the present time.

Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God, and was sent of God. He had visits from holy angels from the heavens, who authorized him to commit to this nation the Gospel, the plan of salvation and eternal life, which will save every man and woman that believe it, and practice it in their lives,—in their outgoings, and in their incomings. I know it will save them. You have my testimony, and my testimony is true, and you will find it so, every soul of you who will practice it.

We believe this book, (the Bible,) to be an historical account of Jesus Christ, and his Apostles, and his Prophets. We believe it is sacred, and the great majority of this people actually practice it; and there is not a man or woman in this Church, who believe it, but what have been baptized for the remission of their sins, and that too by immersion, being buried with Christ by baptism. This is what they have done, and that enables them, after they have received the laying on of hands, to receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, and they are entitled to a membership in the Church of

Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. If they honor that membership, and are faithful, they will continue in it, not in time only, but in eternity,—worlds without end. These are my feelings, and my determination is to continue to the end.

I am now in my fifty-fourth year; I am a Latter-day Saint, full in the faith, and not only in the faith, but I have a knowledge of the truth of the work. I know that God lives and dwells in the heavens; for I have asked him scores of times, and hundreds of times, for things, and have received them. Is not that a pretty good proof that he hears me, when I ask Him for things and get them; and is not that a proof that he lives, and dwells in the heavens? I think it is. I suppose he dwells there, he could not dwell anywhere else, but in what particular portion he dwells, I do not precisely know, though He is not so far off as many imagine. He is nearby, his angels are our associates, they are with us, and round about us, and watch over us; and take care of us, and lead us, and guide us, and administer to our wants in their ministry, and in their holy calling unto which they are appointed. We are told in the Bible that angels are ministering spirits to minister to those who shall become heirs of salvation.

In fact, I say, look at the unbelieving world, that is a great many of them, they now believe in *spiritual knockings*, *spiritual communications*, and *spiritual rappings*, and they will ask the same spirit for this, and for that; to know this, that, and the other; and, “Won’t you cause that table to kick up its legs, and that chair to dance, and cause a knocking here, and a knocking there?” They believe all this, still they do not believe that God can communicate. And at the same time those that they communicate with are corrupt spirits, and they might know it, and still they say they can speak from the heavens, and communicate this, that, and the other, and tell them where their friends are. If wicked spirits can do this, I want to know, on the same principle, if the righteous have not power to communicate to the children of men? And has not God power to do it? He has. The whole world is now enthusiastic in these things.

I never heard a knocking, or saw a table dance, only as I kicked it myself. I do not want them knocking and dancing around me.

The people of the world do not believe in revelation from God, and they believe that Joseph Smith was a fool to pretend to have revelation direct from heaven, but still they are all engaged in this matter, in getting revelations from evil, corrupt, and comparatively ignorant spirits, and wicked men. Some became spiritual writers by a spirit taking their hand, and writing without their consent. I do not thank any person to take my hand and write without my consent; we do not like such proceedings. We believe they exist, but they are not for us. We receive communications upon another principle, and that is direct from heaven, from God's servants, delegates, or administrators; this is what we believe most devoutly; and we intend to practice our religion, and to be governed by it.

I have no doubt but the gentlemen who have come in this year will discover a difference in the manners and conduct of the people here, when compared with those of the cities from whence we have come. We do not admit of some practices in our city that they admit of in the United States, at least in all of their great cities. We desire to live a *virtuous* and holy life, and do unto others as we wish others to do unto us, and for that reason many of us have been driven from the United States; I say many of us, for a great many who are now here have not been driven here, but have come since we were driven, and we have passed through a great many trials. Brother Staines was speaking about some of them. I was one of the first, in connection with President Young, who came to this valley when it was a desolate region, and we could not even get a *map* from Fremont, nor from any other man, from which to learn the course to this place. I was one who helped to pick out the road. When we started to come here, we had no more provisions with us than those emigrants started with, to whom we have sent flour this season. We had only 112 pounds apiece, and came here with nothing but what was in our wagons, only as we hunted and killed game. When we got to the upper ferry of Platte river, half of our company had not a mouthful of bread. That

would look a little harder to you than the *cricket* time, still there was no grunting, nor murmuring, for it was beyond the grunting point; it would not do any good to find fault; it would not provide buffalo, antelope, deer, nor elk.

I recollect one day, I believe it was on the Platte, brother Brigham said to me,—“Brother Heber, what do you think about it, do you think we shall go any further?” I knew he asked this question to try me. I replied, “I want to go the whole journey, and find some white sandstone, and see what there is in the earth.” There never was a day when I would not go with him until we found a location. I knew there was a place somewhere, though at times the prospect appeared dreary, but here it was on high. It is the best country I ever saw. I have lived in the best portions of the United States, but this country is better. I have lived where Joseph found the plates, and where the angel of the Lord administered to him; it is the heart of the world, but is that place as good as this? No. It does not begin to bring forth wheat, corn, oats, and every other vegetation that the heart desires, like this land. We are going to be comfortable here.

The troops of the United States have come here; see how liberal they have offered for wheat, and not only for wheat, but for oats, barley, corn, potatoes, cheese, chickens, beets, carrots, parsnips, and everything they wish to buy. We do not say so much about the merchants, they have got plenty. You will see how good we will make the transient residents feel this winter.

How comfortable they feel, and rejoice to dwell in the midst of white people. They never thought for a moment we were *white* men and women, but when they came, they found out, to their astonishment, that the people in Utah were quite white, and right from their own country. Bless your souls, we are a free people, it is not a slave country here; still I admit we have to slave pretty hard to raise these fine things. Well now, do not be disheartened; make yourselves comfortable; treat us well, and you shall be treated well, and the best you ever were in your lives; but HANDS OFF. I speak just as I feel. My heart is good, kind, and generous; but there are

lots of men more generous than I am, and again there are lots that are not so much so. All kinds of spirits have all kinds of capacities. There are as many spirits here as you can see persons, for they all have spirits in them; and some are more snappish than others, and some are more liberal, kind, and generous, and more divested of selfishness than others. If that is a fact, it proves to me that you can become just as generous as the most generous. Let us try, and what I say to one Saint I say to all the Saints, and to all people that come into this valley, be generous, be friendly, and be Saints.

We want you to be Saints while you stay here; for you know in the days of the Apostles, when they were among the Romans they did as Romans did; and while you are among the Mormons, do as the Mormons do; be generous, and be white folks. We are *white* folks; a good portion of us were born in the United States, and a great many in Old England, and they are our brethren and sisters. My father came from there, and fought for this country, and sustained it; if he did not my grandfather did, it is along in that train somewhere. We have all come from the old countries, and come into a new country, into the United States; and from that we have emigrated into still newer countries, into the tops of the mountains, just as the Prophet said. They declared the Saints would be gathered in the last days, and we are gathering to build a city to the name of our God, and we are going to build a temple, and houses of worship, that when you come here you may worship with us, and when you are among the Mormons do as the Mormons do, do right, and keep the commandments of God. I have said a good many times, when a man comes into my house, if he is a Catholic, a Pagan, a Quaker, a Methodist; a Soldier, a Captain, a Governor, or a President, he has got to subject himself to the order of my house; and when I bow down on my knees, I want him to bow down with me. That is my religion, let him bow down and pray with me; and then if I go into another man's house, if he stands up to pray, I will stand up too and pray with him. That is good religion. Do as the Romans do when you are among them. A man can stand up, kneel down, or sit down, and not pray, and be as cross as he has a mind too, but let him be subject to the governor or the government of that house, and when he goes into another kingdom, let him be subject

to that kingdom. God says that if a man keeps his commandments he has no need to break the laws of the land. These are my feelings.

Let us be Saints, and keep the commandments of God, and mind our own business. That is my religion. We want all men to do this, we want all women to observe the same thing; to keep the commandments of God, and keep themselves pure and clean. And if you are not clean, pure, and holy, I would advise you to repent of your sins, and go and be baptized for the remission of them, and sanctify yourselves, and receive the Holy Ghost, that it may show you things to come, and bring things to your remembrance. That is my counsel and advice. May God bless you, brethren and sisters, and bless this whole people, male and female, old and young, foreigner and everybody else; may he bless you with peace and quietness, that we may have a heavenly time, a joyful time during the coming winter. May God bless you with these blessings, and every other, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Trans. WILLIAM LEWIS.

ZION'S TRUMPET,

OR

Star of the Saints.

SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1855.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—Not hidden from the eyes of the “children of the kingdom” are the thick, black clouds that darken the atmosphere of our world; their ears are not closed to the moans and groans of practically all the entire countries, and there is too much tumult, wickedness, sufferings, and diseases around them continually to be able to forget that this is the dawn of the day of vengeance of the great God—“the beginning of afflictions such as never have been since man has been on the earth, nor will there ever be.” There is no need to

look to the ends of the world or to other countries outside of our own dear land, for examples of the downfall of Great Babylon, and of the power of God to empty the world of its inhabitants. Where today is the might, majesty and glory of the “strongest, widest, and most excellent kingdom under the sun”—the one which during forty years of peace governed on the seas of the world, on whose territories the sun never set day or night? Less than a year ago the adornments of its navies faced the eastern seas, like so many fiery steeds rushing across a green fen to war; and while the shouts of scores of thousands of brave men echoed on their decks in the borders of their country, for an imaginary victory over their enemies, the sad and unexpected news that has come back is that there are no more than some ten thousand left of the bravest and finest army that left our country—not one in five able to struggle like shadows through the mud which shrouds the faces of over forty thousand of their fellow-soldiers, the majority of whom died of starvation or cold, while plenty of food and clothing rotted nearby. While the remnants of the army at Sevastopol are caught between the more numerous armies of the Russians, as though they were Baal-zephon and Pihahiroth on each side, awaiting their fate, and loudly calling on their country for help,—what is being done to help them? On a motion in the House of Commons to look into the mysteries of their actions in order to understand the cause of the ill, the negligence if not the treachery that caused such devastation of the army, our chief Governors escape behind the curtain by giving up their offices when they were most needed to operate effectively to save the remainder of the army; and they left the country not only without an army, but without a government too, and they left the nation with hardly any patience to wait any longer, nor to trust another to govern them:—noble and plebeian—all unanimously admit the lack of essential governmental ability to save the country in the ultimate crisis. The eyes of the country turn to Lord Palmerston, as the only savior—the reins of government have been put in his hands, and he has done his best to form a government. The result is, elements of the old government are so like the materials of the idol Nebuchadnezzar saw that they will not hold together for a fortnight without crumbling a second time. Who cannot see that an invisible hand is involved in all this, too evident to hide or turn back? Little wonder that the eternal arms are being drawn

back under them, while it is in arms of flesh no stronger than those of lord Palmerston that they put their trust. The present situation of our country is such that there has not been its like since it was called "great Britain," and how long surrounding nations allow it to bear that name, a short time will tell. Great efforts are now being set in motion to carry on the war with more vigor—it is intended to enlist 60,000 of our countrymen during this year; some company from France has offered to raise an army of 10 to 25,000 Frenchmen to serve as English soldiers, and it is likely that the government will approve their offer. One of the clearest proofs Britain could give of its weakness in addition to all the alms its armies receive in clothes, food, help to care for their invalids, &c., from the French is this dependence on them. And where will the seers and prophets of our country hide out so as not to declare what the end of all this will be? When will they see the piercing eye—the teeth and extended claw of the "beast which had the wound by a sword, and did live?" What sharp-eyed person will see "the healing of that wound," the manner and the time it is accomplished, and will announce it to the world? If "the mystery of untruth was already working" eighteen hundred years ago, his latest feat is probably at the door now. It is supposed that this latest "sanctity" of his is so much more of a little lamb than the wolves from which he descended, so that he does not desire to proselytize a kingdom immediately to his faith; or is it thought that "his right arm," which now keeps him on his throne, will not gather up the flock that escaped from his fold so long ago, now that it is in his power? Is it supposed that he is too innocent to pick up the reins of the stallions of his uncle's carriage from the mud, and ride in it while no one else can stop him? We ask these things of those to whom it has been given to understand the signs of the times!

While the militia of all the counties in accordance with the government's call, almost entire armies of them, are sacrificing themselves to feed the dogs of war—the children of our streets by the hundred in a week in some towns, following the sound of the "*ffe* and the *drum*," their blood boiling in their veins to mix with the blood of their enemies on the "field of battle," the black famine, following commercial and industrial confusion, which sends thousands of people across the towns of our country in deadly insanity to break

into shops nearby for bread to sustain life, is another effective scourge to whip the sufferers of our country as forces to the slaughterhouse for an extension of their life. In past years the sufferers in European countries looked across the sea toward the western continent, as their place of salvation from oppression, and their storehouse for food; but those doors have closed, that fertile land is withholding its produce, and its businesses are in confusion, so that there were recently a hundred and fifty thousand people, in New York itself, begging in vain, of the city Mayor to save their lives from starving to death; and along the streets of the cities of various States who previously scarcely knew what to do with the bountiful produce of their valleys, now thousands of people who are nearly starving are seen wandering in search of a piece of bread with no eye to pity nor arm to help them. Thousands flood from there to the east, who have hardly any other choice when they get there but to look for graves in the cemeteries of the Russians. He is so far from having been satisfied with prey, like the grave shouting "give, give" all the time. In a recent *Ukase*, we understand he commanded that every man capable of carrying arms to be armed and made ready for war, and he is charging fifteen *rubles* in tax on every acre of land, as well as a requirement for four times as much food and war materials as previously.

There is no sign of peace in this; and although Lord John Russell has begun as peace envoy to the league of states, while they will not agree to any conditions other than refusing that Russia enjoy Sevastopol in full arms, it is unlikely that Nicholas will agree to anything else, and therefore peace will not be achieved so soon either. France is quickly strengthening its armies, so that they boast they have over 100,000 on the field of battle, and more going all the time; the Emperor himself intends on going to the battlefield himself soon, even though there are fervent calls for him to stay at home for fear of revolution in his own country. There is now threatened revolution in the land of the Sultan, and we are informed that not a tenth of his first army to go to the field of battle is now alive. The German states say they have 52,000 ready for battle, but the worst *dilemma* of all is that it is not known,—that they themselves do not know, for or against whom they are fighting,

even though it is more than likely that before long they will turn crimson some corner of the arena. The eastern countries through Persia, Afghanistan, and India are far from peaceful—Nicholas has sowers of seeds of treachery throughout nearly all of them, and king Ava is asking England for payment for all the land they took from him. In a word, the warlike and more threatening situation of our world clearly proves that “peace is already taken from the earth.” A few years ago, while the whole world was at peace, and its wise men promised a long continuation of it, only a young lad was heard raising his voice, which echoed in the forests of the western world, shouting “war, wars, and rumors of wars are at the door, and soon the world will steep their swords in each other’s blood, until whoever does not raise his sword against his brother will have to flee to Zion for peace.” Who, at that time, believed him? Who now doubts him? Who of those who scorned the seers of the latter days, when they warned the world in the midst of peace that the sword was coming, believe and heed their call, accept the only salvation accessible to them?

Even though the judgments of God are sending the godless world into worse and worse evil—even though the newspapers who publish the most detailed fulfillment of his prophecies in the same columns cry “Old Joe, the printer,” “the heretic,” “the deceiver and the false prophet,” and with the same pen dipped in the same ink asserting that the “most loathsome, immoral and inhuman” of all deceits is the religion, the only religion that sheds light on the fate of the age, and the only one that reveals salvation; and although this proud age races like a stallion to the battle; despite all this, we say, the children of the light raise their heads, knowing that all these things are only signs indicative of the approach of their King to his kingdom, and of the glorious epoch when sovereignty beneath all of heaven will be given to the meek who suffer the scorn of the world—children of the King of the whole earth. This encourages the Saints to greater faithfulness, because the time is drawing near when Zion’s chief enemy will put obstacles on their way, insuperable to all but the “pure in heart.” These things urge on the Saints to diligence in warning their fellowmen honestly, soberly, and effectively, since the danger is great and the time

is scarce; and all these signs should force everyone to be ready for when the call comes "like a cry at midnight," after which the Atlantic cannot be crossed, the last call for the Saints to Zion. Let all Zion's children have men who are ready.

SERMON OF PRESIDENT KIMBALL,—Which fills several pages of this number and merits the detailed attention and obedience of the Saints; in it they can weigh through their own spirits, and they can taste the Spirit of Zion as if there. The testimony of a witness so well versed in his topic and so thorough in his experience in the work of God is not light; rather it weighs on the scales of truth the souls of all who disbelieve it, were they to fill the world at once.

THE RECENT CONFERENCES.—Because of inconveniences we were kept from publishing the minutes of the recent conferences, but we are happy to understand that general unity prospers among the officers and the Saints—that all Conferences are increasing their numbers, and showing determination to endeavor to warn their fellow men by distributing tracts and testifying. We trust we will not be disappointed in the generous promises given us to pay the book debts to the two Offices, which is easy to do if the Saints would pay cash for the books they purchase, and if they would strive to sell the pamphlets to the world. The trials we are having are signs of these frightful times, and in all things, that God wishes to cut short his work, exhorting all to be ready by paying the debts the church claims. It is quite just to delay giving approval to those who can but do not pay their book debts, for them to go to a Branch, a Conference, or to another country, and we trust every honest man will agree on that.

APPOINTMENT OF COLONEL STEPTOE AS GOVERNOR OF UTAH.

(From the "Star.")

Washington City, January, 4, 1855.

TO PRESIDENT F. D. RICHARDS,—Dear Brother,—I deeply regret to inform you that the President finally declined to reappoint Governor Young to the

office which he now holds. *Lieut. Colonel* Steptoe is the appointee.

The President seems quite friendly, and stated at a recent interview that he had received letters from Colonel Steptoe and Chief Justice Kinney, speaking in high terms of the Governor and people of Utah, and added, among other things, that he desired to do that which was best for the Government and the people of Utah, and that if he did not appoint Governor Young, he would appoint no one but a man of the highest character, believing that it would be better for our people that such a one should be appointed, for he would do us justice, and speak well of us, which would do much toward removing the prejudice against us, but I still urged the reappointment of Governor Young.

The President has no idea of interfering with the domestic relations of our Territory. His Excellency spoke in the most exalted terms of Colonel Steptoe, saying that he was a gentleman and a scholar, and the most amiable and just man he ever knew.

The Colonel sustains a high character here, and numbers among his friends the Honorable *Secretary* of War. Since Governor Young's reappointment could not be secured, which is a source of profound regret to us all, I know of no one who I suppose would be more acceptable than Colonel Steptoe, but his friends here believe that he will not accept.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN M. BERNHISEL.

WAS IT GOD WHO SENT JOSEPH SMITH?

(*Excerpt from the pamphlet now at the Press.*)

Third.—The restoration of the “eternal gospel” to the earth by the angel Moroni would be of no benefit to men, unless someone had been endowed with authority to preach it and to administer its ordinances. Moroni could reveal a book that contained the beautiful and glorious plan of salvation, but no one could obey, even its first principles, without an *administrator of divine authority*

and *ordaining* to preach it, to baptize, to lay on hands to give the gift of the Holy Ghost, &c. But did Moroni ordain Mr. Smith to the apostleship, commanding him to administer ordinances? No. Then why did he not give *authority* by an *ordaining*, together with revealing the eternal gospel to him? Because it appears that he did not have the right to do that.

Not all angels are equal in authority—they do not all have the same keys. Moroni was a prophet, but we have no account that he held the office of apostle; and, if he did not, he did not have the right to ordain Mr. Smith to an office he himself did not possess. No doubt he did all that he was commanded to do, which was to reveal the “stick of Ephraim,”—a record of his forefathers, containing the everlasting gospel. How, then, did Mr. Smith receive the office of apostle, since Moroni did not have the right to ordain him to that office? Mr. Smith testifies that Peter, James, and John came to him as ministering angels, and by the laying on of hands they ordained him to be an apostle, commanding him to preach, baptize, lay on hands to give the gift of the Holy Ghost, and administer all the ordinances of the gospel, as they themselves did when they were on the earth. Did Swedenborg, the apostles of Irving, or any other impostors in those dark ages profess that the apostleship was given to them by the last ones to have it—by an angel who held the office himself? No; consequently, they are not apostles, rather impostors. If Mr. Smith professed that he had received the apostleship by the revelation of the Holy Ghost, without an ordination under the hands of an apostle, we would understand clearly that his profession would be false, and that he himself would be an impostor. If he was an impostor, how did Mr. Smith discover this? Why did he not falsify the apostleship without an ordination, as did the Irvingites? How did he have so much more wisdom than Mr. Irving, so that he understood that he could not be an apostle unless he was ordained by an apostle? Those who believe that Mr. Smith was a false apostle must acknowledge that he has shown much more wisdom than did all the false apostles that preceded him, despite all their learning and their great talents. Does this not form another very strong presumptive

evidence to prove the *divine mission of Mr. Smith?*


Such correctness as this in fulfillment of things of such immense importance in contrast to the fact that millions have erred concerning them before, indicates something more than *human*,—it indicates *inspiration* of the Almighty. The purity of Mr. Smith's doctrine—the perfect coincidence of his testimony with that of John's, in relation to the *manner* of the restoration of the eternal gospel to the earth, and the consistency of his testimony in relation to the *manner* of the restoration of the apostleship, are strong evidences that beautifully harmonize with and strengthen each other; the evidence is therefore accumulative, and increases with every additional condition or circumstance in a multiplied ratio, and seems almost irresistibly to force conviction upon the mind that Mr. Smith was *divinely* sent.

MISCELLANEOUS, &c.

THE ROMAN mothers taught patriotism to their sons,—chastity to their daughters.—So do the mothers of Utah exactly.

THE EMIGRANTS.—We do not have a more specific announcement to the emigrants until now concerning the time of departure, than to say that President Richards promises to do his best to obtain a ship for all to sail together from Liverpool as close to the middle of March as he can get one. Further information will be provided as soon as we have it.

BOOK RECEIPTS FOR FEB. 9 TO MARCH 1.—Griffiths Roberts, 8s 8c; James Morgan, 15s 9c; John Davies, 1£; Isaac Jones, £1 15s 6c.

 We remind the Presidents of the contributions toward assisting in the emigration of the aforementioned Presidents! Send it right away.

. Send all letters, containing orders and payments to *Capt. Jones*, "*Zion's Trumpet*" Office, *Swansea*.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Observations.....	65
Editorial—Signs of the Times—Sermon of President Kimball—The recent Conferences.....	72
Appointment of Colonel Steptoe as Governor of Utah.....	77
Was it God who sent Joseph Smith.....	78
Miscellaneous, &c.....	80

SWANSEA:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY D. JONES.