

and *noble* among our persecutors. . I do not deserve this treatment. I am not a scoundrel, or a foreigner ;—far, far from the truth is this supposition. My grandfather, sir, was killed at the battle of Yorktown, as an officer of the glorious Revolution ; my own father, too, was also an American army officer during the last war ; and all my kindred have ever been faithful to the upright laws of the government. Knowing, therefore, these things to be true, and knowing, too, that I am an honest man, it is very hard to be treated by my fellow-countrymen as a ‘vagabond.’ O, I love this sacred Temple dearly, and it makes me weep to think that I must so soon leave it to the tender mercies of the *Christian* world.”

Thus far had this poor man proceeded, when his utterance was choked with tears,—and I was glad of it, for my own heart was affected by his piteous tale. I gave him a bit of money for his trouble, when he was called to attend a new arrival of visitors, and I was left alone in the belfry of the Temple.

Then it was that I had an opportunity to muse upon the superb panorama which met my gaze upon every side. I was in a truly splendid temple,—that temple in the centre of a desolate city,—and that city the centre of an apparently boundless wilderness. To the east lay in rare beauty the grand Prairie of Illinois, reaching to the waters of Michigan ; to the north and south faded away the winding Mississippi ; and on the west, far as the eye could reach, was spread out a sea of forest land, entering which, I could just distinguish a caravan of exiled Mormons, on their line of march for Oregon and California. As before remarked, when I went forth from out the massy porches of the Mormon Temple, to journey deeper into the wilderness, I felt like one awakened from a dream.