

to make my journey one of rest, and addressed but one public congregation, and that was last Sabbath in the Latter-day Saints' Hall, Brooklyn.

While at Philadelphia I met Mr. E. W. Foster, Supervisor of Potsdam, my native town, he being a member of the convention, and one of the committee on credentials before whom our claim to a seat was contested. After leaving Philadelphia I visited Potsdam, and an incident occurred there which I will name. On landing at the railway station, Mr. Foster happened to be there, and recognizing me, he called me by name, and bid me welcome to the town. A very respectable-looking aged lady, hearing the name, stepped up to him and inquired if I was George A. Smith, and being answered in the affirmative, she seized my hand and said, "I want to thank you, your father saved my life." "Why, when?" "A good many years ago." "How?" "We were broken through the ice into the lake, and at the risk of his own life he saved mine." The cars were about starting, and she rushed from me and said, "My name was Eliza Courier." I really thought the incident worth naming, as occurring in the place of my birth, and from which I had gone nearly forty years before.

By the courtesy of General N. S. Elderkin, I had the privilege of visiting the State Normal School at Potsdam, and was very much pleased with the institution. The vast improvements which have been made in buildings, machinery, roads, transportation, and telegraphs, have certainly not been altogether inapplicable to the progress of education. When I received my education, an ordinary school master received nine dollars a month, and twelve if he was a first class teacher; and he

could cut blue beech switches enough in a day, and perhaps less, to thrash the scholars the entire winter, and they were applied very freely. I used to think I got more than my share. I thought I could not watch the schoolmaster as well as some others, my eyes were not quite so good. But I noticed on my visit a very desirable change in their school government; the cultivation of the mind is the object sought now, and the teacher has become the friend as well as the preceptor of the pupil. The blue beech seems to be pretty well banished, and there is a marked improvement in the whole system of education, as well as in telegraphing, railroading, machinery, and architectural works generally.

I met several of my old schoolfellows, who were glad to see me, and treated me with courtesy. Among these I should mention General Elderkin, a man of influence and who never, in the darkest hour of our persecutions, has failed to recognize me as an old schoolfellow and friend, notwithstanding he had high religious notions. I met other gentlemen of this kind.

We are all passing to the tomb, and we want to leave a good record, that is, one that will be pleasing to the Lord. It is not a very lofty ambition for a man to spend his life so as to have it recorded on his tombstone that he died worth a million dollars; but if he spend his life in doing good, that will be a record that will be to his everlasting honor, and will prove to him treasure in heaven. People say, "You Mormons believe all will be damned except yourselves." We know for ourselves that this is the work of God, and we know that every Latter-day Saint that is faithful to his profession and calling will attain to celestial glory. We also further know