to make my journey one of rest, and ad-
dressed 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 conven-
tion, and one of the committee on creden-
tials before whom our claim to a seat was
contested. After leaving Philadelphia
I visited Potsdam, and an incident oc-
curred there which I will name. On land-
ing 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 respectab-
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 bro-
ken 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 inci-
dent 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 visit-
ing the State Normal School at Pots-
dam, and was very much pleased with
the institution. The vast improvements
which have been made in buildings, ma-
chinery, roads, transportation, and tele-
graphs, have certainly not been alto-
gether inapplicable to the progress of
education. When I received my edu-
cation, an ordinary school master re-
ceived 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 govern-
ment; the cultivation of the mind is the
object sought now, and the teacher has
become the friend as well as the precep-
tor of the pupil. The blue beech seems
to be pretty well banished, and there is
a marked improvement in the whole sys-
tem of education, as well as in telegraph-
ing, railroading, machinery, and archi-
tectural 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 in-
fluence 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 re-
ligious 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 your-
selves." 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