

head with an axe. Old Father Coulton was carrying us, and Brother Taylor fell twice in that way, taken with the bilious fever, and no man in that Quorum could boast that he went on that mission without feeling the hand of the destroyer, for it was laid upon us all. I had the shaking ague, and lay on my back in a wagon, and was rolled over stumps and stones, until it seemed as if my life would be shaken out of me. I left Brother Taylor behind, by his advice, for said he, "We are both sick, and if you stay you can't do anything here;" so old Father Coulton carried me along in his wagon until I got to Buffalo, N. Y. From there I traveled alone to Farmington, Connecticut, my native place, and I stayed there fifteen days at my father's house, coughing and shaking every day. My father never expected that I should leave my bed, and my stepmother did not expect that I should ever get better. A message came from an uncle of mine, who had just died, and his last words were—"I want you to send for Friend Wilford, I want him to come and preach my funeral sermon." My father said—"You can't go and preach that sermon, for you can't sit up in your bed." Said I—"Never mind, get up your horse and wagon;" and he did so and I got into it, and rode over that morning in a chilly wind, and the hour that my ague was coming on I got before a big blazing fire and preached the funeral sermon of my friend, and the ague left me from that day, and I went back and went on my way rejoicing.

In process of time Brother Taylor came along and he and I crossed the ocean together, and arrived in England, and here I want to make a little statement of my experience in those days concerning circumstances that took place with me. When Brother Brigham left home he told

you that all his family had was one barrel of rotten flour. Two hundred cents would have bought every pound of provision I left with my family when I left home. But we left our wives, for we had the commandment of God upon us, and we were either going to obey it, or die trying. That was the spirit of the Elders of Israel; and I blessed my wife and child and left them in the hands of God, and to the tender mercies of our noble Bishops, and those who were acquainted with them know how it was in those days. However, I went on my way, and I want to speak of one little circumstance. I had with me an old cloak which I got in Tennessee when traveling with Brother Smoot over forty years ago. It had once been a dandy cloak, and had on keg buttons, and when new had a good deal of trimming and fancy work about it; but it was then pretty well threadbare and worn out. I wore it in Kirtland and I carried it to England with me; and when I was called by revelation to go to John Benbow's and preach the gospel I wore that cloak. I went there and found over six hundred people, called United Brethren, and among them were eighty-three preachers, and they, as a people, were prepared for the word of the Lord, and I wanted to catch them in the gospel net. Before embracing the doctrine of the United Brethren, Sister Benbow had been what is called a "lady" in England, and she had worn her silks and satins; but after obeying the doctrine of this religious body she cut up and burned and destroyed her silks and satins and wore the plainest calicoes she could get, because she thought that was religion. When I went there to preach she looked at me with this old cloak with the keg buttons on, and the Spirit of the Lord bore testimony to me that reli-