

## *AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER C.S. WINGE*

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I was born in Norway, in the vicinity of Drammen, the son of Syvert Trousen and Kjersti Christoffersen, on the 11th of February 1835. My parents were poor but honorable, and my mother began early in my life to teach me as best she knew how but as father was sick for several years, it rested upon her to provide subsistence for her children. By hard work she was able to furnish food and shelter. .

When I was 11 years of age, I started to work in a cotton factory where I worked from six in the morning to seven in the evening, earning as much as ten cents a day. This was even so a help to my mother, and I was glad that each Saturday evening I could bring my few shillings home to her. At the age of thirteen I went out among strangers to seek a livelihood for myself. A year later I was confirmed according to the Lutheran custom, and had a testimony at that time that I had a wonderful knowledge of religion.

Thereafter I traveled to Drammen and commenced to learn the trade of a shoemaker. Luckily, I started with an honest man who treated me well for the five years I was with him. At the end of this time I completed my apprenticeship. During these years I thought and pondered a great deal over the fallen condition of the world. I withdrew from all society; I had no desire to attend church because I did not believe in their teachings. As I read in the Acts of the Apostles of the wanderings of these holy men and their faithfulness, I thought, "Oh, that I might have lived in their day, then would I also have been faithful in proclaiming the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and even though I was brought before a judge and thrown into prison, I would have stood fast." Such thoughts as these came up often in my mind; I little knew at that time that I, in a short time, should preach Jesus of Nazareth and the teaching which He and His Apostles and Disciples had taught, that I would be brought before a judge, cast into prison and mocked at for His name's sake.

About this time two young "Mormon" missionaries came to Drammen. They were Elders C.C.A. Christensen and J.F.F. Dorius. Their visit was very well publicized and created great interest. The first I heard was that they had said that an angel had come to earth, and that a man whose name was Joseph Smith had received some gold plates from an angel which were to be a new Bible. These and many other rumors circulated among the people, but I can never forget the heavenly inspiration that came over me when I heard for the first time about the Book of Mormon. It was as though a voice whispered to me that here was something, which I must hear and investigate. One evening my master took me to a meeting at Hansen's on Aeringaden, where several of the town's citizens were gathered. As a young, poor apprentice I sat in a corner; no one took notice of me, but out of all those who attended this meeting, I, as I learned later, was the only one who accepted the Gospel. Those two young men preached with much furor and strength, and a Godly influence that lasted all the while they talked as men that had authority. God's servants in Norway were in these days exposed to persecution everywhere, even prison.

Some time passed before I went and heard more about Mormonism; the time had not yet come for me. I traveled to Kristiania and found work for a time, but when I saw the licentious lives followed by the young people, I felt ill at ease in my mind, and as

a result left the capital with the idea in mind of traveling over the northwest part of the country or to Trondhjem and obtain, if possible, an emigration pass, and by that means, leave the country. I did not realize at that time the Lord's wonderful directing influence with me.

Meanwhile, I came to Stavanger, a large city. Here I determined to remain for a short period in order to work and earn some money, and then continue on my journey. I obtained employment in a large factory, where I chanced to work together with Brother Iversen, who now lives in Hyrum. He was already a "Mormon" and talked with me about the Gospel. I visited a house called "the Mormon Castle", where lived all kinds of people. In this house meetings were held. I shall never forget a certain Sunday, the first one in August 1858, as I attended one of these meetings at which several of the Saints were present, together with Elder A. Frantzen, who now lives in Salt Lake City. He labored in this territory as a missionary. My first thought as I saw him was that he was a handsome young man, but that his clothes were very poor. I did not think at that time that I, as he, should preach without purse or script, and wander about with worn clothing, not knowing where I should lay my head at night. He preached that Sunday with great power and authority.

Several days later I again attended a meeting, at which time a Sister sang 'One day I at a lonely stead, In Alpenlan sat down.... etc"

This psalm made a deep impression on me and I began to cry bitterly. After the meeting I told Brother Frantzen that I wished to be baptized. That was on the 17th of August 1858. On the way to the sea that still night the Tempter came with his hosts and whispered to me, "You cannot hold that which you are going to promise". I stood in thought a long time on the shore of the sea, and at length Brother Frantzen said, "if you are not ready to keep the Covenant which you now make, even though it may cost you your life, let us go back and not make this covenant, for it is binding upon you for all eternity." We knelt down upon the beach and Brother Frantzen offered a humble prayer for me to my Heavenly Father.

After the baptism he laid hands on me and confirmed me. Later he told me that he had never before laid his hands on anyone who, by the whisperings of the Spirit to him, was destined to go through so many trials and tribulations as I. A blessed peace rested upon me after this ceremony, a happiness such as I can never describe and which can only be understood by those who themselves, with a humble mind, have gone into the waters of baptism. I felt at that time even as this day, that Brother Frantzen was my Father in the Gospel, and may the Lord always bless him.

Several days after my baptism antagonists came and began to contend against me in order to shake my faith. They said to me, among other things, "Can you believe that God stands at the head of a family in Heaven, as the Mormons teach?" I answered, "That is something that you Gentiles are spreading yourselves about the Saints". I had as yet very little knowledge about these things, but I understand that Joseph Smith was a Prophet, and that I must be baptized for the forgiveness of my sins. One day I told Brother Frantzen what they had said. He replied that he would lend me a book, which he requested I read with a humble mind and a prayerful spirit, thus I would learn many things which I knew not but which I should come to understand. I received "The Celestial Marriage" to read, and for every page I read, I understood

better the passage of scripture: "God is the Father of our spirits". I learned my God had instituted polygamy for the exaltation of his faithful children, to make them kings and priests in the eternal universe. A great longing came over me immediately to preach the Gospel, and I was soon ordained a Priest and sustained as secretary in the little branch in Stavanger. After that I went with Brother Frantzen on a mission. The first day I traveled with him in Stavanger we marched and preached the whole day long, and I became very hungry. In the evening we arrived at the home of a Priest of this vicinity, by the name of Daniel Bore. We were given permission to hold a meeting for him and his family, but no strangers were permitted to be invited. Before the meeting began the evening meal was prepared and placed in a corner so that we might eat after the sermon. The priest sat down on the floor with a long and pious face; Brother Frantzen began to preach and continued for almost two hours. I was very hungry and thought: "Oh if you would only close; this hypocritical man will surely never be a Mormon." After he had finally concluded his sermon, he asked me to bear my testimony, which I did in very short order. When next we were alone I said to Brother Frantzen, 'How could you preach so long for this man?' He answered that he wished to bear a good testimony, and also remarked that I would learn to be hungry many times and be glad that if I could only find a roof to rest under. That was my first day's experience in the life of a missionary.

Sometime after this Brother Frantzen became very sick. We lived in a small attic room in the so called 'Mormon Castle"; we had no stove even though it was very cold in the winter. I took care of Brother Frantzen as well as I could, but his body was terribly broken down. Just at this time several of us were summoned to meet at the police station for having baptized and preached Mormonism. A sharp hearing ensued, and the people implied emphatically that Mormons were not recognized as Christians. They asked each one of us his position in the church, but did not even know what an Elder was. When the hearing on me began, they learned that my office was that of Priest, and thought I was the greatest, therefore, they decided to handle me the worst. The decision rendered was that I should pay the costs of court and 10 spc. (20 kroner, or about \$6.00) in fines. Furthermore, I was strictly forbidden to preach any more. This last order I didn't take much notice of, for thereafter I preached early and late to all who would hear. As I had no money with which to pay the fine, I was sentenced to serve it out and to live on bread and water.

At that time there were in Stavanger nine or more different religious sects against whom I had to contest. They all united against the Saints. As Elder Frantzen's health continued to be poor, he was released from his mission, and I was ordained an Elder and set apart as Traveling Elder in Stavanger District. Thereafter I continued unceasingly to preach in the city and in the country; baptized a few, and won many friends. I labored also off and on in my profession and earned a few shillings. Many times a mob came to our meeting to create a disturbance but they were unable to gain any power as the Lord was with us. Meanwhile, I rented a meetinghouse in another part of the city - which proved very difficult, as no one wished to open his house for the Mormons.

The "Mormon Castle" had a bad reputation due to the many kinds of inhabitants. Newspaper articles said that the inhabitants of the house were so numerous that it was necessary to write with chalk on the floor so each family might know its place in the rooms.

I continued to preach and baptize, and the work of the Lord rolled forward, while the Priests were exceedingly embittered. One Sunday afternoon, just as I had closed a large meeting, Priest Diderikeen came forward followed by a large mob. He stood up and cried, "You are a thief! You are a thief!" I asked him to come in so we could better discuss the situation. He refused, and continued on as a madman, crying that I had stolen his sheep. Then he returned home. When I and another Brother came out, the mob surrounded us and walked with us to the other end of the city. On the-way they began to hit me with sticks. This spectacle aroused considerable excitement in the city, and newspapers said that Winge endeavored to get a mob after him so that people might become familiar with Mormonism. Another brother was subjected to rough treatment the same day.

In the year 1859 I traveled to Kristiana to attend a conference. Brother Widerborg was present, together with several of the leading men of the mission. Norway was at that time divided into seven districts and there were many missionaries.

After having spent several days with the Saints and being uplifted, I returned to Stavanger and continued my missionary work, but I was shortly called into the police station. This time the complaint was that I had seduced a man's wife. The fact of the matter was that I had baptized the wife, whose husband had apostatized. When I came for the hearing the judge asked the husband just how the seducing had taken place. He answered that he believed I had baptized his wife. The judge asked, "Do you call that seduction?" and became very angry with him. Nevertheless, I was judged anew and fined because I had performed a Baptism.

The same year John Dahle came to Stavanger as a mate on his brother's ship. I ordained him an Elder and took him with me on a mission. We traveled out to open a new field in Sandmor, which lies between Bergen and Trondhjem. On an island called Ageroan we opened a new district and began our work. Here we found a Godfearing, easygoing people. We held several meetings in the space of a short time, and I baptized six people. There were, in the meantime, several persons who wished to visit the Priest, and in compliance with their request I went to him, taking with me two of the citizens in order that they might hear the discussion, but the priest would not enter into conversation with me, and on the contrary, he forbade me, under threat of prison and punishment, to preach any more in his parish. After I had done the best I could on that island I ordained Brother Dahle to preside over the few Saints we had baptized, and took my farewell, to return to Stavanger. On the way I stayed several days in Molde waiting for the arrival of the steamship. I considered it wisdom not to preach while in that town, as I knew that the police and jail were waiting for me all about. I felt very depressed in spirit, as though something or other unpleasant awaited me. I walked out of the town and prayed to the Lord to free me from my enemies, for I was anxious to return to the branch in Stavanger where my presence was necessary.

One day as I sat and waited, the police came and asked if a man by the name of Christopher Winge was stopping there. I answered that I was that individual. The officer said he had orders to arrest me. The greatest confusion followed; the inhabitants of the house thought that they had had a thief as their fellow roomer. I was immediately taken to the jail, and imagine how surprised I was to find Brother Dahle there. The police had arrested him on the island I had just left, and I received a warm

welcome from him in our beautiful lodging. Dahle did not feel well, and told the jailer in a sharp tone of voice to bring him food, as he was hungry. I spoke to him quietly, "Remember Brother, we are now under lock and key." I was visited in jail and my pockets examined, but they found naught except my diary, as the little money I earned I had hidden in the lining of my high-top boots. I knew by experience that if I had money they would use it for court fees. My diary was never returned to me. When I asked for it, the sheriff replied that it belonged in the archives. That is the reason that I today must write this account from memory.

Every time the jailer opened the heavy iron door and rattled the lock, I was disturbed by an unpleasant feeling. I felt depressed that I was a prisoner, although I was conscious of my innocence, and I could only satisfy myself in the fact that I was worthy to suffer for the sake of the name of Jesus. Two Lagrettemaend (jurymen) and Sorenskriver (county judge) Delphine attended the first hearing dressed in full uniform. It was the first time they had had Mormons under their control. Brother Dahle was heard first, and then I was called. The first thing the judge said to me was that I had better tell the truth. I told him that we never told lies. They held a keen hearing, and I bore my testimony that angels had visited the earth and that Joseph Smith was a true prophet of God. One of the jurymen, a wicked man, wanted to charge me with having spoken against the laws of the State, and a sharp quarrel ensued, but the judge put himself between us to break it up.

A couple of days later we were transported, under guard, two Norwegian miles, and then given a new hearing, but no witnesses came from Ageroen on account of a storm. There ensued a third hearing which sixteen witnesses attended, among them were some we had baptized. The complaint was made by Priest Dik. This hearing was also sharp. They attempted to show that I had spoken scornfully of the Lutheran teachings. Perhaps I had on certain occasions said something to that effect in discussing their way of baptism by sprinkling the child's head with water. Or I could have said that they might just as well pour the waters some other place, but it is enough to say that the witnesses could not definitely remember just which words I had used. It is worth mentioning that five of those whom I had baptized became frightened and denied the truth when they saw me as a prisoner, while an elderly woman frankly said, "I know that Winge had said the truth, and I, will be a Mormon". She stood valiantly by my side. The judge asked me if her testimony was the truth. As an answer I cried aloud in the room that all on the day of judgment should see that Mormonism was truth.

We were kept for several weeks in the dark prison of this place, waiting for sentence to be passed. It finally came - eleven days of water and bread for me and five days of the same for Brother Dahle. After having served this sentence, Brother Dahle returned to Ageroen, while I remained alone. I was given three small pieces of poor bread and one crock of water every twenty-four hours, on which diet I became very hungry. I still remember very well that particular Christmas eve that I was so hungry I cried as a little child. In vain I wished for as much as a small piece of bread, even though there was on that eventful evening an abundance in every house. I bowed down on my knee against the iron lattice and prayed to the Lord that no matter what happened to me, to help me remain faithful until the end My prison cell was full of filth and lice.

The fifth Christmas day I was finally set free, after eight weeks of imprisonment. I was once more called into the sheriff's office, where I was given to understand that I

could not remain in the town, and if I did not go immediately he would send me under guard from county to county until I reached my home. The steamships had stopped because of the winter and there was no other way to travel except through the valley Gulbrandsdalen to Kristiana. I chose this way, despite the bitter cold, and even though there were two islands -I had to cross, I reached Romsdaled. On the way I chanced to meet with two men who were going twenty Norwegian miles into the interior, and when they reached the mainland they had horses and sleighs waiting for them. They said that for a small price I could travel with them. This was the Lord's way of taking care of me. The first evening we stopped at the last ferry dock. Here I was told that the people knew me by rumor, for it had been in the newspapers that the Mormon's highest priest Winge was in prison in Molde. Nevertheless, they received me in a friendly spirit and I preached all evening to them. The following day I came to the little town of Weblungsnaeset. The inhabitants asked my fellow travelers if I was Mormon Winge, for if I was, there was a letter for me from the authorities, saying that I could not stop there more than twelve hours. If I stopped there they were to drive me out of the town. I had a long journey of over 200 English miles before me, and all about was the bitter cold that only men of the North know. In addition I was thinly clad. It took me thirteen days' travel before I reached Kristiana.

The Saints in the capitol received me well, and after a short stay I took the steamer to Stavanger. Because of the lack of money I had to be satisfied with a place on the deck, where it snowed on me night and day. Fortunately, I arrived well in Stavanger. I had been away for three months and during this time some discontentment had arisen among the members. This I soon righted. Next, I attempted to open a field of labor at Sondmore, but without success.

I continued my labors in Stavanger and vicinity, and the work went forward while opposition and persecution raged on all sides. Even the school children pursued me on the streets, and both myself and the Saints were exposed to mob violence, but the Lord strengthened us and many believed our testimony.

It was not long, however, before a new complaint was charged against me, and I was fetched by the police and brought before Chief Wetergren in Stavanger. A sharp hearing was held and many witnesses were heard. The charge was as usual - - that I had preached Mormonism, performed unlawful baptism and the laying on of hands, and administering the sacrament. Among other things which the witnesses attempted to prove against me was that I had sweethearts, and kept women in the city and in the country. They did their best to get witnesses to bear testimony in accordance with what they thought of me themselves, but the witnesses all said that Winge had no women, was a moral young man who preached strongly against immorality of every kind. As I came before the High Judge, I felt fearless, for I was now so used to being brought before the authorities, and I disproved all their charges. They asked me, among other things, how many I had baptized since I was last punished. I answered openly, "About twenty persons." "Good gracious, which persons?" Came from several tongues. It was impossible to slip out of a fine now. A police officer was immediately given orders to keep me under arrest and took me to Stavanger jail. As I came out of the building a group of elderly women were gathered, whose daughters I had baptized, and they were embittered at me that they spit on me, and pointed their fingers at me. They used all the unpleasant words they could think of. I well

remember that it hurt me for their sake, for they did not understand that I was concerned only in leading their children along the straight and narrow way of truth.

I was cast into the same cell that the famous Gjaest Bjaarasen, Norway's Master Thief, had occupied. Inside of those thick walls it was dark and dismal. One small window high upon the wall, with thick iron bars, a large oak door heavily reinforced with iron and a strong lock on it, made escape impossible. In one corner were some old carpets that were intended for a bed, and in another corner an old barrel for necessary use. There were neither table nor chairs. Food was shoved to me through a hole in the door, and I had to sit down on the floor to eat it. Books were refused, not even a Bible was allowed for me to read. The question could possibly be asked. Was there no law in Norway which permitted a prisoner to have a Bible - - the word of God? Yes, there was a law all right, but when men in that great nation, the United States of America, with their freedom, pass laws which forbid their inhabitants to believe and practice that which the greatest men on the earth have practiced, and throw them in prison for it, and make them refugees, then what can one expect of Norwegian officials?

After a short time the City Bailiff and an attorney visited me in the prison. I remonstrated against the unrighteousness of the treatment I had undergone. I had several friends outside of the prison, as I was later told, and at the Club the question was raised among the influential men as to what Winge had now done that he should be cast into such a hole. The answer was that I had seduced women; but they did not explain, naturally, that the truth of the matter was that I had merely sought to bring them to serve the Lord.

A clerk Petersen came at length to the jailer and said, "You must keep the jail clean, for Winge is no blackguard; has reformed all the drunkards in town, and it is because you rapacious policemen have no one to arrest that you put him in prison."

At last I was given permission to borrow a book from a person who was imprisoned for debt, after which time passed more tolerable. Eventually, after having been imprisoned 15 days, I was turned loose under bail, and called into the bailiff's office. This official said to me, "Tell me about your policy". I answered, "We shall rule the whole earth, and . ." "Farewell, Winge, I know what you will say," he objected; for religion was something he refused to hear about.

Just as soon as I was freed I began to preach again, and not long thereafter a letter came through the police stating that I must serve as a soldier for five years. This will surely be the desired effect, they thought, for now they were sure they had me where they wanted me. At fall conference in Kristiania I was moved to Drammen District, where I traveled about a great deal and baptized a few. Here I was brought before the Captain of the company in which I should serve as a soldier. He said, "If you travel anywhere I will have you arrested." He remarked also that I would make a handsome soldier. "But", I thought, "You shouldn't sell the skin before you have shot the bear".

Among others whom I baptized on this mission was a -widower named Ole Hansen Boie, from Sandsoer (he now lives in Bear Lake Valley) and his family. He owned a large farm and was a very good man. The priest and people were exceedingly angry

that such a man had been misled, and the Priest said that Winge was a robber who took his best sheep. Charges were made against Brother - Ole Hansen and he was declared incapable of managing his affairs, due to the fact that he had lost his understanding and became a Mormon. They took his property under guardianship and divided it; to his daughter -- his only living child, they gave the largest portion. A short time thereafter she died, and Hansen obtained a doctor's affidavit that he was not weak-minded, whereupon he received his property back again. He did a lot of good, took many of the poor Saints with him to Zion, and so the plans of the foe were frustrated.

I I preached to my mother and the rest of the family, but they would not hear me. Mother cried over me; poor old lady, she didn't know better -- because she saw that the ungodly persecuted and scorned me, and she thought I had gone astray. None of my family has accepted the Gospel, and the work for my dead rests upon my shoulders.

In February 1861 I received permission to leave Norway, as opposition against me had become great. The last sentence rendered against me was a fine of 80 Spd. (160 Kroner or \$48.00), which I served out in jail, living on bread and water, as I had no money. That I was willing to do, but they said that this judgment should have been referred to a higher court. It has always been my thought that they wanted to get me sentenced to the House of Correction and in this would be rid of me.

In the spring of 1861 I was sent to Denmark. I marched on foot through all of Sweden without having in my possession a pass of any kind, and passed myself off as a traveling journeyman; I could see that the people did not believe me and many times took me for a deserter, which as a matter of fact I was. The police searched for me in Norway and advertised also in the Swedish papers. I remember well as I stood on the border between Sweden and Norway and gazed upon the majestic mountains -perhaps for the last time in my life -- that I exclaimed; "Farewell, Fatherland! I am a refugee, I am unappreciated by you this day, but if I can be faithful you shall see that I have done right. This is now hidden from you."

I felt as Fritjef, when he said:  
Helmkringlas Pande,  
Du hoje Nord,  
Jeg farr ej stande  
Mer/oaa din Jord.  
Fra Dig at Stamme var dog at Held,  
Du Heltestamme. Fravel! Farvel!

translation:  
Oh, thou far North  
No longer can I stand  
Upon thy earth and gaze upon thy beauty.  
Fortunate was I to have descended from you,  
Thou heroic race, Farewell, farewell.

I bowed down and poured out my heart in prayer and thanksgiving to my Father in Heaven, who had freed me from the hands of my enemies. I remained several days

with the Saints in Goteborg, who treated me well, I had only a few shillings to help me on my way.

When I came to Kjobenhavn and delivered a letter from President Dorius in Norway to President Van. Cott, I was set apart to work in the Aarhus conference, to which place I traveled by steamship.

In Aarhus I once again met Brother A. Frantzen; the joy at this meeting was surely great. I remembered unceasingly that it was he who had baptized me and took me with him on my first missionary tour, who taught me the principles of the Gospel and admonished me in my youth to remain strong in the faith. He returned to his home this same year.

I was set apart as traveling elder in the conference. My first mission was to Molboerne, about which I had read so many absurd stories. But I surmised that those who had written about them were perhaps more foolish than the Molboernes themselves, as I later found them to be good and intelligent people, and baptized several of them. P.C. Geortsen, a very faithful man, was president of the conference. He performed a great work in Aarhus conference, together with other young men such as R. Mikkelsen and Soren Petersen. The Lord was with us all, notwithstanding we were all young men, and we baptized many.

After having traveled for a year's time I was again transferred, in that orders came from Kjobenhavn that I should travel to Skive to preside over the conference there. Together with the brethren and sisters I labored as best I could to forward the Gospel, which made good progress. Upon Thyland there were especially many who listened to us, and many Saints have come from there. Brother A.W. Winberg was at that time traveling elder in several conferences and taught well. His appearance as a faithful servant of the Lord was a great blessing.

Early in the year 1863, I wrote to President Jesse N. Smith, asking for permission to emigrate to Zion. I received the answer that I should meet him in Aarhus at conference time. After a conversation with Brother Winberg, he came to see me, took me by the hand, thanked me for my faithful mission and blessed me in the name of Jesus Christ. He said that now I should go "home". I felt overjoyed that those who were over me were satisfied with my bit of work in the Lord's vineyard.

Many emigrated the same year from Skive Conference. I traveled to Kjobehavn and settled the books for emigration. Here I met my beloved Anna Maria Salvesen, from Kristiansand in Norway, and we began the journey to Zion together. On board the sailing ship "B.S. Kimball" in Liverpool, on one of the first days of May, we, together with several other couples, were united in marriage. H.P. Lund was chosen as Captain for the company, with P. Beckstrom and myself as counselors. As we had about 700 saints to take care of, everyone who has had experience in leading emigrant companies knows that it called for work and careful attention on our part. We arrived happy and well at Salt Lake City in the beginning of September 1863.

I remained in Salt Lake during the winter and worked at my profession, but moved in the spring of 1864 to Hyrum, where I have since lived, and where I have had the opportunity to preach influentially to my Scandinavian brethren and sisters. I presided

over their organization about 20 years, in which position the Lord has greatly blessed me.

In the fall of 1874, I, together with several other elders, was called on a mission to Scandinavia, and was set apart to go to Norway, where I labored for a time in the Christiania Conference and was more or less free from police interference, with the exception of once in Laurvig, when I was called before the chief of police. I declared to him that I was an American citizen and would not be trodden under foot. He let me go. The following summer I was set apart as president of the Aalberg conference. Inasmuch as I suffered greatly from rheumatism I was given permission to return home in the fall. Upon my return I found my family in good circumstances.

In Aalberg Conference I worked with Brother Andrew Jonsen, who performed a very good work and was a faithful young man. I little realized at that time that later on I would find him as editor of "Morgenstjernen" ... Young men in Zion have a great future before them.

In 1877 I was again called upon a mission -- this time to the states. I and Brother Larsen from Logan were assigned to a mission field in Minnesota, where I traveled a great deal among the Scandinavians, but the great majority of them were opposed to the Gospel.

During my travels in Minnesota I came, on one Saturday evening, to a little Town called Clitherall, in Ottertail County. The people in the vicinity told me that I would find a whole town of Mormons. Previous to my arrival I was told that they were Josephites, but this was not the case. They were a group whom a certain man Cutler had led astray after the death of the Prophet Joseph. This Cutler had been one of the foremen of the Nauvoo Temple, but had fallen from the church influence and he, his family and friends now lived in Clitherall. They told me that almost all of them had relatives in Utah. They had a bishop, president and meeting house and all lived under a knit of "united order". They had a patriarch and offered offerings in a room especially fitted therefore.

I visited the Bishop and told him that we were servants of God sent to them, also that we were tired and hungry, and wished to remain overnight with him. I showed him my certificate of appointment. He inquired about our horses and coaches. I answered, "When have you found that God's servants had horses and wagons at their disposition? My clothes are simple and worn out, but I have that which is better - namely, the Eternal Gospel to offer you". He said that the Josephites' Apostles always had fine clothes and drove in spring carts, but he did not believe them; whereas he believed that Cutler, their leader, had authority from Joseph, and not Brigham Young. I explained to him that when Jesus departed, Peter became president of the Quorum of the Twelve and the authority rested upon him. It was also the same with Brigham. He declared that they had not seen a Mormon elder since they left Winter Quarters. Meanwhile the people had gathered about us and many cried.

Among those with whom I talked was a daughter of Patriarch Morley. She and her husband, whose name was Writhing, cried when they heard that we were from Utah. They did not believe in young Joseph, for he did not have authority, they said, and they did not wish us to preach polygamy. I asked him if he believed that Joseph Smith

lived in polygamy. He said it was "Spiritual Wifeism", I answered, "You know that several who lived in Nauvoo were actually sealed to their wives whom they maintained and had children with. Is it those you called "spiritual wives?" He could not answer me, but there were two Josephites who were very nasty and said that a third of the population in Utah were Josephites. I declared to him that many-who belonged to this sect were excommunicated Mormons. Some of them were cut off for adultery, drunkenness, horse thievery and all kinds of crimes. At this the, other laughed and the two were ashamed. I would like to remark here that a more bitter and nasty spirit than the Josephites were in possession of, I have never found. The light is shut out from them.

I held two meetings with these people, during which the Spirit of God rested with me, and many said they wished they were in Utah. I left them and never returned.

After this mission I have lived at home, and feel my thankfulness to the Lord for all His goodness to me and my Scandinavian brethren and sisters. I bear the same testimony today as before, that Joseph Smith was a true Prophet of God, and may the Lord bless Brother Erastus Snow for the message he brought to the far North. I recall also many of the Norwegians, such as Knud Petersen, Brother Dorius and C.C.A. Christensen, and others, for their faithful labors in Norway. Brethren, some time you shall be rewarded for what you have done and what you have gone through in the Norwegian prisons. To close, I thank the Scandinavian Saints for their kindness to me personally, when I came to them as a tired and persecuted servant of the Lord. May God bless all the Lord's servants. Give honor to God, brethren, for all things, for some time we will all realize that by His Grace are we saved.