

### CONCLUSION

The above rules will undoubtedly thrust you into the euphoric Life of an Enchanting Man. Prepare yourself for this role. Do not act surprised or overly humble when people begin to comment about the change in your personality (and you can be sure, they *will* make comments).

Additionally, do not concern yourself with the fact that the above-enumerated principles are all extremely superficial and somewhat short-sighted. Although they have not yet been tried and proved, similar principles for *women* have been, and initial reports indicate overwhelming success and approval.\* In any event, do not delay; start immediately to achieve your heart's Goal.

\*Cf. Helen Andelin, *Fascinating Womanhood* (1963), American Publishing Co.

### A REMINISCENCE OF JOSEPH SMITH

*The following was called to our attention by Leonard Arrington, who writes, "In 1905, Susa Young Gates, editor of the YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL (Salt Lake City), interviewed a number of elderly women to obtain their memories of the Prophet Joseph Smith. These were published in subsequent issues of the JOURNAL. One of those whose recollections are given was "Aunt" Jane James, at one time a black servant in the house of the Prophet. The following is the full interview, as published under the general heading "Joseph Smith, The Prophet," in the YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL, XVI (December 1905), 551-553. It shows the kindness and democratic manner of the Prophet."*

#### "AUNT" JANE JAMES (Colored Servant in the Prophet's House)

Yes, indeed, I guess I did know the Prophet Joseph. That lovely hand! He used to put it out to me. Never passed me without shaking hands with me wherever he was. Oh, he was the finest man I ever saw on earth. I did not get much of a chance to talk with him. He'd always smile, always just like he did to his children. He used to be just like I was his child. O yes, my, I used to read in the Bible so much and in the Book of Mormon and Revelations, and now I have to sit and can't see to read, and I think over them things, and I tell you I do wake up in the middle of the night, and I just think about Brother Joseph and Sister Emma and how good they was to me. When I went there I only had two things on me, no shoes nor stockings, wore them all out on the road. I had a trunk full of beautiful clothes, which I had sent around by water, and I was thinking of having them when I got to Nauvoo, and they stole them at St. Louis, and I did not have a rag of them. They was looking for us because I wrote them a letter. There was eight of us, my mother and two sisters and a brother and sister-in-law, and we had two children, one they had to carry all the way there, and we traveled a thousand miles. Sister Emma she come to the door first and she says, "Walk

in, come in all of you," and she went up stairs, and down he comes and goes into the sitting room and told the girls that they had there, he wanted to have the room this evening, for we have got company come. I knew it was Brother Joseph because I had seen him in a dream. He went and brought Dr. Bernhisel down and Sister Emma, and introduced him to everyone of us, and said, "Now, I want you to tell me about some of your hard trials. I want to hear of some of those hard trials." And we told him. He slapped his hands.

"Dr. Bernhisel," he said, "what do you think of that?" And he said,

"I think if I had had it to do I should not have come; would not have had faith enough."

I was the head leader. I had been in the Church a year and a little over. That is sixty-nine years ago. [She was at the time about twenty years of age.] So then our folks got places. He kept them a whole week until they got homes, and I was left. He came in every morning to see us and shake hands and know how we all were. One morning, before he came in, I had been up to the landing and found all my clothes were gone. Well, I sat there crying. He came in and looked around.

"Why where's all the folks?"

"Why Brother," I says, "they have all got themselves places; but," I says, "I haint got any place," and I burst out a-crying.

"We won't have tears here," he says.

"But," I says, "I have got no home."

"Well you've got a home here," he says, "Have you seen Sister Emma this morning?"

"No, sir," I says.

So he started out and went upstairs and brought Sister Emma down and says, "Here's a girl who says she's got no home. Don't you think she's got a home here?"

And she says, "If she wants to stay here."

And he says, "Do you want to stay here?"

"Yes, sir," says I. "Well, now," he says, "Sister Emma you just talk to her and see how she is." He says, "Good morning," and he went.

We had come afoot, a thousand miles. We lay in bushes, and in barns and outdoors, and traveled until there was a frost just like a snow, and we had to walk on that frost. I could not tell you, but I wanted to go to Brother Joseph.

I did not talk much to him, but every time he saw me he would say, "God bless you," and pat me on the shoulder. To Sister Emma, he said, "go and clothe her up, go down to the store and clothe her up." Sister Emma did. She got me clothes by the bolt. I had everything.

The folks that come to me think I ought to talk and tell what Brother Joseph said, but he was hid up (his enemies were seeking his life) and I cannot remember now. I could not begin to tell you what he was, only this way, he was tall, over six feet; he was a fine, big, noble, beautiful man! He had blue eyes and light hair, and very fine white skin.

When he was killed, I liked to a died myself, if it had not been for the teachers, I felt so bad. I could have died, just laid down and died; and I was sick abed, and the teachers told me,

“You don’t want to die because he did. He died for us, and now we all want to live and do all the good we can.”

Things came to pass what he prophesied about the colored race being freed. Things that he said has come to pass. I did not hear that, but I knew of it.

After I saw him plain, I was certain he was a prophet because I knew it. I was willing to come and gather, and when he came in with Dr. Bernhisel I knew him. Did not have to tell me because I knew him. I knew him when I saw him back in old Connecticut in a vision, saw him plain and knew he was a prophet.

This is the Gospel of Jesus Christ and there will never be any other on earth. It has come to stay.



## A MISCELLANY FOR THE SACRIPANTS OF RELEVANCE

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The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is a schizophrenic church. Its ultimate concern is with things beyond — life after death, justice-in-judg-