

as Ephraim, and as Manasseh: and he set Ephraim before Manasseh."

In the forty-ninth chapter of Genesis, it will be seen that Jacob blessed all of his own children, and told them what should befall them in the last days.

The practice of blessing the heirs of the chosen seed, can be seen from the earliest ages.—When Seth was born, his name appears to have been called so, because God had appointed another "seed" in the place of Abel, whom Cain slew. Let the world say what it may, as to this piece of intelligence, it must have been copied from his patriarchal blessing. We copy another sketch from a patriarchal blessing, and leave the people to judge for themselves:

"And Lamech begat a son, and he called his name Noah, saying, this same shall comfort us concerning our work and toil of our hands, because of the ground which the Lord hath cursed."

When Rebecca was about to be sent to Isaac for a wife, her parents must have done something and kept a record of it, for it is thus written;

"And they blessed Rebecca, and said unto her, thou art our sister; be thou the mother of thousands of millions, and let thy seed possess the gate of those which hate them."

The Book of Doctrine and Covenants makes the subject plain; and the revelations by Joseph Smith in that book, renewed the order for the first time since the apostles fell asleep.—Evangelical ministers, or patriarchs, as designated by revelation, are to be set apart in all the various branches of the church, if the saints desire it.

Who can read the account of good old Simeon, in Luke, and not feel his heart burn with gratitude—that God, whenever he had a church that he acknowledged to be his, had patriarchs to bless? Of Simeon it is said,

"And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ.

And he came by the Spirit into the temple: and when the parents brought in the child Jesus, to do for him after the custom of the law,

Then took he him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said,

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word.

For mine eyes have seen thy salvation,

Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people;

A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel."

But enough is said: no Latter-day Saint, having the spirit of God, will go to the world of

spirits, before he receives his patriarchal blessing, if he lives within reach of the patriarch. A blessing is a great thing: even Esau said, "bless me also, O my father!"

The blessings of good men compose an important portion of the sacred writings, and if it were in our power, to bring out the records of the patriarchs, containing the blessings of the saints from the children of Adam down, what a catalogue of things past, present, and to come, would they exhibit? and another thing, ye blessed, if we only had the blessings of the spirits before they leave the Lord, we could glory. [Ed.]

ANOTHER WITNESS FOR THE BOOK OF MORMON.

A writer in the Buffalo Pilot gives us another witness for the Book of Mormon. It is a fine thing to have such specimens of antiquity found and then to have wise men look into the Book of Mormon and solve the mystery.

The writer states, that in the town adjoining Cooper, county of Allegan, Michigan, about a mile distant from the fertile banks of the Kalamazoo, is a small hamlet, commonly known as Arnold's Station. The first settlers of this little place, emigrants from the St. Joseph country, found in the township some extensive ruins of what had evidently been the work of human ingenuity, and which they christened the Military Post.

"It consists," says the writer, "of a wall of earth, running northwest and southeast, being about the height of a man's head in the principal part of its length, but varying in some places, as if it had been degraded, either by the hands of assailants or the lapse of time. Fronting the road, which runs parallel with the work, is the *glacis*, presenting a gentle slope to the summit of the wall, which extends for about the fourth of a mile. Along the entire face of the fortification is a cleared space of equal breadth in its whole extent, covered with a fine grass, but beyond the edge of this the forest is still standing. Such was the aspect of the remains when the first white settler emigrated to Michigan, and it has remained without perceptible change to the present time. The mound is covered with monstrous trees, of a wood slow in its growth, showing its great antiquity, but furnishing no clue to its origin. The popular theory seems to be that the French, who early traversed our country, were the builders; but this, of course, is erroneous. It must have been either the work of a large body of men, or the painful toil of a few. If the former, they might have conquered and subdued any tribe of Indians then in existence; if the latter,

a solitary line of breastwork, without a *fosse*, or other defence, could have been no protection: and it seems still more mysterious that it should have been placed here, at the distance of a mile from any spring, and with a heavy wood, of a date more ancient than the trees upon the mound in its rear.

If the neighboring Indians are questioned upon its traditionary history, the invariable answer is, that it was there when they came—more, they either do not or can not say. That it was the labor of an extinct race is pretty evident, and it probably dates from the same era with the extensive works at Rock River. These latter are, however, of brick, a specimen of which material, taken from beneath the roots of an oak tree of great size, the writer has in his possession."

COMMUNICATIONS.

LETTER FROM ELDER WOODRUFF.

Dated—36 Chapel st. Liverpool, }
May 1st 1845. }

BR. TAYLOR—DEAR SIR:—

I feel disposed to present to you an extract from my journal, which I penned while on a visit to the grave of the worthy Elder Lorenzo D. Barnes. I do this for the benefit of his parents, relatives, friends, Zion's camp, and the saints in general; for he occupies a place in the memory and hearts of many thousands of the Saints, who were acquainted with his labors in the vineyard of the Lord.

My visit to his grave was on the 20th of February 1845, which was a solemn day to my feelings in some respects, in consequence of walking over the ground which oft had been trod by our worthy Brother Barnes, and also of viewing the tomb where sleeps his sacred dust. I left Bradford in company with Elders Sheets and Ure. (Br. Sheets is presiding over the Bradford conference, which was under the care of Elder Barnes during his last labors: Elder Ure over the Sheffield conference.) We left for the purpose of visiting the grave of Elder Barnes in Idle, Yorkshire, three miles from Bradford. When about half way we had a fair view of Idle and the church where our brother was buried, which stands upon a high piece of ground. We had a green vale to pass through before arriving at the spot; the fields were quite green, though in February: we walked over the road, over which Elder Barnes had walked many scores of times in preaching the gospel. I felt solemn indeed, and was filled with meditation, until I arrived at Idle, which contains a population of about five thous-

and, and a branch of the church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, of thirty-seven members. We called upon Elder Thomas Cordingly and his family, who had the care of Elder Barnes during his sickness and death.—They pointed out to me the room where he spent his last moments. After getting some refreshment we walked to the church-yard, and I gazed upon the silent tomb of our beloved Lorenzo. My feelings were keen and sensitive as I stood upon his grave. I realized I was standing over the body of one of the elders of Israel, of the horns of Joseph, of the seed of Ephraim; one of the members of Zion's camp, who had travelled with me more than a thousand miles in 1834, for the redemption of his persecuted and afflicted brethren, and offered to lay down his life for their sake; one who had the hearts and affections of thousands of friends both in America and England; and whose fidelity was stronger than death to his lover, his brethren, eternal truth and his God. While standing upon his grave, I offered up my vocal prayers to Israel's God that my death or change might be that of the righteous, and that my last end might be as wise and safe as his, and that his sacred dust might be called forth in the morn of the first resurrection.

I decreed in my heart I would never return to my native country, until I had caused to be erected a tombstone over his narrow bed, to say to his friends that might chance to pass that way, that there sleeps the worthy Lorenzo D. Barnes; the first of Zion's camp that has found a grave in a foreign land. I bowed my knee upon his sacred grave, and plucked some pebbles in memory of his worth. I thought of his lover, his father, his mother, his kindred, and the Saints; for they all loved him, and would have thought it a blessing to have been permitted to drop a silent tear upon his lonely bed. Oh Lorenzo! thou hast fallen in the prime of life, as it were a martyr for the truth in a foreign land; but thine exaltation in the celestial world will not come behind the chiefest of thy quorum. I retired from his grave with my brethren, meditating upon the life of Elder Barnes. I made diligent inquiry of the family where he died and others concerning his labors, sickness and death, and obtained the following information:—

On his arrival in England, he labored for a short season in and about Manchester. He then went to the Cheltenham conference in Gloucestershire, where he labored until the general conference. He was much beloved by the Saints in that conference, and a petition was sent by them for his return; but at the general conference he received an appointment to take