

## LETTER TO PRESIDENTS W. S. PHILLIPS AND J. DAVIS

Bear River, 80 miles from Salt Lake City, September 20, 1852.

DEAR BROTHERS PHILLIPS AND DAVIS,—According to my promise, I now take the opportunity of writing to you for the second time on this journey. We have had a pleasant journey the entire way to this point, with the climate remarkably temperate, with but a little rain, and no storms: and even though we crossed one mountain 7,700 feet above sea level, we have not seen so much as one day of snow along our way. We did see a lot of black clouds rising with the wind, and we heard distant thunder as if the whole heavens above were gathering their forces to sweep us away; but they dared not harm us, because of that One who has all authority in his possession, and who calls the stars by their names, and He whose command the winds obey, parting them as if by his hand, until they went past us on every side with us in the middle, without our feeling their effects. And not just once or twice did this happen.

We are all well at present, and we had but little sickness on our journey. Four have died, i.e., William Dafydd, from Llanelli, and Thomas his son; also, William, son of sister Howells from Aberdare, who fell under his mother's wagon wheel which went over his chest. We administered to him through the ordinances of the Church of Jesus Christ, according to the scriptures, and the next night he was strolling around the camp. He fell sick again in a day or two, and brother Taylor and I administered to him again, but he died in spite of everyone and everything. The other who died was Jennet, the daughter of Thomas and Anne Morris, of gangrene. You shall have more of the account of our journey when we reach the Valley.

Last night we were in our camp on the bank of Sulphur Creek, two miles from here. We heard in the morning that our dear brother Capt. D. Jones was camped by the Bear River. It was not long, as you shall learn, after hearing the news, before the phrase "pack up and pick up" sounded out; and I know that nowhere on the journey was there a quicker response to any call. His name had lit a flame of love in the breast of everyone toward him so that nothing else could be heard through the camp but "brother Jones," and "let us go to meet him." It was not long before the wheels were turning. After traveling close to a mile, we saw a man of small stature walking quickly to meet us. We did not know who it was, but as we drew nearer to each other, to our joy, who was it but our dear brother Jones, with his customary cheery smile. It is easier to imagine than to describe our meeting. After shaking hands, embracing, weeping, and kissing, we went to the river bank where he had left his horse, having traveled from twenty to thirty miles during the night ahead of his company, in order to meet us. We decided to spend a day in his friendship, to converse with each other about things pertaining to the kingdom of our God. Oh, brethren, how sweet the words poured over his lips. It is true that every word from his mouth was sweet earlier in

Wales, but they were a thousand times sweeter here on the desolate mountains of America, between eight and nine thousand miles from Wales.

I must end this letter, for the camp is getting near, and brothers Jeremy and Daniels are coming. Who can hold a pen, when the faithful brethren with whom I traveled thousands of miles in the bond of love, are coming near? not I. There, the brothers and sisters are running; I cannot restrain myself any longer. Behold, everyone is coming back to the camp with his heart full of joy, in full proof of the truthfulness of the words—"how lovely is the dwelling place of brothers together." We spent the rest of the day in brotherly love, at times singing, other times testifying of our determinations, listening to teachings of the three brothers, until the day went past, and if the truth be told, until 12 o'clock at night also: and though it was in the midst of the green willows we met, the Spirit of God was among us. We all took our leave so that each could fulfill his calling, in full confidence that we would meet again in Zion. The camp is getting underway: farewell for now, dear brethren, Phillips and Davis.

I am, your brother in the bond of the Gospel,

W. MORGAN.