

## REJOICE IN THE LORD

Notwithstanding the accounts of trials and tribulations, which are reflected in the subjects of reference in the records, no other one thing fills the pages so frequently as the personal affirmation of joy in the gospel. For those who truly loved their religion no amount of sacrifice, no deprivation no hardship had been too great. To have been reviled rejected and even crushed in times past had provided each in his turn with an opportunity to wear the martyr's crown.

One notes in these testimonies the witness of contentment and satisfaction in having "abandoned partnership with the world and the devil." There had been renewed fulfillment and rejoicing which derived from having gathered to Zion and a continuous rededicated effort to live gospel principles.

Sentimentality was more a part of Clem's nature than he was prone to admit. It is not surprising, therefore that he prized the account "Driven From Home For Acceptance of Truth." found in his own father's journal above all other testimonies. Here was recorded the story of his grandmother's conversion, a story of a grief stricken mother driven from home, because of her new found religion with two toddlers by her side and a babe in arms.

The story unfolds to reveal the struggle of Clem's grandmother to provide for herself and little ones with some degree of dignity and self-respect. in spite of having been rejected by husband and parents.. She worked at tailoring in a London clothing establishment until she was able to send William, a lad of eleven years, on ahead and then five years later gather herself and the other two children unto Zion and a reunion with him. William, Clem's father, concluded his testimony just as thousands like it with words of rejoicing and admonition:

I afterwards worked for President Woodruff three months, at the expiration of which time the man I had gone north with came after me, and I returned to Box Elder County with him, working out by the year, until the spring of 1867, when, after a happy courtship, in which the old, old story became new again, I married Miss Elizabeth Welch. We lived in a little log house on some land I had rented. My furniture was rather scant, as everything was so high priced at that time, and I had had my own way to make entirely. The Lord blessed me with a good wife, however, who was both economical and industrious, and we struggled on in unity and contentment for a few years, when I built a log house on my own land, hauling the logs and doing most of the work myself. It was indeed a great pleasure when we first became ensconced in our neat little home, with our three boys around us and we felt that Providence had favored us with His smiles.

I often think how much better our young people would appreciate their conditions in life if they had to pass through the trials and hardships many of their parents have done. Instead of murmuring, their voices would oftener be raised in praise and thanksgiving to God for His mercies and blessings bestowed upon them.