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Booklet on Charles Rich Clark

-4-

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We have endured their outrages and we shall have to do so until the Lord's appointed time which will come--we know not when. They have imprisoned our brethren and imposed heavy fines upon them so their families have been made to suffer pecuniary loss as well as the loss of husband and father while he has been serving his term of imprisonment for obeying the laws of God.

Oh, think of it, ye political men, how many homes have been desolated and inoffensive hearts made to ache. The cries of the innocent will be sure to ascend to God in judgement against you for you are pulling to pieces that sacred constitution of our country which was framed by inspiration from the Almighty; it guaranteed to every subject life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and now those rights have been wrested from us without any cause.

It is so in all dispensations when the gospel of Christ has been on the earth. History reveals the fact that this is only a repetition of the past. The Lord has tolerated it, and He will do so again until certain things are accomplished so we can acknowledge His hand in it. It is expected of us that we do our duty, be valiant in the cause of truth, and He will fight our battles. We have not had permission to relinquish any of our principals. They were revealed to Joseph Smith and are necessary to our exaltation and though it tried us, we are expected to persevere and we shall conquer.

Understanding this, we knew it to be our duty to go forward and put ourselves in a position to be instruments in the hands of God of bringing spirits into the world, that they might take upon themselves bodies and be tested in the flesh so they can live according to God in the spirit.

Well, the time came for us to leave home. It was on the 26th of May. I had made myself ready and expected Charley over that night. He came according to appointment. It had been decided by this time that I was to go to Brother Wooley's in Centerville, Davis County, so this is where I had started for. It was supposed that Brother Wooley would meet us at Farmington, taking me on to his place and Charley would go to his father's in Farmington. It was a beautiful moonlight night and might have been enjoyed had it not been for the gloom that was unavoidably felt under those circumstances. The Brother met us as was expected, and I had to go with a stranger to a strange place. Brother Wooley is Emma's father, but he is at this time a stranger to me. Charley came down the next day, but it did not seem to do me any good. I knew he would soon go back and leave me alone to ponder over the displeasure of the occasion. I did not know how to act nor what to do, and when Charley came to go, what a time. I shall not attempt to describe it, for I could not begin to tell my feelings, but will leave it to be imagined for even at that, one would fail to get a true picture of the scene. The first few hours I spent after becoming an exile will never be remembered with pleasant thoughts so I shall not dwell longer on that event, but it went on. I tried to make myself as happy as possible, and I did feel pretty well. The days were long and lonely, though I tried to make myself as happy

as possible, for I knew my feelings would influence the character of the unborn, so I felt it my duty to throw off the cares and look on the bright side as much as possible. I had a great desire to be the recipient of