

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF MY FATHER, HENRY BALLARD by
Rebecca Ballard Cardon

My father, Henry Ballard, was the son of William and Hannah Russell Ballard. The family lived in Berkshire in several small villages and had three sons born to them.

They later settled in Thatcham, Berkshire, England, where William worked as a gardener on a wealthy man's estate. Times were hard in England at that time and William's pay was small, so to help out Hannah worked on the estate also.

She felt that she had all the children they could care for and nearly six years had passed when she discovered that she was to have another child. It was unwanted and unwelcome and she was very upset about it, and in her limited way she tried to loose the baby by working and lifting beyond her strength and other means at hand, but father used to say "the harder she tried to loose me, the harder I clung to life, for I guess it was destined that I should be born."

This child, a son, was born on January 27, 1832, and they named him Henry. Hannah did not know at that time the Lord was sending her a great blessing, and a savior for her family as well as William's, for he was the one who accepted the Gospel.

Of course, as all mothers are, she loved him very much and he was the apple of her eye. They were poor but honest, honorable people and Henry records of them, "Many times I feel to thank God that I had good parents to train me in my young days that I was not dragged down into the sins and vices of the world." And I know that many times they have thanked God for their youngest son.

Henry was born just two years after the Church of Jesus Christ was organized in America, and I feel sure it was no accident, and that the two events were related.

Of father's early childhood I know very little, only one event that he has told us many times revealed some little of what it was like at that time. This event was at the time that Queen Victoria was crowned and all the village celebrated and a free dinner was given to everyone on the village green. In the crowd father became separated from his mother and she was frantic until she found him, but he said he wasn't very much concerned, for someone put him up to the table as big as anyone and there he was eating to his heart's content. He would laugh about how excited his mother was and then would add, "I wasn't far. I was enjoying myself eating all I wanted of all that good food", - indicating that he didn't always have all that he wanted to eat. He was about five years old at that time.

Education in England was hard to get and only the better classes were able to afford it, but when father was a little past nine years old, he was accepted into a Charity school called "The Blue Coat School." I copied the following from the history of Thatcham:

"Lady Frances Winchcombes was a daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, and in her deed dated 30 June 1707, she gave to the trustees about a half acre of ground on Chapel Street, Thatcham,

with an old decayed Chapel standing thereon, with directions to convert the same into a school house for the education of thirty poor boys - born or to be born, or whose parents should live in the parish of Thatcham. She directed that funds should be used to buy bibles, common prayer books and other useful books. The boys were to be taught to read and understand English, to write and keep accounts, so as to qualify them for some honest calling".

Father attended that school for four years and that was all of the schooling he ever received. I suppose four years of schooling was about all that each boy was allowed, so father's education was now complete and he was only 13 years old. The rest of his education was self acquired. He was a good reader and speller and good at arithmetic, so I suppose they gave him a pretty fair start, for he was a well educated man through his own study and reading and through the work in the Church.

Father records that on June 24, 1845, he left school and went to work on a farm for William Northaway. On this farm were many sheep, and father was given the task of caring for them, so I suppose he could be called a shepherd. There was a man by the name of Joseph Smith who was also a farm hand and a member of the Mormon Church. During their work and at lunch time, they talked of many things and often of religion.

He taught father much of the gospel and he finally began attending their meetings and was convinced that it was the truth and wanted to join the Church. His parents and brothers were opposed to this for the Mormons were very unpopular. Finally father decided he would be baptized anyway and this he did in February, 1849. He was just seventeen years of age at this time.

About midsummer of that same year, he tells that he was taken very sick with typhoid fever and became very weak and low - so much that the family thought that he was going to die. He didn't know where the Elders were and no one would find them for him, but all the time he was praying for the Lord to send them to him.

Finally his prayer was answered and they came one evening. They talked for a while and asked father if he had faith to be healed. He answered, "Yes, if they would have faith for him, for he was so very weak". They were in an upstairs room and the Elders asked his mother to leave the room, for she was unbelieving, but his father stayed in the room.

The Elder who sealed the anointing rebuked the disease and promised him that he would recover and if he was faithful he would live to go to Utah and do a wonderful work. Henry soon fell asleep and slept good all night and the next morning he got up and dressed himself and went downstairs.

When his mother saw him she thought he was delirious again and begged him to go back to bed. He said, "No, mother, I am healed and the Lord has done it". She wanted him to take some of the medicine that the doctor had left and he said, "No, I will never take another drop of it". She said, "But what will I say when he asks me? I can't tell a

lie". Father said, "All right; mother, I won't make you lie, - just give it to me", which she did and he poured it into the wash basin and said, "There, now you gave it to me and I took it. We won't need to say anything more about it".

He continued to improve and in a few days he went out of doors and was soon back to work. But, before he did this, his father was baptized into the Church, for he could not further resist the testimony that he had received through the healing of Henry, and he began to go to meetings.

His mother was not converted at this time, but was finally baptized in about three months, and they both remained faithful all of the rest of their days.

The promise made to father at that time was fulfilled to the letter, for he was healed, and he did come to Utah, and he was the father of 18 children and his posterity is numerous now, as we all know. He did great work as a bishop of a ward for nearly 40 years.

At the time of his baptism, Father's brothers were all married and had moved to London and were doing well - making bodies for carriages. Of course they were very much upset over these events and decided to do something about it.

They thought if they could get Henry to come to London and live with them that he would forget all about the Mormons and they could handle their father and mother. So they sent for Henry and made him an offer of work with them. Father says, "I could see through their plans but thought it would be a good change for a while, so I went to London and lived at my eldest brother's home".

He says "They were very kind to me but never left me alone at nights or on Sundays, but took me to places of interest and to different churches on Sunday. Nothing was said about the Mormons and I was glad to keep friends with them, so did not bring up the subject, but all the time I was keeping my eyes and ears open to find out where the Mormons were meeting".

"This went on for several Sundays and by my not speaking about them, they thought that I had forgotten all about them," so on one Sunday his brother was not feeling well and they told him he could have the day to himself and go to any of the churches that they had taken him to. Father says, "Now is my chance to find the Mormons". He went in a different direction from where he had looked before and he soon came to a small bookstore with a sign in the window telling about some book that had been written about the Mormons. There was a man looking in the window and father asked him if he knew anything about these people. He said he had heard a lot about them but he added that he thought they weren't a bad lot. Father asked if he knew where they were meeting and he said, "Yes, it is not far from here".

So he was not long in finding the place and he said it was sure a treat for him to again hear the Gospel and he enjoyed the day very much.

When he returned home that evening his brother asked him if

he had enjoyed the day and he could truthfully say that he had had a good time. They asked where I had gone and I told them. They said, "Why there is no church there". He answered, "Maybe not, but I have heard the best sermon today that I have heard since coming to London". They asked what religion they taught and he said, "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints".

"What, those Mormons:" they exclaimed and then the trouble started. They tried to show me what they thought of my error and finally sent for the minister. He labored with me in vain. When they found that they could not argue me out of my folly they tried kindness and bribery, and offered to take me as an equal partner with them -- that I could be a gentleman and wear kid gloves and never soil my hands all of my life, if I would only give up those awful Mormons."

He said, "I told them that I knew that the Church was true and that God knew that I knew it, and I would expect Him to strike me down if I denied it. So I refused their offer, for my religion was worth more to me than all the gold or positions of the world".

When they found that they could do nothing with him by kindness and bribery, they became angry and turned on him and said that " I was no more a brother of theirs and their home was no longer his home" and so they turned him out alone on a dark, stormy night in December, moneyless in the city of London, to find his way home as best he could - 60 miles.

His sister-in-law, Rebecca, the wife of his oldest brother, stood up for him and told them that they were too hard on him but to no success. So out he went. He hadn't gone far when he heard footsteps behind him and someone called his name. He turned and found Rebecca there. She said she was sorry for me and brought me a loaf of bread and some cheese wrapped up in newspaper, but said she must hurry back before her husband found out about it. He says, "I have never forgotten her kindness to me". This happened to a boy of seventeen - now you know how I got my name. That night he slept in a barn and finally reached home - walking all the way.

Soon after his return home he was offered a chance to work his way to Utah. He gladly accepted the offer and bound himself out to work for the company for two years, to pay for passage and further journey. This company was composed of Apostle F. D. Richards, Lorenzo Snow, Erastus Snow and Eli B. Kelsey. They were to obtain a herd of sheep to be driven across the plains and thus help the wool industry in Utah. Father was to take care of the sheep.

So on January 10, 1852 he set sail from Liverpool with a large company of, saints. - 333 on the sailing ship Kennebeck. They were bound for New Orleans where they arrived on March 10, after tossing about on the ocean for 10 weeks.

The company then took an old steamboat up the river (Mississippi) to Council Bluff, Iowa. This was the ill fated ship, Saluda, which blew up on the river killing about 50 of the saints and injuring many more. Henry was thrown and something struck him on

the head, which made a large hole in it. He lay unconscious for a while with blood running down his face.

When he regained consciousness he saw a man running, and he followed him, and jumped off the side of the boat which did not sink. But he was unable to stand, and lay with his body in the water. He was finally rescued and cared for the best they knew how and through the blessings of the Lord his life was spared, but he had a hole in his head which gave him much trouble the later years of his life.

All that father could find of his things was one shirt and one sock, no hat and only the things that he had on at the time. But kind friends helped provide for them and another boat offered to take them to Council Bluffs, where they met kind friends to help them.

This was the 9th of April. Here he found his herd of sheep and they began their long walk. He would start out early and try to find a feeding place for them, then the wagon train would pass him and he would come in late in the evening.

When he had left his home and family and started on the long journey to Utah, he was in the company of the family of George May. This family was from his home town and he looked upon them as his own family. One of the daughters, Elizabeth, was his age and his little sweetheart.

They reached Council Bluffs, June 1852 where the cholera broke out in the company and on June 23, 1852, the father, George May died of this dread disease. In the morning of June 27th, the youngest daughter died and that same evening the oldest daughter, Elizabeth, died of the same disease.

When father left with his sheep early in the morning of June 27th, Elizabeth was well, and he described her as a strong robust girl. When the company caught up to him about sundown, he says that she was reduced to a skeleton and was unable to speak to him and died soon after. He dug her grave and helped to bury her himself, about eleven o'clock that night.

On July 2nd another member of the family, a son, William May died. It seemed that tragedy stalked this family for on July 4th, the mother died. Father says that he had to lift her out of the wagon and helped sew her up in a sheet, as that was all the preparation they could make for her. He said that she was like a mother to him and he loved her very dearly, and that it was one of the hardest things that he ever had to do was to lay her away.

He was now really alone in this new world, leaving all who were dear to him in unknown graves along the trail. The company arrived in Salt Lake City October 16, 1852. He was now 20 years old.

After he had worked out his time for the sheep company, he located his father and mother who had come across the plains with the P.E. fund and they settled in Mill Creek. He spent the first winter in Salt Lake City.

He then joined and belonged to the Militia. So he was with the memorable times on July 24, 1857 at the time of Johnston's Army. He was with the guard in Echo Canyon and the move south.

After the trouble was settled, he returned to Mill Creek. This home was located on the west side of what is now 5th East and 33 South in Salt Lake City, but he felt that he needed more land and in the spring of 1859 Cache Valley was being opened up for settlers, so on May 2, 1859 he was released from the militia and on the 3rd of May, he and Aaron Dewitt started for Cache Valley.

They took 2 yoke of oxen, some young stock, a plow and seeds, tools and some bread stuff, all belonging to Henry. It took them 7 days to make the trip to Wellsville. They were sent to Spring Creek, where they put in a crop and then on June 2 they went to Logan to look around. They found some good land, but looked around further, and finally decided to locate in Logan.

He moved his logs, etc. on Jul 15 1859. He was allotted a lot on 2nd West and Center Street. The fort was down Center Street. On July 27 1859 he began building a two room log house, dirt floors and roof. It stood there for years. When it was completed he went to Salt Lake and moved his father and mother to Logan and this is where they lived.

That summer was spent building his own home in Logan and tending his garden at Spring Creek. Their food ran out and Henry records that most of the camp was out of flour and lived upon green corn, potatoes and turnips for days and they were thankful to have plenty of them. He was a minute man and spent much time helping to guard against the Indians.

He went to October conference in Salt Lake City and upon returning home they met Brother Thomas McNeil and family who had just come across the plains and were on their way to Cache Valley, and they offered them assistance on their continued journey. In Henry's journal, he stated that was the first meeting of his wife to be, Margaret McNeil.

At the time of this meeting, Margaret was a barefooted, sun-burned little girl, driving her cow along the dusty country road, but it was impressed upon her mother and to Henry at that time, that some day she would be his wife.

In January Henry asked Margaret to go to a dance with him at Providence. He had a yoke of oxen and a heavy sleigh. It was very cold and snowed a three foot wall while they were in the dance. They were unable to go home so they sat up all the rest of the night with others from the dance. They had a very hard time to get home the next day.

Their romance continued from that time, and although Margaret was only 15 years old, Henry wanted to marry her. He felt that he could take care of her and provide for her without her having to work as hard as she had been doing.

Logan City. December 15, 1860

My Request to Brother McNeil.

1.

O give me thy dear daughter O give her unto me
That girl untouched by sorrows dart, that girl so light and free.

O give me her I pray thee, to be my wedded wife
Not merely for a moment but for eternal life.

2.

I want to make myself a home a heaven on the earth
That in the resurrection I may gain Celestial birth,
Oh give me then thy daughter and naught I'll have to fear,
She will be all the world to me, your own sweet daughter.

3.

A still small voice seems whispering and says "This is the plan",
Take to yourself a wife in time I will save you fallen man."
May Heaven's choicest blessings with each of you remain
An answer saying "She is yours" will soothe this aching
pain.

To Sister McNeil

1.

I want your daughter for my wife
Sealed to me for eternal life,
I want her through all time to come
And in the New Jerusalem.

2.

I want her in her youthful day
And when heaven and earth shall pass away
I want her in a life like this
And in one filled with Heavenly bliss

3.

I want her joined that none can sever
Me from her peaceful breast for ever.
I want her in her early bloom
And after death beyond the tomb.

They were married on Sunday, May 5, 1861, by Bishop William B. Preston. Margaret was fifteen and Henry was twenty-nine years old. He had been put in as Bishop of Logan Second Ward a month before their marriage.

After his marriage he took Margaret to live with his parents until his own home was finished, and then they moved there.

NOTE; Because much has been written about Henry Ballard, most of which we all have access to, I am not going to include the details of his life during the nearly 40 years he served as the Bishop of Logan Second Ward. --Edna Taylor)

TO BROTHER AND SISTER BALLARD
ON THEIR FORTIETH WEDDING DAY

Hail Patriarch Father, honored mother
We meet you this auspicious day,
And with heartfelt kindly greetings,
For your happiness we pray.

We celebrate the anniversary
Of your "Fortieth Wedding Day"
In each other's love rejoicing,
God has been with you all the way.

Long ago a man and a maiden
With no gaudy outward show,
Heart and hand by Heaven united,
Started out through life to go.

But a child in years, the maiden,
Still a woman's heart was there,
And the man was brave and noble,
Well might she trust to his fond care.

They had naught the world called riches,
But their hopes, their lives were one.
Rich in faith they loved the Gospel,
Of the Lord and His dear Son.

Trials they met and sacrifices
Hardships, toils, and many a care.
But they have been true and faithful,
Still life to them is very dear.

Age comes on with silver tresses.
But Heaven's peace is with them still.
Patiently they yet are struggling
To serve, and do the Father's will.

They not are rich, priceless jewels
In their crown in life they wear
Bright immortal souls were given them,
Which they've reared and trained with care.

No dark sorrow in their bosoms,
For a jewel lost through sin,
They have bravely fought life's battle
And the victory they'll win.

Brother Ballard, Sister Ballard,
Take your friends' best wishes now,
May your happiness continue,
May the years with garlands deck your brow.

Author unknown

TO BISHOP HENRY BALLARD, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS SIXTY-SIXTH
BIRTHDAY, January 27th 1898
By his friend, Aaron Dewitt.

Another year has rolled around and added to thy age,
The record on the book of life has filled another page.

No line upon that register thy peace can ever mar;
Because thy life throughout, has been as stainless as a
star.

We know thou art no polished gem, but natural and free;
And love the truth for it's own sake, without hypocrisy.
A firm believer in the good, a helper of the race;
A comforter of every soul, of beauty and of grace.

This is the reason we are here to try our best to make
This evening pleasant for ourselves, and for our Bishop's
sake.

We ask God as thy Sun goes down beneath the crimson west,
That through thy fading sight may shine the glories of the
blest.

That youth be given back to thee, with all it's inward fire.
And kindle in thy bosom, life that never can expire.
May Heavenly mansions be revealed to thy enraptured sight;
And all thy future birthdays be as glorious as the light.

We know but few remain for thee, but as they each decay;
May friends around with loving hands, strew flowers along
the way.

And should the Boatman take thee first, through deaths cold
flowing tide,
We will try to live that we may meet thee on the other side.

We want thy days here, lengthened out,
Thy years too, multiplied,
Until thou say, it is enough, and I am satisfied.
And when thy body's laid to rest in peace beneath the sod,
May thy pure spirit take its flight back to the throne of God.

For Henry's 74th birthday, the ward had a fine picture of
Henry prepared and framed and presented to him on his
birthday, Jan. 27, 1906.

UNVEILING OF PAINTING by
Aaron Dewitt

Another anniversary,
Another milestone past,
And every beating pulse we tell
Is nearer to the last.
And every day brings something new,
T'is God's and Nature's plan.
And every hour presents new scenes
Wrought by the hand of man.
A work of art will be unveiled -
Within this sacred place,
Revealing what we love to see
A patriarchal face;

One who has counseled us for years
And never taught us wrong,
But tried to take the burdens off,
That we have borne so long.

We want to honor him while here,
He had not long to stay,
And cherish his dear memory too,
When he has passed away.

Let him feel he has not suffered,
Loved and hoped and feared in vain,
Every earthly sin and sorrow
He will only count as gain.
Then he'll join the life eternal,
Entering the third degree,
Gaining far more light and wisdom
Of the inner mystery.
This will help him battle bravely
All the life that lies before,
Knowing that the good and holy
Will remain for ever more.
There he'll meet the last grand masters
In his souls progressive march.
Here the holy angles calling,
Come up to the Royal Arch.
By his earnest, firm endeavor
He has gained that height sublime
And he never again, no never
Will be bound to space and time.
When we are no longer fettered
To this feeble form of clay,
May we with harmonious union,
Meet him in the far way.
When the spirit leaps the barrier
Which across its pathway lies,
Meet him in a land of beauty
Where no bud of promise dies.

TO HENRY BALLARD

After thirty years a bishop.

I hear the same sentence from all of the crowd,
Either uttered in silences or spoken aloud;
"How faithful he's been, so easy and free,
And the spirit that guides him endears him to me."

For thirty long years he has served in this ward,
And twice thirty years he has worshipped the Lord.
And his course is still onward and upward and right,
He is always a watching and praying for light.

He will enter the Kingdom of Glory as sure.
As the sun gives us light and it's force turns earth o'er.
And there with the faithful 'mid perfumes and flowers,

He will rest from his labors in high arching bowers.

Then let us all present in this little throng,
Do right to each other and never do wrong,
Each pledge his endeavors to do what he can
To bless every woman and aid every man.
We will never repent it, by day or by night,
For Heaven is built on the mountains of right;
The more good we do, we can all plainly see,
That the greater our joys and our income will be.

We may all meet with trials, reverses and loss.
And try to bring back the lost one to the fold.
And if we succeed and he is forgiven,
What rejoicing there'll be in the Kingdom of Heaven.

One word more to the Bishop,
Whene'er thy spirit's free,
The saints and sinners of this ward,
Will all lament for thee;
And all thy faults, if any,
May thy successor shun,
And finish nobly the work
That thou hast well begun.

Henry wrote in his journal: April 22, I sent in my resignation as Bishop of the Ward on account of failing health, which position I had occupied 39 years and 8 days.

April 26: Apostle F. M. Lyman and the Presidency of the Stake called a meeting of the Priesthood of the Ward in the meeting house and presented my resignation and I was honorably released by all the Brethren.

After his release, he was still called upon to speak at many funerals, at other meetings, and as a patriarch.

He passed away on 26 February 1908 at his home in his beloved Logan.

A Logan newspaper had this to say: "Patriarch Henry Ballard, of the Second ward, died at his home Wednesday night at 11 o'clock, the result of general debility due to old age and cessation from a very active life. For about five years the gentleman had awaited the final summons, and it came to him peacefully. He was unconscious some time before his death but in the last moments aroused himself, recognized the relatives about him and passed away gently. In his passing a man widely known for his genuine worth has gone. Bishop Ballard was unassuming and one of the kind of men who would prefer to be wronged than to do a wrong. He was a very energetic man while in good health and was identified with most of the progress of the valley. He was kindly and considerate with a heart full of love for

every man, and throughout his life enjoyed the respect and esteem of his fellows."

Henry was laid to rest in the Logan cemetery on Sunday, March 1, 1908. His wife Margaret now rests beside him, and they are surrounded by many of their loved ones -- just the way Henry would have wanted it.

Rebecca further said, "No, he wasn't perfect, but his faults were small when compared with his virtues, and the true value of his life. I feel that he went back to his maker as sweet and clean and unstained by sin as it is possible for a human being to be while passing through this life of trial and sorrow and temptation."

I would like you to hear a few of the comments that were made at Father's funeral, to let you know what the people with whom he worked thought of him.

Newel W. Kimball said, "We are sometimes criticized for eulogizing the dead too much, but it would be difficult for anyone to criticize anything that might be said in praise of Henry Ballard, for he deserves it all. For sixteen years, I labored with him in the bishopric, and he confided in me as I think he did in no other man, and I know him to be a man in all that the term implies.

He was one of God's noblemen. I never knew a better man, one more unselfish, nor one who was more honorable. I have seen him under the most trying circumstances, but his first thoughts were always for the good of his people. I never knew him to refuse to respond to any call made upon him by any of his people. Under any and all conditions, I never saw him waver from the right. I do not believe there is a man living that has shown more love for his brethren, or more devotion to the Church. I have never met a man for whom I have had more respect, and his example has been a source of strength to me and hundreds of others."

L. R. Martineau, who was for years tithing clerk of the stake, had this to say of him. "You may measure him by any standard of good citizenship and you will find him lacking nothing."

I would like to add to this what I saw in my father, in our home, and the years of his later life.

He was deeply religious and to the end of his days, he was devoted to the Church and its leaders. No child of his was ever permitted, in his presence, to criticize any leader of the Church, no matter how small was his or her calling. He was equally as strict in honoring the leaders of the State or the Nation. We were taught to honor and respect each in their calling, and I never heard him pray that he didn't invoke the blessings of the Lord upon the leaders of the Church, likewise the leaders of the Nations.

He was a loyal patriotic American, proud of his citizenship in this, the best Nation of the world.

He was one of the cleanest, sweetest men in both body and mind, - one whose personal standard of living was of the highest

order. He would indulge in nothing of a degrading nature. I never heard him tell a story of off color, or use any vulgar or foul language or swear words, nor would he allow us to do so in his presence.

I never saw him come to the breakfast table without his hair combed, and his hands clean, no matter what kind of work he was doing. I never saw him leave the house on one of his many errands as a Bishop, without changing his work clothes and boots or shoes, for second best ones. Nor, did I ever see him go around the home without his body being properly covered. He was modestly personified in all of his actions.

Father was truthful and honest, almost to a fault. Industrious and hard worker and always did more than he was expected to do. He was appointed a road supervisor for a while, and he did most of the work himself. When the mayor told him that he was doing too much of the hard work he answered, "I thought that was what I was being paid for."

He trusted everyone until they were proven false, and then he was quick to forgive them, and was always found merciful in his judgments. He was kind and loving father, not profuse in his expressions, but you could feel and know of his love and interest in you.

Here are a few extracts from letters that he wrote to his family while on his mission. They are full of advice and I am sure he would say the same things if he were to speak to us today:

"I am willing, if need be, to sacrifice my life for my family, if I can claim them in the hereafter. I love my family, every one of them, and I feel as humble as a little child when I see what God has given unto me. Don't think, dear ones, because I do not use a great many flowery words like some do, that I do not love my family, for I do and God knows that they are very dear to my heart. May Heaven's choicest blessings rest upon you all, and may our records entitle us to mingle with the saints and apostles of God in the here, and in the hereafter; and if we can gain this, our joy will be full, although our pathway in this life may be rough and thorny, and not many roses strewn along the way and our progress seems slow, but oh, may it be sure.

And may we be given strength to endure our trials, come what may, and never submit to the temptations of the evil one. God bless you all and keep you in the path that leads to eternal life. May peace abound in your hearts and homes and the spirit of God dwell therein. Be kind to each other and agreeable in all of your ways."

The promise made to father at the time he was sick while still in England, was fulfilled to the letter, for he was healed, and he did come to Utah, and he was the father of 18 children and his posterity is numerous, as we all know, and they have and are still doing active work in the church in many different callings.

----- Rebecca Ballard Cardon-----

A PATRIARCHAL BLESSING GIVEN AT MILL CREEK WARD, SALT LAKE STAKE, ON FEBRUARY 13, 1857, UPON THE HEAD OF HENRY BALLARD, THE SON OF WILLIAM AND HANNAH RUSSELL BALLARD, BORN JANUARY 27, 1832, AT THATCHAM BERKS, ENGLAND, GIVEN BY JOHN YOUNG.

Brother Henry in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ, we lay our hands upon your head to bless you with a Father's Blessing and to predict upon your head those things which shall come to pass upon you.

You are a lawful heir, being a literal descendant of Joseph through the loins of Ephraim entitled to the blessings of the everlasting gospel to hold a portion of the priesthood which will be conferred upon you in the own due time of the Lord. I bless you and say you shall be blessed from this time forth and forever.

Be an honor to your father's family and to all you are associated with. In the Lord's due time you shall have wives and children for I seal this upon you in the name of the Lord, together with the blessings of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and say that you shall have flocks and herds, a good and numerous posterity.

You shall see the redemption of Zion; help to gather Israel; avenge the blood of the prophets; become a mighty man; a man of thunder; none shall be able to stand before you, for your words shall make them tremble for the fear of the Lord shall rest upon them.

You shall be delivered, whether upon the sea or the land. You shall always have power over your enemies, lay a good foundation for the time to come; live upon the earth till your hair is as white as pure snow; live to see Zion redeemed; Israel gathered.

These and all your desires I seal upon you, upon condition of your obedience and faithfulness, and in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, ever so, Amen.

**A BLESSING UPON THE HEAD OF HENRY BALLARD BY APOSTLE F.D.
RICHARDS ON THE 2ND OF NOVEMBER, 1886,
AND REPORTED BY JOHN M. WHITAKER.**

Brother Ballard, in the name of Jesus Christ, we your fellow servants in the ministry, bless and dedicate you to the performance of a mission in the European countries and wherever your lot may be for the Lord by the authorities has set in his church to guide that you may go in peace and return in safety from this place, preserved carefully from the hands of your enemies, that they may not have power to find out you or your brethren, but that you may be blessed and endowed abundantly with the spirit and power of your calling to this your holy calling in the priesthood.

We pray that your powers and faculties may be awakened in your labors, and that the inspiration of God may be with you in your ministry that you may be faithful in declaring the counsels of God to the people of that land.

We bless you that you may go in safety to your land of labor, preserved from the evils which beset men off the land and sea, there to find a people who will hearken to your words, who will feel the spirit of God flowing from your heart to theirs and convince them from the errors of their ways and enable you to perform your labors so that they will take hold of your words and shall abide by them and shall have a place in them forever.

Lay aside the cares of your bishopric; leave them in the land of Zion and go forth to your native land, the other spheres, and win souls in the church and labor to establish the fullness of the gospel wherever you labor, that you may bring those who will renew their vigor to a better understanding of the gospel and you shall be renewed in spirit and power and your soul will feel abundantly the inspiration of the Lord instructing you in all the principles of the gospel of life and salvation and Godliness so that you may rejoice in saving souls and add them to the church by your instrumentality and make the hearts of the righteous to rejoice with you in the kingdom of our God.

Be faithful, humble and diligent before God and he will open the ways and means that you may obtain things both temporal and spiritual of life and salvation and his will and thy inspiration thereof will be with you to instruct you in all things and qualify you for this great and noble work.

We commend you to the care of God and his mercies that you may bring many to his great salvation and labor faithfully in this mission of God that you have triumphed over evil.

These blessings with all former we seal upon you in the name of Jesus Christ and we bless you to rejoice in your labors exceedingly, and you shall receive even more than you expect, or we know how to ask for, and all your heart can desire and return with thanksgiving and praises and be more useful, than you have been heretofore for we seal these upon you in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.