

*The Autobiography of*  
**Alma Helaman Hale Jr.**

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1857 – 1938

A brief sketch of the life of Alma H. Hale Jr. comprising some of the manifestations of the power of God made manifest to me under my personal observation, which I hope will serve as a testimony to those of my posterity who may live after I am gone to the spirit world.

I was born June 11, 1857 in Grantsville, Tooele Co., Utah. My mother died when I was about four years old. I do not remember her in life, but I remember Father



lifting me up to see her in her casket. This left me and sister Olive Elizabeth motherless. Mother died in childbirth, to a son who also died soon after mother.

I was blessed by John H. Clark, baptized by my father, June 10, 1865, and confirmed, June 11, 1865, by Aaron Sceva; rebaptized by my father, September 9, 1865, reconfirmed and ordained an Elder by John Robert, and Bishop of Grantsville Ward. I was present and became a member of the first Sunday School organized in the ward, was a punctual pupil and won several prizes for my faithfulness.

I was one of a number of young men to organize a Young Men's Literary Club, at which we became much interested. Shortly after, however, Junius F. Wells and associates came and organized the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, which was along the same lines in which we were already working. I was a regular member and was considered one of the most faithful. I always was taught to pray — and kneeling by my bedside offered my simple little prayer; a habit which became a mighty strength and a great blessing to me in after life.

At this point I will relate my first noticeable answered prayer. One morning a neighbor came over and told my father that one of his cows had a young calf out on the range, which should be seen to. I was quite small to undertake the task, but I told Papa I could find them. So

he saddled up a gentle horse and described the place where they were seen the day before.

I started out all puffed up thinking myself almost a man to be sent out on the range alone to hunt cattle. I went through the hills to every animal I could see until near night and could not find the cow. I returned home about dark feeling very much disheartened, but Papa started me out again next morning, saying she must be there somewhere and I missed her. When I started he said, "Look good now my son. Don't come without her this time." I went over the same ground and saw about all the cattle I saw the day before, and would not give up as long as I could see any stock-without avail. Finally I started for home — discouraged.

It was nearly sundown and the horse seemed anxious to go toward home. I just crossed a deep hollow through high sagebrush and when I got on the other side of the hill I stopped, remembering the words of Papa, "Don't come home without the cow." And if I ever felt like praying, I did then. So I slid off the horse and kneeled down and asked the Lord to show me the cow. I got on the horse and he started back toward the hollow, which I just crossed. I said I knew the Lord would show me the cow and soon he went to the calf, which had hid a short way off and I went home as happy as a King, with the assurance that God lived and would hear and answer a prayer from the lips of a child, established faith in my hearth never to be forgotten.

I related the fact that my mother died when I was only a child. My father married an English lady, Sarah A. Clark. I remember very well when we children came to the bedside of Father and his new wife.

On seeing her there I exclaimed, "Oh, Papa! You got us a new Mama."

"Yes my dear babies."

She took us over and hugged and kissed us and we were so pleased and we became so endeared to her and her to us, that it seemed we had sprung into a new life. She from that time forth manifested the spirit and love of a true mother and I am indebted greatly to her for the faith of the Gospel, and faith in God, which I had through prayer.

Although, she became mother of ten children, I can say that I never saw any partiality between us and her own children and the last words I heard her utter just shortly before she passed away. She took me by the hand and kissed me with that fervent mother's love, and said, "I love you all just the same." Oh what a pal is mother.

Father was always a true and faithful Latter-Day Saint and always set a good example before his family, and when he died he left ten grown up sons, none of whom ever used tea, coffee, liquor, tobacco, or profane language. All held the Melchizedek Priesthood, all married in the Temple and all were active workers in the wards in which they resided.

While I was yet in my boyhood, one Sunday just after supper, my brothers, Ernest and Albert, went down in the meadow about one half mile distant. An awful thundershower came up, which scared them badly and they left the cows and started to run across lots for home.

While running, a thunder bolt struck Albert and he fell to the earth face downward as if dead. The shock also knocked Ernest down, stunned, but soon he got up and began to scream and run for home. Father and I, hearing him, ran to meet him. By this time it got pitch dark. When we met Ernest he exclaimed, "Albert is killed!" So we turned back to find him. It was several minutes before we did, finding him lying just as he fell, face down in the grass, apparently lifeless. Father turned him over, blew into his mouth and administered to him. Just when he got through Albert began to breathe as though it was just his last breath, but he began breathing a little faster and faster till it became regular and soon he began to scream.

As soon as we got to the house I got on a horse and went for some Elders. I think there were eight in number who formed a prayer circle and administered in turn to him, though he was raving like a crazy person. When they got through, he calmed down and came to and soon went to sleep, and so far as man could tell it was a case of raising the dead to life. This became a strong testimony to me of the power of God, through faith, and gave me much more confidence in the Lord, that he would answer prayers.

While I yet lived at home, I remember Father one morning asked me to pray in Family Prayer, which was the first time in my life to be called on to take part. I had an awful time to get

started for I had learned a little prayer of my own and I could see that would not be appropriate on that occasion and I was in a box, but I made a start and Father helped me out. This did away with my formal prayer and I began to pray for things we needed and I never was caught in that fix again.

My schooling was rather limited, having only a short time each winter of school, going over and over the same books; though I made the best use of the time that I could. The last two winters of school were in Salt Lake City at the Deseret University, Dr. John R. Park, Principal. After this I taught a small summer school class and a private school during the following winter. That experience was a great help to me.

When I was twenty years old, I began to work out for wages. Being a lover of horses and stock, I went to Skull Valley and worked for Quince Knowlton for a young team, unbroken. When I got them mostly paid for he let me have the team to break and was to help drive his band of horses to Soda Springs to finish paying for them. Which I did.

Previous to starting, however, I got the team partly broke and one day my brother and I took them to the canyon after a load of cedar wood. That day was one to be long remembered. We got along fine till we got our load cut. We had to drag the wood about a half-mile down a hollow. When we got nearly to the mouth of the hollow, Ernest was on lead and I behind a short distance. A limb of my drag caught in the bank in a narrow place where I was obliged to walk directly in front of the horse and threw the top end over on the horse's back. He of course, made a lunge, knocked me down and ran over me. The drag caught me and the horse was kicking and running, but in an instant I found myself on top of the drag on my back, head downward.

The next thing I knew, I was up the hill on a trail a distance of 15 or 20 feet, on my feet and running down after the horse. The only possible chance to have been there was by an unseen power, which picked me up from that drag and stood me up in that trail. It was all done in an instant for the horse had only got about 200 yards from me and was still running. He stopped when he got to the other horse, but had scattered the drag on the way. We went back and gathered up the wood. When we got to the wagon, a limb caught on the hind wheel and

started the wagon down the hill. It ran a short distance and it turned a little so it was running back up and stopped. We hooked onto it and brought it back, loaded up and started for home.

A short time after, we had to cross a steep rock hollow with a dug way on either side. Before starting, Ernest rough locked one wheel and was going to get on. I told him to walk down in case of accident, which he did. I started the team and the rough lock chain broke and the team could not hold the load over. I jumped down the hill, which was my only chance. I lit on my feet — load and team rolling after me — but stopped with the wagon on top of the load. I could not unhitch the team so I cut a breast strap and that released them. So we got them up, unbound the load, hooked on the wheels, pulled the wagon right side up and then up on to the dug way.

We loaded our wood and made another start though way after dark. We finally got out on good smooth road with only a few bruises and scratches, which were very slight. Before we got home we met my cousin and one or two of the neighbors on their way to see what was the matter. We reached home about twelve o'clock at night. We had a rough time and what would be called, by most people, bad luck, but it was a strong testimony to me as a young man that God delivered me from those critical events, which to me was a miracle indescribable, as to how it all came about without serious accident.

I was then twenty-one years old and I, through the advice of my Father, took a band of mares on shares, which were in Gentile Valley, Idaho. I went to live with my Uncle Solomon H. Hale. From that time I followed riding and worked for uncle and at times for my board. I broke wild horses to ride and worked a great deal of the time

I took to the activities of Sunday School and M.I.A. work in the ward. I think about two years after I went there the ward was divided and Uncle Sol was put in as Bishop. He put me in as Ward Clerk and Superintendent of the Sunday School and Ward Teacher, in which positions I labored as faithfully as I could — becoming very much interested in the work, although I had a hard struggle to get the Sunday School in working order, the ward being so badly scattered.

In the year of 1883, I was taken sick and for three weeks I suffered greatly. During this

illness my right side was badly swollen and very painful. I had the Elders administer to me several times and got some rest through that source for each time the pain would ease up, but would come again. So Uncle Sol came to me one evening and said he thought they had better take me to Salt Lake City, where I could get medical aid.

The thought of going to a doctor aroused my faith in God that I could be healed by His power. So I told Uncle, no, the Lord would heal me if he would get the Elders to come again. So he brought them and they came and administered to me. Before they took their hands off my head the swelling went down, pain ceased and I was well. I got on my feet and exclaimed, "I am a well man!" I slept all night and got up early next morning and was doing the chores when Uncle Sol came out. This was another strong testimony to me of the power of God through the Priesthood.

Shortly after this the Stake Presidency (William B. Preston, M. W. Merrill, and C.O. Card) came up to visit that part of the stake and invited Uncle Sol and me to go along with them, which we accepted. We went to Chesterfield and Marsh Valley and then to Oxford, Idaho. They were contemplating the organization of a new stake.

While at Chesterfield they held a council meeting, at which they talked over the proposition and wanted to put Uncle Sol in the Stake presidency and wanted me for Bishop in his place, but could not owing to the fact that I was not married. President Preston asked me if I was keeping company with anyone so I could get married soon. I told him I was not. He said, "Brother Alma, if I were you I would get married. And if I had no one in view I would go before the Lord and humble myself before Him and ask Him to show me a young lady who would be a good companion for me."

I felt the importance of his council and obeyed. So that very night I dreamed of seeing a young lady whom I had never seen and someone introduced me to her and said, "This is to be your wife." The next day as we traveled along I could not get this dream off my mind and I could see this lady before my eyes all the time, also the next day. And when we got to Oxford a friend of mine invited me to go home with him. While there, his sister-in-law came, to whom I was introduced. I could see at a glance that she was the girl of my dream. On leaving, my friend

invited me to come back and get acquainted with his sister-in-law and that he would like me for a brother-in-law. I told him I would.

On our way home, I related the instance to Uncle Sol and told him, "I believe she will be my wife, as well as I know I live."

During the winter I made a visit and engaged her company and on the first of October 1884 we were married in the Logan Temple. Her name was Elizabeth Precinda Hendricks. This was another testimony that one can dream dreams, which can be fulfilled through the power of God.

On another occasion, I prayed the Lord to give me a testimony as to whether Joseph Smith was a true prophet or not. While I was under the influence of ether, when I had one of my fingers amputated, I saw Joseph Smith at the head of a great body of people, seemingly in the air going gradually upward. He turned to look over the mass of people and said, "Our course is onward and upward, follow me," and then went on.

I will now go back to the organization of the new stake, which was called the Oneida Stake: William D. Hendricks, Pres.; Solomon H. Hale, first councilor; and George C. Parkinson, second Councilor; leaving Mormon Ward without a bishop. A new Bishopric was chosen, which was John B. Thatcher, Bishop, myself as first councilor, Arthur D. Young second councilor. The name of the ward was also changed. I was ordained a High Priest and set apart by Apostle Moses Thatcher. The name of the ward accepted was Thatcher Ward. I labored in this capacity only about eight months when I was called to Oxford having been chosen Stake Clerk, Oxford being head quarters of the Stake. I officiated in that capacity about five years.

I was then called on a mission to the British Isles. This was one of the most trying times of my life. Up to that time money was hard to get and I was in debt, but I could not refuse. I trusted it to the Lord.

I began to prepare. I sold a team for \$150.00 on thirty days time. Three days previous to the time I was to start the man brought the team back, said he failed to get his money and wanted me to take them back. I depended entirely upon the money to take me to my field of

labor. At first I felt like sinking in the earth. But I said in my heart, I'll go any way. And then something seemed to whisper, "Be of good cheer. All will turn out right." So I told him to deliver them to my father at Smithfield and tell him to sell them for what he could get.

The next day he took the team to Logan where they were holding a fair. He could not find a buyer and was just starting home when a man came to him and asked if he would sell one of them if he would he would give \$75.00 for one of them. Father told him he could have him. He got the money and went home with the other horse. So it was that much, but I did not know anything about it.

But now comes the hard trial. My wife had just given birth to Mabel, my second child, who was only two weeks old. I felt at times I could not leave them. I had no money, only \$3.00 to start out with and my dear wife, very sick, had milk leg. But that whisper continued, "Go. All will be well." So I counseled with my wife and she said "Go. I will be all right." So the time came to start.

I bade them good-bye and blessed them. I arrived at my father's that evening and found he had sold one of the horses. So next morning he and I went to the Temple and went through for the dead.

We took the other horse to Logan with us to see if we could not sell him. After we came out of the Temple we drove downtown and he had a little business to attend to with Dr. Ormsby. While talking with him, father asked him if he knew where he could sell a horse. The Dr. told him he was buying mares not horses, but that he would look at him. He said if he suited he would buy him; he thought he could trade him for a mare. He came and looked at the horse and said he would give \$75.00 for him. We took him up, got the money and went back rejoicing, having received a fulfillment of the promise made by that whispering, "Go. All will be well."

The next day my father and I went to Salt Lake City by train and attended the April Conference, during which time I was set apart for my mission. A diary, which I kept in another book I filled and started this book, which only gives a little of the last part of my missionary

work. I was appointed, after arriving at Liverpool to go to Ireland.

I did not hear from my wife until after I got there. When I got a letter from her she informed me she was up and around and was feeling pretty well. At times on my journey I would think of my sick wife, and get a little worried, but that whispering gave me comfort, seeming to say "Be of good cheer. All is well."

I will now relate a few things, which I may have in my journal, but I will relate them here for this is an abridgment or a short story of important events, which serves as testimony of the truth of the Gospel and goodness of God to me.

I remember the first time I attended an outdoor meeting. My heels chattered on the pavement. I was so frightened. I myself and Elder E. M. Perkins were sent out in the country to open up a new field. We located in the town of Portadown. We met with a great deal of opposition from a mob element who came to break up our meetings, and in some cases they accomplished their object.

Once they set fire to the house by knocking a lamp from the mantelpiece, which broke and poured the coal oil onto the floor then kicked the fire from the grate into it. The flames reached the ceiling, which caused a panic, and in the rush to get out some were almost trampled under foot. We Elders soon put out the fire by smothering it with a tablecloth.

At another meeting, the house was jammed full and a hundred or more on the outside. This time they came prepared to get rid of us. Our mission president and his companion had joined us and while the President was speaking, he was interrupted by someone asking if we believed the Mormons were right and all the rest of the world was wrong. A demand was made for the answer to be yes or no. To which he replied, "Yes, and we are prepared to prove it by your Bible." They became enraged and rushed forward to drag us out, making threats of stoning us to death and drowning us and other ways of torture.

It seemed as though we could see no danger and stood still looking them in the face as peaceful as though we were in a congregation of Saints. When they got in reach of us, with outstretched arms and eyes shining like fire, we stood there. They became frightened and they turned and rushed for the door, many of them looking back to see if we were after them.

Though we said not a word, neither had we moved, but by the power of God, which seemed to rest upon us and had made them scared and not one of them dared to touch us. When they got outside the police dispersed the crowd.

That still small voice seemed to say "All is well."

During the time we were there, I dreamed I saw two young ladies baptized; one a tall, dark complected lady and the other smaller and light. In the morning I related my dream to my companion and he asked me if I could describe them and if I thought I would know them when I saw them. I answered "Yes, I could pick them out of a thousand."

While out distributing tracts he had met and had a conversation with two young ladies. When I described them, he said that answered the description of 'his girls' as he called them. He visited them the next day and they invited him down to spend the evening with them and to bring his companion so he made a date with them and we went down and spent a most pleasant evening. We had a nice Irish supper with them, and parted, with a hearty handshake and an invitation to come again. We left the Book of Mormon and several tracts. On our return, he said what about 'the girls', and I said, "Those are the two I saw, all right."

There were the father, mother, and Eliza and June Neagle at home and a boy married in the family. A few days later, the son came to see them and an hour or two of conversation took place, and he opposed them very strongly and gathered up all the literature and brought it back to us. He told us never to go back to his father's home again. After talking a few minutes he wanted us to come to his home and he would have a class leader there who would show us our error, to which we agreed.

However, we visited the Neagle home, but the mother refused to let us in the house. When we left, one of the girls said to her mother, "If you turn them away, I will go too for they are the servants of God." We left, the girl following, but when we got a short distance, we stopped and advised the girl to go back and the way would open up for her to embrace the Gospel if she so desired, and to be patient and prayerful.

In the excitement, my companion, Elder E. M. Perkins left his umbrella. That evening the

father brought it to our room and ordered us never to come to his home again for we had broken up their happy home, and that they could not go to their church and enjoy it as they used to because nothing seemed natural anymore. We bore our testimony to him as he left, told him he would be sorry, someday. The next evening we met the class leader and listened to his side of the question. When we began to offer the defense, they ordered us out of the house and would not allow us to say any more. We bore our testimony and left them. That evening we were discussing the affair and Elder Perkins said, "Now what do you think of your dream!"

I replied, "It will come true. I do not feel at all discouraged."

We did not see or hear from them for about three weeks when a note came to us from the girls, desiring to meet us in the park at a given time, and that they had some questions to ask. Of course we were revived in spirit and filled the appointment and we all met on the dot.

They were glad to see us and they asked a number of questions, which had been troubling them. We answered them to their satisfaction. Their minister had visited them and tried to discourage them by offering a lot of ridicule against the Mormons. They informed us that they had a long discussion with him, but he could not answer their questions and became enraged, picked up his hat and left. They told us that was a strong testimony to them that, they being raised under his teaching, and that he could not answer a few simple questions, and that he flew into a passion as he did.

One of the points they wished to discuss was a plan by which they could get to read our books or make peace in their home again. They finally proposed that we have our president meet them in town at a certain time and place and they would invite him home with them. He had not been forbidden to go to their home and their parents could hardly turn him away.

This plan was agreed to and carried out very successfully. They spent a pleasant evening and when Pres. Brough left, the father asked if he thought we could forgive him and if we would come back again if he were to invite us. President Brough said that was nothing, we were used to that kind of treatment.

"Yes, but we have been very sorry ever since we forbade them to come to our home. But

tell them to come and we will make them welcome." So we went back and had many good visits. Finally, the girls applied for baptism. Before baptizing them we went to the parents for their consent, which was freely given.

When we left I took Mr. Neagle by the hand and told him he would be the next to apply. He said he did not know, he hardly thought so. The following Sunday the girls were baptized, this fulfilling my dream in spite of much opposition. Shortly after the father and mother were also baptized, thus fulfilling the promise I made the father.

It was not long before they sold out and went to Zion, locating in Logan. When they were ready to pack up nothing would do but I should come and assist them. They were pretty well fixed and desired to engage second class passage rather than go steerage as was customary. I notified headquarters to that effect and got word back that all the berths were taken. They were all upset and wanted to know what to do. I hesitated a moment and then told them to go and the way would be opened up for them to go second cabin. They said with that promise they would go, but wanted me to go with them to Liverpool and see them off.

I was then president of the Mission. My old companion had been released and gone home, also Pres. S. R. Brough. So I felt it my duty to go with them. They said they would pay my fair over and back. I wrote to headquarters and told them they had decided to go and in case someone failed to go, thus vacating a berth, to secure it for them. When we arrived at Liverpool we were informed that a special berth had been prepared for them. On receiving that information Mr. Neagle said, "You surely are a true prophet," and they were truly thankful for my assistance and I enjoyed the trip too.

While I was President I revised the tithing record, making the method much more simple. It was adopted throughout the missions.

One evening, while talking with Elder Charles McCarthy, one of our members, Mrs. Hamilton, came in and said her little baby was very sick and wished us to come and administer to it. The request was granted. We found little Tissie, as they called her, very sick and would notice nothing, though she was very fond of me and would come to me anytime away from her

mother. We administered to her and as we took our hands off her head she looked up to us and reached out her arms for me to take her. She was instantly healed and we romped and played for some time.

The mother and a lady boarder, also a member of the church, began to praise the Salvation Army to which they formerly belonged. She said they had such good times and they were as good as the Mormons. We tried to show them the difference, but no good. We went to the office, and the next day Mrs. Hamilton came back saying little Tissie was worse again and wished us to administer to her again. We did so and again she was instantly healed and was as bright as she ever was, but the Salvation Army debate came up again. They did not seem to acknowledge the hand of God in the healing of the babe. We went back and went to bed.

About four o'clock in the morning, Mrs. Hamilton came and told us little Tissie was dying and wanted us to come quick. We hurried up and dressed and I got ready first and was in a deep study while standing at the window when Elder McCarthy came and stood a moment and said he was ready. I told him there was something wrong with those people and I felt like we should correct the evil, which was in my opinion their unwillingness to acknowledge the hand of God in the blessings they had received. He said he was thinking the same thing. "You had better talk to them about it." So we had a word of prayer and went. When we arrived, little Tissie seemed to be almost breathing her last. I told them of the blessings they had received, and told them that if they wished us to administer again they must acknowledge that the Church of Jesus Christ, to which they had become members was the true church and "through the power of God through the Priesthood your babe was healed twice. And if you are willing to do so we will administer and the child will live. If not, I have no promise to make."

The mother cried bitterly and said, "I will never say a word against the church again."

We then administered and the third time the child was healed instantly and nothing was said about other churches. The mother brought little Tissie over to the office that evening and she was as bright as ever and never was sick again while I was there. This was a strong testimony to me of the power of God in healing the sick; also in fulfilling the promise made to the mother.

Just previous to the departure of Pres. Brough, Elder Perkins brought me into headquarters very sick with a burning hot fever. I asked the Elders to administer to me and immediately the fever left and I was well. The next morning, I walked back to our field of labor, eight miles.

Shortly after this, Elder Perkins was released and I was called to labor with Elder James B. Jardine. We got permission to hold a meeting in the home of James Boyce so we gave out tracts through the country inviting people to our meeting.

On the evening of the appointed time, the people came from all around. They could not all get in the house, but we opened the door and windows and many stood on the outside. Looking over the crowd, Elder Jardine said to me, "You will have to do the talking, for I feel too timid to stand before this crowd." I also felt very weak and humble, but I put my trust in God, and He came to my aid and words came as fast as I could talk. When I had explained the principles of the Gospel, to my great surprise, I had talked seventy minutes. Elder Jardine bore his testimony and closed by singing and the benediction was given by myself.

The majority of the people remained, insisting on our singing some more of our hymns. We did so until a late hour. There were at least two of the congregations who were converted and soon after joined the Church and immigrated to Zion. They were Emily Robinson and Bella Haddock, both of whom came to see me at Preston.

After my mission I made my home in Preston, Idaho, having secured a job in the store of Bishop W. C. Parkinson, as bookkeeper. I worked a year, but was taken sick with typhoid fever and came near unto death, so near that I was sure I was going, and got Brother James Smith, who was sitting up with me to write down some items of business so my wife would understand how we stood, but my father soon came with a few Elders who formed a prayer circle and each one prayed the Lord to spare my life.

When they got through I felt much better and I felt assured I was going to get well. I continued rapidly to recover and in a short time I was up and around again. It was by the power of God that I was healed and my life was spared.

Some time after, Elder John Bingham of Clifton sent for Elder M. F. Cowley to come

and bring someone else with him to administer to his sick wife. He came for me to go with him. I responded immediately. When we arrived, we found her possessed of the devil, for she exclaimed in a loud tone, "I am Satan." Elder had me anoint her and Elder Cowley sealed the anointing. The evil spirit was revoked and immediately departed. But she had been tormented so long she was too weak to rally and she died in a day or two after.

Not long after that we moved to Marysville and took up a homestead. I call to mind an incident when the scarlet fever broke out and nearly every family had it and several children died. The Bishop called on the people to fast Sunday and pray to the Lord to cause the disease to abate, which prayers were answered, for not another death occurred. I was called to administer to the sick quite often and witnessed many healings by the power of God, while I was in that place.

One such healing I think is worthy of note. Sister James Humphry gave birth to a pair of twins, and she was quite consumptive and became very bad. The doctor was waiting on her quite attentively. The Elders were called to administer several times. I was among them most of the time.

One evening, one of the boys came after me and was crying saying to me, "Mama is dying, come quick."

I met the doctor, who was not L.D.S. I asked him about her. He told me she could not live until morning, that one of her lungs was entirely gone and the other was so badly ulcerated that she could not survive more than two or three hours.

I met Brother Humphry at the kitchen door in tears. He said, "She is going. Doctor says she is suffering so bad, I wish you would dedicate her to the Lord."

Brother Joseph Lamborn anointed her and I went to dedicate her to the Lord, according to request, but my tongue was stayed, I could not. So I spoke according to the Spirit, which gave me utterance to the effect that she was promised that she would be healed and yet live many years. As we took our hands off her head she said, "Bro. Hale, I feel so much better I will soon be well again."

When the doctor came the next morning, expecting to find her dead, she was eating breakfast and feeling so much better. He said there must have been some divine power to make this change. In a week she was up and doing her own work. About fifteen years later, I heard from her and she was well and healthy and quite fleshy.

At the birth of my first grandchild, her mother Finnie became very low. The doctor gave us little hopes for her recovery. We called the Elders in and administered to her and she immediately began to get better and continued to improve until she was well. Then again my wife had the influenza when the disease was raging so bad and many were dying almost daily. She became so low that it looked almost like death was speedily approaching. We called all of the children to her bedside. We called the Elders who administered to her and she began to improve and steadily recovered to health again.

There have been many more instances whereby the power of God was made manifest in various ways to my certain knowledge. Many times I have been guided to lost animals in answer to my prayers. Through the whispering of the spirit I have many times been enabled to escape evil and danger, and many times I have been prompted all right, but did not heed the prompting and was made to suffer the consequences.

-- Alma Helaman Hale Jr. died of pneumonia, April 9, 1938, at Logan, Utah.

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*This Autobiography of Alma Helaman Hale Jr. is published as he wrote it and as it has been preserved through family members.*

*Names, places, and dates have been verified with family genealogy information and records in possession of K. Oswald, and family history records in possession of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.*

