

in the Mormon Battalion. He was, perhaps, the youngest man that bore arms in that military body, being only sixteen years of age, but being large in stature he was accepted. He gave the following account of himself, which I think worth reading: 'One day when we had marched a long distance without water, and nearly famished, we beheld a dry lake at a distance, sometimes called a mirage. It looked so much like a lake of water to those who never saw one that we had full assurance of speedy relief. It no doubt had this effect, at least it stimulated us to press on, but to our horror it was only dry land, and we traveled fully six miles across this delusion and still found no water, and night had fully come.' The writer does not remember whether it was a willow or wire grass patch that gave them occasion to still hope, but 'digging down about eight feet,' Lot said, 'we found abundance to supply all our wants. After this was attended to, I was selected to go back with a keg of water on a mule to help those who had fallen by the way, who numbered quite a few. I had instructions not to give any one any water till I got back to the last man, and then I was to work back to the company, having very particular instructions how to administer this sacred, life-saving fluid. I soon met a man who was anxiously enquiring for water, distance, etc. I put him off, also the second, third and fourth, I think, but from this on I could no longer stand their pleadings. I watered them all and had some left, so I had a drink when I got through a distance of twelve or fourteen miles. I was careful in giving them water, though many drank quite heartily. The Lord surely blessed my little keg of water in a marvelous manner. For my disobedience to orders I was tied behind a wagon and made to walk in trying circumstances which rather humiliated me, but I felt I could not have done less. This was the act of a small official by the name of Dykes.' When God rewards those who give the least of his children a drink of water, I think this hero will not be tied behind a wagon. I have traveled hundreds of miles with this good man. If any were sick he was sympathetic and ready to help; if any wagons were stalled he was the first to roll up his sleeves to

lift, dig and push. If animals were sick he was an expert. He was extremely fond of a good horse. When camping time came, noon or night, animals were the first to receive his attention; then meals were attended to, and all must fare alike. He would always call the camp to order and have prayer offered to God, and if he himself did the praying, it was an earnest, thoughtful appeal to his Heavenly Father; but he never slighted his brethren; they, too, must take their turn. He was very kind, though he could not look upon the deeds of his fellowmen with the charity and forbearance that some men can. He rebuked rather sharply, being of a quick temper, or, rather, he hastily put his foot down on all manner of iniquity, and his rebukes were generally kindly received, as all knew they were intended to elevate and better mankind. And this is how his friends looked upon him. His earnest desire was to have all things go right, and nothing short of this would satisfy him; hence his peculiar mode was considered and his advice generally adhered to. The poor he never passed by unnoticed or uncared for. Feed, grain, seed grain, flour and other provisions have been amply furnished by him to hundreds without any return. He was kind to the stranger and amply adapted to entertain them; Jew or Gentile, all were treated kindly. He was very interesting and entertaining, both in public and in private, and any one could depend upon him for sound doctrine. He was a wise man in general things, though he had not much school learning, but the book of nature, both in regard to man and beast, and all the wonders of God were studied by him and his experience was world wide. He enjoyed life well. He had the thorns and the thistles, the ups and the downs and many sore trials, but he despised none of God's dealings, but a treacherous man was to him a loathing and the only thing I have ever known him to hate. Brother Lot was tried sorely in the latter part of his life, and none but the angels can tell this story correctly. He had his leg crushed into a pulp in a horse power, and had a whole year or more of suffering through this painful calamity. This had somewhat of a tendency to impair his once strong memory. He lost two beautiful boys in the last few