

OLA NILSSON

LILJENQUIST

1825 – 1906



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LILJENQUIST

ORIGIN AND MEANING

OLA NILSSON, AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE YEARS AND FOUR MONTHS, BECAME A MASTER TAILOR IN COPENHAGEN. AT THE REQUIRED AGE OF TWENTY-FIVE, HE BECAME A BURGHER (CITIZEN) WITH THE PRIVILEGE OF HIRING HELP. BEFORE HE OPENED HIS SHOP, HE, ACCORDING TO CUSTOM, NEEDED A TITLE (OR TRADEMARK).

HE CHOSE “LILJENQUIST.”

LILJA MEANS “LILY.” LILJEN MEANS “OF THE LILY.”
QUIST (QVIST, IN SWEDISH) MEANS BRANCH.
LILJENQUIST, THEREFORE, MEANS

“OF THE LILY BRANCH.”

THE CORRECT PRONUNCIATION OF THE NAME IS EASY AND MUSICAL WHEN YOU UNDERSTAND THAT “J” IN SWEDISH IS PRONOUNCED AS THE SOUND OF “Y” IN “YELLOW.”
THE ACCENT IS ON THE FIRST SYLLABLE.

“LIL` YEN QUIST”

“Liljen is the Swedish pronunciation, quist is American.”

SOURCE: SWEDISH-AMERICAN DICTIONARY AT BYU-IDAHO,
HISTORY OF O. N. LILJENQUIST BY HIS FIRST WIFE'S FAMILY,
A DICTIONARY OF SURNAMES BY HANKS AND HODGES,
SURNAME BOOK AND RACIAL HISTORY By GATES.

SINCE NILSSON AND LILJENQUIST ARE BOTH SURNAMES, PRESENT USAGE WOULD INDICATE A HYPHEN BETWEEN THEM:
“NILSSON-LILJENQUIST.”

OLA NILSSON LILJENQUIST

THE FIRST IN HIS FAMILY TO JOIN THE CHURCH
OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE SCANDINAVIAN MISSION

HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY

MISSION DIARY

GENEALOGY

PICTURES

MAPS

THINGS OTHERS HAVE WRITTEN OF HIM

And much more.

LaVerne Liljenquist Hacking — Editor

First Edition 1989

Second Edition 1993

Revised by Richard L. Liljenquist 2002

FORWARD

Ola Nilsson Liljenquist is certainly an ancestor in whom we may take great pride. He was a man of many titles: Tailor, Farmer, Burgher, Bishop, Patriarch, Mayor, Mission President, Construction Boss, Temple Officiator, Representative to Utah Constitutional Convention, Traveling Patriarch, and more. His success in all these undertakings was due to his great faith in God, to his wonderful disposition, sense of humor, love of his fellowman, and persistent labors.

My father, Ezra Lorenzo, inherited from his mother, Anna Christina, an 18' x 24' colored photo of his father, of which the first picture in this book is a copy. He also inherited his father's missionary diary and the two temple record books of his parents.

Temple work was very important to Ola Liljenquist. He considered his calling as an officiator in the Logan temple as his greatest and most rewarding accomplishment. He will, I believe, have a special love for all who take time to search for his ancestors and relatives not yet found. I am computerizing the information I have into the Personal Ancestor File (PAF). This information will soon be available at Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints Family History Centers. Would any who do work on these lines add new information to the PAF? And, would you let me know which lines you are working on so efforts are not duplicated?

In the first edition of the Ola Nilsson Liljenquist history there are spelling errors and some places where meaning was not clear. In this edition I have corrected, clarified, and rearranged for easier reading and understanding. You who have the first edition, please remove all sheets down to Ola's Missionary Journal, replacing them with the new and better record.

I have compiled this history with the hope that Ola Nilsson Liljenquist's descendants may come to know and love their great ancestor, for in them his many wonderful characteristics abound.

I send my love to each of you who read this history.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Highlights in the Life of Ola Nilsson Liljenquist	1
Autobiography of Ola Nilsson Liljenquist	4
Short History of Ola Nilsson Liljenquist	17
Christine Hansen Jacobsen Liljenquist	19
Life History of Christine Jacobsen Liljenquist	19
Anne Petrine Larsine Wilson Liljenquist	21
Ane Kirstine Nielsen Liljenquist	22

HIGHLIGHTS IN THE LIFE OF OLA NILSSON LILJENQUIST

As a member of the L.D.S. Church which he joined September 4, 1852



OLA NILSSON LILJENQUIST

(lower right in above picture)

AS PRESIDENT OF THE COPENHAGEN CONFERENCE
OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS
IN THE LARGE AND POPULOUS ISLAND OF SJÄLLAND, DENMARK.
1853 – 1857

1857 Left Copenhagen for Utah with wife and four children. Helped settle families in Echo Canyon, Spanish Fork. Bought land in Goshen, Utah.

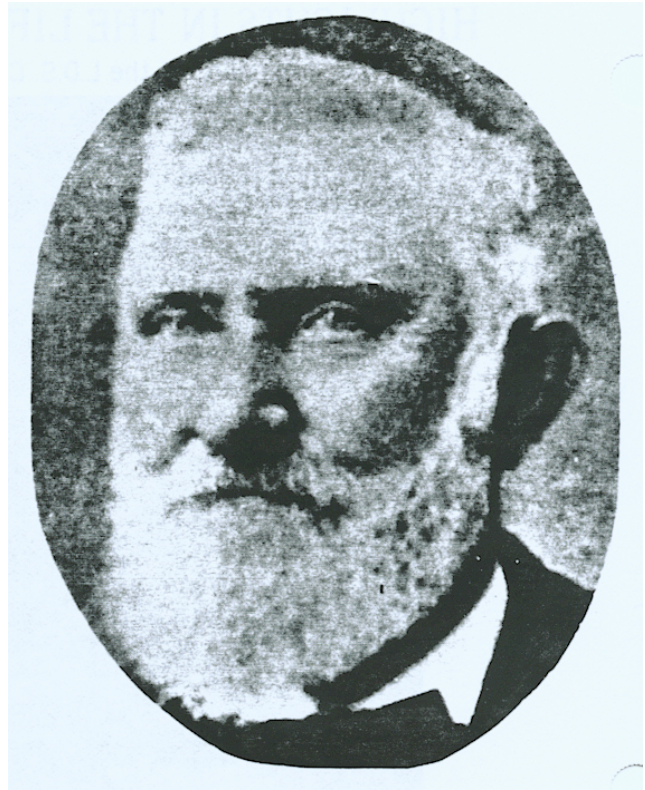
September 1859 – April 1862 Mission to Scandinavia. First person to return from Utah, considered a marvel and a wonder. Thousands came to hear him. Many were converted.

October 1862 Assigned to Hyrum, Utah.

August 1863 Ordained Bishop of Hyrum.

1870 – 1876 Served as first mayor of Hyrum.

1873 Ordained a Patriarch.



April 1876 – Spring 1878 Sixteenth president of the Scandinavian mission. James McBride elected mayor and acted as Bishop in his absence.

1878 Resumed duties as Bishop.

1878 – 1882 Re-elected and served as mayor.

May 21, 1884 Ola and wife, Christine Jacobsen, officiated in the first ordinance session in the Logan temple.

Sept. 23, 1890 (Ola's 65th birthday)
Appointed as a traveling patriarch in which capacity he served until his death.



Letter addressed to the officers and Members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints from the First Presidency of the Church dated Sept. 23, 1890:

Dear Brothers and Sisters:

Elder O.N. Liljenquist, having been ordained a Patriarch, has our full permission and authority to travel amongst the Stakes of Zion, officiating in the duties of his calling, blessing those who desire administrations, and acting as a missionary to the Saints, in such places as these duties may take him.

We pray the Lord to abundantly bless Elder Liljenquist in all his labors, and enable him to be a benefit and a comfort to the Saints.

Your brethren in the gospel,

*W. Woodruff
Geo. Cannon
Joseph F. Smith*



Logan Temple – dedicated 17 May 1884

Sept. 24, 1906 Ola died quickly and peacefully at Rexburg, Idaho.

Ola and his wife Anna Christina attended April Conference in Salt Lake City. They traveled around visiting family and friends as they made their way to Rexburg, Idaho to celebrate Ola's 81st birthday with Anna's niece and her husband, Hans and Hannah Monson whose house at 112 North 1st East is pictured below. The morning after his birthday he came down for breakfast and said he didn't feel well. He leaned back in his chair and was gone.



AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OLA NILSSON LILJENQUIST

Born 23 September 1825 — Died 24 September 1906

I, Ola Nilsson Liljenquist, was born in Ignaberga, Vestra, Goinge, Herred County, Scåne, Sweden and am the son of Nils Tykeson (Teek a son) and Bengta Larson. My father was the eldest son of his parents. Farming was the occupation of the family as far as 100 years back, they occupying and inhabiting the same places, farms and country. How much longer cannot be ascertained on account of the records being burned previous to that time.

My father married my mother at the age of twenty-six, and at that time he occupied a small farm. They had five sons and daughters born to them, I being their first born child.

My father met with an untimely and sudden death at the age of forty-one years while quarrying white limestone, several tons weight failing upon him. This was the morning of February 17, 1841. I was then fifteen years of age. I had been apprenticed by my parents at the age of eleven to a master tailor for a period of three years to learn his trade. At my father's death, it became my duty to attend to the farm, which had now become very small, thus farming and tailoring alternately, helping to sustain my mother and two sisters. At the age of twenty-one, it would be my duty in common with all young men of my age born on Swedish soil, to be enrolled for military service. I should perform actual service in time of peace, sixteen days only, but subject to being called on any time in case of war.

My mother, while young, had lost her father and her uncle who fell on one battle field, so she could not bear the idea of my becoming subject to the military laws of Sweden. It was therefore proposed and agreed upon that I should leave my native country before becoming subject to this military law. Accordingly, I bade goodbye to my dear and affectionate mother and to my two sisters in the latter part of April, 1846, (The brothers died, Johannes in 1830, age one year, and Trued in 1839 at age five.) My mother seemed not willing to be comforted. I had to tear myself away from her; it requiring all the strength I possessed to do so, and these words, "O, my dear son," calling my name, "I shall see thee no more," rang in my ears for months afterwards. And sure enough it was the last

time we were to meet in mortal life.

In company with five others, I set out on foot for Hälsingborg, carrying a small bundle which made up my earthly possessions, but I had another inheritance of far greater value, namely faith in the providence of God. My mother's mother, Bodil Larsen, or Ockerberg, whose husband had fallen on the battlefield, as before mentioned, had been my instructor from childhood until 14 years of age. She, by her teachings, had implanted into my heart that simple childlike faith in God. Even when this young, when troubled over anything, I had often sought a lonely place, and pouring out my soul to God, had found relief. As an example of what I obtained through this source, I will relate the following:

It was the custom established by law in the Lutheran Church that at the age of fifteen a person has to go to the priest nearly a year previous to being confirmed or to having the privilege of partaking of the sacrament. I had only the chance of a winter's schooling when we met before the priest for this probationary examination. There were eighty of us on this occasion, many of the number being rich men's children with influence and education, while I was there without either. But before the bell rang to call us together, I sought a lonely place and poured out my soul before God, laying my situation before him, imploring his aid. All the rest of the children were playing. Only one besides myself took the course of seeking divine aid. When the bell was rung for the examination, my trembling was over and I was as calm as a summer's morning, while the others who played, trembled and got confused. When my turn come to read before the priest and to answer his questions, it seemed to me as though a heavenly influence rested over both the priest and myself. Instead of being cross and angry as he had been with the others, he was very kind to me. I read clearly and answered his questions intelligently and correctly to his perfect satisfaction, insomuch that I was awarded #1, the high seat among all my fellows who were passing under this probation. We met before the priest twice a day from two to four hours, five days a week for nine months. The other boy already named, and myself continued to pray and

trust to God for all our answers to the priest and there was not a single time but what he or I could answer the priest when no others could. About half of the eighty children were turned out to start afresh another year after they had gone half of the summer, while I, and the other praying boy whose name was Mannie, continued at the head to the last. At the close of this extraordinary time, I experienced a joy and happiness for three days and nights that was beyond description.

I must now return to the first night after leaving my birthplace, my mother, sisters, playmates, and all that was near and dear to me on earth. The only comfort which I could find in this trying ordeal was to pour out my soul unto God to bless and protect those whom I had left behind and to direct my own footsteps aright while I should be a stranger in a strange land, and thinking that after the sacrifice would come the blessings of reunion. But, alas! little did I dream on that memorable night of my leaving my native place, of the path that lay before me to tread, nor could I then understand that the hand of God was in it, and that it was He who directed the movement and led the way, for which I feel to bless his "Holy Name."

By the third day we reached Hälsingborg, a distance of between fifty and sixty miles from home. Here we left the Swedish shore in a little ferry boat for Helsingør, a distance across Öresund three or four miles. When we landed on Danish soil we soon made the sad discovery that we did not understand the language of the Danish people nor they ours. After a couple of day's walk along the Danish coast with the beautiful landscape on one side and the sea with its numerous sails on the other and the Swedish coast in the distance, we arrived at Copenhagen.

After arriving in that city, I entered an agreement, as did one of my traveling companions, with a master tailor to work for him two years, at the end of which time we should have to make our proofs: one whole suit of first class gentlemen's clothing and pass an examination and receive our papers as journeymen in our trade.

Early in January 1848, I received the sad intelligence of my mother's death. I procured leave of absence and paid a short visit to my native country and birthplace and found my sisters in deep mourning. We all felt keenly the loss of our beloved and kind mother (she was fifty-eight at her death) but glad to meet each other again.

I returned to Copenhagen, February 19, 1848, on the evening the funeral procession of Christian, the 8th king of Denmark, took place. It was an exceedingly great affair, and the only grand burial I have ever

witnessed. This was in the day of Denmark's aristocratic glory.

In May of the same year, I made my proof and became a skilled journeymen in my trade, whereupon I took my leave of my master, Christian Wilson. During my apprenticeship in Copenhagen, I made an acquaintance with Miss Christine Hansen and we were married in 1848. We had both engaged with Christian Wilson on the same day, and became united shortly after leaving his employ. In 1849 a son was born to us.

In the year 1849, I made my master's proof in the trade which consisted of measuring a gentleman for a full suit of finest cloth, in the presence of four masters appointed for that purpose. I had also to cut it in their presence. They then drew silken threads all around the edges, and put numerous seals upon it. And finally I must make it also under their inspection. Then, made first-class, it must fit the person measured. I passed with good character and became a master but had no right to keep any hands to work for me until I had taken out my burgher (citizenship) papers and those I could not get until twenty-five years of age.

I passed my examination before a magistrate in October, 1849, and all of '49 and '50, I did military duty in Copenhagen as one of the Burgher Militia, the regular troops being in the war against the rebellious Slesvig and Holsteiners which was ended in victory for Denmark but cost many precious lives and much treasure. (Copenhagen and Fredericksburg are independent cities and not under the jurisdiction of the King, or Queen, of Denmark.)

On the 5th of June, 1849, the new and very liberal constitution was proclaimed which gave full religious liberty. It is probably the best constitution in Europe outside of England.

I followed my business and had many to work for me, but nothing noteworthy happened up to the memorable year of 1852. In the latter part of July or the beginning of August, I went to bed as usual one evening, full of health and vigor and had a most remarkable vision, which imperfectly described, is as follows:

THE DREAM

I thought I was standing on a hill half a mile east of what seemed to be my parent's home in Sweden, facing the west, overlooking the old church and my native town. As I was looking I saw countless numbers of stars coming out of the horizon on the northwest, as high up as the sun is one hour before setting. These stars made a very swift movement in a half circle to the west and formed themselves into persons, the size

somewhat larger than people here below, and their forms were most beautiful and perfect. Thus formed there was quite a congregation who commenced dancing and their dance was most graceful. As I looked, I saw two half circles over the horizon crossing one another. They were composed of suns like our sun, only of various colors. These suns, nearly touching each other, formed two grand arches, one from north to south, the other from east to west and were exceedingly brilliant to see. As I looked again to

did so I discovered the trunk of a tree, some twenty inches through, covered with a gold coating. About each two feet there was a ring around the tree, but lengthwise was no seam or joint. This tree carried the same size all the way and the covering thereof seemed as so many joints. It appeared to me to go clear through the earth with one end, and clear through the heavens with the other. Its position was not perpendicular. The upper part (for me it seemed to have no end) was leaning somewhat to the east and the

Ola Nilsson-Liljenquist had the dream that changed his life in the year 1852. It wasn't until 1987, a hundred and thirty-five years later that scientists discovered the Galactic arches described below. A subsequent article announced that what they had seen was a mirage, such as that encountered by people walking in the desert and seeing mountains that were not really there but a reflection of the mountain that was still under the horizon.

Galactic arches baffle scientists

By LEE SIEGEL

Associated Press

PASADENA, Calif. (AP)—Scientists astonished by the discovery of the largest structures seen in the universe say, they are having nightmares trying, to explain the “incredibly unusual” glowing blue arches in space.

“It looks like God created something like a long (curving) rope, cut it into simple pieces, took out all the complexities and plopped it up into the sky,” said Stanford University astronomy chairman Vahe Petrosian.

Petrosian and Roger Lynds of the Kitt Peak National Observatory in Arizona announced the discovery of the three concave arcs Wednesday at the American Astronomical Society's annual meeting.

The arcs are estimated to be about 1.9 million trillion miles long, said Lynds. That's more than three times the diameter of the entire Milky Way. They glow with the luminosity of “hundreds of billions of suns,” Petrosian said.

“The best guess is they are (curving lines of) stars

formed by a new mechanism which we don't understand yet,” Petrosian said. He said trying to explain how the arcs were formed “gives theorists nightmares.”

The National Optical Astronomy Observatories, which operates Kitt Peak, said the arcs are “the largest optically visible structures yet observed in the universe.”

Cosmic strings, theoretical kinks in the fabric of space, are thought to stretch the length of the universe. But they never have been seen, and many astronomers doubt they exist. Petrosian said the arcs “don't seem to fit the size and shape” of objects that could be produced by cosmic strings.

Lynds and Petrosian “found something incredibly unusual, and we don't know what it means,” said astronomy society spokesman Steve Maran, a senior scientist for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's Goddard Space Flight Center in Greenbelt, Md.

“These are incomparable,” Lynds said, adding that the amazing sharpness of the arcs “is to me astonishing. The question is: how do we get such

incredible geometric coherence over such distances?”

The arcs are 19 billion trillion miles from Earth, curving through galaxy clusters named Abell 370, Abell 2218 and 2242-02.

Lynds and Petrosian first detected them nearly 10 years ago, but they were too faint to be studied further until recently, when more sensitive telescopic techniques became available.

“We now have enough data that we are sure they are important things, so this is the first time we are announcing the existence of these objects,” Petrosian said.

A shock wave from an exploding star or colliding galaxies might compress gas to create new stars along the front of the wave, but there isn't enough matter in the area to produce stars as bright as those that seem to be in the arcs, Petrosian said. And such a blast would leave a shell, not a filament-like arc, he added.

(January 8, 1987)

the stars, they separated as they had formed and returned as they had come, and the sunbows disappeared.

As the time seemed to me in about three minutes after the disappearance of the stars and suns, I looked to the northwest and I saw the stars coming out again, a hundred times as many, making the same movement as before, only there were a great many more stars to each person and their personal forms were most beautiful. They started dancing again, but their dance was so exceedingly beautiful that I was entirely overcome with joy. As I looked on the horizon, the whole heavens were covered with suns of two or three different colors, the brilliancy of each as of our sun at noon day. I could not bear to look at it, not even for a second, but involuntarily cast my eyes to my feet. As I

lower part towards the west, and it had a slow circular motion. The hole it had made in the earth was much larger than its own circumference, and I observed the earth rattling down the hole on account of the motion of the tree. I noticed my wife standing on my left side, nearly on the other side of the tree, with her head downward. I looked to my right to see if I could not learn something about all this magnificent scenery and I saw a man stepping up on my right who said very distinctly and kindly, “When you see it change once more, as you have already seen it change, the world is no more.”

I began to call upon God to prepare me for the change, and awoke and found myself weeping, all my strength seeming to have gone, so that I could not get up in the morning. All I could make of the night's

vision was that I should die.

During the day following this dream or vision, an old acquaintance of mine, by name John Sandberg, called at my house. I told him what had happened and then he presented me with a Book of Mormon. It was the first time I had ever heard of such a book, or of such a people as the Mormons. On the following Sunday, in company with Sandberg, I attended a small meeting of the Latter-day Saints at Christianhaven. Monday following, as usual, my business took up all of my time and attention. But one night in my sleep the vision already related, was vividly brought to my mind, and there was an addition presented before me, an inscription in large gilded letters and I read these words—"TAKE HOLD FOR THE TIME IS SHORT." The next morning my feelings seemed to be changed, and I was fully resolved on learning more of this strange people, for such was the impression I got of them at the meeting which I had attended. I learned from one of the women who worked for me that the Latter-day Saints would hold a conference on the 12th and 13th of August in Enighedsvaaren, a large, beautiful hall a short distance outside Copenhagen, but owing to the fear of mob violence it was to be kept quiet. This happened on the very morning when I awoke with my mind prepared by the last vision referred to, so I started for the appointed place and arrived in time for the morning services. The Lord touched my understanding and faith sprang up in my heart. After the first meeting, I felt very anxious to retire to a lonely place and consult my Heavenly Father on the subject of the truth of the Latter-day Gospel. I attended all the meetings and kept on praying to God until I was satisfied of the truth of the Latter-day work. On September 4, 1852, I was baptized by Elder William Anderson and confirmed on the following Sunday by Elder John E. Forsgren. I was exceedingly happy. Two weeks later my wife was also baptized.

I was soon called to the ministry. At a priesthood meeting three weeks after my baptism, I was ordained a teacher and appointed book agent for Copenhagen Conference, also treasurer of Copenhagen Branch. These offices I tried to magnify to the best of my ability.

On November 1st, with two of the native brethren, I was called to President Snow's office where he read to us the revelation on Celestial Marriage. It was the first time the revelation was read to any of the native brethren. The Spirit of God rested upon me in a great measure while listening to its being read, and I knew it was from God.

Elder John Forsgren made preparations to leave for

Zion and to take a company of Saints with him. Emigration was a new and novel idea for the Scandinavian people, especially on account of a religion and it was met with a great deal of opposition. Under the then existing laws, no one had the privilege to leave without a passport, and in order to obtain such, some burgher of Copenhagen would have to go security, thereafter becoming responsible that all was right, and as no one but myself in the Church at that time held burgher papers and privileges, I was called upon to render this service. To this I cheerfully responded and sent in my signature to the magistrate for more than 200 names, but for every few names that were presented, I was sent for, surrounded by officers who labored with me, threatened me and told me that the penitentiary would be the result of such unheard of folly. My answer was, invariably, that I knew these people and that I was willing to run such a risk. I got the passports as long as any were needed and Elder Forsgren started all right on the 20th of December with his company numbering about 300 souls. Only one company of 26 souls had gone before. They left in the beginning of March of the same year, as the first fruits of the Scandinavian Mission and accompanied the great and good man, and apostle, Erastus Snow, the founder of the Scandinavian Mission.

In the four succeeding years of '53, '54, '55, and '56, I rendered similar services for much larger immigrations. In 1853, in December, the emigration numbered nearly 700 souls. The magistrate objected as strongly as in '52, and the same ordeal had to be gone through again, but the officers of the Passport Office became more friendly with each following immigration. There was also another subject that brought the magistrate officers and myself into closer acquaintance, viz: parties arriving in Copenhagen had to present their passports, report their former place of residence and show to the officers a certain amount of money according to the number in the family; otherwise some responsible person had to go their security or they would be sent back to their native places at the expense of such a place. As many of the Saints were turned out of employment and driven from their homes, they sought protection in Copenhagen. At first, when I presented my name in security for such persons or families, it was with the same difficulty as with the passports, but, before I emigrated in 1857, the magistrate officers told me they would rather take my name in security than that of many a wealthy man, for we took care of our poor, and they had had no trouble with anything that I had signed. They grew very friendly indeed and one of these gentlemen, his name was Genderup, and he often was my friend in need,

said to me as he finished making out some nine hundred passports, "Mr. Liljenquist, if you should get into a better heaven than I, would you think of me?" I replied feelingly that I would. He was indeed a gentlemen of the highest order.

There was still another use that my burgher papers came into. When mob violence was too great in our meetings, the police, according to the then existing laws of Copenhagen, could not be called inside a house to quell a disturbance, but a burgher could deposit his burgher papers at any guard headquarters and get a posse of soldiers, so sometimes when we could not manage the mob, I brought the soldiers. One Sunday, in the large hall Getterspada, I placed two files of soldiers from the pulpit to the door, with fixed bayonets on, and kept them there while C. Widerburg delivered an excellent sermon. In the year 1856 while President Haight, Widerburg and myself were in England, there was a regular riot in the streets. C.A. Madsen took my burgher papers and brought the militia to protect the Saints assembled in the hall. Many were the mob violences that the Saints were subjected to the first five years of my experience, especially at emigration times. But I will say little about this matter, at least for the present.

In the winter or spring of 1853, I had the pleasure of meeting with our beloved friend and brother, Canute Petersen, who was then on his way to Norway, and who has since taken a prominent part in the Scandinavian mission labors, also Brother Haugan, his companion.

At the April conference 1853, I was ordained an Elder by President Willard Snow. Shortly after, cholera broke out in Copenhagen, and a great many people died. A young Elder, by name Peter Bjork, and myself visited among the Saints from early morning till late at night for some three weeks, anointing the sick with oil and praying over them, and in every case they were healed. I will name one of the most prominent. A sister Mathessen had been waiting on the cholera patients at a hospital where a great many died daily. She took sick herself and sent for Bjork and myself. We were in another part of the city, administering to the sick and could not go at once.

When we arrived she had turned black in the face and lost her speech and her eyes were turned in her head so that she could not see and she was considered gone. We administered to her and when we took our hands off her head she rose to her feet as well as ever and went the same hour to wait on the sick again. Her husband, on seeing this, ran up and down the stairs crying at the top of his voice, "A miracle! A miracle!"

I took him by the arm saying, "If you do not repent of this spirit and quietly give God the honor, you will apostatize." They have both apostatized since, but although she has fallen and followed her husband, she has always acknowledged that she was saved from instant death by the power of God.

In the middle of the summer, I, in company with Mr. Paul Hansen, took a trip to Fyen to visit his and my wife's relations. We had an excellent time and were gone some two or three weeks. On our arrival at Copenhagen, we learned that the president of the Copenhagen Branch, Samuel Hansen, had died of cholera. It was said that the Saints had begun to boast before the world that they could not die of this dreadful plague. An hour after my arrival I was appointed to fill the vacancy caused by his death.

In the beginning of August, President Willard Snow organized a High Council for the purpose of trying some difficult cases in the church and appointed me president of the same. On the 15th and 17th of August, a general conference convened in Copenhagen, and on Monday evening, the 18th, in a priesthood meeting, President Willard Snow fell sick on the stand as he was talking to the brethren. He was taken to the hospital next and a few days later Elders P. O. Hansen and H. P. Jensen started with him for England, via Hamburg, but he died on the North Sea and was buried in the water. This was the first great cause for mourning among the Scandinavian Saints. A great man had fallen in Israel. There was deep and sincere lamentation among the Saints and it was very trying in many ways.

In the beginning of September, Elder Van Cott arrived in Copenhagen having been appointed to succeed Willard Snow in the presidency of the mission. A better choice could not have been made, for the Lord blessed the mission exceedingly under his administration.

I will here relate a circumstance. As president of the Copenhagen Branch, I had some difficult cases to try, and could not talk with President Van Cott, there being only one interpreter to be had in Copenhagen among the brethren, and sometimes it was not so easy to get his services, so that opinions were somewhat divided among the brethren on these subjects. I went home at 10 p.m. and placing the church works on the table, knelt down and asked God to show me what I should do in each case. After prayer, I read all I could find bearing on the subject, in the New Testament, Book of Mormon, and Doctrine and Covenants; and after investigation until 2 a.m. concluded that I would cut all parties off for such offenses. I went to bed, fell

asleep and dreamed that I stood looking over an exceedingly large plain which I had to cross, and by closer examination I found that it was a quagmire, or bottomless swamp, with a very smooth surface. As I was studying and did not know how I should get over and looking down before my feet, I discovered a solid little spot large enough to put one foot upon, which seemed to come up from below, and while resting with one foot on that, another was provided for me from below, and while resting with one foot on that, another was provided for the other foot; and so it continued on until I had crossed the whole of this immense plain. I was at the time thinking that I was alone, but when I was safely across I looked back and saw that I was followed close to my heels and all the way back and I thought there was no end to the train of beautiful people that followed me. I understood the dream and was well satisfied.

At the general conference, October '53, I was appointed President of the Copenhagen Conference. The territorial boundary was the large and populous island Sjælland with the chief city of Denmark upon it. In November Brother Van Cott made an arrangement with a ship's broker, Mr. Balin, to carry the emigrants to England, provided he, Mr. Balin, could have all the arrangements made to a certain date. Mr. Balin started for England to arrange for ships, but failed to get back until two days after the appointed time and President Van Cott, being very anxious to get the emigrants off as soon as possible, closed a contract with Mr. Ryberg, a nephew of Mr. Balin. The emigrants, numbering nearly 700, left Copenhagen about the middle of December, President Van Cott accompanying them to Liverpool. One morning while the president was absent, Mr. P. O. Hansen came to my house very much excited, stating that Mr. Balin was very angry over President Van Cott's treatment of him and threatened vengeance. Hansen felt as though something very bad was going to happen, stating that Balin wanted to see me. No sooner had he left when Mr. Balin came in. After introducing himself, he asked me if I could meet him in his office at 6:00 p.m. and bring with me the President of the Copenhagen Branch. To this I agreed. Mr. O. C. Olsen and myself met according to agreement and after being seated in his spacious and elegant office, Mr. Balin produced a long list of charges against President Van Cott and proposed to us to depose our president and appoint in his stead his counselor P. O. Hansen (who was really in charge of the mission in the absence of Mr. Van Cott) stating also to us, that Hansen had agreed to such an arrangement. With these charges in our hands and with our influence over the Saints he said all would be

easily accomplished. I shall not attempt to repeat the conversation that continued more than four hours, but suffice to say that sometimes he tried to buy us, sometimes to scare us, and then he tried to reason with us. He was a Christian Jew, and a more cunning and shrewd man, I have never met. I was myself unable to converse with President Van Cott while in Copenhagen and consequently unacquainted with his business transactions, and the only one that was, seemed to be filled with fear and evil forebodings, but this very evening I experienced the strength of the saying by the Savior to his disciples, "When you are called to stand before kings, judges, and so forth, take no thought of what you shall say, for it shall be given unto you in the same moment." So it was this evening. I learned more true and correct principles and especially in the order of the priesthood, by the answers that were put in my mouth than I ever did before or after in the same length of time. Mr. Balin threatened to use his means and influence to break us up, to publish his charges in the papers and in our meetings. Instead of protecting us by the police and the military as he claimed he had done, he would cast our president in prison and use all these agencies to scatter us abroad. I replied to this that the work was of God, and it did not lay in human power to break it up. After this evening I heard no more of Mr. Balin's plans. When I met him on the streets of Copenhagen he took his hat off and bowed to me, and when President Van Cott had a dozen or two of stray passengers to send to England or the States he sent me to Mr. Balin to contract for their passage, which was all done very agreeably and satisfactorily.

In 1854, the work of God prospered exceedingly in Scandinavia, many great and noble spirits being added to the church, such as Niels Wilhelmsen, C. A. Madsen, and many others that were baptized in Copenhagen.

Apostle F. D. Richards, president of the European mission, visited Copenhagen during the summer, and I will relate a prophecy delivered by him in my house. One day as we sat at dinner, Mr. Richards said to me, "Brother Liljenquist, you shall stay here two or three years longer and help Brother Van Cott, or whoever presides; you and your family shall all live and come to Zion; you shall make a personal acquaintance with Brigham Young, his counselors, the twelve, and many thousands of the Saints, receive your washings and anointings and stay two years and then return to this country and take up your labors again." This prediction was fulfilled to the very letter.

The year '54 passed in preaching, baptizing and attending to all the duties pertaining to the office and

presidency of the Copenhagen Conference. In the year of '56 the blessings of God were richly and abundantly poured out upon our labors, followed up at intervals with considerable persecutions.

In this year we had a very pleasant visit from Daniel Spencer and Joseph A. Young. At the end of the year, President Van Cott was released with the privilege of returning home after having filled with dignity and honor one of the greatest missions ever performed in these countries by any one man. Hector C. Haight succeeded him in the presidency of the mission on the first day of June 1856. In the summer of '56 President Haight, Carl Widerborg and myself paid a visit to England on an invitation from President F. D. Richards, Orson Pratt and E. T. Benson, the latter having just arrived to take the presidency of the European Mission and succeed F. D. Richards. My difficulty at this most pleasant time was that I did not understand much English. I made, however, some very pleasant acquaintances of which I will name Pastor Dana, James Bunting and the Noble family in Manchester; James M. Brown, William Budge, E. L. Harrison of London; William S. Muir and Charles F. Jones of Birmingham; Thomas Williams, William Parker and Edward W. Tulsa of the Liverpool office. Later in the summer President E. T. Benson and Elder John Kay paid us a visit in Scandinavia. E. T. Benson preached in the large hall called Collosium to some 1500 to 2000 people and John Kay sang, "O, Ye Mountains High" and "Dear Zion." Several reporters were present who understood English and they made very fair reports and comments on the Apostle's preaching and Kay's singing. It was indeed an extraordinary time. Mr. Widerburg was the interpreter. The best sermon preached by E. T. Benson to those lands was at Haugerup, Sjælland. He called on me as his interpreter, which was my first effort of the kind. I must now leave these pleasant scenes of childhood, and youth in Mormonism, and turn my face toward the Promised Land.

In the early part of April 1857, I left Copenhagen with my wife and four children, Theodore, Oscar, Josephine, and Harold, the last named just three months old. When stepping into a cab

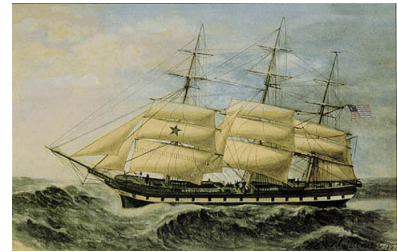


1850s cab as used in Europe

to drive down to the steamboat landing, the mob attempted to take the children away from us and would have succeeded had it not been for the timely

interference of the police. I was put in charge of the company to England and three days later, we arrived at Grimsby, where we were met by our genial friend, John Kay. Our company numbered 540 souls.

At Liverpool, we embarked on a sailing vessel called Westmoreland belonging to Philadelphia. After seven weeks at sea, we arrived in Philadelphia and the



Westmoreland

first news we learned was that Parley P. Pratt had been assassinated and President Buchanan had sent a large army against the Mormons. From here we took the railway to Iowa City; here I was appointed to go with the hand cart company and my family to go with the wagon company to Florence, Nebraska.

From Florence, I had the privilege of going with my family to Salt Lake City, where we arrived September 13, passing Buchanan's army on the plains, they traveling on the south side of the Platte and we on the north. We did not see them. On the plains we met Joseph W. Young on his way to Europe, calling all the missionaries home. Myself, wife and four children arrived alright and well in Zion, according to the predictions of F. D. Richards.

After a few days rest in Salt Lake City, I was called on to take a trip to Echo Canyon. I hauled the luggage of twenty-five men in a single, narrow track wagon bed and it was not half full. After being in Echo Canyon sixteen days a messenger arrived calling me home to Salt Lake City, stating that my wife was so sick they did not expect her to live. It took me only a few hours to drive to Salt Lake and on my arrival found that our beloved friend, Erastus Snow, and his very kind family had been watching over my family night and day like so many angels. When my wife got so she could talk, she told me that she was dying and would not have been living if it had not been for Erastus Snow calling her back to life. She said that death was sweet above all description and that she had no desire to come back. She also said that two sisters, whose names she did not know, had administered to her and the influence that accompanied it was most heavenly. The ladies' names we have since learned. One was Mother Whitney.

In the early part of the summer, the general move came along, and I spent the most part of the summer between Provo and Salt Lake City moving people to and fro. I moved to Spanish Fork in the winter of '58-'59. In the spring I moved to Goshen. On the 8th

of September I received a letter from President Young calling me on a mission to Scandinavia, wishing me to be in Salt Lake City ready to start on the 19th, if I could get ready. I should answer by the return messenger. Of course, I replied in the affirmative.

On September 13, 1859, I left what could hardly be called a home, in obedience to the call made on me by the president. How singularly had now the prediction of F. D. Richards been fulfilled. The Echo Canyon, the general move of the Saints, and having the privilege of accompanying the apostles on two trips south, made me acquainted with the greater number of the Saints, with President Young, his counselors, with all the members of the Quorum of the twelve apostles, my family all living, and some I did not have in '54.

My family accompanied me to Spanish Fork. Here I parted with them and put up the following evening with our old friend, Canute Petersen, and his kind and ever ready family in their nice and comfortable home at Lehi. Next day I arrived in Salt Lake City, put up, as I might well call it, at my father's home, Erastus Snow; went to see President Young, also Mr. Van Cott. Here I learned that eight missionaries had been called, viz: N. V. Jones, Milo Andrus, Jacob Gates, Elias Blackburn, and William Gibson to Great Britain, Bertram to France, and John Van Cott and myself to Scandinavia. We were set apart on the 18th and left on the 19th of September 1859. On the evening of the 20th the camp was organized with Capt. Wm. H. Hooper as our president, he being on his way as delegate to Congress. A few merchants who had been at Salt Lake City, sold out their large trains of goods and returning with their money, preferred to go with us for safety. All were furnished with light conveyances and good teams excepting me. I had to ride a little mule all the way, following these light buggies which gave me a rather faster ride than I liked, especially down hill. As all travelers across the plains know, one cannot get a mule to leave company. If my traveling companions did not know me on any other account they did on account of my mule. We reached Omaha, October 18th, in twenty-eight days; and of all men, I was the most happy to change my position from the mule's back into any position on a steamer. Our genial captain, Hon. W. H. Hooper, was right at home on the steamer as well as on the plains.

We parted with Captain Hooper after a hearty goodbye, and he continued by water to St. Louis and we, the missionaries, took the cars at Quincy. Six of the missionaries, Jones, Gates, Andrus, Blackburn, Van Cott, and myself, secured passage on the steamer "Europe" of Boston, bound for Liverpool. Such a

storm as we had on the voyage, I have never been in since, although I have traveled much by sea and crossed the Atlantic five times. I could not get on to my feet until we reached the Irish Channel. When the pilot got on board he pointed out to us the place where a steamer coming from Australia, three days previous, carrying nine hundred passengers, many of whom were returning with their fortunes to enjoy their native lands, had become unmanageable, struck a rock and went down in a few moments and none were left to tell the tale; and according to the papers more than three hundred ships of various kinds were destroyed on the English coast. We arrived at Liverpool on the 13th and were kindly received by Asa Calkin, President of the European Mission and the only elder from Utah then abroad until our arrival.

After a couple of days rest Mr. Van Cott and myself started for Copenhagen, by way of London to see the American Consul, Mr. Adams, and from him Mr. Van Cott got his passport. We took train from London to Hull, and steamer from there to Hamburg. We arrived in Copenhagen, November 23 where we were met by our old and intimate friend, Mr. C. Widerburg, who had presided over the Scandinavian Mission since the time the Utah elders were called home. I was now back again, after an absence of two years and eight months. I was the first elder that had received the Gospel in Scandinavia to return and testify of Zion. It was a wonder and a marvel to many who thought that no one could ever return after they got to the Rocky Mountains.

Mr. Van Cott took charge of the mission and I was appointed to travel in all the mission, preaching and putting the Conferences in order under the direction of the president.

I went to the magistrates' office to report my arrival. The officers and clerks left their chairs and desks and completely surrounded me and bid me heartily welcome. I spent a very agreeable time with them, testifying about Zion and my experiences while I had been gone.

I traveled and preached to large congregations in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden and more than 2,000 were baptized in the first year of my mission. In the summer of 1860 several more of the Scandinavian brethren arrived, among them were C. A. Madsen and the Doriuses.

In my travels in Scåne, Sweden, I met a young elder by the name of N.C. Flygare, who attracted my attention. I wrote to Mr. Van Cott that I believed I had found the proper person to take charge of the Stockholm Conference. His appointment followed in

about three years, and he has twice since presided over the mission and is now a leading man and bishop in Ogden. He is well and very favorably known among the Saints both at home and abroad. I continued my labors in the same position, and with similar results, until the spring of 1869 when I was released with the privilege of returning home. I also made a very pleasant acquaintance with W. W. Cluff and Jessie N. Smith and traveled considerably in their company while they were learning the language. They have since presided over the mission, and Jessie N. Smith has presided over the same twice.

April 21, 1862, I left Copenhagen the second time for Zion, in charge of a company of Saints numbering 484 souls. This was the fourth and last company from Copenhagen that started for Zion in the spring of 1862. I left feeling exceedingly grateful for the power and graces that had been bestowed upon us while we had been bearing our testimony to many tens of thousands of the people and felt that our garments would be pure and unspotted from their blood in the great day of judgment but we felt that the harvest was great and the laborers few.

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THEY CAME IN 1852, the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers' Lesson Leaflets, gives a more detailed description of the voyage home and the trip across the plains, much of it in Ola's words (marked in quotations). In his biography he wrote only four paragraphs, all of which is included in the Leaflets from which the following is copied:

The spring of 1862 was a time of great activity in Denmark. Hundreds of them sold their possessions and made preparations to emigrate to America. Four full-rigged sailing vessels, the *Electric*, the *Athena*, the *Humboldt*, and the *Franklin*, lay in the Elbe River off Hamburg (Germany). Into these vessels at intervals during the month, the fifteen hundred and fifty-six souls gathered from the Danish Ports, were dispatched.

O.N. Liljenquist, just released from his three year Scandinavian mission and assigned to be in charge of the Saints on the *Athenia* wrote: "Before noon the ship was on the broad face of the North Sea, the course led up around the north of Scotland. The weather was fine."

By the 29th, they doubled around the Scottish cape, passed the lighthouse tower in the evening. By midnight they were on the Atlantic Ocean. "For several days the winds were favorable, and there was considerable motion of the sea which caused many to be sea sick." The winds continued favorable for two weeks after leaving Gludstadt near the mouth of the Elbe, and by this time they were half way to New York.

"But we learned to our sorrow, the difference between the German laws and the English in fitting an emigrant ship for its long journey. In the first place the water for use on shipboard taken in on the Hamburg Elbe, rotted long before we reached New York, the provisions were of a very inferior kind and the way it was cooked was still worse, and then not half enough of it. The captain said he had carried emigrants across the Atlantic for 25 years. He showed me the irons and handcuffs he used to put upon the emigrants when they were not observant of his will and said he would treat us the same if we did not honor him as sole chief and quit finding fault with the treatment we had. One Sunday afternoon after we had concluded our afternoon services, I suppose through jealousy and not having influence with the Saints, he threatened to throw me overboard and I suppose he would have carried out his purpose had he dared to."

"As we sailed, the wheel of fortune turned against us," recorded Brother Liljenquist.. "Sometimes the sea was calm; at other times the wind was in the wrong direction. The captain steered southwest until he reached the gulf stream about three hundred miles

south of the Newfoundland banks. Then followed a week of dead calm, with not a breath of air stirring and the temperature of the water was from 70 to 60 degrees F. The sailing ship practically stood still, and the change from the cool northern temperature was hard on the passengers. The drinking water also became stagnant from the heat, causing sickness. Meanwhile the measles had broken out among the children with appalling results, and many of the adults became seriously ill with dysentery and accompanying bowel complaints. No one can properly tell the tragedy, heartache, and terror of those days as sickness and death began to mount. For a time there was scarcely enough well to take care of the sick. The bodies of thirty-three children and five adults who died were sewn up in canvas bags and slid on a board over the railing into the sea.



The Electric



The Athena



The Humboldt

“The Poulsen family was hard hit. All of the children were ill and at least part of the adults. This included the families of Peder and Risa Sophia Poulsen Hansen and their eight children: James Poulsen suffered the most staggering blow; his wife, Kerstina, and all three of the children were numbered among the dead, and accordingly their bodies became four of those mute, tightly wrapped packages slid across the railing into the limitless ocean. James himself was so ill that his survival hung on a slender thread. At one time it was a matter of debate whether he was still living or had actually died. Some insisted that he was dead and preparations were contemplated for his burial at sea. It is impossible to describe or even identify the moment when the disease began to recede and the functions of his body began moving back toward normal. Yet there was such a moment! The crisis passed and life triumphed over death. With returning consciousness James Poulsen remembered his beloved family had been taken from him and felt completely shattered and broken. His purpose in life seemed suddenly to vanish.

“The new world lost its appeal and even his faith became confused. As his strength returned he indicated a strong desire to go back to Denmark. The captain ordered the cook to serve oatmeal porridge to the sick in the morning, rice at noon and sago porridge in the afternoon. James’ strength, along with the others, improved rapidly. He was determined, however, to find a ship going east, if possible. The captain promised him the privilege of a transfer if another ship bound for Europe could be sighted in the lane of traffic, a possibility which seemed favorable as they approached the Newfoundland banks.

“A new force, however, began to exert an influence on James Poulsen in the person of a strong, clear-eyed woman who had helped nurse his wife and children during their last illness and who now took a special interest in him. She was Maren Kirstina Arff, also a Danish convert from Durop in one of the northern countries. Kirstina nursed him back to health. She also did much to lift his spirit and cultivate new hope in him. The stern realities of life still existed, she reminded him. The challenge of the future was just as great, and the profound truths of the Gospel were just as true. How could he go back?

“The old homestead at Kirkerstillinge was no longer his home. It now belonged to a member of the family who was hostile to his religion. He had sold the homestead and spent the money filling a mission and supporting his family, except that which had been invested in the passage to America. Kirstina Arff in her quiet, efficient way, helped him to turn the compass of

his life back to the star in the West. Once again he could look forward with confidence and faith.

“A couple of days before the ship docked, death struck again, taking fifteen year old Catherine Kirstina Hansen, twin daughter of Risa Sophia and Peder Hansen. On account of the nearness to New York at the time of her death, they succeeded in gaining permission to bring her ashore. Now they had to make arrangements for her burial. Mrs. Hansen was so weak she could hardly stand and her baby, Lina, age 3, was hovering between life and death. James, after his dreadful ordeal at sea, was still far from well and Kirstina’s two little boys, Hans Peter and Carl Evald, were sick. Fortunately they had the help of the Elders and other representatives of the Church stationed in New York to advise them and help take care of their immediate needs, including temporary lodging. Eventually, under the direction of the American authorities the Hansens were enabled to bury their daughter at Ellis Island. No doubt the burial was accompanied by simple rites conducted by members of the party, including some of the American Elders.”

As the Danish Saints who came in 1862 were soon to learn, New York was not America, but it was a part of the spirit of America—big, garrulous, bustling, noisy. Great buildings, massive piles of masonry, blacked with soot; a narrow neck of land skirted by two rivers pouring into the ocean, making a natural harbor. It was impressive.

It is doubtful if the Danish emigrants, hard pressed by their own problems, had more than a vague realization of the bloody Civil War raging in the land of their adoption. They had their own appointment with destiny and no time to lose. The ship *Electra* docked within a few hours of the time the *Athenia* reached New York and within the next couple of days both companies of Saints were prepared to begin their journey inland. June 9, they left New York by train for Florence, Nebraska, where plans were in operation to accumulate all four of the Danish companies and reorganize for crossing the plains. Florence was a bustling frontier camp at the end of the railroad located on the west bank of the river at a point now known as North Omaha. Here, for the time being, was one of the spots where the East and West met face to face. On one side were the railroads and civilization, on the other, vast stretches of wilderness, Indians, deserts, mountains—the great land of the future. As might be expected the place was seething with people, scouts, traders, freighters, homeseekers, soldiers. With the Civil War raging, the demand for horses, mules, oxen, cattle, everything for transportation or food was

practically limitless. This need was increased by the constant stream of Mormon emigrants going west. Not only were the half-bewildered Danish confronted by many strange people, but strange conditions. The area contained thousands of heads of livestock. Wagon trains were being fitted out by Mormon scouts and plainsmen, some of them sent directly from Salt Lake City.

The 1500 Danish emigrants spread themselves out on the prairie wherever their leaders directed; made themselves such shelter and living accommodations as the circumstances afforded. Some of the large group of people were better off financially and were able to sustain themselves, but great numbers became wards of the Church and began participating in what was then known as the Perpetual Emigration Fund, by which they were helped to reach Utah and permitted to pay the cost at a later date.

The Danish Saints at Florence were reshuffled into four companies for crossing the plains. Two companies were organized for those who had financial means to buy all their necessary equipment. These were placed under the leadership of Elder Hans C. Hansen and Ola N. Liljenquist.

They broke camp at Florence July 14. For days they had trouble learning to drive the oxen. Not only were the drivers inexperienced but the oxen did not understand Danish. It has not been recorded which had to learn a new language, the oxen or the drivers, perhaps both, for soon they came to understand one another and the journey was resumed successfully, arriving the 23rd of September 1862. (The day of Ola's 37th birthday.)

Maren Kirstina Arff and James Poulson were married shortly after their arrival at Florence. The Poulsen family traveled with the third company. Out of the twenty-two of this family who left Denmark, thirteen arrived in Salt Lake.

* * * * *

I met my family a few days later after an absence of over three years, all well but one less in number, the youngest child, a girl ten months old when I left, had died in my absence.

At the general conference in October, our beloved friend, E. T. Benson, wished me to come to Cache Valley. He called me, he said, by the virtue of his apostleship. I went to see President Brigham Young on the subject. He told me to go, and said, "You will have it good with Brother Benson."

Sometime in November, I arrived in Logan and directed by the president, E. T. Benson, to locate in Hyrum. I bought a little log house with one room 12' x 14' and paid \$150.00 and thought myself well off, as there were but few even of this kind. Some had sought shelter under the ground. I bought ten acres of farming land and turned out a farmer. In the latter part of July Bishop Calvin Bingham was called as a missionary to Bear Lake Valley and I was appointed bishop in his place.

I was told it was next to impossible to open up Blacksmith's Fork Canyon. In the spring of '64, George Niels and Hans E. Nielsen, and myself and others, went horse back, taking the Indian trail and went some three or four miles up the canyon. While on one of the high points where I could view the mountain sides, I burst out in thanksgiving unto God saying that He had provided in abundance for us, if we would reach forth our hands to receive. My mind was fixed in regard to opening the canyon which was destined to play a very important part in the history of Hyrum as well as to all the northern part of Utah.

When President Young paid a visit to our town I asked him if he thought it was advisable to open this canyon through to the Bear Lake-Ogden road. He answered with great energy. "Bishop, if you will make a road through that canyon, it will be a source of great wealth to you and your people. Follow the high water mark, never mind what's in your way. In the spring of 1874 we started on the great work. I did not have a dollar, but had faith that I would be able to pay when the work was done and so I was.

One day a messenger from the camp brought word that my presence was needed. In 15 minutes we were off and I did not return until the work was completed. One Sunday morning one of the brethren came to me and said, "This work you do here is a national work, and none but national governments would undertake such work as this, it will not pay. He asked if he could go home and I said yes. One after another came and asked for the privilege of going home and I answered yes to each of them. C. L. McBride, Peter Christiansen, and about a dozen boys were all that were left. I turned to them and said "Will you also leave me?" The answer was "No, not as long as you are here." I felt somewhat downcast. I had thought that they were all picked men who would stand by me to the last. I went up on the mountain to pray. It seemed to me that Brothers Benson, Heber C. Kimball and many others were present with me and instead of complaining and mourning, my grief was turned into joy, and I felt to say, "It is good to be here." I went

down the mountain strong as a lion and said, "I am good for another week." Then I tried to strengthen my brethren. The following day, Monday, just as we had finished dinner, a messenger arrived and handed me a letter. Its contents were, "Can President Young and his company pass over your road, two weeks from Wednesday next, on their way to Bear Lake? Please answer." I wrote on the letter, "Yes." and handed it back to the messenger. The messenger asked if I had any message to send home. I said "No, only tell the drones to come out of the hive." We accomplished the work and President Young and a party passed over the road at the appointed time, and made a camp at Rock Creek and called the camp after my name. President Young called me to his tent twice and blessed me and the people and said he was very much surprised that a handful of people had accomplished such a work. In the morning when we parted at the junction of the Blacksmith's Fork road he called me to his carriage and blessed me the third time.

I will now refer only to a few more items and leave my labors as presiding officer of the place and various institutions, to be recorded elsewhere. I represented Hyrum in a grain convention held in Salt Lake City, in the summer of 1865. I was one of the delegates from Cache Valley to the Constitutional Convention held in Salt Lake City, commencing February 19th and continued twenty-one days.

In 1870, I was elected Mayor of Hyrum City. When the United Order was introduced to Cache Valley, I was elected president for the same in Hyrum and second vice-president for the county organization. August 23, 1872, I was elected a director of the U.N.R.R. and occupied the position three years.

I was ordained Patriarch under the hands of Brigham Young, George A. Smith, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, Charles C. Rich, F. D. Richards, Brigham Young Jr., Joseph Smith, and John W. Young, John Taylor pronouncing the blessing and ordination.

In the summer of '74, I was appointed president of the Cache Valley Lumber Co., and was a pioneer of that trade.

At the general conference, April 6, 1876, I was elected a missionary to Scandinavia. On Friday, May 6, I took leave of my family and went to Europe, having previously appointed James McBride to act in my place. May 6th, I left Ogden in company with twenty-four other missionaries destined for different parts of Europe. When a distance on the road the brethren came together and wished me to take charge

of the missionary company, which I did. We had a pleasant journey and arrived at Copenhagen, June 3rd, 1876, and were met at the railway station by my old friend, N. C. Flygare, and conducted to the office at our old head-quarters, it now being 14 years, 1 month and 14 days since I had left the shores of Scandinavia.

The next day, Sunday, in company with President Flygare, I took a steamer for Malmo, Sweden, and preached to a large congregation. June 19th, I received my appointment from Albert Carrington as president of the Scandinavian Mission. I visited all the conferences once, and the most of them twice during this year. In the first year of my mission we baptized over 1100 souls into the Church.

In my travels in Sweden, I was impressed with the idea of publishing a semi-monthly paper in Swedish. We decided that the first number of the paper should come out January 1, 1877 and that its name should be "The North Star" and its size the same as the Scandinavian Star. We had now 500 copies subscribed. I appointed J. C. Sandberg assistant editor with full charge of the publishing department in Gotsborg. I wrote an introduction directed to the Swedish people.

In the spring of 1877, it was decided at the conference in Sweden, to publish the Book of Mormon in Swedish, to come out in parts, and 600 copies were subscribed. Elder A. W. Carlson of Salt Lake City was appointed by the presidency of the church to go to Scandinavia and translate the Book of Mormon into the Swedish language. Elder Carlson arrived in Copenhagen, September 27th. He commenced work immediately on the North Star, whose office had been removed to Copenhagen.

In October and the beginning of November, I made a round trip over the mission and attended all the conference meetings and found the conferences in a prosperous condition and many were added to the church.

I was released from my labors in the Scandinavian Mission the last of November and after visiting relatives and friends, arrived home the spring of 1878, reported at headquarters and was kindly received by President Taylor.

I took up my labors as bishop of Hyrum again, have now presided here over eighteen years and am nearly fifty-six years of age and thank God for all his many blessings.

O. N. Liljenquist

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SHORT HISTORY OF OLA NILSSON LILJENQUIST

From self-written accounts in Book I of Annie C. N. Liljenquist's records

Ola Nilsson Liljenquist, born 23 September 1825, Ignaberga, Christianstad, Sweden, baptized 4 September 1852 by William Andersen, ordained teacher three or four weeks afterwards, and appointed Treasurer and Book Agent for Copenhagen Conference, and was ordained an Elder by Willard Snow, 5 April 1853, and was appointed president of the Copenhagen Branch in July 1853, by President John Van Cott, presiding over the mission.

Left Copenhagen with 540 souls enroute for Zion in April 1857. Went with first company to Echo Canyon. Stayed 16 days and called back on account of sickness in the family. Was ordained a Seventy, a member of the 41st Quorum of Seventies, January 19, 1858, by President John Van Cott. Myself and wife, Christine Jacobsen, had our endowments in the Endowment House, Salt Lake City, in the latter part of March or the beginning of April 1858, by President John Van Cott and sealed by President Brigham Young. Took part in the general move south in the spring and summer of 1858 and located in Spanish Fork. Moved from there to Goshen in the spring of 1859.

Left Salt Lake City on a mission for Scandinavia, 1859, and stayed only one day at home after receiving the first notice of such a call. Arrived in Copenhagen in company with John Van Cott in the latter part of November same year. Was appointed a traveling minister in all the mission to carry out President Van Cott's desires and purposes, preaching the Gospel and putting the Conferences in order in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. These and a few following years were the glorious days of the Scandinavian Mission. I was the first of those who had embraced the Gospel in those lands to return and testify of Zion, and of course a marvel and a wonder since it was generally believed by the people that none could return from that far off country and consequently drew very large meetings wherever I went and the power of God was upon me and upon the people and many embraced the Gospel.

I left for my mountain home 15th of April 1842 in charge of a company of Saints numbering some over 500 souls and arrived in Salt Lake City the 23 of September 1862, found my family well, only that one was missing of the number, a little girl named Annie

who was ten months old when I left who had died the 9th of November 1860.

I was called to move to Cache Valley where we arrived in October same year and was appointed to Hyrum. I married a second wife, Mrs. Ane Petrine Larsine Wilson, 15 Nov. 1862, sealed by President Brigham Young in the Endowment House, Salt Lake City. In August 1863, I was appointed Bishop in Hyrum to preside over the future destinies of that little place.

By invitation of President Brigham Young, myself and my two wives, Christine Jacobsen Liljenquist and Ane Petrine Larsine Wilson Liljenquist, had the great privilege of receiving a Second Anointing in the Endowment House, Salt Lake City, 18 August 1867, President Heber C. Kimball and Daniel H. Wells officiating, Joseph F. Smith recorder.

I was ordained a High Priest and Bishop under the hands of George Q. Cannon and Brigham Young, 7th day of April, 1872, Brigham Young being mouth. I was ordained a patriarch, 22 June 1873, in Logan under the hands of President Brigham Young, George A. Smith, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, Charles C. Rich, Franklin D. Richards, George Q. Cannon, Brigham Young Jr., Joseph F. Smith, John W. Young.

I married a third wife, Miss Annie Christine Nielsen, 10th day of August 1874; we were sealed in the Endowment House, Salt Lake City. On the 5th of May, 1875, I left for a second mission to Scandinavia and was appointed to preside over the mission, and returned in the summer of 1878. In 1882, I resigned my office as Bishop of the Hyrum Ward over which I had presided 19 years. It had now become a beautiful city and the largest place in the valley except Logan. My resignation was agreeable with the wishes of Apostle Moses Thatcher, and President William B. Preston.

At the dedication of the Logan Temple, myself and wife, Christine Jacobsen Liljenquist were appointed a mission as workers in the Temple, to bear our own expenses. We were present and took part in the ordinances the very first day May 21, 1884 and have been there ever since which is today, one year.

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OLA NILSSON LILJENQUIST

CHRISTINE JACOBSEN
1 JAN 1822 – 4 JUL 1903

ANNE PETRINE LARSINE
WILSON
13 SEP 1841 – 15 SEP 1919

ANE KIRSTINE NIELSEN
17 APR 1854 – 25 NOV 1945

Nicolai Theodor
1 JUN 1849 – 7 OCT 1924

Charles Erastus
19 MAR 1864 – 25 JUN 1928

Oliver Conrad
24 MAR 1879 – 18 FEB 1882

Otto Charles
11 AUG 1850 – JUN 1854

Joseph Olaf
9 JUN 1865 – 21 SEP 1865

Ezra Lorenzo
3 JUL 1881 – 24 AUG 1962

Clara Johanna Josephine
7 JUN 1853 – 20 OCT 1927

Olivia Amelia
15 AUG 1869 – 19 DEC 1875

Victor Emanuel
25 SEP 1883 – 26 JUN 1943

Olaf Oscar
13 MAY 1855 – 6 MAY 1921

Waldemar Alexander
7 OCT 1871 – 9 FEB 1940

Trued
14 JUN 1885 – 29 SEP 1902

Harold Frietoff
19 JAN 1857 – 14 JAN 1936

Zina Vilate
7 SEP 1877 – 23 OCT 1944

Annie Christine
1 DEC 1858 – 9 NOV 1860

CHRISTINE HANSEN JACOBSEN LILJENQUIST

1 January 1822 — 4 July 1903

Christine Jacobsen Liljenquist, born January 1st, 1822, Barlose, Funen, Svendborg, Denmark, baptized 17 September 1852, by O. N. Liljenquist, left Copenhagen in company with my husband, O. N. Liljenquist and four small children in April 1857. And while my husband was in Echo Canyon I had the severest spell of sickness that I have ever had, the Mountain Fever, and would have left this probation had it not been for the prayer and faith of Erastus Snow and the tender care of himself and his kind family, and also that of some other good brethren and sisters.

I took part in the general move of 1858 and had a daughter born December 1, 1858.

In September 1859, my husband left me and five little children to fill a mission in Scandinavia. I, with many others of the Saints, was very poor and without a home, but through the kind care of the Lord my God, and some poor but warm-hearted friends, I passed through the ordeal of trial, for which I am very grateful to my Maker until this day. I lost my little girl, who died the 9th of November, 1860.

My husband was gone over three years. He has been gone over two years since that time to fill another mission to our native countries. In fact, it has nearly been one continual mission ever since we embraced the Gospel thirty-three years ago, but the most pleasant year of my whole life I, with my companion, enjoyed as missionary in the Logan Temple the past twelve months.

Our children were sealed to us in the Logan Temple.

Nicolai Theodor Liljenquist, born 1st June 1849, Copenhagen, Denmark

Otto Charles Liljenquist, born 11th August 1850, died in June 1854, Copenhagen, Denmark

Clara Johanna Josephine Liljenquist, born 7th of June, 1853, Copenhagen, Denmark

Olaf Oscar Liljenquist, born 13th May, 1855, Copenhagen, Denmark

Annie Christine Lilienquist, born 1 December 1858, Spanish Fork, Utah, died 9 November 1860.

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The following is taken from

LIFE HISTORY OF CHRISTINE JACOBSEN LILJENQUIST

written by her great granddaughter, Beatrice Liljenquist

While at Salt Lake, Christine's husband was called to haul provisions to Echo Canyon to those guarding against Johnson's Army. They moved to Spanish Fork and then to Goshen, Utah. They commenced to build a home there, but while attending conference in Salt Lake, her husband was called by Brigham Young to leave for the Scandinavian Mission in two weeks. So the neighbors completed the building of the house. She was left for 3½ years.

When her husband returned home, he received

another call from Brigham Young, this time to Hyrum, Utah. Mr. Liljenquist was bishop there for 22 years. Christine had been president of the Relief Society for 21 years when her health began to fail. She was an estimable and highly respected woman, as well as a consistent Latter-Day Saint. She died at age 81 on July 4, 1903 from general disability and old age at Hyrum, Utah and was buried 7 July 1903 in the Hyrum Cemetery. She was survived by her husband, three sons and one daughter.

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[photo to be added]

In the summer of 1991, I, LaVerne Hacking, and my daughter Marjory went to Hyrum. We called the first Liljenquist in the telephone book. He said he was living alone and was ill. He did not invite us to come see him, but told us where a home of Ola's was still standing. We found the house. The man who owned it said he was the first who was not a Liljenquist to live there. He invited us in. He loaned us the original of the above picture which we had copied and returned to him. He was very pleasant and cooperative. Although it was hot outside, the house was cool. He said it was due to the fact that the outside walls had been filled with clay. We entered the kitchen-dining area from the west, then went into the good-sized living room with a door opening into a bedroom on the west behind the kitchen. A stairway led to two bedrooms upstairs. Much of the original woodwork, ample cupboard and closet space, was still in good condition. The house had been stuccoed sometime after it was built. We feel that this is Ola's first home in Hyrum which he shared with his wife, Christine Jacobsen, and their children.

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ANNE PETRINE LARSINE WILSON LILJENQUIST

13 September 1841 — 15 September 1919

Anne Petrine Larsine Wilson was born on 13 September 1841 in Westlose, Thisted, Jutland, Denmark. She was baptized 25 March 1861. She received her endowments in the Endowment House 15 November 1862. She died 15 September 1919 in Hyrum, Cache County, Utah, and was buried in the Hyrum Cemetery 18 September 1919.

On a family group sheet, with sources given as Family Record Books and Histories, is the following information: "Grandpa Ola N. Liljenquist and his first wife (Christine) were called on a mission to Scandinavia. She wouldn't leave her children: Theodore - 16, Josephine - 14, Oscar - 12, Harold (Harl) - 10. Ola left alone then sent for his second wife. Anne Petrine left her son, Charles, at home with Christine and took Waldemar with her. Her daughter Zina was born in the mission field."

[photo to be added]

Charles Liljenquist, Sr. with
wife and Charles Liljenquist, Jr.

When I, LaVerne, was a child, I remember going with my parents to visit with Charles Jr. and his wife in Pocatello, Idaho. I was impressed.

I have tried to get a picture and more history on Anne Petrine but without success. She must have been beautiful, judging from her descendants.

[photo to be added]

Charles Jr.'s son, Raymond and his wife, Pearl had a spacious and beautiful home which overlooked Salt Lake Valley from the east. We had wonderful reunions there for many years, something all who attended will keep in remembrance.

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ANE KIRSTINE NIELSEN LILJENQUIST

17 April 1854 — 15 November 1945

Ane Kirstine Nielsen was born in Klausebolle, Svendborg, Denmark, to Hans I. Nielsen and Johanne Christine Andersen. Ane's paternal grandfather, Niels Jensen, was mayor of the soaken (parish) of Tullebolle. Ane's father was to have succeeded to that position but he married beneath his station thus losing his right to the mayorship. Johanne Andersen was a commoner, poor but beautiful and very talented. To make matters even worse, Hans and Johanne joined the Mormon Church. Because of ostracism, Hans took his family to Utah. They left Denmark on Ane's 7th birthday, April 17, 1861. Little Ane walked all the way from Missouri to Salt Lake City where the family was later assigned to Hyrum, Cache County, Utah. Ane's name was Americanized to Anna Christina.

Hans built a nice two-story house with a large stone fireplace. It was the first house in Hyrum to have glass windows. Hans was a butcher by trade. He was called on often to administer to the sick and was generous with his means. He had two pair of boots which were always at the dances on other people's feet.

Anna's mother taught her not only to spin, weave, knit, and crochet, but taught her the art of dressmaking by which means Anna was soon able to support herself, her reputation as a seamstress carrying into the neighboring towns.

Women of Hyrum, including O.N. Liljenquist's two wives, were in hopes Anna would marry one of their sons, but Anna had eyes only for Ola. Twenty-eight years his junior, she married him on the 19th of August 1874, in the Salt Lake City Endowment House.

Because names of the first two wives were and Christina, Anna said she would have to go by Annie. And that is what her husband called her.

Annie and Ola had four sons: Oliver Conrad, born 24 March 1879; Ezra Lorenzo, born 3 July 1881; Victor Emanuel, born 25 September 1883; and Trued, born 14 June 1885.

Annie encountered the first real sorrow of her life, when Conrad, six years old, died of diphtheria.

Because of the U.S. Edmund and Edmund-Tucker laws against polygamy, Annie took her three boys to Moreland, Idaho, then to Marysville Country, Fremont County, Idaho, where they first lived in a dugout home.

At Vernon, a few miles west of Ashton, she gradually obtained 200 acres. She was instrumental in getting a church house built and served as the first Relief Society president. She and her boys erected a one-room log store. The boys traveled by team and wagon to the nearest railroad seventy miles away to get the needed supplies.

In 1891 Annie enrolled Ezra at Ricks Academy. The summer after, a terrible blow came when Trued died of pneumonia at the age of seventeen. The farm didn't seem the same anymore. Annie sold her holdings and moved to Rexburg. She and Ezra took up land on the Rexburg Bench. Annie bought a nice two story home in Rexburg and took in boarders in the winter. Ezra attended Ricks Academy and Victor went to Scandinavia on a mission..

In 1909 Annie moved to Salt Lake City with Ezra, his wife Mary, and nine month old LaVerne. Annie bought a home on Downington Avenue, just off State Street. She walked to the corner and rode the street car to the temple each day it was open. She did the ordinance work for 3000 women, and hired the work done for the men in both her own and her husband's families.

In 1945 she was visiting in San Luis Obispo, California with her niece, Edith Monson Richardson. Edith and a friend were helping her to get into the car to go for her daily ride when Annie slumped. The women helped her back into the house, and on to the couch. While the friend was calling for a doctor, Annie looked up at Edith, smiled, and was gone. She was buried in Hyrum.

Annie was loved for her great faith, her integrity, wonderful disposition, wit and humor, and her love for all people, attributes she kept to her dying day.

[photo to be added]

Annie Christina Nielsen Liljenquist
Picture taken on her 90th birthday.

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[Ola's poems]