

that I may be able to consecrate myself entirely to the task that is before me.

R. S. BUDD

When I was only a lad three years of age Brother R. T. Walters, now occupying as a seventy, was doing missionary work in our locality, staying with my parents. I remember him stating to my parents that he expected some day I would take up missionary work and become a minister for Christ. Small as I was, that made an impression upon my mind, and all through my boyhood days I had a desire to be a minister for Christ. Many times I have in my play gathered my younger brothers and sisters about me, and some of the older ones, and have stood before them and asked them to listen as I preached to them.

When I was eight years of age, the day that I became eight years of age, I was baptized into the church by Brother F. C. Keck, now deceased. In the afternoon, at a prayer service after my confirmation, I prayed earnestly to God that he might give me a testimony of this great work, and he did. He gave me the testimony that the work was true and that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God. That testimony has never left me to this day. The morning after my baptism on Sunday my father sent me early in the morning just at the break of day that I might bring the horses from the pasture; we were living on the farm. And as I passed along an old stone wall near a great large stone where I had played many times before with my brothers and sisters, the Spirit of God rested upon me and I knelt in my boyish way and poured out my soul to God and there I promised my God that if he would bless me and protect me that when I grew to be a man I would go forth into the world and represent his cause. God has always been true to me. It is true I have had my trials and sometimes I have failed in my promises to him, but he has always remained with me.

While only a young man I was ordained to the office of priest and occupied as priest of the branch in my home town. In the month of July in the year 1913 Brother Amos T. Higdon, who was laboring in the Clinton District as a missionary, invited me to go with him and hold a meeting in Butler, Missouri. I did. Brother Higdon, a very humble man at that time and I know him to be the same yet, gave me some very timely counsel, and every morning we would take a walk to a cornfield and there we would offer prayer. In July, I believe it was the twenty-first day of July, without request from me, Brother John W. Rushton, then missionary in charge in that part of the world, sent me a letter giving to

me a district appointment. Immediately after reading the letter I went with Brother Higdon to our accustomed place in the cornfield, to pray, and as he prayed I took the letter from my pocket and laid it down on the ground and placed my knee upon it, and as Brother Higdon prayed the angels of God seemed to hover about us and God said to me, "You shall occupy in the Quorum of Twelve with John W. Rush-ton." That has been in my mind since that time. In the year 1914 I was sent on a mission to British Columbia, Canada. Before I went to Canada I was keeping company with the young lady who is my wife now. We were engaged. I told her my life work would be in the missionary field, for sooner or later I would occupy in the Quorum of Twelve. So this message, my brothers and sisters, is no surprise to me. It is in harmony with the voice of the Spirit of God to me all during my eight years of missionary work.

Three weeks ago, on Wednesday evening the Lord gave to me a manifestation of his Spirit, and when I arose the next morning I told my companion that I would be called into the Quorum of Twelve. I believe I fully comprehend and I believe I keenly sense the burden and responsibility thus thrust upon me, and regardless of the fact that my weakness and inability rise before me as a mighty mountain, after prayerful and careful consideration I am prepared to say to you this morning I am willing to abide your decision and endeavor to acquit myself as a minister for Christ with a keen desire to stand for the right as God gives me to see the right

F. M. McDOWELL

Is it too much to ask your prayers and faith that I might be able to say that which my heart desires to say? I may have to tell a different story than the brethren that have just spoken, but in that story I shall put my whole heart, and before God I shall tell the truth. A few days ago I was approached by a brother who asked me rather abruptly, I thought, "Have you had any special evidence as to your call?" I said, "No; I have had nothing special." There was no chance for conversation and I fear that he may have misunderstood my answer. My answer shall have to be told in a longer story than in the words *yes* or *no*.

My earliest recollections are a praying, sacrificing, and God-fearing mother and a missionary father. I shall never forget the keen satisfaction I had as a boy in unbuckling the straps from my father's satchel and playing horse with that satchel, or playing it was an engine with a row of chairs to constitute the train, and I the engineer. I can see and