

Autobiography of William Lewis

Among the church stalwarts of the generation just gone none stood more valiantly for Christ and his cause than William Lewis. Strong in the faith, and full of good works, this man served the church as missionary at home and abroad for many years. He died March 29, 1919, and his youngest daughter, now Mrs. Ruth L. Holman, of Independence, Missouri, has gathered together and edited the manuscript of his autobiography which she says he began writing in August of 1907. Sister Holman when a little girl accompanied her father and mother to foreign shores on two different missions.—Editors.

MY PROGENITORS IN SOUTH WALES

My father, David M. Lewis, the second son of Joseph and Jane Lewis, was born at Llandovery, South Wales, September 22, 1822. He had four brothers, Lewis, the oldest, Morgan, John, and Daniel; three sisters, Mary, Sarah, and Jane. Two brothers of my grandfather went to Australia when quite young. I was informed by Uncle Daniel that there were more than two hundred descendants on the Lewis side living in that country in 1901. David Lewis, a brother to grandfather, lived and died at Llandovery. For over fifty years he led singing in one of the churches in that little village. Grandmother died when some of the children were young. Grandfather married the second time and had two daughters by this wife. When I was in Wales in 1901, I called on these daughters. They were living at Llandovery, both old maids.

On a little farm five miles from Llandovery, my progenitors had lived for over three hundred years, (prior to 1856). There was a slate quarry on the farm from which part of the country was supplied with slate for roofing. The name of the farm I have forgotten. It was leased by our progenitors. In 1901, there were none of our people on the old homestead.

My mother was the daughter of William and Elizabeth Roberts. She was born at Dowlais, South Wales, in 1823. The day and month I do not know. She was named after her mother, Elizabeth, but called Betsy for short. Grandfather Roberts was a shoemaker by trade, and grandmother was called the "bakery woman." She had a large oven and baked bread for the neighborhood for one cent (half-penny) a loaf, small or large. Some loaves weighed nine pounds and the bread of a good quality. These ovens are still to be found in Wales, but one fault I found with the bread was that the crust was too thick and hard.

Mother had two brothers, Reese and

John. Uncle Reese learned the shoe trade. He also taught and led singing for fifty years in Bryn Zion Chapel (Congregational Church) at Dowlais. He was considered one of the leading teachers in sacred music, besides being the composer of some excellent music. During all the years he had charge of the singing he never set a salary for his faithful services. The congregation, however, was good to him. He married and rented a small house in the same yard as the chapel. There he spent all his married life. He had several children. In 1901, when I was in Wales, I called at the old home, and saw on the wall of the small house a neat, framed memorial card: "In memory of one we loved, Reese Roberts." There were some six long verses of poetry which spoke highly of his Christian works. The lady of the house gave me quite a pleasant history of my uncle whom I had not seen for over forty-eight years. She said he had lived in that house for over fifty years. He had then been dead seventeen years. His four children were living, two of them in the United States, one in Southern England, and one in Wales.

A BIT OF "HEAVEN ON EARTH"

In 1845, mother and father were married at Dowlais, South Wales. To this union were born eight children. Mary, the first, died when two years old; Sarah, the seventh, died when about three years old. The other six lived to grow up and have families of their own. Elizabeth, the fourth child, married John J. Morgan, in Brookfield, Ohio, in 1867. She died at Cleveland, Iowa, February 8, 1903, leaving her husband, two sons, John L., and David L., five daughters, Margaret, Mary Jane, Mattie, Sarah Ann, and Elizabeth. In March, 1904, the husband died.

Sarahann, my younger sister, married the nephew to John J. Morgan; his name was John W. Morgan. He died from an accident received in the mines at Bevier, Missouri, 1900. Sarahann died February 8, 1904, in Bevier, Missouri, leaving three children, David John, Thomas, and Lizzie.

My brother, Joseph R., the third child, and second son, married Susann Price in Brookfield, Ohio, and they are at this writing still living in Kansas City, Missouri; they have a large family of children.

My sister Jane, married Howell Price in Brookfield, Ohio. They have a family of five daughters and one son, living.

Brother John, the sixth child and third son, married Mattie Marion at Stewartsville, Missouri. She died within one

year at Bevier. He went West to Montana; married the second time and again to a Mattie. He was gone ten years that we did not hear from him. He returned, then left in 1894, and we have not heard from him since.

I was the second child and oldest son, born November 23, 1847, on the old homestead, near Dowlais.

My father and mother united with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in Wales at a date early in the forties. At the time they became members, the church in Wales was in good spiritual condition, and using their words, "It was a heaven on earth!" Shortly after the death of Joseph Smith in America, the evils of Brighamism began to appear in Wales, and the Saints became discouraged. Many withdrew from the church.

Father was an elder and active in church work. He was president of the branch at Glen Neath. One of the missionaries from Salt Lake asked him to preach in favor of polygamy. He replied that he could not teach that which the law condemned. From that time on my parents had nothing to do with that faction of the church.

WESTWARD TO THE UNITED STATES

In the latter part of May, 1856, my parents left Wales for the United States. I was in my ninth year, and there were four of us children. We sailed from Swansea to Liverpool and had a very rough passage.

After arriving at Liverpool, my parents became much discouraged and would have returned home if they had not paid their passage to this country. An old sailor encouraged them to go on saying that they would not have another storm as severe as the one encountered on the way from Swansea to Liverpool. So after staying in Liverpool some three days, we took passage on the sailing vessel, "City of Mobile." After a pleasant five weeks' voyage, we arrived at Scranton, Pennsylvania, in July, 1856. My uncles, Morgan and John Lewis, had been here for two years, and they had sent us passes.

There were quite a number of Saints at Scranton and at Hyde Park who had come from Wales and who were still in the faith, not endorsing polygamy but hoping that the dark cloud which had come over the church would soon pass away. Uncle Morgan left shortly for Salt Lake hoping to find conditions there much better than had been reported. He was to meet Uncle Daniel who had been on a mission in North Wales, but who had already started for "Zion of the Mountains" as he called it. They were to meet near Council Bluffs, Iowa, and

travel together over the plains. Prior to his leaving, Uncle Morgan had an understanding with father that he would write from Salt Lake and advise father what to do. In due time a letter came advising father to stop where he was, that conditions in "Zion" were at a very low standard. This was in 1857.

HARD TIMES OF 1856 AND '57

Times were very hard at this time: not much work and little pay for what was done. Father had four months' pay coming to him from the Diamond Coal Company. He could not get any cash nor groceries from the stores. Young as I was—ten years old—I well remember going with father from one store to another trying vainly to get someone of them to cash his "due bill" at a discount or to credit him for a barrel of flour. This was in the days of President James Buchanan, the great panic of 1856, 1857. We lived that winter on buckwheat and molasses, a little bread and potatoes; no butter, cheese or meat for months. At last the company paid part of the wages due their men and later on paid all.

I was only a boy of ten years, but I worked the whole winter of 1856 and part of the winter of 1857 for twenty-five cents a day picking slate in the breaker. Not having any shoes, nor money to buy them, I wore a pair of old boots, man size. My mother put two pairs of stockings on my feet and then took straw and filled in so as to keep the boots from falling off. I had to sit on the soft side of a two-inch board in the cold and coal dust from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. for twenty-five cents with the promise of pay. Think of working six days, sixty-six hours, for \$1.50 and having a cross old boss who sometimes stood over you with a twelve-foot rod in his hand so that if you let some stone or slate pass you he could hit your almost frozen fingers with that rod!

There would be from fifty to seventy-five boys working in one breaker, picking out the slate and sulphur and stone that would pass in front of them in the coal going down the narrow shoots about eighteen inches wide. These shoots received the various sizes of coal after it was crushed in the breakers or rolls and came out of a large revolving screen; the opening of which were from a half inch to two inches.

Those days are gone forever, and I am glad today that none under the age of fourteen can work in the breakers and that they get sixty-five and eighty-five cents a day and work from 7 to 5 p. m. The ventilation is much improved and in the winter time the rooms are warmer. Besides, fewer boys are needed today as machinery does much of the work. In my time, after the company became able to pay monthly, we were paid on the twentieth for the preceding month. Now they pay every two weeks.

FIRE OF FAITH REKINDLED

At the outbreak of the Civil War the Saints would come together and read the prophecy concerning it by the Prophet Joseph Smith, dated December 25, 1832. This remarkable prophecy seemed to rekindle the love they had once had, but which had now become cold in fulfillment of the Savior's words, "And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold." (Matthew 24:12.) At this time John W. Jones, editor of the *Drich*, a Welsh paper, in his editorial, made a special appeal to the Welsh people to volunteer their services in harmony with the call of President Lincoln, for three months' service to put down the Rebellion and prove that the prophecy of Joseph Smith was false, "For he has predicted that the war should terminate in the death and misery of many souls and that the South should call on other nations for help, even Great Britain, and after many days the slaves shall be disciplined for war. "Come," said the editor, "the picture by the false prophet is too dark. In three months we shall have peace."

But it took nearly five years to end that war so plainly foretold by the Prophet Joseph—even the very place where it should begin. This prophecy contains approximately three hundred words and there are about fourteen distinct predictions which had their fulfillment. This brought to the minds of the Saints the angel message to the Prophet and their pleasant experiences in the work before the evils of Brighamism arose.

With the breaking out of the war young Joseph Smith came to take his father's place. My parents were ready to receive him as the lawful successor to the Presidency, for after the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum, my parents, in Wales, had been taught that young Joseph would come and take his father's place. Well do I remember my father speaking of this, and he corresponded with Reese Price of near Council Bluffs, Iowa, about the Reorganized Church.

In April, 1865, my parents moved to Youngstown, Ohio, later to Brookfield, a short distance away. At this mining camp there were several families of Saints. They were like sheep wandering without a shepherd. Elder William Anderson, an elder in the Reorganized Church, came there. Later W. W. Blair arrived, but he stayed only one night. My father found fault with his short visit. Shortly after, Elder J. T. Phillips was sent there by W. W. Blair. He preached much at the firesides, and baptized a number of people. Father and mother gave their names, but prior to their baptism father inquired of Brother Phillips if he could promise the same blessings to them that they had enjoyed in the early days of the church in Wales. Brother Phillips said, "Yes."

At the confirmation meeting the Holy Spirit was enjoyed to a marked degree. Father spoke in tongues, and gave the interpretation. I was informed by mother that they had a Pentecostal shower of the Holy Spirit. In the countenances of my parents I could see true happiness, and in the home also there was a change.

My parents had not drifted into bad habits during the dark and cloudy day, although they had been cold and indifferent. They never attended religious services after our leaving the church in Wales. They said little to us children about religion. I remember one Sunday afternoon one of the neighbors called at our home and urged mother to go with her to hear some noted minister who had come from Wales. I was surprised to hear mother say she had been a member of that church from childhood and heard some of the leading ministers, but that she never had received the Holy Spirit, and that she had been years in the corner trying to console herself with the thought that soon that blessed and happy time, such as she enjoyed with the Saints in Wales, would come again. The good woman replied, "Come, Mrs. Lewis, you can have just as good with us." To this mother said, "No. No; you have nothing there that I can feast on." I thought mother was harsh and mistaken in her statements for I, boylike, was of the opinion that all sects and parties were right. Having said so much about my parents I shall now try to give some of my own experiences.

RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS OF MY BOYHOOD

I was born at Rhymney, near Dowlais-Top, in South Wales, November 23, 1847. When my parents moved from Scranton, Pennsylvania, 1863, to Ohio, I was very much disappointed. I was then in my sixteenth year, and I had some dear chums in Scranton. I attended the Baptist Sunday School and went to preaching services at the Congregational Church. I had good company. After reaching Ohio I could not find new friends to take the place of those I had left behind me. I became low spirited, and if I had had the means I would have gone back. I found fault with my parents for moving from such a pleasant, lively town as Scranton to Crab Creek, a little suburb of Youngstown.

I became so despondent it affected my health. We children had not been troubled with poor health, for while mother was not a strong woman her children were all healthy and fat. It was my heart that gave me trouble. I could not breathe as I should. I believe that it was worrying about my playmates and chums which brought this on. My brother, Joseph, two years younger than me, was enjoying the new company and conditions. My two sisters were also enjoying themselves.

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arrangements with an old friend of mine in England to buy his very rare old violin at a very reasonable price. He said I might pay for it in small payments. Of course, I may as well write to him now and tell him not to bother even packing it.

Paul. Oh, father, I'm sorry! I didn't really intend to be such a poor steward. Please don't write yet; give me until time for you to leave again to show you that I do want to make good. I will take that paper route Mr. Wells has

wanted me to take and I will pay for violin lessons myself. I know I have been selfish and unfaithful, but I can and *will* make good on my old violin.

Father. Well, son, it will mean a lot of hard work, determination and faithfulness. You've lost a lot of time, but I believe you can do it if you will. Yes, I'll wait, and we shall all be happy if you, too, can make good in your stewardship.

(Curtain.)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM LEWIS

(Continued from page 746.)

On the fifth day of July, 1865, an explosion occurred in the Welsh Company Coal Mines at Scranton which killed nine and crippled two for life. When the men were going in to work with their horses and mules some of them wandered into some old, gas-filled mines where they had no business to go. The horses and mules were killed, together with the drivers. It dawned upon my mind then that in place of finding fault with my parents and being so unpleasant, I had reason to be thankful that they moved from Scranton when they did. The two boys who had taken my horses, and my brother's, were among those killed. After this my condition improved, but still I had bad palpitation of the heart.

We moved again; this time to Mineral Ridge some thirteen miles away. I went to Sunday school, and I got mother to buy me a Bible, the first English Bible we had. I had not been able to work for some months, and several doctors had tried to help me, but none did me any good. One day while reading the fifth chapter of James I stumbled onto this: "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick." When I read this I had what I can truly say was *faith*, and I had always thought that if I could have the privilege of calling upon the elders I would be healed. But I was of the impression that the elders referred to were the various ministers. I made up my mind to go to the minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church where I attended Sunday school and ask him to pray and anoint me with oil. I informed mother what I had read and what I intended to do. "Well, well," she said, "my dear boy, if you do go to one of the ministers of the various churches they will do nothing for you, for they do not believe in that promise, and besides they are not the elders referred to." At this I was very much disappointed, for I had implicit, childlike faith in the promise. I have often wished that I had called on the minister or others and heard for myself what the answer would be. I have no doubt but it would have been as mother said. When I think of the impression the pas-

sage had on my mind and read of the many cases of sickness that have been healed in the world, I can understand that it is because of the exceeding faith they have in the promises of the Lord and because their faith is not tinged with the spirit of unbelief that is in the minds of some who claim to be ministers. I was young then and not acquainted with the various creeds. I supposed that all believed in the Bible as it read, and I was saddened by the discovery that they did not.

(To be continued.)

SEEKING AFTER TRUTH

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devil, and also a warning of the danger of arousing these forces, whether diabolic or of earth. Great emphasis is placed also on the necessity that the neophyte must be clean in body and heart and mind. He must be pure in heart and have kept from the contamination of the world, and only such a one is safe. He must be one who is unselfish, for one who is covetous is bound for destruction. Criticism is made of Christianity on the ground that it proposes to save sinners, while the ancient mysteries are only for the adept, the one who is clean and holy. No sinner could enter therein according to their teachings.

The adept also was of necessity studious and the claim is made that only those who will study persistently can ever become adept, but because there are some who are not clean and not pure in heart the divine knowledge must be kept from them, lest they use it for their own destruction and that of humanity. This is stated to be the reason for secrecy.

It seems more worth while to find that the Rosicrucians published a declaration in the 17th century that the world was on the eve of a great enlightenment and that much truth concerning science and nature was about to be disclosed; that there was to be a spiritual revival. The Theosophist claims the same, that we are entering now a higher race in the return to God and that more persons are now being born who possess high mystic powers.

(To be Continued.)

The man who is above his position soon finds himself below it.

"Love Is Best"

Our time on the planet is short. By some mystery, from some eternity, we are thrust on this little swinging ball called "earth" and there bidden to try the adventure called "life." In various tasks men may spell out their little tale of days. They may build ugly and expensive cities—but cities moulder and become an antheap. They may make themselves a name—but earth's names are written in sand: the ocean of time rolls up and washes them away. They may write books—but books grow yellow with the years, and the last book-worms are worms in very fact. They may lead armies—but stern silence falls at length upon the shrieks, bleeding, and rotten death of war; and to that silence men of war must give account. They may make comfort and shelter for their fellows—a lamp to light the home, a table spread, a strong roof-tree overhead, a smoother pillow in the time of sickness. In sundry callings men may fill the allotted hand's-breadth of years; but on all man's work falls the curtain of death and it is seen no more. The work of man abides and fructifies only when it is done in love. So history seems to show; so our faith teaches. So Brown-ing sings in "*Love Among the Ruins*":

Oh heart! oh blood that freezes, blood that burns!

Earth's returns

For whole centuries of folly, noise and sin!

Shut them in,

With their triumphs and their glories and the rest!

Love is best.

In all the tasks of earth, love is best. There was a Man who forsook the making of tables, doors, and oxen-yokes that He might tell mankind of God. Tables, doors, and oxen-yokes—what do they matter now along side His telling of God? Now the whole world says of Him,

"Thou spread'st a *Table* in my sight. Now the whole world hears Him say, "Take my yoke upon you," and knows that yoke is life. Now the whole world listens as he says, "I am the *door*," and looking through Him, sees—God! Was He useless? He "came preaching"!—George A. Buttrick, in *Jesus Came Preaching*.

Autobiography of William Lewis

Part Two

WAITING FOR DIVINE CONFIRMATION

Shortly after this we moved to Brookfield, fourteen miles east, where as I have already told you, my parents came into the Reorganized church. On the sixteenth of February, 1866, I, too, was baptized.

The day of my baptism was cold. Several inches of ice had to be cut for the ordinance. After the baptism I had to walk about a quarter of a mile to the house to change my clothes. They were frozen stiff, but, strange as it may seem to the reader, I was warm. Elder W. D. Williams baptized me, and I was confirmed by Elder John J. Morgan and Brother Williams in a meeting of the Saints on Sunday.

I was very anxious to receive the Holy Spirit in my confirmation. While the elders had their hands on my head I was hoping that the good Master would bless me with the gift of prophecy, but I was disappointed. Still my faith in the promise that signs would follow the believer, was unshaken.

Some months passed and I could not say that the doctrine I had accepted was of the Lord. The promise of Jesus found in John 7: 17: "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself," gave me courage to continue in my effort to obtain the knowledge.

Several who had come into the church after I had, testified that they knew the work was of God. My brother and two sisters younger than I had received testimony, and still I had not. As I attended the meetings I took part in song and prayer, and heard various ones, young and old, testify that they had received a witness of the truthfulness of the work. Some had enjoyed the gifts of the Spirit, tongues, interpretations of tongues, prophecy. Others had been healed by the anointing of oil and laying on of hands. All of this was encouraging and in harmony with the Scriptures (see 1 Corinthians 12; Mark 16: 12-19).

Still I could not say that I knew the church was of the Lord, neither could I say that there was a God and that Jesus Christ was his Son. No one had stronger faith in the Lord and in his work—it seemed to me—than I had, and still I had not received of the Spirit as others had.

I remarked to father one Sunday morning, "Why is it I cannot testify of the divinity of this work as I have heard others?" At this I could see that father was surprised. He was blessed with the gift of tongues and prophecy. "Have you no testimony?" I said, "No." "Well, is not your understanding enlightened?" he asked, "Can you not see that according to the Bible, this church is right?"

In other words are not the Scriptures much more plain to you than they were before you came into the church and can you not see that it is according to the pattern of the church of the New Testament, that this church is in perfect harmony with it in organization, doctrine, gifts and blessings?" I answered, "Yes, but one reason I understand the Scriptures better is because I have read and studied more." "You believe the Scriptures, do you not?" "Yes." "Then you can see that this church is according to the pattern laid down in them?" All of this was plain to me, but I explained to my father! "I do not know whether the Scriptures are true; neither do I know that there is a God and for months I have been striving to get what is promised to all that believe and obey, a knowledge of the work." Father advised me to continue to be humble, prayerful and faithful, assuring me that I should receive sufficient evidence.

I TALK WITH ONE WHO PREFERS DARKNESS TO LIGHT

In the midst of this trial—for it had become a trial to me—I was invited to come and spend a noon hour with Mr. Levy Lewis who said he wanted to have a talk with me. I wondered what he wanted to talk about, but supposed it would be along religious matters.

Mr. Lewis was one of the leading members in the Welsh Congregational Church and was nearly the age of my father, and I was only a lad of eighteen years. "Well," I thought, "if it is about the church he wishes to talk, I believe that I have more Scripture in support of ours than he has of his," and despite the difference in our ages I did not fear to meet him in private conversation on church matters.

I stored my mind with all the Bible I could in favor of our faith, and was prepared to show that his church had little Scripture in its favor, while ours was supported from all sides.

Mr. Lewis was a miner and I drove mules, hauling the cars of coal from the rooms to the foot of the shaft. This was a slope some five hundred feet from the top to the bottom. This slope pitched at an angle of about twelve inches to the yard. The coal was taken up the slope with a wire rope or cable, two cars at a time; each car had about one ton and a half of coal. The steam engine was on top. The mines were known as the "Brookfield Slope." I am mentioning this for the benefit of those who have had no experience around coal mines. There were seven of us boys who hauled the cars from the mines to the bottom of the slope, and at noon hour we usually went outside to eat our lunch. The miners

did not go until they had finished their days work.

According to my promise, I called on Mr. Lewis and as we only had one hour, our conversation commenced at once by his asking me this question: "Can you, William, say that you know that the church you are a member of is approved by the Lord? Do you say as I have heard some of your brethren say, that they know the church of the Latter Day Saints is the Church of Christ?"

At this time I was not prepared to answer in the affirmative, and I inquired why he should ask that question of me knowing that I had not been a member long. Could he not believe the testimony of these men? Were they not, so far as he knew, honest and truthful? Yes, he considered them such, but said, "I know that you led a good moral life before uniting with the Saints, and I have confidence in what you say. Some of these men had for years been addicted to drink, and it has been only about one year that they have lived sober lives. Now the burden of their conversation is the church and what they know. I cannot believe that they have received what they claim. To me it seems inconsistent for them to talk as they do after leading the lives they have for years. I have always lived a good, honest, sober life and have been a member of the Congregational Church from my boyhood, and I cannot say now that I have received what they say they have."

"You seem to think," I said, "that because they made no profession of religion prior to their uniting with the Saints' church it is impossible for you to believe that the Lord has blessed them as they claim?" "That is my position," he affirmed; "now I want you to answer my question. What do you say?"

I wanted to evade answering, for while I believed the testimonies of my brethren were true, I could not testify as they did, so I said, "Do you believe that Paul received visions and revelations from God?" "Oh, yes." "Was he not a wicked man prior to his receiving that vision? Was he not on his way then to persecute the Saints?" "Yes, but he was a chosen vessel afterwards to do the work of the Lord." "True; are these men not doing good work? Are they not supporting their families, living good, honest, upright, sober lives and trying to get you and others to obey the gospel? If Paul was blessed after turning over a new leaf, why cannot the Lord bless these men? Again, did not the Lord give the Holy Spirit to the people in Samaria after they had obeyed the gospel? Did not Peter say on the Day of Pentecost that all who repented and

were baptized should receive the Holy Ghost and that the promise was to all, even to as many as the Lord would call? Do you believe the Lord is calling today?" "Oh, yes." "Then why find fault with the Lord for making his promise good to men in our day?"

"But, William, you have not answered my question. Now, tell me what you know." I then tried to answer by asking him a question, but he held me to his request and would not let me wander off. I was forced to tell what I knew, and I would have given the world—if I had had it—if I could have said what some of my brothers had told him. I replied, "Mr. Lewis, I am a young man and young in the church, but I believe with all my heart and soul that this is the church of Christ." I was going to present some Scripture in support of my faith when he said, "Here! I do not question your belief, but what do you know? I have believed all my life that the Congregational Church is approved of the Lord, but I do not know it, and as some of your brethren say they know the Saints' church is right I thought I would ask you. Now answer me."

While I had much light on the subject, still I could not say that I had received a testimony such as I had hoped I would. So I said, "I have heard the gift of tongues, the interpretation of tongues, prophecy; some who say they were sick were prayed for and anointed with oil and they were healed. I have heard and seen this."

"Did you speak in tongues?" "No." "Did you prophesy?" "No. "Have you been healed by the laying on of hands and the anointing with oil by the elders?" "No, but I was in poor health when I came into the church and now I am in good health." "But you were not healed by the laying on of hands?" "No." "So you cannot say that you have received any of the gifts and you do not say that you know the church is the Church of Christ." "I do not say that it is not." "Well, that is not the question!" "I do say that the church I am a member of now is in harmony with the church of the New Testament. You can't say that of yours for you do not believe in the manifestation of spiritual gifts, nor in present-day apostles and prophets, do you?" "I believe that these were in the church in the apostolic age. Now you have not yet answered my question."

So to this I replied, "I cannot at this time say that I know positively that the church is the Church of Christ." At this he seemed to be highly pleased and said, "I thought you would tell me the truth."

Thinking over this matter in years afterwards, I could see that this person preferred darkness to light, for had he been anxious for light, in place of being glad when I said that I could not say I knew the church was the Lord's, he would have been sad.

BLESSED WITH TESTIMONY

The above experience created in me a greater anxiety for a testimony. I lived as close to the Lord as I could and continued much in prayer. I am glad that during this long time my faith was strong in the work, save it be for short periods. I could see that God had a church on the earth; that judging from the Scriptures, it must be the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

In the vicinity of our home there were members of the Brighamite Church, some followers of Sidney Rigdon and others. They all testified that the Lord blessed them in answer to prayer. Still I could see that the Reorganized Church was more in harmony with the Bible, *Book of Mormon* and *Doctrine and Covenants*.

The long-sought testimony came, but not in the way I had thought it would. I had fasted and prayed that the Lord would bless me with the gift of prophecy at the time of my confirmation. I was hoping I would be blessed with the gift of tongues or prophecy, thinking that either of them would be testimony enough to me of the divinity of the work. I had overlooked the saying of Paul that these precious gifts were given not always as man chose, but as he, God, and the Spirit will. (1 Corinthians 12:11.)

Some months after my baptism, I was down in the coal mines. Why the Lord should commune with me there I cannot say, and I never have found any fault. That dark and lonesome spot, hidden from the sunlight of day, is sacred and dear to me. When I think of the glorious manifestation of the Holy Spirit which came, I believe, by virtue of my continual pleading with the Lord, truly that place, down in the bowels of the earth, was made sacred!

I had been praying and I was sitting down when suddenly without any outward demonstration there came into my soul a heavenly influence such as I never had witnessed. With it came a light, and my understanding was quickened. I could say that which I never had been able to say, that there was a God and that Jesus Christ was his Son. Without the Bible, *Book of Mormon* or *Doctrine and Covenants*, I could truthfully say this. I was made conscious of the fact that the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, had come. I know—as well as I know I breathe—that it did come to me and was the means of giving positive assurance that the form of doctrine I had obeyed was the Lord's and that this was his church. From that time I have been able to say truthfully, "Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God."

I do not speak of the glorious message in a boastful way. Often I have thanked the Lord for manifesting himself unto me in the way he did. Paul said, "No man can say that Jesus is the Christ but by the Holy Ghost." I know that I could not have said it.

In a later conversation with Mr. Levy Lewis I testified to him that I could truthfully say that this was the true church of Christ. He replied that he did not believe I would tell a falsehood, but that I had been deceived. Thank God, that over forty-one years have demonstrated to me the truthfulness of the above message. Time and time again has the good Lord confirmed it to me. At the judgment bar I shall meet all to which I have testified, to the condemnation of some.

BEGINNING IN THE PRIESTHOOD

Shortly after this I was ordained a priest and it once entered upon the work. I was requested by the branch president to visit the Saints at least once a month and to report at the meeting of the branch officers which was held every two weeks. The branch had a membership of sixty-five, including twelve elders, three priests, two teachers. Services consisted of prayer meeting at 7 a. m. Sunday; Sunday school at 9 a. m., and preaching at 10:30 a. m.; sacrament meeting at 2 p. m. every Sunday, then preaching at 6 p. m.; prayer meetings every Tuesday at 7 p. m. This was exclusively a prayer hour, and on Thursday at 7 p. m. a prayer and testimony meeting was held. Nearly all the Saints lived within a ten-minute walk of the place of service which was in a log house built for this purpose by my father on our land.

Brothers W. W. Blair and Elijah Banta made us a ten days' visit. Brother Blair said that Elder John T. Phillips had been sent to labor here by direction of the Lord in a night vision. Those who had found fault with Brother Blair for his previous short visit—including my father—had since seen the wisdom in sending Elder Phillips for he could preach in Welsh and did a good work. Brother Blair was highly pleased with the condition of the branch and the prospects for the work in that part of Ohio. Of the twelve elders in the branch some of them were able and spiritual men. Brother Blair said that this was one of the most spiritual branches he had seen in the church, one that seemed to observe the law and order closely. At this time the gifts were enjoyed by many, even little girls of twelve to fifteen years of age prophesied.

I sought the Lord earnestly for the gift of prophecy. I fasted for one week, that is, I ate only dry bread and drank cold water. It was quite a task for me to sit down with my folks to eat and take only bread and water, without their detecting it, but I succeeded in doing so. I can now see that I went too far for one of my age and for one working every day in the mines, but the experience of Daniel in eating no pleasant food for twenty-one days encouraged me to do so. I did not realize that he was a man of experience and that his line of daily

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subordinate parts of the department or school unit.

Available space, lighting, ventilation, seating, tables and other equipment should have constant attention and frequent check should be made to be sure a maximum service is being rendered.

SUBJECT MATTER

Directors and supervisors are responsible for the selection of the course of study for the school. In general this is determined by the published quarterly series, the subject matter being distributed over a range of some twenty-four years. Unless there is special reason otherwise, the officers of the school are expected to see that the materials prepared with great care in the quarterly series are used in the various classes. In small schools where there are less than seven classes, choice must be made of the materials best suited to the needs.

Not only should the proper materials be in use in a certain class, as provided in the church school curriculum, but supervisors are responsible to see that the material is taught efficiently. The objective, of course, is the growing, expanding, enriched personalities which result from the class experience. It is assumed that the use of the materials in class presentation, in discussion, in projects and inspiration may result in certain desired outcomes in habits, attitudes and character. The teaching processes must continually be checked against the results achieved.

TESTS OF EFFICIENCY

In the space available we can do little more than indicate the importance of supervision and suggest some of the means available. First of all, the supervisor, be he pastor, director, age group leader, or special supervisor, must realize his responsibility to the school, to the branch, to the church and to God, for the faithful discharge of his duty. Let him study to qualify for the task. He must establish a definite standard by which the teacher and his teaching are to be judged. He must be able to recognize good teaching and be stimulating in his commendation. All his criticism must be constructive. He must be able to point out error and to suggest the remedy. He must be able to do this most kindly and helpfully. He must be able to take the class at any point and demonstrate the improvement he would urge.

The following tests are certain general "outcomes" which we may reasonably expect to follow efficient teaching in the church school. These results are the product of a complex series of causes which include personality of the teacher, spirit of the school, discipline, attitude of supervisors, selection of subject matter, teaching method, home cooperation, community influence, and other personal factors. These tests, however, may serve as a beginning check on the work done,

and indicate some of the emphases required for improvement.

1. Sustained regular class attendance.
2. Apparent interest and response of the class.
3. Participation of class members in other services of the church.
4. Interest of the class members in the program, projects and objectives of the church, including active church membership.
5. Improved habits of Christian life and fellowship.
6. Improved attitudes toward moral problems of home, community, nation, and the world.
7. A sharing of responsibility for the ideals of the church.
8. Understanding of the message and program of the church.
9. Familiarity with characters, incidents and teachings of the Three Books, and the history of the Restoration.
10. Appreciation of the present problems in the program of the church, and willingness to share in their solution.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM LEWIS

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labor was not down in the coal mine in water and powder smoke from 7 a. m. to 5 p. m. Coming home from the mines, supper on the table, everything in the vegetable line, roast beef or steak, ham and eggs, pies and cakes, it was hard not to eat, but I was true to my vow! I did this three different times, and shortly after this I was remarkably blessed with visions and dreams. Along the forty-one years of my past life I have received valuable information through that precious means. I know that the promise of Joel is true: "I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions." (2: 28.)

(To be continued.)

SEEKING AFTER TRUTH

(Continued from page 774.)

THE ELDER BROTHERS

There are traditions of "elder brethren," men who have progressed beyond the human aspect and who continue to live, who possess wisdom and understanding of the divine purpose, more than is now permitted to man. This story agrees with both that of John in the New Testament and of the three Nephites in the *Book of Mormon*. There is, however, this great difference. In the case of the three Nephites and of John, the beloved disciples, we are dealing with a known quantity; we do not grope in darkness. We are assured that the glory of God is intelligence, or, in other words, light and truth; that as the spirit of God acts with us our minds and spir-

its are opened to its understanding as we are able to receive, and we go forward only as we see the path before us. We do not enter blindfolded or blindly in a way we know not, to receive husks at the end.

(To be continued.)

THE HOLDEN STAKE CONFERENCE

(Continued from page 775.)

they had these suggestions passed out. I'm going to take these sheets home and study them, and am going to try hard to put some of them into practice in my own home branch."

With a feeling like that on the part of the young people, Holden Stake is on the way to progress, to a higher and glorious future. "Onward to Zion!" is the motto, and that's the way these young folks are going. Let's go with them!

AFTER DECISION DAY—WHAT?

(Continued from page 772.)

are the children led to think of anything unrelated to this motion upwards, of their spirits toward God.

A SUGGESTED SERVICE

There follows a suggested outline for sacrament service for children. It may be altered to suit the needs of a combined service for children and adults together, but care should be taken when this is done, that what remains is not beyond the range of appreciation children may have of this ordinance.

Theme: "Let Us Be More Like Jesus."

Prelude: Zion's Praises, 128: "Oh, to be more like Jesus."

Call to Worship: John 8: 12. Jesus said, "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

(S) Song: Zion's Praises, 100: "Stepping in the Light," verses 1 and 2.

Brief Talk: On the opportunity of sharing our lives with Jesus through the oblation. Explain this money is given for the poor.

Oblation.

Brief Talk: On the need of asking forgiveness, and renewing the pledge made in baptism. How this is related to the sacrament.

Administering of emblems:

Song: Zion's Praises, 57: "Prayer."

Scripture Reading: 2 Nephi 3: 61, 64, 65. In the Book of Mormon Nephi says: "O Lord, I have trusted in thee and I will trust in thee forever." What does it mean to trust in the Lord? How many of you children trust in the Lord?

Again Nephi says: "Yea, I know that God will give liberally to him that asketh." What does it mean to give liberally?

"Yea, I know that God will give me if I ask not amiss." What are some

Autobiography of William Lewis

Part Three

SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS TO ASSURE AND COMFORT

The first dream that I can call to mind and which impressed me with the assurance that it was spiritual was the following. I saw the Savior wearing a beautiful white robe. At the breast it was open. There was a halo of light which came out from him, and especially was it very bright above his head. I thought he was making a circle in the heavens, moving with perfect ease. He spoke aloud with a voice that was not harsh, but very convincing and all the earth heard and understood. "The Latter Day Saints are my people!" At this I saw that the inhabitants of the earth were greatly surprised and very sorry they had ignored the Saints.

A very comforting piece of information was given in another dream. Brother and Sister George Moore, near neighbors to us were expecting the arrival of their fifth child. At the birth of each of the children, Sister Moore came near dying, and they feared for her life. I had heard Brother Moore speak about the matter. I said to my oldest sister, Lizzie, one morning after getting up. "You can tell Brother and Sister Moore that everything will be all right at their home." I had seen mother holding in her arms some valuable parcel. I could not see just what it was for it was covered with a white cloth or sheet, but mother was looking very pleasant and asked what time it was. Someone answered, "Nine o' clock." I remarked to my sister, "You will see that at 9 a. m. the child will be born." My mother at the time was at Sister Moore's and had been there since 2 a. m. The dream was received as good tidings, and all were cheered, notwithstanding it was received by one inexperienced and young in years. The dream was literally fulfilled, and Sister Moore's illness and recovery were unusual, and mother's countenance was pleasant, as I had seen in the dream.

Shortly after this, my mother saw her father in a vision. He was living in Dowlais, South Wales, about four thousand five hundred miles from us. He appeared at her bedside one Saturday night in the month of May, year, 1867.

Grandfather was a deacon in the Baptist Church. When the various religious sects had agreed that they would not permit the elders of the Saints' church to hold services in their chapels and had also given notice to all their members that they must not attend the preaching services of the Saints nor open their doors for their elders to preach in their homes, grandfather did not approve of such harsh measures. Still being an officer of the Baptist Church he did not wish to be contrary to the orders. He

had, prior to this, let the elders preach in his house, but when the above measure was adopted, my father did not ask for the house any more.

One day grandfather said to mother, "I wish you and David would rent part of our house. It is too large for us. You can have the large front room and then if you wish you can have the elders hold preaching services there." So they rented part of the house and at once had preaching. Grandfather was called before his church officers for violating the rule of the church. He stated that his son-in-law had rented part of the house and that he could not prevent his holding preaching there if he wished. During the preaching grandfather would sit in his own rooms, but he would open the door and listen very attentively.

On the night he appeared at my mother's bed, he called her by name, "Betsy, how long is it since Joseph Smith received the gospel by the hand of an angel?" Mother was somewhat surprised to hear him ask the question. She said she was not asleep, and that she recognized that it was her father. While she was figuring just how many years it was, her father answered the question and said, "You know that when my brethren of the Baptist forbade me to open my door for the elders to preach, I arranged it so they could, and had it not been for the wickedness that came into the church referring to polygamy I would have been a Latter Day Saint. But when I saw that, I concluded that I had better stop where I was. Now, some of you will have to be baptized for me." Then he departed.

Sunday morning at the breakfast table mother related the vision or dream. I said, "Grandfather is dead." In the course of a few weeks a letter was received giving the account of his death. There was only about twelve hours' time between his death and the time he was at her bedside.

I had faith in the doctrine of baptizing for the dead and this vision strengthened it and gave added testimony that the Reorganized Church was approved of by the Lord.

At the time of this vision, one George P. Dikes was sending weekly letters to numbers of the Saints at this place denouncing the claims of the church. There were also some of the followers of Rigdon, Young, and others, each claiming to be the legal successors, but the request of my grandfather was that some of us, our family, should be baptized into the Reorganization for him. At this time we were members of this church, and, thank the Lord, we are still living in the faith, so are our children and grandchild-

dren, and we hope to be worthy to be instruments for good in it.

AN OPEN VISION

For nearly two years Brookfield Branch had been wonderfully blessed. Some remarkable manifestations of the Spirit were given, and we were admonished to be prayerful and to live upright lives or we should be rejected and scattered like chaff before the wind.

I attended the young people's prayer meeting of that branch; we had been warned by the gift of prophecy to be very careful; that Satan was striving to get a foothold, and unless we were very watchful and humble and prayerful, we would be scattered. Mark you, a body of people whom God had recognized, who had enjoyed the blessings of God to a marvelous extent, whom the Lord in his loving-kindness had warned that the adversary of our souls was at work, and that they would go into barren and unfruitful fields if not careful!

This was not good news, and it was in one of these prayer services that I had the first open vision, while some were praying.

I saw two pools or ponds filled with fish. In one was large fish, but there were only one or two that were fully alive. There was no water in that pool, and some of the fish were so far decayed that there was nothing but the bone or skeleton; others were just gasping for breath. On the left side of that pond, there was another pool about the same size. This one was full of small fish and plenty of water, and the fish were lively. That was all of the vision.

I arose and said to the brother in charge, who was acting teacher of that branch, "Brother James, I have had an open vision," and I told it fearless of consequences, and gave the interpretation. "The pool of large fish represents the priesthood; the little fish represent the membership, and in particular the young Saints." There were quite a number of young people in that branch.

BRANCH PRESIDENT AT TWENTY YEARS OF AGE

The branch had by this time built a small church and had it nearly all paid for. Later on some of the priesthood gave way to drinking, jealousy, and the spirit of fault-finding. There was marked change in the spirit of the meetings. I was ordained to the eldership and chosen to preside over the branch. I entered a strong protest against taking the presidency as there were eleven other elders, but they could not agree on one to preside.

Brother W. W. Blair was present on this occasion, and he advised me to ac-

cept and I consented. Brother Blair said that as I was so young, only twenty years of age, he was impressed to lay hands on me and set me apart for that work which he did.

I have often thought of that meeting. Here were eleven elders, all experienced men in the work who could not agree on which one of their number was to preside! They had been unable to agree all along. Brother William D. Williams had been sustained right along. He was a good man but had taken sides with others against the ruling of the president of the district, my father, on the drink question. Father had silenced some of the elders for drinking. Brother Williams thought he was too hasty. Brother Blair supported father in the steps he had taken, so a boy was chosen to take charge of that spiritually sick branch.

I LEARN THE MEANING OF TRUE FAITH

Suddenly my dear mother was taken deathly sick, and in about two weeks she died. I had an experience then that has been very helpful to me since that time. When the doctor informed us that she could live only a few days, I was not alarmed for I believed that she would yet be restored to health. I would not permit the thought of her dying in my mind. When she would get worse, father, a man of great faith, with others of the elders, would administer to her and invariably she would get up and be much better for hours at a time, then become worse again. One day word came to the mines for me to come home, mother was dying! This did not cause me to give up. I thought the victory would soon be ours and I would not permit the thought of dying to enter my mind. Upon reaching home I found mother very low. Father and I administered to her with no other motive in view than to contend for the blessing of health to be given to her. This time she arose from the bed and asked for something to eat. I could have shouted aloud, "Thanks to the Lord!" This was about 2 p. m. That evening, about nine o'clock, she again was taken very sick. Brother William D. Williams called father and me into the bedroom and said he believed it was the will of the Lord that we should give up our dear one. At this I wished Brother Williams would leave the house for I did not want anyone in the house who had any doubt about her recovery. I said, "I think it is the power of darkness that is determined to rob us of the blessing, for if it is the Lord's will she should die. He would not answer our prayers so often in her behalf."

Brother Williams replied that it was the earnest prayers and exceeding great faith that had raised her from the bed so often. I then said, "I am willing to be submissive to the will of the Lord, but I have never given her up." Father asked Brother Williams to call all the Saints who were in the house to order (there were several present) and for him to offer prayer and to ask the Lord

if it was his will to take her home to do so. As Brother Williams said, "Amen," she breathed her last!

When all was over, there came to our minds a prophecy that was delivered a few months before by my own father, one Sunday in Saints' meeting. There were at least fifty present. The prophecy was that shortly the Lord would call from our midst one of his handmaidens. This had, for some reason, passed from father's mind and mine also, and not until mother had died did it return to us. Many of the Saints had not forgotten it while I was pleading with the Lord for him to spare our dear mother, not permitting the thought of her death to enter my mind. It was not because I was not willing to be submissive to the will of the Lord. No. But it was because I had the wrong understanding of true faith, which is, when asking the Lord for anything, to be willing to say, "Thy will be done." We are so short-sighted that we may ask and plead with the Lord for that which would not be the best for us.

OTHER REMARKABLE PROPHECIES

Another remarkable prophecy was given prior to the death of Brother William Byron who lived near Mineral Ridge at a place called "Old Town." Just three weeks from the Sunday the prophecy was given, he was buried. It was then I preached my first funeral sermon. In the prophecy we were informed that one of the priesthood would soon be called and that he would preach in the Spirit world to those who had not the privilege to hear the gospel in the flesh. Brother Byron was an elder and a very faithful man.

Sister George Masters, mother of Sister H. O. Smith, of Independence, was very ill. Six elders went to the house from the church on Sunday evening. She had been administered to several times, but she had received only temporary relief. Father was asked to take charge of the administration. "Now," he said, "we want to be united, and if there are any here who for some cause do not believe the sister will be blessed, I ask that they stop in this room, and those who believe she will get the blessing, come into the room with me and assist in the administration." I was present and I entered the room with father and one more elder. So three stayed out and three went into the sick-room. Sister Masters had been confined, giving birth to twins, and she was very weak. During the administration the Spirit of the Lord was present in the gift of tongues and interpretation and healing. As soon as the three brothers who were in the other room, heard the voice of the Spirit, they came in, and the sister was wonderfully blessed and soon was up and around.

CHOOSING A LIFE COMPANION

On March 16, 1868, I married Mary, the oldest daughter of Brother and Sister Robert Jones. Both of us were young. I was only twenty; my wife was seven-

teen. When anyone would mention about our age our neighbors would say, "Yes, they are young in years, but old in experiences and in their ways."

Nearly forty years have passed, and I can truthfully say that I made no mistake in the choosing of my companion for life. True and faithful has she been all along, as a wife and a mother. The matrimonial voyage began not too early in life, and if I had my life to live over again, I do not see that I could improve as to the time or a helpmate. Into the harbor of everlasting rest may we anchor with our cargo of loved ones, as an unbroken family, is my earnest prayer.

CALL TO ELDERSHIP CONFIRMED

At the time I was ordained to the eldership I had received no light, and as I have already stated I did not consent as willingly as I did to the ordination of priest. To the latter ordination I had received satisfaction that it was timely. Having confidence, however, in the brother who recommended my ordination to the eldership, with the unanimous support of all the priesthood of the branch and district, I consented to accept the office. The call came through the same brother each time. William D. Williams, president of the branch.

After the ordination I wondered why I did not get some light on this important matter. With this came a feeling of doubt and fear to move out in the work of that office. When called upon to administer to the sick I would ask to be excused until I could get some other elder to assist. Often I would walk a considerable distance in search of one to come to help. I had evidence that the angel brought to earth the Melchisedec priesthood and conferred it upon Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery. From them it was given to others such as the Lord, by the spirit of wisdom and revelation called. Thus the holy priesthood had come down. I had reasons to believe that these men who recommended my ordination held the Melchisedec priesthood. Notwithstanding this fact, I did not have the confidence in my call that I should.

One morning on my way to attend a mass meeting of the miners at Hubbard some six miles from my home, I called at the home of Sister Jane Thomas, wife of Brother John Thomas. "I am glad you called," she said. "I am very sick and want you to administer to me." I promised her I would try to get some of the elders to come and assist me. She said nothing more.

On my way to Hubbard, when about half a mile from her home, going through a beautiful grove and pasture, I heard a voice above my head, saying, "William, go back and administer to Jane." I stopped and for a moment I did not know just what to do. I heard the voice and understood the message. Strange as it may seem, I went on.

Upon reaching Hubbard, I began to think how disobedient I had been, and I

returned over the road that I had come as fast as I could, pleading with the Lord to forgive me for my unwise and disobedient conduct. On my way I called on Sister Thomas' father, Brother Morgan. He accompanied me.

We found her very sick, and she said, "William, I wished you had administered to me when I asked." I apologized to her and related what my experience had been, and again I pleaded with the Lord to forgive me and to bless Sister Jane with health. This he did in the administration.

Not until after the administration did it occur to me that that was evidence my ordination was approved of by the Lord, or he would not have said, "Go back and administer to Jane." Even to this day I feel that I was very disobedient and have not mentioned the circumstances much, for it seems incredible that a man would not do as he was told upon hearing an audible voice, when not another soul was around, commanding him to do something for the benefit of those in need. One consolation, however, was that not much time elapsed from the time I was spoken to—though I did not go back then—until I was at the bedside, and I am grateful that the Lord has forgiven me.

One pleasant Sunday morning I accompanied Elder George Moore to Middlesex, some five miles from our home, where he and Elder John McMullen had an appointment at eleven o'clock in the Presbyterian Church, which Brother Samuel McBurney had secured for them. Only one person was present besides us. The brothers concluded they would not hold any service.

"There is one nonmember," I observed, "why not preach for his benefit?"

"No we will not speak to only one person."

I offered to open the meeting, but they thought it unwise to speak to empty seats. I again urged them. Although I had done little preaching I said, "Rather than go home, and not speak even to this one person, I will make a few remarks." One of the brothers opened the meeting, and I spoke about thirty minutes. Later on, Joseph Parsons, then living in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and president of that district, held some meetings in this same church and baptized this one person who was at our meeting and who said the first time he had ever heard of our faith was when a boy preached at his church. It will not always do to judge what is accomplished by the number present.

(To be continued.)

"HEAR YE HIM"

(Continued from page 804.)

was his will that his people should have no part in it, so he reiterated the command, "Thou shalt not kill." He knew the reign of dishonesty coming, the graft and rackets and robberies, and the dishonesty among the highest apostles of finance whom we have trusted and who

have robbed the citizens of America of untold millions of dollars. He knew what was coming and he reiterated to us the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." And he knew the wave of immorality and of loose concepts that was to come, so he reiterated the command, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." We are to have nothing to do with any of these things. "Hear ye Him."

(To be continued.)

SEEKING AFTER TRUTH

(Continued from page 812.)

serpent was wise or experienced. However the Inspired Version reads "wise servants."

SOME DANGERS

Revelation 16: 13 and 14 warns us that there will be unclean spirits in the latter days, the spirits of devils working miracles. Also Revelation 13: 13 and 14, and Revelation 19: 20 warns us against the false prophet and the miracles wrought by him. Jesus in the sermon on the mount warned them that in the last days there would arise false Christs and false prophets who would show great signs and wonders inasmuch, if it were possible, they would deceive the very elect according to the covenant. Surely that is fulfilled today. In the days of Jesus there were these magicians. (See Acts 8: 9-11; 13-23 and Acts 19: 13-16)

The Bible plainly teaches that some were possessed of devils. This is also taught from these ancient mysteries, renewed in modern times. Psychology only confirms this under other terms and names, as it recognizes this dominance of the lower aspects working toward psychosis. The name matters but little. The facts seem reasonably clear. (Matthew 8: 23-32; Acts 16: 16-18; 19: 13-16)

It is hardly necessary to quote Scripture to prove that there is a spirit in man and that a clear distinction is made repeatedly between the higher and the lower nature. Nor is it necessary to refer to the fact that the sick were healed and that Jesus and his followers were able to cast out devils. A few texts to the latter effect have already been given. The power of faith is well set forth in the 11th chapter of Hebrews, but note in the Inspired Version that faith is not a blind faith, but that faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. This denotes clearly an inner or spiritual knowledge. There are many texts in the Bible that these lower powers should be kept under subjection, and we are warned concerning seducing spirits. Magic is repeatedly condemned, (2 Kings 23: 24), workers with familiar spirits, wizards, etc. Isaiah 8: 19 and 20 says:

"And when they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep and that mutter: should not a people seek unto their God? for the living to the dead? To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word,

it is because there is no light in them."

There is a dispute over the above as to whether the statement, "should not a people seek unto their God?" is spoken by the prophet or by "they." In other words when "they" ask you to seek those that have familiar spirits, unto wizards, they say, "should not a people seek unto their God? for the living to the dead?" Then, "To the law and the testimony: if they speak not according to this word it is because there is no light in them." In any event it points us to the safe course, that we must work only with God and under the direction of his Spirit and then it is a clear way according to the law and testimony.

1 Chronicles 10: 13, 14 tells us that Saul died because he sought one that had a familiar spirit. The above is the testimony, but turn to the law (Leviticus 19: 31) which reads:

"Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards, to be defiled by them: I am the Lord your God."

Of special significance is Deuteronomy 18: 9-12:

"And when thou art come into the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not learn to do after the abominations of those nations. There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer. For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord: and because of these abominations the Lord thy God doth drive them out from before thee."

The significance of this is that when we go far enough we find in these mystic orders reference to such teaching, that one must pass through a ring of fire in order to gain control over the fire spirits. That is not the divine method and is here plainly condemned.

Turning to the New Testament, 2 Thessalonians 2: 9-12, we find:

"Even him, whose coming is after the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved. And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie: that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness."

Again we refer you to Revelation 13: 11 to 14, and 16: 13-14.

There are many other texts which might be quoted of miracles and power that reside in the church of God and which will be with that church in the latter day according to the Holy Scripture, as well as the *Book of Mormon* and *Doctrine and Covenants*. There also remains the plain statements of the Master:

"In secret have I said nothing."—John 18: 20.

Autobiography of William Lewis

Part Four

A Providential Happening

In the winter of 1869, an experience came to me that I have called providential. I was still driving a mule in the Brookfield Slope and had to be at work at seven o'clock in the morning. My wife's folks were staying with us. They had sold their home and were going West the next spring.

Next door to us lived Mr. Richard Richards. Father Jones left the house at six o'clock every morning, and he called us before going. If we were not up soon after he left, our good neighbor, Mrs. Richards, called us.

One morning neither called, and we slept until eight o'clock. Mrs. Richards apologized for not calling, saying that she thought I was up and had gone to work. It was too late then, so I sent word that I would be on hand next morning.

Then the question arose in my mind, "What is going to happen?" Surely there was some reason why I had not been called by one or the other of our two faithful guardians, for such they had been to Mary and me. On retiring at night we were not uneasy about oversleeping, for they had invariably called us. I was not superstitious, but I believed that before the day was gone, I would see some reason for my being at home. Some workers, I knew, had overslept, and had thereby been saved from mine accidents.

About eleven o'clock there came to our house an old pedlar whose name was Underwood. He laid his bundle down, picked up a tract that lay on the table, and at once became deeply interested in its contents, so much in fact, that he forgot about his wares.

For an hour the man read. At last he asked if we had the Bible called the Inspired Translation. I was in another room reading, and my wife gave him the book.

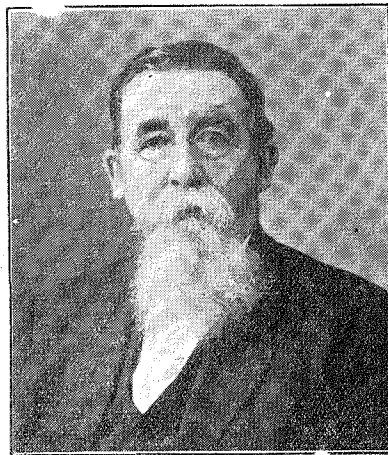
For another hour he was in deep study. When at last he quit reading, he wanted to buy the Bible. I said, "It is not for sale," and gave him the address of the Herald Office where I told him he could purchase one. But nothing else would do, he must have that one, so I sold it at cost price. The tract he had been reading was the "Contrast of the Two Bibles," by Elder Isaac Sheen.

"Well," he said, "I have gained more light in the little while I have been reading this Inspired Bible than I received from a life of study. I used to preach in the Christian Church, but my lungs became weak, and I had to give up public speaking. Now I am peddling for the good of my health. I have two brothers who are ministers in the Christian

Church, and often we have been up until midnight trying to study out some of the errors that are in the King James Version. We did not wish to disbelieve. To me this Bible is truly a Godsend, and I am grateful for it." I was then prepared to say that my stay at home was providential.

Call of the West

In the winter of 1868, Elders T. J. Smith and George W. Martin came on a mission to Ohio, and made their home with us for seven weeks. During this



WILLIAM LEWIS

time they advised us to go West to Nebraska and take up a homestead. So in the spring of 1869, in company with Brother George Masters, I was appointed by four other families to go to see the country and report to them. I was gone about two weeks. I met Brother Smith and Brother Martin at Desota, Nebraska, and they made us quite welcome and showed us the country. We were up in Elk Horn Valley. Claims were nearly all taken. I returned to Ohio, leaving Brother Masters there after making arrangements with him and Brother Smith and Brother Martin to look up a location where we could get homesteads for six families.

On my return home, John Jones, the boss over the mines where I worked, gave the contract of hauling out the coal to the foot of the slope, to one John Evans and me. We were to be paid seven cents per ton. We were to hire all the help and the company was to furnish the mules. The average day's work when we could get the cars to put coal in, was about three hundred tons. We hired five men at \$2.25 a day, so our expenses were \$11.25 a day. This was a good paying contract. We made about

five dollars a day each, on the average, every day we worked during the summer of 1869. The demand for coal was not good, but the following winter we had about all we could do.

Then we received word from G. W. Martin that he had filed on six claims, one hundred and sixty acres each; but in order to hold them until we came the next spring, there would have to be a small shanty, twelve by twelve feet, put on each claim. They would cost one hundred dollars each. We sent him six hundred dollars, and he was to buy the lumber, just boards, and put up the shanties or rooms on each of the six claims.

I was at this time making good money in the mines and the boss said, "William, you had better not go West. Stop here, and in a few years you will have enough money to buy a farm in Ohio." I would have heeded the advice, but I had promised these families I would go on to the homestead with them, as they insisted I should. So I informed Mr. Jones, the boss, that I would have to go with them, and he replied, "After you have located, then you come back. Your wife's folks will be there with her, and you can do well here."

To this proposition my wife would not consent, and I did not favor the idea very much, although I believed that financially it would have been the best. The best month I worked was very tempting to me, too (March, 1870), for I made \$120.00, and the prospects were flattering for the coming year. I was presented a seventy-five dollar cash purse from the miners as a token of respect which I appreciated. I had worked there for seven years, and although young I was highly respected. (At the time of my marriage, the Coal Company, through their boss, Mr. Jones, had sent me word to go to the jewelry store, select a good clock, and they would pay for it. I thanked them for their kindness, and suggested that Mr. Jones made the purchase which he did and presented us a good Seth Thomas clock.)

Brookfield Branch at this time, March, 1870, was in a very low spiritual condition. There was a balance due on the church building, and the curse of drink and spirit of contention were such that like the fish presented in my open vision many who once had the Spirit had lost it and were dead and some others were dying. The building was sold, and out of the twelve elders, only two or three remained alive in the work. The branch of sixty-five members was scattered, only one family, Brother and Sister Jones remaining firm in the faith. How true had been the warning voice that we

should be scattered like chaff before the wind!

Homesteading in Nebraska

In April, five families of us, consisting of about thirty persons, young and old, left for Nebraska. Nine of us were Saints. We arrived at Columbus, Nebraska, the county seat of Platt County. Our claims were thirty-five miles north and west, at the head of Shell Creek, near Newman's Grove, in Madison County. Columbus was the nearest railroad point, and we had to drive with teams and wagons to our claims. Upon arriving there we learned for the first time that only a few boards had been placed on each claim. G. W. Martin had bought only one thousand feet of lumber. He returned home to Desote, a distance of about one hundred miles, but he never made any apology nor gave any explanation why he had not done as he had agreed.

It was about dark when we arrived to find no place of shelter. We heard of an old log stable nearby, and to it we all went for the night.

Next morning father Jones and I started on foot to Columbus to see if we could not get homesteads nearer market. On our way down Shell Creek, about fifteen miles, we heard of a new farmhouse, sixteen by twenty-four feet, and twelve feet high, for sale. The house was on railroad land, and there was homestead land joining it. On reaching Columbus that night we were tired and hungry, having had nothing to eat except some sour lightbread and sour butter that we had bought at noon for fifty cents from an old lady who had taken a homestead and was living in a dug-out. Father Jones bought the house and we took a homestead of eighty acres each, all we could get as that was all the government allowed within the twenty-mile zone on either side of the railroad. The government had given to the Union Pacific Railroad Company ten miles of land on either side. They were to take every other mile. We had a good eighty acres of land.

After buying the house, the next thing to do was to go up for the families. In the meantime, two more of our company, Mr. David Joseph and Robert Lewis, his son-in-law, concluded to locate near us. After arriving in Columbus and taking out our homestead papers, we met a Mr. David Carige who lived on Shell Creek, about ten miles nearer town than our claims were. He had two good yoke of oxen for sale for which he wanted \$400. So the four of us went out with him to see them. We arrived at his home about sundown. He unhitched his horses and then we looked at the cattle. They were extra fine. That night the four of us had to sleep in a straw stack for the unhospitable Irishman did not ask us into the house, so we burrowed as far into the straw as we could. Still we were cold for the night air was chilly.

We thought if this man was a fair sample of the Irish settlement, the sooner we got away from them the better; but we found he was an exception, for when the neighbors heard that he had taken us all out to see his cattle and left us outdoors all night, they were enraged and talked of mobbing him.

Next morning he came to feed his stock and found us four in a very bad frame of mind. We got our Welsh up and talked plain. He blamed his wife, saying she had said there was no room. He acknowledged it was very unkind and then asked us in for breakfast. We accepted, for we were very hungry and had another hard day ahead of us.

I went on up the Creek some seven miles on foot, where I met a Mr. George Lamb who took his team and went to get my wife and her folks. We had been gone nearly three days and they were very anxious to see me and I was anxious to see them. Those three days in the wilds seemed like months. But we were soon in the new house and we were very glad.

We commenced farming with our two yoke of cattle. They knew as much about that line of work as we did. We were coal miners who knew more what to do and how to do it in the mines than on the wild, open prairie. Soon, however, we learned how to drive the good, faithful oxen and we began to turn over the sod that had not been disturbed since the Nephites and Lamanites had tilled the soil in America, if ever they had in this region. Our homesteads were right in the valley of Shell Creek. The soil was black, and fifteen to twenty inches deep. It was very productive. After the first year, prairie life agreed with us and we were always hungry. By fall we had plenty of squash, pumpkins, and potatoes. They did well in that sod. But we were starving for some kind of meat. There were plenty of prairie chickens, quail, geese and jack rabbits, some deer and antelope, but none of us were hunters. Father Jones had bought a long distance rifle, but it did us no good for I had never fired a shot in my life. One day I bought an old government musket from one of the Indians for three dollars, but I did not use it for some months.

A Dream Directs Me

Soon after we moved into the new house I dreamed I saw three cakes, one dark, one light red, and the third cream color, one of which was for me. I chose the cream color. Next day Father Jones said, "We ought to go and buy a few cows." He wanted two and we could get one. He offered, "I'll loan you the money." We went down to the Irish settlement and called on one Mr. Rays who had a large herd of cows. We could get our choice at fifty dollars a head. Father Jones bought two that in color were like the two first cakes I had seen, and by this time the dream was strongly

impressed on my mind. I concluded that if there was a cow in the herd that was cream color, I would take her. After our looking for some time, Mr. Rays said he had one other cow that he would show us, but she had one bad trait. If it were not for that, he would not sell her, for she would give as much milk as two ordinary cows.

As soon as I saw the animal, I said to myself, "That is the cream cake," and told her owner that I would like to buy her if she could be milked. Mr. Rays informed me that it was not safe for one to milk her alone. He suggested that my wife and I do it together, one tying her legs with a rope and holding it firmly, the other milking. He said that she might not lift her foot for weeks, and again, she might do it any time.

On the strength of my dream, I bought the cow, and she proved to be one of the best in the valley. On grass she would give twelve quarts of milk morning and evening, and in the winter she gave eight and ten. To us she was a blessing. We sold a two-gallon jar of butter every week all fall and winter, besides having all the butter we needed for our own use. She was known for miles around as the best milk and cream cow in that part. I have not seen her equal since. While it was true that she was troublesome at times, she was the means of supplying us money with which to buy flour, sugar, and other things. Often I have thought that we did not appreciate her nor the direction given which encouraged me to buy her.

In our second year in Nebraska, we found her dead. We had moved to our own homestead, and we staked her out with a long rope where she could get to the creek. Somehow she got one of her front feet tangled in the rope and we found her lying in the creek, her nose in six inches of water. She was the only cow we had and we had not the money with which to buy another.

The law required us to move to our own homestead. The house had one room, sixteen by sixteen feet, dug into the ground, three feet at one end and four feet at the other. The log walls were six feet above the ground. There was one window, a dirt floor and a board roof with sod on the top of the boards.

We were twenty miles from the nearest branch, Columbus, and our only means of conveyance was the ox team.

In this humble home our third child, Martha, was born May 21, 1873. This was a wet spring; the earth was full of water. When the child was two days old, water came up out of the dirt floor and in a few hours it was several inches deep.

We carried wife and the baby out into the wagon, wrapped them up so that they could not see the light and took them to my wife's mother. For this experience they were none the worse.

We had built a cave in one end of the house and put a loft over the main room.

(Continued on page 845.)

"HEAR YE HIM"

(Continued from page 838.)

couraged to go any farther, I went on a few hundred feet and then I would call him and he would hear my voice and would come to where I was. Then I would go on a little farther and again he would hear my voice and come, and so presently we reached the top of the mountain, both of us.

"HEAR YE HIM"

Now, remember, no matter how dark the day may become or how hedged about with obstacles in the road we must traverse, if we will stop and pray and listen we will hear the voice of our Master and it always calls us to higher ground, and if we seek higher ground always, eventually we will reach our goal.

It is my fortune to preach the last sermon of the conference and I take this occasion to bid you all God speed as you go to your homes and to put upon you the admonition to carry with joy to those who were not so fortunate as to be here the spirit of this conference, and to learn, wherever you are, the Godly task of living together. You can have the spirit of Zion wherever you live. May God speed the time when we shall not need to part and go to distant homes, but may be a gathered people under his light, and all of us hearing his voice.

THE NOMADS

(Continued from page 842.)

fret, honey; when you've been all through the mill and gotten where I am, you'll be satisfied and thankful if you can get three good meals a day. You won't worry—"

"Oh, but modern women don't give way to old age as they used to, Aunt Bashy. I don't intend to let the years take away my beauty and—"

"You can't help it very well, Lou," chuckled Aunt Bashy; "the years go whether we want them to or not." She sighed. "Jist this afternoon your grandfather was sayin', he says, 'Lou is a perfect beauty—jist the image of what you used to be, Bashy.' I've come a long way, but we all go the same road."

Louisa shivered. Could life possibly hold such an inglorious finale for her? She shook her head as though to rid herself of the terrible idea. Science was continually making new and startling discoveries; there would be something to prolong her youth; it would last a long time—

They heard the door of the house swing violently open, a long stream of light from the doorway shot down toward them, illuminating the little flower-bordered path, and Dave, one of the younger boys, came running wildly, crying.

"It's grandfather!" he gasped. "I'm going for the doctor. He hasn't been feeling well all evening, you know, and he just suddenly fell from his chair! Mama thinks he's dead!"

(To be continued.)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM LEWIS

(Continued from page 840.)

We had to enter the loft from the top of the cave on the outside.

During the wet spell, I carried all the clothing up to the loft and slept there. In the meantime I dug a ditch to let the water out of the place.

One night after I had gone to bed, I heard a strange noise between the box and side of the house. I got the lamp and looked. A big bull-snake was trying to get through the narrow space between the box and wall. I killed it, threw it out, and again retired. After lying down a few minutes, I heard another noise similar to the first. "Well, well," I thought, "has that snake come to life and come back?" Soon I found that it was not the same but a second snake, about the size of the other, its mate, no doubt.

(To be continued.)

BUILDING THE WORLD SOCIETY

(Continued from page 836.)

of the misunderstandings and fatigue of a very human group of men then in charge of foreign affairs in every country, men paralyzed by fear and by a lack of adequate information about happenings in other countries.

But learned discussions about the rights of sovereignty, etc., will not do much for the average man. This building for world understanding and world cooperation affects every one of us. It is the process which will control the lives of our children. Without becoming experts on international procedure we must nevertheless do all in our power to aid the movement toward common understanding and wider freedom. What can we do?

FIRST, we must accept responsibility for our part of the total movement.

We shall not drift into the millennium. Deity will not compel us to build Utopia. We ourselves must learn to live with discrimination, following the good and combating the evil. International ideals, whether expressed in law or lying fluid in public sentiment, says John M. Mecklin, are the result of the slow habituation of the thought of the average man under the discipline of his own national institutions. Men who love peace and pursue it are the products of social institutions which encourage peace, and we must build such institutions. We must accept our share of responsibility by surrounding ourselves by stable inducements to larger thought and action. Pulpit, press, and platform must combine to encourage the international attitude, and they must do it because of the will-to-peace which they find meeting their message.

All this means the participation of decent and clear-visioned men and women in the business of government. The world state is not likely to spring into

being through neglect of the national or local governmental processes. Our immediate concerns must be conducted in the spirit and hope of the larger goal. From these smaller units must come the leaders of the international groups. In these smaller units, justice and equity must become realities, and from them they must stretch across the seas which now divide.

And, finally, we must learn to feel this thing deeply. Most of us lack capacity for sustained eagerness for the best. We pursue our own immediate ends, catch a momentary glimpse of a better order and are deeply stirred, then we turn again to the pettiness of selfish individualism. We are likely to continue this unless somehow we can be made to feel the overwhelming importance of the coming age of cooperation. God grant us the inspired imagination to see the World State at our doors, and the courage to work that our vision may come true.

The Camouflage of Words

By H. E. Depew

So many people who profess
To live fine lives, that they may bless
The hopes of others with some light,
Are often far from being right;
They make long speeches, so sincere,
For all the other folks to hear—
But down beneath that surface coat
Are many things they fail to note.

How oft in solemn meetings these
Proclaim aloud from bended knees
Such long, and weighty, prayers that we
Forget, perhaps, to look to see
The life that truly these display
While doing tasks from day to day.
Fine speech, just now, may hide dark
sins,—

Until the Judgment Day begins.

'Tis not the voice that's raised in songs
That should be taken by the throngs
To indicate the life one lives,
Or what one thinks, or does, or gives;
For wealth of words can be obtained
Regardless of the progress gained:
And so it's well to wait and see
How near one's words his life will be.

I've found that many good, true souls,
Whose lives are nearest to the goals
That must be gained to earn a crown,
Are apt to be without renown;
Because these quiet, earnest ones
Won't seek their places in the sun's
Bright rays, but choose to sow their
seeds
Of good by ever doing deeds.

So, next time someone starts a song,
Or speaks, or prays, too loud and long,
Just look beyond to see how far
Astray that life's real actions are.
'Tis nice to voice one's feelings real,
But never should that oral zeal
Become so false, and far astray,
As to condemn that soul some day.

Autobiography of William Lewis

Part Five

BITTEN BY A RATTLESNAKE

On a very warm day in September, 1870, with John Jones, my wife's twelve-year-old brother, I was getting wood out of a gulley some two miles from home. As I was climbing up the bank with one hand holding the wood, I reached to take hold of the grass in order to pull myself up. A rattlesnake bit me on the wrist. I called to John to hand me the axe and I killed the snake. It was two years of age, having one rattle and the button.

My arm began to swell, and we started home. As soon as we reached the house, he ran in and excitedly informed them that I had been bitten by a rattlesnake.

My wife bandaged my arm tightly above the swelling which had reached near the elbow, in an endeavor to keep the swelling and poison from going up into my body.

News of my accident spread swiftly, and the neighbors came in each one with his own remedy. After trying several without any relief, I was urged to drink whisky. To this I objected for in the Irish settlement one boy (son of the family where we had the straw-stack experience) was given whisky and the effect of the snake bite and whisky left him bloated like one having dropsy. I had also read the statement of Doctor Chase that the "drink of the 'Devil's tea' was as bad as the bite."

It was Thursday afternoon that I was bitten and on Saturday evening Brother George Masters came to our house. The bandage was nearly covered with my swollen flesh. He asked if I had anointed my arm, and I replied that I had put olive oil on it freely, but that the oil had not been blessed. He was a priest and advised me that as an elder I should bless the oil, then anoint my own arm and pray that the good Master would heal me. He offered prayer, then I presented the oil to the Lord, asking that he bless it. I anointed the arm freely. We all retired for the night, and next morning the swelling was entirely gone and the skin was loose as if there was no flesh under it; it hung in loose wrinkles.

To me and to all in the house this was a great blessing. I noticed the difference in the effect of the oil before and after it was blessed. I believe, however, that the oil helped me before, for I suffered no pain.

James Walker, one of my neighbors and a Catholic by faith, called to see me, and he remarked: "I heard that you were bitten by a rattlesnake."

I answered, "Yes."

"What did you do?"

I said that I had tried several things.

"Take any whisky?"

"No, I did not."

"Let me see where you were bitten." But he could not see any sign of the bite and remarked, "Why, man, I don't believe you were bitten by a rattlesnake, for if you were and did not take any whisky nor have the doctor, you would be a dead man."

I answered that John Jones, my brother-in-law, was with me; we killed the snake, and he could see it if he would go to the place, telling him where it was. He went off saying that it was not a rattlesnake. I did not feel like telling him how I was healed. If I had said that I had sent for the Catholic priest and that he had placed some holy oil on me and prayed for me, he would have believed, but if I had stated the true facts, he would have treated them lightly. I have since thought, however, that I should have told him everything. Here was evidence to show that I had been poisoned by the snake bite and had been miraculously healed.

THE FIRST GRAIN HARVEST

In the fall of 1871, we harvested our first crop of wheat and oats. Having no granary, we secured sixteen-foot, twelve-inch boards, and made a bin in the house. There we put the grain. We had only the one room in which to cook, eat, sleep, and store our grain. Sometimes someone would stop for the night. We had room for three beds and we were always glad to have our friends visit us. Brother Charles Derry stopped with us several times.

The house was small but after we put in a good pine floor, lined the sides and had a loft, we were happy, because we were trying to serve the Lord, and often I thought of the blessings the Saints of former days received when worshipping the Lord in caves. He also blessed us. We were poor and had little means when we arrived in Nebraska, and nearly two years had gone since I had earned any money. In the summer we went barefooted.

HARD TIMES

Late in the fall Brother Charles Derry sent me word to meet him at Newman's Grove, to help him with a two-day meeting. That was fifteen miles up the creek. It was too cold to go barefooted and I had only one shoe. I wanted to attend the meeting, and the old saying is, "Where there is a will, there is a way." My wife had one good shoe, and as it was more for comfort than appearance, being large, I started to the meeting wearing my one shoe and Mary's one shoe.

On arriving at the grounds, Brother Derry called my attention to his feet. One of his big toes was beginning to

come through the end of the shoe. He remarked that it was too bad he had to preach in such poor shoes.

As misery likes company, I said, "Notice the shoes I am wearing."

He turned away and said, "William, you have done well to come."

Brother Derry at this time was on a homestead. He had left the active ministry for a season. I wondered when I heard him preach if he had not made a mistake in leaving the ministry. Still circumstances were such that he had to do it for the sake of his family.

At this time, too, my wife washed and dyed flour sacks to make clothes for the children and for me.

In the year, 1872, we had bright prospects before us. The small grain was good and the corn was better. But in the forepart of August, as the corn began to form its ears, the grasshoppers came. Like a black cloud they swarmed in upon us! The next morning there was no corn. Throughout the whole State the crops were destroyed!

BACK TO OHIO FOR WORK

Leaving my wife and my three small children I went back to Ohio to work for the fall and winter months. My wife's folks were about a quarter of a mile from our house. I arranged with a boy of twelve to come to my home and do the chores. I was promised work before leaving home. I had to borrow money to pay my fare.

Upon arriving in Ohio I made arrangements to purchase a double harness costing forty dollars, for which I was to pay before returning home the coming spring. Soon the public works began to close down putting thousands of men out of employment. This was the beginning of the great panic of 1872 and 1873.

My family was in need of money to buy both food and fuel. I was working at the Woods Coal Mines near Church Hill. Brother William D. Williams was the boss. He was the man who baptized me, and president of the Brookfield Branch. It was he who had promised me work before I had left my home in Nebraska.

After working a few weeks, I came to the conclusion that I had better change my place of work because the mine in which I was working might run out as it had a small vein of coal. It was called the "Pumpkin" because of its thinness. Many said there were places where a large pumpkin would not go into the mine. I wanted to go to work in what was called the Sodom. It was new and had a much thicker vein of coal. While a number of mines were closing down, owing to the great money panic of '72 and '73, this mine was working steadily.

I was boarding with my sister, Mrs. John J. Morgan, who lived near this mine, and I was offered work there. Making the change would make it much more convenient for me as I had to walk about a mile to the Pumpkin. I said to Brother Williams that I was thinking of going to work at the Sodom. He did not like me to do so; he argued that he had kept this work for me and that he preferred my staying with him. I was driving a mule that was very high spirited, one which he had had much trouble in getting men to drive. I was doing so well with her that he did not like to change drivers.

I wanted to do what was right and again mentioned the matter to him saying that I would be going home in April and that I thought it was best for me to make the change. He became a little vexed and said that if I left and the Sodom should stop he would not give me work. He thought his mine would run just as steady as the other. I then dismissed the matter from my mind for a few weeks.

Again I was thinking on the matter, thinking of the thousands of men out of work and of my own wife and three children a thousand miles away from me in a dug-out with nothing but flour to live on since the grasshoppers had eaten up everything that was green. As I lay upon my bed at night I said, "Oh, Lord, thou knowest my condition. What shall I do?" That night I dreamed that two boys, one from each mine, stood before me; one holding in his hand a piece of dry bread without any butter, cheese, jam, jelly, or meat. The other boy from the Sodom mine held in his hand a piece of apple pie. A voice spoke saying, "Take your choice." I awoke and with feelings of gratitude in my heart I knew what to do. Had an angel of the Lord stood by my bed and told me what to do it would not have had a greater impression.

I called on Brother Williams and told him I had concluded to make a change and that I would give him a week's notice. He replied that I could go then if I wanted to but never to ask him for work again. I did not mention the dream.

The next day I went to work at Sodom and in a few days Brother Williams informed me that I had made a wise move, that their mine was only going to work one or two days a week and how long he did not know.

I worked every day for about four months and left for home in April with a box of dry goods I had bought and the set of harness. I had sent money home and had some when I reached the family. How true the dream! How good the Lord had been to me!

MORE GRASSHOPPER INVASIONS

One time more, the season of 1873, we put out a large acreage of wheat and oats and corn. The grasshoppers came

again and left us only the small grain. It was beyond their power to hurt all in the stalk or shock. We had a large garden. My wife thought she would save some of it by covering the beets and onions with straw. But after the grasshoppers were gone and she went to uncover her garden, she found everything had been destroyed. The grasshoppers had eaten even the strong onions. They were a sore pest and covered hundreds of miles. Men who had the most stock were the worst sufferers as they had nothing to feed their cattle except straw, wheat and oats and did not have enough of that. That winter, however, I stayed home. We had plenty of flour, potatoes and butter, and game.

The year, 1874, was a repetition of the former two years. That fall I went to Carbon, Wyoming Territory, to work. The Government and the Eastern States sent supplies to the grasshopper sufferers. We were entitled to our share, but I was making three and a half and four dollars a day in the mines so I wrote home to my wife not to take any, but to let others have it. While I was away, our fourth child was born whom my wife named "William Thomas." I worked seven months in Carbon. The fare from Columbus to Carbon was ten cents a mile on the Union Pacific; the distance was four hundred miles which made the cost of the trip forty dollars each way. As I was thinking of returning home the news came that the grasshoppers had deposited their eggs in Missouri and southern Kansas after leaving us in the fall and summer and that now in March and April they were hatching and eating everything that was green. It looked as though there would be a famine in that part of the country. When the hoppers grew large enough to fly there was no telling in which direction they would go.

I was very anxious to return home after my seven long months in Carbon. It was a wicked place, a typical mining town of the early West. I lived alone and it was decidedly unpleasant for me, a married man, to work hard all day in the mines and then come home to a dug-out and get my own meals. But to go home and put in a crop, and then have the grasshoppers destroy it was not wise.

IN THE MIDST OF PERPLEXITIES

What was to be done? Some said, "The grasshoppers will not go back West; you will be safe in going home and putting in your crop." Others advised me not to go home, but to wait and see which way the grasshoppers would go. But it would be too late then to put in the crop. To send for my family to come to me was too expensive. Besides if there was no one on the homestead for six months, we would lose it. On the other hand, to stay in this place under the existing conditions for another year was more than I could make up my mind to do. I was making good money though, and the superintendent

said if I would stay he would promise me steady work at four dollars a day. I was driving and hauling out the coal to the foot of the shaft. They had much trouble in getting practical drivers. I had broken some mules to the work after others had failed. One span of mules for which the company had paid five hundred dollars (mules were cheap then) had been taken down into the mines, but the drivers were as inexperienced as the mules, and they could do nothing with them. Miners were calling for cars and the company was calling for coal. The miners would not let the company put on more men as they were not getting the cars they ought to have. The conditions were perplexing to all. The drivers had never been in a coal mine before and they did not know how to do the work. Some parts of the mines were very steep, and they could bring only one car at a time from these places. When another experienced driver and I came in, we brought from four to six cars out at once. It was only a few days until the miners could not supply us with coal, and the company had to hire more miners. We were very well thought of by both the miners and the company.

The young man who was with me was a brother to Sister H. O. Smith, William Masters.

I have simply mentioned the above to show that "knowledge is power." The drivers who were there really worked hard, but they had had no experience.

The work was agreeable, and I was kindly treated by all notwithstanding it was a wicked place. But I was in such a frame of mind that if there had been any fortune tellers in the place I would have been strongly tempted to ask their advice, for I was very homesick!

THE GUIDING HAND POINTS THE WAY

I needed light and under the circumstances I sought the guiding hand of Him who never makes mistakes and I was permitted in a dream to see myself at home with a fine prospect for crops, when suddenly I heard the unpleasant noise in the distance of the grasshoppers. At last they came down, a black cloud of them. The earth, I thought, was covered with them. At last I saw them rise and go northwest. To my surprise, there remained a beautiful crop of small grain and corn. I was satisfied after I awoke that it would be safe for me to return home. Still I said, "It doesn't seem possible that the crop can be any good if they come down as thick as I saw them, for they were so numerous that in a few hours they could have eaten everything green." My brother, John, had come to Nebraska. With his assistance and that of my wife's folks I put in the spring wheat and oats although I did not come home until the ninth of May. It was snowing then, while the earth was green with vegetation. But it was not long before the snow disappeared. We put in

our corn and had an excellent stand which grew nicely.

About the middle of June the grasshoppers came, just as I had seen them in the dream. I was standing in the potato patch with hoe in hand when I heard the familiar and unpleasant sound. Shortly after they came down so thick they darkened the sun. Fortunately for us, rain commenced to fall and the weather turned cooler causing a heavy damp mist which prevented the grasshoppers from doing much damage. The next morning, aided by a strong breeze, they all left. The only damage of any importance was to the corn that had not yet made over six inches of growth. Had it not been for the cool, heavy mist all the crops would have been ruined. We harvested sixty-five and seventy-five bushels of corn that fall.

There were several other interesting incidents that occurred while we were in Nebraska. One was the baptizing of Grandma Stow, who had been an old-time Saint in the lifetime of Joseph and Hyrum Smith. She had been faithful through dark and cloudy days of the church. She sent me word to come and baptize her. She could have been received on her former baptism, but she requested me to baptize her. She entered the water with a very sore and painful limb. It had troubled her for years. In answer to her prayers for fifteen years she was healed of that long standing complaint. Just a few years before her death the affliction returned she being over-taxed with work in her extreme old age.

One late Easter Sunday, about the thirteenth of April, my wife and I and the children went to visit Sister Stow. She lived thirteen miles above us on the creek. That night there came a terrible storm, a blizzard which continued for nearly three days and nights. We had a young ox team, splendid travelers, but there were deep ravines to cross and no bridges, and we had considerable anxiety as to whether or not we could get through to our home. Imagine our surprise when we found the snow packed so hard that it held up the oxen and wagon. Soon we arrived home to find our few hogs all safe although they had been covered with the snow. One yearling heifer was gone with the storm. She was found a week later some thirteen miles from home. Strange as it may seem to the reader, the knowledge of the whereabouts of the lost animal was revealed in a dream.

(To be continued.)

Music strengthens hearts courageous, it urges men along,
The tide of battle often has been altered by a song;
No race can live without it, it is heard from pole to pole,
For music is the utterance and expression of the soul.

—Unknown.

Clean Food, Clean Hands, Clean Dishes

(Editorial from *American Journal of Public Health*, February, 1934.)

The recent outbreak of amebic dysentery, which has caused more than twenty deaths, and which has spread to more than one hundred communities throughout the country during the past few months, points to a task demanding the serious attention of all health departments; that of eliminating insanitary practices in the dispensing of food and drinks.

Amebic dysentery first broke out in a Chicago hotel, where it was traced to food handlers. The disease spread rapidly to other food handlers and thence to guests of the hotel, many of whom were visiting the Century of Progress Exposition, and it was carried back to more than a hundred widely scattered communities.

This is one example of what can happen when purveyors of food and drinks are not required to uphold high standards of sanitation, and when there is inadequate medical examination and supervision.

It is well known that in most restaurants, soda fountains and other public eating places, the basic principles of sanitation are not generally observed. No food handler, without first washing his hands thoroughly with soap and water, should serve a customer. How many do it? No dish should be used for serving food or drinks without first being thoroughly cleaned "in a solution of soap or soda or suitable cleaning powder in hot water followed by a thorough rinsing or spraying or immersion in clean, boiling (212 F.) water for a period of one minute, or in hot water of a temperature of not less than 180 F. at all times when used for purposes of sterilization, for a period of two minutes; by sterilization with live steam, or by some other equally effective method approved by the Department of Health." What proportion of utensils used in public eating places, especially soda fountains, are washed in this way?

About ninety-two percent of all communicable diseases are transmitted through the mouth and nose. Surely there is no better place to break the chain of saliva-borne and food-borne infections than at eating and drinking places. Transmission of disease by food and drink dispensers will end when the public demands that all food and drinks be served by healthy attendants with clean hands, in clean dishes, and health departments take vigorous action to enforce sanitary codes.

Years ago the public accepted the common drinking cup. We believe that unnecessary sickness and death was the result, but the public did not seem to care. The public did not understand; that was the real reason it tolerated this

deadly disease carrier. When health departments convinced the public of the awful price of the common drinking cup, action was demanded for its abolishment.

However, the common drinking cup has never really been abolished. We still have it, though not in the same form as before. Now it is in the form of glasses, dishes, and tableware inadequately cleaned between servings. Go to almost any soda fountain, in any city; watch the attendant pluck a glass from the counter, swish it about hastily in a basin of muddy-looking tepid water, rinse it quickly in cold water, then use it to serve another customer.

That glass is worse than the common drinking cup! Its superficial washing has served only to bring it into contact with germs from many other glasses "washed" in the same water.

Influenza, the common cold, tuberculosis, pneumonia, scarlet fever, diphtheria, whooping cough, and Vincent's angina, are among the principal diseases that can be transmitted by unclean eating utensils. Pathogenic organisms are not removed by common methods of washing. After they are used and hand washed, more than twenty percent of the organisms remain adhering to eating and drinking utensils.

Clean food, clean hands, clean dishes: These three hold great hope for the control of saliva-borne infections.

To educate the public, to demand sanitary practices in the dispensing of food and drink in restaurants, soda fountains, and other public eating places, there has been organized in New York City The Committee for the Study and Promotion of the Sanitary Dispensing of Food and Drinks.

This committee is urging the public, in its own interest, to follow four courses of action when eating in public:

1. Decline dishes, cups or glasses that are obviously unclean.
2. Quietly protest to the management against all insanitary practices observed.
3. Commend the management of public eating places that uphold high sanitary standards.
4. Report by name and address to the Board of Health, all public eating and drinking places violating high sanitary standards.

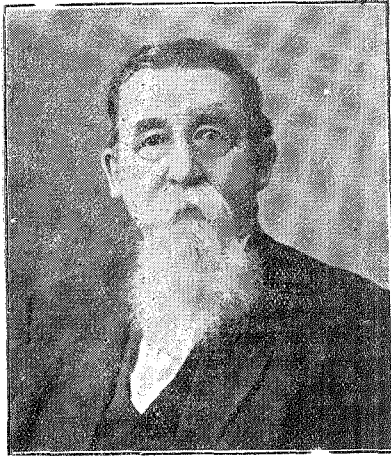
Endorsement of the purposes of the committee has already been given by many leaders in civic, industrial and public health fields.

After stumbling around looking for contentment for years, I suddenly learned that you cannot find it by hunting furiously for it. Happiness sneaks in through a door you didn't know you left open.—John Barrymore.

Love is in the lofty realm of appreciation where the highest insights are made possible.—Frank B. Fagerburg.

Autobiography of William Lewis

Part Six



WILLIAM LEWIS

To the Land of Missouri

During the five years and some months that we lived on the homestead in Nebraska I did much preaching in my humble way, but I baptized only two as I now recall. Some others were friends to the faith.

We concluded to move to Stewartsville, Missouri, in order to be with the Saints. I sought counsel from the brothers in conference at Columbus as to the advisability of our going, but no one had anything to say. Brother Charles Derry said if he were to advise, it would be only Charles Derry speaking; so he would not counsel me. However, he disliked seeing us go even though he hoped such a movement would be for the best.

December 5, 1875, we left the old home where three of our children had been born, and one was laid to rest, little two-year-old Martha had died about two weeks before we left.

We sold everything and had about one thousand dollars when we started to Missouri. We received only five hundred dollars for our eighty acres of land. The buying and selling of land at that time was exceedingly slow. Before leaving Nebraska I dreamed that I saw a Catholic Church on the side of the bluff fronting our house. Eighteen years later when I was visiting there, I saw the building on the spot.

From a financial standpoint we lost by moving, for the eighty acres we sold for five hundred dollars were worth five thousand dollars eighteen years later; but due to the change, our children have married those believing in the church. The chances are that if we had remained in Nebraska the children would have married those antagonistic to the work, so we are perfectly satisfied with the change and grateful for it. Gold and

silver are not all for which we should labor. That has been a serious mistake made by man. The human family has, and is, making great efforts to obtain the material things of this world at the expense of the spiritual!

We were favorably impressed with the country around Stewartsville, after having lived on the prairie where timber was scarce, where none of the farms, not even the gardens, were fenced, where there was no fruit, and where the closest post office and market were eighteen miles away. Good, well-improved farms could be bought in DeKalb and Clinton Counties at prices ranging from fifteen to twenty-five dollars an acre, and today, (1907), they are worth from fifty to one hundred dollars an acre. If we had had the means we could have bought some good farm land cheap.

There was a small branch four miles north of Stewartsville known as the DeKalb Branch. There was also one at Saint Joseph, at Cameron, and at Starfield. Those were all the branches in the Far West District: and the total membership about seventy-five.

We Reverse a Decision

We made our home for about three weeks with Brother Albert Bishop. The spirit of contention and fault-finding was rampant in DeKalb Branch. We became so much discouraged with the unpleasant condition that I had decided to leave and go to Lamoni to see if I should find peace and unity there. My wife and I talked the matter over and made the decision before retiring one night that I would leave the next morning. That night I saw in a dream the Saints coming from all quarters: east, west, north, and south, and locating near Stewartsville. Besides that I saw quite a number of people coming into the church, northwest of Stewartsville. Next morning we reversed our decision, and bargained for forty acres joining what was known as the Ace Mann farm about one mile north of Father L. W. Babbitt's farm.

At our Wednesday evening prayer meeting Father Wood related a vision which he had since the last time we had met. He saw the surrounding country dotted with new houses, and he saw also a few of the old ones crumbled down to the ground. He said, "The new houses represent the homes of Saints coming in; the old crumbled houses are the homes of those who were contentious and fault-finding. They will leave the country." I also related my dream. Thus, by visions, dreams, and prophecies, we were given to understand that conditions would change.

Promises Fulfilled

How true were the promises! Not long after this a branch was organized at Stewartsville, at Pleasant Grove, and at German Stewartsville. Now in 1907 Far West District has fourteen branches, some thirteen church buildings, about all paid for, with a total membership of nearly two thousand. The country is prosperous and the Saints are in the faith.

In the fall of 1875 the grasshoppers that had done so much damage in Nebraska and other parts reached Missouri too late to do any damage to crops. But they deposited their eggs and the next spring, 1876, they hatched so that the ground was covered with them, and for about eight weeks they ate all the vegetation.

The prospect for crops was dark. It was getting late and the pests were still with us. Many were of the opinion that there would be a famine. The Saints were encouraged by the voice of the Spirit not to fear for there would yet be an abundance. Through good, old Father Wood, by the gift of tongues and interpretation, the Saints were promised a bountiful harvest. Some believed and some like Thomas doubted. Sometime late in June, the grasshoppers had matured sufficiently to fly and to the joy of all in Northwestern Missouri they left the country.

Many thought it too late to plant corn, potatoes, and millet, but some, hoping that they might raise corn, planted, and according to the Lord's promise, there was an abundance.

That was the year we came to Missouri. There was plenty of hay, potatoes, and corn. The latter was not fully ripe but it made great feed for stock. The season was extraordinary, plenty of rain and no frost until late.

The winter of 1875-6 was an open one, really one of the most pleasant winters I have ever seen. Birds made nests in February, 1876, and not until the twenty-first of March did we have any snow. On this date we had a very heavy snow-storm, but it was not cold. Thus it was that out of darkness, gloom, and discouragement the good Master brought sunshine, comfort, and happiness.

As I have already stated we had bought forty acres of land, but we could move into only part of the house. Mr. Levi Quick, who sold us the place, could not give us full possession until March 1, but permitted us to occupy two rooms. Mr. Quick, his wife, four children, and two brothers of Mr. Quick—eight persons in all—occupied the one room, and my wife and I and three children lived in the other room. We were very

cramped, but for three months we put up with the inconvenience. We found Mr. and Mrs. Quick very agreeable and by the time they moved to their own farm, we really thought as much of them as if they had been members of our church. They were somewhat interested in the church, especially Mrs. Quick who died a few years later.

I Learn a Lesson From My Neighbor

We stayed on this place for three years. While we were living here, one of our neighbors sold out to a family of Saints, and although we thought much of our older neighbor, we were pleased at the prospect of having a new one of our own faith. But, we soon became very much dissatisfied with our new neighbors. We were poor people, living mostly on cornbread, sorghum, and potatoes. We kept a little flour on hand so that if any visitor should come to see us, we could make a pie or a cake or some biscuits. We had plenty of good butter. The new neighbors had bought a farm of two hundred acres and paid for it, but they lived a bit too economically. They formed the habit of visiting their neighbors at meal time, also of borrowing butter, sugar, lard, flour and paying back with a much less quantity. We became so provoked at their miserly, overbearing conduct that I permitted an unkind feeling to develop in me towards them. I wished they had not come into the church for there were, in my judgment, many better neighbors who were not church members. It would have been much better both for them and for the church if they had kept some of their money to live on rather than putting it all into the farm and then imposing on their poor neighbors for their livelihood.

I got out of patience with them and had very little use for them. I thought that the Lord certainly did not recognize them, that they were beneath his notice. Really I do not know of anything over which I ever became more wrought up and disgusted. It is true I was young and had not seen much of the world and had not yet come in contact with stingy, covetous people in the church—people who impose on those who do not have much to give.

I dreamed one night that I was traveling in a railway car. I was in the front and this neighbor was in the rear on the last seat. I remarked to myself, "He has no right to be on this train. When the conductor comes in he will have to get off." To my surprise he handed the conductor a ticket and I could do no more. He had as much right to occupy the coach as I had. These words came to me, "To him that much is given, much is required. He that has five talents should do more than he that has only one."

From this I began to reason and concluded that if I had more talent than they I should do more good in the world.

From this experience I learned not to be too hasty in condemning any one if he lacks along certain lines, for he always has some good traits. Still I must say that any person who will pay out all the cash he has for a farm and then half starve his family and impose on his neighbors is not entitled to anything better than a back-seat—if that!

"Oats for the Horse"

We rented a farm near Dayton City, Kansas, known as the Selix Farm. This was a fine farming region, and we were all soon busy.

Let me here relate a little incident which wrote indelibly into my mind that part of the Word of Wisdom which says "oats for the horse." I had been working my horses in the field day after day. Harvest came on, and the weather was intensely hot, so hot indeed, that we took advantage of the cooler hours of evening and night and worked in the field.

A neighbor was helping me, driving one of his own horses with one of mine. Soon it was evident that the horses were not evenly matched.

"Your horse is letting mine do the work," my neighbor charged.

"No," I answered, "see, he is pulling just as much as your horse."

"What is wrong, then? Look at my horse sweat!" And indeed the sweat was dripping from the animal's flanks.

"What do you feed your horses?" I demanded after examining the horse.

"Corn—that's all I have to feed them."

"I feed mine oats. Oats are not so heating and fattening as corn, and they build energy. That's the difference between the two horses."

Back to Missouri

Some time after that we returned to Missouri, where I went into the butter business. I made the acquaintance of farmers in the vicinity of my home, and began, on a modest scale at first, buying their butter to sell it in neighboring towns, to stores, and also to private customers. Soon I found a ready sale for all I could buy, and I drove out to Maysville, Osborn, and all the country stores. For about the first six weeks I cleared from twenty to twenty-five dollars a week on my sales. Though I had to go in all kinds of weather, I was encouraged, for the business paid. I had several good customers in Saint Joseph whom I supplied with butter every week and I thought I could depend on them so long as I could furnish good butter at market price. In this I was sorely disappointed. One week I bought up twice my usual amount and after reaching my customers who had all along been so anxious to see me, learned that they would not need butter this week and gave me no encouragement for the next.

Farmers were now making more butter. They sold it to the merchants and took trade in pay for it. I was not

posted along that line, consequently I lost about forty dollars on that trip as I had to sell my entire load to packers. This was a crushing blow. It was not only that I lost on that lot, but that I had no market in sight for the next week or the week after that! If it had not been too late I would have gone back to the farm or have done team work. What to do was indeed a hard problem.

At last I decided to seek out the best butter makers in the country and to sell directly to the residents of the city. I took up a small amount, about one hundred pounds, and some fresh eggs. My oldest daughter went with me to hold the team while I canvassed from house to house for customers. Sometimes she would call at the houses until at one house a large dog rushed out at her. Becoming frightened, she turned and ran, but the dog ran over her. I do not know which of us was the more frightened. She was only nine years old.

To everyone who bought from us I promised that on a certain day I would be back with fresh butter, eggs, and poultry. Thus I worked up a good retail and wholesale trade, and for five years had a thriving business. During that time I never failed to be on hand at the promised time. My patrons had implicit confidence in me and I never disappointed them.

For the Tuesday before Christmas (which came on Thursday) I got my load ready Monday night, mostly poultry. During the night it turned very cold. My wife begged me not to go as the wind would be in my face and the thermometer registered twenty-two below zero. It seemed to me I must go for my patrons would be looking for their Christmas turkey. I started but except for my having read that persons traveling in extreme cold have a tendency to drop off to sleep and freeze to death, I would have perished. After walking a few miles I would ride and get terribly cold. One time I had a hard struggle to arouse myself and get out to walk. The awareness that I would soon be too numb to get out helped me, and I walked the rest of the way—about ten miles. The distance from Stewartville to Saint Joseph is about twenty-two miles. This was a trip long to be remembered; very few people were on the roads. My patrons had not been expecting me, but they were highly pleased that I did come.

(To be continued.)

More lonely year by year becomes the man who lives an aimless life, who is not conscious that any one is dependent upon him, who does not feel that he is a vital force, who neither lives for humanity in time of peace, nor dies for his country in time of war, who has squandered his life, and as he nears its close, looks back over the profitless years and realizes that he has wasted the only life he had.—*The Youth's Instructor*.

Autobiography of William Lewis

Part Seven



WILLIAM LEWIS

A DREAM WHICH HELPED US FINANCIALLY

After five years I turned exclusively to wholesale trade and to huckstering for another two years. One remarkable event I shall relate.

We were overstocked with turkeys. All markets were glutted, but we kept on buying from the farmers. We did not like to turn them away for fear they would go to other towns to trade. We were hoping that soon the market would open. We had every place on our home lot covered with turkeys, and our bank account was about run out. Every week I would take some poultry to market only to find it full and the price low. Turkeys dressed and ready for the oven were worth only five or six cents a pound. I became discouraged.

One night I dreamed that I went to Saint Joseph and found the market bare. One man asked me if I had any turkeys. I replied that I was tired bringing them to town. "Well," he told me, "you could sell all you could bring and at a good price."

There was no telephone by which I could call to find out the condition of the market. But having implicit confidence in my dream, we dressed all the poultry on the place. While we were getting them ready—I was doing the scalding, my wife and Lizzie picking, and Dannie opening—Sister J. M. Terry came by.

"You are getting a lot of them off," she observed, knowing that we were overstocked.

"Yes," was my answer, "and we are doing it on the strength of a dream."

"I hope you will not be disappointed."

Such a feeling of assurance had accompanied the dream, that I thought it safe to give heed to it. No doubt or fears troubled us. This is a characteris-

tic of the dreams given by the Holy Spirit as promised in Joel 2: 28.

I found the market just as foretold, and I unloaded all that I had in a short time at a good, fair price.

When I came home, Sister Terry was anxious to know the success I had, and when I informed her that it was just as it had been foretold I could see that she too partook of the feeling of gratitude that had already found place in our hearts. The dream was to us a blessing as well as to others who needed that line of goods for they could not have had it if it had not been for my dream. There was plenty of poultry in the country, but people had grown tired of sending it to market; so this week, as it happened, all were of one mind to let the city go without. The information came to me and I gave heed to it—thanking the Giver of all that is good.

CASES OF BLESSING THROUGH ADMINISTRATION

On June 15, 1881, our seventh child, third daughter, was born whom we named Ann after her aunt, my wife's sister. When the child was seven weeks old, wife went to Netawaka, Kansas, to visit her uncle, William Hopkins. There she fell sick. A telegram called me there. I went and in a few days we came home. Mary was very weak and grew much worse. She was administered to and a blessing was pronounced on her with the promise that she would live to see many more years. Brother J. M. Terry was present and assisted in the administration. From that time on she gained in health.

When Ann was nearly two years old she was dangerously ill with spinal meningitis. Her eyes were so turned that only the whites were to be seen. She lost the use of her limbs, and her head was helpless. The child was indeed a pitiful sight. She was administered to by Brother J. T. Kinnaman and Brother J. M. Terry at a Wednesday evening prayer meeting. I assisted. There was no visible change in the child. She was administered to again the next evening by the same brethren. From that on she began to get better and was fully restored. It was a strong testimony to all the Saints of that branch of the wonderful power of God.

A singular operation of the Spirit would be of interest here. In company with Elder John T. Kinnaman, I administered to Sister Betty Smith, who was very sick with measles. After anointing her, Brother Kinnaman offered prayer. During the prayer there was a power manifested which was so uplifting that I could hardly hold my hands on her

head. It was with much effort on my part that I did so. I could with ease have taken hold of the sister and lifted her out of the low bed in which she was lying. Brother Kinnaman had good liberty in prayer, and the sister was blessed.

Another time in company with Elder J. M. Terry we administered to Sister Anna Smith, a sister to the woman mentioned above. She had been sick for weeks. While we had our hands on her head, the Spirit came and I was prompted to speak to her, but I hesitated and while thus quenching the Spirit I felt as if it were a hand pressing on my left side. Brother Terry was standing on my right. Brother Jacob Smith sat in a chair some six feet from me. Twice I felt the pressure of the hand, and with it came the strong impression to speak the following: "I say unto thee, my handmaiden, Satan has sought to destroy thy mind. Fear not, I shall deliver and protect thee."

After the administration I related the above experience and inquired if anyone had touched me. All answered, "No." Sister Anna said, "Something unusual has caused me much worry. I have been so discouraged and despondent that life to me has not been worth striving for." The message was short, but it brought peace, comfort, and sunshine to that home, and the probabilities are if I had not been urged by the gentle pressure of what seemed to me a hand, the consoling words would not have been given, at least, not by me, for I believe that I was overly cautious at times. Paul at one time said, "Quench not the spirit; despise not prophesying." There are two extremes we can take; one is to be overly cautious, and one overly anxious. In this attitude we are apt to be deceived either by our own spirit of enthusiasm or by an evil spirit.

Another case of healing that was marvelous, and caused many to speak of it, many of whom were not members of the church, was that of George Brown. He lived north of Stewartsville about ten miles. He was the son of Eliza Brown, a widow, and was not in the church at the time. He was about twenty-one years of age. He had been suffering with intense pain in the right side. One of the leading doctors from Maysville attended him. The case was considered a hopeless one. Brother A. H. Smith, then living at Stewartsville and I were sent for. George said if the Lord would spare him that as soon as he got able he would be baptized. He was administered to, and to the surprise of the doctors and neighbors he was healed. True to his promise he was shortly afterward baptized.

A STRUGGLE WITH THE POWER OF UNBELIEF

Another case of healing was that of Brother George Ross. He had been in poor health for months. Doctor Richie said that his liver was decaying. One Sunday afternoon he was taken much worse—some thought he was dying. We had no church in Stewartsville at the time, but the meetings on Sunday were held two and a half miles north and west of town. My wife was sick at the time so I was at home. About four o'clock in the afternoon one of the neighbors came over after me saying that Mr. Ross was dying and that Mrs. Ross wanted me to come at once. On my way over I saw a wagon load of our people coming down the road from the church. We arrived at the house and found Brother Ross unconscious. Brother Kinman, Brother D. J. and Brother D. E. Powell and I administered to him. He awoke, shook hands with us, and said that he had seen a beautiful light in the far distance and that he was trying to go to it when he heard the prayer. He was able shortly to be up and around although not entirely free from pain and distress.

Then he was taken down again and for weeks Sister Ross did not take off her clothes, nor turn out the light. Night after night she would send for me saying, "George is worse; come over." There were at this time no elders living in Stewartsville. Brother Terry had gone to Nebraska City and Brother Alexander H. Smith had moved away. In the administration Brother Ross would get temporary relief. Our faith and patience were taxed, and one night several of the Saints were over at the house. We were much discouraged and the burden of our evening chat was, why was the blessing not retained? What was the cause? We had prayer and bade the family goodnight, each one returning to his own home. That night the following remarkable dream was given to me:

I saw Sister Ross and myself inside of a lawn that was fenced. We were looking for the tail part of a snake. I thought the grass was thick and several inches high so it was quite difficult to find the snake. I suggested that she take hold of the end of a strong rod I had, and we would stretch it across the grass and then drag it. When the cord or rod would come in contact with the tail part we could see it move. No sooner had we stretched the cord than we found the tail part. Then there appeared a wild, cunning looking animal like a ground hog. He had a hole in the ground and had it covered so that it could not be easily seen. I said to Sister Ross, "Here is the old animal that has been stealing our chickens." With that I seemed to have in my hand a large baseball bat, and with it I struck the tail part of the animal a blow and drove the creature away.

The dream left a pleasant impression on my mind and before breakfast I called at Brother and Sister Smith's and

Brother Ross' homes and told them the dream. They were encouraged, but they could not give the interpretation. The day went by, that night, Brother Moses Holmes, Brother and Sister Smith, James, and Betty, and some others met at Brother Ross' home where we talked about the mystery connected with Brother Ross' sickness and about the dream I had had. I then administered to Brother Ross and the Spirit promised that he should be healed. So powerful was the Spirit that it changed the tone of my voice, and Brother James Smith, who was asleep at the time, awoke and heard what I said. This brother was quite deaf and when in company would almost always sleep.

As I turned from the bed and walked a few steps, the spirit of unbelief came like a flash to me and said, "Man, you said that he should be healed; what if he dies?" With that I dropped on my knees and with all the strength and faith I had asked the Lord not to let the power of unbelief rob us of this blessing that He had promised. With that we felt the victory was won by the goodness of the Lord. The dream and the interpretation came forcibly to my mind. The tail part of the snake represented the lingering part of the disease; the cord or rod was faith; the animal was the power of unbelief; the chickens were the blessings. The club was the prayer of faith and authority. Truly we had a struggle, but thanks to God the blessing was retained.

Some few weeks after this, Brother Ross said to me, "If what Doctor Richie stated is correct and that the liver is decaying, then I cannot live." At once I was reminded of the hard fight we had had with the animal of unbelief and I discerned that still it was at work.

I replied, not in a boasting way as the reader may think, "George, liver or no liver, the Lord said that you shall live. Why trouble about what the doctor said? Believe in God." Since that time I have never heard the brother refer to the statement of the doctor.

A PROPHECY THAT WAS FULFILLED

Many, many blessings we received in the Stewartsville Branch. Still we became careless and forgot in a measure the hand that fed us. At one meeting we were spoken to by the Spirit through Sister I. N. Roberts, and we were told that many of us should move away until the branch should become very weak, but that the branch should again become strong and some of those who were scattered should return. That has literally come to pass. May the work never go down!

I GO INTO THE CREAMERY BUSINESS

While at Stewartsville I went into the creamery business. Later on we moved the plant to Amity ten miles northeast. In the mean time I had located my family in Saint Joseph, in October, 1886. This same year the bank at Stewartsville failed and some few of our patrons suffered by it.

One man had in his possession at the

time the bank closed its door, the checks we had paid him the last three months. He came up to Saint Joseph and presented the checks to me and demanded that I cash them. I informed him that I would not do so, that he was to blame for holding the checks so long. He said that he had a note that would soon be due and that he was keeping the checks to apply on it. He insisted that I take up the checks saying that I had never paid him for three months of cream. He said he did not consider the checks money and would see that I paid him the cash. I inquired if he had not cashed some checks. He said, "Yes."

"And is it not a fact that I have always paid with checks yourself included?" I asked, but to satisfy him I said, "Let us go to the Commercial Bank. You present your claim to the cashier, and if after hearing the facts in the case, he says I shall cash the checks I will do so." To this he consented.

The cashier looked at the date of the three checks. The last one was then twenty-one days old. The cashier said, "You cannot look to Mr. Lewis for cash on these checks. You should have presented them to the bank and if there were no funds to the credit of Mr. Lewis then you could hold him for payment." In answer to my question as to what the law was on the matter, that is, how long a person had to cash the check if any stated time. He said, "No certain time. The law says sufficient time." In his opinion this man had had ample time.

Still the man was not satisfied. I said, "Suppose you buy a horse from me and in payment thereof you give me a check for \$125 on the Stewartsville Bank. Your money is there, and I carry the check for a month, then the bank closes its door. Would you not consider that you had paid the \$125? Or would you be willing to give me back the horse for the check, or to cash the check yourself?" He left murmuring that I had cheated him. I have forgotten now the exact amount—about fifty dollars. I am mentioning this matter in full because this party has since accused me of refusing to pay him for his hard-earned labor. I am pleased to say that only a few held their checks out, of possibly more than one hundred that were sent out on the fifteenth of the month. The bank failed the sixth of the following month. None would have lost a dollar if they had presented their checks to the bank when they should have.

Shortly after locating in Saint Joseph, I added the milk, cream and ice cream trade to my business, wholesale and retail. I was now located at 1101-1103-1105 Frederick Avenue. If I had my life to live over I would not go into any business that would need my attention and presence on Sunday. For nearly twenty-one years I had to work every Sunday for at least part of the day. I often would go from the creamery to the church on Sunday mornings to preach.

(To be continued.)

Autobiography of William Lewis

Part Eight



WILLIAM LEWIS

MORE BLESSINGS OF HEALING

For over twenty-five years I did much church work here. For fifteen years I was bishop's agent, and part of the time I was president and vice president of Far West District. I also presided over the Saint Joseph Branch part of the time.

Some more very remarkable cases of healing occurred during this time, some of which I shall mention:

Brother Charles Hubacker, a young man, who had recently united with the church, was suffering from lung trouble. He suffered much and was quite weak. He was administered to in prayer meeting on Wednesday night in the Brick Church, was entirely healed, and became a strong, healthy man. Brother Charlie often spoke to me about the great blessing and remarked that whether he remained faithful to the church or not, he knew that the Lord had blessed him with health in answer to prayer, and by the anointing of oil and the laying on of the elders' hands. I hope he will never go back to the world and its follies.

Another case was that of Sister Uphoff, wife of Brother Fred Uphoff, who lived north of Stewartville six miles and was a member of the Pleasant Grove Branch. She had a sore limb and for a number of years there had been a running sore just above the ankle on the shin. During the district conference held in that branch, with T. T. Hinderks I anointed the sore, and we laid our hands on the limb as we were impressed to do and the blessing for which we sought the good Master, came. The sore part has healed and she has not been troubled since.

A LOSING BUSINESS VENTURE

One business venture that proved to be of much worry, and an eventual loss was

the creamery at Ray, Andrew County, Missouri. The citizens of Guilford, next town north of Ray, were very eager for a creamery and offered a bonus of six hundred dollars. The people of Ray partook of the same spirit and offered the same amount. At this time there were no creameries within fifty miles and the prospect at either point was flattering. I borrowed \$2,500 from Thomas Evans, my wife's first cousin, and put up a plant at Ray, a two-story brick, thirty by fifty-two feet, equipped it fully with machinery, installing also a mill to grind feed and meal at a total cost of \$4,200.

Within a year after I started this creamery, there was one put up at Savannah, six miles south and also one at Rosendale, four miles southwest. With these two plants so close, our business began to go down. One creamery could have taken care of all the milk and cream that could be had.

The three creameries were running at a loss and to make matters worse, a Mr. Morton started one at Whitesville, two miles east of our plant. As soon as I heard that he intended to do so, I sent him word that I would like to see him. He called upon me, and I explained that there were already too many in that section and if he wanted to go into the business, I would sell my plant for \$2,500, or \$1,700 less than cost. I wanted to pay back the \$2,500 to Mr. Evans. Mr. Morton said he did not have the money and I then offered to sell on payments, one hundred dollars down and fifty dollars per month in milk, cream and buttermilk. Still he declined, and rented an old store room in Whitesville, put in a churn and started to gather cream.

To make matters worse one of our cream gatherers made arrangements with Mr. Morton, that when he started up, he, Fisher by name, would try to get the farmers to sell their cream to Morton and that he would bring it to him instead of to us. This was all arranged without my knowledge. I was at Saint Joseph in charge of our creamery there, and of course, was not personally acquainted with our patrons near and in Ray. Therefore, it was a very easy matter for Fisher and Morton to get the trade to come to them, regardless of the damage it did to me.

The last day of the month Fisher sent me word that he was going to gather cream for the Whitesville Creamery. This was such low trickery that I made up my mind I would try to hold my trade by offering more for the cream than it was really worth, but whatever price I made Morton would meet it. He was known to most of the farmers as he had made cheese in that neighborhood for a

few years; so the majority of them sold their cream to him. To the credit of some I can say that they would not sell as long as I was in the market. They said I had put up a good plant and at their request and was paying market prices and that it was a shame the way Fisher had treated us. Even his own brothers would not sell to him.

At last I closed the creamery and Morton had full control. He left within two days for parts unknown with a large sum of money due the farmers for their cream and owing his friend, Fisher, some for wages.

WE LEARN BY OUR MISTAKES

I advertised our plant there for sale or trade. As a result I traded it for two hundred and eighty-five acres of land in Morgan County, Missouri, twenty-five miles from Versailles, the county seat. The farm was rough, only about twenty-five acres of tillable land, the rest in rock and timber. After making the trade, we found an error in the deed. At the time when we sent it for correction a survey was being made for a railroad that was going through near the farm. The man I had traded with, heard of this and would not make us a deed. Our attorney, Mr. E. B. Randolph, said, "Well you can, by going to law, make him furnish a deed." But as he lived in Saint Paul, Minnesota, it would have been too expensive to go to law. We live and learn by our mistakes. We should have kept the deed and made out the other, then forwarded it to him to sign. The error was not very serious, and if we had known that we were dealing with a man who had no regard for his word nor honesty, we would have kept the first deed. One of his near relatives I knew to be an honorable person.

I finally traded the creamery for one hundred and sixty acres, on mile west of Columbus, Kansas, one of the best pieces of land in the county. Although there was no house, there was a good barn and all the ground was under cultivation. It was heavily mortgaged, about \$1,800, but I thought I could hold it until I could sell it for a good price.

One of our sons went down to farm it, and as I had been appointed to labor in Far West district, we decided we would make this farm our home. We chartered a car and moved our household goods, horses, wagons, and farm implements to Columbus. We tried to rent a house there, but there was none to be had, so we went out to a small house near the farm: just three small low ceilinged rooms. An old lady had been sick there for several months and the odor of medicine was still in the house; she had died

and the house had been closed up for sometime.

When we went in, my wife became ill. Our car load of stock was still on the track and the boys, Dave and Rob, were anxious to have us stay there, but my wife and Ann were feeling poorly. I was hoping they would make up their minds to stay, but I could not persuade them. I was supposed to return shortly to my field of labor, Far West, but I offered to stay on the farm and if the authorities would permit, I would labor in Kansas. My wife was so sick though, that it seemed folly to stay.

I was strongly tempted to say, "Well, we have come to stay and let us all make up our minds to that end." It seemed child's play to spend money to come all this way, then turn around and go back.

The boys urged, "Mother will be better in a few days; pay no attention to her and Ann." Some of our goods had been unloaded from the car. Some we could not get into that little house, the ceiling was too low.

THE GOLDEN RULE AT HOME

I made the matter a subject of prayer. I did not wish to be harsh and have things all my way. I told my wife that she could have her choice. Although it would cost a hundred dollars to come and go back, if she preferred, we would go. I would not insist on stopping there, and neither would I say, "Let's go back."

Her choice was to return. It was too late to go that day so the next morning I sent our daughter, Mrs. D. C. Kinman, a telegram to meet mother at the station, "Coming on first train." This was something strange! What could be the matter? When they reached Saint Joseph, Sister Terry said that my wife looked as though she had just come through a month's illness.

I returned in a few days and found that all was going well. My wife was still of the opinion that while the move had been an expensive one, and an experience, still it had been best to return. I have never found fault with my wife for wanting to return since I had left it with her and I considered that she was entitled to her way under the circumstances. If we had stayed in Kansas and her illness—and home-sickness—had caused either her's or my daughter's death the balance of my days would have been very unpleasant.

"The Golden Rule will work in the home as well as outside," I concluded, and I am glad that this time I applied it. It is true that the husband should be the head and that the wife and children should give heed to his advice, but here was a time when I could not assert patriarchal authority for I could not say which was the best course to pursue. Besides I am a believer in the idea that it is possible for the wife to be right frequently in her judgments, and that as we are one she ought to have her way at times. I wish now that I had listened

more often to my wife's advice. Is it not true that obedience to the gospel brought back to Mother Eve and her daughters equal rights with her sons? If not, then that which was lost by disobedience is not restored by obedience to the gospel, and the gospel has not done its work. I favor the statement, "Man shall leave his father and mother and shall take unto himself a wife and they, too, shall be one," co-equal.

FINANCIAL REVERSES

I labored in the active ministry for a few months, but the money I had borrowed from Mr. Evans troubled me and I had no prospect of paying my debt.

Just prior to going to Kansas and after selling what interest I had in the creamery, I had taken stock in what was known as the North Saint Joseph Brick Yard Company. I was one of five stockholders. I had also bought a fourth share in coal mines near Cincinnati, Iowa, and I had opened up a wholesale and retail coal office at 512 South Eighth Street, Saint Joseph. Later I bought out all the stock in the mines and went to much expense in opening up the mines. I furnished the brick-yard with coal and wood. Business was generally good. The Hyatt Coal Company wrote to buy my coal mines. I offered to sell for \$10,000 cash. They wanted to buy on the partial payment plan; offered ten thousand dollars in ten annual payments. I then offered to take five thousand dollars cash and five years to pay the balance in five equal payments. But their first offer was their last.

Shortly after this our main entry in the mines struck a fault. Rock cut the coal completely out. After putting down several drill holes to try to locate the coal, we discovered that it would take over twenty-five thousand dollars to go through the fault, even then we could not be sure of what the prospects on the other would be. I sold out for eight hundred dollars. The party I sold to sold in turn for \$400. Later the mines were closed.

The brick business was also giving us trouble. Notes were due and the company owed me nine hundred dollars for coal and wood. One of the stockholders who was reported to be worth fifty thousand dollars, and who was considered good bonds for thousands, placed everything out of his hands. I had to pay over \$2,200 on their debts out of my own slight resources.

I wrote Mr. Thomas Evans offering him four houses I owned in payment for what I owed him. But he was very angry and blamed me in bitter terms for not having paid his money back. If he had done as I requested and had taken the houses, he would have had his money. As it was, I lost them.

I went to Kansas City and made arrangements to sell butter for the Newton Creamery Company of Kansas. I was building up a good trade when they began to adulterate by mixing in country

butter. Whether they made a practice of this generally, or whether it was only for my trade I cannot say. However, I could not hold my trade and good butter was hard to get, so I had to give up the Kansas City business. Then I returned to Stewartsville to try to form a stock company and start up a creamery. Several had promised to support me. After trying to organize and failing, the town offered me five hundred dollars if I would put up a plant. I borrowed sixteen hundred dollars from Sister Sally Worrell and twelve hundred dollars from Grandpa Jones, my wife's father. I had the promise from over one hundred farmers that they would supply me with cream. The first year, 1897, we did a good business; but in 1898, business was only fair. The roads were bad, and cut down our business over half during the spring. Farmers were behind with their work, and promised to send their milk, but this year closed with much loss. I am sorry to say that many of the Saints who had promised to send their milk if I started the creamery did not do so after the first year. True the price of butterfat was low, but those who kept sending their cream did much better than those who kept their cream in order to make butter at home. In the spring of 1899 the supply of milk was very low. I had put every dollar I owned into the plant and I had borrowed \$2,800 on the strength of promises made by some friends.

I had to close down. I turned the property over to Sister Worrell with the one hundred and sixty acres of land in Kansas which Mr. Worrell bought, giving me five hundred dollars on it. This I paid to Brother Frank Mauzey from whom I had borrowed when I traded the Ray Creamery. I was penniless and very much discouraged by this time. Furthermore I had lost confidence in some whom I thought I could depend on.

This experience brought us down to bed rock; twelve hundred dollars in debt to Grandpa Jones and twenty-five hundred dollars in debt to Mr. Evans.

BACK IN BUSINESS AT SAINT JOSEPH

Having failed in Stewartsville, I said to my wife, "I shall go to Saint Joseph and see what I can get to do. When we sold out the milk and ice cream business, I had said that I would never go into that again, so I had no idea of doing so. After reaching Saint Joseph and looking around, however, I took a walk up to the old corner on eleventh and Frederick Avenue.

I found that business had left that once busy place and that the proprietor was sitting down doing nothing. He said to me, "Mr. Lewis you had better come back and take up this business."

I replied, "There is none here."

"Not much, but if you'll come, the trade will return." He was quite complimentary. Notwithstanding I had said I would not take up that line of work again I was strongly impressed to do so

and called on the owner of the building, Mr. Hubbard, who was glad to see me for he had been having much trouble to get his rent. I arranged to take the place.

Returning home, I said to my wife, "What do you think I have done?"

She replied, "You have rented the old stand."

"What makes you think that?"

"I was told so."

"Who told you so?"

"I was thinking what you would do and the impression came that you would do that."

"Well, I have."

It was quite an undertaking. No money and the business gone. The good Master knew I had done all I could do and that friends had forsaken me in the hour of my need. It was everybody for himself. In this condition I dreamed that I was in the cellar of the old building and I saw a very fat fish. The floor was covered with crumbs. "Well," I said, "good reason why he is so fat; see the food he has." The dream was encouraging.

After we moved into the apartment upstairs and prepared to open the business, Sister J. M. Terry called and made the remark, "I feel you will have a good business."

The first thing I did was to clean out the store room, and made arrangements for the best of milk which tested six percent. Then I had a large sign printed which read: "Home Again, Lewis Creamery." I hung it on the corner where it could be seen from a long distance. This sign seemed to catch everyone's attention. Many came in and complimented me upon the sign. That together with good milk and cream soon gave us all we could do, and like the fat fish we were surrounded with plenty. It was an evidence that the impression and the dream had been divine, and I had cause to be grateful.

This was in the fall of 1899. Two years later I had a chance to sell out. The church had mentioned to me about going to Wales on a mission, and I was anxious to go. But my debt was still in the way. I had been paying Mr. Evans what I could spare, sending as little as five dollars at one time. I had paid only five hundred dollars. Now the question was, "Should I keep on in business, paying what I could, or should I sell out and pay Grandpa Jones part and the balance to Mr. Evans. I wrote to Mr. Evans that the church had requested me to go to Wales if I possibly could, but that I would not go as long as I was in his debt. I was willing to sell and send him one thousand dollars if he preferred to take that then, or I would keep on and send him some as I could. He replied that he preferred my selling out and sending him the thousand dollars. He also bid me Godspeed on my mission.

I sold out in September, 1901, and paid Grandpa Jones six hundred dollars and Mr. Evans the thousand dollars.

(To be continued.)

"I HAVE FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT"

(Continued from page 995.)

You are naturally religious. I wish I did not have temptations to meet." I say that we deceive ourselves and misjudge the man. We are all of one flesh and blood. This man met with temptations common to us all. There is no question about it. Even Christ was tempted. But no man that I have ever encountered in my travels and conversations in any field where this man has lived and labored has ever reported or seems to have had knowledge of the slightest deviation in conversation and conduct from the path of rectitude or any appearance of evil or iniquity of any sort in the life of Brother McDowell. He met the issues and temptations fairly and squarely and lived his religion and left a record that his family and the church may well be proud of.

"I have finished my course." There seems to come a time when a man's work is done, and a man is fortunate who continues active until his work is done, and a man is fortunate who continues active until his work is done and he can say in the language of the Master, "It is finished." After many years of service Brother McDowell's work was obviously done. In a way he was fortunate. He was active and continued to give service almost to the end of his life and then passed rather quickly away.

There is consolation in the further statement, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." He was sure of that, and the beautiful part is that it was not for him alone; but for all those who love and keep his commandments this crown is secure.

This afternoon we are sad about the broken fellowship, for there are some men who have been with us so long that when we meet in General Conference and they are not there it seems like something is wrong; when we fail to encounter them on the street and do not have their support any longer, there is a feeling that something has gone out of life—but in spite of all this there are so many things we can be thankful for in a life of this sort that we may rejoice even in the midst of our sorrow. It is often deplored that the young people are drifting away from Christian influences and losing interest not only in the doctrine of the church but in moral ideals, and men and women who are older are oftentimes to blame for this, but when a man like Brother McDowell lives the kind of life that he lived before young people, it is the greatest demonstration and argument that can be presented for their consideration.

In conclusion, on behalf of the whole church, I pay tribute to this good man, because I am sure that wherever there is a Latter Day Saint in touch with this work he would have me do that, and on behalf of the whole church I extend the sympathy of the church to Sister McDowell and her children, because I believe wherever there is a good Latter

Day Saint in touch with this work he would want me to do just that thing. I pray that peace and consolation and the blessing of the Spirit may be with them and abide with them.

THE NOMADS

(Continued from page 1002.)

"Do you all believe there is a God?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Hunt," said Louisa, "I am afraid we shall have to go still farther away in order to find our primitive people who have not been influenced by religion. Perhaps it will be impossible to find—"

Mr. Hunt waved an impatient hand. "Oh, we shall move on by and by. This trip is long enough for the time being. I do not like the water—nor these small boats. I think we'll be able to discover some things of interest, anyway. Someone back in Papeete told me all the people in these islands believe in ghosts and spirits. We can get some data on that, and I can observe some other things." He turned interestedly to Robert: "Ask that big fat man over there if he believes in spirits. Looks like a rather practical fellow to me—not easily deceived."

The "practical fellow" answered with a short, shuddering laugh. Yes, he believed in spirits. He had seen some. One had come at him one evening with a breath like a puff of hot wind.

"What did you do?" questioned another native, "did you run?"

"No," boasted the other. "I turned, grabbed him by the coat collar, shook him, and threw him to the ground."

"Haavaare! That's a lie!" Whereupon everybody chuckled a little.

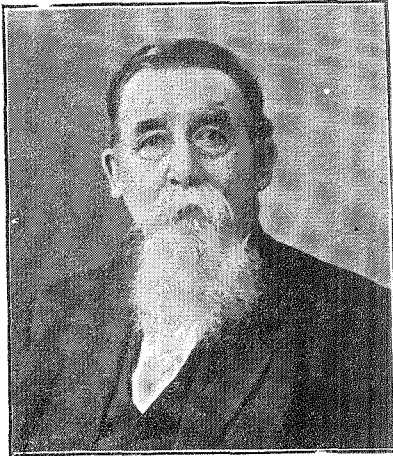
It was quite dark save for the feeble light of lanterns, and someone started a hymn, "Zion, Zion, Zion the pure in heart!"

Louisa sat beside Dan and gave herself over to the enjoyment of the pleasant spirit that seemed to envelop the little group. The stars had never seemed so bright nor so near. They had stopped the engine, and the wind made soft music in the sails; the boat rocked rhythmically; and a strange people sang songs about Zion, and a Savior who would soon come again to earth. Then a native man prayed. It was the first time Louisa had ever heard one of them play. He was darker in color than the average native; she could see his face quite clearly by the light of a lantern. There was something almost attractive about his features. His whole bearing was one betokening quiet dignity. But it was not altogether the soft vowel sounds of the Tahitian language that made his prayer effective. It was because of his utter sincerity. He was actually talking to God, and he knew that he was being heard.

When the prayer had finished, Louisa turned to the quiet, dark-eyed young

Autobiography of William Lewis

Part Nine



WILLIAM LEWIS

MISSIONARY TO WALES

Answering the call of the church to serve as a missionary, I accepted an appointment to Wales, and wife, and daughter Ruth, our youngest, and I left our home at Saint Joseph, where we had spent twenty-six years. On October 30, 1901, we bade farewell to our dear children and many of the faithful Saints of Saint Joseph who had come to the station to see us off.

We arrived in Chicago the next day, five hours late, then took the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern to Buffalo. There we had hoped that we would have time to call on Brother and Sister Winning who lived at Niagara Falls, but we were disappointed.

A STORMY OCEAN VOYAGE

On November 2, we sailed from New York on our way to Wales on board the Cunard liner, *Campania*. Also on board the *Campania* was Brother F. J. Pierce who was to be associated with me in Wales. We left New York Harbor at ten o'clock on a beautiful Saturday morning.

The *Campania* was a ship six hundred and twenty feet long and carried a crew of four hundred and forty men, twenty-two of whom were engineers; ninety-six firemen, fifty-seven coal shovelers and wipers. It had six engines, thirty thousand horse power, and the vessel had carried as many as sixteen hundred passengers.

That night we encountered a severe storm. Sunday morning we were out of sight of land. The waves were mountain high and our ship, the pride of the Cunard Steamship Company, was doing well considering the pressure of the waves. Very few passengers were out to breakfast; nearly all on board were seasick and my wife and Ruth were among the number.

Saturday night I had a very pleasant and impressive dream. I thought we had arrived in Wales; met Brother and Sister Thomas Gould, of Cardiff, to whom Brother G. T. Griffiths had referred us. I made the remark, "We have reached Wales in safety."

Next morning I went up on deck. There was a strong head wind, north-east. The white-caps were all around, the waves high. I had told my wife of my dream, stating that I thought I would know Brother and Sister Gould.

After getting settled on board the steamer, I had time to think of the wonders we had seen in the cities through which we had come, and the questions came to my mind, "Just what is there in life to compare with the wonders of the world and its pleasures? Is there really any enjoyment other than these? Am I foolish in giving up a good business, leaving home and loved ones, making all these sacrifices, and passing through this severe storm?"

My thoughts turned homeward. My wife and Ruth were still seasick, but I was quite well. Up till noon Sunday we had been out twenty-six hours and had traveled four hundred and forty miles; we should have made five hundred.

By sundown the storm was more severe, but my dream gave me much comfort. The waves came over the top deck, and the ship was at the mercy of the mountainous waters.

Further reflections brought an answer to my questions, "Yes, there is something far greater than these wonders which you have seen or will ever see, and that is one hour with Jesus, the Shepherd of the fold. Meeting with the Saints of God (who are really Saints) for even one hour, when the Spirit of the Master is present, is worth more than all this you have beheld."

I sat down and inspired by the feeling this comforting answer brought me wrote the first three verses of the hymn, "One Hour With Jesus":

"One hour with Jesus, the Shepherd of the fold,
I esteem of more value than silver or gold;
The peaceful communion sent down from above,
Makes clear to my vision his mission of love.

"The world and its folly, I bid them all adieu;
I find there no comfort that's lasting and true;
One hour with Jesus, that noble true friend,
Brings peace to my soul that will never more end.

"One hour with Jesus, a grand feast to my soul,
His burdens are light and his yoke easily borne;
Though hardships and trials I may have to meet,
The Spirit bears witness the end will be sweet."

The last two verses of the hymn were written some ten months later, at Llanelli, South Wales:

"One hour with Jesus, the true friend of the weak,
Is very consoling on land or the deep;
The path may be thorny or waves mountain high,
There's joy in the thought that my Savior is nigh.

"One hour with Jesus, the joy of my life,
Will cleanse from the heart all malice and strife;
And give me new courage to press my way on,
In sunshine or darkness, in calm or in storm."

Not feeling the poem complete, I waited some time before sending it to my nephew John Morgan, of Hiteman, Iowa, who composed the music to which the words are now sung by the Saints.

On Monday the storm was at its worst. I talked with one of the engineers and he said that they had had warning of the approach of a storm before leaving New York.

"Why didn't you wait?" I queried.
"We wait for nothing," was his answer. But this, in his opinion, was the most severe storm in the history of the *Campania* which had been plying between New York and Liverpool for nine years.

Because of the storm the engines had been turned off and the ship was tossed about like a rubber ball. One of the engineers said that it was better to turn off the engines than to try to plow through those great waves.

On Tuesday morning we saw the face of the sun for the first time since the storm overtook us, and all who were able to come on deck were very happy to see the weather clearing. My wife and Ruth were still sick—wife was ill about four days, but poor Ruth did not eat anything from Saturday noon until the following Friday and lost five pounds in weight. I was sick only an hour, and would have gotten along very well if I could have enjoyed a solid footing.

Brother Pierce was in the steerage and was only permitted to come on deck after the storm. For three days no one on board was allowed on deck because of the large waves. We had bought

tickets in the third class or steerage, but we changed after coming on board and it was a blessing that we did. At that time the accommodations were very poor in third class, much more so than on the boats built ten years later. The *Campania* was built in 1892 and held the record of having crossed the Atlantic from Liverpool to New York in, the least amount of time, six days and twelve hours.

Before landing I again remarked to my folks and Brother Pierce that I believed I would know Brother and Sister Gould, and I described their appearance and clothing.

At Liverpool we were met by Mr. Williams, of the Gwalia House, who informed us that Brother G. T. Griffiths had been in the city the same morning, but had to leave for Manchester to fill an appointment. We stopped at Liverpool from Saturday afternoon until eleven o'clock Monday morning at which time we took train (the Great Western Railroad) for Cardiff, Wales.

We were very much disappointed with the train accommodations, no water nor toilets, and the passenger cars were divided into compartments, two seats in each compartment, facing each other, each holding five persons.

On leaving Liverpool I asked for checks for our baggage and for the first time was informed that the railroad companies did not give checks or receipts for baggage. All that was necessary was to have your name on your baggage, and at the end of your journey simply ask for it. "Such a careless way!" I thought. However, we arrived safely and with all our possessions.

WE ARRIVE SAFELY

As we were pulling into the station in the early twilight, two men came across the platform. One I pointed out as Brother Gould. So plainly had I seen him and his good wife in my dream that I could have picked them out of a multitude of people. Our dream was fulfilled for, notwithstanding the severe storm, we arrived in Wales in safety.

Here is a question I want those who do not believe in God nor in spiritual dreams to answer: How was I able to recognize Brother and Sister Gould whom I had never seen? No one had described them to me, and prior to that time I had not seen their photographs. By what power was my mind able to grasp a real and perfect impression of them even as to their complexions and their ages? One may say, "It was a wave of the mind." But what caused a wave to take my mind to where the objects were and why did it do this so perfectly while I was asleep?

When I have heard someone speak of certain people, read of them or corresponded with them, I have at times tried to do this when all my faculties were wide awake, however, when I come into their presence, I am invariably mistaken in all my calculations. But often when I have been asleep there has come

to my mind perfect knowledge. The reason I assign for it is the fulfillment of the divine promise in Joel 2:28. It is the Spirit of the Lord that causes one to prophesy and another to see in dreams what he does not see when awake, and another to see the future in visions.

I thank the good Lord that I have been made to understand that he is and that he has in various ways communed with man, blessing him and directing his mind.

MY DREAM OF OUR RECEPTION AT GLEN NEATH

Some six years before I went to Wales on my mission I dreamed I was there and I was at my old home, Glen Neath. The row of houses and the surroundings had not changed in my forty years' absence. I thought the people were so prejudiced that they believed no possible good could come out of the Latter Day Saint gospel. They looked upon me as though I was a wolf and turned their backs toward me. I thought they were nicely dressed, intelligent, and led good moral lives.

I felt my mission there was a failure, and I found fault with the authorities for sending me to a people who did not want to hear the truth. I remarked that I could have stopped at home and found a welcome with those not of our faith.

While I was thus criticizing, a person spoke to me, calling me by name, "William, you must have patience. These people, in a measure, are justified for being so prejudiced, for when the gospel first came to this land the people received it by the thousands and the power of God, like a wave, went all over this land. But wicked men trampled the fair name of the church under their feet, and the honest-hearted people became disgusted with what was now called the Latter Day Saint gospel. You must have patience." I could see the wisdom of the position and the necessity of patience.

I thought I could see all the people standing with their backs toward me and not wishing to hear anything we had to say. At last I got down on my knees and prayed that the Lord would qualify me for the work and give me His Spirit, for without it the arm of man was too short to reach that people.

Arising from my knees, I walked to a mound by the roadside. I raised my hand heavenward and cried aloud, "What a great pity that wicked men have trampled the fair name of the Church of Jesus Christ beneath their feet!" Then I began to explain to the people that Brighamism was not the Latter Day Saint gospel, and they began to turn their faces toward me, one by one. When I explained the great apostasy and the power of the gospel they came up to me, some with tears in their eyes, and reached their hands out to me and bid me Godspeed in my mission. All this was a dream!

WALES A PROMISING FIELD

When I arrived in Wales again after my forty-seven years of absence, I found the house and surroundings just as I had seen them in the dream. The prejudice of the people was like a thick fog. I could not get their attention on the question of religion. But one by one they turned their faces as the mistakes of wicked men were made known, and when they found out that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints was not responsible for the misdeeds of Brighamism.

Let the church appear in her true light in Wales and that little nation will yet be heard from in favor of this great latter-day work. God hasten the day of his power to that end for truly the arm of flesh is too short when left alone. Satan did gain a great victory in that land, and I am extremely anxious to see the day come when true and tried men, who cannot be bought nor sold nor enticed to do wrong, will stand upon the highways and in thunderous tones present the gospel in its purity and simplicity to the confounding of the powers of darkness. Then the blessed sunlight of truth will shine to all parts of the world and the Bride shall make herself ready for the Bridegroom, Jesus, the Christ! Let our wedding garments be the pure linen of righteousness! Come help us, Thou Holy One, to bring about this condition among our fellow men!

Here let me quote portions of a letter I wrote on New Year's Day, 1902, and which appeared in the *Herald*:

"This is the first day of the new year, and I wish to give the readers of the *Herald* a brief history of the work here, as I find it. There are but six branches of the church in Wales: Cardiff, Lydney, Nantyglo, Porth, Llannelly, and Aberaman. At all these places there are a few active workers, and they need help. . . .

"In some respects this is a good field for missionary work. First, because it is one solid mass of people, the traveling expense is not much. To give you some idea: We went from here to Cardiff, by way of Newport, to Merthyr, about thirty miles. Then we came back by way of Pontypridd, about thirty miles. Total, sixty miles. In all we will have passed through twenty-six good large towns on this line, over one million people. Why, it is all towns and people: and go out in some other directions and you find it the same. England, Scotland, and Wales are not as large as the State of Missouri, yet there are over forty million people, and I believe that here there are as many of the blood of Ephraim as in any part of the civilized world. It is true that they are at the present time hard to reach, but we can see good reasons for this when we look at the evils of Brighamism and remember that upon these isles the Salt Lake people have put in some of their hardest work, and their teaching was indeed disgusting to the honest. . . .

(Continued on page 1040.)

mobile accidents. In contrast with this, Lieutenant Colonel A. H. L. Mount, the Chief Inspecting Officer of Railways, Ministry of Transport reports that in 1933 there were 282 deaths on British railways including cases of trespass and suicide. This is the lowest number in thirty years.

Viscount Snowden the famous Labor and Socialist leader of England and one time Chancellor of the Exchequer recently celebrated his seventieth birthday, and in a statement published in the *London Daily Mail* said: "Looking back I thank God for the developed Christian conscience and the enlightened self-interest which together have brought us thus far along the path of progress. This is the most hopeful sign of the times and the most encouraging change I have seen in my long and active life."

LEEDS, ENGLAND, July 21, 1934.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM LEWIS

(Continued from page 1030.)

"Since coming here and looking over the field I am convinced that thousands of good honest souls have passed away that would have been Latter Day Saints had it not been for the abominable dogmas of Salt Lake Mormons; but like Grandpa Roberts, they could not fall in with it, and I believe that there are many more living here who will yet see the light. . . .

"I do not wish to be too fast, but we need here in South Wales twenty active missionaries; and yes, we could use two hundred and keep them at work. . . . In my judgment for the next two years the church should make a special effort to supply this field. I hope that the report of Brother Kelley and Brother Griffiths will be in that line. Wales is in need of help so bad that I believe the angels of God will speak in our behalf. The spring, summer, and fall months are suitable for holding out-door meetings.

"We intend soon to go up near Merthyr, the old stamping ground of the church in early days, also of this in 1865 to 1870; but nothing is there now. I am informed that there are many old Saints that have left the Brighamites, and that there are hundreds of their children that stand off. I do not know how true this is, but will find out. Take it ten miles each way from Merthyr and it is a solid field of people, where there used to be thousands of Saints.

"I have just delivered, from door to door, five hundred notices of the time and place of our meetings and subjects to be considered. We shall hold the meetings as long as the interest is good. Brother G. T. Griffiths has promised to come and help us."

Having labored nearly two years in Wales, we started home July 3, 1903, aboard one of the largest ships afloat, the *Cedric*, a White Star liner.

THE DREAM OF A LITTLE CHILD

While in Wales our little girl, Ruth, was baptized in the sea at Llannelly, by Elder Gomer T. Griffiths, just as the tide was going out at nine o'clock at night.

When we made up our minds to come home, Ruth dreaded the voyage for she had had such a hard sick spell during the crossing. She was anxious to see her brothers and sisters, but the seasickness discouraged her, and she asked us to leave her in Wales with some neighbors.

One morning, however, she came downstairs and said that she would not mind going home if she could have as pleasant a time as she had dreamed. She said that she saw herself and some other little girls playing on the ship, running up and down the decks. One of the sailors took a rope and made a swing for them. They had very good times, and she was not sick at all. The child related the dream with great pleasure—she was but nine years old.

When we boarded the ship Ruth mentioned her dream. She saw some little girls and said: "Now if the sailor will put up the swing, my dream will come true." To her joy and ours, her dream was fulfilled. One of the kind-hearted sailors spent many of his spare minutes with the children and he put up the swing and otherwise entertained them.

One day the little girl came to us saying, "My stomach feels as if I was going to get seasick."

"Go and pray that the dream will all come true," I advised her. That was the last complaint she made. She did not suffer from seasickness.

(To be continued.)

THE NOMADS

(Continued from page 1032.)

whispering of the wind through the palms. When one looked out into the night he saw little fires that had not yet gone out over which people had boiled water and cooked their suppers. Now and then a bright tongue of flame leaped up and the surrounding vegetation flowered in new beauty. Once and again a slight smell of fragrant smoke drifted in.

Lucy's father was rising slowly, feebly. "I cannot read this, Lucy," he said, huskily. "You will please come and read it for me."

She came forward with no hesitancy. His fingers trembled as he held the paper toward her.

"Tete," he pointed out shakily, "This is a mistake. It should read: *Te tatara-hapa nei au*.—I repent."

"No, father," Lucy spoke firmly, "There is no mistake in the writing. I love Robert. I desire to be cast out."

Head held proudly and defiantly high, she walked down the aisle in a profound silence. She paused at the door and turned toward Robert. It seemed to Dan

that she suddenly personified all the soft tenderness and yearning of the warm tropical night as she stretched her arms toward Robert. "*Ropati, Ropati!*" she whispered.

He rose like one in a dream and stumbled after her into the darkness.

Lucy's father finally gathered strength to announce the closing hymn and offer the closing prayer.

"Dear God our Father," he pleaded, "give us Zion—give us Zion e'er long—that city of holiness, that place of safety, that city of the pure in heart, where we may rear our children in righteousness before thee, where they may grow up without sin unto salvation—"

"When I get out of this," thought Dan, "I'm going to give my life to Zion. I shall work for Zion all my days. All the resources at my command shall go into the building of that city of refuge."

Louisa thought: "I'll surely be glad when I get back to civilization and don't have to come in contact with such sordid things. Oh, for a beautiful home, with nice refined associates and friends! And Dan is capable of earning enough to maintain a lovely home. How thankful I am!"

(To be continued.)

ACUTE GASTRIC CATARRH

(Continued from page 1033.)

Toward the end of the attack, "fever blisters" (herpes) may occur about the mouth. Jaundice may be present and slight fever also; vertigo and a sense of fullness in the head. Many of the ordinary cases recover without any treatment. The habits of the patient should be corrected and the Word of Wisdom obeyed.

In cases of poisoning (toxic gastritis), no time should be lost and the best remedy obtainable should be used to fight the tendency to death and get rid of the poison without delay. Quick action is necessary. A physician should be summoned at once and if it is a case of carbolic acid poisoning, alcohol and water should be administered, or if this is not at hand, vinegar may be of some benefit; if it is a mineral acid, olive oil, starch, white of egg, flour, milk, soda, chalk, soap or wall plaster in water; in sulphuric acid cases, avoid water, if corrosive sublimate the white of one egg, flour or milk.

I have not tried to give all the antidotes for poisons as I fear this article already too long. The layman should understand some of the common antidotes of poisons to be used until the arrival of the physician. In toxic gastritis, I cannot emphasize too strongly the extreme necessity for the calling of a competent physician.

If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it they are wrong.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Autobiography of William Lewis

Part Ten



WILLIAM LEWIS

WHAT TO DO AT HOME AGAIN?

Before leaving Wales I saw in a dream that I had arrived home and was standing before the creamery on Eleventh and Frederick Avenue, Saint Joseph, Missouri. The landlord, Mr. Hubbard, came to me and pointing with his hand to the creamery building he said, "I would like it if you would go in there for these folks are not making the business pay." At that another person came up and said, "I want you to work for me." I inquired, "What doing?" He answered, "Selling flour." "What territory and what pay is there in it?" He said, "There is a good commission and the territory is from Saint Joseph east as far as Richmond, Missouri." While he was talking Mr. Hubbard stood there and had nothing to say. He seemed to show by his silence that this man had the best position and that he had more claim on me than Mr. Hubbard had.

Sometime before I arrived home, Mr. Hubbard was inquiring about me and saying that he wished I would come and rent that creamery. As soon as he heard we arrived, he called on me and suggested that I go back into the business. I gave him no satisfaction. In the meantime I had been appointed by the church to labor in Far West District, Saint Joseph the objective point, the territory extending from Saint Joseph to Richmond, not to sell the flour or bread that perishes but to distribute the Bread of Life.

Arriving at home July 14, 1903, I was not in good health as I was being troubled with my heart. However, I was improving.

At the reunion held at Stewartville in September, I asked Brother I. N. White's advice in regard to my leaving the active ministry and going into business. He advised me not to become en-

tangled in business affairs; that I could do much good in church work.

But I was anxious to be self-supporting and to get my sons into business. There was an opening as the creamery doors were closed. I thought I could be a help to our sons; it would not be long before we could build up a business that the boys could run and then I could give my entire time to church work and still be self-supporting.

I gave the matter much thought and laid it again more fully before Bishop E. L. Kelley and Brother I. N. White. They, too, thought my idea was all right, so I went into business. I took our oldest son, Dan, in with me. Later on, I took Dave and Rob. This venture proved a mistake. I should have given heed to the dream. No need to ask any advice when I had been instructed what I should do. However, I felt that I could be self-supporting and do nearly as much for the church as I could in the active ministry. Later on, according to my figuring, this creamery business was to bring me sufficient revenue not to only support my family, but also others. Then I could give my entire time to the church.

I had to borrow some money, and began business in October, 1903. By March, 1905, we had paid back to Brother D. C. Kinnaman three hundred dollars with six percent interest. We had also paid the interest to Mr. Worrell. Besides all this we had bought and paid for three creamery wagons, four horses, the harness for them, some ice cream cans and tubs, and we had fitted up an ice cream parlor, having electric fans and signs. I bought a combined churn and butter worker and a 12-horse power boiler, and I partially paid for a Jensen pasteurizer.

MISSION TO PENNSYLVANIA

The business was getting along very well and my sons were taking an active interest in it. The church asked me to go on a mission to Pennsylvania with Scranton as the objective. After considering the matter, I decided to leave the boys in charge of the creamery. I had been laboring in Scranton for about a year when I was taken quite ill. When administered to I would be free from pain for a short time. A doctor was called, and after an examination told me that it was, in his opinion, inflammation of the bowels. I had fallen on the ice previous to my illness, and thought possibly the fall had something to do with the trouble; but the doctor thought not. He gave me some strong medicine to be taken every hour for seven hours. He repeated the seven doses, and from then on my stomach became very sick. For weeks afterward my mouth would

fill with water and foam and the pain continued.

It was on the nineteenth of March, a cold stormy day, that we started home. I was still quite sick. Two days later we arrived home, and for four weeks I had the same pain and suffered greatly. I have always blamed the medicine the doctor gave me and feel that it was not the proper treatment for the trouble and that I did not need what he prescribed.

Improved in health, we returned to my mission field and I located my wife and Ruth in Philadelphia, renting two rooms upstairs from Brother and Sister W. Smith.

Brother Farnfield and I held tent meetings at Scranton. During June and July we continued our services with good success, baptizing a number of honest souls.

Then I received a letter from my son, David, and also one from my son-in-law, D. C. Kinnaman, saying that it would be advisable for me to return home to look after the creamery business. At my request, I was transferred from the Pennsylvania field to Saint Joseph and Far West.

In August, 1906, we returned, and I found that Rob had sold out his interest to Dave for some mining stock in Arizona without my knowledge or consent. I found also that the indebtedness had increased and that the boys had made mistakes and were spending money too freely.

EARNINGS OF A QUARTER OF A CENTURY ARE LOST

From the first of September, 1906, until May 8, 1907, I tried without success to sell the plant or trade it. Sometimes I thought it would be advisable for me to go back into business for the sake of those to whom the boys were indebted. I did suggest to D. C. Kinnaman that I was willing to try to build up the business, but in order to undertake it, it would be necessary for me to borrow at least four hundred dollars. He did not favor my leaving the ministry. He preferred to lose what he had put into the business. We advertised the business, including the equipment, for sale. I also consulted Bishop E. L. Kelley and President Joseph Smith, and they advised me to get out of it and to give my entire time to church work.

Before the sale—public auction—we sent notices of sale to all who were interested in that line of business in parts of Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and south, and east as far as Saint Louis. I was hoping that from all of the surrounding territory someone would be interested and would buy the plant. But we were disappointed. We did not get a bid. No one from a distance was present at the

sale. We sold at a private sale at a very low figure. In all I did not receive more than \$650. Some of the things did not sell.

Sister Sally Worrell held a mortgage for \$500, and D. C. Kinnaman \$307. He held a mortgage on some things that Sister Worrell's mortgage did not cover.

As the administrator of my sister's estate, I had loaned \$80 belonging to it to the creamery, and \$200 belonging to my wife. Part of this sum my wife had earned by making bread, pies, and doughnuts. All this was gone, and still I could do no more than I had done. It was hard to see the earnings of more than a quarter of a century go to the wind and to be indebted to others, to say nothing of being indebted to members of my own family.

MAKING A CHOICE

When I was contemplating going back into business, I sought the Lord for light, and dreamed that I was leading three little girls into a river to baptize them. The water was very shallow. One of the girls was my own daughter, Ruth, who was already in the church. As we walked up the stream in search of sufficient water, I saw a party of men who were men of the world never giving the subject of religion a thought. All they cared for was to satisfy their appetites and to have what is generally called "a good time."

One of these men spoke to me saying, "Go up farther and you will find plenty of water." I thanked him for the information and found it just as he had said.

Leading Ruth into the water that was quite deep, I said, "Do not be afraid." At that I saw the wickedness in the world and how much these little girls would have to contend against. I was impressed to pray for them as follows:

"Heavenly Father, I come unto thee in behalf of these dear children who are about to enter into covenant with thee by baptism of water. Give them strength to keep it sacred and unbroken. Many are the pitfalls of sin in the world. Deliver them, I pray thee, from the snares of wicked men. Keep them in the hollow of thy hand; bid back the tempter, and when life's journey is ended, may they be worthy to enter into the rest prepared for the faithful. I ask it in the blessed name of Jesus Christ."

The earnest, simple prayer seemed to touch the hearts of the listening men, and I could see that they had never thought the wickedness of the world half so bad as it was; that they had never considered the necessity of prayer or its value, and that they were deeply interested and anxious that I should continue in prayer. Although they were men of the world, I could see that they had some noble traits, and having once heard the gospel, they could become a power for good. I could see by the faces of those strong, able-bodied men that there was an awakening in their hearts and that they wanted to seek for divine help so

their own lives might be of benefit to others.

When I awoke from this dream words came to me: "Take your choice: labor for silver and gold, the bread that perishes, or devote your time to helping your fellow man to understand God and his truths, and to going among your brothers and sisters, encouraging them in the good work in which they are engaged."

"Lord," I said, "it is enough. I shall do all I can to help men within and without the church to worship thee!"

BACK TO MY EASTERN MISSION

Having been appointed to labor again in the Eastern mission, Scranton, Pennsylvania, the objective, I concluded to take my wife and Ruth with me. The church would pay my fare. The family's fare I would have to pay. How to do so, not having any means, was a puzzle. I was willing to go alone, but the branch in Scranton was small and I did not know whether there were any who would board and lodge me. So I wrote to the president, saying that I would come alone, or if they thought it best, I would bring my family; but that in either case, the branch would have to care for me. The Bishop also wrote the branch asking what they would do in helping to support a missionary.

The matter was presented to the branch, but no action for or against was taken. Under the circumstances we concluded that it would be best for me to take my wife and to ask the Bishop to help support me if the branch would not. I was being sent out in the interests of the church, and I had reason to believe that the way would be opened up for us to be cared for.

The train fare from Saint Joseph to Scranton was \$28.50, so my wife's and Ruth's tickets cost \$57, without Pullman reservations. Freight charges for some household goods which we thought advisable to ship (at our own risk which was cheaper than to ship at the company's) was \$24. I had to pay a total of \$81.

When we were ready to start on our mission I did not have sufficient funds. I dreamed that I dropped some money into a grate on the sidewalk and that it went into the cellar among some rubbish. I hunted until I was tired but did not find it. At last I found enough one, two, and five dollar bills to make a handful. I was very glad for I understood that someone had put them there for me.

Upon awakening, I told my wife that we were going to have some good news soon. She replied that to dream of finding money was not good. But I thought it was. We had some of the creamery machinery still on hand, and I thought someone might come to buy it.

A GOOD GIFT

The day passed and nothing came either good or bad. We were stopping with our daughter, Mrs. D. C. Kinnaman as we had given up house-keeping and were packed to start on our mission.

That night after all had retired but Brother D. C. Kinnaman and I, he inquired of me how much of the Morgan estate (my sister's) I had let the creamery have. I said that the sum was \$250 but that all except \$80 had been paid back.

"How much did your wife lose?"

"Two hundred dollars," was my reply.

"Well," he said, "here is a check for \$80 to pay the Morgan estate, and here is one for \$200 for your wife."

My dream came to me and I said, "Carl, you have lost so much in that creamery that I do not like to take this from you."

"But I don't want the Morgan estate to lose its money nor your wife to lose her \$200," was his answer.

To say that I was grateful does not express my feelings. I went to the bedroom to my wife and told her what Carl had done. She could hardly realize what I was saying and wondered why Carl would do that after losing so much himself.

Next evening I said to Carl, "The Lord has certainly moved upon you to do this kind act and if I had not seen in a dream that some kind friend would help us. I certainly would not take the money." It was a Godsend to us for it helped us to get located in our new home and helped pay Ruth's school tuition. May he be blessed for this kind deed in his hour of need.

We left for our mission June 13, 1907, by way of Chicago, Buffalo, and Niagara Falls. We stopped off just one hour then proceeded to our destination, and arrived at Scranton on the fifteenth. There we were met by Brother Richard Hawkins and stayed in his home for nearly a week. Ruth stopped with Brother and Sister Fossie. We rented an apartment consisting of four rooms, bath, and two clothes closets for \$12.50, which was too much for our pocketbook but not too much for the property. The location was pleasant.

WHEN DISSENSION AND INDIFFERENCE CREEP IN

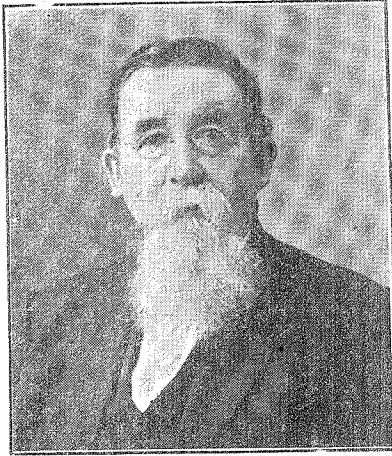
We found the branch in poor condition. Elder Brown had labored hard during the winter and had given much time, but he had been hasty along certain lines. The branch had become divided and hard feelings had followed. In my judgment, both sides had overstepped their rights.

I found in this local an indifferent spirit toward missionaries and their work, and up to the date of August 19, 1907, the branch had taken no action to help support the missionary. From different ones I received about five dollars, half of this coming from nonmembers. I did much house to house work, talking with Saints and showing them their duty toward their brothers and sisters.

I held outdoor meetings two nights a week at Archibald, with some interest, and in everything I undertook solicited the cooperation of church members, old and new. (To be concluded.)

Autobiography of William Lewis

Part Eleven



WILLIAM LEWIS

(At this point the author discontinued the writing of his autobiography, though it is evident that he planned later on to revise the manuscript and finish his life story. While he was in Scranton, the church called Brother Lewis to take a second mission to Wales, the country of his birth. With him again went his wife and daughter, Ruth. Here we let Brother Lewis tell the story of their ocean trip and arrival in England and Wales as he wrote it to the Herald years ago. It was printed in the Herald, July 22, 1908.—Editors.)

A SECOND JOURNEY TO WALES

Myself, wife, and daughter, Ruth, bade farewell to the Saints and friends of Scranton, Pennsylvania, on May 29, at two o'clock in the morning. Several accompanied us to the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western station, and waited to see us leave for New York. The last six months in Scranton had been of such pleasant character, that it was truly a task to say good-bye. We did so, however, with the promise that if all were well, we should call on our return home to good old Far West District, State of Missouri, which, by the way, we hope will be organized into a stake before that happy day (our return) comes.

Prior to our departure from Scranton, I had heard that many of the Saints had concluded to see us off at the station. The hour being late, or rather, early, I advised at our last prayer meeting that they bid us good-bye at our stopping-place, which was at the welcome home of Brother George Morris and wife. The advice was heeded by all, with the exception of ten.

We arrived in New York City, at seven o'clock in the morning. A cold, chilly rain was falling, and the city

looked as though it were deserted. We were the first of our little party to arrive, but all were in ample time to find their quarters on board the *Carmania*, which is one of the most comfortable boats afloat, built for comfort and not so much for speed, as it takes usually from seven to eight days to make the journey from New York to Liverpool, a distance of about 3,195 miles, which is about two hundred miles farther than the central, and three hundred miles farther than the northern course.

From the first of May to October 1, the large liners take the southern course, which is one hundred miles south of the Banks of Newfoundland. They do this to avoid icebergs, which are numerous in the summer months along the central and northern courses. We did not see any, but were informed there were some not a great distance away. For two days overcoats and wraps were in demand on deck.

Experienced seamen can tell when they are near the icebergs, for as they say, they tell it by the smell and taste of the atmosphere. Still, the officials in charge of the ships do not trust to that method alone. They take samples of water, and if the thermometer shows changes, indicating cold, they take their samples quite often, every thirty minutes. More often in the night and during a fog, and if the indications are such that they are close to the icebergs, they slacken their speed one half.

TWELVE LATTER DAY SAINTS ABOARD

There were twelve Latter Day Saints on board the ship: Brother J. W. Rushton, James Baillie, missionary to Scotland; Rees Jenkins and wife, missionary to Wales; Brother Daer, on a visit to Scotland, and Brother Truman to England on a visit; Brother and Sister Giesch, and daughter, Louise, on a visit to Germany; myself, wife, and daughter, Ruth, to Wales.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, May 30, the *Carmania* started on her journey. She ran aground on some soft mud, but, fortunately, her twenty-one thousand horse-power engines succeeded in getting her into deeper water without calling for other help. The *Carmania* is 675 feet in length; 72 feet and 6 inches in breadth; depth to the boat deck, 80 feet; gross tonnage, 20,000 tons; crew, 450 hands; number of tons of coal consumed every twenty-four hours, from 450 to 500 tons. She is a triple-screw turbine.

During supper time, six o'clock in the evening, May 30, we got into what the sailors call the "swelled sea," and the boat began to heave, not bad, just enough to cause a person to feel that the floor

was giving way from beneath his feet, and the head began to get dizzy. Several had to leave the dining room, and wife was one of the first, followed by Sister Giesch. Wife was unable to go alone, and I was of little support to her. Still, I was not sick, but I staggered, and not with strong drink. We were making poor headway towards our room, when one of the waiters came to our assistance, and we reached our comfortable quarters none too soon; for in this case, the signs did follow the believer, for wife and said she believed she would be sick.

Ruth and Louise were numbered among the unbelievers, for they said they were not going to be sick, and after supper they both went up on deck to breathe the refreshing air of the Atlantic; but, about dark, they both had to follow in the footsteps of their mothers. I called at their room, and found the four in a very humble position, doing the best they could under the circumstances. They all agreed that riding on the ocean wave had brought about a very unpleasant experience. For about two days they were paying tribute to Neptune.

The men folks, with the exception of Brother Rees Jenkins, were more fortunate. They were always ready to answer the sound of the gong (calling to meals).

We were four in a room, Brothers Rushton, Baillie, Giesch, and myself. The rooms are eight by ten, four single berths, two closets for clothing, two wash-bowls, and electric lights, and everything highly polished. Pressing on the button brings to the room the steward or nurse. There are baths with fresh or salt water, free.

The dining room is very large and neat, and the table well supplied. First call for breakfast at seven; lunch, at half-past ten, consists of beef tea and crackers, served on deck or in the drawing room; dinner at twelve-fifteen; candy (butterscotch), at three, passed to all on the deck and in the drawing room; tea, at half-past five; supper at nine, consisting of tea, coffee, cocoa, lemonade, oatmeal gruel, crackers, and cheese. There was a fine orchestra that played from half-past ten to half-past eleven in the morning and from half-past three to half-past four in the afternoon. There was a religious service Sunday morning, conducted by the minister of the Church of England. Music and singing were good, reading from prayer-book; too much form for me.

Brothers Daer, Giesch, and Baillie have been discussing along gospel lines with some of the passengers, and one Plymouth Brethren minister in conversation with Brother Baillie tried to impress

the people with the idea that all the Saints, or Mormons, as he called them, were one. But he did not succeed. Friends were made to the truth.

There were on board two Japanese; one of whom took passage in the first-class, and one on the same as us (the second). The one in the second is the general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Japan. He has been to the United States to learn more about Christianity. He said that "the Christians disagree too much." He was given some of our literature, and Brother Rushton exchanged addresses with him. He is a bright, well educated young man.

There was a concert one evening in the dining room of the second-class, admission free, at the close of which a collection was taken for the benefit of the Seamen's Orphans' and Widows' Homes in Liverpool and New York. Brother Rushton, being asked if he would take part in the program (he might sing a song if he felt so disposed), answered, "I am no singer, but here is one," pointing to Brother Baillie, whose name was immediately placed on the program as one of the volunteers. He sang, "*I Am Going Back to Old Ireland*," which, using a common phrase, "brought down the house." He was called back; the audience would not take "No," for an answer. He then sang a Scotch favorite, "*What Is the Use of Repining?*" There were eighty-five dollars collected in the second-class for the orphans' homes. On the following evening two concerts were given for the homes, one on third and one on first. During the year 1907, 1,165 children received the benefits of a home in these institutions.

THE LANDING

Sunday morning, June 7, we were on deck bright and early to have a look at the land of our birth, Wales. It is a beautiful sight, Ireland on one side, and Wales on the other. Sailing vessels of every description were numerous, and the sight was one not soon to be forgotten.

Just eight days from the time we left the land of our choice, the United States, we arrived in Liverpool at three o'clock in the afternoon. Here our company scattered to their respective fields. During our voyage eleven of us sat side by side at the table during meals. On entering the boat, each one was assigned to his room, and given his number at the table, which he held during the voyage. Brother Rushton had arranged it so that we could all be together at one table, which was much appreciated.

On June 9, we left for Aberdare, Wales, intending to locate there or in Merthyr, but could not get suitable quarters, houses being scarce. Plenty for sale, but not for rent. We stayed overnight with Brother and Sister Silas Evans, of Aberaman. Came on the next day to Cardiff.

The Pennygraig Branch gave a reception in honor of the return to Wales of Brother Rees Jenkins and wife and myself and family. After feasting on the sweet things prepared by the sisters, we were entertained by reciting and singing in English and Welsh. There have been added to this church during the last year several bright, intelligent young people, who are active in the interests of the cause. I was pleased to see the friendly feeling that existed among them all.

CLOSING YEARS

The above autobiography was found more than six years after the death of my father. It had never been completed as he led a very active life and never seemed to find the time in which to revise and finish it.

The last year of his work at Scranton, proved quite successful, and it was with sadness that he left there for a mission to Wales, as the church requested. He sailed May 30, 1908, and mother and I accompanied him.

Bishop Kelley secured passage for us and also for several others going to various parts of Europe: Brother John W. Rushton was going to England; Brother and Sister Albert Giesch and Louise Giesch to Germany; Brother Truman and Brother Baillie to Scotland; Brother and Sister Rees Jenkins to Wales and later to Jerusalem. Brother Jenkins died in Jerusalem after being taken captive during the World War.

We located in Cardiff, Wales, renting the same apartment we had occupied when we were there in 1901-1903.

SERVING AS A PATRIARCH

Mother and I returned to the United States in December, 1908, because of illness, but father remained until the following spring when he also was called home because of sickness in the family.

In the spring of 1910, father was ordained a member of the order of evangelists. At that time there were few active patriarchs, and his duties called him to various States and to Canada. His experiences in this office were sometimes marvelous. Some of them he wrote to the *Herald* years ago.

Having been appointed to labor in Far West with Cameron as the center, father bought property there in 1910, and made his home there until the winter of 1918, when he sold the home property.

It was after he had been ordained to the office of patriarch that one day while at home in Cameron I heard father singing words that were unfamiliar to me. "What are you singing, father?" I asked. "Oh, some words that are just the way I feel."

They were verses of his own composition, and today we have that hymn in the *Saints' Hymnal*, "*Come, Holy Spirit*," number 199. My cousin, John L. Morgan, also wrote the music for this hymn.

Father wrote a great many things a large part of which have never been printed. He liked, when he found the time, to keep a record of happenings and of his thoughts and meditations.

Prior to the sale, however, he was actively engaged in his line of duty in Kansas City Stake. When walking down one of the resident streets one day in December, 1918, he suffered a slight stroke which knocked him to the ground. However, he was able to get up and looked around to see if anyone had seen him fall. He said he felt "rather foolish" for falling when there was nothing that tripped him. When he returned home to Cameron, he suffered another slight stroke which partially disabled his left arm. Mother was ill at the time and her oldest daughter, Mrs. D. C. Kinnaman, went out to Cameron and took them both to Saint Joseph with her.

The week preceding this he had sold the home and was anxious to go up to Saint Joseph which had been his home for nearly fifty years.

One stroke followed another, but they were so light as to be hardly noticeable. During this illness he had several remarkable experiences. Four different times he called me to get my tablet and pencil, that he had a message to give, but each time the flesh was too weak and it was never written.

Nevertheless, father did tell me of trouble that would come not only to the world, but to the church in general, and he declared that only those who were steadfast would be able to endure. "For there are many things coming which will cause men's hearts to fail them, and only those who cling closely to the rod of iron will endure to the end." He also mentioned a wonderful dream he had in which he saw our present Auditorium, and described it as minutely as if he were living when it was built. He described it as "not the temple, but a large building to house General Conference crowds, church offices, etc." We often wonder why that dream should have come to one who passed on a few years before it was built.

A few days before his passing away, father asked to sit at the desk—he wanted to write something. Humoring his every wish, we helped him to the desk. He was so weak that he wrote just a few words. We thought he just scribbled something and did not look to see. He passed peacefully away March 29, 1919, at 11 p. m. The next day I hunted up the tablet on which he had scribbled a few days before. It was just an ordinary school pencil tablet, nothing in it; but about the middle of the tablet we found the words, "Seventy-two hours extension of time."

We counted from the time he had written that until his death. It was seventy-two hours.

RUTH LEWIS HOLMAN.
(The End.)