

**ELDER JOSEPH LUFF.**







ELDER JOSEPH LUFF.

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# AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

## ELDER JOSEPH LUFF,

ONE OF THE

## TWELVE APOSTLES

OF THE

REORGANIZED CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF  
LATTER DAY SAINTS.

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To my Mother,

WHOSE TOILING FINGERS FED AND WHOSE PRAYERS AND  
TEARS ENLISTED HEAVEN'S GRACE TO SAVE  
HER WAYWARD BOY;

AND

To my Wife,

WHOSE PATIENT TOIL AND CHEERFUL SACRIFICE NOW  
FREES MY LIFE FOR GOSPEL SERVICE,

THIS HUMBLE VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY  
DEDICATED.

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## PREFACE.

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EMERSON has said, "There is for every man a statement possible of that truth which he is most unwilling to receive—a statement possible, so broad and pungent, that he cannot get away from it, but must either bend to it or die of it."

Looking out upon the world as we find it to-day, upon the mind of the thoughtfully observant individual, (the individual who knows that in the gospel plan of salvation the truth and righteousness of God is revealed,) is forced the conviction that there is no truth men are so unwilling to admit as this great fundamental one upon which the destiny of the human family depends.

For the world's great and urgent needs, men are seeking, in every direction save this, a remedy. Of the stupendous social problems growing out of these urgent needs they are diligently seeking solutions; and, above all, because inseparably connected with all, they are seeking to quench their thirst from broken cisterns and refusing to draw from the wells of living water.

It is because of these deeply seated convictions that this volume is published; and the hope nearest the heart of its author in giving it to the world

is that in it the statement of the grand and soul-inspiring truths of the gospel of Christ may be put in such a way as to make it impossible for some, at least, to "get away from them."

Various minds are reached in various ways. The writer of this preface remembers well the fascinating power which biography always possessed for her, especially in her youth, and hence has urged the author to preserve his plain, unvarnished story in a more lasting form than that of a magazine article.

In these pages the author, taking you by the hand, leads you side by side with him along the rough and thorny paths of toiling poverty, sure pledge to those who do not know him (for those who know him do not need this pledge) that his tender sympathies are ever enlisted upon the side of those who toil and suffer; that to him the knowledge of another's need ever comes as a personal appeal.

An eminent writer has said, "If I wanted to teach a man, I would let loose a life at him. Words are weak, but the logic of a life is irresistible." In these pages the reader will company with one upon whom "a life was let loose" while yet a boy, one who very early was compelled to assume the responsibility which Wendell Phillips calls "educating" and to contend with the poverty of which Garfield said, "It is uncomfortable, as I can testify," and in the outcome of this history they will

find an added proof of the assertion, "but in nine cases out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance," he adds, "I never knew a man to be drowned who was worth the saving."

In this kind of literature, our church is all too poor, and we ought, as a people, to welcome gladly this addition to our meager supply; for each separate chapter will be found rich in experiences all tending to the encouragement of those who are climbing upward along life's uneven pathway.

Nor is this all, but in its pages will be found a tribute so tender and true to woman as mother and wife as can but inspire in the hearts of those who read an earnest desire to be worthy of the same from their own sons and husbands.

It is a book which from the first page to the last cannot fail of carrying with it the assurance of earnestness of purpose and adherence to the truth of convictions, no matter how trying the circumstances, and it is our firm conviction that it will be blessed of God to the enlightening of many and to the bringing many to a knowledge of the truth.

FRANCES.





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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF  
ELDER JOSEPH LUFF.

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CHAPTER I.

AN OMINOUS GREETING.

There's something in a noble boy,  
A brave, free-hearted, careless one,  
With his unchecked, unbidden joy,  
His dread of books and love of fun,  
And in his clear and ready smile,  
Unshaded by a thought of guile,  
And unrepressed by sadness—  
Which brings me to my childhood back,  
As if I trod its very track,  
And felt its very gladness.

N. P. WILLIS.

HAS the evening of October 31 in any of the years of the last half century ever found the reader in a Canadian city? If so, his memory will be revived by what is here recited. If not, he will, perhaps, be surprised to learn that on that night, throughout the Dominion and also in all other places where Scotch and English traditions obtain, things terrestrial get into a strange uproar.

The monotony of a year's associations and quietude is suddenly broken, and every movable thing seems to be seized with an irresistible impulse to go off at a tangent. Wagon wheels start from the old familiar axle, round which they have contentedly revolved for a year, and are found next morning sheltered among the spreading branches of some distant oak or chestnut tree. Wheelbarrows climb to the top of neighboring barns, garden gates and shed doors go off on a pilgrimage and only return upon arrest by their original owners, their whereabouts having been learned after days of diligent quest. Balls of twine climb out of the merchants' store drawers and find their way to some dark street, where they attach to door-knobs on one side and bell-knobs on the other. Chimney flues suddenly refuse to conduct the smoke from fires below and transform themselves into resting stools for renegade window-shutters, or furnish shelter to some fugitive garden hose that has sought refuge in their sooty retreat.

Nor are these strange phenomena confined to things inanimate. The family horse becomes discontented with his native stall and normal attitude, and, wandering off at midnight, seeks a neighboring woodshed or factory, into which he deliberately backs himself and pulls the

door close after him. There he meekly stands till invited out by the astonished host in the morning. Goats effect an entrance to distant cellars and familiarize themselves with the glassware and canned goods therein, for which liberty they bow their apologies next morning and obtain permission to leave unmolested. Cows become bewildered and mistake the velvety lawn adjoining some convenient parsonage for their accustomed pasture and assume the liberties of the place. Pigs go picnicing in biped reserves, and fowls are frequently found roosting on office desks at late hours on November 1. Cats varnish their tails with coal tar, tie their feet in pairs, and quietly drop backward into grandpap's overcoat pocket, where they instantly begin a solo that thrills the air with its melody to the tune of "Mortals heed my plaintive cry," with variations, till the atmosphere is blue and grandpapa's hands are black, as he responds to the appeal. Then the tune is changed, for the old gentleman begins where the emancipated feline leaves off, and in staccato tones breaks into a melody that ends with, "Hades! quick! thy vengeance hurl," or something equally expressive. Here and there an odd dog escapes the contagion; but it is only where he has been assigned a special post of

duty, and where the witches (for prudential reasons, unnecessary to explain) do not exert their subtle influence.

Even vegetation is found in sympathy, for cabbages wrench themselves from the soil and turn up their stalks appealingly to the passing hordes of boys, as if agonizing to be relieved thereof. Touched by the earnestness of such appeals the generous lads rush in, and, with an alacrity unknown to our jury system, sever the Gordian knots, thus relieving the suppliant head; then, seizing the divorced stalks with which to arm themselves against the floating elves, they parade the streets, shouting, "Halloween! Halloween!!" to warn the inhabitants. This course is pursued through the principal streets; but, upon entering those avenues where the balls of twine have adjusted themselves, as already intimated, the juveniles post themselves, each before a door, and, at a given signal, the cabbage stalks begin an irregular tattoo on the panels. This lasts less than a minute, but the inhabitants thus aroused rush to the doors, and all along either side of the street they busy themselves in ringing up their neighbors over the way. Merchants respond to the hoodlum cry that rends the street air, and dump the contents of their apple barrels on the outer pavement to

be scrambled for and consumed hurriedly, by the clamoring juveniles.

Early in the evening children gather in the kitchen round a wash tub, half filled with water, on the surface of which floats a number of apples. Kneeling on the floor, and with hands bound behind them, they reach their heads over the sides of the tub and duck for the apples, each vying with the other in an effort to catch the dodging fruit and bring it out in their mouths. In the dining room apples are suspended from the ceiling at the end of long cords, and set in motion. At either end of the sweep stands one or more boys or girls, with jaws distended, eager to seize the oscillating fruit, but more frequently doomed to develop a lump or blister through miscalculation, as the apple plants itself with emphasis on the upper lip. At midnight the maidens rise and perform some antiquated ceremonies requisite to getting a glimpse in dream of prospective husbands, while old wives try to swallow red herrings whole, at a single gulp, to exorcise the stalking demons and obtain release from the fiats of fate. In fact all nature seems agog.

Days and sometimes weeks elapse before the country recovers fully from the effect of this annual masquerade of the witches; and

sometimes the wandering objects referred to forget the landmarks of their journeying and fail to ever return.

Such were the events and such was the commotion in progress in Toronto, the capital city of Upper Canada, when the writer—forty years ago—made his advent among mortals; and, without fail, in rain or shine, the celebration of his birthday has been thus faithfully observed each following year to date. Who, then, among those to whom his present faith is such a delusion, can wonder that one born in the midst of such baneful surroundings, with superstition thickening the very atmosphere, should become, in later years, an easy prey to the “mysterious influences of that crowning superstition which ensnared so many thousands of earth’s innocents.” Surely if people were better informed as to the character of the goblins that heralded my coming they would condone the eccentricities that characterize my stay. Or, on the other hand, they might conclude that if

Demon spell and human skill,  
Combined, could not disturb us,  
It must be that, in Sovereign will,  
We’ve been spared for a purpose.

However it may be, the writer is here, and in the following chapters will be found a brief



mention of some of the circumstances by which the course of his pilgrimage has been influenced. No effort will be made to extol or debase himself in the reader's estimation. No attempt will be made to meet the exactions of literary critics. The bad with the good may be unskillfully interblended, yet, if the medley but represents in miniature the facts of a life, and that life be the writer's, it is at least true to its design. The consciousness that a divine hand has led him, and the hope that his brief recital may help to nerve the faltering trust of his youthful readers, together with the intent that some older eyes may detect hopeful signs in other boys whose effervescent mischief invites upon them so many maledictions, are the incentives to the publication.

## CHAPTER II.

## KITH AND KIN.

Sometime when all life's lessons have been learned,  
And sun and stars forevermore have set,  
The things which our weak judgment here has spurned,  
The things o'er which we grieve with lashes wet,  
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,  
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;  
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,  
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

ANON.

My father, John Luff, was born in Sussex, England, in 1818, and at a very early age left his home, migrated to America, and settled in Toronto, where he remained till his death, in 1865. Of his parents I know nothing, save that they were reported to have been poor but industrious people. His father died while he was but an infant and his mother a few years later. Even of my father himself I remember but little; for my seventh year had not been completed when he left our home; and, though we met occasionally, he did not return until the beginning of the year in which he died. Just five months after his return he was taken sick with what would now be called pneumonia, and in one week

thereafter, on the twenty-third day of May, while I was absent at my place of employment, he passed away. What I had been in point of benefit for years I was now in fact—fatherless.

I do not know that my father had any religion. I learn from mother that he favored the Episcopalian form of faith and died in its profession. His long absence from home (about six years) had the effect of alienating the affection of his children, to a limited degree at least, so that his command and influence over them was not recognized by me as fully after his return as it might otherwise have been. With the circumstances that attended his leaving and long absence I never sought to become fully acquainted. Being too young to sense the seriousness of the matter at the time, I never made inquiry, nor have I ever done so to this day. I know he returned and died at home, and with his dying breath bore testimony to the faithfulness of the good wife he was leaving a widow, expressed sorrow that her goodness had not been fully rewarded by him, and urged the children to honor and obey her. These things I learned from the lips of friends who watched by his side when he closed his eyes in death.

Some time after his marriage he was thrice stricken with paralysis, which resulted in the loss of his hearing, and my memory does not recall a time when he could hear a sound of any kind distinctly. All communication with him was conducted by writing, except when he could detect the words uttered by the motion of the speaker's lips, at which he became quite expert.

He was for years engaged solely in the manufacture of shoe blacking and lucifer matches, his chances for success remaining quite fair until a large firm, backed by ample capital, entered the field and left him without ability to compete in the market with its wares. He continued, however, to follow his business in a limited way as long as he lived, engaging at intervals in such other work as gave promise of remuneration to one in his condition. Afflicted as he was he was an object deserving sympathy, and as memory portrays him before me to-day, I wish I had loved him more, and that my boyhood history contained no record of impudent retort or stubborn resentment toward him; but it does, and that which my riper years and better sense condemns as having been wrong, (though I was but a child,) may God in his tender compassion forgive. He was

my father, and no mistake of his could ever justify an unfilial word in me. It would be consolation to me also could I know that he was now aware of my repentance.

My mother's maiden name was Ann Garbutt. She was born in Yorkshire, England, February 6, 1831, but was brought by her parents, Joseph and Mary Ann Garbutt, to Canada when she was but three years of age. They settled in what was then known as Muddy York, but what is now known as the beautiful city of Toronto, situated upon the Toronto Bay (or harbor) of Lake Ontario. Her parents were poor; but by dint of economy and perseverance they succeeded in raising their quite large family to manhood and womanhood before the hand of death removed them. Of the family left when they died there were three sons and four daughters.

James, the oldest son, appears dimly before my mind as I saw him once in Toronto, and afterwards in Cincinnati, Ohio; but of his record I cannot speak from personal knowledge as of others. His death occurred some twenty or more years ago, neither the exact date nor the cause being known to me. The members of his family, at last account, were in Cincinnati, where they probably still remain.

Joseph, the second son, a man whose intel-

lectual competency was such as to have fitted him to grace almost any important position, had opportunity or fortune even shown an inclination to smile upon him, lived during the greater part of his life in his native city; and many were the happy hours spent by the writer in company with him, in conversation upon such themes as called out the results of his profound thought and extensive research. He was a good man, and under the writer's influence was led to unite with the Primitive Methodist Church, where he remained in fellowship till 1882, when he too was taken hence by death's hand, leaving a widow and three sons. One of the sons remains in the home city, one is in the new State of Washington, and the other in Detroit, Michigan.

Benjamin C., the youngest son, was of a roving disposition and remained in one place no longer than was necessary to wear off the novelty of its attractions. When in the city he always made his home with my mother, and this gave me excellent opportunity to get acquainted with him. He had a temper characteristic of the family, or at least all the members of it with whom I enjoyed intimate acquaintance. It was prolific in words, vehement in expression, and collapsed before it had well started, always followed by deep

regrets, if ought of damage had been done to the feelings of another. He was as generous as he was jovial, and I used to think him the "jolliest man alive." Finding me to be a "chip off the Garbutt block," in point of mischief, he took a peculiar fancy to me, and I was generally found at his heels when it was possible to have me there.

In return for my child service in running short errands he gladdened my heart with many a penny, and took delight in making odd articles for my amusement. Only one real bad thing do I remember of him. The family cat had been guilty of some depredation in the room he occupied, and upon its discovery, he seized the unsuspecting feline by what he called its "narrative," and, going outside the door, whirled the poor thing around his head several times and then let go hurling Tabby to the other end of the garden. As I stood watching that cat sail through the air, without fin or feather to propel her, I thought it would be safest for me not to make Uncle Ben mad while I was small and wingless, and I didn't.

He never married. In 1869 or 1870 he left Canada for California. He also left a blank in the writer's heart and life that long remained unfilled. O, how I secretly wished

that I was big enough to go with him, for California had a wonderfully fascinating sound in my ear after hearing him talk about it.

Ten years afterward—in 1879—when the Reorganized Church sent me as a missionary to the Rocky Mountain mission, I gathered together several documents and letters recently received, determined on going to Carson City, Nevada (where I learned he had located), before coming East again. My love for him was still alive, and I wanted him to see his nephew a man, and let him hear from that little boy's lips the story of the restored gospel; but in this I was grievously disappointed, for I had not been three months in Utah before the tidings reached me that Uncle Ben was dead. A stranger at Bodie, California, wrote and sent papers certifying to the fact, also forwarded his Bible to my mother. Mother then raised money and sent it to put a headstone over his grave. Whether it has been placed there or not I have not learned; but whether marked or unmarked, there is a spot of earth in Bodie that is dear to my thoughts and must ever remain so till the trumpet's blast shall call forth the sacred relics it entombs. By his merry spirit and generous hand many a gleam of sunlight was turned in upon my boy-life; and while



memory holds its seat, 'twill always reserve a verdant spot for jolly Uncle Ben.

Rachel, the oldest daughter, married John Goodall, a thrifty farmer, residing near Toronto, but afterwards removed to the township of Garafraxa, close to where the town of Bellwood is now located. There they settled on a tract of land and remained till their retirement recently from the toil and responsibility incident to farm life. The old farm is rented to their Son Thomas, who is at present mayor of Bellwood. Another son, James, conducts a grain and cattle business in the same town, and one daughter, Dillie, is the wife of William Hamilton, and resides somewhere in Washington. The other remaining daughters, Rachel and Mary Ann, are happily married and located near their parents' present residence and close to the old homestead. Prosperity smiled upon the toil, patience, honesty, economy, and perseverance of my aunt and uncle, and they are to-day exempt from the necessity to work and worry. May they long continue to enjoy their well-earned rest is the wish of the nephew whose religious notions they have such grave suspicions about.

Martha, the next daughter, married a Mr. Spencer, with whom I never became ac-

quainted, and who afterwards died. Later, she married a widower named Neil C. Love, one of the best men I ever knew, and to whom reference will be made further on. His business in Toronto was that of a chemist and druggist, in which he prospered and accumulated considerable wealth. He also held prominent positions in the city's gift, being alderman for fifteen years, also magistrate, and was frequently solicited to accept various other honorable positions, but declined. Through the extremities of our early home life I frequently obtained views of his generous nature, and as years passed had opportunity to learn that he was one of the number whose history proves the correctness of the words of inspiration, "The liberal soul shall be made fat." A man against whose record no word or hint of suspicion was ever heard; and when, with the suddenness characteristic of apoplectic attacks, his earthly career was terminated a few years ago, the immense city was in tears and mourned its irreparable loss, while the newspapers teemed with unstinted eulogium of the dead. A good man—a noble spirit went to the reward of its earth-service.

His widow and seven children remain, three of whom were the fruits of his former mar-

riage. With a possible exception, all of these are in positions of honor and emolument, and, with wealth like a luxurious garden around them, they pass their years free from the cares incident to reverse conditions. To their pleasure and plenty the writer only hopes there may be added the richer possessions that strew the pathway of obedience to Christ and his gospel, the undimmed realities of which stretch far beyond all mortal limitations and remain coequal with the years of God.

Mary, the youngest daughter, married Mr. Wallace Millichamp, of Toronto, one of the shrewdest and most successful business men of that city, a man whose sole capital not many years ago was his remarkable business sagacity and indomitable will, by force of which he has earned a fortune for himself. He, also, has served as city alderman and been connected with numerous public enterprises. His immense showcase and silver plating, also mantle and tile works, are among the leading establishments of the country, to which he has added other branches of business. His success in wealth accumulation has been phenomenal. Still in the prime of life, his business energy shows no sign of abatement, and just where ambition's goal is by him located we may not surmise.

Quite a large family has been given to them, of whom four sons and two daughters are still living; all of the former occupying places of trust and profit, and promising to follow close upon the heels of their fortunate sire. The daughters are beautiful and promising, and they carry well the accomplishments with which wealth and refinement of spirit have so liberally endowed them. Could all of these but see and feel the splendor of God-life that is revealed in the ancient gospel as again committed to earth, how absolute would then become the completeness of their possessions. We wish for them no less of earth's, but more of heaven's wealth. May it be theirs to acquire eternal truth and reap its final glory.

The object of this brief reference to the standing and character of my immediate relatives may indistinctly appear as the reader continues his perusal of the life-story thus introduced. There is sometimes a measure of satisfaction to be drawn from comparisons such as this permits me to make. As I grew up under the pressure of poverty's environments and looked out upon the condition and surroundings of the relatives referred to, whom I knew were free from the weights that held me down, I frequently indulged in soliloquies that were full of complaint, dissatis-

faction, bitterness, and even envy. My ambition strengthened however, and my determination as a lad became fixed to some day be the peer of them all. I never lost sight of that resolution till the gospel of the Son of God subdued me.

As I take a retrospect now I stop to thank God for interposing such events as deflected the current of my life-purpose, and changed my will. I still delight in reflecting upon those earlier days; but I look with different eyes and feelings than I once did. We look back, oftentimes, from the higher plane of matured experience and see the effects of early contact with people and things; and the intolerable mysticism that hung around the awful *then* finds ample and satisfactory explanation in the development of the great *now*. How plain the lesson, but how slow are we to learn it! To-day will soon be to-morrow's yesterday, and, if the past continues to repeat itself, we shall, from the loftier plane of to-morrow, look back upon the severe conflict and apparently unnecessary inflictions of this hour and discover to our delight that God's disciplinary programme comprehended all the hidden necessities of our character.

Let us but be sure that our righteousness

is of the kind that entitles to a place in his hand, then with an uncomplaining trust we may patiently toil and wait for the dawn of explanation day. "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." So said Jesus to Peter, and so the writer believes. If the little advances in knowledge and wisdom we make here justify such material changes in our judgment of the past, and if it be found that the crucible of earlier years contributed most liberally to the spiritual wealth of the present, may it not be believed that in the distant *future*, when it becomes the eternal *now*, the true saint will stand side by side with his "elder brother," and, from the supreme heights of the celestial hills, look back over the valley where his or her feet now bleed, and, in the clearer light of divine interpretation, see that the rocks of human extremity, which once seemed so barren and cold and cruel, were the spots where God stood closer than at other times, and the soul from thence took on immortal fatness, while fed on manna fresh from heaven. Those times, those places, will then challenge higher estimate, and, as we scan the map of our mundane pilgrimage, I verily believe that whenever the eye shall fall upon those Gethsemanes we shall there dwell most lovingly and praise most fervently.





MRS. ANN DEVINE.



## CHAPTER III.

## EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS.

The bravest battle that ever was fought,  
 Shall I tell you where and when?  
 On the maps of the world you will find it not,  
 'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

Such as this  
 Is many a poor one in her humble home,  
 Who silently and sweetly sits alone,  
 Pouring her life all out upon her child.  
 What cares she that he does not feel how close  
 Her heart beats after his—that all unseen  
 Are the fond thoughts that follow him by day  
 And watch his sleep like angels?

N. P. WILLIS.

THE marriage between John Luff and Ann Garbutt occurred on the 26th day of May, 1847, the latter being but sixteen years of age. As a result of this union seven children were born, four of whom remain. Two of the others passed away before their ages were numbered by weeks, and one, William James, lived to be nine months old, when the ailments incident to teething terminated his earth life.

Of the four children remaining, my Brother John, now resident in Independence, Missouri,

is the oldest. He was born in Toronto on the 11th day of July, 1850, and was therefore two years and nearly four months old at the time of my birth. My Sister Elizabeth Mary (now wife of Bro. Thomas Hattey, of Independence, Missouri), was born March 9, 1857, and my youngest sister, Mattie Ann, on the 6th of July, 1859. The last named is now the happy wife of Mr. Thomas Smellie, of Toronto. In addition to these, two other children were born as the fruit of mother's subsequent marriage, to which reference will be made later on.

Before my first year of life had been completed I was taken to the Methodist church, of which mother was a member, and by her turned over to the Rev. John Douse, then minister in charge, who, from the miniature Jordan improvised upon the pulpit for the occasion, took a few drops of water in his hand, and, dropping them upon my forehead, repeated a customary formula and pronounced me baptized. The venerable clergyman then stretched forth his arms before the large congregation, holding me firmly, and formally consecrated me to God, concluding with an earnest prayer that I might bear the name given me, in honor, and like Joseph of old be ever found *valiant for the truth*.

From the lips of my mother I learn of the above circumstance, and with her I am fully agreed that the good old parson's prayer on that occasion was like hundreds of those now being offered for "Pentecostal showers"—it comprehended more than he anticipated or his church had room to contain; and if the answer came at all, it must seek elsewhere for shelter and for welcome than within the smoky quarters and narrow limits of a modern creed:—

"Full many a shaft at random sent  
Finds mark the archer never meant."

The ceremony thus observed answered the parental conscience at that time, without inflicting any injury upon the babe, which continued to grow and "wax fat," contentedly ignorant as to the design of such maneuvering.

From infancy to the point where memory begins its service, the years were passed as are those of most rugged boys born of poor parents in a big city. Mother's account leads me to believe I was not lacking in the elements that combine to make "music" in the family. My brother, though older, was rather delicate; and it became my lot to drop in between him and trouble with the neighbor boys when juvenile altercations were in

order, and such privileges gave me "no small delight." Much of our mother's time was taken up in nursing the sick; and during the great cholera scourge and smallpox epidemic that swept over the city and resulted in such terrible mortality, she was in constant demand. I have heard those who knew her well in those days tell of the horror and surprise that was depicted on neighbors' faces as they saw her voluntarily go about from house to house, nursing the sick and the dying and laying out the dead, while many of the relatives of the smitten ones would fly from the dread contagion and leave their sick to die. Everybody but mother expected she would bring home the disease and destroy her children; but the hand that was over her life when, amid the blackness of the plague, like a ministering angel she moved, was also over her little ones, and He to whose kind care she commended them did his work well in protecting them from the destroyer's power.

Years afterward the story of her heroism was related in my hearing by those who had witnessed it, and the effect of it was never entirely lost. Many a time I have caught myself wondering, as a child, what I could do to show that her spirit lived in me. Can anyone wonder at my being proud of such a

mother? What son would not feel his blood course more warmly through his veins as he listened to the recital of his mother's bravery? The thought of that mother moving to and fro among the dead and dying, performing the humble services that looked toward an alleviation of human agony, facing the deadly peril that threatened, without a single thought of self, while thousands of stronger women and men were fleeing for life before the face of the stalking pestilences, was an inspiration that gave birth to holy resolve within me. Others may point with greater assurance to distinguished names and titles along their ancestral lives and boast of honored lineage; but to me my mother's self-sacrificing devotion to humanity's interests during those perilous months is evidence enough of royal blood. I say it unhesitatingly, that a hundred times in my early life I have been kept from doing improper things by the thought that I bore that mother's name.

Just when my schooling began I do not know; but I remember with what ease I learned to read and spell, and what impatience I used to feel while standing up in class and having to wait while some other boys drawled along and blundered. History, grammar, geography, and writing were quite

another thing and entirely out of the range of my inclination. In fact I do not remember ever trying to learn them, though they were pressed upon me with other studies. If by any means it was possible they were avoided, and the result was, that when compelled to leave school at ten years of age, I could write a barely readable hand, but was about as ignorant of those other three branches of study as any boy who had not spent over two months in school. What little I know of grammar to-day comes of a natural faculty for observation, and is solely of the practical kind; book definitions, school theories, and the like are unknown to me. To parse a sentence correctly and use book terms and phrases in doing it would require a skill never acquired by me. As for history and geography, my acquaintance with them has been limited to the actual necessities that this latter-day work has pointed out. I found no trouble in keeping at the head of my class in reading and spelling, and holding a fair average in arithmetic; but the other matters were seldom disturbed by my inquisitiveness; in fact they were despised.

My experience in Sunday school began very early in life and for eleven years scarcely a dozen entries were made against me for

absence, except when away from the city. The credit for this is hardly due to me, however, for had my inclination been consulted, the time thus occupied would have been spent elsewhere. The trouble was, my poverty always stood in the way of any pleasure to be found there. My pride suffered under the exhibition of that poverty that was constantly being made by contrast with my surroundings. My clothes, though clean, were patched, and fight it as I would, the conviction hung to me that other boys shunned me because my attire was not equal to theirs. Some of them were not slow in making parade of their superiority; but my own feeling was such as to magnify every movement and construe every utterance into a reflection upon my appearance, whether it was so intended or not. Several of them were rich and came from palatial homes, and my fancy led me to think the teacher regarded them more highly than me, on that account; but there is nothing too mean or unreasonable for a boy of soured feeling to think at such times. To learn was no trouble for me, however, and I had my revenge frequently in committing and reciting more verses of Scripture than did they, by which means I often ranked above them. Anything that discomfited them was a grati-

fication to me, whether it was caused by the above means or the accidental insertion of a piece of cobbler's wax between them and the seat. Fair means or foul—anything to take the “starch” out of them and break the monotony of Sunday school sessions for me. Often since then I have wondered where the teachers got their patience, and have wished I could see them again and tell them that all their labor was not lost on that headstrong and apparently good for nothing lad.

How thankful I have been, a thousand times since then, that mother's word was law with me in those days. My observation has led me to believe that much is lost to willful boys by overindulgence on the part of parents in this regard. Had my wishes been respected in the matters referred to, the present would probably have had a different tale to tell of my character and work. God only knows. Suffice it for me to behold what is, and bless the conditions that have contributed thereto.

As already stated, my regular attendance there was due to the fact that mother so ruled. To disobey her was out of the question. The benefits that have come to my life in consequence of that ruling I can never overestimate; nor can I find a place to stop



admiring her for it. It is but one of a number of instances where her will and mine were not at an agreement, and where submission on my part was mortifying to the flesh; but I have since learned that a parent's eye can discern and a parent's wisdom provide against a host of ills that, unseen by him, threaten the character of a mischievous and independent spirited boy. I never think of these things now without blessing God for so excellent a mother, and wishing that I could impress upon the youth of to-day the importance of yielding to parental government, and thus preparing themselves for the benediction of heaven in later years.

The work of providing for four children was no trifle; but when it fell upon mother's shoulders alone, because of my father's departure from home, she assumed the task without any murmuring that I ever heard, and nobly continued it through long years till relief came. It was no uncommon thing for me to wake up long after midnight—sometimes towards daybreak—and, looking toward the light in the next room, see that patient toiler, with swollen eyes and worn fingers, plying the needle and thread, not having had a wink of sleep. Calling to her, I would ask why she did not go to bed.

There was but one answer to this. It came so often that I learned it: "I must finish this coat first. Go to sleep, my son, I will come after awhile." And thus the years went by. Day and night, the same patient, tired look remained upon that face till my young heart would rebel as I thought of wealth, wealth all around, and yet my mother must be a martyr to such conditions. Whenever my thoughts took words and she heard them, how she would come with outstretched arms to catch me in their embrace, and planting a kiss upon my brow or lips would exclaim, "If my boy only grows up to be a good man and to be useful, his mother will be, O, so proud of him, and so glad that she toiled alone for him and the rest."

Reader, those words burn in my heart to-day, and the tears break forth as I see even now the look of joyous anticipation that accompanied their utterance. I can see those tears and hear that benediction, "God bless my children," whenever I think of mother, and the former days. I can also remember the joy akin to ecstasy that seized her when on one occasion two ladies sent a small present to each of us. The thought that somebody remembered her children was rapturous to her.

While the burden incident to providing food and raiment for us fell thus upon her, the domestic service rested with my brother and myself, as my sisters were quite small. We had the dishwashing, sweeping, dusting, scrubbing, and woodcutting to attend to regularly. The boy who can sit quietly by the warm hearth or parlor fire and while away his winter nights, amusing himself with pretty books or toys, can hardly appreciate the experiences here referred to. Some of my boy readers may feel it quite an infliction to be required on a winter's evening to run to the coal house for a scuttle of coal or an armful of wood; but if my Brother John and I could have gotten off with such a moderate service, we would have hailed the privilege as a foretaste of the millennium. It was a rare thing for us to have a huge pile of cordwood, either cut or uncut, within a hundred feet of the stove, to refer to as a replenisher. I remember once seeing a man drive into the yard with a whole cord of wood on his wagon, and our consternation was so great that we ran pell-mell into the house to tell mother, whose surprise was not much less than our own; but it was no mistake, for Uncle Love had sent it, without consulting us, as a present. Our child eyes spread at the sight and the

news, till it seems to me they must have looked as big as his heart felt when he did the kindly act.

It was a bonanza to John and myself and we figured on the lasting quality of that pile of wood with a satisfaction unknown to hosts of boys nowadays. As already stated, it was a rare thing to see such a quantity of wood near our rear house door, and it meant wonders for us. No more need for trudging through snow and sleet for firing while that lasted, and we wished it might last forever; but it didn't. We enjoyed it, however, for a few weeks and then resumed the old custom when necessity called for it. When enough money could not be raised to buy a quarter of a cord of wood at a time, John and I would go a considerable distance to a wood yard and buy three or four sticks, which we would carry home in the cold and through the snow and then cut it up. This was no exceptional occurrence either. It became part of the routine work of weeks sometimes. And what a time we did have trading work. John would buck the wood if I would scrub the floor, sometimes; then I would trade him marbles to do the sawing and leave me the splitting, and in fancy I still see myself sitting for fifteen minutes figuring out a trade to get

rid of some unpleasant job that could be done in perhaps ten minutes.

John was lean and long-winded while I was short and fat, and he could outwear me on a steady pull. My nervous nature would start in when work had to be done and something had to give in a hurry; but when my breath gave out and the sweat would stand in great beads on my red face, while my heart thumped against my ribs and my breath came and went like steam puffs; I would stop and look at the progress John was making. There he would be, keeping up the regulation seesaw gait, and seeing me stop he would probably ask a little of my fat to grease his saw. During my resting spells he would outstrip me and it generally happened that his pile was higher than mine at the finish, besides having saved both his wind and perspiration. Wood-sawing as a health recruiter is good enough exercise; but the novelty of its hygienic property wears off in a boy's imagination when it becomes a daily prescription in such proportion as we had to take it. The man who pronounced medicine all right in its place, but questioned the advisability of taking a washtub full a day was not far off. In fact, to be honest about it, my ambition never reached out in the direction of wearing a

badge as champion woodcutter. My opinion on the subject agrees with that of Josh Billings on boils. They may be a good thing to wear, but the best place to wear them is on the other fellow. The story was told me of a small boy who was sent out about six o'clock one morning to saw stove wood. About seven o'clock his father came to him and asked how much he had done. Pointing to the stick upon which his knee was planted, he replied: "When I get this one cut, and that one over there, and two more, I'll have four done, and it's early yet." That boy was not entirely without my sympathy. Of course this does not speak for John, for he seldom complained over his share of that kind of work. But how we did barter and jangle about who should wash and who should wipe the dishes, especially when there was a kettle or two in the consideration. Quite frequently mother's interference would become a necessity at these times and a mandate would be issued in settlement. I would not, however, have the reader suppose that the settlement was always made by mandate. Occasionally something more "impressive" was introduced by way of variety and emphasis.

Our service as helpers at home was not limited to the chores above referred to, for

there were often long errands to go upon in delivering work done or calling for material at the places for which tailoring work was done by mother. Frequently the finishing of a vest or a pair of pantaloons would occur about eleven o'clock on Saturday night, and they must be delivered when done. John and I would go together, perhaps a mile or more while mother remained at home to prepare for Sunday.

It not seldom happened that our errands included the purchase, on our return, of such things as were necessary for Sunday's supply, provided we were fortunate enough to "collect on delivery" for the work done. Sometimes we failed in this, and, of course, the character of next day's dinner was affected somewhat thereby; but we never missed a meal of some kind so far as I can remember.

This kind of business drew, of course, very heavily upon our time for amusement; and we used to wish that girls would grow quicker, so that our sisters would the sooner take the presidency of certain departments of domestic life and relieve us of the responsibility. After deducting the school hours there was not too much time between morning and night for sport, anyway; and when even that was trenched upon to the above

extent it cut deeply into either our chances for fun or the hours for sleep.

To make matters worse, my brother was taken down with some kind of a swelling in one of his knees, which made it impossible for him to get about conveniently. This lasted several weeks; and he had not long recovered when ulcers began to grow over his eyes and he gradually lost his sight, until I had to lead him about wherever he went. This added to the load of work and took away the help that had borne half the burden; but, worse than all, it added to the care and anxiety of our mother, as well as incurring expense that she was ill able to meet.

How I used to vow my willingness to do all the work and never dispute or quarrel with him again if the Lord would only give him back his sight. No means of determining whether my child petitions were heeded or not are known to me; but the sequel suited me, Drs. Aiken and Constantinides were in constant attendance upon him, and what with leeches and fly-blisters and a string of internal remedies, they kept him a living martyr for several months, but finally brought him through to the delight of us all. When he could really see clearly again, we had a happy home and things began to assume a



more normal condition, and I allowed him to do his full share of the work as before.

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CHAPTER IV.

SIGNS INDICATIVE.

And when moved  
 By some sore needed Providence, he stops  
 In his wild path and lifts a thought to heaven,  
 What cares the mother that he does not see  
 The link between the blessing and her prayer.

N. P. WILLIS.

“Only a boy, with his fearless tread,  
 Who cannot be driven but must be led;  
 \* \* \* \* \*

“Only a boy with his wild strange ways,  
 With his idle hours on busy days:  
 \* \* \* \* \*

“Only a boy, who will be a man,  
 If nature goes on with her first great plan—  
 \* \* \* \* \*

“Our torment our joy!

Only a boy.”

SHORTLY after the completion of my tenth year, it was necessary for me to leave school and go to work. Hearing that a dealer in kerosene oil, lamps, etc., wanted a boy, I applied for the place and was engaged at a salary of one dollar per week, my time to be

occupied in running errands and doing all kinds of chores incident to the business. Here I remained for several months. My employer, whose name was Kelley, was a very fine man and a member of the Baptist Church. His business was on a rather small scale, and his capital limited, but he was a man of large heart and kindly disposition. I well remember how he made my boy-heart leap for joy when on Thanksgiving eve he handed me a great big dressed duck, and told me to take it home to mother for Thanksgiving dinner, and that I might have all the day for a holiday. He was a man of small stature; but that night he looked bigger than anybody I had met for a long time. I ran nearly all the way home, carrying my burden, and went panting into the house, where the duck was dropped on a table and I began a recital of all the good things I knew about Mr. Kelley to mother, who listened patiently and agreed with me at last that he must have been a boy himself once; for he knew exactly how to make boys feel jolly. There is something about the name, Kelley, that sounds musical or suggestive of pleasure yet, to me, though all the Kelleys I have since met were not Baptists, nor small of stature, nor dealers in kerosene; but that duck and that first

holiday (for which I received full pay), always seem to belong by right with the name of Kelley.

While working there I learned some good lessons. On Christmas eve I was instructed to fill a five gallon can with oil, polish up a serviceable lamp, and get several other items from the stock. After doing so, and putting all into a large box, they were placed on a small wagon and I was sent to the house of a poor man on a distant street, with instructions to deliver the goods and when asked who sent them to reply that Mr. Good Will had done so, and to give no other name. I did as directed, and wondered why my employer did not want his name divulged. When he and his wife would afterwards mention the circumstance the thought that they, out of their limited store, had been able to make some more needy ones happy, seemed to fill them with delight. I question if the receiver of those goods ever enjoyed a tithe of the measure of joy that their benefactors did over the gift. I have since learned that Jesus was not mistaken when he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The secret of true happiness is in trying to make others happy. This truth, however, had not then become fixed in my mind; hence the

illustration of its force excited my curiosity; but it paved the way for a more ready indorsement of the truth when it afterwards came to my notice. It was but one incident of a number; and when those parties, thus benefited, appear at the upper court on explanation day and the books are examined to find Mr. Good Will's name, I shall be there to bear witness that the correct way to spell it is K-e-l-l-e-y, and certify to the fact that the credit belongs to the same man who made our home so happy on Thanksgiving day in 1863.

Early in 1864 I quit the service of Mr. Kelley and entered the store of a grocery firm then doing business on Yonge street (one of the main streets of the city). Here I received three dollars per month and my meals. My hours were from seven in the morning until ten and (on Saturdays) twelve o'clock at night. The surroundings at my new place contrasted strongly with those of the old. Generosity was not discernible. Scheming was the order of the day. The conversation between parties congregating there was frequently such as should not salute the ears of an eleven year old boy; and it was work, work, almost without intermission except for about one hour each day and some of the work was questionable in character. Upon

the arrival of a crate of strawberries, the boxes must be taken out, gone over, and extended until three boxes made four, and all the large berries appeared on the top. To quiet the diminutive conscience I was supposed to possess, I was told that they had been packed in the berry gardens closely to economize space, and that the retailers were compelled to spread things a little in order to "come out even." When a mixture of molasses and water was copiously administered to the currants, it was not to add weight, but simply to clean them; hence I was required to spend ten or fifteen minutes in rubbing them or stirring them around in the big drawer, while the liquid was being poured upon them. If the goods delivered were not exactly up in quality to those shown the purchaser when buying, it was not to deceive but simply a mistake, the frequent repetition of which was owing to having trusted the matter to the boy. Thus it was explained to the customer, if he chanced to complain.

These things did not escape the notice of "the boy," who was groaning under the strain of his long hours and heavy work; and they helped make him what the "boss" called "sassy." Mr. Tracy was a Southerner, and may or may not have been used to slave driv-

ing, but he certainly had but little mercy on the child then in his employ. He stood on one occasion by the store door and laughingly chatted about the toughness of the boy, while he watched me carry a hundred pounds of flour in a sack for half a block. At another time he sent me up unto the roof of the two-story building to sweep the rubbish from a hanging guttering, at the risk of my life. He would put half a bushel of potatoes into a basket and place it on my head and hang another on an arm loaded with goods and send me off with it to the customer. The novelty of such experiences wore off in time, and the sight of other boys at play was often contrasted with my own lot, till I would grow heartsick, and grumble at the fate that made me poor. Many a night my feet have been blistered and my limbs tired, and I would trudge home at nearly twelve o'clock and wish that morning might never come. At mealtimes on going up to the dining room after all others had finished, the sound would ring up the stairway after me, "Now, Joe, eat quick; this order is ready." And after spending from five to ten minutes bolting a few cold potatoes, or grinding on some other remnant of the meal proper, a summons would hurry me down to the store to take up the

horrid drudgery where I had laid it down a few minutes before. No delivery wagon was employed, hence everything had to be carried by me to the purchaser.

One night, about ten o'clock, while wearily trudging along the street with a half bushel of potatoes in a basket on my head, I fell asleep. I suppose it was only for a minute; but I suddenly became aware that I was plunging about on all fours, with an empty basket under me and half a bushel of potatoes rolling around the sidewalk and in the ditch. It did not take more than a second to realize the situation; but it took longer to recover from it and get those potatoes back into the basket, for the night was dark and the street lamps shone but dimly from a distance. One by one they found their way back, however, till all I could locate by feeling around the pavement were again balanced on my head and the journey was resumed. I have not the remotest idea as to how many of those potatoes were left in the gutter, or what the judgment of the customer was regarding the nonscriptural measure she received. I have neither explanation nor apology to offer for any seeming impiety attending my course that night. I was puzzled and frightened then; and as I think now of my tired feet and ach-

ing arms and bitter spirit, I wipe the tear that memory starts and leave some more profound philosopher to fathom the intricate depths of that circumstance, and from moral ethics explain to the fastidious or æsthetic soul the degrees of responsibility attaching to my boss or myself on account of the customer's loss.

On another occasion, after running errands all day and on till about 11:30 at night, I was allowed to start for home. It was raining and I was already drenched. I had a full mile to go; but it was mostly along a well-lighted street. Raising the old umbrella I carried over my head, I started along at a fair gait, and kept it up for a quarter of the distance, then gradually slackened, for it seemed as if I could hardly get one foot ahead of the other. After going along, probably three fourths of the distance, I was startled by hearing the voice of a woman, and on looking up, saw a fair sample of woman-kind, using her tongue at my expense. She stormed away at me, and I looked on, almost dazed, till I found it would be better for me to make tracks before a policeman arrived upon the scene. I had fallen asleep, and had staggered up against her and almost jostled her off the sidewalk; and she, supposing me to be drunk, was lavishing her eloquence



upon my devoted head. When I took in the situation, I well knew that a plea of drowsiness would be but poor oil to pour on waters so troubled; hence I vacated the ground and allowed the insulted lady to expend the remainder of her rhetoric on the heavy midnight air. To some this may have a suspicious sound; but there are others, who have been similarly situated, so far as the feeling of exhaustion and weariness is concerned, and to such I need not add that I have not overstated the facts.

During my stay at this place I formed acquaintances such as have wrecked and ruined hundreds of boys, and my deliverance from like fate can be attributed by me to nothing less than the merciful interposition of Him who afterwards told me that I had been preserved from my birth to preach his truth. I, at least, prefer to acknowledge myself under lifelong obligations to him for what seems now to have been the working out of a divine purpose, having in view my everlasting good. No good object can be served by a recital here of the many forms in which temptation was presented; but to the glory of my Preserver, I repeat that on many occasions there occurred what I now look upon as special deliverances. The evils were inviting,

my inclinations were strong in their direction, and I am at a loss now to find a single reason for my escape except in the fact that a loving Father in heaven was listening to the tender and constant appeals of my faithful mother and was interested in her boy.

I would not have the reader suppose, however, that the exhibition on my part was such as to impress the observer that I was developing a celestial title or character. There were some traits discernible to even a superficial onlooker which indicated that I was booked the other way, and no particular pains were taken by me to disguise them. If the entire story of those days were detailed it would strengthen the conviction that heaven had odd notions about the material to be selected for its enterprises.

One day, during a brief lull in the business, a boy of my own age and spirit with whom I was acquainted pointed to a bigger boy who was seated in a wagon, holding a team of horses, about two rods away down the street, and offered a wager that he could come nearer hitting him than could I. Nothing could suit me better than to take the challenge, so we selected our missiles from a box of half spoiled tomatoes which had been set aside to be thrown away. One after another

those tomatoes went through the air and landed with a spat all around the boy in the wagon, till the horses and wagon were anything but tastily decorated, and the boy was huddled down in front of the seat, hanging onto the lines and hallooing whoa! every time he dared to lift his head. The seriousness of the offense we were committing did not strike us till the boy's father appeared on the scene, when we suddenly remembered an engagement elsewhere. Away we ran and hid in an old outbuilding a short distance from the field of operation; but were followed by the irate father, who located us at last and brought us out into an open space in the yard. He threatened to have us imprisoned; but we begged so hard for him to give us a "licking" instead, that he finally consented and we danced to every tune he chose to play with the horsewhip for about five minutes, much to the gratification of his son whose time to laugh had now come. Of course it was rather unenjoyable and the humiliation attending such an "indignity" was "mortifying to the flesh;" but we took our medicine and paid the doctor by cleaning off his wagon, and promising to remember him (the latter inaudibly, however). Those exact symptoms of our ailment did not again develop, so we never

had to have the prescription repeated, at least by that physician. The disease was constitutional, however, and other symptoms were noticeable continuously.

Having a few minutes leisure time one day, I, with the same boy, slipped into the moulding room of a stove foundry, next door to my employer's store. No sooner had my absence been discovered than his familiar whistle rang out and I hurried back to the store. Upon learning where I had been my employer raised his foot and kicked me, ordering me up stairs to dinner, and requesting my return to the store in a very short time. Then there occurred a sudden uprising of the Adam in my blood; but going upstairs I deliberately ate all the dinner I could get, and, regardless of whistles or calls, remained at the table till my plan was matured. Going downstairs I encountered a volley of billingsgate, and an order to deliver some goods at once. But quietly walking over to a place where some articles of my own were lying, and, securing them, I turned round to my employer and told him to deliver his goods himself, for I was going home. His threats to withhold my wages and give me trouble fell on stubborn ears, for I marched out of the store and was soon at home, where I poured into moth-

er's ears a story about that kicking work that made her feel worse than ever I had done. I forget just how I told it; but one thing is certain, mother's impression concerning it and her indignation were not a shade less than the event justified. I had gotten sick of that place, and there seemed to be no way of getting out of it unless I made her believe that I had been terribly abused. That little kicking scrape served the purpose admirably; for it was magnified in the recital, till mother determined I should not return to the store. Thus the desired end was reached, though the means may not have been fully justifiable. I have never felt proud of what I did in that connection; but the object of this writing is to show the boy as he was, and not as he ought to have been.

After a couple of weeks' vacation I secured a position with a Mr. Florence, a boot and shoe dealer, where I had shorter hours, and could be home evenings. He was a Primitive Methodist, and an average good man, so far as his treatment of the writer went. But my stay with him was limited to less than four months; for what seemed a much better opening for me presented itself and I accepted it.

While I was in the employ of Mr. Florence,

I was also employed by the church to which mother belonged, as an assistant organist; that is, I was to preside at the bellows handle and do the pumping by which wind was furnished for the instrument. My services were required on all choir rehearsal nights and at both of the Sunday services, for which I received six dollars per quarter. One thing was accomplished by this occupation—it kept me regularly at church. There was a small wooden box, about the size of a large thermometer, fixed stationary in front of me, as I stood with the bellows lever in my hand. Inside this box (which had a glass face) hung a metal bob, or weight, which moved up or down as the wind in the bellows increased or diminished. Certain marks on the dial indicated the proper place to keep the weight registered, and all was easy to understand and perform; but one Sunday morning, while a hymn was being sung, I became somehow interested in finding out why that thing moved as it did without anybody touching it. So absorbed was I in this study that I watched the bob go up to the top of the box, not thinking that anyone else would be affected by my investigation nor stopping to consider that the wind was getting scarce, when, lo! the organ music ceased, and the whole con-

gregation stopped singing, in the middle of a verse. This sudden lull in the proceedings startled me, and seizing the lever I charged the concern hurriedly, so that not more than a second was lost. I learned, however, that it broke a terrible "hole in the ballad," and produced considerable consternation among those who were ignorant of the real cause. My reputation as a mischievous scamp gained somewhat by the incident; but it was a clear case of absent-mindedness, nevertheless.

About this time my uncle, Mr. N. C. Love, to whom reference has already been made, offered to take me into his employ and teach me the business of dealing in drugs, chemicals, etc., provided I would behave myself and stay with him for several years. By some means I had become noted among all my relatives as an irresponsible citizen and they predicted all manner of bad fortune for me. Doubtless their fear in this direction led to the proposal to take me and make a man of me, conditionally; for they all gave me credit for being intelligent enough for most emergencies of boy life. It was easy enough to promise good behavior to my aunt, who took me aside and advised me generously; and I really thought I was going to be good. But I appeal to all the boys who are now about

twelve years old to know whether old folks' ideas of goodness are not outrageous. I used to think so anyway, but was willing to surrender considerable of conceit in that line, even then, provided they gave me decent treatment.

As before stated, my relatives were comparatively rich. I was poor, extremely poor; and like many other foolish boys I interpreted every undesirable act in them as an intended slur at my poverty. This feeling made me suspicious and resentful; which feeling, with the independent spirit I had inherited, made it extremely hard for me to climb up and stay on their ideal platform of goodness. However I was received and initiated into the secrets of bottle washing, shelf dusting, ashes sifting, and in course of time into the higher degrees of pill rolling and cutting, Seidlitz powder making, and pestle and mortar manipulation. I was required to be on hand at about half past five in the morning, for my uncle always took an early walk of a couple of miles and left his Son Charles and myself to dust the shelves and bottles during his absence. Upon his return we took breakfast (for I boarded there) and then Charles would go to school and leave me to run the errands and do the day chores for either the store or



house. About half past seven at night I went to night school, my uncle kindly paying for my tuition while I was with him; though I fear that those few months of school were wasted upon me. It would be ten o'clock when I arrived home; thus making seventeen hours from my rising till bedtime, which was too much; and I felt it, though nobody else, except mother, seemed to notice it.

Mr. Love was a man in whose company anyone could feel comfortable. He was cheerful, chatty, young-hearted, and full of good nature towards me. But he had a lightning temper, which, try as I might to be meek, I would occasionally provoke; for my mischief-loving propensities were then in process of development, and Charley and myself were well matched. He would back almost any scheme I would suggest, and some of them were far from being innocent or trifling. I had no time before or after business hours to enjoy a game or get among the boys; so I had to make the most of Cousin Charley's company (when chores were not crowding) and get in all the fun possible. It seemed sometimes as if I would explode or fly to pieces if some chance for sport did not materialize. On one occasion while we were together blazing powder in little patches along

the ground in the alley back of the store, I stood a three ounce bottle that was about one third full of gunpowder, upon the upper edge of a wagon wheel and deliberately walked up and dropped a lighted match into it. The bottle disappeared rather hurriedly, a piece of it catching Charley in the leg about twenty feet away, but I escaped untouched, except by fright. I have never been able to account for it, for I stood within reaching distance of the bottle and it gave me no time to plead exemption rights.

Charley was older than I, by some three or four years, and though in for excitement, always needed somebody in the lead. I was willing to take all the risks and he was willing I should. One morning, while his father was off on his regular early round, Charley complained of some trouble inwardly and decided to take a couple of Ayer's pills as a remedy. Taking a box from the show case, he broke it open and took out two of the sugar-coated beauties. Placing one in his mouth he tried to swallow it; but the faces he made over the effort furnished a fund of amusement for me, and I twitted him over his babyishness, until he dared me to swallow one. Taking the box out of his hand, I took out one of the pills and almost threw it down

my throat, swallowing it quite easily. Then I took another and another, in bravado, until I had swallowed seven of them. Thinking those were quite enough for one meal I put the box away and kept bantering Charley over his cowardice, for a couple of hours, or until the appetite for fun left me, which occurred about the time of my uncle's return. On entering the store he looked at me in passing, and inquired what ailed me—said I looked pale. Just then I was feeling quite pale, but was determined to keep upright if possible. The effort was almost too much for me, however, and I will never be able to detail the agonies of that forenoon; for it would beggar my descriptive powers were the attempt made. About noon my uncle found me nearly dead, and taking me into the store, he mixed up an immense dose of cholera morbus medicine and made me down it without taking the glass from my lips. He had a name for the disease from which he said I was suffering—I have forgotten just what it was; but he said I would have soon been dead if he had not doctored me so promptly and lavishly. One fact stays with me, and that is the certainty that that dose had no ice in it. For about half an hour it seemed as if my breath could set snow on fire; but it was down to

stay and it was better than the pil-grim feeling that preceded it. As if to add insult to injury, Charley would leer at me from behind the partition and repeat the motions I had made when taking those pills. He knew I dare not give the case away, and he enjoyed to the full the privilege of having his laugh last, after he learned that I had passed the danger line.

On another occasion I filled a small vial with *aqua ammonia*, and carried it in my pocket to help keep the boys awake at night school. A neat perfume label adorned the outside of the bottle to encourage heavier sniffing when it was passed around. I need scarcely add that a second sniff was seldom called for. I received many a thump for my generosity and once a boy on whom I had played a trick with that bottle gave me a terrible blow in the pit of the stomach that made me sick of ammonia for a month, and cured me of the propensity for carrying it around to benefit others. Juvenile philanthropy was at a discount in those days, and, as a consequence, my career in that line was short lived.

My uncle was a very precise man in his methods, and everything about his store must be kept in the neatest possible order. The windows had to be polished regularly; the

sponges had to be washed till the last speck of sand or pebble had been removed from them; the powder papers had to be folded and creased almost to a mathematical exactness; the sidewalk in front of the store had to be sprinkled and swept twice every day, and the counters dusted a score of times. It seemed to be as easy for uncle to move around among the goods without disturbing them as for him to walk; but on the other hand, it seemed that at the very sight of me the olive oil bottles would fall over and break, and the tumblers slip off the counter, and holes get into the seed packages and let the contents spill over the shelves or floor. Brush and dust and wipe as carefully as I might, it was a rare thing for a week to pass without something occurring to remind me that I was not yet ready to graduate in my uncle's line of business. The fact is I was a boy; and the more I think of those days and times the more I am convinced of that fact.

A great many incidents come up now before me, which time and space forbid relating, and which at that time made me think my uncle was a fearful man; but mature reflection has led me to decide that the fearful part applied to the boy whose clumsiness he had so often to abide the consequences of. It used to

seem hard for a boy to have to pass by an organ grinder with a monkey attachment, without stopping to watch the cute maneuvers; and it took only such a little while to stand half an hour after he had determined just to take a look. But it was nearly forty years since uncle had been a boy and he could not understand how I occupied forty minutes in going on a ten minute errand. He had forgotten some things and I was very sorry his memory was failing so rapidly. Charley and I got permission, one day, to go and learn the whereabouts of a fire which seemed to be in the direction of my mother's home. It was shortly after noon when we left and about supper time when we returned. We had spent a good part of the time in pelting snowballs at the burning building and in sporting with the crowd of boys we found near there. It seemed as if uncle must have been there too, for the way he did spit fire after our return was interesting. We were obliged to stand under it, however, and I can remember how like martyrs we felt and appeared. My aunt came and counseled with me afterward and tried to show me how improper it was to act in such a way, and reminded me of my agreement to be good. I was subdued—for the time—and after supper started off to

night school. Next morning uncle was as good natured as ever; but I was never allowed to run to any more fires.

Among other duties falling to my lot, was the work of polishing or helping to polish the shoes for the entire family on Saturday evenings. Being of strong pious inclination, my uncle would not allow such work to be done on Sunday. At the appointed hour I would retire to the basement kitchen and there, with Charley's help, shine 'em up in the most approved style—I mean the shoes—with one exception. One of my younger cousins, a boy of about five years, came down while this work was in progress one evening. He was clad only in a night-gown and came to say good night. After teasing about for a time, he somehow got across my knee and got blackened and shined till his hide resembled anything but alabaster, and with a whine he rushed upstairs to show his mother what Joe had done. It was but a moment before my aunt put in an appearance with a view to annihilating me; but the ludicrous picture of that boy as he stood beside her holding up his gown overcame her and she burst into a fit of laughter and left me only half scolded. She only helped to complete the scene, which to me resembled a

tableau at a negro minstrel performance, and I rolled on the floor and laughed outright till the tears ran down my cheeks, while Charley and the servant girl held their sides and shared the entertainment, scoring one for me as a victory over my aunt. She had come to annihilate, but had been annihilated. Of course it was wicked, awfully wicked; but it happened, and can't be wiped out. Boys are better nowadays, but they are not required to shine about twenty pairs of shoes every Saturday night.



## CHAPTER V.

## CAPERING NATURE.

Saint Augustine! Well hast thou said  
 That of our vices we can frame  
 A ladder, \* \* \* \* \*  
 All common things—each day's events  
 That with the hour begin and end,  
 Our pleasures and our discontents  
 Are rounds by which we may ascend.

LONGFELLOW.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.

FROUDE.

IT was while I was in my uncle's employ that my father returned to our home, after nearly six years' absence, and five months later, on the morning of May 16, he was taken sick while lathing a house some distance away. The doctor was called and everything possible done to stay the disease, which was called inflammation of the lungs; but he grew worse, steadily, until the morning of the 23d, when he died. When leaving the house early that morning I was told he was quite low; so, after the ordinary routine of my morning's work at the store was through with, permission was given me to run home and see him. I hurried away as fast as possible only to find,

on arrival, that the crape was already on the door. He had been dead nearly two hours. All the children but myself had seen him die, and they told me of his words of advice. I was only twelve years and a half old; but the presence of death in our home made me feel peculiarly solemn and thoughtful. My thoughts were of mother. The resolution of my heart then and there was to be a good boy, and to be better to her than ever. Looking up into her careworn face the resolution was that thereafter I would endure anything for her sake. Though wild and mischievous, and also inclined to be stubborn, yet I was neither vicious nor mean and a tear in my mother's eyes would subdue the most wicked feeling my heart ever harbored. I knew she was afraid that my love of fun might lead me into places and company where my ruin would be wrought; and she was always apprehensive lest my independent spirit would make me insubordinate towards my employers. She had plead with me to be patient, so that I might make a man of myself in time; and, though but a child when my father was buried, I verily believe that the resolutions made about that time, God recognized, and that to some degree he has helped me to observe them ever since.

The feeling occasioned by my father's death was not as intense as if we had been dependent upon him in life; but it was the first death in our family that I had been brought into direct contact with, and it started thoughts that, for a time, gave a more serious tone to my deportment. I had been fretting over my long hours of work and my few chances to get out among the boys for play, and was wishing for a break of some kind to occur by which freedom could be had. But my decision now was to be more patient and careful on mother's account, that I might help her and make her feel more safe about me and my future. Of course it was but a child's determination, and not reached after counting possible costs; but I never forgot it, though excuses were sought by me afterwards for conduct not in complete accord with it. Older boys than I then have vowed and afterwards failed to perform. It is the history of humanity, but my failures have been none the less grievous on this account. The recollection of them is painful still as the trifling incidents which were allowed to cause them recur to the mind. The most serious question, however, is, "As a man how much wiser and better am I?"

I continued to work for my uncle for some

time after this, and was progressing finely; but, after some months, my restless, impatient, and independent spirit again asserted itself to my hurt. While mother was away nursing some sick friend I overslept myself one morning, and did not get to the store till nearly seven o'clock. This annoyed my uncle and he scolded me; and in his temper he told me to stay at home altogether if the offense was repeated. I was full of resentment and resolved to take him at his word, though knowing that he did not mean it. Arising late the next morning I did not go to the store at all, but spent the day playing with the neighbor boys, though my conscience kept reproving me, and the day was far from being a happy one. I cared but little about leaving the store, but felt guilty and more troubled because of having taken advantage of mother's absence to do it. The next day she returned, and, learning of my conduct, felt terribly grieved and scolded me quite sharply. This made me feel resentful and determined for awhile and I went to bed feeling about as mean as boys well can.

Very late that night, it must have been after one o'clock, I awoke, and, looking through the door into the room where a light was burning, I saw mother sitting and sewing. The tears

were coursing down her cheeks. Soon she heaved a wearisome sigh and turned her eyes upward, with an imploring look that melted my heart. I knew she was thinking of and praying for me, and that my conduct was causing her the trouble that was written in her face. Jumping from the bed I ran to her side, threw my arms around her neck, confessed my wrong, and begged her to forgive me and not to weep. I would do anything that she required of me if she would only be cheerful. All the imaginary wrongs that had been heaped upon me, seemed to grow insignificant, and I realized how guilty, very guilty was my course, and that by one foolish stroke had been blasted my mother's fondest hope concerning me, and deliberately thrown away what she considered to be the golden opportunity of my life. My promise to endure anything for her sake was broken and I was about as wretched as a repentant boy could well be. Poor mother, she placed her hand on my head and for a long time reasoned with me regarding the danger of my acting in such a way. She told how she had endured hardship, privation, and oppression for her children's sake; how her hopes had been centering largely in my success, and how fearful she was that my willfulness would rob me

of much good that might otherwise be within my reach.

I listened willingly to all she had to say and then explained everything connected with the circumstance of my leaving the store. She then asked me to go back to my uncle next day and ask him to receive me back into his employ. To this I agreed, and, with a tear of hope glistening in her eyes she kissed me tenderly and bid me return to bed.

Next day I went as agreed, but entered the building by the back way, fearing to confront my uncle before my aunt had interceded for me. Meeting her I told the object of my coming, and after a mild chiding she advised me to go in and tell my uncle of my anxiety to come back and my determination to be punctual in the future. I replied to my aunt that if told in that way it would not be the truth, for it was not my desire to return, but my mother wished me to, and for her sake I would try to abide the rules my uncle had made. There was more honesty than diplomacy in that remark; but it had a bad effect. She told me it would be no use to speak to her husband if such was the case; for he would not want me if he knew it. She advised me to go home, and I returned there, feeling mixed in my mind. I had told the truth, and

yet there was, or seemed to be, something wrong about it, and I dreaded the effect it would have on mother when she learned of it. To my surprise, however, when she heard my story, she did not appear either grieved or angry, but took it calmly and without uttering a word of complaint against me. Will the reader answer to him or herself whether that was a case where all the truth should not have been told by me, or was it an instance of injudiciousness on the side of my aunt? Was not a boy worth trying again and trusting who would surrender his own feelings to please his mother? Doubtless she feared that my heart was not deeply enough in it to insure faithful service long and she may have been right; I was only a boy and boys forget so soon.

Several weeks later I entered the wholesale confectionary store and factory of Mr. William Hessin, but remained only three or four months, leaving then to take a position as route boy in the *Daily Globe* office where they gave me one of the regular runs, in which about one hundred and fifty papers were to be delivered every morning, beginning at about five o'clock. I generally got through by nine o'clock and then went to school for the remainder of the day. This was not for

long, however, for I obtained a situation with a tinsmith, named George Sawdon, where my services were only needed in the afternoons and evenings. At this time my brother was also carrying a route in the same newspaper office, and it afforded a little more time for both of us to take recreation in such sport as was pleasant and available. After getting through with our morning delivery we had from nine till nearly two o'clock before it was necessary for me to commence my afternoon work at Mr. Sawdon's. We moved along finely while this programme continued, but after awhile my brother quit the newspaper carrying and went to learn his trade as a plumber, at which business he did not remain very long, however, for mother rented a store building from my uncle, Wallace Millichamp, next to his then place of business, and lightly stocked it with groceries, when my brother and myself entered my uncle's employ and worked at filing and preparing carriage irons preparatory to silver plating them. Soon tiring of this work I was for a time employed in the mailing room of the *Globe* office, after which I went to work in a cigar factory, for a Jew named Moses Benjamin, who lived next door to our home, and with whom I remained for about fifteen months.



During this time my mother married again. Her new husband's name was Edward Devine, a printer by trade. Soon after this marriage the grocery business was dispensed with and we went back to live in the house from whence we had moved to the store. I still remained at the cigar business, however, for some time after the above event, and there learned to smoke, and so practiced upon my new acquirement that soon four or five cigars a day seemed not too much for me. This was kept from my mother, who would have been incensed had she discovered it. I also became addicted to the use of words that before would have seemed terrible to me. It got to be easy to swear, and the associations had a very demoralizing effect upon me in general; though there were never more than half a dozen persons employed there at the same time, all of whom were considered respectable.

The installation of a new president over our home circle created no unpleasantness for a considerable time; but it was quite evident that sooner or later a scattering or a clash must occur. He was a man who would brook no variation by us from the rule he made, and in me was a disposition to view him as a usurper and to heed him as little as

possible. This, of course, was wrong in me, and I have no disposition to defend it; but it was apparent then and has been confirmed since that his spirit and mine could not harmonize.

The first trouble of any importance that occurred between him and me happened thus: We were moving from one house to another. I had risen early to help get things in readiness, and while standing on the steps at the rear of the house polishing a stove, made an abrupt answer to a remark from my mother. My stepfather was lying in bed in a room close by. Jumping from the bed, he came out of the door, and struck me wickedly in the face with his hand. Seizing a large claw-hammer that was lying beside me, I fell back about a dozen steps and threw it at him with all my might. As it struck the door jamb close by him it seemed to frighten him, and he went back to his room, dressed, and started after me. With my pockets full of rocks I dodged from one corner of the street to another till he gave it up and returned home, and I went to my work for the day. At night he worked pleasantly with me till the moving was finished, but after we were all safely in bed at the new house, he came and thrashed me with a three-ply rope.

Being completely in his power I could do nothing except *resolve*; but what that resolution was will never be told. Thank God it was never carried out. Mother came to me, and softened my bitter spirit. She was in a strait, and knowing it, I relented, for her sake. But she never knew what a demon was in my heart for a few days. After awhile the affair blew over and I lost my strong thoughts entirely, until they were revived by subsequent events.

One of the printers at the office where my stepfather worked rented a small job office up town and started business for himself. He needed a boy to help, and it was thought a good chance for me to learn an excellent trade. Being now fifteen years old it was high time for me to begin. Consequently I quit the cigar shop and started with Mr. Samuel Piddington and was duly installed as "devil" in the new office. Here, for the first time, a business was found for which I seemed adapted, and which presented suitable attractions to my mind. The office was not large nor very modern in its appointments, but it was a wonder world to me; and I told mother she need look no further to suit me, for my intentions were to be a printer. I had a hand in every job that was done in the

office, for there was no other help; and the more I saw the greater became the desire to see and learn. Mr. Piddington was a good printer and a very good man; but he was not a business man; nor did he possess the faculty for "rustling" around and making things lively in the way of trade. Hence we were frequently without enough to do to keep us active. We had a good time, however; for he was as mischievous as myself, and we followed our inclinations to excess sometimes. While working on a small Washington hand press one day I was rolling the ink on the form from one side while he stood upon the other, working the crank and lever. Just as I moved back from the press on one of my turns he drew a long ink mark across my face and started to laugh, but had hardly opened his mouth before the paste brush landed in the aperture. The paste was all of two months old and rather loud of expression, so as quickly as he could recover himself and his breath, he started after me. I shot down stairs, followed by two slippers, and dared not return until assured that the smoke had cleared away. When it was safe to do so I climbed the stairs again, apologized for my outrageous conduct, and the press work proceeded. Mr. Piddington thought I came nearest to filling the

bill of his ideal "devil" of any lad he had ever seen. But we liked each other nevertheless; and it was with regret that I found myself compelled to look elsewhere for work, after five months association with him. He could not make the office pay and therefore gave it up and took a situation where he had formerly been employed. I obtained a situation in the *Christian Guardian* Office, and thus continued the business I had formed a fondness for.

The *Guardian* was the organ of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada. Attached to the paper was a large job printing office, where books, pamphlets, periodicals, and church documents of all kinds were printed, as well as commercial work generally. Here was ample opportunity for learning the various branches of the business, and I applied myself as diligently as a boy of my disposition could well do. One would naturally suppose that in a place of this kind the fostering influences of religion would be thrown around me, and that my better nature would be developed; but such was not the case. The only man in the printing office who made a profession of religion was the foreman, Mr. Thomas Wilson, who was a member of the church where I attended Sunday school. He

seemed to take quite a fancy to me and tried to help me to an understanding of the business, so far as he had time and opportunity. All the rest of the men and boys were of the godless order, and as I was more in their company than in that of the foreman I drank more into their spirit, yet could not go with them to the excess of profanity and vileness that they indulged in. I could swear when vexed, and could maintain my reputation for juvenile deviltry; but there was always a restraining something that prevented my using the Creator's name, or that of the Savior, in my reckless talk. Whenever mischief was on the tapis the boys could safely count on me; and when, on Saturday afternoons, the big bucket of beer was brought into the engine room in the basement, I was on hand to respond to the frequent invitations to dip my tin cup in and drink until the bucket was empty. All this was slyly done, however, for the rule of the establishment was against it. Let me say right here that I always loved the taste of liquor of every kind, and drank it whenever it was offered to me. The taste of it is pleasant to me to this day. On several occasions drink was taken until a dim uncertainty seemed to hang around me, though I never was fully overcome by it. The reason

why I never became intoxicated is unknown to me, unless I was afraid to become so. I was then approaching an age when observation and reason were urging their claims upon me for acknowledgment and respect, and conscience was continually arraigning me before its bar. My mother's prayers were beginning to count in my favor, and there always seemed to be a limit in every direction beyond which I dared not venture except when the boys were in for genuine sport. Then I would usually shut my eyes and "go it blind," as the sages told me.

There were about ten persons employed in the job room, and six in the news room. On one occasion I somehow obtained possession of a bottle of Dr. Wolcott's catarrh snuff, which was rather slow in operating but remarkably vigorous and emphatic when once it got in motion. Passing quietly around among the men I gave to each a liberal "pinch" and then retired to the anteroom, from whence, through a partly opened door the cataclysm could be witnessed. There was scarcely time to notify the two other boys, when there was a fizz and a snap, and soon, as if by prearrangement, seven or eight heads simultaneously swayed backward and then suddenly forward, and every man ex-

pressed himself as though he was trying to scare a regiment of cats from the premises. The foreman looked up from his desk and adjusted his spectacles just in time to take in the second round and sat watching with eyes bulging while about twenty rounds were fired over the whole room. Just as the job room hands reached about the fifth volley the news hands upstairs started in, and the scenery and music were simply immense. I am sure the foreman could not doubt the men's earnestness, for the tears were starting from their eyes, the handkerchiefs were kept afloat, and every man who had sneezed three or four times would return his head to position after the forward plunge, with a pathetic "ah-h-h," which was interrupted by the suddenness of another attack, until the curtain fell on the last act, and seven or eight clear-headed men resolved upon taking a course in religion—that is, they agreed upon an effort to suppress the "devil." By this time the "devil" had found his way down to the cellar and was waiting for the clouds to roll by before venturing near the stricken locality again.

Such capers did not always end as harmlessly as the above. Sometimes I came out of such ventures with the laugh on my side, but not always. One evening I stooped down



and crept under the type frame to prod a workman on the other side with a pin and succeeded in starting him, but while working forward, one of the other boys jumped into my place just vacated, and threw his foot forward to give me a surprise from behind. Just as he did so I turned around to escape the man that was punctured with the pin and received the heel of my chum's foot right over my left eye, cutting quite a long gash. This tempered my ardor for such sport for a few hours at least. I was taken by one of the office hands to a druggist, who drew the parts together and secured them in position with a liberal supply of court plaster. Next morning, when at the foreman's desk "holding copy," it was hard for me to keep track of the words, while he "read proof," on account of the soreness of my eye. But it was twice as hard to explain to him how the thing happened, when he asked me for the particulars. Being rather an apt citizen, however, I was equal to the demand and gave him an outline of facts, leaving ample room for filling. He rewarded me with some expression of sympathy, but I rather thought or "felt" that there was a tinge of suspicion in the corner of the foreman's eye as he heard the account of the accident. But perhaps I could not see

clearly, for my eye was bandaged and I did not look at him very closely during the recital.

This was quite a setback, but did not prevent my participation in the carnival with some boys at night, in which a part was assigned me which was unique if not elegant. It was my duty, under the arrangements, to furnish bagpipes and the music characteristic thereof. With tin whistles and inverted chairs and every other conceivable and outrageous thing, the boys went through the motions of playing band, while I walked around the crowd with the family cat under my left arm and the end of her anecdote in my mouth. A slight pressure of the teeth on the anecdote and a regular churning with the left arm on the ribs of the feline produced the closest imitation of the bagpipes that the boys had ever listened to and it was voted a success. Shameful! you say. So say I; but that will not wipe it out. The boy did it.

## CHAPTER VI.

## FROM NATURE TO GRACE.

There is nothing more to be esteemed than a manly firmness and decision of character. I like a person who knows his own mind and sticks to it; who sees at once what is to be done in given circumstances and does it.

WM. HAZLITT.

By this time the reader will begin to conclude that such a lad as the last chapter portrays was void of serious thought; but at the risk of taking his breath, let me here state that my nightly prayers were never omitted and that hours were spent at times in deeply solemn thought about my spiritual needs. I record this, not from any desire to gain consideration for myself, but as a gentle hint that possibly all of the rattle-headed urchins upon whom so many denunciatory epithets are being poured to-day are not so utterly destitute of serious feeling as some of their judges may decide. Observation has convinced me that my case was not the world's exception. Some boy will look at this life picture and mistake it for a mirror.

I was now sixteen years of age and on the

eve of certain (the reader will think, necessary) changes. Even in my hilarity, I was thinking; and while those who were in any way interested in me were doubtless ready to give me up as incorrigible, I was feeling quite keenly the necessity for quitting some of my acquired habits. I saw in others the effects of liquor drinking, and had heard some persons say they could not break off from the indulgence. One man, not thirty years old, with whom I became quite intimately acquainted, seemed to really try hard and pray for freedom from the slavery of drink, but was apparently unable to pass a saloon without entering. His friends talked to him, prayed for him, and I heard him tell of his struggles, and finally saw him go to jail for stealing some clothing while he was drunk. He had asked in my hearing for the prayers of the church that he might get self-control, but he went down to disgrace and death under the blighting, paralyzing touch of the demon. I thought of that young man as he must have been once—a boy—and that he had liked the taste of liquor, and somebody had offered it to him; and the appetite had grown with his years, until what he might easily have done at the age of sixteen he could not now do at all—he could not let it alone. He was a

miserable, abject slave, and—to such a master. Reader, I prayed.

It was customary then to set the tumblers of hot toddy down whenever visitors came to the house, and on one winter evening this custom was being observed at our home. While the glasses were being filled I was busy thinking, and my thoughts ran on till all but myself had emptied their glasses. One of the company urged me to drink while the liquor was warm. I hesitated, and made some kind of indifferent reply, which led another of the company to jokingly remark that “Joe” was “going to turn teetotaler.” This started a laugh and turned the attention of all present to me; and, of course, I was expected to “get even” with them in my reply. They knew what I was at repartee and, therefore, were the more surprised when I deliberately pushed the glass from me and quietly said,

“You may enjoy your laugh; I never intend to drink any more liquor.”

This rather sobered some of them and one asked,

“Why, don’t you like it?”

To this was replied,

“Yes, I do like it; and that’s why I think it is time to quit.”

Many times has that answer been thought

of by me since then; and though now forty years old, I do not think a better one could be framed by me impromptu than the one given before I was seventeen. My mother spoke out and said,

“Stick to it my son; your mother will never laugh at you nor ask you to drink.”

From that night, except as a medicine, strong drink has never crossed my lips. My thoughts had been maturing, and it only required the trifling circumstance of that time to provoke an expression to which I have felt myself honorably committed ever since. The last I saw of one of the young ladies who laughed at my boy talk that night, was a few years ago, when she bore the undeniable traces of being a slave to appetite for liquor.

About this time I went one Sunday to visit a family of acquaintances who lived about two and a half miles northwest of the city. Their name was Robinson. David, the father, and Betsy, the mother, had been kind friends to my mother when they formerly lived in the city. He had been a class leader for many years and was a man of sterling character, a little eccentric in his methods, but the soul of honor. His wife was of a different mental cast, nervous, excitable, always on the stir, but

generous and sociable withal. At the time of the visit referred to, their daughter, Annie, was up into young womanhood. James, the son, was somewhere about my own age, and Asenath, the youngest child, was a girl of about thirteen or fourteen.

My business was with James, or "Jim," as I familiarly called him then. Together we went over to Sunday school in a little room back of the small church building in which they worshiped; and what a contrast! I had never before been to a Sunday school where less than three to four hundred assembled. But here I was in a place that could not be made to hold over fifty; and such a difference in the general appearance in the scholars and in their manners. I stared around the room until lesson time, and then took my seat beside Jim in one of the classes, with a dozen boys around us, all looking about as far removed from wealth as myself. Before a quarter of an hour more had passed I found myself interested, which had not been the case in eleven years of previous Sunday school life. I was interested and *at home*.

From that day Jim and Joe almost grew together. For over six years I walked that distance and kept my place in that Sunday school; and that, too, from choice. There

was the turning point in my life; and let others think as they may, I shall ever bless God for directing my steps thither.

Some slight disaffection had occurred among them before the time of my visit, and pretty soon the usurpation and overbearance of certain parties led about fifteen or more of the oppressed ones to sever their connection with the Wesleyan body, and to send for a Primitive Methodist minister to come and form them into a society, and to receive them into fellowship with the body of that name. This was done. My chum and I were among the number who felt "oppressed,"—I suppose because his parents were,—and we attended the new school that was formed. A small cottage was rented, partitions taken out, and there, in that room, I spent the first happy hours, under religious experience, of my life. How we did sing in school; and the number of verses Jim and I would learn! Each had a good memory, and reciting a hundred or more verses on Sunday seemed but a small matter.

No task was assigned us, but we loved to do it. All had something to do, and began to feel a measure of responsibility, which, by the way, is a secret worth knowing. Give a boy some token by which you make him feel that



you set some value on his services, and that results depend upon his part, and, if he has any nerve and soul in him, you will call it out. But let him feel that he has no place but what could be filled as well with a storekeeper's dummy, and you will soon "freeze him out."

Only a few weeks more passed before I was "converted" at a revival service in that cottage, and soon my name was enrolled as a member of the church. The bitterest night of those Canadian winters was never cold enough, nor did the snow ever fall deep enough, nor the sleet pelt wickedly enough, to prevent me from footing it after the day's work was done, to and from those meetings. Saturday evenings I would go out to Mr. Robinson's, and there remain over night, to be on hand next morning early for Sunday school and class meeting; and many of the blessings of those days stay with me and are helps to this hour.

Poor Jim, he couldn't become converted so quickly. He kept going to the mourner's bench every time a protracted meeting was held, and he would pray fervently, and listen to the advisers who gathered around him; but yet didn't unite. The fact is the boy had too much sense—hard sense—to take a "stone for bread," and he was too honest to profess

what he did not possess. During one of those "times of refreshing" I was sent to talk him into an understanding of the conversion idea. But what a job it was. The conversation ran about thus:—

"Can't you let go everything and rest on Christ?"

"What do you mean by letting go—let go *what?*"

"Let go of all hope of saving yourself, and simply believe on Jesus."

"That's what they've been telling me for nine years. Now I don't expect to be able to save myself; but what am I to believe?"

"Believe he died to save you."

"I've believed that all my life; what else is necessary?"

"Believe that he saves you now."

"What, without feeling any different than I have done?"

"Never mind the feeling; just believe that God, for Christ's sake, *has saved you*; and you are saved right then."

"Now, Joe, honestly,—is—is that all you did?"

"That's all, Jim."

"And the happiness came just as soon as you believed that way?"

"Exactly."

"My, how long I've been finding out that simple idea ; I'll try it, Joe."

A young minister was present, and I appealed to him to go and supplement my dialogue with Jim. He did so ; and I am strongly persuaded that Jim plied him about as he did me, for after leaving him, the minister asked the people to rise from their knees and listen to him ; whereupon he said :—

"It does seem ridiculous to ask a person to believe he is saved before he feels any evidence of it, but such is our duty, and if there is anything else needed by the repentant soul I know nothing of it."

He was in the same fix as myself ; and I never forgot his remark. After that time he filled acceptably several churches for the Methodists, but later on, for education's sake, he joined the Presbyterians, and occupied their pulpit at Pingree Grove, Illinois ; Middleton, Iowa ; the First Scotch Church of Chicago ; and is now pastor of a church not far from London, Ontario. I wonder if that admission satisfies people everywhere. He was honest in stating it, and it was as "ridiculous" as he admitted it seemed. Contrast such counsel with that given by Jesus, and Paul, and Peter, and how supremely "ridiculous" it sounds.

But Jim "got through" at that meeting, and I was relieved and happy. He is there yet; though the cottage was afterwards abandoned, and we built a church; then the Methodist churches united in Canada, and a large church building now stands on the old corner where the writer once happily and humbly worshipped as a Primitive Methodist.

Becoming converted, as above related, I took my stand firmly against the old forces that had been swaying me, and it was soon noticed in the printing office that a change had come over me. They could not make me swear, and I left whenever they started to tell vulgar stories. Finally, whenever they pressed me with old time methods, I told them squarely that I had turned over a new leaf, joined the church, and was going to try to live a Christian life. One or two of them commended my course and told me to stick to it; but the others would delight in singing hymns, offering mock prayers, mixing up most foul and blasphemous stories with Scriptural quotations. To this they would add all they could think of from my former doings and sayings; unholy medleys were never improvised than those which greeted my ears whenever I was at work near them.

Reader, it was a terrible fight. To hear

funny things and not laugh, lest you yield the adversary a point. To be twitted, and, while able to give back with usury, yet to refrain from utterance, lest you betray your cause to gratify self. To have all kinds of nasty, mean things said and done to you to make you angry, and yet keep your lightning temper under subjection for fear of exposing your Master to shame. To begin right where you had mixed up with the wild, the profane, and the godless, and hold out against the tide-forces you had helped to augment, is noble work, and heroic in autobiographies; but it has a side to it that is by no means poetic. It is prosaic, to the broader line of crucifixion.

To erect a royal or lofty character-standard is within the scope of nearly all mortals who are fairly up in "ideality;" but there must be other sources than imagery from whence to draw when the conflict, precipitated by your effort to climb there and "hold the fort," is at its heat; otherwise you only build and enter to vacate and surrender in disgrace. I had registered for the fight, long or short; and, though only a boy, God helped me. I do not mean by this that I maintained my standard and kept the banner high always; but I so far succeeded that those around me finally

gave up the idea of getting me back under their control; and I believe they admired my course.

I became more attentive to my work, and, being of an accommodative disposition, the foreman found me willing to take hold of any job, whether it was directly in the line of my regular duties or not. Therefore, part of the time I was in the job room, next in the news room, then at the presses; afterwards in the mailing room, or down in the engine room; and thus I picked up a knowledge of various branches, such as less willing apprentices remained ignorant of. Besides this my wages were increased faster than was the common rule of the office, and thus ample reward came to me for enduring for right's sake.

I remained in this office about three years and seven months, or until four years had been spent at the business. Just then the great printers' strike for a nine hour day occurred, and foolishly, as it now seems, I allowed myself to be influenced against the advice of my old friend, the foreman, and left with the strikers. On the last Saturday of our work before the strike he came and handed me my wages. The tears were in his eyes when he put out his hand and shook mine, and he said,

"I thought *you* would have stayed with me, my lad; but good-bye." He left me, and I wished at that moment to stay; but my word was pledged; and I really believed that the cause of the strikers was just. I regretted it afterwards; but it was too late to mend the mistake. The old man afterwards gave me work when I applied to him, and he favored me all he could in that direction.

When passing through Toronto on my way to the Eastern mission last September I called on my old friend and spent a few hours with him. He is now over seventy years of age; but he still holds a place in the same office, though the position of foreman is now held by another. My visit delighted him; and I was made glad to think that he still had a warm place in his heart for the lad who had caused him tears some twenty years before. The thought that I remembered him enough to visit him gave him peculiar delight, and we parted, each having the other's blessing on his head. May life be his while it is desirable, and may his end be peace.

Soon after my union with the church my Brother John followed me to the little chapel, and he, too, was captured and enrolled as a member. This was added comfort for me. He became as deeply interested as myself,

and the time went happily on. Let others tell of their doubts and dissatisfaction regarding the doctrines of the churches they were in; and of how they looked and hoped for something better and more consistent. Let them tell of how they were prepared thus for the "fullness of the gospel" when it saluted their ears; but I must tell the truth about myself, though it may make me appear intellectually deficient. I was contented, was indeed happy, never once stopping to think that there might be something lacking, or something superfluous about my religion. To me it was presented as a divine system, and it was so accepted, without question.

And, permit me to state here, that as I now look back upon it and its influence upon my character at that critical formative period, I tearfully raise my eyes towards heaven and bless the day, and the circumstances, and the people that conveyed it and its influences to my heart and life. Defects it has many; inconsistencies are inwrought with each fiber of its doctrinal fabric; anomaly is stamped upon its organic and governmental policy; and, compared with the order, symmetry, and general excellence of all appointments of the divine government under which, as a Latter Day Saint, I now worship, it pales into seem-



ing insignificance; but notwithstanding all this, it was a medium through which forces were introduced to my character such as changed, cleansed, and fixed it at least on the side of goodness, and under God, it proved an effective stepping-stone to the higher spirituality, the diviner philosophy, and the greener pasturage found within the realm of the Church of Jesus Christ.

While this tribute is paid cheerfully and deservedly to the religion of my first choice, do not let the conclusion be hastily reached that my life was changed suddenly by it from nature to grace, nor that my roguish disposition was entirely eliminated by its influence. A fear lurks with me that quite a measure of that element will characterize my individuality till the final change comes.

## CHAPTER VII.

## NEW RESPONSIBILITIES.

O fortunate, O happy day,  
When a new household finds its place  
Among the myriad homes of earth,  
Like a new star just sprung to birth,  
And rolled on its harmonious way  
Into the boundless realms of space!

LONGFELLOW.

“If a man is thoroughly Christian, the nerve that runs from his brain to his wallet will be just as much Christianized as the one that runs from his brain to his tongue.”

THE struggle to overcome the evil within my character was a hard one. My inclinations were strong; but never did the thought occur to me to give up. I had entered for life and was determined to make the best showing possible. If my temper got the better of me at times, or a swear word escaped my lips, while it mortified me, it never had the effect of discouraging me, for the conviction was settled within me that it was possible to overcome and the wonderful change that had been wrought already argued in favor of still better results if the fight was continued; hence

every lapse only stimulated renewed energy to fight harder in future.

On the evening of my eighteenth birthday, while walking along the main road leading to the chapel, my mind ran out over the past, and humiliation filled me as the thought of my unworthiness pressed upon me. Wondering what my future would be and how far my life could contribute to the good of others, I lifted my hat and in humble prayer consecrated myself anew to God for life, asking faith and courage to abide in righteousness. The consciousness seemed to be then with me that my main life service would be with the church.

Soon after this the presiding minister notified me that by action of the quarterly board my name had been placed on the printed preachers' plan, and several appointments to exhort and preach had been made for me, which were indicated by the figure shown on the plan, corresponding with that set opposite my name. When a copy of the paper reached me, sure enough, there was the entry and arrangement for several services; and, accepting the honor, I prepared myself to fill them, believing it to be a duty divinely imposed. This was my "call" to the ministry, and from that time till my twenty-third year

I continued as a local preacher, with varying success. I was also made a Sabbath school teacher, afterwards assistant superintendent; then a class leader and society steward, and continued to hold these offices until my resignation was tendered the church in 1876.

After being out on a strike with the printers for about two weeks, I was approached by my stepfather who was then publishing a weekly paper and conducting a job printing office. He offered me all that was demanded by me as a striker, and a fair salary, to take charge of his business. I accepted, and continued with him for about two years or more, except at intervals when we disagreed and I refused to work for him. He was a man with enterprise sufficient to push a very large business, but had not moral ballast enough to steady or maintain a very small one.

His knowledge of printing was limited to the duties of a newspaper compositor; job printing and machinery were out of his practical range, but by no means beyond the realm of his conceit. Nothing was too formidable for him to undertake, but anything was too heavy for him to carry if it involved moral responsibility. As a stepson I was expected to take a deeper interest in his business than a stranger would; and at the same time be

willing to go without my wages oftener, and to do it without complaint. His irregularity and his unreasonable exactions frequently exhausted my reserve store of piety, and with temper at white heat I would manifest my indignation; if it did not effect anything, I would leave his employment and go elsewhere. This occurred several times; but in each instance the trouble was followed by a reconciliation and by his promise of larger wages, prompt payments, and better treatment, till the culmination hereafter referred to was reached and our business relations terminated for a long time.

Meanwhile my work on Sundays and week evenings, as local preacher, etc., was continued, and a little matter of a more private or personal character was also being developed.

John Parker and his wife, Elizabeth, the former a Scotchman and the latter a Lower Canadian, lived close by our cottage chapel, with their six children. By some appointment of heaven, or fortunate happening of earth, (or as I now believe, both,) my attention was specially drawn to their second daughter, Janet; and the attraction proved to be mutual. We were but children when we met; she was but fourteen and the writer not

seventeen. As such, however, our inclination for each other's society was sufficiently strong to bring us often together, till friendship, with passing years, ripened into that kind of affection which made us believe that we were destined for each other, and led us to conclude that in time our lives would run together. Her parents were members of the little Methodist Church; and, through the writer's influence, she was finally led to an acceptance of the religion we all then believed to be right. Our companionship was favored by her parents, and we were happy as little turtle doves.

Some time after or about the year 1871, John Parker and wife moved to London, Ontario, taking with them the four younger children, and leaving the two older daughters behind to board with their grandparents. This latter arrangement was made to allow them to continue at their employment in a shop that was quite close to our chapel. Of course this was quite satisfactory to the writer, and not at all objectionable to at least one of the girls. Grandfather and grandmother lived next door to the chapel, and everything was as convenient as if some good spirit had ordained it specially for our benefit. The old lady, with knitting in her hands and

spectacles low down on her nose, would generally seat herself directly opposite our familiar corner in the cottage, and over the bows of her glasses would cast frequent glances at the "innocents at home," doubtless enjoying our reproduction of the scenes in which she had participated in "ye olden tyme." Her cheery remarks and pleasant smiles indicated as much, and we rather prided ourselves in our success at double service, considering our own joy first, but feeling delighted over the measure also furnished to her. But, as my writing is not designed for a modern love story, I must brush aside, for the reader's sake, this soft-colored picture, and proceed with the main recital.

My career as a Methodist preacher was not without occasional evidences of strange and, to me, divine supervision. In company with a fellow preacher, William Matthews, I went in a buggy once to fill some appointments, twenty miles west of the city. After performing the required service, to our mutual happiness, we were returning at night, chatting pleasantly together. It was very dark, and the rattle of the buggy drowned all other sounds. A high bank ran along the left side of the road, and by it all objects were hidden from us, even though they might be suffi-

ciently luminous to overcome the darkness. Suddenly, and without any reason that I have ever been able to assign, an impulse seized me to draw on the rein and stop the horse, which was going at quite a rapid gait. Hardly had the animal been checked before there dashed from behind the bank at our left a locomotive and freight train, and not more than ten feet ahead of us it crossed our path directly; nor did the whistle sound till the train had run its full length beyond our road.

The sudden flash of the headlight in the face of the horse caused her to plunge and rear for a moment until we succeeded in turning and letting her go in the opposite direction for a few hundred yards. After recovering from the shock thus produced, we turned and hastened along as before. After a few moments Bro. Matthews asked me why I had so suddenly stopped the horse. I was unable to answer him; for I had heard no sound and seen no reflection. After a moment's thought he said:—

“Evidently, Bro. Luff, we have a work yet to do; for which God has remarkably preserved us. I hope we may find it out, and be faithful in doing it.”

To this I responded with an amen that



would have attested my Methodism anywhere. Whether there was anything special about it or not, I am unable to affirm; but that there was cause for gratitude I know, and I freely offer it to Him who at least permitted it to so occur.

The degree of success attending my labors as a local preacher, and the calls for a more frequent appearance of my name on the forthcoming plans (which were issued quarterly) led the minister in charge to urgently press me to give my life entirely to ministerial work. He spoke flatteringly of my ability, and seriously of my call, as evidenced by my success; and, after many months of persuasion, he almost led me to believe that perhaps I ought to drop everything else and become an itinerant minister.

The law of the church required that young men who entered the regular ministry should remain four years on probation, during which time they were required to go through a course of graded studies; and they only received a very small allowance or salary. This salary was not more than sufficient to barely provide necessary books and clothing. Of course this made it impracticable for a man to marry; and it formed a barrier against the reception of married men. If, at the end of

his probation, he passed the examination prescribed he was ordained and his salary increased. There was, I believe, a fixed minimum limit to this; but the maximum was to be reached and determined by the market value of the man's attractiveness as a preacher, and the ability and willingness of his church, or circuit, to pay him. In other words, he received above the stipulated allowance whatever he could command by virtue of his talents.

While I was willing to take all chances, and to make the necessary sacrifices in this matter, one thing troubled me,—Did God want me to do it; was I called to that ministry? This question puzzled me. The minister and other earnest advisers reasoned with me that my success proved my call. I replied that if such was the case then the *measure* of a man's success must prove the genuineness of his call, and the acceptability of his doctrine. I knew that a certain Baptist minister near there had made more converts than any of our ministers; that a certain evangelist had secured still more; and, beyond all, a noted infidel in that city had outstripped every minister, and had taken followers from all our societies. If success was the criterion, then the Baptist had a surer call than our minis-

ter; and, if so, the doctrine of his church was more acceptable to God. The evangelist was still ahead of him, and the infidel was leading all; so, with only the "success" idea to measure by, I had to seriously consider whether or not our "holy religion" was not at a discount in the estimation of God.

Just at this time a circumstance occurred one evening which made further worry on the above score needless. My stepfather, in one of his fits of ungovernable passion, rushed at my youngest sister (then a mere child) and was about to punish her severely and unreasonably for some trifling offense. Hearing him advance towards her, after some boisterous threatening, I rushed down stairs and instantly stood in his way, with a threatening gesture. This unexpected interference heightened his wrath, and he turned his attention to me, uttering a most unworthy threat. I posed for war, my temper at boiling point, and determined to finally settle all claims against him for what I considered his many acts of tyranny and abuse, both to me and to my younger sisters, as well as concerning his unfair treatment in business. My religion was forgotten: I was arrayed for revenge, and he saw it. He knew me too well to risk very much, and I would not have

trusted him within the limit of his power. Just as we struck at each other, my mother—poor mother—rushed between us and fainted. Perhaps it was providential; for it suddenly checked our movements, and I turned my attention to bringing her back to consciousness. By the time this was accomplished my temper had subsided and I felt ashamed, though I tried to justify myself. Poor mother, she was in a dilemma. He was her husband—I was her son. She knew that a stage had been reached in our relations where she could no longer feel safe as to our conduct towards each other, either in her presence or absence; and her heart was broken. I saw it, and hated him the worse for it. Perhaps he felt so toward me also. He ordered me to leave the house and I refused and dared him to carry out his threat to compel me. An appointment or engagement had been made for me that night and when the time came to leave I told mother I would return about eleven o'clock. My stepfather said I should not enter the house; but my answer assured him that there were no fears in my mind on that score.

Leaving the house I walked out to the little chapel neighborhood a couple or more miles away, thinking and wondering, and disgusted

with myself. I had fallen below the standard of manhood I had erected; I had violated my covenant as a Christian; I had been a party to a transaction that had added a pang to the heart of the mother I most tenderly loved. I stood before the bar of my conscience condemned and disgraced. Reason as I might that my stepfather was wrong and cruelly wrong, and pile up, as I could, a long list of unjust acts upon his part; and knowing as I did that my mother was totally ignorant of much concerning him that was only too well known to me; still I was wrong—wrong—wrong, and could not escape the conviction. I had dishonored my religion; and for a time I seemed to literally abhor myself. My heart was bitterness itself. The mixed feelings of revenge, self-justification, remorse, and disgrace were indescribable. However, before reaching the end of my journey, I had determined to either leave at once for California, to join my Uncle Ben there, or to settle down in a home of my own. I could not consent to longer remain at home while my stepfather was there; and the only question was what change to make for the best.

Upon meeting the one who might be affected by whatever change occurred, I related to her the entire story concerning the colli-

sion, the bitterness felt, and the resolution made, leaving her to decide the matter within the coming week as to whether I should leave for the West, or we should marry and make a home of our own. Only one question was seriously to be considered: We were young; she had not long entered her eighteenth year, and I was but twenty; I had a trade, however, and she understood housekeeping, having been employed in that line for some time prior to beginning the more profitable work she was now engaged in.

Having thus submitted the matter to her and filled the engagement I returned home and found no difficulty in entering. That night was spent in anything but a restful or pleasant state of mind. There was a severe struggle going on, but by the morning my resentfulness had been conquered and, going down to the office, I determined to make amends, as far as possible, for my part of the wrong, whether my cause was just or not. Certain it was my *methods* were wrong. I now think that it was the biggest victory I had up to that time ever achieved over self. I waited till the arrival of my stepfather, entered his private office, and there confessed to him frankly that I was ashamed of myself, my acts had been unchristian; and I was

sorry indeed. My purpose was to redeem my religion and manhood from the disgrace to which I had subjected them. But if the effort had been aimed directly towards crushing and humiliating him, it could not have succeeded more completely. Astonished beyond measure, he looked and listened, then stretched forth his hand and shook mine warmly. He took all the blame on himself, but explained and apologized, and uttered many regrets, and promised better treatment in the future. He expressed his admiration of me and my action in coming to him, and he paid a tribute to the religion that could so work in a man of my disposition. All this was in excess of my anticipation; and though my knowledge of the man allowed me to repose but little confidence in the permanency of his good feeling and conduct, yet somehow I felt that my duty was done.

I wanted, however, to leave home while the good feeling lasted. Upon telling mother what I had done her tender heart melted at the recital. Undoubtedly she knew something of the nature of the struggle I must have had before humbling myself under such conditions. The expression of gladness that lit up her dear face, and the tears of joy that

fell from her eyes, voiced to me in distinct articulation the relief she found in the new hope thus begotten. I was thus more than rewarded; but I was afraid to trust myself very far in the old direction.

These incidents may be of but trifling interest to the reader, and are only mentioned here, because, painful as they appear, and discreditable to the writer as some of them undoubtedly were, they seem, as I now look back upon them, to have been operative causes tending to certain results, which, if not appointed, were certainly overruled by Providence as a means to a desirable end.

After a week had passed, and the use of some little persuasion on my part, Miss Parker concluded that I had better not go to California; so we agreed upon a date, three months ahead, when we should become one. Accordingly, after obtaining the parental consent, we made preparations. The time passed gloriously on until May 23, 1873, when together we went to London, Ontario, and on the following day, at the residence of her parents, and in the presence of all the family, celebrated the birthday of Queen Victoria by getting married, Rev. W. S. Hughan of the Methodist Church officiating. Having furnished and left a home ready for occupancy,



we returned in a few days to Toronto, and began life under our own roof-tree.

This occasion of so much joy to us was one of regret to the presiding minister; for it spoiled all his calculations concerning my entering the regular ministry. No married men need apply; so I continued as a local preacher. Trivial as this occurrence may appear to some, as they read, it appears before my mind as an important link in the chain of providential circumstances which held me for a day then future, and for a service then unknown to me. Had I entered the regular itinerancy at that time, it is impossible to tell whither the influences of that kind of life would have led me; what prejudices its associations would have strengthened within me, and how far my will would have been steeled against the golden truth of after-revelment. It is not for me to divine whether I should ever have become obedient to the gospel of the Son of God when it finally came to me, or not. All I really know is that it closed the door referred to against me, for which I now thank God. It will be seen later on that certain spiritual good came in consequence of it, by which my career as a Latter Day Saint was the more easily commenced.

Our new home life was started by a consecration of ourselves and interests to Christ. We believed the hand of our heavenly Father had brought us together ; and, though such a law as tithing was not heard of in the church, we gathered knowledge concerning it from the Bible, and had placed in a secluded part of our home a box which we called the Lord's box, and so labeled it. Into this we regularly put one tenth of my weekly earnings, to be used for church purposes alone ; and when its contents were found insufficient, we added thereto ; but the tenth was held sacred for that purpose. I have since wondered why this was done ; for there was not another member of the church who believed in, or practiced it, that we are aware of. Was this also a work of preparation ?

## CHAPTER VIII.

## APPROACHING THE TRUTH.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gathered strength,  
He would not make his judgment blind,  
He faced the spectres of the mind  
And laid them: thus he came at length  
To find a stronger faith his own.

TENNYSON.

SUBSEQUENT to the events noted, and as the result of another serious unpleasantness with my stepfather in regard to business matters, I held several interviews with a Mr. Robert S. Weir, who had been bookkeeper in the same office, but who had become very much dissatisfied with the manner in which things were being conducted. Like myself he was also ambitious, and was seeking opportunity to improve his condition financially. Both of us had determined to quit my stepfather's employ; and, understanding each other as we did, it was but natural that we should suggest a coalition for mutual advantage. He was a competent accountant and fine business man, whose honesty and integ-

ality I had full confidence in. The result of our interviews was that together we left my stepfather's employ, and, forming a partnership, we purchased a small job printing plant and commenced business under the firm name of Weir and Luff, in the west end of the city, far distant from the location of our old employer's office.

Our hope was to build up a business for ourselves, without directly affecting his, but he either failed to note that fact or was too reckless to respect us in an honest effort to strike out for ourselves, hence he tried to give us all the trouble he possibly could.

Finding that we had not only gone, but gone beyond recovery, he became enraged and in his frenzy moved his business from the center of the city to a point still west of us, where he hoped to "freeze us out." His methods, however, were hurtful to himself; for he took work at prices that would not cover original outlay for material; and after considerable time his business collapsed and the entire plant was disposed of under the sheriff's hammer.

Meanwhile our business prospered and improved. Additional facilities were added, which of course involved quite an outlay; but our credit was good, and by dint of honesty

and push we succeeded admirably. The Methodist Church at that end of the city gave us the benefit of its patronage and influence, and I was bidding fair to reach some day the goal of my earlier ambition, namely, an independent position in point of wealth; that is, the start in that direction was encouraging.

Our church work was also keeping pace with the progressive elements around it, and the little cottage chapel in which we had been worshiping soon proved too small for us. Accordingly a new site was purchased and a more sightly and commodious building was erected thereon. The old building was again converted into a tenement, and was purchased some time afterwards, together with the premises adjoining, by the writer.

Thus my wife and I became the possessors of the home in which we had wooed and won each other, and also the one in which both of us had gone through the processes incident to a genuine Methodist conversion. Into one house we moved, and the other we rented. We were now looking out upon the future with much to encourage, while happiness smiled pleasantly upon and within our home, into which two additional ones had entered, a son and daughter.

My success as a preacher had not waned, and again I was besought to enter the regular ministry. I was now in a condition to support myself and family for four years of probation, if my business and home were sold; hence the main objection was lifted, and the old question came back—*Am I called to that work?* If I could have been satisfied in that regard everything would have been quickly disposed of, and I should have gone forth trusting in God. The good minister in charge, Rev. Thomas Griffith, visited and conversed with me earnestly about the matter; I was in a state of doubt, but honestly praying for light on the matter.

Just then a letter from the parents of my wife brought with it a leaflet on which was printed an epitome of the faith of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. These old Methodists of twenty or more years standing had joined that body, and in their anxiety to do good had sent this little leaflet, with a request that it be read. It was soon followed by a few others, which I read, as did my wife, and, though impressed with the apparent Scripturalness of the doctrines set forth therein, I maintained a show of indifference regarding the matter. The peculiar character of the testimonies borne by

the letter writers struck me, however, as remarkable; but in my replies I confined myself to a criticism of the doctrine and a light ridicule of the testimonies. This was done more to draw out the defense and give me a clearer insight into the strange doctrine than to oppose from a disposition to belittle or denounce. More tracts came after a time, revealing new evidence and awakening a deeper interest. I read whenever opportunity offered, and examined the Bible carefully in search of weapons with which to crush or annihilate the new faith. Not that I felt any special dislike for the doctrine; but my pride made me anxious to find something wherewith to defend the faith to which I was already committed; and to defend one was to annihilate the other. I hated to confess in letters that my religion was without Scriptural warrant.

My first study and writing was done out of respect for those who had shown such a kindly interest in me; but the discoveries made thereby led me to a closer investigation and comparison of church doctrines; and my interest increased proportionately. The result was painful; for I discovered for the first time that the religion my mother had taught me was defective. It did not require many

days of searching to reach this conclusion. Whether the church publishing those tracts was right or not, one thing was certain, and that hurt me; namely, If the Bible was correct my religion was in many respects incorrect. I spent months in searching; but became only the more confirmed in the conviction thus forced upon me. I saw *at once* by reference to Mark 1: 4; Acts 2: 38; 22: 16; John 3: 5, that baptism was "for the remission of sins"; and all my subsequent searching seemed but to add force to this conviction. Methodism did not teach that; and I did not even pretend to believe that my church was truer than the Bible. I read passages regarding the laying on of hands, such as found in Genesis 48: 14; Numbers 27: 18-23; Matthew 19: 13-15; Acts 8: 14-19; 19: 6; 1 Timothy 4: 14; 2 Timothy 1: 6; Mark 16: 18; 6: 5; Luke 4: 40; 13: 13; James 5: 14, 15; and as I read my mind was filled with surprise that these texts had never seemed to read that way before.

It was quite plain to me now that the gospel had reference to the diseased body as well as the sinful soul of man, and that its provisions were made that man—the entire man—physical and mental, as well as spiritual—all that was blasted under the Adam—could be



redeemed under the Christ. This was simply glorious.

Again, when the doctrine of the resurrection and eternal judgment was treated upon, such scriptures as are recorded in 1 Corinthians 15: 22, 23, 40-42; 1 Thessolonians 4: 13-18; Revelation 20: 2-15; 22: 12; John 14: 1-3; Matthew 16: 27; Romans 2: 6; 2 Corinthians 5: 10; 1 Peter 1: 17, were made use of and my old theory of but one resurrection and but two places hereafter was ruined. Here was evidence of the plainest and most forcible character, 1. That all men would rise, 2. That every man would receive in the resurrection just what he prepared himself for here, and that conditions as numerous and various as the stars of the firmament are to be revealed, and 3. That I could inherit the "glory of the sun" or the "moon" or of the "stars"—just as I elected to live here. If I loved Christ supremely and kept the faith he enunciated and observed, I could live with him for ever; if not my inheritance would vary from his in proportion as my character revealed a disparity, for character alone would be the test of worth at last. This made clear to me the fact that in my own hand was lodged the power and the privilege of electing what my life in the resurrected state might be. Every

life deed is to be brought into account and be rewarded or condemned. The faithful Christ servant is to be raised from death at "his coming" and to reign with him for ever, while the others must reap the consequences of their failure to love and obey him as they might and should have done.

In addition to this I learned from Matthew 5:5; 6:10; Revelation 5:10; 20:9, as well as Job 19:25-27 and Psalms 37:10, 11, 18, 20, 23, 28, 29, 34, that the final abode of the Saints of God would be upon this earth after its redemption, and, as a consequence, the pretty picture of a home beyond the skies which had been held before my eyes for so many years was stripped of its beauty—it was a thing of human invention and looked like a gilded fancy beside the substantial and divinely endowed philosophy that revealed earth as a perpetual habitation for man. Adam's sin brought curse upon himself and his habitation; but Christ's mission was to remove the curse and restore the beauty of the habitation as soon as man prepared himself to worthily occupy it.

The announcement of God and Christ's unchangeability and impartiality, as made in Malachi 3:6; Hebrews 13:8; James 1:17; Acts 10:34, together with the revelation of

his kindness, shown in what at certain ages was done by him among his faithful followers, (see Ephesians 4: 11-14; 1 Corinthians 12: 1-31; Mark 16: 15-20, and other places,) made the conclusion easy and consistent that the religion of Jesus would carry these same characteristics wherever it existed, for his gospel was ordained for *man*, and not for a few favorites at stated periods. If the design of it regarding the life beyond remained the same, who could claim that the portion relating to present life and experience would not be supportive of that hope which it was evidently intended to conserve?

One of the most startling discoveries made by me was that Christ gave but one model of a church, and according to it, apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, teachers, etc., were a necessity. The texts already presented were sufficient to convince me of this, and coupled with the charge delivered in Matthew 28: 19, 20, a case was made sufficiently strong against my Methodism to forever spoil any hope of safety under its shelter.

Added to this was the clear announcement of Hebrews 5: 4, and the significant inquiry of Rom. 10: 15, which, together with their contexts and the examples of Acts 21: 24-26; 13: 1-4; and John 15: 16, convinced me that no

man had a right to go forth and represent heaven without getting his credentials direct therefrom, authorizing him so to do. It became easier then to understand why my mind had shrunk instinctively hitherto from going out as an itinerant minister. The fact was that both my church and myself were destitute of authority. It was quite clear now that only to those whom God selected as he had selected Aaron, Peter, Paul, and others did the promise hold good that what they should "bind on earth" would be "bound in heaven." Only to duly commissioned agents did the right belong to bless children, baptize believers, and impose hands for the gift of the Holy Spirit, the ordination of ministers, and the healing of the sick. All others who denied present revelation and ignored the Scriptural organization and doctrine were destitute. While, in some sense this discovery was painful, it helped strengthen my confidence in the Bible, for therein was manifest a startling fulfillment of Isaiah 24:5; Acts 20:35, 36; 2 Timothy 4:3, 4; 2 Peter 2:1, 2; and Revelation 12:1-6 and other passages which foretold a terrible apostasy from the primitive church organized by Christ; and thus my mind was prepared partially to believe that Revelation 14:6 would possibly

have a fulfillment also, and the angel of God would restore the ancient gospel and church.

To me the character of God was magnificently displayed in the universal provision for the race—the fulness of the atonement—and I was led to ask myself the question, my faulty religion had brought me so much happiness, what must God's own true religion do for me could I but find it; for even with these convictions fastened upon me, I did not conclude that the Latter Day Saints were right. I tried to think that perhaps they had learned all this by study and had counterfeited the church in doctrine and organization. I reasoned upon it; but that did not help my Methodism. The fact that other religions might be wrong, did not make mine any nearer right.

About this time William Clow, who had meanwhile married the oldest sister of my wife, while she was visiting in London, came to Toronto on business. He had united with the Saints Church also, and, though his stay was limited and my business kept me engaged much of my time, yet when we were together at my home I tried to oppose his doctrine mildly. He allowed me to select my own scripture, and then seemed to take delight in applying it for me. Of course I did not let

him know what effect his visit had upon me for I was not yet convinced that his church was right, though I felt that mine was wrong; but his visit crippled me. He came to my church and heard me preach. He came to my class meeting and took part under my leadership; but it seemed that when he quoted a passage of Scripture it suddenly became full of new significance; and yet I well knew that he had added nothing to its original meaning. I was perplexed; I was in a quandary; and in this condition he left me, though without ever learning from me anything as to my feelings.

After this visit I pressed my investigations more closely, and, as a consequence, became more disturbed in mind. The pledged unchangeability of God and Christ compelled me to believe they were the same in every respect—in character, purpose, and feeling—as they appeared to the ancients. The announcement that “God is no respecter of persons,” made it easy for me to believe that the children of this generation were of as much importance to God as those of former time, so far as the conditions and times of birth affected the case. The only question then left for settlement, was as to the attitude maintained by the ancients when they

obtained such favor from God as the Bible bore witness of. Learning of this, I was pledged to the belief that if believers to-day would but assume like attitude and maintain it, an unchangeable and impartial Father would thus be brought under the obligation imposed by himself to treat these later born members of his family as he had treated those of earlier birth.

This simply meant a restoration of ancient glory to the church,—all its spirituality and miraculous energy in relation to the human body as well as spirit. The Bible bore witness that for over four thousand years God had communed with his people whenever they had “ears to hear.” I could readily admit that man had departed from God, “transgressed the laws, changed the ordinance, broken the everlasting covenant,” thus making his ears incapable of hearing; for the statement was clear, “He that turneth away his ear from hearing the law, even his prayer shall be abomination.” This explained why the churches were without revelation and angel ministrations; for I knew they neither taught nor believed many of the important items of the ancient gospel law. I could not escape the conviction that if God should again restore the covenant once broken, and

men should once more observe the old law, or in other words would go back to where their forefathers walked with God, they too would find him just where he had been left by the church at its departing.

I could not help admitting that for men to find God in this age and to walk with him, meant for them to enjoy all the holy and blissful advantages that others enjoyed when pursuing the same course. I did not believe that the angels were all dead, nor that they had changed their employment, but being formerly "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation," they waited the return of men to the gospel which makes men "heirs of salvation," before they could resume their original service as fully as before. I knew well that the idea of angel visits and direct revelation was being denounced in the churches. I had often heard it said that the awful voice of revelation ceased at Patmos, and I could not help concluding that if such was the case then there had not been a minister on earth since that time who was "called of God, as was Aaron."

This made me shudder, as I thought of the many "forms of godliness," which denied "the power thereof"; and of the words of Christ, "MANY will say to me in that day, Lord,



Lord, have we not . . . . in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me." I studied over that word *many*, and wondered how many were engaged in a work which they professed to do in Christ's name or by Christ's authority, who in the next breath denied that any word had been heard from God for eighteen hundred years, either by themselves or by any other. I asked and asked again, If God has not spoken for so long a time who can have called these men? Were they called "as was Aaron"? If not, will God recognize their service, so that what they "bind on earth shall be bound in heaven"? If not, what good can their service be to me as gospel ministers?

So the time wore on. I was being pressed to enter the ministry; yet was losing faith in my religion. I was engaged in preaching frequently on Sundays, and in counseling as a class leader and Sunday school laborer. My ministry work was increasing, and calls came to fill the pulpit for the Wesleyan minister not far away, and for the Bible Christian minister in another direction. I read, and studied, and compared, and prayed, and feared, and wept.

While I was in this state of mind my wife

resolved upon paying her parents a visit and made arrangements accordingly. When the day of her departure arrived, I accompanied her to the train, and in parting, jokingly remarked that the next thing I expected to hear was that I had a Mormon wife. Not knowing how deeply I had been delving into the matter she replied that there was no immediate danger. I then advised her to listen carefully to what the Saints had to say, and, if she became satisfied that they were right, to join with them, without delaying a moment on account of my feelings. After a few weeks she wrote, asking my consent to her baptism, and after the counsel I had given her when leaving I could not well refuse. In fact there was no inclination in my heart to refuse, though the *denouement* was precipitated sooner than was looked for. My answer advised her to be sure she was right, then act, as she was her own agent; and my Methodism, if continuing ever, would never cause an interference with her convictions.

Accordingly she was baptized; and in her account of it to me she bore witness of the satisfaction felt in consequence. On the evening of her confirmation, while the Saints were assembled in the church house, and just as the rite was about to be observed the door

opened and Elder A. Leverton, of Bothwell, entered. He was called upon to assist, and in regular turn it fell to his lot to confirm my wife, who then looked like and was supposed by him to be a girl of about sixteen or seventeen. Proceeding, however, the Spirit led him to promise much good, conditionally, to her; and, among other things, that her partner, who was then preaching a gospel in Toronto, would yet preach this everlasting gospel to the world. As he afterwards told me, Elder Leverton felt bad after uttering this, until he was informed as to who she was.

Of course the news of this reached me quickly by letter, and provoked a smile and considerable criticism. Still it did not strike me as being impossible or altogether unlikely, for the conviction that my life would be spent in church service had never left me. Still it was difficult for me then to guess just where my study would end for with the assurance that my Methodism was honeycombed with traditions of men and unauthorized practices, came the recognition that millions of honest and intelligent people were indorsing it and living worthy lives under its influences. A disposition seized me to question the reliability of the Bible and to doubt almost everything. This feeling, however, was not lasting

for I continued to pray most earnestly for divine direction and to be preserved from it and from wrong paths and parties.

Weeks passed by until about eight months had elapsed since the time when my ears were first saluted with the sound of this strange philosophy. My health was failing in consequence of too close confinement indoors, and yet it seemed impossible to change my condition. I worked hard all day and frequently sat up late at night to read and write. Some of the letters written to me about this time had drawn out a little cross fire from me and considerable banter. In one of my letters I had recklessly challenged them to use their faith to bring me among them by a certain day, which I named. I told them it was impossible for me to get there, but their faith ought to laugh at impossibilities and produce any kind of miracle. I did not suppose they would ever pay any attention to it; but the sequel proved they did. Like much of the balance of my writing it passed from my mind.

Business began to press more heavily upon me. Every moment was demanded of myself and partner in order to preserve our credit. We had bought some expensive material to meet growing demands, and were partly

indebted for it. Our notes were falling due, and we could not afford to fail in meeting them. One note for several hundred dollars was to mature in about a month, and every nerve was being strained to meet it. My health was breaking, and one Friday evening I called on our regular physician for advice, and was told that my only hope was in quitting business for a time and getting away from care and anxiety. I told him that was about impossible under our circumstances, to which he replied that if death was preferable I could take my choice. I felt discouraged, and returning to the office reported the matter to my partner, who sympathized with me, but could see no way out, as our credit was at stake in meeting the outstanding obligation. Closing the office at night, after the hands had left, we walked together till we reached the street leading towards his home. There we parted, and I went to the home of the presiding minister to arrange some church work. While there, in answer to his comments regarding my sickly appearance, I told him what the physician had said, whereupon he insisted that I should go away for a time. I told him how impossible it was, and explained the situation. Turning to me he said, "Go, Brother Luff, recruit your health, and I will

see that the note is paid when it matures.”

I was surprised and gratified, but hesitated. He insisted, and after leaving him I called upon my partner and related what had occurred, and was advised by him to go at once.

That night I thought long about the course to pursue, but at seven o'clock in the morning took train for London, where my wife still remained. Arriving there about noon I started towards the residence of her parents, and when within about a rod or two of the house was met by my brother-in-law, William Clow, who gave me to understand that their faith in miracles and prayer was not weakened in the least by my arrival, as that was the very day I had so carelessly named in my bantering letter some time before. I don't *know* whether God had anything *special* to do with my getting there at that time and in that way or not; but I was there; of that I am certain, and without any known reason for congratulating myself either.

I found my wife as happy as the rest of the Saints, and as anxious to tell of the light she had discovered and the joy she had found. She found in me a willing listener, though perhaps a little exacting in criticisms and demands. I had come with a covenant in my

heart to obey if I found the work satisfactory. I knew that to unite with the Saints was to lose the support of the old church in my business, and to finally lose business, home, and all the friends of my former life, not excepting mother. However, I had come determined to take all risks, provided I could see divinity associated with the work. I had come pledged to do anything necessary, and in my power, to advance its interests if I but discovered God in it; yet I told no man of my resolution or feelings.

On the following morning I heard Elder J. J. Cornish preach on the first principles, and he announced the "Book of Mormon" as his subject for the evening. During the afternoon service of prayer and testimony there were manifestations in prophecy and tongues, which, though producing considerable enthusiasm and furnishing comfort to the Saints, did not bring any conviction to my mind or pleasure to my heart. The old question of questions worried me, "*Are they of God?*" What would I not have given that day to have known just that one thing. At night I attended, expecting to take notes on the strange subject; but becoming interested found it impossible to follow closely and do much writing. At the close of the service I

stepped upon the platform, met the elder, and congratulated him upon his success in making out so apparently clear a case for the Book of Mormon. That while I could not say he was right, I was satisfied the subject was worthy of a careful study, and it should be so treated by me.

At this juncture, Priest (now Elder) William Newton stepped forward and greeted me with some expression affecting the work, which led us into a friendly discussion for about twenty minutes, resulting in my admission that the Bible was clearly in favor of their position on the first principles, but saying that it still remained unproven to me that their gifts and church were genuine, as all might easily be counterfeited. He seemed disappointed that his arguments and testimony did not affect me convincingly; but I told those present that I believed God understood me and could reach me, and that I was ready for the benefit of their prayers. Thus we parted.



## CHAPTER IX.

## INTO THE SUNLIGHT.

They are slaves who fear to speak  
For the fallen and the weak;  
They are slaves who will not choose  
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truth they needs must think;  
They are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.

LOWELL.

FOR the following evening a prayer and testimony meeting was announced at the home of my wife's parents. It was customary among them at that time to hold several meetings of this kind during the week, so full of zeal and fervor were they. Having heard considerable about the Book of Mormon, I secured a copy and shut myself up in the parlor nearly all day to read it. While thus engaged I was visited several times by as peaceful an influence as ever pervaded my frame. The words before me seemed to be filled with a something that in an indescribable way took hold of my intelligence and elicited my approval in frequent ejaculations.

The persuasive force of that influence drew tears from my eyes and praise from my lips almost involuntarily and my suspicions regarding the book melted under it. Just why such was the case cannot by me be explained in a philosophical way, but some, at least, of my readers who have been under like influence can appreciate the condition as presented. It was strange to me then, for it was no mere feeling of gladness or ecstasy, but the distinct consciousness of a presence and power near me that was associated in some way with the book. Whatever my will may have been concerning the Book of Mormon, I certainly could not, while under such an influence, condemn nor speak lightly of it, for to have done so would have seemed like talking against God. To urge any objection against the work one must get out from under that halo; but no one while under it ever desires to get away. I can easily understand how, had I been in a more susceptible or receptive condition of spirit, the enlargement of this presentation could have made heaven feel very near, and the book exceedingly precious.

At the prayer meeting quite a number were present, and all seemed to be full to the brim of some gladdening grace, which was pleasing to witness. When liberty was given for any

to speak, I rose in turn and expressed my confidence in God and my pleasure in beholding their happiness. As to their religion or doctrine and church I could not, like them, say I *knew* it was of God. One thing I did know, however, namely, that my heavenly Father had blessed to me the church I was in; and, while I was anxious to obtain and do all the good possible, yet I could never think of discarding or renouncing that church and entering another until I was certain that by so doing I would please him better than by remaining. I wished them well, and hoped their joy might never be less; but I was in God's hands and did not feel like speculating or experimenting with my soul or with its interests.

The meeting continued, and somewhere during its progress, when all were kneeling and some engaged vocally in prayer, I mentally commended my case to Heaven, asking my Father to overlook my presumption if it appeared as such and to answer me that night whether or not this was indeed his church, whether I should be baptized therein, and if that peculiar power which had visited me occasionally, while investigating the doctrine, was really the Holy Spirit. I further entreated that the answer might be

given through my wife's brother, Robert Parker, who was a member of the church and present, though not over ten years old. I knew there was no guile in him; and I promised obedience to the first principles upon being satisfied as to God's will being so. No mortal heard that prayer; it was not voiced in human speech; but it ascended, and I believe God heard it and forgave my presumption.

When the number so desiring had prayed vocally, the company rose and was seated, and the singing and testimony were resumed. Soon Robbie, as he was familiarly called, stood up and began to speak as any child of that age would in testimony. He had not uttered many words till his face became waxen and the tears started from his eyes and flowed profusely down his cheek, and turning till he faced me, he raised his hand and said, as nearly as I can remember: "Verily, thus saith the Lord God unto you, O son of man, Go now and obey my gospel, for this is indeed my church. It is my will that you shall be baptized at the hands of one of these my servants, for you have received of my Spirit, saith the Lord."

Here was just what I had asked for. It had come through the channel I had desig-

nated. It had brought the very information I had desired. I knew the lad was not aware I had asked for it, and I believed he had not power in himself to frame the answer as it was given, even though the question had been known to him. Reader, what would you have done under such circumstances? But, pardon me, I am here to tell what was done by me, and not to interrogate others. Rising from my seat, without emotion or display of any kind, I told them all how I had asked for that revelation through the boy, and that I now accepted it; that while I could not yet see as far, perhaps, as they could into the doctrinal or prophetic mysteries, I was, nevertheless, now ready to move forward as far as the light shone ahead of me. I could see baptism and the laying on of hands, and was ready for those ordinances. The question of authority with me was not completely settled. I knew the elders had at least as much authority as other ministers, with a strong showing of more. The revelation just given *implied* the genuineness of their calling, and I was content to use what light I had and test the matter by obedience, trusting for more light when it was really needed.

The entire company wept and rejoiced and when I took my seat, Elder Cornish arose,

and, walking over to me, spoke in tongues, the interpretation of which was given and was of a nature to comfort me in view of the step I had decided to take. It was about half past ten, I believe, when the meeting closed, and it was supposed that I would be ready to go with others for baptism two days later; but as I expressed a desire to go at once, arrangements were made for me. Quite a company repaired to the river Thames,—scarcely a quarter of a mile away, and in their presence, witnessed also I hope by the angels and our Master and God, I took the most solemn and important step of my life. Elder J. J. Cornish performed the ceremony, and I arose from the liquid grave with a calm consciousness that a just God would at least credit me with honest purpose in what I had done. Just then there flashed before my mind the experience of that dark night when William Matthews and myself were so remarkably preserved from collision with the freight train; and his words came forcibly to my recollection, “Evidently, Bro. Luff, we have a work yet to do, for which God has remarkably preserved us. I hope we may find it out and be faithful in doing it.” I thought I saw a glimmering of a coming light upon my life, one by which that work would be clearly indicated and my destiny be

unfolded; and in my soul, as on that dark night, years before, I again said, "*Amen, Lord, here am I.*"

Beyond these impressions, or mental consecrations, no change was experienced. I moved about, however, with a freer spirit, feeling that I had done as far as I knew, and was ready to meet my heavenly Father and tell him so. On the following Wednesday evening the confirmation service was observed; but this brought no additional evidence or revelation to my mind. It was a ceremony according to the letter of the law, so far as I could discern or feel, nothing more; yet that was a satisfaction in itself; for I felt that I could now take the Bible with me to the eternal bar and by it, if backed by a Christian character, urge my claim for unending life, and use its utterances as my authority before the God of all the earth.

I spent several days among the London Saints after my baptism and received promise by revelation that I should yet hold the priesthood and raise up a branch where I lived, and from thence move into broader fields of usefulness. I then started back to Toronto, leaving my wife behind to complete her visit. Back to the great city of my birth, where one hundred thousand people moved and wor-

shipped in contentment and peace as I had formerly done—that bliss of ignorance. Back there I went to stand alone, the sole advocate of the most despised doctrine on earth.

I can never tell how I felt. Up to the very last Sunday before leaving home I had occupied the Methodist pulpit; and, though teaching no particular doctrinal tenets, had been reckoned as one who indorsed all that was embodied in the creed. Now I felt that I was to be a target for every shaft. Where should I begin? How should I convince my thousands of friends that I was not only honest but had divine warrant for my course? My heart beat with unusual vigor when stepping from the cars, and along the streets where I had been a thousand times before. There was something so different about me as though I was not the same person that had left there two weeks before. The load of that city seemed to be on my heart, and I carried responsibilities as never before. But there I was, back again, and, with an oft repeated, "God help me," on my lips, I returned to my home and business.

One of the first things learned was, that my name had been presented before the annual conference of the Methodist Church, which had convened during my absence, for admis-



sion to the regular ministry. My good friend Mr. Griffith had presented it, and the matter was under advisement, when he was horror-stricken by the startling announcement from the lips of Rev. W. S. Hughan (who had just arrived from London) that I had *joined the MORMONS!* That settled the case *instanter*. The name was at once dropped as an unholy thing, and my notoriety was assured.

The news spread rapidly throughout the city, and I became an object of sympathy, commiseration, and even contempt.

I wrote out my resignation to the Quarterly Board of the Methodist Church, and went personally to see my particular friend, the minister. He seemed to feel distressed, but as he was engaged, our interview was postponed. I called afterward to relieve him of his obligation to meet my note, stating that the changed conditions might make him feel anxious for release; but he generously expressed his confidence in my manhood, and announced his perfect willingness to assist me as formerly agreed. This he afterwards did, and in due time I made it good to him; and, while our church relations were severed, our regard and esteem for each other as men remained unaffected, and the Rev. Thomas Griffith, wherever he may be or go, has a

warm place in the writer's affection, because of the noble and Christian spirit he exercised toward me, both prior and subsequent to that time.

In this same connection I wish to mention the name of Rev. James Edgar (now dead), who came and conversed freely and affectionately with me, and after hearing my defense, did then, and on subsequent occasions, heartily bid me "Godspeed," expressing himself as satisfied that I had the word of God for my bulwark against the attacks of either creed worshipers or infidels. He asked me on one occasion, some years afterwards, for the Book of Mormon, but his death occurred before I reached there again.

In his kind zeal and solicitude for my welfare Mr. Griffith visited me at my office, and expressed his regret and fear for me. Upon being asked why he felt so, he answered that by cutting loose and drifting from the church he feared my influence for good would be lost, if not myself as well. Turning to him, I asked if he believed what together we had preached; namely, that simple belief in Christ was the only thing essential to salvation. He replied that he did. I then asked if he had any reason for supposing that, because of leaving Methodism, I had therefore lost faith

in Christ, to which he answered, "No." I further inquired whether he believed that God would damn me for being baptized, or for receiving the laying on of hands in perfect accord with the Bible requirements, notwithstanding I still believed in Jesus Christ. Again he answered, "No." Whereupon I replied that if his doctrine of simple faith was correct I was certainly safe, for I had many times more reason for believing than I ever had before, and I certainly did believe with all my heart. Further, if the Latter Day Saints' doctrine was correct, and I met its demands, I was also safe. In case of either doctrine being correct my safety was guaranteed.

"But if," said I, "this doctrine shall be found correct upon Bible testimony at last, and Christ stands by the Bible, where will you appear, having ignored these important points of doctrine?" I felt that it was my turn to feel sorrowful for him.

He replied, "Bro. Luff, I do not really feel that you are in absolute danger; but I am sorry to lose you and your influence for good to the church." He then left. That was our last interview on the subject, though I met him several times afterwards.

Shortly after reaching home I was visited

by an old friend, though a young man, Thomas J. Rodgers, with whom I, as a Methodist, had enjoyed many pleasant seasons, socially and otherwise. He had just arrived in town from East York, and came to my house to spend the day. There were present in the room, my wife's sister, Mary (now Mrs. George Harrington, of Independence, Missouri), and her grandfather. Beginning with the causes leading to my trip, I related to my friend each incident along the route, including my baptism, confirmation, and the promises made me. Then, taking a Bible in my hand, I addressed him by name, stating that this faith was interlined and interwoven with the Bible and adding, that if this doctrine was not approved of God and true, he might destroy the Bible for my part as I had no further use for it.

As I uttered these words dispassionately, there came a something over me and around me that seemed to fill the room and convert the very atmosphere.

I was as literally immersed in the Spirit as formerly in the water. Looking around I saw grandpa in tears, though he had been an indifferent listener. Mary also wept, and my friend was moved perceptibly. There came at that moment to my heart and mind an

assurance that the author of the Bible and of this church was *one*. That to stand by either one was to stand by the other; and to stand by them was to walk with God; that whosoever "abideth in the doctrine of Christ, he hath both the Father and the Son."—2 John 9. For the first time I was really baptized of the Holy Ghost, and my soul was in ecstasy. It was past utterance; it was glorious; it was divine. The room was full of light; and, whether so sensed by the others or not, to me it was heavenly. I had known the joys of religion and the wondrous delights of religious service before; but in the presence of this they paled. They were happiness; this was bliss!

Does the reader wonder why I now believe that my steps were "ordered of the Lord"? why I hold to the thought that the peculiar incidents of my life, my early marriage, and the cause leading to it were somehow associated providentially? I had secured all the spiritual benefit that Methodism was able to confer, when an unpleasant episode led to my sudden determination to marry, and my wife's entrance upon the scene prevented me from taking the higher (?) and unnecessary degrees in that order or church, and stopped, right at the critical moment, the movement that might

have led me—where? To my wife, and through her parents, came the tidings of restoration and latter day glory. She led the way and was first obedient; her testimony, which I knew contained no disguised deceit, had more weight with me than preachers' argument; her child brother was the channel through whom came the information I had sought so earnestly; and there I was, filled with the Spirit which unites men and women to God, permitted to look back along a chain of events as through an unbroken lineage, which seemed to aim at but one culmination.

Stop with me, and think a moment: Had that marriage not taken place at that time I certainly should have been in the distant West within a few weeks thereafter; and probably, like many others, have become reckless regarding religion, and would have formed other associations. And probably never again would I have come in contact with the family through whose line came the good news referred to. Had I been brought in contact with the gospel in any other way, it is doubtful whether it would have exerted so favorable an influence over me and shaped my course so readily.

Oftimes since that day have I heard that little Canadian girl say that there was no

event in her life, or work of her performance, that she could call to mind that was of sufficient importance to demonstrate her value to the church. Like many other humble ones who toil and endure and sacrifice in the seclusion of home, she often wonders by what possible achievement she can become worthy of the higher estate, which more illustrious ones give show of title to. But, as I contemplate the events connected with my preservation for this work, and as I study daily the uncomplaining, self-sacrificing disposition she carries with her under the weight of increasing responsibilities and during the long, lonesome hours, stretching into months when I am absent from her, I bless the day that brought us together, and the God who shaped our destinies. I might have fared as well elsewhere, but better would have been impossible. If I shall eventually be permitted to stand with her in the realm to which her patient worthiness entitles her, I shall expect to find her credited with at least an equal share of whatever honor and glory may attach because of the fruit of my labor as a minister for Christ. She alone bears the home cares which I should share equally with her, that I may move hence and bear aloft the banner of truth. An excellent wife has been given me

of God ; and I consider it no mere sentimentalism to here pay tribute to the Giver and the gift. But back to my story.

My friend was dazed at the recital of my doings, and at the peculiar change which occurred in the atmosphere around us ; but he was not convinced that I was right ; nor did he ever become so, that I am aware of ; for he died not a great while afterward. He remained my friend, however, and I hope that fact, if no other, will stand him in good stead when the accounting day shall come. How different his spirit seemed when compared with those who had fawned around and flattered me in years before, but who were now ready to believe and say anything evil about me. His was the kind that proved a friend indeed ; for never in my life before had I felt so keenly the need of one.

My wife returned home in about two weeks after my arrival, and together we counseled and resolved to meekly and kindly face and endure whatever came for the truth's sake. It was no trifling matter, however, for I could not keep still on the subject of religion, and to talk was to draw the fire of opposition, possibly of persecution. We became the observed of all observers if we went to church. We were the theme on nearly everybody's



tongue in the neighborhood; and such opinions, such speculations as to the cause of my terrible procedure were circulated as were perhaps never before ventilated concerning any mortal in that locality. Everybody said that a change had been noticeable for months in the tone of my sermons and class room exhortations. Some believed it was a result of over study, and thought they had detected a strange stare in my eyes for some time, indicating approaching insanity. Some feared it was an initial step, leading to the abominations of Utahism. Others speculated that it was a dash for notoriety. But I had the comfort of learning that nearly all had confidence that I would tire of the novelty in a short time, and within a year or two at most, would return to the Methodist Church, a wiser man. But the strange aspect of affairs to me was discernible in their painful reticence when conversing with me. They were mum as oysters when I broached the subject of religion; and I could seldom provoke a dialogue or discussion with them. A few words, expressive of contempt, or disgust, was the rule, and on those I might feed or starve so far as they were concerned. My wife was generally considered a victim of circumstances and environments, and not to be blamed.

The reader can perhaps imagine the sensations produced in my mind when such incidents as the following occurred: Passing a house where I had formerly, at intervals, been feasted and favored for years, and meeting a child which belonged there, I stopped to chat with it as my custom had been. Instantly the house door opened and a voice that I had heard before, voting me to positions of trust and honor, pealed forth mandatorily, requiring the child's return indoors immediately. The little one obeyed, and the door closed with an emphasis that convinced me I had no admirer behind it. I knew that a conversion had taken place in that house, and I wondered if the spirit that caused it was as comforting to the convert as was the one that accompanied my change. As the echoes of that abrupt door closing rent the air I turned away, thinking of the strangely reversed attitudes in which people and doctrines would appear when God finally adjusted matters. I still think that that poor, mistaken mortal will be more surprised at her own conduct, when the straightening out processes are completed, than I was when her act sent a pang to my heart and started the warring of my mind within me for a few seconds. That was not an isolated instance, but subsequent

events of like character found me better prepared to cope with them. Perhaps they were permitted by Providence as a training or discipline for my proud spirit. If so, I am glad they occurred, and hope no ill may accrue to the agents operating.

While the people, almost as a unit, denounced the step I had taken, still there were some who felt a degree of sympathy for me and seemed anxious to express it; but they would not for a long time allow me to even name the subject of religion to them. Among the latter was my mother, and some other relatives. As one good old Methodist sister expressed it, "If the delusion is strong and subtle enough to capture Bro. Luff, we had better avoid contact with it; for it must be a dangerous business."

Perhaps I cannot better convey to the reader's mind an idea of the way in which my action was regarded by the people, than by reproducing a few stanzas written about this time in a private letter to a friend. It ran thus:—

"He's turned a Mormon," they say in surprise,  
While beholding me with dismay;

"Satan, the father of mischief and lies,  
Hath craftily led him astray.

"How woeful his state—once, safe in the fold—  
Now, far from its shelter and care;

Beguiled by Satan, like many of old,  
Hastening to death and despair.

“The cares of life at length have succeeded  
(Through devilish direction) to win  
A soul for whom hath Christ interceded  
And suffered to rescue from sin.

“Tell me it’s of God! No never shall I  
Such fatal delusion admit!  
MORMON!—thy mission is truth to deny;  
Thy future the bottomless pit.

“Cease, now, such pernicious doctrines to preach,  
And return to the fold again;  
Nor ever attempt such folly to teach  
To parsons and college taught men.

“Wouldst thou, in ignorance, try to subvert  
The Orthodox faith we proclaim?  
Or with simple doctrines like these, convert  
Intelligence, learning, and fame?

“Vain is thy hope; ’twill end in despair;  
The thousands on earth do not err;  
Though Scripture’s thy basis, ’twill never compare  
With what we through reason infer.

“Centuries now have elapsed since the hour  
When miraculous energy fled;  
Nor ever again shall man feel its power,  
Till called from the tomb of the dead.

“If what thou declarest were true, ’twould flow  
Through channels more pleasing to men;  
But thou art a *Mormon!* Hence nothing can flow  
Through thee, save corruption and sin.”

These are the compliments Saints have to share,  
The Holy Ghost in us is denied,  
Our motives impeached,—the cross which we bear,  
And Christ, our commander, belied.

Yet would we glory in sorrow, like Paul,  
And deem ourselves blest among men;  
If counted worthy to suffer at all,  
While preaching this gospel again.

O honor divine! Permitted to spend  
A lifetime in serving our God,  
To share in his sufferings, and in the end  
Enjoy an eternal reward.

O endless delight! 'Twill be ours to share  
The glory as well as the pain;  
To enter his kingdom, freed from all care,  
Eternally there to remain.

“Disciples indeed, inspired of heaven,  
Sent forth by commandment divine,  
To spread through the earth a life given leaven  
That doth to the Savior incline.”

This be our mission; nor will we despair,  
Though few our friends, legion our foe,  
Upborne by his power, whose truth we declare,  
Fear nothing as onward we go.

These joyful tidings, this message of light,  
Through every nation must run;  
And we, the heralds of joy and delight,  
Must bear them till Christ says, “Well done.”

Then with the glorified host will we sing  
More sweet than the angels above;  
And Zion with Jesus' praises shall ring,  
While the ransomed behold him in love.

Burst, then, ye threat'ning clouds that appear,  
And pour forth your fury; 'tis vain;  
He whom we obey says, “Lo I am near;”  
So, Latter Day Saints we'll remain.

About this time Brn. E. C. Briggs and J. S.

Patterson arrived in Canada and visited London; but the former was compelled to return home on account of his wife's illness, (or so I learned,) leaving Bro. Patterson to take charge of affairs during his absence. My correspondence with the Saints in London was kept up, and by some means a portion of it came under his observation and resulted in his determination to visit Toronto, as I afterwards learned, to ordain me. Word reached me as to his intention and we were filled with delight at the prospect of a visit from one of the Seventy. He came rather sooner than was anticipated, and stepped into our printing office unexpectedly one day, but was welcomed heartily. Quitting my work I accompanied him home; and, together we tried to arrange for meetings. Failing to secure a meetinghouse we announced service at our home, but only about half a dozen persons came. My mother was visiting with us on that day, but refused to remain for meeting, or to talk with Bro. Patterson. She seemed to believe him responsible in some way for leading her boy astray, and had no patience to listen to him; so she left. Evidently the time had not come for beginning the work there.

Before leaving the city Bro. Patterson

intimated to me that whenever I was ready he had authority and advice of the Spirit to ordain me an elder. I was hardly prepared, but accepting his advice, and receiving the construction he put upon certain revelations in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, I submitted, and the ordination took place. This occurred in August, and soon afterward he returned to London. During his stay, however, I learned considerable in regard to church proceedings and methods, and performed my first official work, assisting him in blessing my two children.

Just prior to this I had learned that a merchant in the city had once been a Latter Day Saint and was inquiring as to our identity. I visited him and found that he had once lived in Nauvoo and clerked as a lad in the store of William Law. He had left there at the breaking up, and, not agreeing with the different claimants to leadership rights, had moved to Toronto, and in course of time engaged in business for himself. As a result of our interview, he made the trip to London and was baptized, thus adding one to our number. His name was William Hall, and a noble, enthusiastic helper he proved to be. His wife was a Roman Catholic, however, and as cruel an opposer as ever man

had, her bigotry and intolerance leading her to enter the store and openly insult customers whom her husband was waiting upon, under the impression that they were Latter Day Saints. She was also addicted to the use of liquor, which added no little to the discomfort of her husband. Bro. Patterson came in for a share of her display of temper when he was visiting there, to the great mortification of Bro. Hall.

But, hard as was his lot, Bro. Hall performed well his part and nobly sustained every effort to get the doctrine before the people. He was much blessed of the Spirit, and seemed to draw peculiar delight from the fact that God had brought the old unadulterated faith of his boyhood back to his life again. He received several letters from his old employer, William Law, in which the whole fabric of Mormonism, root and branch, was denounced as fraudulent; but these never served their writer's purpose; for our brother was in constant receipt of that which daily certified to the divinity of the gospel to him. He said it made him young again. On one occasion, when returning home from a visit at our house, he felt unusually well, and coming to a fence, he placed his hand on the upper board and made a spring, as he had fre-



quently done when a boy, with the intention of leaping over it; but, by some mishap, which was not fully explained to me, he slipped, and in falling on the fence ruptured himself badly, necessitating medical attention and the wearing of a truss. In this condition he remained for several weeks without informing us as to the fact, until one day he incidentally referred to it and asked to be administered to. I respected his request, and he returned home, took off his truss and never wore it again. He was healed instantly and permanently, and frequently testified of it afterward when among the new converts who entered the church later on. Lest I should fail to refer to him again let me here state that Bro. Hall met with business reverses, which with other cares upon his mind, would have made life intolerable, and a few years afterward, when the writer was far away on a mission, he was taken sick and died. When visiting his wife at a later period, she told me of his noble spirit, and how the church had helped him and made him still better than he had been. She wept over the manner in which she had treated him, and finally said, "Your church was a blessing to him, and yet I would not let him enjoy it while he lived." She apologized for her former doings, and

wished it was possible to show him her regret. I tried to comfort her, but the effort seemed unavailing.

In October, 1876, I attended district conference for the first time. It was held in London. Upon our arrival there, my wife and I found that a serious division existed, and that, while the time and place of holding conference were agreeable to former adjournment, it was, nevertheless, in opposition to an agreement reached between the acting missionary in charge and the district president and published in the *Herald*. Hearing the revelations bearing on the question read and the decision based thereon offered, I concluded from the *ex parte* showing that the conference was all right, and so participated in it. I will not burden the reader with a recital here of the pros and cons connected then and afterwards with that gathering; but simply inform them that I was there, and under the showing made was a ready participant. Among other things my ordination was considered, and after paragraph sixteen, section seventeen Book of Doctrine and Covenants, had been read and interpreted by elders present, it was decided to have been illegal, because they considered me a member of London branch (I having been baptized

there), and no vote of that branch had been taken upon the question. There was not a soul there to make any other showing, so the question was easily settled, and to my relief too; for I had been greatly troubled and perplexed over the matter; because I had received no special testimony regarding the ordination.

Later on during the session a manifestation was had in which I was named for the eldership, and was again ordained. Here I formed a quite intimate acquaintance with Brn. Robert Davis, John Shippy, George Cleveland, and other local celebrities. To me the conference was a source of pleasure; though I did not feel the degree of enthusiasm that many did, for I was not as susceptible to influences as others. At the close of the sessions Bro. Patterson arrived and pronounced the entire business illegal. Some were conditionally silenced for insubordination, and were cited to appear at General Conference the following April. My name was not included, but I was passively, at least, committed to the proceeding, and was counted on for a witness, in which capacity I afterwards acted. I believed they were right, but my faith was based on *ex parte* evidence. I was beginning to get my education.

## CHAPTER X.

## GETTING EXPERIENCE.

“Great Master, touch us with thy skillful hand;  
Let not the music that is in us die!  
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let,  
Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie!

“Spare not the stroke! Do with us as thou wilt!  
Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;  
Complete thy purpose, that we may become  
Thy perfect image, thou our God and Lord!”

WHILE at conference I resolved to make arrangements, if possible, to enter the field; and soon after it returned home to carry the resolution into effect. In this I succeeded admirably, though at a heavy loss to myself. Knowing that my partner in business was not a practical printer, and that in the event of his failing to secure a practical man to fill my place, he might suffer materially, I determined to allow him the privilege of stating the terms of my withdrawal and the amount I should receive for my interest. Approaching him I announced my desire to withdraw, and my willingness for a settlement on the above terms. Taking a short time for consideration, and finding an available, competent man, he

accepted my proposition. In less than two weeks he brought me the papers to sign, which I did unhesitatingly; and, though losing heavily, I stepped out of business with the feeling that my motive was ample justification for the course pursued, and that God would compensate me in other ways. I now think the action was rather hasty, and the consequent loss unnecessary; but have no regrets to express. I did it because the latter-day work seemed richer than wealth and better than position; and it was the only object of any considerable moment to me. My former ambition was subdued. Leaving home and family, I went back to London within a month from conference adjournment, and was ready for service. My object in going there was to associate myself with some traveling elder, and thereby learn more readily than otherwise. I found Bro. Robert Davis there, and he was willing to take me along as an auxiliary. So in a few days we were out in real earnest, and I was happy. After calling at Blenheim, Appledore, and Chatham, and visiting the Saints at each place, we went to Dover, and there lived for a short time among the colored Saints. They had been neglected by the ministry, and their condition demanded attention. So we made our home among

them for some days, preaching and regulating according to the wisdom in Brother Davis; then returned to Appledore, where we were cared for by Elder G. W. Shaw and family. From there we moved to the residence of Sister Lively, at Prairie Siding, west of Chatham, who with her daughter (now Sr. Roderick May of Independence, Missouri), were the only members of the church in that neighborhood.

Our work began in their house, and from thence extended, by invitation, to other houses in the locality. Mr. Lively and his wife, with others, thought that the Primitive Methodist minister, Rev. Heywood, would let us have his church for preaching. We doubted it, but went one Sunday afternoon to hear the gentleman preach, (I had sat with him in Methodist conference not long before,) with the idea of having Mr. Lively, who was one of his staunch members, ask the use of his house for us at night. In his sermon the reverend gentleman, having heard of our work in the neighborhood, took occasion to refer slightingly to some points of our doctrine, and to exhibit his contempt for us. At the close of the service, just as the preacher was stepping down from the pulpit, Brother Davis arose and said:—

“Will you allow me, sir, the privilege of asking you a question regarding something stated by you?”

The answer came in thunder tones, without hesitation, “No sir; if you don’t believe what we preach, you have no business here.”

That settled the matter, not only with Bro. Davis, but with several others who had assured us of Brother Heywood’s liberality. That was no place for inquirers or truth-seekers. One must believe in the divinity of Methodism or he was not wanted there. It was an eye-opener to quite a number. One member, a Mr. Brown, quickly sized up the situation, and having a soul bigger than his church, invited us to occupy the large room at his house that night. We accepted, and voiced our announcement, which brought out quite a large crowd.

The result of this first assault upon my old superstructure of religion was a baptism by me of four of its members, among whom were Mr. Lively and his Son Henry. Others have since accepted the gospel in that neighborhood. Thence we moved into Michigan and succeeded in following up the interest that had been created in and around what is now Brown City, and in the locality of Goodland, Lapeer county, and in Burnside and Dean-

ville. In the latter place Brother Davis held a debate with Rev. Oliphant of the Disciple order. In these places I baptized several. Leaving Brother Davis at Davison Station to go to Reese, I went with Mr. Matthew Pearson to Thomas Station to fire a few gospel shots. It was a new place, and the inhabitants, with few exceptions, seemed to be either infidels or Universalists. This was my first real venture alone; but the Lord stood by me and I survived. One old atheist challenged me at the close of my first meeting to speak in tongues. I offered to accomodate him next evening publicly if we could agree as to the language I must speak and to some other preliminaries. Before leaving the hall the old gentleman hailed me again and asked me how he was to know what I said unless he could understand the language. He proposed Latin, French, or German first, but after I had agreed to any he asked how he was to know whether or not I had learned them. I told him I was only agreeing to do the work demanded—not to be responsible for his conclusions. I then proposed to speak in a language he did not understand; but he said he would not then know but it might be mere gibberish. I proposed to interpret it for him, but he was still superstitious that I



might manufacture the whole thing of myself. I then told him to settle in his mind just what would satisfy him and let me know next night, and if possible I would accomodate him.

He sent word for miles around among his friends, and a large assembly greeted me that evening. The hall was packed. Approaching him privately I asked for his conclusion. He informed me that no matter which way or what language I talked he would simply have my word for the divinity that inspired it, and he didn't care to trouble me for any display whatever. I then told him that he had reached the conclusion I wanted him to from the beginning, and informed him that I did not know any language but English, and that imperfectly; nor had I the ability to grant his request if he had insisted upon it; but that I wanted him to see the absurdity of his own test, and therefore tried to give his proposition all the advantage he might ask for it. I had never done the like before, and doubt if I ever will again; but it won the old man's good will, and he acknowledged that I had the advantage of him at least. Splendid liberty was granted me, and several of the infidels came up and complimented me and the work I was engaged in. Then they asked

me to remain longer, but finding that I could not, they begged me to return. I visited several families and found that a good impression had been made. I have never been able to visit them since, but perhaps others have.

Leaving there I moved on to Reese, in Tuscola county, where I found Brother Davis at work, and with appointments out for me. Brother Edward De Long and wife were also there, and I found a home and welcome with Sister De Long's people, Wm. Stocks and wife, who were also Saints. Here we aroused the ire of the Baptist and Methodist ministers, until a local paper near there, after describing their conduct, wound up its editorial with the significant statement that we had behaved ourselves creditably so far as they knew; but allowing, for argument's sake, that our church was not orthodox or of divine origin, still the methods and spirit of our religious opponents in the above named churches was "morally damnable." They did everything to incite the people to mob violence; but I baptized either ten or eleven persons before leaving, and some of them came from the above-named churches, and one from the Roman Catholic body.

From there I returned home for a short time, and afterwards joined Brother Davis

again near Imlay City, Michigan, and continued laboring with him for some months.

It will be impracticable to make detailed mention of all the incidents of my travel; they are so common to the ministerial work everywhere; nor would they prove sufficiently interesting to warrant a use of space for that purpose. So, having introduced my initial labor to the reader, I will briefly touch upon such main incidents hereafter as will reveal a Fatherly supervision of my life, and furnish a reason for my effort at continuance in the faith.

I attended the General Conference of April, 1877, at Plano, and there got a clearer insight into the *modus operandi* of church government and procedure. There I met with men, who untrammelled with local jealousies and unhampered with petty personalities, were able to express an unbiased judgment upon matters that had crowded themselves upon my mind and stimulated inquiry. I looked, and prayed, and asked, and learned. The Canada matters referred thereto were settled, and I found that my first ordination was approved, and that the district conference, in which I had so innocently participated, was pronounced an unwarranted and rebellious convention. I

didn't like the verdict, but swallowed my share of it as gracefully as my unsubdued nature would allow, and returned to Canada a wiser if not a better member.

After a few months more labor I returned to Toronto to close up my old deferred business accounts, and to dispose of what other interests I had that prevented continuous field work. My stepfather, who had again commenced business and needed a manager, came to me and urged strongly that, for a time at least, I take hold of his business for him, as he was afraid to trust it with any other at its then critical juncture. I consented and continued with him for nearly a year, I think.

During that time I preached on Sundays at my house, and baptized some thirteen or fourteen persons, among whom was my older sister and her husband. We purchased a church building and lot not far distant and made some payments thereon. Our audiences were small, generally, but we kept up the services and did our best to give opportunity to the people to hear the word.

I sold my home property, subject to what encumbrance was upon it, freed myself from every obligation, and, after moving my family into part of my sister's house, prepared

again to take the field for missionary service.

This year proved to be one of severe trial and anxiety to me, though there were occasional bright spots intervening. The enemy laid heavy siege against my faith and all but shattered it. I shall refer to a more pleasing experience first, and allow the somber ones to find their place in turn.

I succeeded in one thing which gave me more than ordinary pleasure; viz., getting access to my mother's mind with the gospel story. It came about in this wise: Knowing of her honesty I was confident that if she could but hear the truth she would admire it; but, like others, her prejudice made her unwilling to listen. She believed Methodism to be the soul of divinity, and she looked with suspicion upon everything that opposed it. To secure her ear, therefore, was the main object. After studying the matter over I hit upon the following plan: A lady friend and relative, the mention of whose name here would serve no good purpose, who was of rather an inquisitive turn of mind and quite conversational, visited my mother's home occasionally, and I decided to make it a point to drop in on the same day that she did, for the sake of being interviewed by her in mother's hearing.

The scheme worked admirably; for I had no sooner seated myself than she began to quiz me and exhibit her skill. After allowing her to make an apparent case against me, I ventured an explanation, only to draw out a heavier fire than before. After a few dialogues in that line I discovered that my plan was a success; for, though I had no hope of impressing the visiting lady favorably, I secured mother's attention. This was followed by anxious inquiry on her part, and a request for the church books.

Many visits were made after that time, and I sat for hours and told her the blessed story, while she listened eagerly, lest a word should be missed. I saw the tears course down her cheeks on those occasions, and heard her frequently exclaim, "Bless the Lord; I believe it is true." She came to hear me preach, and I well remember a tableau presented in our church one Sunday evening after I had finished my discourse. She waited till a few persons left; then, seeming to have exhausted her patience, she came up the aisle to the platform, and throwing her arms around me, in the presence of the people, kissed me most affectionately; and reader, I was not a bit ashamed to have it so. It was the yielding of the last vestige of prejudice against the

work, and an expression of affectionate pride that her son was honored and blessed as much as he was.

At this time one of the severe trials before referred to was upon me. It seemed as if all the bad elements of my old nature were being rallied by the Devil for one determined and final siege upon my character. I prayed earnestly against it, and in going home from work each evening, would, at a certain point, turn from the main thoroughfare and take a quiet, untraveled road or path, purposely to avoid the people, and to pray. Evening after evening I followed that line, for months. Holding my hat in my hand I prayed fervently for grace to overcome this uprising of evil within me. When reaching a vacant space, I would kneel on the grass and urge my plea with all the earnestness of which I was capable. Frequently I have risen with a song of praise in my heart and exclamations of joy on my lips; for I thought that power was given me to overcome. But, no sooner would my thumb touch the latch of my kitchen door, than it seemed as if the very blackness of Egypt was turned in upon my soul again. It seemed impossible to speak a civil word. If the cat crossed my track I wanted to kick it away. If supper was steam-

ing on the table, I growled because it was too hot. If not ready I stormed because of my wife's tardiness. If it was waiting and cool I would not eat, because it was not hot. If the children came toward me with outstretched arms, I had a cross rebuke for them on the tip of my tongue. Nothing was right for me, and my wife's tears only enraged me the more, and made me feel more demonlike than human.

Let the reader, untutored in such experiences, smile at the above if he may, and say it was too childish or too trivial for a man's notice; but I will here say that such experiences continued with me for months; and that the change at my door each evening was as literal as when a dozen incandescent lights are suddenly turned off in a room at midnight. Night after night I dreaded it and prayed against it, only to feel it as soon as I reached the threshold of my own home. Frequently I crossed the entrance room and went into the bedroom, where I knelt and prayed for power to behave myself, determined not to go into the other room and eat till I secured the needed help. Rising I have re-entered the other room and again been confronted and almost instantly mastered by that cruel spirit. Mortified and ashamed all day I



would determine upon a better course at night, only to find myself comparatively powerless when night came.

One evening, while walking alone, my hat swinging in my hand, and this terrible burden on my mind, I was praying most fervently for grace to overcome this power, and for ability to rise above it and adorn my profession of sainthood at home. I felt that I did not want to live if I could not be at least a kind husband and father. No other ambition was in my mind than the intense desire to be good. I wept in my soul-agony as I walked along. No person was on the street or block besides myself. Just then I heard a voice—not by my physical ear, but just as distinctly, nevertheless—utter these words: "*You shall yet stand in the Quorum of the Twelve.*" My inner man, or spirit, heard the words as clearly articulated as did my natural ear any words ever spoken. I stopped suddenly and looked up and around, but saw no person. There was nothing in my mind to suggest or invite such an announcement. A thought in that direction had never occurred to my mind that I am aware of. But I heard it; and to this day do not know whether it was the voice of God, angel, spirit, or demon; all I know is that I

heard it. Why that sentence should have been spoken to me at such a time I am at a loss to understand; but I determined that the revelation it made, whether proving true or false, should never have the effect of feeding my vanity or of spoiling me for the humblest service. I reported it to my wife, and afterwards to some half dozen persons in different parts of the country where I traveled.

Still the adversary plied faithfully his vocation and kept his forces around me, evidently bent on my overthrow, yet never for a moment did I lose my determination to conquer, if there was grace enough with God and at my disposal to give me final advantage. Shortly after hearing the voice referred to—possibly two months—we were visited by an elder from Western Canada who preached several times, and before leaving delivered a prophecy in which I was told that a trial awaited me. It was to be severe and to be introduced in ways and through channels outside of all my calculations. It would press me sorely, and its object would be to drive me into infidelity. But if in the hour of extremity I would remember and call upon God he would deliver me; and in due time I should rise higher in the Melchisedek priesthood and become an especial

witness to carry the gospel to the world.

The latter part of this revelation agreeing with what I had before received made me consider it somewhat significant; for the one uttering the prophecy knew nothing of what I had heard. My wife and self agreed to make note of it. But I did not believe I could well be tried worse than I had been; and, as the burden then upon my mind began to leave, I allowed the matter to pass from my thoughts.

I had drafted a skeleton of the prediction, however, embodying what is set forth in the foregoing, and placed it in my pocket book. I doubted whether anything could ever make me a skeptic, and was inclined to believe that the prophecy was overdrawn. The trial which for months had been galling me so sorely had never once squinted in the direction of infidelity, and I held to the opinion that after escaping that I was proof against the adversary's attacks, with such an object in view. How far I was mistaken let the sequel show. I intended, however, to keep the facts of the prediction with me and learn its origin by the development of time. I was now about relieved of the terrible strain I had been under for months, and things, like myself, were assuming a normal condition.

Our meetings were enjoyable, by reason of the Spirit's presence; and the fact of mother becoming a believer seemed to fill my cup with pleasure for a considerable time.

Elder John Shippy came and labored for a short time and reported a need for special labor where he had recently been at work, and invited me to return with him. Accordingly I started forth on a trip to Carlingford in his company. We opened fire at the house of Brother and Sister John Hartnell; then by invitation changed about with the residence of a Mr. Robert Brown, who with his family were of the Baptist Church at that place. Our labor there was blessed, and nearly the entire family was baptized. Eight members entered the church at that time, and others during the coming year. Elder Samuel Brown, now laboring constantly in the field, was one of the number baptized at that time by the writer. His father and mother have since proven the genuineness of their conversion to the faith by as noble and complete a consecration of means as the law provides for, and in other ways have contributed to the building up of the work.

Later on in the city of Saint Mary's, where they afterwards moved, they purchased a commodious church building and lot, and, as

a result the writer had the honor of occupying its pulpit and baptizing Mr. (now Elder) Mortimore and wife, and a Mr. Rainey. May God add many such willing workers to the present list. Bro. Robert Brown and family are now residing at Blenheim, Ontario.

From Carlingford I went to London and visited some few of the Saints, among others an elder who had recently been brought in contact with some writings and people and arguments that had the effect of staggering him on the leadership question. I found him dark in mind and in no condition to listen to anything I might say. Our President was held up to stinging ridicule and biting sarcasm, and his claims were scouted as unwarranted, while the revelations of the Doctrine and Covenants were being used to prove that he was a usurper. The spirit in which this was done was torturing to me; for I knew that this same elder had been used as an instrument in working miracles, and in conferring some of the grandest blessings that I had ever heard of. I had a hundred times, in the barrenness of my experience, considered him the biggest illustration of divine power in human form I had ever met, and had thought that I did not need any greater evidence of the Christ power in the work than was found

manifest in him. Yet there he was, dark as night, and I had to attempt a defense of the very work I thought he illustrated; and that, too, against attacks made by himself. With but two or three exceptions, where communications were direct, my faith had been based upon his testimony regarding divine manifestations. I had looked upon him as being a pillar when others failed me; but there was the evidence before me that I had leaned upon a broken reed. To say that I was dazed is but to put it mildly; but I carried it and pondered it in my mind. Afterwards, when I heard the same elder speak publicly, and in unmistakable terms send the old stream of divinity into other channels of leadership, I felt like asking where there was any ground for me to stand upon, when he who had received a hundred manifestations to my one was now ready to renounce the very organization through which alone had come to him such marvelous power.

As a basis for part of his criticism he had gone outside of the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, and had used the following, which was given through the Seer and incorporated in a letter sent by him to W. W. Phelps in 1832:—

“And it shall come to pass that I the Lord

God, will send one mighty and strong, holding the scepter of power in his hand, clothed with light for a covering, whose mouth shall utter words, eternal words, while his bowels shall be a fountain of truth, to set in order the house of God, and to arrange by lot the inheritance of the Saints, whose names are found, and the names of their fathers, and of their children, enrolled in the book of the law of God."

I was challenged to show where the "scepter" had been wielded by the present Joseph (to whom the elder presumed I applied this clause); where had he proven himself "mighty and strong;" where had he uttered "eternal words," thereby putting down contention and false doctrine, and silencing cavilers? Where had the "house of God" been "set in order?" These, and a host of other questions were defiantly flaunted before me. I was incapable of a reply, such as would have then answered. But I have since learned that Saints often entertain thoughts regarding such promises that are by no means warranted. While I am not necessarily pledged to the application of this revelation to our esteemed President, yet I would here suggest that my idea of might and strength as therein promised is not what it once was. Strip it of all association

with physical or carnal warfare, and it is left with a purely spiritual significance.

The mightiest and strongest man in a spiritual sense this earth ever held was Jesus Christ; and if we accept his illustration of these qualities, we find no destruction of foes, no crushing of opponents, no reviling of revilers, no resenting of insults, no silencing of cavilers by brute or muscular force; no clashing of steel or trumpets of war; no visiting of revenge upon his persecutors and murderers, but always the reverse. If twelve legions of angels awaited his bidding to defend him and destroy his foes, why did he meekly hold the reed and wear the crown of thorns and robe of mockery? Why did he allow the angry mob to spit upon his sacred face and smite him from behind? Why did he endure so patiently the frequent banter to display his power? Why, with power to save his life, did he consent to die? Let us learn, reader, that he is mightiest by far who can possess the requisite strength to smite a foe and yet withhold the blow; whose soul is moved by loftier impulse than leads to carnal resentment. Never did the wise man write more truly than when he penned the words, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a



city." Almost any man can resent a sudden attack upon him to the extent of his strength; but how few can hold in check the rising impulse and can bless the hand that smote, and breathe a final prayer for the hands made gory with his own life blood.

The mission of Jesus was to demonstrate the possibility of that diviner potency by which our spirits can be ruled. There was his "scepter of power."

In illustration further of this he spake "eternal words," and how beautifully did they harmonize with his practice. Hear him as he says, "Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you, That ye resist not evil." "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; *that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven.*" To do all this, not only in patience but in the Christ sense, requires more of the "mighty and strong" element than as a church we have yet exhibited. As long as I have reason to admire those qualities in Jesus I shall not fail to admire their approximate in any other. As long as they prove the Son of Man to have been "mighty and strong," will they not also

prove any other possessor of them to be near the standard required in the above revelation? If any claimant to the office referred to in the prophecy shall speak "words" differing in sentiment or wield a "scepter" of "power" diverse from this, can he help us by so doing to become "the children of our Father which is in heaven," unless Jesus was woefully mistaken? Allow me to here state that the best evidence I have ever had supportive of the possibility of our beloved President being the "one" provided for, has been in the fact that my long and intimate acquaintance with him has proven him nearest the standard above referred to.

Whoever may eventually prove to be the "one" must bring and employ weapons, not carnal, but spiritual, and we need look for no more startling results from his speaking "eternal words" and holding a "scepter of power" than followed in the wake of Jesus Christ when he did like work. It is possible the sad blunder of the Jews may be repeated among us. They refused Jesus because his "scepter" did not fill their carnal expectations, and we in our eager straining to catch the sound of "eternal words" to be yet spoken, may ignore the divinity of those above quoted; and, in consequence, may lose title to the "inherit-

ance of the Saints," which the expected "one" is to "arrange by lot."

This learn and know, that we who can  
Hold power to crush and yet restrain  
Its exercise—whose love for man  
Forbids him lower to the plane  
Where grace to nature yields its sway,  
And self-wreaked vengeance is the height  
And span of honor,—he whose way  
Well-chosen and pursued, the light  
Of heaven commands,—whose constant care  
Subdues uprising self and spurns  
Resentment, though the circling air  
With slanderous invective burns,  
Is mightier and hath truer claim  
To hero's place and fame unfurled,  
Than he whose dead-strewn track proclaims  
Him conqueror of a world.  
The spirit—poised in righteousness  
And training for celestial spheres,  
Though housed in mortal tenement,  
And vexed with myriad cares—  
Which climbs o'er clam'ring self and crucifies  
Its carnal impulse,—that can bless  
The tongue that cursed it and, without parade,  
Relieved a foe's self-earned distress,—  
Can feed an enemy and nurse the hand  
That smote,—that hastes to clasp  
In fond embrace and e'en unsought  
Forgive the life pledged to its ruin,—  
That o'er the sepulchre of buried self  
Erects no monument, but lives to extol  
Another's virtue, and in silence shed  
A holy luster o'er the lives of all,  
Is strength-possessed and fortified,

In likeness of the model given,—  
 Earth's king—man's hope—the Crucified,—  
 God's ideal in earth or heaven.

To be reviled and not in kind return  
 Revilement,—in the Son of God  
 Was princely attribute. It was the crest  
 Or pinnacle of lofty bearing—better still:  
 'Twas the sublime towering of the divine  
 Above, yet through, the human—the resplendent  
 Luster of the Infinite (like diamond setting  
 In the character of finite life)—“Thy will,  
 Not mine, Father, be done.” 'Twas yielding flesh  
 To make God manifest; and, while I stand  
 Transfixed before this scene, let my fond heart  
 Admire, yet not in empty forms of praise;  
 But “likewise” doing—lost to selfish pride—  
 Submerge my soul in the Christ principle—  
 Be ever moved by love and still abide  
 In virtue,—finding shield and staff  
 Therein,—and bear within this character  
 My Master's photograph.

I may here state that the elder referred to above came out of his season of darkness and doubt in due time, and with probably better assurance regarding the Reorganization than ever before. His work since that time has proven his worth and I am of the opinion that the genuineness of his metal and the excellence of his service for Christ and the church had brought upon him the jealous rage of the adversary to such an overwhelming extent as I have testified of. It was his

time of heavy trial; but God overruled it all to his own glory and the brother's permanent good. So I now view it, but not so at that time, for though I did not publish it abroad, my faith was wounded sore and I returned home nursing my bitterness and apprehension. Upon my arrival home my wife was taken sick and called for administration at my hands. I observed the rite as required in James 5: 14, and she revived for an hour, then relapsed. Again she called, and again I administered to her, with the same results. This was several times repeated, until I refused to proceed further. With streaming eyes and broken heart I pleaded for recognition at the hands of God, until, wearied with constant effort, oppressed with the doubt that had already sprung up in my heart, and disgusted with what seemed to be the mockery of the affair, I abandoned myself almost to despair. I went for a physician and committed my wife's case to him; but still, for her sake, because it pleased her, I prayed on, but with fast waning faith. After a few weeks my wife's health was restored, and I tried to cheer myself again. Her sisters, Mary, already referred to, and Elizabeth (now Sister Allen Bailey of Independence, Missouri), were stopping at our home. We kept up the

family altar and the branch meetings, regularly, and not a soul knew of the battle that was raging within me. I did not want to hurt my wife's faith, nor rob her of any of the comfort I knew it brought her.

Meanwhile her parents had moved from London to Independence, Missouri, and her mother had written for the two sisters to come West to her. They had delayed in order to provide several things before going, and to earn sufficient to pay the cost of the long journey. This delay caused their mother some uneasiness, and she wrote me a very pathetic letter, asking me to use my influence to induce them to start quickly and promising to send financial help to them if they required it. She stated twice in the letter that she knew by the Spirit that they should come to her, but could not tell why.

Upon receipt of this letter we wrote at once, and promised that they would start immediately upon receiving such an amount of money as would complete their railroad fare. After sending this word we waited for a letter, bringing the amount required. The letter came, but not with the expected message. Instead thereof, it brought tidings of an accident, by which their mother had been thrown from a wagon, down a hill and onto a

railroad track, crushing her face, and causing her death in about five hours.

This was a terrible blow. Need I tell that our house was filled with a grief that seemed inconsolable? Need I add that it occurred at a time when I was in the worst condition of mind possible to bear it? It was simply crushing; and I felt as though I cared neither for God nor religion; nor for aught that my eyes could not rest on and understand. Still I tried to comfort the rest, and to keep up the form of worship for the sake of others, until, a month or two later, I reached a condition of mind where I abhorred myself for acting the hypocrite, and determined to take all risks in renouncing the entire religious fabric.

One night I entered my chamber alone and knelt down, determined to make a final effort to secure recognition at the hands of God, if such a being really existed. Mortal never prayed more devoutly. I pleaded, and reasoned, and wept, that some token of even God's existence might be given; but everything was denied me. Rising from my knees, after a long siege, I flung the chair away from me and resolved to abandon myself to whatever might be my fate and cease to pray. In this state of mind, bordering on frenzy—

a hell indeed—I got into bed and tried to silence my remnant of conscience by arguing my case in justification. I traced the long series of trials that for half a year had borne down upon me so heavily, the vain appeals I had made for deliverance, the ease with which one a thousand times more blessed than myself could renounce the church, the repeated and useless administrations to my wife, the refusal of heaven to even notice my agony of distress, the cruelly sudden death of my mother-in-law who was one of the truest Saints I ever knew, and at such a critical time, and the long siege of cruel abandonment to such fiendish influences as had oppressed me without just cause, and that too right in the face of my most tender and loyal devotion to the work of the church. All this and more I argued, and felt wicked and full of resentment. O, the impenetrable blackness of that period when I felt fully justified in shaking my puny fist in the face of Deity and daring him to do his worst, if he had any power at all. I tremble now as I think about it.

While lying on the bed in this horrible condition of mind, trying to sleep, and caring little whether I ever should wake again, there stole gently and sweetly over me a sensation



akin to that which had visited me shortly after my entrance into the church, and suddenly the question was forced into my thoughts, "Did I not forewarn you?" I instantly remembered the revelation that had been given, its prediction of peculiar trials, and its remarkable statement that the object would be to drive me into infidelity. There I was on the verge of the very precipice referred to; and, as the fact and the warning stood together as if in vision before me, my whole nature changed. An unutterable gladness filled my heart; and my soul magnified the Lord. My freed spirit seemed to really float in an atmosphere of divine peace, and my feelings found vent in tears, and songs, and prayers. I slept the first peaceful sleep that I had for months. No language can ever describe the contrast of feelings that was experienced that night. And if it were possible to write it, only those who had passed through a like ordeal and transition could appreciate it.

## CHAPTER XI.

## "DIFFERENCES OF ADMINISTRATION."

He rests his hand upon the watcher's brow—  
But more than that, he leaves his very breath  
Upon the watcher's soul; and more than this,  
He stays for holy hours where watchers pray;  
And more than that, he oftentimes lifts the veils  
That hide the visions of the world unseen.

FATHER RYAN.

LIKE too many others I had brought extravagant notions with me into the church. Without stopping to consider that therein was to be found the arena on which was to be waged the "conflict of ages," and that mortals were to learn not only the wonderful works of God, but also the terrible works of Satan, I expected to find men and women moved by a single impulse and equipped by one Spirit, acting in concert, without a jarring element discernible. I did not look for absolute perfection, but I rather looked for results of church service than the details and minutiae of service.

But I soon found that, as with myself, so with most others, the gospel had very much to do in eliminating the old Adam before the

new could occupy chief place for perpetual control. I was brought into contact with people who were in the transition state, as to character, and who, like myself, were expecting more of others than they were exhibiting in themselves. I found some who were very eager to enjoy the manifest visitations of the Holy Spirit; but who were utterly unwilling to endure the scouring necessary to make their vessels fit places for the Spirit's prolonged stay. They enjoyed royal visits of the above order better than they did house cleaning for the guest's comfort.

Like boys at school, there were more attending than were likely to graduate, though all the helps and facilities necessary were at hand. The school and text-books were all that could be desired, but scholarship calls for more than these. The church and doctrine and Spirit were commensurate with all moral necessities, but some had all these in reach and did not "abound." Some gloried in the fact that God had chosen the "base things of the world" and were keeping as "base" as they could all the way along, expecting, perhaps, to be "chosen" again in the crowning day because of fidelity to the original quality. Still the possibilities of the church were freely manifest in that others

who were "base" had been transformed till the Master's nature was discernible in their lives.

I found that my calling as a minister must necessarily bring me into direct contact with people in all stages of development, and it was for me to "study to show myself approved" as a workman. I early discovered that while Saints, under the Spirit, could love as could no others, Saints, after losing that Spirit, could hate as no others. It was evident that the adversary planted his forces in strength proportioned to the amount of good he had to combat and overcome, and that, finding all truth comprehended in the gospel creed, he ransacked his dominions at times to muster force sufficient for the demolition of its strongholds and defenders. The safety of the soldiery was in eternal vigilance and unceasing activity. The sleeper and the idler were easily overcome, and, being overcome, soon became hindrances rather than helps.

All this was manifest to an acute observer, and I found that Canada needed occasional visitation at the hands of the authorities of the church, that she might be "set in order." There were "wills" and "won'ts" sufficient to produce friction and prove that all were not

yet of the "same mind and the same judgment." There was need of the "helps" and "governments" provided so wisely. Yet the divinity of the great work was being fully attested by what it was performing among the obedient and humble ones.

During the above year, Pres. W. W. Blair had visited Canada, and I had met him at district conference at Blenheim. His presence and counsel helped many of the Saints to a better mental and spiritual condition, but there were some old jealousies and dissatisfactions existing which were not entirely removed from the district. However, things were improving, I was told, and it is probable that the Saints, like myself, were undergoing a necessary discipline.

I had also attended the General Conference of April, 1878, at Plano, in company with Bro. J. J. Cornish. There, as before, I saw and heard many things that had a tendency to broaden my views, or, at least, to encourage me in the idea that the church of God gave ample scope for the exercise of personal conviction, and that every good man's soul could find elbow room therein.

This was peculiarly comforting to me, because my mind had been made remarkably skeptical on some things which had found

local shelter in places, and which, while I had not openly attacked or opposed, I could not conscientiously indorse.

At this conference Brn. Joseph Smith and W. H. Kelley were appointed to visit Canada and investigate irregularities there. They attended our district conference at Corinth, shortly after, and at that session, the Kent and Elgin district was divided, the London district was formed, and over it I was elected president. The ministrations of these visiting brethren were decidedly helpful and the good effects remain to this day, though their appointment and labor were not directed towards all the hurtful forces, as, indeed, they could not possibly be in so short a time.

The coming to Canada of so great and illustrious a personage as the "Mormon Prophet" was a signal for quite a gathering, and, had he been caged and properly concealed, a considerable amount might have been realized by charging an admission fee to see him. There was not Yankee shrewdness enough in us innocent Canucks to avail ourselves of this prospective bonanza, however, and so the exhibition was made gratis to about a thousand people.

A grave suspicion was prevalent that our innocent-looking "Bro. Joseph" was a polyga-

mist from the western hills and that he was around after more recruits for his harem. He seemed to take in the situation and rather disarmed their fears immediately upon rising to speak. After announcing himself a resident of Illinois, where the laws were strenuously monogamous, he frankly admitted having taken full advantage of what show they did afford, by getting all the wife he could in one dress, hence had married a lady weighing nearly two hundred pounds.

This unexpected statement produced a kind of mirthful explosion which effectually dissipated the long-drawn expression of horror and suspicion on the faces of his auditors. He had a good-natured lot of listeners during the remainder of his discourse.

After the close of conference he went to St. Thomas, thence to London, preaching in both places, and at the latter place I left him and hurried on to Toronto to advertise his coming.

His visit to Toronto did not produce much of a sensation. The audiences were small, but the Saints were edified. This visit occurred just a few weeks before the time referred to when I reached a final settlement of all business and property affairs and moved my family into rooms at my sister's house, preparatory to entering the field.

In this determination I was encouraged by Bro. Joseph, and he left me, having my assurance that my chief life-object was to tell the gospel story. In the course of our conversation together I heard him express the conviction that my strange experiences of the past had been disciplinary, with a view to fitting me for effective ministerial work.

Arrangements thus completed, I once more parted company with wife and babies and started forth under my appointment in the district. New official responsibilities were upon me and everywhere in the district were demands for judicious educational work as well as public preaching. My youth and comparative inexperience made me slow in either introducing private ideas or antagonizing old ones that I did not favor.

In preaching to those without, I had very fair liberty. My memory was strengthened remarkably, and the truth seemed all-sufficient for every occasion. I visited the Carlingford, Usborne, London, St. Thomas, and Corinth branches, and made some new openings, one at Walsingham Centre, where Bro. G. T. Griffiths afterwards baptized some twenty-eight persons.

My visits among the branches brought me more directly in contact with Saints of all



varieties and shades of peculiarity and made me more than ever sensible of the fact that the mere acts of baptism and laying on of hands did not make men and women holy. I met some of the finest and truest souls one could desire to associate with, and from that pinnacle of excellence the morals and spiritual sensibilities seemed to be graded till a much lower stratum was reached.

My ministry was unto all. All the peculiarities that characterized people without the church also characterized those within. There were the lovers of the profound and there were those whom only the smatterer could please. There were men and women who had desire and place only for the quiet, steady communications of truth, while others, and the bigger part at that, loved the sensational and boisterous presentations. There were those with whom a solitary testimony of the truth lasted forever, and others who needed a repetition every few days or they stumbled and fell.

There were those who were naturally endowed in the ordinary way with mental and moral qualities by or through which, without special or open revealments, they received steadily and continuously the helpful grace which enabled them to stand unmoved for

the truth. On the other hand I found many who could hardly live from month to month without some extraordinary or supernatural manifestation.

Again I observed that, even while open manifestations abounded, to the feasting and ecstasy of some, others present at such festivals seemed to almost starve, because their souls or mentality were not reached thereby. I found myself more frequently in tune with the latter class, and found my only joy on such occasions, in witnessing the pleasure of others.

Furthermore, I discerned, or thought I did, that the enemy of souls occasionally took advantage of the susceptibility of some, and either directly supplied the demand for gifts himself or smilingly allowed the individual to overstep the line and, mistaking intense desire for Spirit authority, to supply the demand himself.

On such occasions the spectacle was painful, for I remembered that "the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." I observed, with sadness, that if a quiet testimony was being borne or prayer offered into which was meekly injected the voicing of the Spirit, but few seemed to discern it, while a boisterous or demonstrative

cry of "Thus saith the Lord" almost invariably produced a sensation upon quite a number which was taken or mistaken for a "witness" that the approaching communication was from God.

I have stated that some of these discoveries pained me. Let me give my reasons. First, because I clearly discerned that some of them were *not* from God; second, because the effect of them upon the average mind was not to establish men and women in the truth that Jesus was the Christ, but they were merely a temporary gratification of the inordinate desire that clamored for them; third, because many of them communicated nothing, but were frequently a recital of oft-repeated phrases having no bearing upon the conditions existing in the localities where given; fourth, because they had no beneficial effect upon the moral characters of those most receptive to them; fifth, because some of them proved absolutely false; sixth, because in some instances when I called the attention of older ministers to the apparent abnormalities, they, either from fear that a frank admission of unreliability would weaken my faith, or because they were feeding at the same stall, would try to reason me into an indorsement of the medley.

They did not know that such an indorsement would have been given at the expense of conscience and reason. I always believed that God knew more than I did and that his revealments would enlarge and expand rather than cramp and stultify the intellect and conscience of those to whom they came. But, reader, the chief burden upon my mind was caused by the lack of understanding as to how to proceed to correct the trouble.

My mission was to save, not to destroy. To move abruptly or take radical ground might put me in a position where the very good I sought to do would, with myself, be evil spoken of. Those from whom I differed in appetite and judgment were probably as honest as myself, and had been attracted to the church, because some unwise elder had put a bigger display of such matter in the shop window of his discourses than was judicious or harmonious with the divine law that forbids such parade.

How to get at the secret by which I could take a stand for the exact right in the matter and, at the same time, hold within the body those who most needed the benefit of corrective measures, was the question of questions, and I was not equal to it. To pit my child judgment against that of men would seem

audacious. To array my inner consciousness against the conviction of a majority in localities would involve the suspicion of egotism and destroy my influence. I found that knowledge and wisdom were not alike. I often wondered why God made me so different from other men, why I knew certain things and yet had not the material with which to make a convincing case before all. In other words, why he forced upon my inner being such convictions, but did not in actual words give me that which I could use as my authority against some of the things I was compelled to witness.

Day after day I besought him in silent prayer to show me just how to move and what to do, but I heard no voice, saw no vision, received no angel visitor, dreamed no spiritual dream, nor obtained any supernatural manifestation in open or visible form whatever. What had I, then, upon which to base my conduct in moving forward under the silent conviction of my soul?

Quietly I carried the trouble, trying at times to enter an occasional mild objection or protest, where my silence was being construed as a committal to things occurring, but rarely finding an appreciative response. I, of course, magnified the trouble, being inexperienced and

fearful. While I was not susceptible to the influences referred to, I was extremely sensitive as to my fitness for the office I held, under the circumstances, and I about concluded, after some months, that the better way would be for me to go back to my old business and support the family of some good man who would be better qualified for the office of district president; but this seemed cowardly, and when reading the lectures on faith in the Book of Covenants one day, I became impressed with the idea that divine blessing comes in return for sacrifice, and I began to wonder what I could sacrifice in order to make myself more acceptable to God.

Home, business, and money had all gone—what had I left? After a time I agreed to begin a perpetual fast in a moderate sense. I entered a room at the house where I was then stopping and, upon my knees, covenanted with God that I would not use tea, coffee, nor flesh meat during the remainder of my life, if he would grant me my chief desire, wisdom as a gift, with ability to educate the Saints and preach the gospel to all.

I expressed my willingness to have all the other gifts withheld, if these were only granted. I prayed long and earnestly, but

the above embodies the special object of my petition. Though I waited long, I received no reply, no communication, other than an assurance of peace, and of having done my best to get right.

Moving on from thence, I continued laboring, and, though I got no special answer to my plea, I began to observe my part of the covenant, which, though made under the impulse that arose from deep anxiety and possible ignorance, I felt was made in candor and honesty, and that I was under moral obligation to observe it. Wise or unwise, I did it, and was ready for the consequences. In a short time I returned to Toronto, to look after home and branch interests there, and upon returning, found a letter awaiting me. It had the Plano postmark and was from President Joseph Smith, in answer to my inquiry about a matter of interest in the branch there.

At the conclusion of the matter under consideration, he wrote as follows: (I give it verbatim, for the letter is before me, bearing date, August, 1878.) "Concerning yourself, Brother Luff, this is the voice of the Spirit to me: 'Say unto my servant Joseph Luff, that his sacrifices are accepted

of me; he shall receive wisdom to act for the good of my cause in his ministry, and I will bless him in preaching to the Saints and in declaring the gospel to them \* that are without. Other manifestations are withheld from him that he may be tried and sanctified. Let him labor diligently as he may be directed, being not impatient or overhasty, and he shall reap a goodly harvest. He shall become an excellent counselor to the church and to the ministry, for unto this is he called. His heart shall be made glad in the truth. Amen.'"

Upon a first reading of this I felt unusually glad. The covenant I made had been acknowledged, my sacrifices accepted, and the special qualifications I had sought for were promised. But the statements that "other manifestations are withheld from him that he may be tried and sanctified," were not so relishable. I have since learned, however, from careful observation, that while God designs to "sanctify" all, he proceeds differently in separate cases. There are "differences of administration and diversities of operations." One man is to be sanctified by a liberal outpouring of certain gifts upon him, while another is to be "sanctified" by their being "withheld." The conferring is to occur from necessity, but



divine wisdom alone must decide as to the necessity and its degrees.

While this discovery may have forced me into an attitude which has been misinterpreted by many at first sight and hearing, it nevertheless has strengthened my confidence in God and my hope for humanity. I see one Saint's faith kept alive and active by frequent open revealments, while another's is preserved by and manifest through severe trials and divine denials. Elisha's faith was great when he secured a withdrawal and afterwards a return of the rain; but Job's faith was greater when he suffered the loss of all he possessed and even health itself, yet in prospect of death from loathsome disease and with his wife advising a surrender of integrity, cried, "*Though he slay me yet will I trust him.*"

One man's faith was manifest in working miracles, the other's in patient endurance under denial and severe affliction. Christ's faith was manifest in both, for in one instance we find him setting death at nought and delivering its captive, in another we find him pleading that a certain cup might pass from him, if it could be possible, yet upon the discovery that it was his Father's will that it should be otherwise, he temporarily surren-

dered the exercise of his power over death and meekly drank and died.

If the eleventh chapter of Hebrews be carefully read, it will be found that by faith kingdoms were subdued, lions' mouths were stopped, the violence of fire was quenched, armies were put to flight, dead were raised, the sword was turned away from saints, and all manner of wonders were achieved; but it will be well for all who call this alone the "faith once delivered to the saints," to read further and learn that "others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment: they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented." "They wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth."

They had not the power or kind of faith to change their conditions. There were no miracles wrought to deliver them. There were no open manifestations of divine power in answer to their prayers for deliverance.

But, remember, reader, that these ALL "received a good report, THROUGH FAITH," and the Inspired Translation finishes this chapter better than does the King James'

with the remarkable statement that God had "provided some better things for them *through their sufferings*, for without sufferings they could not be made perfect."

These strange truths stared me in the face when I read the revelation sent to me, and I naturally expected that others would rejoice and be "sanctified" by receiving much, while probably I would have to undergo a sanctifying process which involved many refusals and repeated withholdings. I vaguely surmised it then, I *know* it now. At that time it was faintly anticipated, but since then it has been painfully realized.

We preach abroad that the gospel's mission is not to bring God down to men, but men up to God; yet, in our practices within, we too often show a determination to have him come below his own appointments in the matter of spiritual communications and meet us on the plane of self-gratification. Hence we too often get, not what is absolutely best for us, but what we choose for ourselves and steadily importuned for, determined to "take no denial" when we prayed.

Many a Saint has stood well in adversity but perished when prosperity came. Many a minister has proven valiant and faithful when alone and away, battling for the truth under

God's direction, but has wilted and waned after leaving the lonesomeness of such a life and moving into large branches where he hoped to have his desire for Sainly association gratified.

It is better, always, to abide the seemingly slow and unpretentious methods of divine arrangement, even though we smart under them, than to draw a line for ourselves and insist that the Eternal shall walk by it. At least, the writer has so concluded after more than a dozen years of observation and experience.

One point in the revelation, contained in Bro. Joseph's letter, surprised me. It was the promise made towards its close. I could not fathom it nor realize its probability. I could not exactly doubt it; but it seemed too large to be real. However, I resolved that if it did fail of fulfillment it should not be because of my neglect to try and abide cheerfully such conditions as should obtain in my life, nor because of my breaking the covenant I had made.

Upon the first promises therein made, I have hundreds of times since planted myself, when worn out and mentally perplexed, and when I seemed to have not a single word to say from the platform to which I have been

suddenly called, or when I had seemingly exhausted every resource of thought or argument. I can solemnly declare that the divinity of that portion of the revelation has been attested in every instance of the kind.

Following out the suggestions that frequently occurred to my mind thereafter, I learned the truth of another statement contained elsewhere in Bro. Joseph's letter; viz., that the Spirit would be with me in shaping my thoughts in times and cases of exigency to the work. In short, I learned that if I would but prove faithful in my conduct and in reporting myself for duty, God would take care of the credit of the work intrusted to me and would give me the experience most essential to my spiritual well-being. I tried from thenceforward to study human character in its varied phases, and to learn, if possible, just what attitude Jesus would be likely to assume in view of such conditions as confronted me that I might, by such acquaintance, be better able to carry into effect the counsel he gave: "Occupy till I come."

While I am painfully conscious of sad defects and deplorable failures, and have been a thousand times mortified over my misrepresentation of his character, in my practice, I nevertheless believe myself much nearer the

mark aimed at, than had I not covenanted and received the revelation referred to; hence that covenant is as much delighted in to-day as when years ago it was so innocently and enthusiastically made. Trying to act upon the advice, "Let him labor diligently as he may be directed, being not impatient or overhasty," I have become convinced that no exigency ever takes the Lord by surprise, and that no labor thus performed is ever wasted.

The revelation thus given did more for me than had it come directly to myself. It made me feel more than ever that we were members of a family and our Father knew nothing of the difficulties of distance. Though Bro. Joseph was six hundred miles away from me when I prayed and covenanted, yet the Spirit that heard me in Canada answered in Illinois. It undoubtedly gave to Bro. Joseph an insight into my character, condition, and needs, that he could not question, and by which he could the better "size me up" and counsel me at any future time. It proved to me that God still respected the organization he had effected, and honored Bro. Joseph as its earthly head. It disarmed the enemy of all power to afterwards persuade me that I had wrought myself up to a pitch of enthusiasm which made it

easy for me to imagine anything comprehended in my desire. It was impossible to human skill. It was contrary to Satanic practice, having no sensational display attending it. *It was divine* and carried the impress of its author.

## CHAPTER XII.

## "THE MANIFESTATION OF THE SPIRIT."

O what a scale of miracles is here!  
 Its lowest round high planted on the skies;  
 Its towering summit lost beyond the thought  
 Of man or angel.

YOUNG.

So let it be. In God's own might  
 We gird us for the coming fight,  
 And, strong in him whose cause is ours  
 In conflict with unholy powers,  
 We grasp the weapons he has given,—  
 The Light, and Truth, and Love of Heaven.

WHITTIER.

AFTER receiving this encouragement I resolved to continue and do my best. The fall district conference convened at which I was sustained as president and my work thereafter was performed with more confidence and hope. I feel it but just to here mention that, during these initial stages of my development, I was greatly helped and stimulated by the timely counsel and ministrations of some good sisters, who as mothers in Israel seemed to consider the young and unexperienced ministry the objects of their



jealous watchcare. Among them I will name Sr. Harriet Harrington, wife of Bro. Edgar Harrington, of London, (now of Kansas City, Kansas,) Srs. Janet and Rebecca Pearson, of Corinth, the two latter having been over a score of years in the work. When about discouraged or feeling downcast and almost spiritless, these sisters would invariably have a timely word of cheer or testimony of experience which never failed to buoy up the sinking spirit and arouse the flagging zeal. As memory brings back those days and scenes, the lips instinctively pronounce a "God bless you" upon each of them and many others whom they represented.

My diary to which I have not referred for data in this writing, contains several entries of healings and blessings which marked the course of my ministrations, but they are so common in the experience of nearly all Saints that I will not attempt to detail them. Suffice it that I mention an occasional instance. Others have been more remarkably blessed in this direction than I. May God add unto them a hundredfold more, if it please him, and let them dwell more particularly upon such themes when they write for your information and profit.

One Sunday morning while preaching in

the church at London, I noticed a stranger present, and in the evening, I saw him again with a woman by his side. Doubtless there were several visitors present, but to these strangers my attention was drawn because of the changing posture of the man as my discourse continued. On the next Sunday evening I was informed that this man (whose name was Rae) desired me to call on him. He had while working in the cooper shop of the oil refinery, fallen backward into a large caldron of boiling glue, and had been terribly burned. Taking some oil, I started for his house, in company with Elder George Mot-tashed, Edgar Harrington, and others. Upon entering and ascending the stairs, we found it almost impossible to endure the stench occasioned by the glue and putrid flesh.

The accident had occurred on Friday, and the doctor had bandaged the poor sufferer in cotton and applied such lotions as were common in medical practice. We found the poor man with his elbows and the lower portion of his arms resting upon pillows, so, also, his limbs from the knees down and his chin propped with cushions. His back, which was upward, was one mass of blackened and blistered flesh, extending around under and unto his breast and stomach, also down his

limbs and up to his neck, then over his arms. It was sickening to behold.

Going up to the bedside, I told him who we were and that we had come at his bidding. He then informed us that his name was William Rae, that he had been an ignorant persecutor of the Saints, but had been influenced to go and hear us the Sunday before, that what he heard had so surprised and pleased him that he took his wife out at night, and he was of the opinion that we had the truth, and would like to know if we were willing to give him the benefit of our prayers and faith.

At his request for administration, we took all the bandages off and poured the consecrated oil upon his festering flesh and brushed it around with a feather, then wrapped clean cloths around him and in prayer committed him and our work to God, while our hands rested upon his head. He told us that the pain ceased with the anointing, and that he was determined to trust God.

Next morning we returned and administered to him again and arranged with Bro. William Burch to stay and nurse him for a few days. This method of procedure was new to the household, and Mrs. Rae inquired of us what she should do when the doctor arrived. Without waiting for either of us to

answer, her husband called out to dismiss the doctor as he intended to trust in God. This had the effect of making her feel apprehensive and we therefore advised her to act her own pleasure in the matter. Mr. Rae, however, protested against allowing any further medical interference, and said he was ready to take the consequences. An hour later the doctor came and was told that his services were no longer required. Upon inquiring he learned the reason for this sudden change in the programme and he became angry. Going down stairs he warned Mrs. Rae against the extreme fanaticism which would result in her husband's death in all probability. He said that the ninth day would settle the matter, and, though her husband was evidently much better now, he would never tide over the critical point a week hence unless skillfully treated by a physician. Mrs. Rae was troubled and inclined to yield, but her husband was inflexible, and so the doctor left.

Next day the *Free Press* contained the following article:—

LONDON, Ont., Feb. 22, 1879.

The leading spirits of the Latter Day Saints in this village claim to have performed a miracle. It will be remembered that a man named Wm. Rae was badly scalded at the

Victor oil works several days ago. Dr. DeLom was called in and attended the man for four days, getting him, by skillful treatment, out of danger. At this stage the chief Saints of the above-mentioned sect put in an appearance, and informed the doctor his services would be no longer required, as they wished to "anoint the injured man, and heal him by a miracle." They took the precaution, however, to ask the doctor if he would resume his treatment in case the miracle failed. He very naturally replied in the negative. Nothing daunted, they set to work, removed all the dressing, anointed their subject and went through the ceremony incident to the performance of their miracles. Strange to say the miracle did not in any way interfere with the previous action of Dr. DeLom's treatment, and Rae continued to progress favorably. It seems a trifle strange, however, that these economical healers did not "perform" on the injured man previous to the time mentioned, but they evidently had "a method in their madness."

This drew forth from me the following reply:—

TRUTH VS. RUMOR.

*Editor Free Press:*—In your issue for Saturday evening last, under the head of "Lon-

don East Notes," a paragraph appears containing many misstatements. Now, inasmuch as you have published the matter referred to, and it is calculated to create a false impression upon the mind of the public, to the injury, perhaps, of the Latter Day Saints in London, will you kindly allow us, through your columns, the privilege of presenting the facts as they occurred, and which may be abundantly proven. When Rae was badly scalded, on Friday morning, Dr. DeLom came at the request of others, and against the expressed wish of Mr. Rae. He attended him three days (not four), and on the fourth morning was informed by Mr. Rae that his services were no longer required, and he has not attended him since. If his skillful treatment brought the man out of danger, then the praise is for him; but he informed Mrs. Rae to the contrary, and told her to watch him about the ninth day, etc. The "chief Saints" referred to *never saw* the doctor at all, hence the statement that "*they* informed him that his services were no longer required, as they were going to anoint the injured man and heal him by a miracle," also that they "took the precaution to ask a resumption of the doctor's treatment in case the miracle failed," is a glaring falsehood. The Saints

referred to never heard of the accident until Sunday, when they were *specially requested by Mr. Rae* (through his messenger) to come up and administer to him according to the direction given in James 5: 14, 15, which they did that evening. This statement will perhaps remove the cause for wonder "why these economical healers did not perform before." They never mentioned "miracle," nor do they now "claim that a miracle has been wrought." Whatever conversation was had with the doctor in the house was by Mr. and Mrs. Rae themselves, not the "chief Saints." Mr. Rae is still alive, and willing to answer any questions put to him. It would be well, therefore, before the result of his injury is finally decided, for interested parties to visit the house and inquire of him or his wife as to the truth of either of the contrary statements. Truth, being scarce, is precious, and sometimes found where not expected, as well as *vice versa*.

Respectfully yours,

JOSEPH LUFF.

LONDON EAST, February 24, 1879.

We noticed in a couple of days that the old flesh was fast dropping off and that under it there were patches all over his body, looking like pools of blood at first, covered with

a fine transparent skin. I had occasion to leave the city just then, but on returning after some days, called again at the house and found several Saints there, and Mr. Rae seated in a corner of the room with the company. It was peculiarly gratifying, and I felt to praise God more than ever before.

As I started to leave, he rose, and coming over to me, stretched out his hand saying: "These signs shall follow them that believe." Together we rejoiced and praised the kind Father who had acknowledged us so graciously.

On another occasion after laboring steadily in a new field I reached London, desiring to get to Toronto, one hundred and twenty miles away, to fill appointments for Sunday. This was on Friday and I had left an appointment for the following Tuesday at the place of my recent labor, expecting to return in time to fill it. I had about three dollars in my pocket, and the fare to Toronto and back was six dollars and forty cents. I knew there was no financial help for me in Toronto even though I got there. Not knowing what to do, I went to God in prayer, but received no light, except that the revelation before referred to came to my mind, and especially the part where God had promised me "wis-



dom to act for the good of his cause in my ministry."

I rose and, after thinking for a few minutes as to what would be the wisest thing to do, decided to go up town and telegraph to the Toronto Saints that I could not get there, so that they could cancel the appointments. Telling Bro. Edgar Harrington of my conclusion, he agreed with me that it was best, and started up town with me to the telegraph office, arranging by the way, that I should spend Sunday in London.

There were two telegraph companies in Canada, the Montreal and the Dominion, and, never having done any business except with the former, I determined to go to its office on this occasion. In doing so, we had to pass the office of the Dominion Company. After walking a number of steps past, an impression seized me to stop, which we did, and laughing at the fogyism that was taking us some blocks further than was necessary, simply to keep up an old custom, we turned around and I walked back to the office we had passed, leaving Bro. Harrington outside.

After entering the office and seizing the tablet containing blank spaces for writing messages, I dropped my head thoughtfully upon my hand and sought to reduce the com-

munication to as few words as possible, before writing. While thus in thought, I espied a handbill lying on the counter, with the words, "Excursion to Toronto" in large letters thereon. Picking it up, I read, in addition to the above, "Tickets good for return till Tuesday. Fare, \$2.00. Train leaves at five p. m. to-day."

Rushing out to where Bro. Harrington stood, I read it aloud to him. There was but one hour before train-leaving time, so, hurrying along, we secured my satchel and by quick motion got to the depot in time. I never saw another copy of that handbill till the depot was reached. I learned that the excursion had been determined upon suddenly, to connect with certain excursion trains leaving Toronto for Montreal.

Paying my two dollars and receiving a *return ticket* therefor, I boarded the train and rolled into Toronto a little after midnight and found my wife quite sick and the branch in a poor condition. There was much to be done the following day and three meetings for Sunday, besides extra work, necessitated by the condition of the branch as already referred to. My coming was opportune; the branch was helped into shape again and after visit-

ing and administering and doing home chores on Monday, I was tired out and threw myself upon a lounge to rest. My mind was worried over my wife's sickness, as she was worse than on my arrival. Her anxiety for the church had made her less thoughtful of herself and she had kept a knowledge of her real feelings from me lest I should relax my efforts elsewhere in order to relieve her. But tired, suffering nature was compelled to yield at last and I felt troubled as the evidence of her suffering faced me. Three times she had gone down stairs to iron the clothes she had washed for me on Saturday, and as many times she had returned to rest. Finally on coming into my room she aroused me from the half stupor into which I had fallen, by dropping on her knees before the couch, and exclaiming, "I can't live long this way, for I am nearly dead now!"

Allowing her head to fall upon my breast, she moaned and seemed to be suffering considerably. I do not remember uttering a word; but lifting my left arm, which hung down to the floor, I brought it around her head and placed my hand upon her forehead. My heart was then lifted to God in one earnest mental prayer, asking that, if my work was accepted and should be continued as per

appointments made, he would instantly heal my wife.

It was a brief petition, but at that moment I seemed to have hold upon the promises of the word, and there was a necessity that I should prevail. I was physically exhausted and dropped off into a doze almost instantly afterwards, only to be awakened by a movement on the part of my wife. Upon expressing my grief over her condition, she smiled and looked up, exclaiming, "I never felt better in my life!"

I affected surprise at hearing such a statement after what she had uttered not five minutes before, but looking into my face, with a kind of quizzical expression in her own, she asked, "Haven't you been praying for me?" Then rising, she actually skipped with glee before me, and hurried down stairs to finish her ironing. That night I rested well, and at seven a. m. next day I was aboard the train and whirling away to fill my appointments two hundred and more miles away.

Perhaps there was nothing remarkable in all this from first to last, but as I boarded that train and thought over the parting that had just taken place between myself and wife and the two little treasurers God had given us, and while my heart was sad to a degree,

there came stealing over me a something that brought the prayer in London, the telegraph office, the handbill, the unusually low-rate excursion, the branch troubles, and the sick and suffering wife in panorama before me, and, as I thought that I was now leaving her in health, and able to go on with my work for God and humanity, something said, "There is a divinity in it all."

I know some may reason it all away and consider it a happening merely; but, dear readers, I *perfer* to believe these were evidences that the angels were interested in me and mine. The thought comforts me; hence my will to indulge it.

Soon after this I moved my family to London where we located, after they had spent a time visiting Saints at Carlingford. We rented a couple of rooms in a small house and continued to occupy them until our removal from Canada.

About the close of March, 1879, I started westward to attend General Conference, leaving my family behind and expecting to return in a few weeks. Upon reaching Plano I found that one of the brethren employed in the Herald Office was about to take a vacation for his health's sake, and needed a "sub" to fill his place. I volunteered my services, and, after

conference, began to work as a "typo" on the *Herald*. My stay in the office was prolonged unexpectedly, until about the time for holding the fall conference at Galland's Grove, Iowa, during which time I did considerable preaching at Plano, Catville, Mission, Sandwich, and Shabbona Grove, on Sundays and at vacation intervals.

About two months after leaving home, our third child was born, and in less than a month thereafter my family moved to Plano, Illinois, where they remained till my return from the fall conference.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## FIRST MISSION TO UTAH.

Home, with thy wealth of love,  
To thee, with pain intense,  
I say farewell, for he who gave  
Thy joys, hath bid me hence.

EARLY during the sessions of conference my name, together with the names of W. W. Blair, Charles Derry, R. J. Anthony, G. E. Deuel, and E. W. Tullidge, was presented for appointment to the Utah mission. Action upon the recommendation was deferred for a couple of days, during which time I heard a considerable amount of earnest talk over the advisability of sending one so young as I on such an important mission and among such people as the Utah Mormons. Several persons told me they felt apprehensive and would not vote for it. Brethren Z. H. Gurlley, W. H. Kelley, and a number of others in authority, informed me of their intention to oppose my appointment out of regard for me. To each and all I made answer that I was in the hands of God and the church, and wanted to go only where the Spirit directed.

While the case thus rested, I repaired a number of times to quiet places of seclusion and committed myself to God, urging that, in this important matter, he would manifest his will, and turn or overturn if necessary, so that the final action of conference in the matter might be an expression of his purpose regarding me. Thus I rested the matter, feeling assured my prayer would be answered, but not knowing just where it would leave me. Before time for voting came many privately remarked that it was too bad to sacrifice me in such a way, and I heard them refer to the bad effects of that mission upon several whom they named.

The day for action at last came, and to my surprise, not a word in opposition was uttered, not a question as to making an exception in my case was asked, and the motion to appoint was adopted by a unanimous vote, so far as could be judged; hence I took it for granted that all was right and determined to abide the conclusion.

A few hours later, during recess, I asked some of the brethren who had decided to oppose the matter why they had kept silent and then voted contrary to their statements to me. The answer was in each case, about like this: "I don't know, but somehow I



changed my mind about it." Two or three persons stated, however, that while they could not oppose it, they nevertheless felt apprehensive, because of my youth and inexperience. During the conversation Bro. A. H. Smith was sitting on a bench at the end of the rostrum and I stood by him. Turning to the brethren speaking, I thanked them for their interest in me; but submitted two questions to them in order, asking for direct answers. First, I desired to know whether, according to their calculation, the missions under this church's appointment were to be conducted in the wisdom and strength of men or of God. They instantly answered, "That of God, certainly." Then my second question was, "Is it any harder for God to keep and use a young man than an old one, simply on the ground of age?"

I remember just how Brother Alexander punched one of them on the shoulder and laughingly called on him to "Chew on that!"

I then added that, so far as I had observed, it was the older men who fell in such cases. While they were young, they had humbly trusted in God and were preserved; but, when older, they had trusted to their experience and past conquests, forgetting where their safety and strength lay, and had fallen.

A great many matters were discussed and decided at that conference, but my appointment was of most importance to me. I was to make my first long trip and stay from home and to work among a people, who, according to my idea, had forgotten more than I then knew. It was a solemn affair for one who was only three years old in the church, and the more I thought about it, the nearer it became a case of heart failure with me, till one day, just after a meeting had closed and Brother Joseph was still standing upon the platform, I climbed up at the rear end of it and, being quite close to him, told him of the apprehensions expressed by some, and asked him how he felt about it.

I shall never forget his answer. Turning partly around and looking me full in the eyes, he held forth his hand, which I took in mine, and as the tears started from his own eyes, he said, "Bro. Luff, you are one of the men whom I can trust anywhere on God's green earth. It is all right; go, and God go with you." Welling up from within me, I felt just then, a something rise that swept before it all my apprehensions and left nothing but a sense of rest.

A few minutes later, when entering the tent of Bro. George Hawley, I was about passing

Bro. Joseph who was standing at the door in conversation with Bro. John T. Kinnaman when he stopped me and repeated the above words, with slight variations, calling Bro. Kinnaman's attention to the fact that he had before uttered them. I was not affected to dizziness nor carried off my *terra firma* by the compliment thus paid; but thought then, have thought a number of times since, and still think, that I would sooner lose my head than betray that confidence. I had reason long before for believing that he "spiritually discerned" me, and was not without reason then for thinking that my heart's integrity rather than my brain competency was the basis upon which he and the Spirit figured in that utterance. I did not feel flattered then nor do I feel any measure of vanity now, in writing it, but it made me resolve never to betray or lessen the confidence it expressed.

Returning from conference I found my wife anxious to move to Independence, Missouri. Her father, stepmother, four sisters, and brother were all there or near by. She believed she could make her permanent home there with more contentment than anywhere else, if I was to be abroad the rest of my life. Hence we packed up once more and started, leaving Plano on the 31st of October, 1879

(my twenty-seventh birthday), and arrived at Independence on the following day.

We put up at the house of my father-in-law, Bro. John Parker, for a few days, then secured a small house in the north end of town into which we moved. After patching up the old fences and barn, and doing inside work for a couple of weeks, I once more packed my trunk and satchels, gave and received the parting words, looks, and embraces, and started away on the longest term of separation from family I had yet known.

Let others dwell on these scenes of parting, if they can. With me, the least said is nearly describes the real experience as could a volume. Words cannot reach it. Language is inadequate; nor is there need for an attempted description, if success were possible. If, reader, you have tried to make your home, though humble it may be, your earthly paradise, look once into the faces and listen to the words of those who have furnished its chief enchantment and have made it above all places on earth the one desirable and hallowed spot, and then think of separation for long months, and resting only on faith for a return, and try to say, "Good-bye." Your heart will then furnish, better than can the writer's pen, all that is of advantage to know.

At Council Bluffs I met Brethren Blair, Anthony, and Deuel, with whom I remained over Sunday, preaching once, and started early the following week. We were joined at Columbus, Nebraska, by Bro. Derry and from thence continued our journey till we reached the Mecca of Utah Mormonism, Salt Lake City.

The scenery along the route was grand and majestic. Pens with better descriptive skill than mine have staggered in the attempt to do justice to the sublimity and magnificence of that panorama, hence I shall not commit my imbecile quill to the task for which it is so inadequate.

While tarrying at Council Bluffs, true to my boyish instinct I ran to a fire one cold night, and took cold in my face. The drafts from the train windows fanned the original deposit, so that by the time we arrived at Salt Lake City I was ready to ornament any pedestal and pose as a model "swell head."

I was assigned a home with Brother and Sister Joseph O. Clark, in the tenth ward, where, under the motherly care and treatment of "mine hostess" my superfluous bloat and ill-humor were soon disposed of and I was again ready to look a good-humored man in the face. I made my home with Brother and Sis-

ter Clark for a couple of months or more and was entertained royally, when they left the city on a visit to their daughter in Cache Valley. I then moved to the home of Brother and Sister Thomas Hudson, where I made my headquarters during the remainder of my stay in the territory. They were father and mother to me and never can I forget the loving, pleasant spirit Bro. Hudson always exhibited, and how he anxiously guarded and cared for me as his own. He has since been taken to his rest in the paradise of God. May the good Lord reward, as he only can, their kindness to the writer when he so much needed their ministrations.

Brn. Blair and Derry preached on the first Sunday, after our arrival, in the old Seventies' hall, after which the Liberal Institute was secured and a series of meetings announced.

A missionary council was held and our several divisions of the territory agreed upon. I was assigned a field south of the city, with Provo for my headquarters. It was arranged that we all remain and finish the series of meetings before separating and that a letter be drawn up addressed to President John Taylor of the Utah Church, announcing our arrival and purpose, as also our readiness for a private or public inter-

view and discussion of the questions involved in our antagonistic work.

This letter was afterwards prepared by Bro. Blair and indorsed by the other missionaries, when it was mailed to President Taylor, but provoked no acknowledgement or reply. It was then published in the *Salt Lake Tribune* and *Saints' Advocate*, and thus the people of Utah were apprised of our arrival and design.

The first discourse of the series referred to was delivered by Bro. Derry, and my name was published for the second. After hearing Bro. Derry's effort, together with the two Sunday sermons preceding it, I concluded that there was nothing left to be said, or, at least, if there was it was outside of the realm of my knowledge. Next day I thought and read and prayed; but it seemed as if there was not even a nail left for me to hang a sermon on. Feeling thus badly, I shut myself up in the room and wept, wondering whether, after all, I was not mistaken in believing God sent me there. Night came, and with it the time for meeting. While walking to the hall I earnestly prayed that God would give me undoubted assurance of his will concerning my stay, by imparting a special qualification to me when rising to speak. There was quite a large turnout, and there were several

ministers and prominent men on the big platform besides our own missionaries.

During the preliminary services my knees knocked together and I groaned in spirit, but the revelation sent through Bro. Joseph to me over a year before, came to my mind, and against its promises I braced my trembling confidence. Rising to speak, the picture of David and Goliath came before my mind and in a few words I referred to it and expressed my opinion of its resemblance to the present situation. I had scarcely done this when I became conscious of the descent of something (which I have since described as feeling like a mantle) that rested on me and encircled me. Instantly my brain seemed fired, my tongue loosed, and my range of vision and thought extended. The Book of Mormon and the Book of Doctrine and Covenants seemed to unfold their meaning and suggest their introduction, while many of the passages therein which I at one time had looked upon as being at least unnecessary or unimportant, took on a special significance and a divine potency, and for an hour and a half I traversed that long platform and, without interruption, talked on the living issues of the campaign we had inaugurated. There was no room for self-congratulation, for what was there used was



given of God, and the ability to apply it came with each argument. To God alone be the praise.

So remarkable was the manifestation on this occasion that it was immediately decided to change the programme we had arranged, and the brethren determined that I should remain for some time in the city; so for five months Bro. Blair and myself kept the work moving there, holding four meetings a week most of the time, and occasionally visiting other points convenient thereto.

Never in my life before or since, have I experienced a more marvelous ministration of the Spirit in preaching than during this, my first mission in Utah. No condition or exigency seemed to find me unprepared. Never had my trust in God been so complete, and never was my satisfaction more perfect. Weak of myself, I committed all to the Master and he strengthened me throughout.

At the expiration of about five months, it was thought best that I should go south as far as Provo and the towns convenient thereto. I therefore started and began operations in the Methodist church in Provo. Prior to starting south for continuous work, however, I visited Union Fort and preached in the schoolhouse for two nights by the per-

mission of Bishop Ishmael Phillips. At the end of the second night's discourse, the Bishop, as soon as the benediction was pronounced, called the people to order and requested them to stay a few minutes to hear him. He then took the stand and poured his vials of wrath upon my devoted head for twenty minutes, not noticing the points or arguments by me submitted, however, but simply abusing me and the nasty Josephites in general.

During his harangue he insinuatingly referred to the risk I was taking by such a course in the hive of Deseret. The bees were numerous and might get angry and I should remember it was their country and they had just cause for provocation, etc. I asked for five minutes to answer him, but he refused even one. I then notified the people that a bluff game would not work with me. I had come to visit, but was now resolved to stay till they heard me out and would preach at the home of Bro. Wm. P. Smith close by.

At the time appointed, quite a number came, and I notified them, in the course of the service, of my intention to stay in that region till they recognized me. I urged them to send to Salt Lake City and import talent to defend them if they had not sufficient in

the locality. Waxing more bold than wise perhaps, I told them we expected to be able to preach there when some of them dare not do so.

The result of my persistence or obstinacy was that a debate was finally arranged for between Elder Rupert Brown and myself on the polygamy question. He left me to choose the place, and he was to arrange the time. He agreed publicly that it should be a fair issue, he to represent authoritatively the Brighamite and I, the Josephite Church. Salt Lake City was then named as the place and we left him to set the time. He agreed to come to the city in a couple of days to select a hall and publish the time.

After waiting some days, without getting word from him, I wrote to him for explanations and learned that President John Taylor had forbidden him the liberty of representing their church and of holding a debate in Salt Lake City. He expressed his willingness to meet me in the country schoolhouse fifteen miles away, and agreed to afterwards come and repeat it in Salt Lake City within thirty days on his own responsibility, *should I desire it.*

With the last item, over his own signature, in my possession I agreed to go and meet

him. We held for two nights, when he seemed to have run out of matter, or to have discovered that his stock-in-trade was valueless, and he announced a close of the discussion.

I then rose and challenged him to meet me the following Saturday and commence on the subject again in Salt Lake City, producing his letter to prove his promise. He admitted the promise but declined to fulfill, assigning as a reason that it might sour his employer's feelings to go off again so soon, and the expense of hall, travel, etc., were more than he could stand. I then agreed to extend the time for two months, to provide a hall and meet all expenses, but he would not consent to again discuss with me, and the matter so ended.

I was satisfied with the result of the short contest. Brn. Anthony and Deuel were present and said it was a pronounced victory, but there was not much credit attaching to a victory over an enemy so poorly equipped as was Elder Brown. He understood the use of his weapons well enough, but they were not calculated for a conflict with a "Josephiter." (On my last trip to Utah, in 1885, I went to Union Fort and preached in the absence of Bishop Phillips,

he having taken a vacation to escape the clutches of the deputy marshals. I called the attention of those present to what I had told them years before, about my preaching there sometime when they dare not. A few of them winced when we remarked that the tables were turning and the "Josephites" were getting on top.)

By letter from Elder William Summerfield, now (1892) laboring as missionary in Utah, I learn of the death of Elder Rupert Brown, and of the fact that he left the Utah Church soon after our debate. His statement to several was that he would not have discussed with me had he known that "the books" were against him. How many hundreds there are still in that apostate church, who honestly believe, upon the word of their leaders, that the books are in their favor, and who are unwilling, nevertheless, to go and hear the men of the Reorganization who confine themselves entirely to the testimony of these books. We met scores of them, over thirty years of age who had never read a line in either the Book of Mormon or Book of Doctrine and Covenants, and many who had never seen a copy of either to their knowledge, yet who would rather believe their leaders' testimony as to the contents and meaning

of those books, than accept of our advice to read for themselves. Still, in their blind and inconsistent course they claim to be the "light of the world." But back to the thread of recital.

Calling on the Methodist minister at Provo, the use of his church was asked for. He offered it conditionally; was willing that I should fight Brighamism hard and steady, knock it into fragments, so that there would not be enough left to sweep up, but did not want me to present those "peculiarly distinguishing features" of our faith, by which any "orthodox" body would be antagonized. He did not wish the Book of Mormon or Joseph Smith and like questions to be ventilated.

In reply I told him that the English of all that, as I interpreted it, was that I was to denounce heresy and sin, not because they *were* heresy and sin, but simply because they happened to have lodgment in the Brighamite Church, that, if I happened in my preaching to run across the like anywhere outside of that church, I must not notice it. It was the location of the wrong and not the wrong itself I was to antagonize. I added that he might keep his building closed till the day of judgment, if those were the conditions, for my liberty was worth more than his house. If I

went in, my liberty must go in with me.

This sudden change in the appearance of his visitor from the attitude of a humble applicant to that of an independent preacher of a truth he esteemed bigger than a Methodist chapel, rather took him by surprise, and, as I rose to leave, he intimated that he was anxious to be liberal and guessed I could have the church anyhow.

Thus I entered untrammled and preached without regard to the proximity of either Mormons or Methodists as such. So unexpectedly successful was the effort in securing large audiences, that the minister requested me to fill his Sunday appointments, which I did, continuing until compelled to send for Bro. Blair to come to my aid, as I was wearing out from constant preaching every night and twice on Sunday.

Springville was my next point, where Bro. Blair came to relieve me again, and in each of these places we kept up running appointments for some time. At each place I baptized several persons and thus continued until the fall of 1880. Bro. Blair was in charge of the mission, and I found him to be what I had always believed and still believe of him, a man of sterling integrity and one whose love for the gospel overreached every other con-

sideration and made him a willing toiler and endurer for its sake. He was a splendid president, companion, counselor, and co-worker.

My preaching during this mission was rather of the radical stripe, and many persons feared that I would meet foul play at the hands of some reckless dupe of priestcraft, but fear on that score never troubled me. One evening a young man, answering closely to my description, was stabbed, when passing the alley next the Salt Lake theater. It was on the evening of my regular appointment and on the line of my regular home journey.

When reading the account next morning in the paper, it struck me that possibly the aim was for me, and on the following Sunday I was quietly approached by a gray-bearded gentleman, who called my attention to the circumstance, and informed me that it was intended for me. He said he knew whereof he affirmed but was not in a position to tell anything. He wished us prosperity in our work but would not openly avow it. He warned me against going out alone after dark, and advised that I always take the road rather than the tree-shaded sidewalks. I thanked him for his interest but told him to rest easy for no harm would come to me. I



don't know how much or little of truth there was in his statement; but one thing I believed; namely, that I would return to the church in the East in safety. One reason for this was because I accepted the following vision given to a sister, as being from God:—

She saw a large building and just in front of it a large, deep pool, like a cesspool. The corruption seemed to have worked into the basement of the building. While looking at it and wondering what it meant, she saw me enter the building and go over to a table and write my name in clear characters on a sheet of clean paper which was lying there. I then went outside and stood by the side of the pool, surveying it for a moment; then I stepped down into it and started for the opposite side. She trembled for me as she saw me go down deeper and deeper, yet fearlessly until I could barely hold my chin up out of the filthy flood. I then, as I passed the middle, began to step up, the pool becoming shallower as I neared the other side. As my shoulders, arms, body, and finally my limbs and feet came up, she noticed to her astonishment that my clothes were as clean as when I stepped into the pool.

Just as I reached the shore or solid landing on the other side, a most beautiful woman,

arrayed in neat and becoming attire, and with joyous expression on her countenance, appeared, and, putting her arms around me, embraced me affectionately, and retired with me. The vision then vanished.

If the building represented the Utah structure, the pool its doctrinal philosophy, and the beautiful woman the Reorganized Church, then all is clear; for I recorded my name in the center of their stronghold; I waded chin deep into their abominable heresies; I came back without moral taint from contact; and was welcomed gloriously at the fall conference upon my return.

During my stay I had baptized thirty-five persons. To Him who made all this possible for a stripling elder, I here, as often before, ascribe my gratitude and praise.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## FROM WEST TO EAST.

I have not seen, I may not see,  
 My hopes for man take form in fact,  
 But God will give the victory  
 In due time: in that faith I act.  
 And he who sees the future sure,  
 The baffling present may endure,  
 And bless, meanwhile, the unseen Hand that leads  
 The heart's desires beyond the halting step of  
 deeds.

WHITTIER.

The clouds, which rise with thunder, slake  
 Our thirsty souls with rain;  
 The blow most dreaded falls to break  
 From off our limbs a chain,  
 And wrongs of man to man but make  
 The love of God more plain.

WHITTIER.

AT the conferences of 1880 and 1881, the question of sending out only the Twelve and Seventy on missions until no more available men were found therein, was discussed and the rule obtained. I favored it, though by it I was excluded. My belief was that if there were men outside of those quorums more worthy of missions than some within, the Lord certainly knew it and he should be con-

sulted upon the matter, with a view to having the unworthy ones within removed and others substituted.

I did not believe that good men should be barred from service because drones occupied the quorums from which selection was to be made; but it was evident that unavailable men held many of the places, and it seemed to me that the best way to force a necessary change, by getting drones out and workers in, was to support the above legislation and thereby compel the work of reconstruction in order to honor the law and, at the same time, make room for willing workers.

That such was the result is evidenced by the fact that many names, probably forty or thereabout, were dropped from the Seventy within a couple of years and a larger number of "minute men" enrolled. My name was several times proposed, but I refused on each occasion, because the way seemed dark when I thought of it.

During this period, however, I busied myself in looking after home interest, which had been seriously neglected. My youngest daughter, Ethel, was afflicted with a serious deformity, known only to her mother and myself. We had often prayed regarding it, but no change came, and we feared to allow

her to grow up to womanhood and reproach us for not remedying what was in our power to correct when she was a child. Hence we resolved that I should take her to Chicago or elsewhere for an operation. I had not the money, however, for such a trip and felt despondent. Just then, or shortly after, I received unexpectedly a letter from a gentleman far distant, containing a draft for seventy-five dollars to be used for my family's benefit, and forbidding any mention of it. I had told him about my trouble some time before. He claimed, however, to have been impressed to send it. Of course I was delighted and thankful. My wife agreed with me that it looked like a providential interposition to meet the emergency before us. It was, therefore, decided that I should take the child to an institute. One evening I again anointed her while she was asleep, and together with my wife prayed for the removal of the trouble, so that we might not be under necessity of submitting to an operation at the hands of men.

Imagine, if you can, my ecstasy, when, on the following day, my wife told me the trouble had been removed. Upon examination I found her statement to be correct, and together we rejoiced in being thus remembered

of God. I immediately wrote to the gentleman who had sent me the money, told him I was of the opinion that he had sent it because of the need I had spoken of in a former letter, and, as God had kindly healed my child, the necessity was removed, and I therefore returned the draft, not being willing to take other advantage of a generosity so admirable.

I needed money, for we were trying to build, but could not use that with a clear conscience. In less than a fortnight, however, we received another letter from my friend expressing his gladness over our own good fortune, but declining to receive the money back, and, instead of so doing, he increased the draft to one hundred dollars and asked me to do him the favor of using it in improving or building my house, which we did.

Later on in the season, our little one took sick and, though able to move around and play occasionally, I seemed to have a premonition of her approaching death when looking upon her, and communicated the fact to my wife. For several weeks she gradually failed, but kept upon her feet, so that but few noticed the decline until her weakening limbs refused to support her, and she was compelled to submit to the inevitable and go to bed. We committed her to God in prayer and the

ordinances of his house, calling elders in for that purpose and then obtained the service of a competent physician, who candidly informed us that it would be better to avoid distressing her with medicines; for, though she might linger for a long time, there was no earthly remedy for her disease.

Within a fortnight thereafter, her sweet spirit took its departure and we mourned the loss of one of the most intellectual and attractive children we had ever looked upon, though she was hardly ever known to smile during the two and one half years of her stay with us.

We buried her on Sunday, the 6th day of November, 1881. It was the first time death had entered our happy home, and his visit cast a gloom over our feelings that we had been strangers to before. On the following Sunday morning, however, another little daughter came to our home to try to fill the place made vacant by death, and its advent was hailed as though it had been sent directly from heaven to console us in our hour of sadness. We called her Hattie. She is now in her eleventh year.

Others have since been added to the household, but as I sit at present writing, nearly two thousand miles from home, and not hav-

ing seen her for about a year, I feel again the joy of that hour when first her black eyes opened before me, and seemed to say, "I come to make you happy. God sent me."

She proved to be a mischievous bird; but whether I found her, afterwards as the years sped along, in the tree top or on the barn door, or turning somersaults on the lawn, or with arms akimbo, swinging her hat and trying to outrun the fleetest of her companions; whatever the predicament into which her roguish nature led her, there always came a thought, when I discovered her therein, that softened my indignation and tempered my correction. Sometimes her mother has approached me and asked if I did not think "just a leetle bit" more of that "Tomboy" than I ought. Perhaps she is right, but I can never forget the special joy with which her advent thrilled my heart, and I have always felt like letting her "make me happy," as that was what her twinkling baby eyes once declared her mission to be.

While free from General Conference appointment, the time was spent in serving as branch and district president, by selection of the local bodies, and my work extended to several points quite distant from home. Meanwhile the branch at Independence kept



growing by additions from abroad and baptisms occasionally, until the body felt sufficiently strong to care for a General Conference, and asked for the privilege of doing so. Accordingly the sessions for April, 1882, were appointed and held there.

It ought to be here stated that, at that conference, I was appointed a mission to Texas, Arkansas, the Indian Territory, and other points in the mission then presided over by Elder Heman C. Smith, but, with the exception of about six weeks, spent in the Indian Territory, the appointment was not honored. Some events transpired shortly after conference which made it about impossible for me to go, and under the counsel of the First Presidency, I remained most of the time near home.

During this time, my brother, John, who had been living for some years on Manitoulin Island, Lake Huron, came to Independence and arranged to send for his family which he had left behind, while prospecting in the West. He and his wife had heard me preach one sermon in Toronto about four years before, and it had stayed with them and produced an appetite for more, which he now had an opportunity to satiate.

While he remained, our fall conference

convened at Lamoni, which I attended and at which I was reappointed to the Utah mission.

Returning home preparations were made to go as soon as possible and an evening or two before the time set for my departure, my brother came to me and requested baptism. This was a privilege to be appreciated, and with a gladness uncommon I performed the rite. A short time after my departure for Utah, his family arrived and located in Independence, and in a few weeks his wife was baptized and made happy with him in the gospel. Her brother was the Methodist minister referred to in an earlier part of this autobiography, with whom I was associated in revival meetings in the little cottage chapel, where the dialogue occurred between myself and my old chum, James Robinson.

Arriving in Utah, I was received and welcomed in the house of Bro. and Sr. Robert Warnock, where for several months the bounty and hospitality of their home was shared by me. A change had come over the scene in Salt Lake, however, since the time of my former visit. The new chapel had been built, and we were no longer dependent in this respect, but the interest in hearing seemed to have died out or nearly so. The attendance at public preaching averaged from twenty-five

to fifty and no effort we could make seemed to improve the situation.

We therefore found it necessary to devote more time away from the city in places where people were more willing to hear. Bro. Blair still presided over and directed the mission, but the ministerial force was so limited (as, indeed, it always has been in Utah) that no systematic effort could be made. The needs of the mission seemed to demand a prolonged effort, and I was urged to move my family there for a couple or more years. Help was promised me for that purpose, and I finally consented. My wife reluctantly yielded to persuasion and came along, when we moved into a small tenement and tried to keep house.

This proved to be an unwise move, for about seven months later, my brother's wife died in Independence, leaving him with five small children, and very ill-prepared to attend to them. After duly considering the situation, my wife returned there with our three children, to help care for the motherless ones. Upon returning, however, she found them in kind care of my sister, Mrs. Hatty, where they remained. I then was invited to make my home again at Bro. Warnock's, and did so, and never was minister treated more kindly than was the writer during his stay.

During this second mission to Utah which lasted about twelve or thirteen months, I traveled a portion of the time with Brn. H. N. Hansen and Thomas Burt. Salt Lake City, Union Fort, Sandy, Lehi, American Fork, Pleasant Grove, Provo, Springville, Spanish Fork, Payson, Salem, Nephi, San Pete Valley, and Beaver to the south, and several points northward, between Salt Lake City and Ogden, were visited and labored in, besides Malad and Oxford in Idaho.

Nothing of unusual importance occurred, though I baptized thirty persons. Prejudice ran high. The Edmunds Bill legislation made us enemies, because of the presence of Brn. Z. H. Gurley and E. L. Kelley at Washington during its deliberation. The *Deseret News* volunteered the prediction at first that the presence and labor of these brethren in the halls of national legislation would amount to no more than the barking of two diminutive canines; but no sooner had the bill become a law than all Utah reverberated with the echoes of the *News'* howlings. *The Josephites had done it all*, and we were politely informed in a couple of places that if the Bishop would but advise it, the parties addressing us were ready to shoot us like dogs. We took it for granted that the Bishop

did not so advise, for we are still unslaughtered.

We thought then and still think of the Utah people as an honest but badly deceived community. Their leaders have fed them on false doctrines and bolstered them with false hopes. The confidence they had in the pure gospel which, when received in other lands, brought them the Spirit of assurance and peace, was taken advantage of by the leaders, who crowded themselves between the people and the objects of their faith, until finally the priest was made to appear larger than the priesthood, and priesthood gave place to priestcraft. God, Christ, the gospel, and everything else were made to take on just such form and complexion as criminals in authority desired, in order to reach certain ends. It was one of the most cruel impositions ever practiced upon a confiding and honest people. To-day, after about forty years of wandering (polygamy was first publicly proclaimed in 1852) the masses of deluded ones, who have been pointed to first one false bait and then another, all for the express purpose of preventing them from going to God and being undeceived, are notified (by the abandonment of polygamy) that they must go back and begin again just where

the first falsehood was told them by the manufacturers of the fraudulent theory. They are mortified by the discovery that polygamy's god cannot keep faith with them. His luring was to dishonor and defeat, while their leaders were the first to flee and leave the dupes exposed when the inevitable, calamity came.

It was hard for a Josephite to convince the people of it then, but they can now hear it in the murmurings of every breeze. One point we tried to impress upon the people was that, in order for Jehovah to authorize or indorse their theory, he must turn his back upon the record he had made for himself for thousands of years. On one occasion I found it necessary to burn this thought in upon some parties who were strongly advocating the divinity of their nastiness, and it was done in this wise: After securing their frank admissions that up to 1843, whenever God had clearly spoken on the subject of polygamy, he had condemned it, I quoted the words of Jacob from the Book of Mormon, where he advises the polygamists to arise and "shake themselves from the slumber of death and loose themselves from the pains of hell, lest they become angels to the devil and be cast into that lake of fire and brimstone which is

the second death." With this evidence, placed alongside of that from the Book of Covenants and the examples in the days of Adam, Noah, and Nephi, I maintained that God was always on the monogamous side of the controversy, and Satan on the polygamous; that Satan was interested for nearly six thousand years in making angels to himself and peopling his lake of fire and brimstone, while God was equally in earnest in warning people against being ensnared thereby—until 1843. This was not denied.

I then remarked that while some men had been known to go to the extreme of believing that even Satan himself would at last be converted and receive some kind of reward, it had been reserved for Utah Mormonism to project the astounding theory that after six thousand years of unwavering opposition God Almighty should face about and, without even suggesting a compromise, should become a convert to the Devil, and announce that Satan's angel-making, hell-filling philosophy was the only means of securing highest favors at his divine hands.

To this I added that if the Brighamite idea was correct, then Satan was the paramount power and instead of our trying to be friends with a God who could at last be converted

from his six thousand year record, we ought to bow the knee at once to Beelzebub, who was certain of final conquest. To avoid this consistent conclusion I must necessarily reject the premises which Brighamism furnished.

Brighamism, to-day, with its cargo of unfulfilled predictions, its freightage of blasted hopes, interminable record of broken confidence and the ruined faith of multiplied thousands, who are now feeling among the mazes of spiritualism and other forms of atheism, like blind men seeking the wall; notwithstanding its load of responsibility, too heavy for human hefting or measurement, is nearing the time of its most paralyzing discovery.

It now sees through the mist, but the fog is dissipating and when a clearer vision of God dawns upon it ere long, it will behold him as an antagonist, the hater of its practices, root and branch. The Utah ministers say that the Jews will be astonished some day over the discovery that the wounds in their Messiah's body were received in the house of his friends; but I believe a greater surprise awaits these very ministers. They have yet to learn that Christ's body (church) received its most cruel piercing at their own hands. What must their consternation be, if they



have conscience left! Then, perhaps, the long-despised "Josephite" will be respected and honored by the remnant which will be saved from the ruins of apostate Zion.

The writer has never felt so great an interest in any field as the one in Utah, and if returns do not yet come from there, such as shall show warrant for the labor, sacrifice, and endurance exhibited by the Reorganization, he will be most grievously disappointed. If it was his will, I would that our heavenly Father might send one final appeal through his chosen prophet to the Utah people and open the way that every ear might hear it; for I cherish dearly the thought that there are still thousands there who have not yet become permanently deaf to the Spirit's entreaty.

One event is worth noting here: A young sister, Florence Johnson, daughter of Sr. Robinson of Salt Lake City, was suffering from St. Anthony's dance, and could not feed herself in presence of others, because of inability to control the muscles and joints of her arms and hands. I was called upon to administer to her and did so. She received the blessing asked, and to this day has never been troubled again with even the faintest visitation of that distressing affliction. At the present time she

resides in Colorado with her husband, to whom she has since been married, and doubtless retains in happy memory, the above occurrence by which her kind heavenly Father proved his love for a needy and supplicant child.

While on this second mission to the valleys, my health failed me for a time. The water in many places was heavily charged with lime and alkali, and I am of the opinion that my suffering was largely attributable to a too liberal use of it for drinking purposes. Of this I am not certain, however. I have become fully convinced that my habits of preaching have been injurious and would prove hurtful in any country.

To remain for an hour or more under such heavy nerve tension as has characterized my efforts, night after night, and suffer the loss of sleep that is thus occasioned, and made worse by changes from house to house and from bed to bed, will, in a few years, wear out any constitution as weak as mine. I have suffered almost everywhere from it, and still I continue the folly, to some degree, finding it hard to preach, without giving liberty and latitude to brain and nerve as occasion may excite. I am wise enough in understanding the wrong; but foolish enough to fail in applying the

remedy; hence I must suffer while I remain, and probably shorten my stay.

By the use of such remedies as were suggested to me by my tender guardians, Bro. and Sr. Hudson of Salt Lake City, Sr. Sterrett of Pleasant Grove, Sr. Gammon of Provo, and others, I was in a short time relieved of acute pain and enabled to continue operations till the fall of 1883, when I returned home to Independence. There I found my family well and remained for some time.

While at home I found it necessary to dispose of the place I had secured, because of the mortgage upon it, and with the amount left to myself I made first payment upon another place. This I also sold in a couple of months, and so continued, each time making a little, till I finally secured a home close to town, though still under heavy mortgage. These operations continued till August, 1884, at which time I left home for Canada and Michigan on a mission assigned me by the conference of April, preceding.

While I made considerable money, sufficient to have cleared my house from debt, had the means been so applied, my little store was drained by drafts from other sources, which, though legitimate, left it impossible for me to reach the goal I had aimed at so devoutly;

viz., a home free of debt. However, I could no longer delay, so, leaving things as they were, I started for my native country.

I must not fail to mention here that just about a month before starting, another little cherub came to our house and claimed permission to stay. She was a little blue-eyed tot, and her coming added to the attraction of home and made the good-byes linger more tremblingly on the lip, as I turned to go. We had given her the name of Melissa Permelia, and she really looked as if that was about all the cognomen she could bear up under, but with passing years she has gathered strength and is now as rugged as the rest, and her presence has helped to make the sorrow of parting greater several times since that day.

I landed in Toronto, my old home city, on the evening of August 17, just in time to witness the ceremony that united my youngest sister, Mattie, in marriage to Mr. Thomas Smellie, a contractor of that city and an excellent man. Of course, it was a surprise all round. I found present some of the wealthy relatives of the family, who, as I walked before them, expressed astonishment at the change that had come over "little Joe." They had scarcely noticed his development while their prophecies of ill regarding him

had been melting, and still less were they prepared for the amazing change that eight years of gospel life and light had wrought in him; but how mother's eyes sparkled as she witnessed the attitude her boy was enabled to maintain before them when the conversation turned upon the intervening years and the influences at work which had silently wrought the change so apparent. Well, we tried to put the work on record and assign it the credit. Whether the effort will result in a showing for good or not, I know not, but shall so hope.

Having but a couple of days at my disposal, I hurried forward so as to assume my share of the burdens of the mission. Bro. John H. Lake was in charge and under his direction I labored first, attending the district conference at Alliston and following with a series of meetings in the chapel there. The town was all agog over the approaching election which, by the acceptance or rejection of the "Scott Act," was to go "wet" or "dry." This gave me an opportunity to get our work on record. By invitation, I spoke to a large audience one evening in the public hall, occupying the platform with Rev. G. Webber, a Methodist minister, with whom I had been acquainted formerly in Toronto. From

thence I moved to Holstein, after having the satisfaction of seeing the town go "dry."

Here I met with Bro. Willard J. Smith and labored a short time in his company, continuing my work in that neighborhood also after his departure. From there I went to St. Mary's where, as formerly stated, I occupied the church just purchased by Bro. Robert Brown. I continued services there, till finding myself myself failing, I sent for Bro. Arthur Leverton, who came promptly to my help and did excellent service.

Three persons had already been baptized whom we confirmed. Together we went thence by sleigh to Carlingford and afterwards through a blinding storm to the home of Bro. George Brown, some twenty or more miles further. At each place we held meeting and then returned to St. Mary's, where we continued laboring for a short time together. Bro. Leverton is an able advocate and defender of the faith, and gifted withal in the open manifestations of the Spirit, and is just such a companion and helper as makes missionary life enjoyable even under disadvantages. His genial spirit and happy methods are factors of value. He ought to be out continually. The work is safe in his hands while he maintains the integrity of grip on

right that has characterized him hitherto. My labors thereafter took in Usborne, London, Corinth, and Toronto.

From thence I moved into Michigan and preached in Lansing, Juniata, and Brown City. Here I again met my old and tried friend and brother, Robert Davis. I found him under a cloud, however, and suffering intensely. Our old and very intimate acquaintance with each other caused me to make his trouble my interest, and upon inquiry I learned from his lips everything connected with his spiritual decline.

I felt uncommonly sad, for from him had I learned the first practical lessons in this work. Together we had tramped the dusty roads from town to town, sometimes as much as thirty-two miles in a day, with our satchels strung on sticks over our shoulders; together we had turned into the timber scores of times and poured forth the anxious longings of our hearts into the ears of the God of Sabaoth, and together we had endured the scorn and derision, publicly and privately, of those who delighted to make the gospel the target for their abuse. A hundred times had the old man advised and persuaded and reasoned with me, as together we trudged along the corduroy roads and swamp patches of Michi-

gan. He had told me that some day I would hold one of the first positions in the church, and he was jealous of the record I should make while on the way up. He was as a father pointing out the slippery places and fitting my feet to stand. Need I repeat, reader, that I was sad to find him in trouble? His love for the work had not waned, nor his anxiety to push it ahead, nor yet his willingness to sacrifice; but he had made a serious mistake and was suffering the consequence. I prayed with him, and told him he would be restored in time and have time and opportunity to redeem his reputation, and that he could count on all the help I could give. He feared, but thank God, he has since had opportunity and embraced it and is yet as active as his enfeebled body will allow him to be. He is waiting for the reaper and ready for the garnering. God keep him till the final hour!

While visiting Bro. Davis I also met with Brn. John, Richard, Samuel, and Thomas Hartnell whom I had fellowshipped with in Canada years before. They were in the lumbering and shingle mill business, and seemed to be prospering. It was good to meet with them again.

While on this trip, I made the run to Sagi-



naw City and called upon a couple of old acquaintances, Mr. and Mrs. Ahrens. The former was foreman of the cigar shop where for a year and a half I had stemmed and looked, and rolled and smoked tobacco, sixteen years before, and I found him the proprietor of a successful business, and very glad to see and entertain me for sake of "auld lang syne."

After this I returned home to Independence. It was now March, 1885, and the General Conference was to be held there in the following month; hence some preparation was necessary.

## CHAPTER XV.

## FROM EAST TO WEST.

I sit and gaze in that blue yonder,  
Until my soul  
Is filled with awe; and yet I wonder—  
When Time unrolls  
Its mystic page, and bids me trace,  
Through all the years,  
The lines I've written—if His grace  
Will calm my fears.

HEWETT.

My mission to Canada and Michigan was not marked by many extraordinary events, but I had seen the effect of the sowing done years before and the splendid changes wrought here and there along the line under the faithful labors of the host of young men whom God had raised up since the time of my leaving there, five years before.

I had also seen some things that confirmed the apprehensions felt by me at the time I was led to covenant with God in 1878, of which I have already written quite lengthily. Those who had entered the church from pure love of truth had been preserved, while those who had been lured into it by a display of "signs"

had, some of them, gone to decay and were worse than before they entered. They were footballing the very things that they once held out to me as being the undeniable evidences of the work's divinity.

Some who had shot up like a rocket at first and mourned over the snail gait and barrenness of spirit of others, had fizzled and dropped out and disappeared, while the slow traveling ones had gotten up sufficiently high to admit of their light being seen over a wider area, and the record behind them made me happy in following them up. I found some whose gospel experience of ten years had not cost them half that many dollars for tithes and freewill offerings, though they had abundance, and I found them stereotypes as to the letter of their former selves, but wondering how it was that others saw so "terrible much good in tendin' meetin's and bearin' testimonies." It was getting stale to them.

I found a few others who had private grievances to settle or ideas to ventilate, and, while ignoring the law ordained for such cases nevertheless believed the church should stop all its machinery, call in its forces, and hold its breath till these matters were adjusted, and that, too, in precise accord with the notion of the individual who had the honor

or misfortune to feel pouty. They were ready to explain to us the reason why the church was not moving ahead. It was all because their little matter was not settled, and the church never would prosper till they were acknowledged and the magnitude of their individual wisdom and importance was appreciated. Poor souls! Their light had well-nigh gone out and they did not know it. The fact was that, while they were nursing their darling grievances, the church was moving ahead of them. They were not keeping up, and as they were being outstripped they were losing the fire, and life, and bliss of association, and, like nearly all other poor demented mortals, they considered that they were the only sane persons on earth. The church was all out of joint and ready for the wrath of heaven. There they sat like hounds at night, barking at the moon, while the moon meanwhile kept moving along and flinging her pale splendor over the earth, totally heedless or ignorant of the pastime she was furnishing the boisterous quadrupeds. Still the evidences of growth and prosperity were as before stated abundant. While a few had failed, others had profited by their experiences and it was clear that the work was advancing at an encouraging pace. I left the mission,

hoping that the feeble efforts I had made would prove a contribution in the right direction.

The short time remaining between my home-coming and the convening of General Conference was occupied in works of preparation, so that I was again ready when missions were assigned and it fell to my lot to go to Utah once more. Bro. Joseph Smith had made arrangements to go, also, and Bro. Alexander H. Smith was appointed to California. Inside of two months we were on the way to our fields. Bro. A. H. Smith was then residing at Independence. Together we started and met Bro. Joseph at Council Bluffs, from whence we moved westward, a jolly trio, notwithstanding we were feeling mellow over leaving home and the dear ones behind.

The journey was an unusually pleasant one to me. It could not well be otherwise considering the company I was in. We were met at the depot in Salt Lake City by Bro. R. J. Anthony, who escorted us to the prayer meeting which was in session. There we separated, each going on invitation to different places for the night and to make homes during our stay. My lot fell, fortunately, with my old guardians, Bro. and Sr. Joseph O. Clark, and with them I found rest, com-

fort, and more, as the following pages will show.

Bro. Alexander remained several days in the city, preaching and visiting, before leaving for California. The Walker Opera House was secured soon, and Bro. Joseph occupied it several times, addressing large audiences, also interchangeably with the writer in the little chapel.

It was then arranged that together we should make a tour of such parts of the mission as might be opened before us and as we might be directed to enter. Our journeying, preaching, and visiting included all the places reached by me on my former mission to this field and Soda Springs, Idaho, in addition, besides Deer Lodge, Reese Creek, Willow Creek, Bozeman, Butte, Anaconda, and other points in Montana.

Our longest stay at one place was made at the home of Bro. and Sr. Thomas Reese of Reese Creek, where we helped pitch oats and wheat with the harvesters for sake of exercise, and where we found time to take a day's outing to fish in a branch of the Madison River above the point where it joins its fellow branch and moves on to catch the flood of the Jefferson and Garrison and form the "mighty Missouri" which rushes madly on to the sea.

During this portion of our trip, my health improved and my weight increased about fifteen pounds. I was availing myself of the excellent model I was traveling with and was rounding out in the most approved style. The kindness of Bro. and Sr. Reese will never be forgotten though it may never be repaid by the writer in this life. At every point we were well received by the brethren and sisters and our needs anticipated and amply supplied.

It would be impossible to detail the pleasurable scenes and resorts we were permitted to visit or witness. The hot springs, gold and silver mines, mountains of pictured rocks, boiling springs, extinct craters, sulphur lake and beds, formation springs, and Swan Lake are a part. We climbed mountains, gathered arrowheads and obsidian chips of varying shades, hunted for moss agates and plucked and pressed the juniper berries from the trees that grew on the summit of mountains which made us dizzy to climb. I also peeled some small varieties of the cactus plant from the rough rocks that crowned the tips of those "everlasting hills," and sent them home by express, but I afterwards learned that they died. The transfer from a cold barren rock in Montana, eight thousand or more feet above the sea

level, to the moist, rich, warm soil of Missouri, was a death blow to my prickly treasures.

On one occasion I lay face downward, upon a flat rock that crowned the very summit of Ensign Peak, near Salt Lake City, and went into rhapsodies over writing a letter home. I had puffed and perspired and braced myself and held my hand over my thumping heart more than a score of times while ascending to that eminence. I looked down upon the little speck of a valley below, which, from that exceeding height, had the appearance of a market garden; sniffed the cool air, watched the floating clouds and received happy responses to my appeal for inspiration from every source, all of which was crowded into that letter. It was so novel, so inspiring, so majestic! After carefully sealing the letter and carrying it down from the cloud-bathed region where its inspiration found birth, I adorned the envelope with chromos sufficient to satisfy Uncle Samuel's demand for tribute and committed it to the tender care of his mail transmitters. It was addressed to my gentler half in Missouri, but it never reached her. Whether or not inspiration obtained at such cost and condensed to such narrow quarters and under such inflexible seal as was that could not endure through a three-days' transit



or not, I will not attempt to discuss. It may have exploded and returned to original conditions, carrying its appendages with it to rest among the juniper brush.

I have thought of it and my precious cactus plants more than once since and wondered if they were the only things I had toiled and sweated to procure, and after getting, had received only my trouble for my reward. I wish they were; but they were not. I could remember having stayed up nights and read, and studied, and written, and revised, to get a sermon in just such shape as would make it a "powerful awakener," among my brethren of the church I was once in. I could remember learning it all off by heart and entering the pulpit for its delivery, only to find it fall flat as a circumstance and be pronounced "insipid" and "tame," by the very ones I had calculated to entertain. I could remember having stayed about home for a year or more, determined to make a herculean effort for absolute freedom from home debt, and had gathered all the elements around me for final adjustment when, just as I was about to wipe out the last remnant of the annoying incumbrance, an unexpected call or appeal would be made upon me and I would suddenly be emptied of all I had accumulated and left to either repeat the folly

or go out as I was and trust in God for necessary relief.

I had seen men wait to pay their tithing till they had straightened out this, and regulated that, and paid everybody else, and gotten business and property into just such a shape as to make the matter easy for them. They had toiled and planned to that end, and, just as they were on the verge of realization, with hand stretched out to grasp the coveted prize, a business depression and money panic swept the country, and they were engulfed and left almost without bread. That is not all, but it is sufficient from my cactus and letter text.

While in Utah Bro. Joseph and myself were witnesses of that most idiotic move on the part of the Utah Church authorities, in half-masting the national flag on July 4. Over the City Hall and Co-operative Store and other buildings of note the flag floated as if in distress over our national independence and glory. To the Utah Church it was a time of sadness, for their institution was crumbling under the fast falling blows of the republic, which God had brought into existence and preserved for the protection of human liberty and religious freedom. Their leaders were in hiding because of crime. It was a time of disappointment and chagrin, but they had

invited it all by just such foolhardy proceedings in the past, and this unfortunate circumstance was but an addition to the long list that had placed them in an attitude of defiance to the very government God raised up for the protection of his work on earth. The city was in an uproar. The governor and others appeared upon the scene, and old soldiers, some of whom had fought as rebels against the Union, moved towards the mast to raise the emblem of freedom higher. This was prevented, and it was feared for a time that blood would flow. The governor ordered the militia in readiness, and one overt act involving blood would have precipitated a collision, the end of which could not be easily surmised. It was expected that the city would be placed under martial law; but the necessity for this was averted by the governor ordering the flag either up or down entirely. Then was made apparent the spirit of the movement. The flag was lowered and taken away. We stood close by during the agitation at the City Hall, and wondered whether that scene did not truly illustrate the apostasy of Israel. We thought of how that flag would be waving in Lamoni and Independence and Kirtland where the church existed doctrinally just as it did when God placed it under the

protection of that emblem of liberty and human rights. By some means the news reached the hidden authorities, and at their instigation an attempt was made to correct the unfortunate mistake, by bringing out the flag and sending it to the masthead before the sun went down. An indignation meeting was held in the Methodist church at night where a large crowd assembled and was addressed by Governor E. H. Murray and several others, including President Joseph Smith.

The visit of Bro. Joseph to Utah at that time was opportune. Everywhere people turned out to hear the son of the Prophet, and on every occasion they learned from his lips that which proved his loyalty to primitive Mormonism. At Provo, we were visited by persons who knew his father, had wrestled with him, and one man had had his leg broken while thus exercising in Nauvoo. He "knew" all about it, and came to instruct the "son of his father" about those important things, of which he supposed Joseph to be so ignorant. I don't know by what sort of a flank move "Old Joseph" so easily broke the wrestler's leg, but it was more than amusing to witness the encounter between "Young Joseph" and him, and to see with what ease and grace Bro. Joseph tilted his theory and broke his—

confidence. It would be interesting to know whether the texture of his leg, forty-five years before, was no stouter than that of his theory when he came to "wrestle" with "Young Joseph." The martyr's credit as a wrestler might be affected by a knowledge of the facts.

While in Salt Lake City we were visited several times by Apostle John Henry Smith, the only one who either cared or dared to recognize the official standing and presence of our "leader." He was pleasant, sociable, and open in his movements, and acted the part of a relative, and a man as fully as his environments would allow. Bishops Murdock of Beaver and Peterson of Ephraim were considerate, the former remarkably so. An interview was also had with Apostle Franklin D. Richards, while at Soda Springs, Idaho. In all such meetings, our work had as full representation as occasion justified.

In our preaching services we occupied alternately, except in rare cases where wisdom seemed to direct a variation from this rule. After six or seven months spent in traveling together we returned to Salt Lake City, from whence Bro. Joseph went on a short trip to Ogden, accompanied by Bro. Anthony. They returned about the latter part of December, and then started together for the East, leav-

ing behind them one of the most lonesome mortals that ever occupied territory. It had been the happiest mission of my life; I had learned and profited much, and had been favored with opportunities such as but few in the church shared, and now I was left entirely alone.

About three months before they left I had purchased the *Saints' Advocate* from Pres. W. W. Blair and was editing it. Rev. M. T. Lamb had issued his first pamphlet against the Book of Mormon, and I was busy gathering notes for a work I intended to publish in reply. I traveled constantly, preaching nearly every night and twice on Sundays. My labors extended back into Idaho, and in Malad, Samaria, and Oxford I baptized several, thence to Ogden, where my efforts to secure a hearing failed, thence to Plain City and later to points between Ogden and Salt Lake City. I was also arranging for a semiannual conference of the mission to be held in March, which necessitated the securing of reduced rates on the various railroads. My mail correspondence increased after the brethren left me, and to meet all these demands every nerve was being taxed to the utmost, till, without any particular warning, I suddenly broke down, and my work was stopped.

While sitting in the house of Sr. P. Sterrett, at Pleasant Grove, writing, I felt my brain grow tired. I was preparing an article for the *Advocate*. Night came on and a lamp was furnished me. I continued writing and looking up items, when suddenly I noticed the material receding from before me. Looking up, I found myself unable to retain my vision of any person or object. Thinking it was, probably, a local derangement of the liver or stomach, I moved out into the yard to get the air, but had to feel my way back.

All that the kind heart or brain of Sr. Sterrett could suggest was done for me, but everything seemed so unreal around me, and after exhausting all our skill in trying to tide over the spell, I retired to bed, when, for the first time in a number of years, my head began to ache and ached almost to distraction. I prayed for relief but it did not come. Alcohol with all the camphor it would absorb was applied, and after peeling the skin from my entire forehead, the pain relaxed.

My Sunday appointments were canceled, for I was not able to fill them. By Monday I felt much better and left for Salt Lake City; but on the following day, while trying to write a letter, the old symptoms came back, and I hastened to my home at Sr. Clark's,

where for six weeks I remained an invalid under treatment. My brain had lost its elasticity, and refused almost entirely to operate.

The conference I had appointed convened, and friends from everywhere came to see me, but the sight of their faces almost distracted me at times. I could not call their names to mind, and they were not allowed to speak to me.

My brain and spine were partially paralyzed, and physicians declared that I had been studying too hard and too long in one direction and must rest from all mental effort. One went so far as to say I must quit the ministry forever, if I recovered. Beef was recommended, but I refused to eat it, under my old covenant, preferring to die rather than to break it.

I shall never forget it. To think was torturing; but to try to stop thinking was worse. A thousand and more miles from home and, to all appearances, dying, or, what was worse, losing my mental balance, the visions of asylums and hearses and caskets that constantly floated before my mind and the worry over wife and children and home debts were simply indescribable. Nearly four weeks passed without sleep, and the date for going home came and I went. I was administered



to several times but received no perceptible benefit. Then came the words of the revelation sent me years before: "Other manifestations are withheld from him that he may be tried and sanctified," and I concluded that there was no restoration for me through such means. I dared not try to check a thought that came. It had to take its course and float along. Along the current came the words I had heard in 1877 about yet entering the Quorum of the Twelve and the promise in the other revelation; but I did not *know* the source of that voice I had heard, and I had no power to reason.

Thus the weary weeks went by, Sr. Clark and her daughters, Clara and Vilate (the former now Mrs. George Frick and the latter Mrs. Harry Hattey of Independence, Missouri) waited on me and tenderly cared for me day and night, anticipating my every look or gesture, and when I gradually gathered strength to get on my feet, they supported me from room to room and made all my surroundings as comfortable as though I had been at my home.

Sr. Warnock sent me her buggy, in which I was placed and propped with pillows, but the motion of the buggy hurt my spine and confused my brain. Oh! how I longed to be

home, if it were only to die there in the midst of my family.

One evening, a week or two after I had gained sufficient strength to rise and move about, I knelt and asked God to give me sleep, and to let his angels watch me, so that I might have sufficient strength to get to the train and start for home. I prayed about as fervently as ever in my life, then disrobed and got into bed. The next thing I remembered was that it was daybreak and time to rise.

I rose and dressed and then entered the dining room where I found Bro. Clark. He told me that it had required all his will power to restrain him from shouting to me about twenty minutes after I retired the night before. He further said, in explanation, that, though my room door was closed and he was in the next room, he saw me lying upon the bed sound asleep. Beside my head stood an angel with one hand a little above my head and the other in constant motion, as if moving back authoritatively some person or persons. Looking in the direction indicated by the looks and movements of the angel, he saw no one; but the personage was evidently there to guard me while sleeping, and to ward off some power or personage of evil.

When he related this clear open vision, which he saw while wide awake, I remembered my prayer and took this as its answer. The buggy was sent from Sr. Warnock's and I was taken to the depot in it. Sr. Clara Clark agreed to accompany me home, as she wished to visit her brother in Omaha, so I started from Salt Lake City on the morning of April 4, 1886, and reached home safely on the evening of the 6th, having been delayed some eight hours in Denver.

Upon my arrival my strength gave out and it was some time before I recovered sufficiently to collect myself and connect objects and persons around me.

Conference had just convened at Lamoni, and how I longed to go, but it was impossible. Gradually I recovered after being administered to by Brn. F. G. Pitt and Emsley Curtis, and in the course of a couple of months, I began to feel safe in stirring about and talking on subjects involving thought.

After arriving home and resting a week or two I read the first letter I had dared to open for two months. It was from Bro. Joseph and contained words of cheer and promise of health apace.

During the year, Bro. Ells, of the Twelve,

had died, and at the conference just closed, Brn. J. W. Briggs and Z. H. Gurley had withdrawn from the church. Thus three vacancies had been made certain in the quorum.

While lying upon the bed one morning, these things came before my mind, and also a prediction made by Bro. Clark some months before, and rising from my recumbent posture I was led to remark to my wife that Satan had hindered me from attending the conference at Lamoni, for which we had calculated so long, but I should attend the Kirtland conference next April and while there I should be made an apostle.

Hardly had the words escaped my lips, however, before I wished they had not been uttered. It was simply an impulse to speak and I had spoken. I thought to remove the idea from my wife's mind; but decided that any effort in that direction would but strengthen her memory of it. I was sorry, but could not well change it. I had not a reason to assign for the rash utterance, and my mental and physical condition were against the presumption it involved. I knew, however, it would never be repeated by her, and so let it go, hoping she would forget it.

As soon as able I began to turn things about to provide for home and family, and to

improve the appearance of the grounds about our house. This furnished me plenty of employment for a long time and left my brain in a restful condition; but calls for preaching came in so pressingly that it seemed impossible to remain idle, hence the year's labor was pretty evenly divided between spiritual and temporal concerns.

By this time the Independence branch had about outgrown its chapel accommodation, and a movement was set on foot to provide more commodious quarters. A committee was appointed, of which I was made chairman, whose business it was to look up a location and report upon the advisability of moving towards a purchase and the erection of a building.

The committee found a suitable location immediately opposite the Temple Lot, and were offered a lot by Bro. Daniel S. Bowen, upon condition that a building be commenced thereupon within a year.

This offer was accepted and the deed secured. The committee reported its labor and recommended the construction of a house of considerable size. The report was adopted and a committee appointed to carry our suggestions into effect. Of this new committee I was made a member and chairman, and with

this matter on hand found enough work to engage all my time and a great deal more than was wise for me to assume while in such condition. The main part of the burden of raising money for a time fell upon me, and I set about laying plans to that end.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## NOTES BY THE WAY.—PROMOTION.

“What God decrees, child of his love,  
Take patiently, though it may prove  
The storm that wrecks thy treasure here;  
Be comforted! Thou needst not fear  
What pleases God.”

“I like the man who faces what he must  
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer;  
Who fights the daily battle without fear,  
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust  
That God is God; that somehow, true and just,  
His plans work out for mortals.”

AFTER the manner described in the foregoing chapter I busied myself till the year had worn away and the time for holding General Conference had again rolled round. The building committee had authorized me to go to Kirtland and solicit aid for our new house of worship.

Just before leaving home my wife asked me if I remembered the statement I had made one year before about going to Kirtland and being promoted in the priesthood. I had hoped she had forgotten it. But out it came, and I tried to excuse the reckless statement

by referring to the condition I was in at the time of uttering it. She feigned an acceptance of the explanation, and soon I was on the way East. Some power seemed to be at work to prevent my getting even to that conference, for the evening I left home my oldest child fell from a high swing and lay unconscious for some time, then recovered only partially. The impulse was to telegraph for me to come back, and so the neighbors advised; but my wife's faith prevented this break upon my journeying, and secured my boy's recovery also.

To attend a conference within the walls of the old Temple was a privilege indeed to me and I enjoyed it immensely. The Master was there, and his presence was felt to a gracious degree. In answer to the prayers and fasting of the Saints our heavenly Father made known his will concerning several matters and four of the brethren were called to the office of an apostle, James W. Gillen, Heman C. Smith, Gomer T. Griffiths, and myself.

After action upon the revelation by the quorums in regular order and then by the assembled body, we were called upon to express our feelings in regard to accepting the office. To me it was a serious moment



and all I could do was to tell of the evidences already referred to in this life-sketch and then commit myself to the will of the body. This was done and no claim was made by me as to the divinity of those testimonies — that was left for the conference to decide upon after hearing them. By unanimous vote the revelation was indorsed and the ordinations ordered. Elder Heman C. Smith was not present; but the other three were set apart on the following day and began at once to participate in the quorum sessions and share the responsibilities attendant upon this sacred and important office.

Thus ended for me the peculiar pleasure of attending General Conference. Thenceforth it was to be work, work, work, but how consoling to know the work was for God. Were it not for this one fact I would not have held the office more than a year, for our very first action in preparing an epistle placed us under suspicion with many, and though it was the result of much prayer, deliberation, and earnest effort, yet it was made to take on features of intention that were never dreamed of by those preparing it.

This suspicion was limited to a few, I have reasons to believe, but whether or not, it mattered but little — our responsibility was to

God who had assigned us the place, and with him and the day of final accounts in view, I had performed my humble part therein. I had been in so-called solemn gatherings in other societies, and had associated for eleven years with Saints locally and generally—in public and private; but never in my life had I mingled with a body of men who seemed so absolutely free from a disposition to coerce or persuade one another. I thank God that my knowledge of those brethren authorizes the statement that never have I met a more independent, sincere, God-fearing, and noble-minded company of men. Like myself, they may fail and fall, but until I see in them the reverse of what they have yet displayed, I shall never believe them capable of any quorum action with sinister design. The reader will please pardon this voluntary defense of self and associates; but I have believed my brethren entitled to it.

Before the close of the conference I was administered to by Brn. Joseph Smith, W. W. Blair, and J. H. Lake, and my health improved quite perceptibly thereafter.

Two years before this my mother and stepfather had moved from Canada to Detroit, where he had engaged in business. Failing to accomplish his ends, he had moved thence

to Chicago. Worn out in body and broken spirited, mother had remained behind. She was just beginning to learn what I had known for years in regard to her husband. He was utterly unreliable as a business man and unworthy the confidence of a heart as true as hers.

Leaving Kirtland, I went at once to Detroit, where my worst fears regarding her were realized. Upon her face were the unmistakable marks of care and sadness. Her hair was silvering fast, and as I met her at the gate of her residence, I scarcely knew her for a moment. She had not written me all, but I read it in a moment when I looked into her face. For some months she had lived there with my half-brother, the only living child of her second marriage, earning her own bread, while her husband revelled amid the gratifications offered in a distant city. More I shall not add. Let God reveal it in the end and be as merciful as he can to the man whose perfidy has crushed as true a heart as ever throbb'd within the human breast.

After some persuasion, mother consented to move with me to Independence, Missouri, so we packed up her goods and started thither, accompanied by my half-brother. They remained with us over a year, during which

time I baptized them both. Not feeling at home in so small a place as Independence, after spending her entire life in a large city, and being unaccustomed to the ways of western people, she decided to return to Toronto, where she has remained till the present, and where I visited her while on my way to the Eastern mission in the fall of 1890, and on my return in 1891.

From that time (1887) till the conference of 1890, held at Lamoni, my mission was Missouri and Kansas. Local matters, such as have already been referred to, prevented much travel on my part. I sought, however, to get everything of a temporal character into such shape as to admit of permanent service abroad when once I could leave.

My health varied much during this time. At times it seemed that my hope of final recovery was vain. My nervous system seemed almost shattered, and it was only with considerable effort that I plodded along, helped by the prayer and faith of kind Saints. I engaged in the publishing business with the idea that the arrangements would admit of my leaving at any time when the church so advised. Some changes took place later that made this difficult and I found myself hampered more than ever. It seemed impossible

to get free. I was impressed on one occasion that when the time of necessity for departure came the way would open and I should see the Lord's hand in it. This gave me a degree of comfort and made me more patient.

At the Lamoni conference referred to, without any suggestion or request from me, I was relieved of the special burden I had been bearing in connection with others of the branch building committee, by the Bishopric being authorized to take hold and direct or oversee.

When asked by the First Presidency as to my preference of field for labor I refused to express any. Wherever they appointed I would go, for I had finally reached the conclusion that my duty was to move out, and I was determined to do it, if I lost everything in the effort. Now that the church burden was lifted I was ready for any sacrifice of a personal kind in order to honor my calling. The Eastern mission was named for me, and after conference had closed I returned home to dispose of everything that hindered me and prepare for the ministry service forever, wherever it might be appointed.

It took me some months to accomplish this, and even then the loss entailed made it impossible for me to go forth free from

property incumbrance. However, I resolved to go, and let all waste away if it must. I would trust God and never again leave the ministry on account of those things, unless he commanded me to do so. Thus I left home September 29, 1890, for Boston, Massachusetts.

On the 11th of March, 1887, I had been invested with additional responsibility and honor by the arrival of a brand new boy upon whom we fastened the name of Alma Clark in addition to the parental surname to be carried by him while he remains mortal. This was a circumstance of special interest, or at least the writer thought so at the time, and the little fellow has tried his best to emphasize the idea ever since. He seems to feel under perpetual obligation to furnish the house with abundant music and sensation, without consultation as to class or volume. Granted the correctness of his conviction in this regard and he has been faithful in a phenomenal sense, as all who visit there can readily attest. More could not reasonably be required of him. May he live to as faithfully fill the sphere unto which our hearts' love has consecrated him for the future.

During the three years just referred to, the Independence branch continued to grow, under

the presidency (for the most part) of Elder (now High Priest) Frederick G. Pitt, whom the Lord had, a few years before, wisely and kindly directed to move and settle there. While I believe that many men are qualified for offices as presidents, I believe that this brother was specially qualified and had been disciplined peculiarly, till he developed into the very man for the place, and God took him out of Illinois and dropped him in Independence at the right time to do the work for which he had been thus equipped.

Those who have not lived there do not know it, perhaps, but almost every species of biped that has ever been brought into direct or other contact with any phase of Latter Day Saintism, has had its eye on that city and through some kind of representative or another has made itself felt, sometimes inside and sometimes outside the branch membership.

To keep a cool head, maintain a steady hand, and carry a tender heart throughout all the attending "seances" required considerable wisdom and grit in the presiding officer.

The membership had increased beyond the five hundred mark (now seven hundred and fifty) and, like all other large branches, it had elements within it that needed directing, and

those needing it most were generally least willing to acknowledge the fact or consent to the process.

The writer has frequently been "called to answer" to the charge of some irate individual for preaching things which trespassed upon the sacred territory of his practices or methods. Oh, how they would kick! We have sympathized with their devoted feet on a number of occasions; but reward and recompense came in witnessing the improvement among even these as time passed along.

The slovenly ones learned that it was possible to be clean without being "tony," and the haughty learned that it was possible to be humble without being low-minded. One learned that it was possible to be of soft speech without being insipid and another learned that it was possible to be frank and candid without being impudent and boisterous. A few learned that it was quite possible to find a true friend in one who differed most widely from them in judgment, and others found that a man's motive might be as good as gold while some of his acts were questionable. Some found that there were Saints not up or abreast with themselves in the intellectual or moral scale, who, nevertheless, had traveled farther than they themselves had



since starting out, and were to that degree better illustrations of gospel potency and virtue than were they. Some learned that just as one man possessed the faculty by which he could make a dime go farther than another could a quarter, so in spiritual experience, God gave less to one than another in the way of open manifestation, because he already possessed a faculty to enlarge upon and utilize, and that faculty required development, while others, destitute of the quality referred to were oftener visited, and "more abundant honor was bestowed upon that part which lacked."

Many learned that an abundant display of open manifestations in certain persons was not so much a certificate of God's approval of their course as an evidence of their inability to endure without them. It was a donation to meet a necessity rather than a reward of merit. Sometimes we give a man a dollar because he has earned and deserved it. At other times we have given a dollar to a beggar because he badly needed it, regardless of his actual past deservings. So, I believe, God frequently does with Saints.

Some people grew wealthy outside the church while others, with the same income

and no larger family remained poor. The poor ones became jealous and talked about their "stylish neighbors," who owned a horse and thumped a piano. Our good Saints thought this was wrong in the "naughty Gentiles," for the wealthy ones, they said, had secured their competency by economy, sacrifice, and abstinence from many indulgences the others were not willing to forego. Yet when these good brethren and sisters saw a choir of good singers making heavenly melody as they blended their trained voices with the eloquent strains of an instrument deftly swept by educated and skilled fingers they pronounced it "highfalutin'," and looking through green eyes upon such work they pronounced it a "bilious business," too rich for saintly blood.

Others looked upon some who had started with them from the same strata of intellectuality and morals; but who had outstripped them in the race, until the tallow candles of former days were now gas jets or incandescent lights or even arc illuminators in the church and to the world, while they themselves remained just where they had sat down and folded their arms when the gospel light first touched them. They sat there, whining about the "importance" and the "swell airs" of the

brethren or sisters who had heeded the counsel to "come up higher."

If one of those luminaries when preaching or writing happened to flash a ray of gospel brilliance over the spot where the complainer sat and expose the mustiness of stagnation, it would bring out a reply that was intended as no compliment to the fellow who was parading his "smartness" and swinging his lantern.

A little girl was once sweeping the floor of a room into which the sunlight was streaming through a large window, and on looking up she noticed that within the space where the streak of light crossed the room the dust was floating thickly. Going over to the window she drew the blinds down and darkened the room. When asked why she had done this, she answered that she wanted to exclude the sunlight because it made the room so dirty. She did not think that the dust was already filling the air, and that the sun's rays only revealed it more clearly. So the stagnant one who complains at the success, triumph, and ability of another, whose efforts have raised the blinds and let in the light upon conditions already existing, tries to have the blind drawn and the Spirit shut out, because the light when let in "makes the room dirty." They forget that the distance between those

whom they criticise and themselves in spiritual force and influence like that between their wealthy and poor neighbors, whom they have passed judgment upon, is but the measure of sacrifice, devotion, diligence, endurance, patience, and charity in the advanced ones. By dint of these all may climb, if they will, at least to that eminence where jealousy cannot live; to that point where delight is felt in lending a shoulder to help another go where we cannot yet climb; that point where Christ is esteemed as the one character resplendent with perfect light and glory and all brethren and sisters who have reached positions where as reflectors of his radiance, they can send rays here and there of helpful intelligence, are loved and admired for the places they hold and the righteousness with which they occupy them.

These things came to notice and the Independence branch, as a training school, had work to do under these conditions. Every progressive step had to be taken carefully, so that the effect might not drive away those for whom the benefits were mostly intended. Quite a number learned that as much good could be accomplished by waiting God's time of adjustment, as by crowding things prematurely in the settlement of disputed questions,

that God had not lost interest in his work but intended to "hasten it in *its* time" and not ours.

A host of us learned that quicker and more successful work in securing the Holy Spirit could be done by purifying the heart and life so that the Spirit could not remain absent, than by neglecting this important matter and spending the time in clamoring for the Spirit in prayer. Nor was the writer exempt from the necessities or benefits of such revelations and training. As he learned he taught, and as he taught he felt the responsibility to do; but he grew with the branch's growth and he developed under the mortification produced by snubs and the humiliation caused by failures and mistakes, as well as the joys of association. He learned that his business was to *take* as willingly as he *gave* advice and criticism.

He learned that his religion was likely to bring back to him in confidence and esteem of the Saints only the amount of the value of its fruits in the markets. If he practiced his professed faith, he was rewarded by the confidence and love, ultimately, of those who were benefited by his work, though the genuineness and practicability of his ideas and methods might be temporarily questioned.

He learned that before making an attack upon practices, doctrines, and methods he disliked, it would be better to stop long enough, at least, to think how he would feel, if he was the one holding the position attacked. He learned also that it was much easier to erect standards for others than to live up to them himself. He found it harder to develop a virtue than a vice. As in nature so in man. The flower must be cultivated, tenderly handled, and protected against threatening surroundings. It is easily marred and quickly ruined, while the weeds grow up unsought, uncultivated, and can scarcely be destroyed. Our virtues need to be developed, watched over, and maintained against the odds of environment and Satanic visitation, while vice asserts itself at nearly every step, and grows in the neglected character, and cannot be downed and eradicated by a single effort or series of efforts less than life long.

But a short time ago a brother who was undergoing a siege of testing, said to the writer:—

“If I could make my calling sure and be a true Saint forever, as the result of a great effort for a month or even a year or two, I would then be more certain; but this every day, every hour, every moment, watching,

fighting, and enduring idea makes me tremble for the outcome."

God has made the length of life the period for character-forming, and so long as there remains new beauty in Christ, so long will there be an unattained virtue to develop or extend in the discoverer. Our Holiness friends tell of the perfected state to which they have attained, but the writer believes that virtue is developed by resistance to the evil presented. That the Devil will continue to present evil till the terminus of earth life is reached. That so long as the Devil works, resistance will be necessary, either to produce, develop, or maintain virtue; that till the battle ceases and the field is canvassed, results are not absolutely certain; that no character or possessor of virtue can claim "perfection" until the last test designed has been endured and nothing comes forth from the crucible but "pure gold" carrying upon its face the reflex of divinity, the Christ photograph.

I may know what I have done to-day, but I know not how I may act to-morrow. New tactics, new scenes of attraction to decoy, and greater force may be introduced to bewilder and overpower me, and my very certainty of being able to stand to-morrow because I stood yesterday and to-day (if I so argued)

may prove to be the unguarded door through which my ever watchful enemy may enter and pollute my spiritual estate—"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

My observation during fifteen years of gospel ministry has led me to so conclude, and let me here state that my most convincing testimony of the divinity of this latter-day work has not come by tongues, or prophecy, or vision, or miracle; but in the gradual revelation of its strange adaptation to human necessity. In no instance has human exigency cried out for God, under the canopy of this gospel protectorate, without hearing the answering "Here am I" in some divine provision, formerly undiscovered, perhaps, but hidden wisely to await the emergency which would demonstrate its amplitude and utility, and in no place and at no time have I had better opportunity to witness this infinite adaptation than while at Independence. Not that my field of observation was limited to that place and the people there; but because in addition to local presentations, events transpired which led me to look far back over the church history and far around outside of any city or town, and trace the divine processes in selecting men and women of varying quality and disposition for places and pur-



poses of his work, and the methods introduced for their development. During these years I saw the sick healed on a number of occasions, I discerned the operation of adverse spirits, I heard many things testified of by Saints of every degree; but beyond and above all these gracious manifestations, there was a silent force operating and I traced it in its unheralded transformations, transitions, and achievements in human character, worldly attitudes, and church fortifications.

One thing further I learned to believe; that God never forgets—"God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Jacob played the deceiver's part when he covered his hand and brought the goat's meat to his blind father, calling it venison, and thus received the blessing of the first-born. He may have repented of his wrong later; but there came a time when his sons brought a coat of many colors, dripping with blood, to him and deceived him regarding his darling Joseph.

He cheated his Brother Esau out of a blessing which was his by birthright, and he seemed to enjoy the result of his falsity and deception; but there came a time when, after he had toiled seven years for the object of his

affection and believed she was in his embrace (for she was his by right) he awoke and beheld the contraband Leah by his side; she had been smuggled under cover of night into his bed. David sowed adultery and murder and reaped a harvest of adultery and murder in his own household. God has not changed, nor will he be mocked.

The Saint who sows to carnal gratification will reap in spiritual barrenness and corruption of character, reputation, and influence. The man or woman who deals in scandal or delights in peddling slanders will likely live to be scandalized. The soul that loves truth will be pastured with truth as harvest for his sowing. The heart that yearns after Christ and delights in the study of his life and character, will, even imperceptibly to itself, take on the beauties of that model nature, and shed a luster and fragrance around that will make the place of its residence heavenly. The child that abuses its parent will most likely live to be abused in turn by its offspring and he who runs to spread a net for another's feet will doubtless have enough to do in time in extricating himself from the meshes of an unexpected snare.

I do not write these things merely to parade words before the reader's eyes but

simply to say that even in such matters have I discovered a divinity connected with what I have heard Bro. Joseph Smith call "The law of compensation."

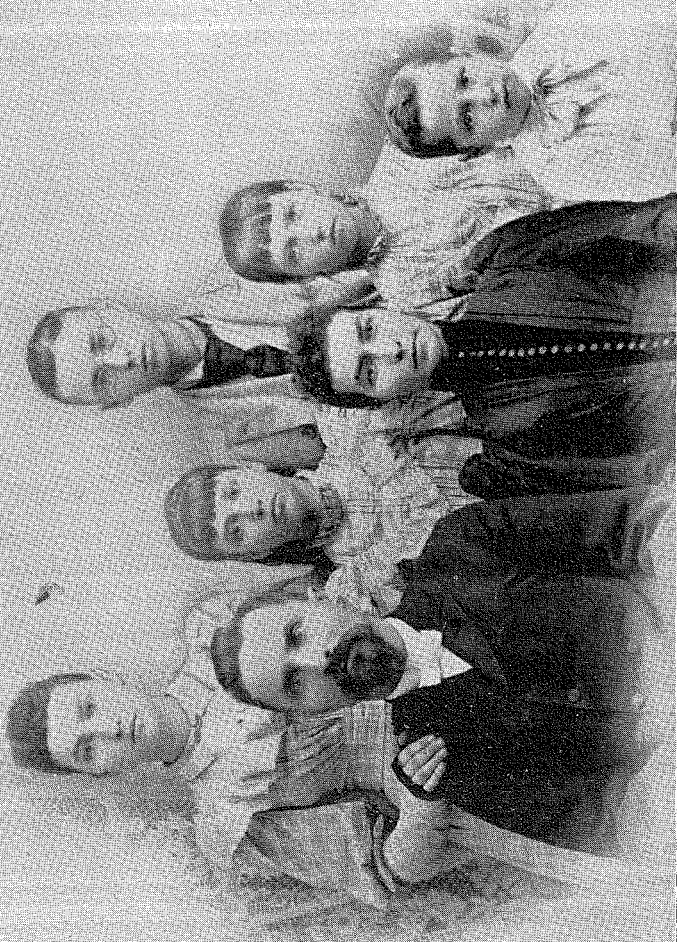
It is, therefore, the more painful to behold, here and there, the evidences of recklessness in the directions named. In some instances a false idea of modesty prevails, by which even parents are prevented from warning their children against the corrupting influences of what they behold in them, notwithstanding they see all around them the demoralized and imbecile fruitage of such conduct in the generation now fading.

While it may be truthfully urged that this autobiography is not the fittest place for such references, it cannot be denied that any minister for Christ who beholds the evil that threatens even the houses and families of Saints in some cases, has the right to cry out anywhere, Parents beware!

A ministry of sixteen years, which has taken me from Maine to the Rocky Mountains, has proven to me that even the families of Saints are not entirely exempt from the baneful influences of hidden vice. It is painful for a sensitive elder to see suffering anywhere; but it is peculiarly distressing to be called upon to administer to a young person

and to discern that the shattered nerves and lost vitality are conditions which a little wisdom and candor on the parents' part in the years ago might have avoided, or which the suffering one might escape by wholesome restraint of self. In such cases we feel that the gift of healing, by which such persons are sometimes restored, may well be lauded and God's mercy extolled; but if the exercises of the gift of either knowledge or wisdom had prevented the admission of such disease into the system it would have been better, even though none but God and Christ had known that the individual possessed the gift.





ELDER LUFF AND FAMILY.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## NEW FIELDS AND DUTIES.

“There is never a life of perfect rest,  
And not every cloud has a silver crest,  
But there is a Power unseen and true  
That out of the struggle is leading you;  
In patience and faith to the Father cling,  
You are the subject and God is king.”

IN the foregoing chapters the reader has been led hurriedly along from my cradle to the time when the pen was lifted to commence this autobiography and but little now remains to be added. But few of the incidents that have marked my life have I taken his time to dwell upon, but those few will be sufficient to convince him that God's eye keeps track of and his hand ministers to the needs of even willful boys, and that sooner or later they will be brought face to face with the obligation thus revealed and have opportunity to try and honorably discharge that obligation, and in so doing find occasion to be compassionate and forbearing with all the children of men.

Many events dot the diary of my experience which if recited in detail, would but

corroborate like testimony borne by others. They would tell of sick ones instantly healed, of suffering relieved in perhaps hundreds of instances, and in a few instances of devils cast out by the power that attended the humble elder's rebuke and command in his Master's name; but I have refrained purposely from much of this because others have made of them a specialty in writing and have had more marvelous things in that line to relate than I have experienced. I have also a wish to honor the command which forbids me to talk of faith or boast of mighty works.

I prefer that my autobiography, such as it is, shall present me in my peculiar individuality before the readers. My calling, as I understand it, is to preach the gospel. I have not received the gift of healing or miracles that I am aware of, though my priesthood has been honored when administering, where those gifted in that line were not present.

I have been richly blessed of God in preaching and because of this gift, which the Book of Mormon calls the "gift of preaching," have been called upon in numbers of new places, by Saints who foolishly supposed that a man so blessed in preaching must be equally blessed with every other gift. They



insisted I should administer to them or their sick friends, notwithstanding they have been told that their local elders, who were not considered as able preachers, would do them more good. They forget that the good book says that "to one" is given one gift and "to another" some other.

I have known some to suffer longer on account of this mistake, which they refused to correct, than they otherwise would have done; but hesitation on my part when called upon to go would have been interpreted as an evidence of indifference or cruelty and I have submitted.

The fact remains, however, that we have scores of elders who have but limited ability in preaching publicly, but who have gifts, designed for the healing of the Saints and for other purposes of presidency and counsel. Many of these are ignored in the idea that an apostle, or prophet, or president, or seventy who happens to be favored when in the stand with a free outpouring of the Spirit to preach, must also have more power or faith to heal than local elders have. I cannot speak for others, of course, but I know that in some cases under my own observation, they have experimented to their hurt.

Leaving home in September, 1890, was the

hardest effort of the kind of my life. My oldest son was in his seventeenth and my oldest daughter in her fifteenth year. Then there was the nine year old girl, the six year old girl, and the three year old boy, (and such a boy!) besides the little woman who was to bear alone the care of their guardianship in addition to her own loneliness. On the Sunday evening I had stood while hundreds of Saints, who seemed about as dear to me as mortals can well be, shook my hands, and tearfully said good-bye, and had endured the parting fairly well till I got to the seclusion of home and found freer vent for my feelings; but when, after nearly four years of stay, (excepting short trips away,) I reached the point where "Good-bye" must be said to my family, and some of them hung on my neck, while others looked what they could not speak, I confess it was trial enough, without thought of any ahead in my field of labor. So, with a sadder heart than I had felt for many years, I left the weeping group of children.

My wife accompanied me to Kansas City where, in company with Brn. J. A. and W. N. Robinson and their wives, Sr. Belle Robinson, Bro. F. G. Pitt, and Sr. Jennie Newton, we spent most of the day. Learning that the

members of the First Presidency were at the reunion at Logan, I determined to call there on my way East to learn whether the death of Bishop Blakeslee (which had occurred) would necessitate any call upon the leading quorums, and thus make delay on my part advisable.

The train for Independence left before my train for the East, and took my wife and the others away. I was then alone, and what that feeling meant I can never describe. I walked the entire length of the Union Depot platform between the cars and wept like a child. It might be childish, but I could not help it. I there covenanted with God to remain in the field as long as he would give me health, and asked for grace to preserve me in righteousness.

My sister and her husband (Bro. and Sr. Thomas Hattey) came to the depot in time to see me before leaving. Then Bro. J. A. Robinson returned from Independence and accompanied me as far as St. Joseph, Missouri. Next morning I reached the camp ground and for nearly two days enjoyed the association of the assembled Saints and preached once.

Finding that everything had been arranged for the Bishopric work, I left for the East,

though it was hard to leave the reunion before its close, a thing I had never been guilty of before. But duty said go, and I had been delayed too long already, so I pushed on to Toronto, where I visited my mother and sister and several relatives and friends, also the house of my birth, and the Methodist church (now replaced by a grand structure) where I used to preach and pray.

I talked the gospel to a good many people, but did not know that a number of Saints had moved in there and were holding meetings. This visit was too short; but go I must, and, bidding farewell to my dear old mother, I started for my new field. The journey to Montreal and thence to Boston was monotonous, for I was in no condition to admire anything. Reaching Boston on the 8th of October I repaired to the home of Bro. and Sr. Frank Steffe, where I met Bro. W. H. Kelley and others, who were present to attend conference.

From this point my labors in the East began and included work in Providence and Pawtucket, Rhode Island; also in Fall River, New Bedford, North Weymouth, Massachusetts; Deer Isle, Jonesport, and Lamoine, Maine; New Canaan, Connecticut; and Brooklyn, New York; as well as Cape Cod.

The spring conference of 1891, at Kirtland, appointed me in charge of the Rocky Mountain mission, but by request of the First Presidency I returned to the East for a few months first, making my home for several months at the residence of Bro. and Sr. William Blood in Providence, and it was such a home as any elder may well feel proud of. The gospel is the theme there and its fruits are manifest. Sr. Blood is one of the first workers in the church and Sunday school there, and around her cluster the young ladies of the branch, like ivies around the pine.

My health failed me and after some months I reached that condition where it seemed I must return home. I prayed over it and finally told the Lord that I wished to take back the promise I made to stay in the field while I had health, and substitute a pledge to stay in the field, health or no health. I resolved to stay, though I should die. After this my health improved.

In the Eastern mission I found the footprints of Adam and Beelzebub. Adam had been aroused by the other and had put down his foot with a vengeance in one or two places. To uproot evil and maintain the dignity of our gospel standards, Brn. E. C. Briggs, W. H. Kelley, M. H. Bond, F. M. Sheehy, A. H.

Parsons, and several local brethren, including Brn. John Smith and Thomas Whiting had been at work, and excepting Bro. Briggs, were still working in the district. Differences of judgment had led to different attitudes on questions under investigation and serious consequences were threatened. The missionaries had done noble work which, in time, will be vindicated fully to their credit; but where iniquity gains a foothold and Satan has clinched its rivets it requires long patience and endurance of opposition to bring about the reformation desired.

I entered the field to supplement the labors of my predecessors, for I believed they were right and had done well; but my methods of approach and dealing with the troubles before me were not in exact line with some of theirs, which may have led some of them to misinterpret me a little.

The great purpose, as I conceived it, was to call the attention of all hands away from the objects which had been magnified to their hurt, and to securely fasten it and their affection upon something more worthy of their interest, leaving the other matters to develop, and when a crisis came, if ever, it would hurt the few who preferred to be hurt, rather than the many who loved the gospel

more than their own wills or selfishness. How far success was attained by this process, I am unable to state.

The limits of such a writing as this will not admit of a mention of the names of scores of excellent Saints whose study day and night seemed to have particular reference to the advancement of gospel work, and who worked heart and soul with the writer to that end. A host of young ladies were banded together in Providence and other branches, and with voice and hand contributed freely and richly to the measure of success under achievement.

Extending my labors to Maine, I found a host of earnest toilers at Deer Isle and Jonesport and proved that the reputation in which they were held throughout the East was fully warranted. They ought to be oftener heard through the channels of church literature. While among them I grew in mental, spiritual, and physical stature, and breathed all the more freely because I was not called upon to do any other work than preach and live the gospel.

August arrived, however, and with it the time set for me to start westward. So, parting from the Maine branches, I called at Providence and Boston, and from thence

started at noon, August 4, for Toronto, Canada.

Arriving in my native city again, I found mother in better health than for a long time before, and intensely interested in the gospel work. A dozen or more Saints from different points had settled there and were holding meetings weekly in a hall which they had secured. A preaching meeting was advertised with my name as bait for old Methodist acquaintances. As a result of this and what visiting I done, a few of them were attracted to the meeting, and for over one hour I gave them reasons not only for leaving, but also for staying away from Methodism. I was blessed and hoped they were. All seemed to feel well pleased and satisfied. Perhaps they will remain satisfied without any more, but I hope not.

I availed myself of the opportunity to visit some of my relatives and also of "posting" them as to my religious whereabouts. They gave me splendid audience and made many inquiries, and assured me of their fullest confidence. One of my aunts also expressed her faith in the doctrine so far as I had time to explain it. It was a busy time for me till the expiration of my railroad ticket time limit, but I enjoyed it hugely.



Monday, August 10, I parted from mother, sister, and many other dear ones and continued my journey home, where I arrived on the morning of the 13th, and found all well except my wife who showed traces of care and extreme nervousness, but who improved during the few weeks of my stay before starting for the Rocky Mountains.

A few weeks later found me again battling with the evils of Brighamism. My home in Salt Lake City was with Bro. and Sr. Joseph Wilson. Considerable of my time was devoted to visiting among the people. A change had taken place. The President of the Utah church had issued a manifesto which in a way, forbade further polygamous marriages, and which he afterwards stated was intended to prevent all relations under former polygamous marriages. The public presentation of that doctrine was therefore, a thing of the past, and I only wish the evidences confronting me had been such as to convince me that the practice was abandoned. However, my labor continued till time to return to conference at Independence. There I was reappointed to the mission together with Bro. A. H. Smith and others.

Hoping to improve her health by the trip my wife accompanied me to Idaho, where, for

a short time we enjoyed the kind and generous hospitality of Sr. Eliasson. Scarcely had I started operations there, when a telegram from Bro. A. H. Smith called me to Salt Lake City to help care for Bro. T. W. Smith, who, while stopping over there on his way to California and Australia, had been suddenly stricken with paralysis. Thither we hastened by first train and remained till his removal home, whither he was accompanied by Bro. A. H. Smith. From thence, after holding a few meetings in the city and at Pleasant Grove, I started for Idaho, and was there joined by Bro. R. J. Anthony. Together we held services at Little Blackfoot and thence proceeded to Deer Lodge, Montana, where we were hospitably entertained by Bro. Andrew Cristofferson and family. After holding several meetings in the little chapel there, I left Bro. Anthony to pursue the work in adjoining parts and took train for Belgrade, where for a short time my labors were confined to the Reese Creek branch. Here as before I found a band of Saints with abundance of every material thing to keep things flourishing. The enemy knew also of their equipment in this respect and as he always does, directed special attention to prevent the accomplishment of the splendid work possible. In his

line he was faithful, and if all the Saints had been as markedly so, that region of country might easily resound with the reverberating echoes of the blessed message of life; but unfortunately the diligence of the Devil does not always provoke like diligence in us, and he gets the start of us and often holds ground that we might possess to God's honor. I was treated well by all while there and made my home with Elder J. E. Reese and wife.

During my stay here I went to a small place called Bridger, high up in the canyon a few miles from Bozeman, to fill an appointment made for me by the brethren before my arrival. Here I baptized Mrs. Standridge and two of her children, whom I also confirmed, and blessed her other children, being assisted by Brn. J. E. and Gomer Reese, the latter being branch president at Reese Creek. A fact came to my knowledge that may be worth relating. Some months before this the lady above-named had been reading a sermon of mine in the *Ensign*, and after reading and noticing my name at the head of it was distinctly told by the Spirit that I should baptize her. At that time I was in Missouri, and was a stranger to her; but what she had read convinced her of the truth of the work and what the Spirit told her assured her that the

Lord would some day permit her to meet me. Weeks passed into months until on the 14th of August the Brethren Reese announced at the close of their meeting that Elder Joseph Luff, of Missouri, would preach there the following Sunday. Immediately, upon hearing this name, Mrs. Standridge rose up before the people and exclaimed, "Glory be to God, that is the man the Lord told me would baptize me." She then told the elders she would be ready for baptism when I came. While these were not the fruit of my labor in any sense, yet the mention of the matter will serve to show that God goes before his servants and prepares the hearts of the people in ways peculiar to himself. Before leaving that section I preached at Spring Hill schoolhouse to a quite large and intelligent audience.

Legal matters requiring my attention necessitated a return to Missouri, hence I called at Salt Lake City where my wife and youngest child were being cared for by Bro. and Sr. Joseph Wilson, and with them started eastward, arriving home about September 1. Answering an invitation from the committee in charge, I attended the fall reunion at Logan, Iowa, and contributed my mite toward its success. From that time till the conference of 1893, at Lamoni, Iowa, my time was

spent in preaching in places in Missouri and Kansas within a radius of one hundred miles from home, as it was found impracticable for me to return to the Rocky Mountains.

One result of the conference at Lamoni was an addition to my responsibilities, having been appointed a member of the Board of Publication, and by the Board corresponding editor of the *Saints' Herald*. My field of labor as a missionary includes Missouri, Illinois, Iowa, and Central and Southern Indiana, and the concluding lines of this autobiography are being written at home, from whence, in its revised form, it is sent forth to serve as best it may the heart purpose of its writer.

Forty years since my first and seventeen years since my second birth have passed and with what little that has been learned by experience and observation, I am prepared to more cheerfully and contentedly commit my interests for time and eternity into the hands of the Lord than ever. He who has done so well for me in the past may surely be trusted for the future. May the influence of this life-story be such as to impel the boys who read to consecrate their years to God and reap a benediction of peace here, and glory hereafter. May the kind hand that has preserved the writer since the days of innocence and

infancy, through the roguishness of boyhood, and the willfulness of following years and on till his arrival at the plane of highest spiritual possibilities, also bless the boys and girls who look through this brief autobiography as through a window at his character. May the foregoing prove a stimulus to hope and endeavor in at least some of those who have perused it and thus bring fresh cause to the writer for praise, and added glory to God.

# SERMON.

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## FATHERHOOD OF GOD

AND

## BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

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TEXT.—Acts 17: 28: “For we are also his offspring.”

Matthew 23: 8, 9: “All ye are brethren. . . . One is your Father, which is in heaven.”

FOR the contents of the Bible we, of to-day, are in no sense responsible; the book was here before we came. Only for the treatment it receives at our hands can we be held accountable. Pleasing or painful, winning or repelling, rigorous or lenient as its aspect and implied requirements may appear, they must forever stand to us, severally, as the expression of whatever will we perceive behind them. To modify its phraseology will in no sense affect the fixedness of whatever purpose it was intended to serve. To modernize its

recommendations will not release us from whatever of obligation they were intended anciently to impose.

Between it and us human creeds may interpose to relieve us from the arbitrary force of its decrees, but when these creeds are dead, this law will live, and we in future days may sadly find that we have not escaped, but simply deferred arraignment before its inexorable bar. It may be, too, that what we then shall lack, will tell the tale of blessings missed, between the now and then, because of such postponement.

We approach this book to-day with reverential feeling, for to us it tells the will of Heaven. Its story is the God revelation. Hence,

Where its voice is heard all controversy dies  
And human skill is wasted that aims at compromise.

Anxious to know our origin, our mission, and our destiny, we consult its pages. It is important that we shall know what part in life's great drama our Creator intended or desired we should play, that thus performing, we may stand acquitted finally, and gain promotion at his hand. Life can be a success only in so far as this purpose is served. Hence we ask :—



1. To whom are we indebted for present existence and what are our Creator's attributes?

2. What is our heritage here under his design?

3. Upon what conditions is the enjoyment of our heritage dependent?

Opening the book our first question is answered in plainness:—

“God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, . . . hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation.”—Acts 17: 24-26.

“Our Father which art in heaven.”—Matthew 6: 9.

“Have we not all one Father? hath not one God created us?”—Malachi 2: 10.

“But to us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we in him.”—Corinthians 8: 6.

“One God and Father of all.”—Ephesians 4: 6.

“For I am the Lord, I change not.”—Malachi 3: 6.

“Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the

Father of lights, with whom is no variable-ness, neither shadow of turning.”—James 1:17.

“For there is no respect of persons with God.”—Rom. 2:11. (1 Peter 1:17; Acts 10:34.)

Three points are thus settled; viz., God is our Father. He is unchangeable. He is impartial, or no respecter of persons.

Faith in these declarations pledges us to an acknowledgment of the common fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man. It fastens upon him the responsibility of our existence as to time and place, as fully as it does the existence of Paul, or Moses, or Abraham, and their surroundings, for it declares that he “determined the times before appointed and the bounds of their habitation,” of “all that dwell upon all the face of the earth.” In view of this foreordination, when we also consent to the foreknowledge claimed in Isaiah 46:9, 10, and Acts 15:18, it is but reasonable to expect that a father who never intended to change, and who was no respecter of persons, would so ordain from the start, that not one member of his family would ever be deprived of any good he made possible for another. We are justified from these declarations in looking for one universal provision for the entire family; so far, at least, as

relates to the interests of the soul he had assigned a tabernacle here.

It is with gladness therefore, that we hail the announcement of Ecclesiastes 3:14, 15: "I know that, whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it: and God doeth it that men shall fear before him. That which hath been is now; and that which is to be hath already been; and God requireth that which is past."

God's original gospel provision was commensurate with the moral exigencies of the race, and neither time nor circumstance has ever increased or decreased human necessity in that direction. "That which hath been is now; and that which is to be hath already been; and God requireth" and always will require of men the same as he required in the past, as a condition upon which his infinite provision shall cover those necessities. We have neither need nor disposition to apologize for the character of that original, ancient, divine provision. If it represented God once it must represent him for ever, for he cannot change. "Nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it," for with any addition to it or subtraction from it, it would cease to represent his invariable mind. To lessen its

obligations or increase its exactions would indicate a "respect of persons" which his eternal Fatherhood is not chargeable with according to the book.

Again we open the book and in answer to our second question read:—

"Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father."—Galatians 4:6.

"Ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."—Acts 2:38, 39.

"The manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal. For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; to another faith by the same Spirit; to another the gifts of healing by the same Spirit; to another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues; but all these worketh that one and the selfsame Spirit dividing to every man severally as he will."—I Corinthians 12:7-11.

"These signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out

devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them. They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover.”—Mark 16:17, 18. (Also see John 14:26; 15:26; 16:13-15.)

“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: and also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my Spirit.”—Joel 2:28, 29.

Glorious heritage, indeed, and worthy of such a Father. By means of this we are to cry “Abba, Father.” By this we are to know he *is* our Father and prove his unchangeability and impartiality. His Spirit is to be in us. That Spirit is life (Ezek. 37:14; John 6:63; 2 Cor. 3:6; 1 Pet. 3:18; Rev. 11:11), and that life, being one with God (1 John 5:7), is eternal. *Eternal life* is our heritage even here. It is to be given us, first, that we may know our Father and our elder brother, Jesus Christ, for “this is [the object of] life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.”—John 17:3. This knowledge cannot be obtained except by this agent. (1 Cor.

12: 3; Matt. 11: 27.) It is given that we may commune with him through the exercise of the gifts enumerated. It is given that futurity may be lifted, and we may gaze on things to come. It is given that we may be preserved from the treachery of enemies who seek to inflict evils upon us. It is given to heal our diseased bodies. It is given that we may abound in righteous fruit. (Gal. 5: 22; Eph. 5: 9.) It is to redeem our bodies from the grasp of death at the resurrection morn. (Rom. 8: 11; 1 Cor. 15: 44.) It is made accessible to us through the suffering endured by Jesus Christ. (Gal. 3: 13, 14.)

To slight this proffered seal of sonship is to trample on the blood that made it available. He is an unworthy son who slightly esteems a heritage so divine and dearly bought. Eagerly we turn again and press our third question: "Upon what conditions can we enter and enjoy this heritage?" Will the book answer this important question as plainly as the others? Let us open and see:—

"He that heareth my words, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life."—John 5: 24.

"Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man."—Ecclesiastes 11: 13.

“ . . . Observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.”  
—Matthew 28 : 20.

“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”—Acts 16 : 31.

“This is his commandment that we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ.”  
—1 John 3 : 23.

“God . . . commandeth all men everywhere, to repent.”—Acts 17 : 30.

“Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.”—Acts 2 : 38.

“He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; . . . and these signs shall follow.”  
—Mark 16 : 16, 17.

“They were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. And when Paul had laid his hands on them, the Holy Ghost came on them; and they spake with tongues and prophesied.”—Acts 19 : 5, 6.

“Then laid they their hands on them and they received the Holy Ghost. . . . Through laying on of the apostles’ hands the Holy Ghost was given.”—Acts 8 : 17, 18.

“Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on to perfection;

not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God, of the doctrine of baptisms, and of laying on of hands, and of resurrection of the dead, and of eternal judgment."—Hebrews 6: 1, 2.

What could be plainer? By creation I am God's son, but the possession of my inheritance depends upon my obedience. Here I am clearly informed as to what was required of other portions of the common brotherhood of man, and our Father has not changed. He is not partial. Hence, if I would enjoy that heritage, he "requireth [of me] that which is past," or, what he demanded of others.

We frankly admit that these spiritual gifts are not to be found among what are commonly known as evangelical churches to day. We grant that the popular educators of the age have long pronounced them necessary; but these same teachers have put this book in our hands and insisted that we abide its counsel. Acting upon their advice we have opened and read of what our Father in heaven has done for *man* and found that "whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it." Hence as a part of his family we claim under the ordinances that provide for the race and



protest against human proscription. Right here an objection is urged, that our admission as to the absence of these things in the modern churches is against this argument. In reply, we invite the objector to go with us on a tour of investigation among those religious bodies, to examine well their articles of faith, their creed formulas, and to listen carefully to their public and authorized enunciations. Let him, with us, catechise those theologians who are supported to voice the popular religious sentiment, and then answer us one question: "Are the conditions being observed upon which this divine pledge was to hold good to the race?" If not, the objection fails.

It would be the extreme of folly to claim exemption from duty and at the same time expect the reward of service. The divine law has been given for our government. "Whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, AND CONTINUETH THEREIN, he being not a forgetful hearer, but A DOER OF THE WORK, THIS MAN SHALL BE BLESSED IN HIS DEED."—James 1: 25. But "He that turneth away his ear from hearing the law, even his prayer shall be abomination."—Proverbs 28: 9.

The church we represent has suffered ostracism since its organization in 1830, because it could not affiliate with Christen-

dom on any terms that involved a compromise with the divine law. It may be that baptism is not "for the remission of sins;" but if so, the misconception originated with God. It may be that the laying on of hands, as an ordinance, is unworthy the notice of men who can frame creeds and confessions; but it comes to us direct from *him who made the world and all things that are therein*. Our folly, like Paul's heresy, consists in "believing all things which are written in the law and in the prophets," and in conscientiously observing what they enjoin. (See Acts 24: 14-16.) If we hope for as full a salvation as was promised ancient saints we should claim no exemption from the obligations imposed upon them, and we should not esteem that church an enemy to us that clings most closely to God. "Whosoever transgresseth, and abideth not in the doctrine of Christ, hath not God. He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, he hath both the Father and the Son."—2 John 9.

This is no truer of men than of churches, and if a church has not God and Christ, what can it confer upon man? This scripture means, if it means anything, that God will stay with his doctrine, hence he who stays closest by that doctrine lives nearest to God. The importance of the conditions already

referred to is thus magnified, in that they tell us what this doctrine is that God and Christ stand so closely by. As already shown from Hebrews 6:1, 2, it embraces faith, repentance, baptism, laying on of hands, resurrection of the dead, and eternal judgment. He who feels disgraced or offended when asked to contend for a faith that reflects the best wisdom of God, ought to be ashamed to own God as his Father, and deserves to remain forever destitute of the Holy Spirit by which that faith shone so gloriously resplendent in Bible days. For God to confer that Spirit and its gifts on those who reject those principles of ancient law, would be to cast dishonor on the law itself, and forfeit claim upon the respect and love of martyrs long since dead, whose blood, like that of their Master, was poured out in expression of their faith in him who authorized the proclamations, "I change not;" "I am no respecter of persons;" "My purposes shall stand;" "The word of the Lord endureth forever. And this is the word, which by the gospel is preached unto you."—1 Peter 1:25.

Where the law is dishonored by man the Spirit is fenced out, and the church is dead. A dead church can transmit no life to its adherents. A human body may be preserved

after death by chemical process for a long time, and thus be made to serve a purpose in demonstrating human skill; but for the purposes of its original creation it is useless. A church may exist for ages and command the support of millions who admire its ingenious escape from ancient Bible obligations; but where those doctrines are not, neither is the Spirit, and that church is powerless to perform the functions that alone can confer life on those affiliating.

Who wants a church for ornament or religion for a show? Who wants the Bible for a means to prove that his wisdom has outstripped that of his God? Who wants to pray merely because it is pleasant pastime?

All who believe that the church, religion, the Bible, and prayer are of divine appointment and too sacred to be made the toys of human caprice, please go with us a little farther and look through "nature up to nature's God;" judge of his design in providing for spiritual man by his arrangement for physical man and nature throughout. "The invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead."—Romans 1: 20.

From Genesis 1: 14-17 we learn that God

“set” the sun, moon, and stars in the firmament of the heavens to rule by day and night, to give light and to be for signs, and seasons, and days, and years, as well as to separate the day from the night. All are agreed that not only our well-being but our very existence itself is made dependent upon these orbs—life, light, heat, vegetation, the tides, and in fact almost all things material are the result of their service. Who can imagine the anarchy of matter that would be entailed by the cessation of their functions for a single second?

When, therefore, God “set” them in the firmament he did not seek to provide merely for Adam or the people of any favorite generation, but for the *race* of man and the earth as man’s habitation. One general provision was made for all time, and nothing in the line of human necessity has since arisen for which that provision has not been found commensurate. In the line of physical necessity “that which hath been is now ; and that which is to be hath already been ;” and to meet that necessity what God once did “shall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it.” As long, therefore, as human life is to be continued and the products of the soil, atmosphere, and tides, together with

light, are essential, so long will their original causes continue.

Nor will the Almighty ever attempt an improvement upon those orbs with a view to better serving the purposes unto which they were originally ordained. His wisdom at the commencement was as great as it now is, and was manifest in appointing a means commensurate with all the existing and subsequently recurring exigencies of physical creation forever. Should I, therefore, be asked why these orbs shine as they shone centuries ago, I should find ready and full answer in the fact that the same necessity that called for their first appointment continues. God's ordinations were to meet *necessities* and not to confer exceptional good upon certain favorites. Wherever the need exists, those involved therein are comprehended in the provision once made. Hence no man has ever found occasion to complain of, or apologize for, any of these orbs of day or night because of their being inadequate to the service assigned them. Nor has human ingenuity ever suggested as good or better means of accomplishing the work. It was Godlike, not only in the fullness of its efficacy, but also in the perpetuity of its adaptation and design. It was a Creator's supply for the needs of creation

—the provision of a Father for his family.

Follow the entire work of creation through and the same principle holds good. The organs of which the human body was composed when Adam was created, are the organs essential in man to-day and the functions remain unchanged. The eyes to see, the ears to hear, the feet to walk, the hands to labor, the tongue to speak, and the brain to think. The external agents and influences which operated upon, excited, or inspired those members in early man still exert their power upon man of to-day and will do so while the race continues. God *set* them in the human body, and the lapse of centuries has never shown a need for improvement. Physical man is "of the earth, earthy," and his framework was ordained as a means of adapting him to the conditions of earth life. Hence while light remains the eye as an organ will be affected thereby, and the ear by sound. While labor is required either mental or physical, the brain and hands will exhibit the wisdom of the God who adapted them thereto; so with the feet for travel and the tongue and mouth for speech, the nose for smelling, etc. Never has the thought entered the mind of man that these organs will ever cease to be essential while light, and sound,

and odor, and motion, and labor, and communication are associated with mundane conditions. Just as he decides regarding the sun, and moon, and stars in the firmament, so he concludes concerning these organs in the body of man—they were ordained of God with specific objects in view, and while the ancient necessities continue unchanged the appointments hold good and will never be extended or modified either in character or design.

All of this clearly emphasizes the wise man's words, already quoted, "What God doeth, it shall be for ever: nothing can be added to it, nor any thing taken from it." If then, as already shown, "the invisible" or spiritual things of God "from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made," what conclusion must we reach as to the perpetuity of his appointments for spiritual man? Let us read:—

"God hath SET some in the church, first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers, after that miracles, gifts of healings, helps, governments, diversities of tongues."—  
1 Corinthians 12:28.

Let us now learn of the purpose to be served by this:—



“He gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ: till we all come, in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.”—Ephesians 4: 11-13.

Let us remember that the same word is employed here as in Genesis regarding the sun and moon—God “set” them in the church. What was the necessity? “For the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ.”

Let us not forget that “what God doeth it shall be forever.” This was a provision, not to favor a few members of his family, but for the entire family. No man will dispute that the necessity still exists. Saints need perfecting, the ministry work is in demand as much if not more than ever, and the church needs edification. Who, then, can be so foolish as to believe that what God once ordained to meet this necessity is no longer required, that the church can as well get along without apostles and prophets as with them. As well might we conclude that a man can get along without eyes and ears and other members as

with them, or the earth and its inhabitants without the sun and moon. The argument of Paul in 1 Corinthians 12:1-27 is directed against such position.

As in the physical so in the spiritual realm—the necessities have never changed. “That which hath been is now; and that which is to be hath already been; and God requireth that which is past.” To meet those necessities “whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever”—what he once required of man he still demands. Man to-day should not be satisfied with less assurance of sonship to God or certificate of inheritance than was enjoyed by children of the same family and Father centuries ago; but while this is true he should not expect those tokens on any other terms than were declared in the Father’s will at that time. He who appreciates his Father’s provision will be satisfied with no less favor. He who honors his Father’s wisdom will ask no easies terms. While, therefore, we spread our hands and cry, “Our Father, which art in heaven,” let us be consistent in our pleading, remembering the pertinent question of the Savior: “Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?” Let us heed the counsel, “Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith;” and to “earnestly contend

for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints.”

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## THE MODERN STUMBLING-STONE.

“BEWARE of false prophets, which come to you in sheep’s clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits.”—Matthew 7: 15, 16.

“This wisdom have I seen also under the sun, and it seemed great unto me: There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it. Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he, by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man. Then said I, Wisdom is better than strength: nevertheless the poor man’s wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard.”—Ecclesiastes 9: 13-16.

THE fortunes or fate of revealed truth seem to be nearly alike in all ages. In the blood of its advocates and defenders can be traced the line of its march in the dispensations of history, and the records now being faithfully made will furnish to the world nothing but duplicates of what is already possessed. Like

its author, truth comes to its own but its own receives it not.

The inquisition connected with the bloody apprenticeship it seems destined to serve is generally instituted by the Phariseism of its time. Those busiest in painting and garnishing the tombs of dead prophets are generally first to bring the stone, the fagot, and the cross for living ones. Those who make themselves hoarse in crying, "We know that God spake to Moses" are generally ready to vary their speech with an occasional "Away with him, crucify him," when their attention is called to Jesus Christ.

All ancient revelation was once modern and its first advocates in any age were anathematized. Noah's proclamation was as divine and genuine as God could authorize, yet it convinced not a single soul outside of his own family. It was new and somewhat novel, was the only objection that could be urged against it. They had their traditions of God, handed down from Adam; and yet in their lives and teachings they were far from righteousness, hence Noah's preaching was an offense to them. Pharisees of this age shed tears as they read and think of one hundred and twenty years spent by this faithful patriarch in a fruitless effort to reclaim those

heedless hearers and they denounce the hard-heartedness and stiff-neckedness of such people, yet they forget or are indifferent to the intimation, "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be in the days of the coming of the Son of Man." They are to-day despising as grand an overture from heaven as was extended by Noah.

Jesus asked his auditors to "Search the Scriptures," for they testified of him, and said, "Had ye believed Moses ye would have believed me, for he wrote of me;" but they did not believe Moses nor the Scriptures intelligently. They believed the corrupted traditions that had reached them and which were being presented as interpretations of the Scriptures by their priests, hence their eyes were blinded to the true intent and facts of "Moses and the prophets." Jesus came to magnify, fulfill, and unfold the law—God sent him for that purpose; but their traditions stood between them and him, hence they murdered their best friend whom they had been pleading and waiting for.

Paul stood up for the "hope of Israel" and endeavored from their own Scriptures to prove Jesus to be the central figure connected therewith—the Christ indeed; but he was branded a heretic and denounced as a pestilent fellow,

a stirrer up of strife. He was beaten, imprisoned, and finally slain. Unto all these distresses he was delivered by the very persons upon whom he ought to have been able to rely for protection and succor, for they claimed to be the custodians of the "law and the prophets," in the contents of which he declared himself a believer.

So to-day, we are called heretic, not because we denounce the Bible, but because we uphold it. We appeal, as did our Master, to the Scriptures, and "contend for the faith" therein revealed; but we are confronted with creeds and commentaries us an answer in which the wisdom of men alone stands revealed. Thousands are building churches to the names of dead apostles and prophets but will not believe that there stand among them living ones. Not only this, but like others of former time they will distort and misapply the Scriptures to defend a tradition though they crucify Christ's golden truth in so doing.

In evidence of this let the text chosen be introduced. Since 1830 or thereabouts the words "Beware of false prophets" have been used by creed defenders against Joseph Smith and those engaged with him in proclaiming the gospel of Jesus Christ, until they have

become household words and the impression has obtained among thousands, if not millions, of honest people that this application of Scripture was legitimate. Their only ground for thus believing is the testimony of the chief priests and Pharisees among them. If the reader has been thus influenced let us offer a few thoughts in regard to the matter, both as to the incorrectness and injustice of such treatment of Scripture and men, and also with reference to the causes that have led thereunto.

Let it be first stated that we are the victims oftentimes of a prejudice that has been created by false education. While nearly all churches and societies have been called upon to furnish a representation of themselves for publication in encyclopædias and schoolbooks, our enemies, or those interested in the overthrow of our church and work, have almost invariably been called upon to speak and write for us. The result of this has been just as might be expected. When the name of Latter Day Saint is mentioned in a community, or one of our elders appears there to preach for the first time, instead of going to hear him speak for himself, a resort is had to the encyclopædias, and from thence as cruelly false and base an impression as is pos-

sible to obtain is gathered and the prejudice against us is strengthened in proportion. If the early day Pharisees alone had been consulted in order to learn the mission and character of Christ and only their testimony had been handed down, very few in this age would tolerate even the mention of his name in their homes.

Next, let us consider the text referred to and examine the application made:—

Jesus had chosen his ministry and endowed them with supernatural gifts and declared that when the Comforter should come it would testify of him, and show them things to come. These divine endowments were for their enlightenment and protection after his departure. He also told them that the prince of this world was coming and would lie in wait to deceive and seek to overthrow the work commenced. To deceive those endowed with gifts of prophecy and miracles, the enemy would need to do as in Moses' day when the rods of the magicians became serpents also—imitate the divine, hence he would inspire men to prophesy and perform miracles closely resembling what was accomplished by the divine Spirit in the apostles. Foreseeing this, Jesus kindly and clearly forewarned them in the words before us, "Beware



of false prophets." A provision was made against these false spirits which would seek to destroy the church by decoys of this kind. In First Corinthians, twelfth chapter, we have mention of nine supernatural gifts given to the church, among which are prophecy, tongues, and miracles, and all who read will agree that these were appointed to the church because there was a *necessity* for them. What then shall be said of that strange gift, also named in the same chapter, the "discerning of spirits"? Was that not also given because in God's foreknowledge it was found to be necessary? If so, it is evident that God and Christ knew that false spirits would attempt to inspire men in the church to prophesy, as they had done in the days of Elijah and others. This gift was to make detection easy that the church might be saved. The gospel as then introduced reopened the way of communication with God, and the enemy stood ready to take advantage of the confidence of the people in these divine gifts, and to transform himself like unto an angel of light, if necessary, in order to "deceive the very elect" by his counterfeiting work. Jesus knew that not only would the divine Spirit—the Comforter—come when he left, but "many spirits" would go "abroad in the world," hence

he cried, "Beware of false prophets who come unto you in sheep's clothing"—appear and prophesy much like yourselves, in order to win you from the favor of God in time.

Now compare the situation of that time with that of the age when Joseph Smith began his work. Where was the church that believed in those supernatural endowments, as a necessity, when this young man made his first proclamation? Every one of them declared that prophecy had ceased long centuries before, never to be heard again in the Christian church on earth. They had no confidence in such things, hence there could be no advantage taken of confidence that did not exist. There was nothing of the kind on earth. Satan's work of counterfeiting could not begin where no genuine was in existence. Suppose a banker should throw back a coin you presented and tell you it was counterfeit. In reply you ask how he has decided and he gives you nothing but his word to condemn it. Therefore you insist that he shall produce a genuine coin for comparison, but he informs you that there is not one in existence. Would you not ask him what the counterfeiter had to work by when yours was made? Would you not promptly tell him that all coin in existence of that denomi-

nation, according to his statement, must be spurious, and if he had nothing but spurious coin to compare with, it was presumption for him to so denounce yours? Might it not be that yours, being unlike what was in circulation, thus bore one evidence of possibility in favor of its genuineness?

If there was not a living true prophet on earth with which to compare this young man how did they pronounce him false? How could he come to deceive a people by imitation who had no faith whatever in any such thing as a prophet in the church?

Again, let us notice the description given of the kind referred to by Christ: They were to come in sheep's clothing. It would be interesting in this connection to know just who were the "sheep" at the time when Joseph Smith began his religious career. The sheep's clothing referred to certainly will not bear a strictly literal interpretation. It did not mean that prophets would come with literal sheepskins on them. It can only mean that they would in every noticeable respect bring a striking resemblance to the "sheep" or members of "the fold"—they would talk, and act, and appear like them.

Let us see: The first announcement that this young prophet made to the churches

was, "You are all wrong and your creeds are an abomination in God's sight." This he said on the strength of what the angel told him and this was what provoked the bitter and persistent persecution which ever afterwards followed him. His language was unequivocal and he placed himself on record openly before the world in a way to invite criticism and condemnation rather than favor and flattery. The first announcement made by him was a virtual challenge to every religious body on earth. No hypocritical deceiver would ever attempt to openly denounce every religion in existence with the hope of ingratiating himself into the affections of those connected therewith. To reach this thought directly and avoid possibility of being mistaken let us again ask, Who were the "sheep" in his day? There were Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, and possibly others close to his home. If either or all of these represented the "sheep" and his aim was to lure and destroy, did he put on the doctrine and enter the fold of either of them? Did he imitate the Methodist customs, or pat the Presbyterian confession, or talk sweetly about Calvinism in order to gain the good will of each or all? A deceiver would have so done, according to Christ's warning and prophecy

if these were indeed the "sheep"; but an honest man and a true prophet, if he spoke on the matter at all, would do just as Joseph Smith did. He claimed that he had been visited from heaven, and that the Lord had told him the churches "were all wrong and their creeds are abomination in his sight." He served this notice on all the churches, by the authority of heaven and took the consequences. Hence, as all thinkers must admit, he did not fill the programme for a false prophet, therefore every application of this text to him and his work is a perversion of its divine intent. All who are acquainted with his history know that if he had agreed with the churches and favored their proceedings he might have lived to this day. Whatever else may be said of him, he certainly presented himself and his calling honestly before the world. He donned no fleece for the purpose of affiliating with those of like appearance. He came before men with a doctrine so utterly unlike everything found in the churches of his time, that all raised their hands and voices against him and denounced him. They loudly proclaimed that he bore no resemblance to the "sheep" whatever. Let this fact be noted, for it will be referred to later.

He claimed to have been visited by the angels of God and to have received information regarding the early inhabitants of America—that the descendants of Joseph in Egypt had dwelt here, that they had been visited by the Savior after his crucifixion at Jerusalem, that his church had been organized as in Jerusalem, that divisions occurred among the people, followed by wars and calamities. He was told that a record had been kept on metal plates by the righteous among these people, and that just prior to the death of the last prophet—Mormon by name—he was commanded of God to hide up the plates in the earth and told that in the latter days they would be disinterred and in the Lord's hands become a testimony by which the restitution work among Jew and Gentile would be introduced and the identification of the offspring of Israel be made easier. The angel also showed Joseph Smith the location of the buried plates and gave him authority to obtain them, after which, by inspiration, he translated them and published their contents to the world. This was shown to him to be in fulfillment of Isaiah twenty-ninth chapter, also Ezekiel 37: 15-28 and other Bible prophecies.

During and after the time of translating

and publishing this record (Book of Mormon) to the world, which was completed in 1830, many revelations were given to him by the authority of which the Church of Christ was organized after the ancient Bible pattern, men and women having been baptized and a ministry ordained. Thus was this strange work commenced upon earth. But what of its doctrines? Did the representatives of this new church seek favor at the hands of other churches by repeating the old theories and traditions which a few centuries had made popular? No! By the Holy Spirit given them they read and understood the Bible as it was intended by the writers of it, and they were helped by the plain teachings of the same doctrines as found in the Book of Mormon, hence they went forth and preached Christ after the manner of eighteen hundred years ago, and invited men and women into the church, reorganized by command of God, in fulfillment of prophecy, and identical in organization and doctrine with the church of the first century. They promised just what Jesus had authorized anciently (see Mark 16: 17, 18) and what had been included in the commission as renewed to themselves.

Instantly, the sects of the day rose up and their pulpits scintillated fury. Creeds felt

the force of the onslaught made by the Bible in the hands of inspired men, and churches long at a disagreement combined to crush this new evangel. Powerless to resist by Scripture or reason the advancement of this divine enterprise, the creed worshipers seized upon this text and prostituting it to unholy service cried aloud, "Beware of false prophets." Then turning to their creeds they exclaimed, "Great is our Diana! these men say our creeds are an abomination in God's sight, and that they are doomed; but our ancestors have framed them and by them we will stand, for they shall never be overthrown!"

Against this combination which was backed by the press and wisdom of the age, this little church planted its proclamation of divine authority and began to storm the citadels of heresy. The doctrine that infants were predestined to damnation was attacked with such weapons as, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven;" "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye can in no wise enter in;" "As in Adam all die so in Christ shall all be made alive," and other equally pointed scriptures. It was denounced as monstrous and utterly unlike the declared purpose and character of God. The dogma that hell was a



lake of fire and brimstone into which all who failed to become Christians were to be cast, and there to be tortured eternally, never finding release or cessation, was declared to be an infamous misrepresentation of the divine purpose and without warrant in the Scriptures. It was shown that hell was but a prison house into which the unsanctified spirits of men were cast between death and the resurrection, and where the mercy of God could still reach them, and from whence redemption was possible, and that after the final resurrection, even hell itself would be cast into the lake of fire (see Revelation 20: 14) where none but the finally and hopelessly incorrigible would ever be cast. It was also proclaimed on Bible authority that every act of goodness would be brought into account in the judgment and not a cup of cold water given to a disciple would escape the notice and remuneration of God. That every man would be rewarded or punished according to his earnings or deserts, some inheriting the "glory of the sun," others the "glory of the moon," and still others would differ in glory as the stars vary in magnitude. (1 Corinthians 15: 41.) That every man should receive according to his works.

It was announced also that death of the

body did not end human probation, but that every man and woman would hear the gospel of Christ in the spirit world before the resurrection, if no opportunity had reached them while in the flesh; that the millions of Heathen would there come into remembrance and the atonement of Christ would be published till all who had lived on earth would have privilege to believe and obey, and that Jesus had opened up the work of preaching in the spirit prison house just as he had commenced it among men in the flesh and for the same purpose. (See 1 Peter 3: 18-20; 4: 5, 6; John 5: 25.)

The prophecies of the Old Testament were freely used to prove that the Jews would again come into remembrance; that the former fertility and glory would be restored to Palestine; that Israel and Judah would return there and be reinstated, and that according to Isaiah 29:11-17 as interpreted and explained by the Book of Mormon the day of that wondrous restoration was at hand. The crowning result of all this was declared to be the second coming of Christ to dwell among his people on the earth. It was announced that his coming would be as literal as at the first. Further it was taught that the new church as then organized was

to be one of the great factors in developing these promised conditions, and as a testimony to those believing the proclamation, the Holy Ghost was promised to give prophecy, tongues, miracles, healings, etc., as in former times.

In consequence of this proclamation the pulpit and press retaliated upon the new religion with open denunciation and abuse as well as secret methods to overthrow. The fire and brimstone definition of hell was more boisterously proclaimed than ever and scripture was distorted from its original intent to bolster this fearful misrepresentation. Calvinism bristled and reasserted its predestination ideas with an enthusiasm worthy of a better cause, and all churches combined in denouncing the Book of Mormon and Joseph Smith for daring to assert the restoration of Palestine and reoccupation by the Jews. The second literal appearance of Christ was branded as the base materialistic conception of an untutored, carnal mind, and worshipers everywhere were exhorted to look for the coming of Christ only in the hour and article of death. It was to be only a figurative or spiritual coming. Probation after death was execrated upon sectarian altars and the old quotations; "There is no repentance beyond

the grave," and "As death leaveth us so judgment will find us," were vociferated loudly, though neither preachers nor hearers had ever found them in the Bible. The ordinance of "laying on of hands" for healing the sick and for the gift of the Holy Ghost was said to be a piece of blasphemous jugglery, and everywhere holy hands were raised against this innovation upon popularized religious customs of the age.

Truly it was a time of testing to the infant church. Judged from a human standpoint all the odds were against it. Palestine for 1700 years had lain a barren waste, the Jew was a hiss and a byword in all the earth, and citizenship was denied him under popular governments. Not a circumstance could be pointed to as indicating the possibility of his return to build up and reinhabit the land of his forefathers. The wisdom of the world had for generations been strengthening creed fortifications, till everything was being interpreted in their light and by their standards, even the Bible itself not escaping. What had these advocates of the new revelation to fall back upon in facing these giant conditions? Upon what could they rely for support and defense in executing the mission assigned them of God? Simply the impregnable barrier

behind which their Master sheltered himself when confronted by the archenemy—"IT IS WRITTEN." There they stood and compelled the churches of the day to attack their own pretended foundation—the word of God—if they would uproot or annihilate this faith. It was and is to this hour a spectacle such as heaven gazed upon when the early day apostles were denounced as heretics for contending for the faith set forth in the very Scriptures their persecutors pretended to revere. Christ in the preparation work for the final "restitution of all things" is as great a stumbling-stone to this age as was Jesus the crucified 1800 years ago. The gospel then was too insignificant to command the admiration of the Pharisees and to-day it is too contemptible to enlist the respect of churchianity.

When the work began, however, notice was served on its despisers, as in Christ's day, that it was the kingdom of God in the germ, and though like the tiny mustard seed it seemed too small to excite respect, yet it would grow until the birds of the air would lodge in the branches of it. And we who live in the time of its maturing can see the fulfillment of this in the fact that its philosophy has extended and permeated society until

every once popular creed is tottering to its fall, and every revision thereof is being made in a way that brings them nearer into line with this doctrine which provoked their hatred and called forth their anathemas sixty-five years ago. They are meeting the advanced education, sentiment, and demand of the present by striking out of their creeds what this church condemned over half a century ago, and they are beginning to introduce into their sermons and platforms now many of the features which were embodied in this faith when they despised it at that time.

The revision of the Bible has practically eliminated the old idea of hell, and scarcely any of the forward men of thought will now use sputtering brimstone as a means of winning souls to Christ. The creeds are being revised so as to eliminate the infant damnation feature as also the theory of eternal roasting because God had ordained some thereunto for his own pleasure and glory.

Many of the leading divines in England and America have either directly or indirectly taught or favored the idea of probation after death in some form, among whom may be named Canon Farrar, Henry Ward Beecher, Prof. Briggs, and others. The Congregational Church is divided pretty evenly upon

this question and some have been ordained to carry consolation to the Heathen by publishing this doctrine. The chief school of its theology has been made a feeder for this so-called heresy, until the law of the land has been invoked by creed-lovers to stop it.

Twenty-three years after the Book of Mormon was first published, the early and latter rain, after seventeen hundred years absence, returned to Palestine, and the land has since become fruitful as in ancient years. This has caused the long exiled Jew to turn his eye thitherward and many thousands have gathered there to build the waste places and to abide till their Messiah shall come. A line of railroad has been constructed from Jerusalem to Jaffa and from American shops have been furnished the locomotives that now dash across the territory once traversed by the weary feet of the Son of God. Meanwhile the Jew has been relieved of much of the disability that once attached, and has climbed to the head of nations and helped control and regulate the machinery of Gentile governments. Wealth unto multiplied millions has poured into his lap and by it he has placed vast territory subject to his control and made nations heedful of his diction. In fact he has thus established his feet more firmly than

some of the dynasties of the present. Religious leaders of the present are engaged in convening conferences wherein the Jew and Gentile pulpiteers may announce their views, compare their arguments, and beter understand and appreciate each other. Governments have been considering means of relief for the oppressed Hebrews in certain places, and indications on every hand omen the speedy fruition of the ancient Jewish hope, for which through long years they have prayed.

The second coming of Christ is now a theme in almost every popular pulpit, and the more venturesome ones among our preachers are vying with each other in trying to emphasize their faith in this glorious event. Scarcely a man of note among the churches will now seriously question the probability of it. The press has fallen in line and the popularity of the theme is already assured. Not only this, but scores of pamphlets and leaflets of various sizes are being published and circulated by the authority of popular churches, through chosen committees, setting forth the Scriptural warrant and reasonable ground for belief in the doctrine of healing the sick by faith, including prayer and the anointing with oil and the laying on of hands.



Thus, one by one, the points of doctrine embodied in what the world denounced as heresy sixty-five years ago are being incorporated into the systems of the present and are being hailed with delight as evidencing the progress of intelligence and piety in the church.

As we enter these institutions where theology is prepared for the masses, to suit the growing demands, it is at least interesting to be able to step up to the tables on which these doctors of divinity have been dissecting the old creeds, and to pick up a discarded fragment of Calvinism or a dismembered branch of Arminianism or a number of abandoned points of Protestantism, around which once clustered the devotion of worshipers a generation or two ago, and for the preservation of which the fagots were piled and the torch applied, and to be told by the men who hold the scalpel that these were damnable heresies, unfit to be taught and unworthy of place in the theology of this enlightened age. Our interest merges into gratification when we learn that the places from whence these offensive dogmas have been carved have been filled with fragments of what we recognize at once as being part of the doctrine proclaimed by Joseph Smith over half a century ago.

When he "piped" they "would not dance," when he "mourned" they "would not lament." When he preached the above items of doctrine or denounced the creeds, he was derided and persecuted and slain as a dangerous and damnable heresy breeder; but now that the despicable "mustard seed" has become a tree and the tottering creeds are seeking shelter in its branches or plucking twigs therefrom to cover the deformity discovered in themselves, they all enter for the dance. But who among them all has ever given credit to the young man who first faced the fire and endured the obloquy that these doctrines invited or provoked. The second part of our text tells of a poor wise man whose wisdom delivered the city, but who was not remembered by those who enjoyed the benefits of his service. Religious history of this and the past generation, if faithful, should tell of the divine wisdom given a young man by which provision was made nearly seventy years ahead for the exigencies of Christendom. It should tell of the curses heaped upon him by those who should have loved him best. It should tell how, after denouncing his doctrine as infamous, they finally pilfered from that doctrine the points requisite to deliver their creeds from disaster. It should tell that, notwithstanding this was

done and Christendom reveled in the temporary advantage thus secured, and the deliverance of their citadels from dishonor and ruin, they failed to even remember that same young man, but boasted in the advancement they themselves had made under the wise direction of hired theologians and skillful revisers.

Reader, if those doctrines, now becoming popular, are true, they were no less true sixty-five years ago, and the clergy who denounced them were not the servants of God. If the religions of that time were the standards by which the religion introduced by Joseph Smith was measured when they pronounced him an impostor, what shall be said of the men who are now patching their fleeces or philosophy with pieces taken from his system which was so utterly unholy and impious then as to invite upon it their most terrible imprecations?

Joseph Smith introduced his doctrine by God's command and never attempted to don any fleece then known to religious bodies in order to gain favor with the flock. For this boldness they denounced him as a false prophet. Since then the God who authorized him has been supplementing his work and the work of his colaborers, and what is the result? Simply that the world is rising to indorse hsi

utterance. If he voiced an untruth when he said the churches were wrong and the creeds were an abomination in God's sight, if he was guilty of blasphemy in this, what shall be said of the wise men who a couple of years ago, when considering the revision of a certain creed, declared that specific features therein were damnable heresies, that they did not believe in and ought not to be held by them and should not extend the infamy and disgrace of them to their children? In short, let us ask you to remember that the points referred to a few paragraphs back were no part of the creeds sixty-five years ago, and in so far as they may be now, they justify us in pointing to the men who use them in connection therewith, and asking you to "beware of false prophets, who come unto you in sheep's clothing." These doctrines belong not to the creeds but to the gospel proclaimed by Joseph Smith and for which he was denounced a false prophet by the admirers of the very systems that have been repaired by material first declared in this generation by him. If it is now being discovered that he *alone* wore the genuine sheep's garment, then all those unlike his were false.

Hence, we submit finally, the fact that "by their fruits ye shall know them." The fruit

of a prophet is prophecy. If the prophecy is fulfilled then he was a true prophet. If not, then he was a false one. This is the only legitimate test; but failing to see any hope of defeating the young man's work by such honorable means, his enemies misapplied this scripture as they did the other part and traduced his reputation, as the Pharisees did that of Christ. He was charged with various crimes against the law, including immorality, and these charges were held up as evidence that he could not be a prophet of God. Those who thus vilified him were reckless of the fact that even were their charges true, such judgment as they passed thereupon would destroy the testimony of Moses, and David, and Solomon, and even Abraham and Peter, and numerous other Bible worthies. If Joseph Smith's lapses from virtue could prove that God had never chosen him as a prophet, and his revelations and testimony were false, then let us be consistent and strike out all the Bible that contains the testimony of the others, for they certainly lived wide of the mark appointed of God as a gauge of moral conduct.

This will not do, however, for should I prophesy to-day in God's name of the coming of a pestilence one week hence, and it should

come as predicted, its coming would confirm me a true prophet, even though I fell into sin before it came and perished by it when it arrived. By the fulfillment or failure of the young man's prophecies we determine him a true or false prophet and we submit the foregoing evidences in support of the claim that he was sent of God. Much other evidence is at hand; but we forbear introducing it as we have already passed the limit of our intended space, hence we conclude with our humble testimony to the truth of the gospel delivered to Joseph Smith by an angel of God and by him proclaimed to the sons of men. Of his character we only know what those who had opportunity to learn have said of him, and from that we have always believed and do now believe him to have been a good man. If he lived by the doctrine he published he must have been great. Of the message he brought we ask no man's opinion. Its divinity is self-evident; its potency for good in the human character we have abundantly proven; its adaptation to human necessity is witnessed by its effects within the church that has closely adhered to its principles. If an increased love for Christ and humanity, a closer communion with God, a more intense dislike for iniquity, and a more complete con-

secration to the cause and interests of holiness and heaven are the fruitage of heavenly sowing, then the claim of divine origin for the doctrine he published is fully vindicated, and we expect to lay these evidences at last, together with the testimony of the Bible, at the feet of God and his Son Jesus Christ as reasons for our adhering thereto. To us this later revelation is a treasure of untold worth and we rejoice in its possession though to others it has proven to be "the modern stumbling-stone."













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