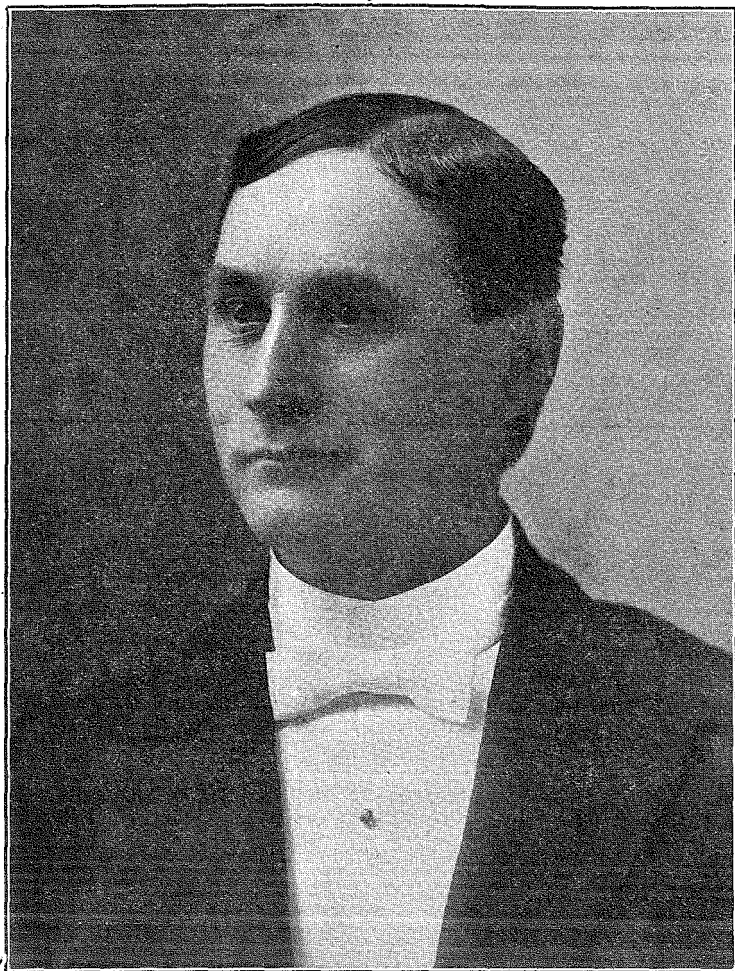


ELDER R. C. EVANS



THE AUTHOR.

ELDER R. C. EVANS

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
BISHOP R. C. EVANS

OF THE
REORGANIZED CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF
LATTER DAY SAINTS

LAMONI, IOWA
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TO MY WIFE

Whose unassuming life of innocence, industry, economy, sound judgment, and unwavering confidence in God, has enabled me to devote my life to the work of the gospel ministry,

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED.

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FOREWORD.

“Oh that mine adversary had written a book.”—
Job 31: 35.

Whatever else a man may do, he should hesitate before putting a record of his thoughts, words, and deeds, as known to himself, into the hands of both enemies and friends. After due consideration, however, I have decided to offer the following retrospect of my life. My chief object is that those who are associated with me as coworkers in the cause of truth as seen by us through the intervention of “The Comforter,” may know the causes which led me to accept the “angel’s message” delivered to the world through the Palmyra Seer, and see in the testimonies herein given a reflex of their own experiences under the same divine ministration; “which giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not.”

He who would do his fellow-men good must himself conform to the truth in his thought, word, and deed, in the review which he takes of his life and work in his own cause. How much greater, then, the necessity that one working in a cause dearer and grander than one given up to human aspiration and achievement alone, should suffer no control to move his thought or pen other than “the Spirit of truth.” With this sentiment kept in view, this work

is submitted to those who read, asking only that it be perused in the light of the thought expressed in the following lines:

“Cruel and cold are the judgments of men,
Cruel as the winter, cold as the snow;
But by and by, will the deed and the plan
Be judged by the motive that lieth below.”

ELDER R. C. EVANS.

PREFACE.

In my Father's house are many mansions: If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.—John 14: 2, 3.

Whatever else may be said with regard to salvation through the Messiah, it must be conceded that he alone is authorized to dictate the terms upon which men are to be saved. It must further be conceded that the time when, and the place where, the qualifications of those who are saved, and the obligations to be observed by them with reference to that salvation, are all at the disposal of him who is their Savior. The church (using the word as an appellation applied to all believers in Jesus Christ as the Redeemer) is based upon what is called revealed religion, and it is through the covenant which it is said God made with Abraham that in him and his seed should all nations of the earth be blessed. There were two branches of this idea included in this particular blessing: one was the possession of a portion of the earth's surface, which was to be devoted to himself and his seed hereafter; the second was the spiritual provision which was to culminate at the coming of the Shiloh, when the scepter should depart from Judah and the spiritual reign of Christ

in the hearts of his believers should begin. None can question but that the Shiloh was Jesus the Christ. The Roman rule succeeded the reign of Judah, the kingly tribe.

From the terms of the covenant it is a safe conclusion that the means of salvation was to be of universal application. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," is the language of the Savior himself; and Peter, after the remarkable manifestation which he had by which he was convinced that the Gentiles had come into remembrance with God, expressed himself thus: "I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted of him."

It should be the effort, then, of those who speak or write in reference to a salvation which is offered to man through the ministration of Jesus Christ, to do so with the direct understanding that Jesus Christ is to be authoritatively represented by agents chosen by himself in presenting means by which salvation is acquired unto the children of men. The basis upon which salvation is presented, so far as the individual to whom it is presented is concerned, is that every man is to act upon his own responsibility and his own individuality, and either achieve salvation through his obedience to the commands of God, or suffer infinite loss by failing to do that which is commanded. This is self-evident truth. None may evade the judgment that will eventually be called and will pass upon all men, each answering for himself for that which has been confided to him, and

none can be absolved from his responsibility until the final trial takes place. This is not only a just conclusion, but it is also a safe one, for, finite as are the judgments of men, yet humanity has a standard of consideration for the conditions in which men are found by reason of their environment and those things which are brought to bear upon them in the life of the world, that a fairly just code of justice has found place among the citizens and nations of the earth. How much more equable and just are the judgments of God? To assume that men are not under individual responsibility, but that all has been done for them that can be done, leaving nothing for their own accomplishment, is a greater mistake, and there is no excuse for those who make it.

The law of the physical world, so far as man has accomplished a knowledge thereof, is imperative in its requirements upon those who dwell upon earth. The laws governing the material world are inexorable, and physical safety, the achievement of men's aspirations, their successes, and their freedom from undue evil influences, are all dependent upon observing the laws governing their physical being. The laws of demand and supply are so closely connected that wherever there has been a demand created, there has been an adequate supply provided, and notwithstanding the views of the world, those things which sustain human life now are of similar character to those which sustained the progenitors of the race since time on earth began. Men do not look for change in those laws, but secure a knowledge of them so far as is possible for them to do,

and yield obedience to them with safety and with an assurance that they may safely count on their continuance without intervention to change them on the part of Him who established them at the beginning. This applies equally to all, and whatever modification may appear in the lives of different races, is only a matter of locality. This was well understood by Paul when he observed that God had "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."

That there should be a correlation between the laws of physical life and the laws of spiritual life needs no argument; it is safe to make the statement. The inquiry is pertinent, whether He who created the world and man to occupy his place in the world, who fashioned everything apparently for the good of him whom he set upon the earth, and especially the laws of his being, and who has dealt so peculiarly with man in regard to the physical laws by which he is governed as to make his physical existence depend upon an observance of the laws which he created, should have dealt differently with regard to his spiritual nature. This question can have but one answer and that is that the Creator who was so mindful of the necessities of the physical man and who provided so bountifully for that nature, has also dealt equally wisely and bountifully in regard to his spiritual being.

It is conceded that revealed religion is that system of spiritual ethics and code of principles of

human conduct revealed or made known in the scriptures. This must be held as a divine communication intended for the good and lasting benefit of man. Whatever they are, rules and principles governing human conduct while men sojourn in the flesh, which may have force and effect, means for the spiritual enlightenment and salvation, are to be discovered in the scriptures, the written law. It must follow as a just conclusion that the same Spirit which dictated the creation of man and the establishing of the laws by which he was to live upon the earth, should provide the rules and principles of man's conduct with a direct view to fitting him for the answering of the responsibility which was placed upon him. He who seeks to avoid this conclusion must needs answer as well as he who accepts the conditions; the difference between them being that one places himself within the lines of safety by individual consent, and the other refuses; the one being found willing to accept the obligations because of the value of that which is offered, and the other being unwilling, refusing to submit himself because he does not choose to bring his conduct within the rules specified and seeks to evade the consequences by denying the rule of obligation.

Taking the life and teachings of Christ as showing the true presentation of the means established by the Creator for the purpose of conserving the salvation of men, we seek in that which is left upon record for the principles of this religion above referred to. We find him as a personage preceded by prophetic statements running back hundreds of

years before his advent into the world, the fulfillment of which may be clearly traced in the New Testament history given of his life and teaching. Just prior to his coming we have a series of spiritual manifestations which justly may not be charged to any accidental interference of divine power, but must be attributed to infinite design. One of these is clearly set forth by good old Simeon, who had been told that he should not depart this life until he had seen the Shiloh, the Messiah, the Lord's Christ. This man, being present when the child Jesus was brought into the temple to be submitted to the exactions of the law of the tribe to which he belonged, recognized him and said of him: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel."

In this there are two ideas presented (it may be said two separate propositions, although they are really but one): that he whom Simeon recognized as being the one whom the promise had been made to himself that he should see, shows him to be the light which was to lighten the Gentiles, a wonderful promise; and the second was that he was to be the glory of his people Israel. A distinction between the Gentiles and the people of Israel clearly drawn. It is a fact that the fulfillment of the promise made to Abraham, Christ has been the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world; and that this light is universal and of such a character that

it justly may not be gained without the distinguishing characteristic expressed in the terms "the glory of thy people Israel," indicating he would be something to Israel that he would not be to the Gentiles. While one may partake of the blessings which appertain to them upon whom this light is bestowed, may be not of Israel, those upon whom his divine influence will especially fall will be, like himself, of Israel. In order to keep within the provisions of the promise made to Abraham, there must be some means provided by which the children of men may become of Abraham's seed, either by descent, kinship, or by adoption; and it is this principle of adoption that is declared in the principles of the doctrine of Christ as found in the New Testament, the spirit of which was with the Savior himself as a missionary, with the disciples whom he called, selected, ordained, and sent out as his agents for the purpose of making manifest among men the opportunity to become the sons of God through the principles of adoption into the Abrahamic covenant. So when Jesus declared to Nicodemus that "Except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom," he was but proclaiming a fundamental principle upon which the salvation of men was to be based.

History, whether ecclesiastical or profane, offers no distinction for the claim of transmitted authority in unbroken succession from the church instituted by Jesus in the calling of the apostles and sending them out to preach the gospel. It has been tried a good many years and has failed in

every instance. The decadence of the church as instituted primarily, lapsed about the year 570 A. D., and many of the characteristics of the earlier church were not known in any organized body of worshipers of which history gives an account. Some of the doctrine as preserved in legendary teaching may be assumed as having been found among the Vaudois of Northern Italy and Southern Switzerland, and among some of the inhabitants of Montenegro and Herzegovinia, and possibly some others of the provinces of the South of Europe, but these traces are vague and are not found in established form in any organized religious body. The division of the church which culminated in the eastern and western bodies known as the Greek and Roman Catholic churches, gave rise to innumerable offshoots more or less alike, and yet strikingly different, in none of which is to be found the whole curriculum of faith and beliefs as originally taught and practiced by the followers and disciples of Christ. Nor did the reforms under Martin Luther, John Calvin, John Knox, George Fox, John and Charles Wesley, or of any others of minor importance, relieve the situation so far as authoritative organization is concerned. That the English Church had legal existence so far as statutory provision could make the human church legal, may be conceded, but this does not give unto it the legality of divine institution, nor change the fact of the lack of characteristic features marking the faith as identical with that taught by the Master.

This necessitates a recognition of the right of

divine revelation as belonging to the head of the church, Jesus Christ, who, as recorded by two of the evangelists, is on record as having stated that upon the fact of his divine sonship he would build his church, and that the gates of hell should not prevail against it. This statement may be freely rendered as including human organizations as being barred from prevailing against the integrity of the church which the Master would build. That the doctrines of the primitive church under Christ and his disciples were the result of direct revelation from God, there is ample reason to believe. Jesus himself stated, as given at the close of the twelfth chapter of John's gospel, that whatsoever he spoke he did so as the Father had commanded him; and in this connection he affirmed that he knew the commandments of the Father were life everlasting. His words as stated by John are, "For I have not spoken of myself; but the Father which sent me, he gave me a commandment, what I should say, and what I should speak. And I know that his commandment is life everlasting: whatsoever I speak therefore, even as the Father said unto me, so I speak."—John 12: 49, 50.

That there is clear warrant in the word itself to justify the conclusion that when Jesus used the words referred to, that he spoke as his Father gave him commandment, he did so by virtue of the Spirit of Truth which actuated both of them, and by which he was one with the Father through the operation of the Spirit which is stated by himself to be the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, is seen when we repeat

his words as given by the same writer, John, in the sixth chapter, sixty-third verse, in which he said, "It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words which I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." This is still further accentuated in the words of that memorable prayer recorded in John 17:8, wherein he states, "For I have given unto them the words which thou gavest me; and they have received them, and have known surely that I came out from thee, and they have believed that thou didst send me." The eighteenth verse: "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world." From these evidences it is seen that in the mission which he carried on in the world, the Savior not only represented himself to be a messenger sent from his Father, but that he was assured that the Spirit of power and authority by which he was acting was the essential light and Spirit of the Father, and that it was this essence of power which he intended to make manifest as being in the words which he spoke. Without this vitalizing influence the words could mean nothing, and when there is added to this testimony of the divine One his own declaration that "Not one jot or tittle should pass away until all should be fulfilled," men should be satisfied that the same divine authority and Spirit of power was ordained to continue with the word, authoritatively administered, until the end of the world, whether the end of the world should mean the end of all physical creation or the destruction of the wicked.

The volume of this book is intended to exem-

plify the truthfulness of the foregoing argument and conclusions, by showing in succinct relation the intrusion of a controversy into the religious world intended to show a revival of the doctrines taught by the Master and his disciples, through the same instrumentality by which it was first introduced in the meridian of time, and continued until by persistent departure from the faith, accompanying manifestations of the presence of this Spirit of power dwindled away and were lost in the mists of unbelief. While perhaps it may not be claimed that the possession of the word, the Bible, is a sufficient and safe guide of faith and practice, it is entirely consistent with the mission of Jesus Christ to affirm, and steadfastly hold, that except the doctrines of the Master be taught by those who claim to represent him as the Redeemer of men, accompanied by the Spirit, ineffable in character, unbroken in power, comprehensive in promise, and certified by fulfillment through the constant attendance of the Spirit, salvation can not result to the human family. As clearly as the body of man is dead without the spirit, as surely as the flesh dies when the fountain of life is broken within it, so certainly can not the body of Christ without the Spirit be taught as a means of saving power; and so surely as those who presume to preach Christ neglect to affirm the presence of and assurance of the Spirit which did accompany the preaching at the time of the institution of the church and the sending of the disciples to preach, just as surely

will there be a failure to preach the gospel in much power and the demonstration of the Spirit.

There may be a disturbing element in the preaching of the doctrine as contained in the New Testament Scripture, as there has been so long time a departure from the faith once delivered to the Saints, that the teaching of the original faith is considered a new theory and an innovation. It is, however, necessary that error should be disturbed, no matter in what quarter it may be found manifested, neither with whom may lie its advocacy, nor how long it may have held the field under the assumed guise of truth; hence, the allegation that the preaching of the doctrine of Christ is a disturbing element, can have no weight with the advocates of truth. Nor should it, for the Master has said that the word of God is the truth. Hence those who may be fearful of the introduction of discussion through this disturbing element, should be enabled to discover their error and the weakness of the positions that they occupy and abandon them. Nor should the advocates of truth hesitate to declare the doctrines of Jesus. The charge that the advocates of literalism in the application of scripture occupy too high and a too dangerous ground, is a confession of weakness upon the part of those who make it. It can not be true. The Spirit of Truth must inevitably bear witness to the truth sooner or later; and the advocates of the doctrine of Christ, taking shelter under the words of the Apostle John in his second epistle, "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," should in no wise shrink from a full and fair declaration of the doctrine as it has been spoken by the Savior and his disciples.

The claim made for this work, that it is by virtue of the restoration of the gospel and the reconferring of the power and authority by which it was originally preached, while it may be startling to the ordinary reader, should not prevent a careful reading and fair consideration of the claim made as to its correctness; for, though the claim may be startling, it also may be true; and as it is clearly shown that there was in the words of the Savior the spiritual assurance of life and power, and that these were intended to continue whenever the Word was authoritatively declared, it must follow that those who make affirmation of the gospel economy by virtue of the covenant God made with Abraham, fulfilled at the coming of Shiloh, must do this under the inspiration of the same Spirit.

It will be the effort of this volume to demonstrate this in the history of the life and labor of one called to this work in this dispensation. The writer of this preface neither affirms nor denies the correctness of the statements made by the writer of the book, as he is not responsible for what is written therein. Nevertheless, he bespeaks for the book an earnest and careful study, leaving its merits to be judged by the reader.

JOSEPH SMITH, *President of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.*

INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI, December 5, 1907.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER R. C. EVANS.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTHPLACE AND EARLY YEARS.

I was born October 20, 1861, in Saint Andrews, a small village situated on North River, Argente County, Province of Quebec. My mother was born in the same village, and there my father met and married her, the marriage being in 1845.

My father's health failed him soon after my birth, and he was forced to give up business; and what little of this world's goods he had accumulated were soon consumed.

When dreary months of sickness had passed away, and the sunshine of health was once more beaming upon our little home, father decided to leave the land of his birth (for he was born just fifteen miles from my birthplace), and bidding fare-well to his friends he started for Upper Canada. Fortune smiled upon him, and soon he sent for mother and the family. He worked at his trade in the flour mills in Saint John, Ontario, for one year, after which he moved with the family to the city

of London, Ontario, where he resided till 1890, when he removed to Glencoe to spend his last days with my brother Thomas.

I was the youngest of my father's family. I attended the common school for about four years. I first earned money in my seventh year, by carrying newspapers for the *London Herald* after school hours. I carried a round of ninety-five papers for seventy cents a week. After working that route for nearly a year and a half I obtained another round of one hundred and sixty papers for ninety cents a week. This the reader may think was a poor bargain, for it meant a great deal more work and only twenty cents a week increase in salary. True; but twenty cents looked large and meant much to me in those days when my mother would anxiously wait on Saturday night for those wages.

The reminiscences of those days are not all painful, for it was then and is now a pleasure to know that I did the best I could to earn an honest livelihood, and that my feeble efforts were appreciated, in that my employer and customers were pleased with me. And last, but not least, I had the satisfaction of knowing that I did what I could to help my parents in the days when father had no work, and the grim wolf of poverty was at the door.

I was in my tenth year when I left school and my round of papers for a position in Bryan's brush factory. The hours of work were from 7 a. m. till 6 p. m.; with one hour for dinner and rest, and I was compelled to leave school. At the end of the first week I received my wages, and walked home

very tired, but happy, for I could give my mother more money. My wages for the first six months were to be a dollar and twenty-five cents per week. I was working ten hours a day, and receiving only thirty-five cents per week more than my last round of papers brought me; but I was learning something and had bright hopes of more wages in the future; and again, those thirty-five cents would purchase many little things. My work was to singe the top of paint and whitewash brushes, and paint them. I had worked for two months when I was surprised to get an increase in wages of twenty-five cents per week. In time I found the paint and burnt hair was injuring my health, and when my mother requested me to leave, I did so, and for the next three years or more worked around as parcel boy in different stores, and for a time as news agent on the Grand Trunk Railroad.

While working in the stores it was thought by some that my voice was good and I was soon permitted to attend entertainments and private parties with my older friends, and there would sing. It was not long until through going for the purpose of singing, I learned to dance. When this came to the ears of my mother, I was strictly forbidden to dance, and my entertainment privileges were withheld. But alas, mother's orders came too late; I had learned to be what the boys call smart, that is, to make my mother believe stories which were deceptive, and in many ways (with the assistance of my brothers and friends) I would be on the stage

and in the ballroom when mother thought I was elsewhere.

I do not know that I ever willfully injured my fellow-man in those days, but I was merry and would do almost anything to have what was thought by me and by many others "a good time." If there is any such thing as having a good time while in the world of folly and pride, I think I had it; but I would not give one hour in a good prayer meeting, or gathering where God's Saints are met, for all the pleasures of the world about which I know anything.

Thus passed my fifteenth year. I was but a child, yet I had passed through more and seen more of the world and its allurements than many twice my age. Some fourteen months before this time my father had connected himself with "a peculiar people," known as Latter Day Saints. Our family gave little heed to this, as father had always had very strange views with reference to religion. Mother would often feel ashamed when the minister would come to our house and father would air his views on certain doctrinal points. It had been apparent for a number of years that father was a poor Episcopalian, though he and mother, with their parents, were all members of the Church of England. Father had played an instrument and mother had sung in the choir in that church for years. When father left the church of his fathers, it caused mother many bitter tears. The rest of the house did not care, but poor mother refused to be comforted, and would wend her way to church alone.

CHAPTER II.

HOW I CAME TO ATTEND THE LATTER DAY SAINTS'
MEETINGS.

One day father and mother were discussing some point of doctrine, when father mentioned the name of John J. Cornish as being a great preacher in the Saints' church, and yet he could not read the Bible before the public. This attracted my attention, and from father I learned that this was the same "Johnnie" Cornish I had met years before. He had been brought from the back country to drive a horse for McGee's factory, and would often permit me to ride with him. My curiosity was at once excited and I determined to hear "Jack" Cornish preach. I confess it was not to hear the gospel, or a desire to acquire knowledge that prompted me to go, but the thought of ignorant "Jack" Cornish preaching promised to be to me a treat more amusing than a "dime show." Sunday night came and with a number of boys I went to the Latter Day Saints' church. The building was crowded, and with difficulty we obtained seats. It was a plain, frame building, but everything was neat and clean. We had not been there a great while before an elderly man walked up to and took a seat behind the old-fashioned pulpit. He announced the 721st hymn in the Saints' Harp. There was no instrument of music in the church, but as those honest, earnest, and happy

people raised their voices and hearts to their God in the words of that hymn, I thought it was the sweetest singing I had ever heard. I shall never forget, while the tides of memory ebb and flow, the look of hope that seemed to be stamped upon every face as those words floated away on the evening air:

“Yes, we trust the day is breaking,
Joyful times are near at hand.”

When the last note of the hymn had died away, the old man raised his hand toward heaven and said, “Let us all try to pray.” His words and accent indicated that he was recently from across the sea, and was an unlearned man. But, dear reader, his words flowed from his heart, and as he poured forth his soul unto his Creator, the tears streaming down his face, I could not but feel the difference between that humble, heartfelt prayer and those which I had been accustomed to hear in my mother’s church, where the preacher with a gown on would read prayers out of a book.

After prayer the old gentleman stated that his young brother had requested him to read the first chapter of Paul’s letter to the Galatians. After reading the chapter, the old gentleman (whose name I learned subsequently was Elijah Sparks) introduced the speaker of the hour by saying, “Brother Johnnie Cornish will now speak to you. Come forward, Brother Johnnie.” The man referred to arose, walked into the pulpit, looked over the congregation and smiled. I thought: “What in the world does the fellow mean, to smile like that in the sacred desk.”

For I had been taught to believe that it was a sin to laugh or be merry on the Lord's day; that religion consisted in going to church, reading prayers, singing hymns, being solemn on Sunday, and being prompt in paying pew rent and sustaining the ministerial fund; and now to see a Saint smile was a breach of ministerial dignity. But then I thought, "What can I expect from Jack Cornish?" for he it was that stood before us. He was about twenty-one years of age, tall and slim; his face was beardless, and he looked just like a big boy. When he began to talk, he acted more like a boy than a preacher.

His text was taken from the eleventh and twelfth verses of the first chapter of the epistle of Paul to the Galatians: "But I certify you, brethren, that the gospel which is preached of me is not after man. For I neither received it of men, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ."

The preacher had not been speaking ten minutes before he had his hearers spellbound; "he spake as one having authority." His voice was not a pleasant one, but it thrilled my very soul, and I was convinced that every word he spoke came from an honest heart. Great tears were streaming from his eyes, and soon I, too, was searching after my handkerchief to wipe the tears that were running down my cheeks. I felt ashamed of myself, but I soon discovered that I was not the only one in tears, for perhaps two thirds of the audience were thus affected.

I shall not dwell any longer on that sermon, but

it is indelibly stamped upon my memory. Though I had no thought of ever becoming a Latter Day Saint, yet I thought I would come again and learn more about God and the Bible, for the sermon, though lasting nearly two hours, seemed short. That night I went from church, for the first time in my life interested in what a preacher had said.

When I arrived home my father was anxious to know what I thought of the sermon, but I gave him little encouragement, for I endeavored to hide my feelings with reference to the latter-day work, and was quite successful for a time. As the weeks passed away, I found myself often in the Saints' church. Much as my mother loved me, yet she begged of me at times not to go to hear the Saints preach, for "Madam Rumor" had informed her that the Saints were nothing but Salt Lake Mormons, and that it was only a question of time when they would all go to join the main church at Salt Lake. She thought that father and a few others were deceived, but that in the main the Saints were depraved.

CHAPTER III.

SEEKING LIGHT.

Almost before I was aware of it I found myself withdrawing from my friends and companions of other days. I was beginning to view life in a different way. I began to thirst after knowledge, and awoke to the fact that those things that I had given my time and study to were of little real value to me. I asked for and obtained *The Voice of Warning*. This little book gave me more light with reference to God, his word, the condition of the religious world, and my own position before my Creator, than all the books combined that I had ever read before.

The reader may conclude from this statement that I had not read the Bible. Well, I must confess that the Bible was very seldom found in my hands; in fact I had very little respect for it. My reasons for disrespecting it were these: I had read Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, *Lives of the British Reformers*, and other works showing forth the cruel work perpetrated in the name of Christianity by the Roman Catholic priesthood, who laid sole claim to the right of preaching Christianity and interpreting the Bible. I had read Cobbet's *Protestant Reformation*, and Cobbet's *Legacy to Parsons*, and other works proving many of the Protestant reformers and leading lights, both ecclesiastical and kingly, with the

Bible in one hand and sword in the other, were guilty of the murder of hundreds of Roman Catholics.

As a closing sentence regarding the Roman Catholic tribunal of opinion, I submit the following from Buck's Theological Dictionary, article, "Persecutions":

Fifteen million are said to have been sacrificed to the genius of popery in about forty years. It has been computed that fifty million of Protestants have at different times been the victims of the persecutions of the papists, and put to death for their religious opinions.

Buck quotes from fourteen different authors, whose names and book titles appear at the close of his articles.

The time came when, in many parts of Europe, the Reformation became popular, and forgetful of the struggles through which they had passed, they followed in the wake of their mother, Rome, and did the works of darkness like unto those that she performed, and we are informed by the Catholic historian, that the followers of Calvin alone burned over twenty thousand Roman churches and killed thousands of priests. We are further informed by the Protestant historian, Cobbett, that it was death for a Catholic priest to come into England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

I had for companions some who had read The Age of Reason, by Thomas Paine. I had heard them talk against the Bible, and quote from this book in support of their position. I had also heard father ask preachers questions concerning different pas-

sages found in the Bible, to which the ministers would give some reply such as: "It is not for you to understand"; "That is done away"; "This is not for us to enjoy in these days"; "We are not to understand it in the way it reads," etc., etc.

Remarks such as these from those I thought ought to know what the teachings of the Bible were disturbed me, and I was led to think that that book was the cause of all the blood-curdling and heart-rending scenes of the Catholic and Protestant wars. And last, but not least, if, as the preachers said, "The Bible is a book that can not be understood literally, that only the educated could arrive at the proper meaning, and that by putting a spiritual interpretation upon it," why, I was neither educated nor spiritual, hence it contained no message for me. Those were some of my reasons for disrespecting the Bible.

But when I read *The Voice of Warning*, published by the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, I discovered that the Bible was quite a different book from what I had thought it was. I learned that all the prophecies which have been fulfilled, have been literally fulfilled, and that the prophecies that have not yet met with fulfillment, will be fulfilled in the due time of God, and that literally; that the doctrine taught by Christ should be presented to the world now just as he preached it eighteen centuries ago; that whenever God had a people who were accepted of him they always obeyed the same perfect law which was known as the gospel or doctrine of Christ, and believed in the same

kind of church organization, and sought for and enjoyed the spiritual blessings promised in the Bible; that God was unchangeable, and hence if he had a church on the earth at the present time, the same law, doctrine, organization, and spiritual blessings which were taught, obeyed, believed in, and enjoyed when Christ and the apostles were on earth, could be found and enjoyed in that church.

I learned, further, that many centuries ago (according to the prophecies of Christ and the apostles of the Old and New Testament), and apostasy had taken place in the church, that soon after the organization of the church the elders and others of the true church lost the Spirit of God and taught false doctrine and introduced many evils into the church. Also that in process of time the true servants of God were destroyed, and evil men, false teachers, false apostles entered into the fold, and everything underwent a change, until the time came that they would not endure sound doctrine; the Spirit of God was taken from the apostate church; church and state joined hands, and evil men and seducers waxed worse and worse, till those who claimed the priesthood forbade all others to read the Bible. Truly this was "a famine for the word of God."

In support of the above I read the confession of such men as the Reverend Father Hogan and Chiniquy (who were both priests of high standing at one time in the Roman Catholic Church), that the mother church was in an apostate condition. The horrible crimes that those men say the Catholic

Church is now guilty of, will prove she has apostatized from the pure doctrine the Savior taught.

Let us place the confession of the above men with the statement of John Wesley, as made by him in his sermons on the "More Excellent Way." Note the following extracts:

In the very first society at Rome, there were "divisions and offenses," but how early and how powerfully did the mystery of iniquity work in the church at Corinth; not only schisms, heresies, animosities, fierce and bitter contentions, but actual open sins. We meet with abundant proof that in all the churches the tares grew up with the wheat, and that the "mystery of iniquity" did everywhere work in a thousand forms. That grand pest of Christianity—a faith without works—was spread far and wide. When James wrote his epistle, the tares had produced a plentiful harvest. (See second, third, fourth, and fifth chapters.) There was envy, strife, confusion, and every evil work; whoso reads with attention, will be inclined to believe that the tarès had well nigh choked the wheat, even at this early period, and that among the most of them, no more than the form of godliness (if so much) was left.—John Wesley, sermon 66; subject, "Mystery of Iniquity."

We easily infer what was the state of the church in general from that of the seven churches in Asia; all but Philadelphia and Smyrna were corrupted so that many of them were not a jot better than the present races of Christians; and our Lord then threatened, what he has long since performed—to remove the candlestick from them. . . . We have been apt to imagine that the primitive church was all excellence and perfection; and such, without doubt, it was on the day of Pentecost, but how soon did the fine gold become dim; how soon was the wine mixed with water; how little time before the Christians were scarcely to be distinguished from the heathens; and if so bad in the first century, we can not suppose it to have been any better in the second; undoubtedly it grew worse and worse. Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, in

the third century, gives an account of his time. . . . The converts practiced all kinds of abominations, exactly as they did before conversion. . . . A Christian nation, a Christian city (according to the ancient pattern) was no longer to be found. Has the case altered since the Reformation?—John Wesley, sermon 66.

This was the real cause why the gifts of the Holy Spirit were no longer to be found in the Christian church; because the Christians were turned heathens again, and had only a dead form left.—John Wesley, sermon 94, in vol. 2.

There was also presented to me what I considered as tantamount to a confession by the Church of England that she had no priesthood authority. From the Book of Homilies appointed to be read in the churches in the time of Queen Elizabeth, page 261, I read this extract:

Laity and clergy, learned and unlearned, all ages, sects, and degrees of men, women, and children of whole Christendom (a horrible and most dreadful thing to think) have been at once drowned in abominable idolatry, of all other vices most detested of God, and damnable to man, and that by the space of eight hundred years and more.

Having heard the elders preach and then reading the Voice of Warning and other papers with the above extracts, and some others which I will not give in this sketch, I concluded that the Latter Day Saints were correct in teaching there had been a complete apostasy from primitive Christianity.

CHAPTER IV.

TAKING ISSUE WITH THE OLD REFORMERS.

Having, as before stated, read Cobbett's History of the "Protestant Reformation," I could not bring myself to believe that God would inspire Henry VIII to build up His church; for not only does Cobbett, but some authentic histories of England, prove him to have been a cruel murderer of both Catholics and Protestants, a polygamist and a brutal prince. I could not believe Martin Luther to be a member of God's chosen priesthood, because history shows that he was an Augustine monk, and that when the pope's minister found out that the order of which Luther was a member was secreting the money they had obtained from selling indulgences, in place of sending it to the pope (Leo X,) who was at that time building the church of Saint Peter's at Rome, he (the pope's minister) transferred this lucrative employment from Luther's order to that of the Dominicans, another order of monks. Luther resented this transfer of the sale of indulgences from one order to another, and being naturally of a fiery temper, and provoked by opposition, he inveighed against the authority of the pope himself. He also consented to the debasing doctrine of polygamy. See Goldsmith's History of England, page 44; also Father Nothen's Church History, page 415.

I could not believe that the great God of justice, mercy, and love, had appointed John Calvin to priesthood authority; for he taught that withering and infamous doctrine that our heavenly Father had foreordained a few to be saved, in order to manifest his mercy in them, and that all the rest of the teeming millions of Adam's posterity were unchangeably designed to burn in the fires of a never ending hell, all for the glory of God. The infant of a day, if called away, and it did not happen to be one of the "elect infants," would go to the seething flames, there to welter 'neath the frown of an angry God, not because the baby did wrong, but only because God wanted a little more glory!

By the decree of God for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life and others foreordained to everlasting death. These angels and men thus predestinated and foreordained are particularly and unchangeably designed; and their number is so certain and definite that it can not be either increased or diminished. Those of mankind that are predestinated unto life, God before the foundation of the world was laid, according to his immutable purpose and the secret counsel and good pleasure of his will, hath chosen in Christ unto everlasting glory, out of his mere free grace and love without any foresight of faith or good works or perseverance in either of them or any other thing in the creature as conditions or causes moving him thereunto, and all to the praise of his glorious grace.—Confession of Faith, chap. 3, pars. 3 to 5.

"Elect infants dying in infancy are regenerated and saved." Yes, but what about the "others not elected?" They "can not be saved," and "to assert and maintain that they may, is very pernicious and to be detested." (Confession of Faith, pp. 45, 46.)



FATHER.

This doctrine of baby damnation made Calvin smack his lips. Hear him: "Reprobate infants are vipers of vengeance, which God holds over the flames of hell until they turn and spit venom in God's face."—Calvin's Institutes, vol. 1. I quote from Calvin because he was the source of Presbyterian inspiration. "Their doctrines are Calvinistic."—Buck's Theological Dictionary, p. 366.

This man Calvin by some is said to have persecuted with the most persistent and inveterate hatred all who did not agree with his views in every particular. He threw Bolsec, the physician, Ameaur, the senator, and several others into prison, or had them exiled. James Gruet he had several times put to the torture, and finally beheaded. The unfortunate Doctor Servetus he burned to death at the stake; and all this wicked cruelty because these persons held views different from his own.

Further, I had tried in my weakness to compare the teaching and organization of the churches with the doctrine and organization of the Church of Christ, as found in the Bible, and found them wanting.

Now I do not wish the reader to think that I believed then or now that there was no good accomplished by the reformers. I did then and do now believe that God used the wrath of men to praise him, and that the men referred to above weakened the chain of Catholicism by the opposition they brought against her. I thank God for some of the work performed by the reformers, and believe they

to some degree prepared the way for the restoration of the gospel in its purity.

There were then and there are now good men in the different churches, but that does not prove that they have priesthood authority given them of God, and if God conferred no priesthood upon them, it is apparent that they had no authority to minister in any of the gospel ordinances, nor to preach any part of the gospel; for the inspired Paul informs us that "no man taketh this honor [the priesthood or the right to minister in gospel ordinances] unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron."—Hebrews 5:4. And he says in Romans 10:15: "And how shall they preach except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!"

The reader will see that by this time I was convinced that the Bible was true, that Roman Catholicism had lost all the authority that God had conferred upon the ancient church, that she had become the lewd woman spoken of in the Scriptures, and that all the reformers who had come out from her were destitute of authority; for if the Romish church had authority, the reformers did wrong in leaving her. On the other hand, if she had lost her authority and become corrupt, then they who came out of her had no authority. The Savior said, "A corrupt tree [which surely the Roman church was] can not bring forth good fruit."

All the priesthood authority the reformers claimed to have they obtained from the pope of Rome, who

they claimed was and is the "man of sin." Wycliffe, Cranmer, Latimer, Knox, Calvin, Luther, Ridley, Hooper, and others of the Protestant reformers were all priests of the Roman Church, and administered under their Roman ordination till the hour of their death.

CHAPTER V.

THE DIVINE MESSAGE TO JOSEPH SMITH.

When convinced that both the Roman and Protestant churches were acting without divine authority, I naturally inquired of the Latter Day Saints for the proof that God had divinely commissioned them to preach the gospel, and administer in the ordinances thereof. Elder John Shippy was preaching there for a few days, and he informed me that an angel from God conferred the priesthood on Joseph Smith. I had read this in some of the books or papers the Saints had furnished me, but it was hard for me to believe. I could believe that a heavenly messenger surrounded by a light had appeared to Moses in the bush, much easier than that the messenger did appear to Joseph Smith encircled in light in the forest. The reader will doubtless say I was traditioned to believe the case of Moses, but prejudiced against the story of Joseph Smith. I confess I was guilty of the charge.

I was already convinced of the complete apostasy,

and therefore was soon converted to the doctrine of the restoration of the gospel and the priesthood of the latter days. Elders Shippy, Cornish, and others took much pains in showing and explaining the texts of scripture supporting these facts. I shall not take time to present to the reader the arguments used. But they proved to my satisfaction that in "the hour of God's judgment," "the eleventh hour of the world," "just before the harvest time," "when men would be worshiping dumb idols" (a god that would not or could not speak), "a little while before Lebanon shall be turned into a fruitful field," God would send "an angel" to earth, and the right and power of the priesthood would be conferred on men; that the gospel would then be preached in its fullness; that all the spiritual blessings of apostolic times would again be enjoyed; that the church would be organized upon the original platform, that is, with "apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, teachers, bishops, and deacons"; that the angel would "appear to a young man"; that this young man would be "unlearned"; that this unlearned man would get a "sealed book" "out of the ground"; that God would give him power to translate it; and that when translated it would speak familiar words, that is, that the doctrine taught in this book would sound familiar because it would be the same as other revelations of God's will, given in the Bible; it would teach the same doctrine and church organization as found in the Bible. They then explained much that I had read in their printed works, and showed that the angel did appear to Joseph Smith; that we were living in the

hour of God's judgments, and from the signs of the times and fulfillment of prophecy that we are living in the "latter days"; that the priesthood was by angelic hands conferred on Joseph Smith; that he "was an unlearned young man"; that he by the authority of God organized the church according to scriptural pattern; that he taught every principle of the doctrine of Christ; that as a church the Latter Day Saints were enjoying the spiritual blessings promised the true believers and followers of Christ; that the sealed book that was to come out of the ground and speak with a "familiar spirit," referred to by the Prophet Isaiah in his twenty-ninth chapter, was the Book of Mormon; that an angel from God showed Joseph Smith where the book was deposited "in the ground"; that it was the history of a people who had come from the eastern world many centuries ago, and settled on this continent, how they came, and that they built large cities on this land. (The remains of many of their cities are described as discovered in the jungles of North and South America by Catherwood and Stephens, Captain Del Rio, Baldwin in Ancient America, and Priest in American Antiquities, and others who have published large volumes, "all going to show that this country has been inhabited by a people who possessed a knowledge of the arts and sciences, and who were in possession of a written language.) This record was written (say Joseph Smith and others who saw it) upon plates which had the appearance of gold, each plate being not far from seven by eight inches in width and length, being not quite as thick

as common tin, filled on both sides with engravings in Reformed Egyptian characters, bound together in a volume as the leaves of a book, and fastened at the edge with three rings running through the whole." The elders showed me further that this book contains a record of the fullness of the gospel of Jesus Christ, as taught to the ancient inhabitants of this land by Christ after his resurrection; that after the gospel had been preached to them, and the church of Christ established in their midst, they in process of time fell into great wickedness, God withdrew his Spirit, and wars and contentions ensued until all the members of the church were destroyed, prior to the death of the last prophet, the sacred record being deposited in the earth, where it remained from A. D. 420 to September 22, 1827, at which time it was found by Joseph Smith, he being directed by an angel of the Lord to go and obtain it; that the wicked people who still lived on the land and who had destroyed the people who were favored of God (till they rebelled against him) were "a dark and loathsome people," but were of the same parentage as those whom they had destroyed, but had been cursed of the Lord with a dark skin years before because of their sins, the American Indians being a remnant of these. They read to me a number of pages in different parts of the Book of Mormon which convinced me that the teachings of the book were pure, and that none could live up to the teachings of the book without being God-fearing persons in every sense of the word. I was also informed that this book did not take the place of the Bible,

but rather confirmed the Bible, "another witness" with the Bible, and that its mission was to prove certain prophecies to be true and "to convince Jew and Gentile that Jesus is the Christ."

CHAPTER VI.

THE BATTLE WITH CONSCIENCE AND FINAL YIELDING TO TRUTH.

For about two months prior to my fifteenth birthday I had begun to study and inquire into the subject of religion, and labored night and day. I had learned from the Bible, Voice of Warning, tracts, and papers, together with the scraps of history and the sermons heard and conversation had with Elders Cornish and Shippy and my father, that the gospel was now being preached, that the Latter Day Saints were the people of God, that they had the holy priesthood among them, and that it was my duty to obey the gospel; that if I did obey the gospel God would bless me with a knowledge of its truth by the Holy Spirit, which I would receive after my obedience to the first principles of it. I dared not ask God for an evidence of it till I had complied with the conditions, for I had read the promise of the Savior: "If any man will do his [God's] will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."—John 7: 17.

Now commenced a battle. My conscience told

me I should obey God; but that meant the giving up of much that had become part of my very self. While I was studying I had not thought of the sacrifices I would be called upon to make. Indeed, when I began to study I had no idea I would ever become a church member; but I soon saw that I could never be what I had been in the past,—the pleasures of the world could never fill the aching void in my heart.

My friends tried hard to lure me from the path that my better judgment told me I should walk in, and I knew that all my father's family would despise me. This caused me pain. My mother had conversed with me much of late, and I had persuaded her to go to the Saints' church a few times. It was somewhat amusing to see mother wait until church had begun and then veil her face and drop into a seat near the door and then go out when they were singing, so that few would know she had been in the Latter Day Saints' church. At last father persuaded mother to permit the Saints to have a prayer-meeting at our home and I promised to attend. Friday night came, and with it came a large number of Latter Day Saints to our house. Elder John J. Cornish presided over the meeting. I shall never forget that night. The Saints seemed of one heart and mind. Each prayer seemed to speak forth the silent throbbings of the heart, each hymn told their love for God, each testimony seemed filled with knowledge and was given with burning zeal that told all present, "We know what we believe." There was no excitement, and everyone

seemed "as calm as a summer morning." I felt I would give all I ever had if I could feel as I heard them say they felt and know what they claimed to know.

I had told no one my feelings up to this time, but I could stand it no longer. I felt that though brothers, sister, mother, and friends were all to despise me, I must rise to my feet and tell those people I felt they had the truth and that I desired to be baptized. So I arose to my feet and requested baptism. All were surprised and I think glad; but judge the surprise mingled with the joy that filled the hearts of all present, especially my father, when upon my being seated my mother arose and asked to be baptized. It was arranged that Elder John J. Cornish baptize us on the following Sunday afternoon at one o'clock. The meeting adjourned and all retired to their homes.

CHAPTER VII.

BAPTISM AND CONFIRMATION.

Sunday, November 5, 1876, was a bright but cold day. Very little snow was on the ground. Father, mother, and I went to morning meeting, after which, in company with about two hundred others, we immediately repaired to the home of William Lively, where mother and I prepared for baptism. From there we went to the Thames River where, right under the Port Stanley Bridge, Elder John J. Cornish immersed us. I believed then as I do now, that the Christian mode of baptism was immersion, and that "water baptism is for the remission of sins."

I felt the solemnity of the occasion resting upon me, and felt that our heavenly Father had pardoned all my sins. My brother-in-law came to see us baptized, but was ashamed to let people see him in company with the Latter Day Saints, so he went on the other side of the river, hid himself under some bushes, and witnessed the baptism.

In the afternoon of the same day at a prayer meeting in the church we were confirmed under the hands of Elders Joseph Luff and John J. Cornish. I was then a Latter Day Saint. I felt that as my name was written in the record of the church, so it was also written in the Lamb's Book of Life; that I had been translated from the kingdom of darkness

into the kingdom of God's dear Son; that I was now an heir of God and a joint heir with Jesus Christ.

O, how my views had changed! In the past I had been taught to look upon God as being a something that had no body (Church of England Prayer Book, article 1; Catholic Catechism, by Rev. P. Collet; Methodist Discipline, article 1,)—a something whom no person had ever seen and no one ever would see; but as I studied I read how Adam saw God and conversed with him in the Garden of Eden; that “Enoch walked with God,” and Abraham walked before the Almighty God and prepared a feast of cakes, butter, and milk, and a part of a calf, tender and good, and that the Lord and two angels ate of the food while Abraham stood by them under the tree, and when the dinner was over God and Abraham walked together. When they finished their conversation the scriptural statement is, “And the Lord went his way, as he had left communing with Abraham, and Abraham returned unto his place.” Again: “And he left off talking with him, and God went up from Abraham.”—Genesis 18. I read how Jacob declared, “He had seen God face to face.” And in case Jacob should think it was not God, but that it was an angel, “God appeared unto Jacob again,” and “God said unto him, Thy name is Jacob: thy name shall not be called any more Jacob, but Israel shall be thy name. . . . And God said unto him, I am God Almighty. . . . And God went up from him in the place where he talked with him.”—Genesis 35: 9-13.

I then read the scriptural account of “Moses and

Aaron, Nadab, and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel” who “saw the God of Israel and there was under his feet as it were a paved work of a sapphire stone. . . . They saw God and did eat and drink.” After that Moses was permitted to see God at different times as the Bible says, “and the Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend.”—Exodus 9.

I also read in many parts of the Old Testament that many other men were permitted to see God, and when I looked into the New Testament I read that Jesus Christ was “the express image of his [God’s] person,” and that he was “in the form of God.” I also read both in the Old and New Testaments that “man was made in the image” “and after the similitude of God,” and thank Heaven, I not only read that God had a body, and that men had seen him, both in Old and New Testament times, but that by perfect obedience to the gospel, I could be made pure, and I read that the “pure in heart shall see God,” and that when the storms of this life have ended he will come to earth and they (the pure in heart) shall see God, and that they (the pure in heart) shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away. “He that hath this hope purifieth himself.” Thank God for such a hope.

It is true that I knew but very little of God; but from the little I had learned when a child in Sunday

school and from the few sermons I had heard, and revival meetings I had attended, I thought God a cruel being who had created the human family, and that because Adam ate of the forbidden fruit, God was going to thrust all of Adam's posterity into a burning lake of fire and brimstone, there to welter in the seething flames of an eternal hell. But that there was a child born of a virgin, whose name was Jesus Christ, and God made an agreement with this child, when he was grown to be a man, that if he would die on the cross, all who would believe on him would be permitted to live in heaven with them, but that all other people who would not believe that Jesus was God's Son, must go to the fires of hell, there to burn for ever and ever. I had then read from a book called *The Confession of Faith, the Larger and Shorter Catechisms*, these words:

By the decree of God for the manifestation of his glory some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death. The angels and men, thus predestinated and foreordained are particularly and unchangeably designed, and their number is so certain and definite that it can not be increased or diminished.

These, with other things I had heard, made me think God was unjust and cruel. I confess I was in one sense afraid of God, but I could not love him. I thought if I had been born in order to be sent to hell "by the decree of God for the manifestation of his glory" for something I could not do or could not help doing, I felt justified in saying, "I would pound upon the sooty doors of my infernal prison and make the blackened and gloomy caverns

of hell reëcho with my shrieks of, Unjust! unjust!"

I could not say this was not so, but I could say if it were true that God made some for heaven and all the rest for hell, that he did not do justice, and therefore I could not love him. I could not love a man if he were to take his helpless child and put it on a red-hot stove for one minute to hear it scream and see it burn. I would look upon him as a wretch who was not worthy the name of man. How then could I be expected to love a God who would take teeming millions of weak and helpless creatures who were unable to resist his awful decrees and cast them into a fire which Spurgeon says "will burn for ever," and that "it is fire exactly like that which we have on earth"; and Professor Finney says, "is so hot that if the damned were taken out and put into a caldron of red-hot potash they would freeze to death instantly"?

But when I heard the Latter Day Saints preach, when I read the Bible and the books of our church, I found that such teachings as above referred to were false, that it was nothing but blasphemy, that God is a loving Father who is "too good to be unkind." I learned that our Savior came and paid the debt of original sin, so that no man will be sent to hell because Adam did wrong, but that man will be judged and rewarded according to his works: "that men will be punished for their own sins and not for Adam's transgression"; that through the atonement of Christ all men may be saved by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the gospel.

Oh, how different this doctrine from that which

presented God as an unmerciful, spiteful tyrant! In place of viewing him as the eternal foe of the erring and blind, I read that he was and is ever blessing his children, both the evil and the good, and that his dear Son was called the "friend of sinners"; not that he passed by their sins as a thing of naught, but he loved and pitied and wept over erring humanity, for he knew that they would (if they did not repent and seek forgiveness) be called to render an account for every sinful word and deed, and be punished according to the degree of crime they had committed. The Scriptures taught me that though God would punish man for every sin, yet it would not be because God hated the sinner, but on the contrary, because he loved him; and that when the wicked had paid the "uttermost farthing," or had paid the penalty for their sin, they would receive a reward for the good they had performed in life. There has no man lived upon the earth who has not performed some kind act; and the Savior said that even the giver of a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple shall in no wise lose his reward; and he certainly taught that there would be an end to the punishment of the wicked when he said through his servant Paul, that by his atonement every man shall be made alive and be rewarded according to the deeds done in the body; and each shall receive a glory in his own order. The apostle has said that God has sworn by himself that every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that Jesus is the Christ, to the glory of

God the Father. The Savior, while in his ministry here on earth, said:

All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men: but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him: but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come.—Matthew 12:31, 32.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHRIST SHALL DESTROY THE WORKS OF SATAN.

The reader will discover by reading God's word that by the atonement of Christ "all men" were to be drawn unto him. Now from the quotation at the close of the foregoing chapter and other revelations of the Savior, we learn that they who commit the sin of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost are those who once were members of the church of God, and had been drawn unto Christ, knew his power and were made partakers thereof, and after all this suffered themselves through the power of the Devil to be overcome, and to deny the truth and defy the power of God. They denied the Holy Ghost after having received it, and willfully turned from the Lord to follow Satan, and having yielded to his power became, by their own choice, the servants of Satan, and so became the sons of perdition. It is said they "shall not be forgiven in this world, neither

in the world to come." They are "the only ones who shall not be redeemed in the due time of the Lord."

Now, if they are never again brought into favor with God, it will not be because "Christ did not die for them," nor desire to save them; but it will be because they crucified Christ afresh and trampled under their feet the blood of the covenant, looking on it as a thing of naught.

But I am of the opinion that, though they be not forgiven "in this world or the world to come," sometime in the worlds without end over which our heavenly Father will preside, they may be forgiven; or if not forgiven they may, when they have "paid the very last mite," depart out of their place of punishment, and though they shall not be able to enter into the celestial kingdom, "the Master having shut to the door," and though they may feel the pangs of an accusing conscience in that they were once "children of the kingdom," but because of sin were "thrust out," nevertheless they are saved from eternal death.

I will illustrate what I mean. My brother and I contract debts with Thomas Jones, and give our notes to him. When the notes are due, my brother tells Mr. Jones that he can not pay the debt, and Mr. Jones says: "I forgive you the debt; here is your note." But I, on the contrary, never go to see Mr. Jones, and when the due time arrives for me to redeem my note, Mr. Jones informs me that I must pay or go to prison and work it out. Now I go to prison, "I pay the very last mite." He has not forgiven me, but I have the right to my note and free-

dom; hence, though not forgiven, I come out of prison, though not redeemed, in the "due time," that is, in the fit, proper, seasonable, right time of the Lord; yet after the due time, or time appointed, I may be redeemed.

I read this promise: that "God would have a desire to the works of his hands." Then all will eventually be rescued from the power of sin and death, and be brought back to God. For all the works of the Devil are yet to be destroyed, and Christ shall be the Savior of all men, especially of those that believe. For even those who have sinned much shall be forgiven. Hear the word of the Lord: "For I will not contend for ever, neither will I be always wroth: for the spirit shall fail before me, and the souls which I have made."—Isaiah 57: 16.

Thus I learned to look upon our Father as one who punished man, not as our earthly fathers, "after their own pleasure," but for their profit, that they "might be made partakers of his holiness." Though the punishment be severe and the chastening hand of God may fall heavily, "nevertheless afterward it will yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby."—Hebrews 12.

Thank heaven! the fire of God's punishment is applied to the sinner, not because God hates the sinner, but to burn out the dross, and thus refine the gold, thus profiting the sinner by the punishment, in that he is made pure, and fitted for duty in some of the worlds which are without end.

Oh, how different this view to that inhuman,

unjustifiable, horrible, and unscriptural conception of divinity as presented by those who believe and teach that few are to be saved, while all others are to be sent to hell to become material for eternal flames, in order that God might get a little glory.

As the winter months went by, I studied the parables of Christ, as opportunity presented. Christ says the kingdom of God is like "leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened." From this I understand (1) the "leaven" to be the doctrine or gospel of Christ; (2) the "woman" the church of Christ; (3) the "three measures of meal," "every creature which is in heaven, and on earth, and under the earth," "till the whole was leavened," that is, till the inhabitants of heaven, who, we are told are governed by law and "keep the sayings of this book," the word of God, and they of earth, and those who are under the earth, in the pit or prison, will all hear, believe, and worship God according to the gospel of Christ.

From the parable of "the lost sheep," as recorded by Saint Luke, I understood that as the man would go after the lost sheep, no obstacle would hinder him in his search. Up the hills, over the valleys, through the storm he goes, not turning back when he discovers the lost sheep afar off, straying away from him, but pressing on until he finds it, when he brings it home to the fold again, and calleth his friends and neighbors, saying: "Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost." From this I learned that Christ, "the Good Shep-

herd," "must reign until he hath put all his enemies under his feet, and the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." Death means separation; hence he will work until the last lost sheep, or soul, is brought home to God. And I learned the same from the parable of the lost piece of silver. The woman will seek diligently till she finds it. Thus the light and power of the gospel will shine, even to the dark caverns of the prison until the last soul that has been blinded by the power of Satan will be rescued, to glorify God, and prove that Jesus Christ is Lord of all, and the "Savior of all men."

The parable of the "prodigal son" conveyed to me the idea that notwithstanding God's covenant children wander far out into the world of sin, sometime they will return to their Father's house. Thus the lost will be found, the dead brought to life, and the whole family of mankind be restored to holiness, "but every man in his own order." (1 Corinthians 15.)

Some may think this view contradicts the vision of the Palmyra Seer; but I think it is in strict harmony with the vision. Speaking with reference to the "sons of perdition," and the punishment to be inflicted upon them, the words, *for ever, everlasting, endless, eternal, and perpetual*, are used. But the Bible writers used all these words, and yet we find that the very covenants, punishments, and ordinances declared by God to be endless, eternal, and everlasting came to an end. In verification of this assertion I submit the following: "For ever": Exodus 12: 14-17; 13: 10; 21: 6; 29: 9; 30: 8; Leviticus

3: 17; 10: 9; 24; Numbers 10: 8; 18: 8; 19: 10; Psalm 21: 4; 23: 6; "eternal": Jude 7, with Ezekiel 16; Amos 1: 11.

Much more could be offered in support of the fact that the words, *for ever*, *everlasting*, *endless*, and *perpetual*, do not at all times carry the idea of duration, but that often when used in the revelations of God refer to the quality. In a word, everlasting, eternal, and endless punishment is God's punishment, for the revelations declare, "eternal and endless is my [God's] name." "Eternal punishment is God's punishment, endless punishment is God's punishment"; "nevertheless it is not written that there shall be no end to this torment, but it is written endless torment. . . . For behold, I am endless.—P. 100, Doctrine and Covenants.

From the foregoing revelation do I determine the meaning of the words *endless* and *eternal*, when used concerning the punishment of the sons of perdition in the vision, section 76, Doctrine and Covenants, and the words in the vision which saith:

The end thereof, neither the place thereof nor their torment, no man knows, neither was it revealed, neither is, neither will be revealed unto man, except to them who are made partakers thereof; nevertheless, I, the Lord, show it by vision unto many, but straightway shut it up again; wherefore the end, the width, the height, the depth and the misery thereof they understand not, neither any man except they who are ordained unto this condemnation.

This, to my mind, shows clearly that there is an end to their suffering, but God has only revealed the end thereof to a few by vision. No others are to

know but those few and they who suffer the punishment.

Webster defines the word *eternal* thus: A, "without beginning or end, perpetual, everlasting; N, an appellation of God." Hence I understand Webster to agree with both the Bible and the Doctrine and Covenants, in that he defines the word *eternal* to mean just what the above books declare it to mean.

If any apply the first definition given by Webster when used in connection with future punishment, they must also believe that those who are to suffer have always been suffering, for the word when so applied means without beginning or end. Who can not see that this position involves an absurdity?

God is our Father, and to my mind it is contrary to parental love to punish eternally (in one sense of the word) one of the children of the world. If this punishment would never cease, what are we to understand by the word which saith, "The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting?" Are we to understand that God will punish the erring ones of his creation from a spiteful motive? No! no! a thousand times no! Rather let us believe that his punishment will burn out the dross, purify the gold, and eventually cleanse "all the souls which he hath made" to acknowledge his goodness and mercy for ever. "God is love." I can not understand a love that is not strong enough for all pardon. As good is stronger than evil, right mightier than wrong, so God is greater than Satan, and sometime in worlds to come will overcome all that is evil

and reign over all his creation, as "God over all."

Dear reader, I have endeavored to give you the result of my early teachings and studies as a Latter Day Saint, and the more I have heard for and against the thoughts herein presented, the more convinced I am that the position taken by me years ago is correct. If you think I have been too lengthy, all the apology I have to make is, I love my Father in heaven and my elder brother Jesus too well to permit men unchallenged to scandalize them to the world as being unkind, unjust, unmerciful, and spiteful. No true man would be silent if he heard his earthly father misrepresented. I love God more because he is more loving, just, and merciful than earthly parents, hence I have written the foregoing without one compunctious throb, praying that this my puny effort may serve to point the reader to the God of love and the Savior who was lifted up from the earth so that all men would be drawn unto him.

CHAPTER IX.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES AS A LATTER DAY SAINT.

Just one week after mother and I were baptized several others were also baptized. At the time they were confirmed Elder John Shippy spoke in tongues to two persons, one of whom was my mother. In the interpretation of the tongue my mother was informed that two who were near and dear to her by the ties of nature would be baptized before the rising of the sun. My parents' faith, as well as my own, was sorely tried at this time, for Elder Shippy had never seen one of our family save father, mother, and myself; and not one of our relatives would enter a Latter Day Saints' meeting, nor would they permit us to speak to them concerning our faith. It was now 11.30 p. m., and yet the revelation said that before the rising of another sun (before morning) two who were near and dear to my mother would be baptized. The meeting closed. Some doubted, a number repaired to their homes feeling sad, while a few remained to see if anyone came to be baptized. At last all were about to leave. I never shall forget the look on poor Brother Shippy's face, when, just as the last of us were about to leave, he said, "Let us pray." If ever I saw a Mount Carmel and an Elijah, it was on that occasion. As this modern Elijah raised his hands to heaven, he prayed

that God would at this time prove that "I am thy servant, and that I have but spoken thy words." He ceased praying, his face was white, his voice calm and sweet, and turning to mother he said, "Fear not, only believe; for this hour thine eyes shall behold thine offspring in the waters of baptism."

Immediately there were voices heard out on the street, and soon my brother William entered the house with a parcel under his arm.

My mother saw him and cried, "O, Willie, is it you?"

He replied, "No, mother, not this time."

After him came my sister, Lizzie, and her husband, William Pugsley. The last two named prepared for the water, and thus, as the Lord had said, before the rising of the sun two of mother's dear ones were baptized.

This William Pugsley was the same brother-in-law that only one week before had hid in the bushes to witness the rite of baptism administered to mother and me, he being then ashamed to be seen with the Saints.

Doubtless the reader will wish to know what had wrought the change. I will tell you as I heard my sister relate it. "When William passed the Saints' church that night, he had no thought of ever becoming a Saint. He went to the Methodist church, remained to the prayer meeting after church, was prayed for, and went forward to the 'mourner's bench.' He then made up his mind that he would reform, and become a Christian.

“After we returned home, we knelt in prayer together for the first time in our home. Influences were brought to bear upon us while in the room that I need not here relate; and we there decided to seek an elder and be baptized into the Latter Day Saints’ Church, for we were convinced this was the way to the Lord. We felt delay was dangerous, so, though near midnight, we prepared for baptism. We went to Bro. J. J. Cornish’s house, and were informed that he was down at the river baptizing. The rest you know.”

Some time after, I have forgotten the date, my brother William was smitten with a deadly fever. All that money could purchase, and human skill and kind hearts could do for him was done, but he continued to grow weaker. At last he consented to have the elders administer to him, as the law of God directs. They came, Elders John Shippy, J. J. Cornish, and G. Mottashed. They anointed him with oil, and prayed for him (see James 5:14, 15), laying their hands upon him as the Savior said (see Mark 16:16-19). He was blessed according to the promise, and the following day arose from his bed, and was soon about his work. He soon decided to be baptized, but his wife opposed it, and so he concluded to wait. A short time after this his wife was eating, when something lodged in her throat. Aid was summoned, but every effort to relieve her failed. Her throat swelled and became inflamed and she began to think death was near. Then she began to call upon God for mercy, promising to obey him, if he would spare her life. She was re-

lieved at once, and both my brother William and she were baptized.

Soon after I joined the church Bro. A. Dempsey procured for me a situation in the wholesale confectionery establishment of Perrin & Kennleyside. Here I worked for some time, and then went to work in a dry goods store, where I formed the acquaintance of some who led me from the straight path I had chosen to walk in.

There had been some trouble in our branch, which made known to me that men whom I thought were head and shoulders above a mean action, became jealous of each other, and for a time the London Branch seemed as if it would all go to naught. I grew careless, became with many more discouraged, listened, was tempted and fell. Again my voice was heard in the theater, and my feet moved upon the ballroom floor.

I tried hard to forget the past, but could not. Often I would smile upon the stage when my miserable heart gave the lie to my smiling face. I tried to hide behind the flimsy excuse that I was as good as those that professed more than I did; but each night as I retired I felt I was a coward. Brother R. May and others came to talk to me, and once an officer of the branch told me if I did not quit going to dances, and singing and acting on the stage, that they would have me cut off from the church.

“All right,” said I, “go ahead.”

But they had mercy on me when I cared not for myself, and no court of elders was called.

After awhile I left the store and procured a situa-

tion in the firm of A. Kennleyside & Company, confectioners. I worked there one year, when I took charge of the lozenge department, and received first prize at the provincial exhibition for my work. This encouraged me much.

One night I went to a grand ball, took as my partner a celebrated actress, and after carrying off the first prize for waltzing, I felt happy and had, I thought, for once got rid of the awful warning of a faithful conscience. But all of a sudden, while engaged in a circle dance, I heard a voice and felt a hand upon my shoulder. I felt this was an angel from God. I tried to listen, and a feeling of wretchedness came over me. I stopped dancing, excused myself, went out of the ballroom, entered a bedroom, and was alone with God. Oh, the experience of that night shall never be forgotten. I was surrounded by many friends, every pleasure the vain world could give me was mine, yet alone in that room I was miserable and sad. I felt that all these things were empty and vain; and there on my knees in the dark, I asked God to pity and pardon a wretched, wandering boy. God there proved to me that he had not forsaken me, and I was encouraged to try once more to fill my place in the church of God. I returned home, and when mother met me next morning in the breakfast room she saw there was a change, and spoke of it. I told her what had transpired. Then, if never before, I saw how much mother loved the church of God and her boy who had wandered from it.

Kind influences were brought to bear upon me,

both in our home and at the church. I started to go to Sunday school and to attend a young men's prayer meeting. In process of time I taught a class in the school, and finally was elected president of the young people's prayer meeting. Much good was accomplished in those meetings, and some of the seed sown has borne fruit. From them have gone forth those who have grown to be plants of renown in the garden of the Lord.

I wish to relate another fact which proves that God is unchangeable, and that the son of Mary was not an impostor, but that God has confirmed and does confirm the true believer and follower of Christ, and that those who obey the gospel in these latter days may become the recipients of the blessings promised by the Savior in the sixteenth chapter of Mark, and elsewhere. My niece (the eldest child of Brother and Sister Pugsley, of whom I have spoken before) when a child of three years of age met with a painful accident which would have resulted in her death had not our Father in heaven glorified himself in showing his power. It happened thus: My sister (Sister Pugsley) purchased a poisonous liquid from a drug store, that she might take iron rust out of some clothing. She emptied the contents of the bottle into a cup, and while she went to the next room to build a fire she placed the cup on the table, leaving the child alone in the room. She returned to the room and was horrified to see the child drinking from the cup. She screamed and the child dropped the cup, but not until it had drunk a quantity of the poison. She called for my mother, who

was in the front part of the house, and people, hearing her scream, ran in, and soon there were some twenty persons in the house. The poor child's suffering was awful. She struggled till the blood rushed out of her eyes, ears, nose, and mouth; her muscles all contracted, and her body turned a dark blue color. For a few minutes all stood bewildered, till my sister called for the consecrated oil. She tried to pour some oil in her mouth, but found her teeth were locked fast. They brought her a table knife to pry the child's teeth apart, but in vain. At last she poured the oil on the baby's head, and prayed. These are the words she said: "O God, I have obeyed thy gospel, and thy Son, our Savior hath said, 'These signs shall follow them that believe, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them.' Heal this my child, and thus prove to these people that thou hast restored thy gospel to earth again, and that I have accepted of thee. Amen."

As she opened her eyes she placed the child upon the floor; and in a few minutes she washed the blood off its face and hands, changed its clothing, and the child was seemingly as well as if nothing had transpired. It may be well to state that my sister and her husband took the bottle which had contained the poison up to the druggist from whom it had been purchased, and he stated that one teaspoonful of the poison was enough to kill a man.

I could occupy much space were I to relate all the miracles which I saw performed in those early days of my life as a Saint, but I will forbear.

After working for the firm of A. Kennleyside & Company for one year and nine months, they failed in business. I was now out of employment, but obtained a good recommendation from the firm, and made up my mind to go to the States; but Mr. Perrin, for whom I had first worked at the confectionery business, hearing that I was out of employment, drove up to our house and offered me a good situation. I accepted his terms and went to work at once, continuing in his employ till I left to go into the ministerial field.

CHAPTER X.

A HAPPY MARRIAGE.

I now come to one of the greatest events of my life. Soon after my return to the church and school, in the winter of 1879, there came to our Sunday school a girl of sixteen summers, Lizzie Thomas. She was born and educated in the city of London, but knew little of the life that surrounded her. At the time of which I write she had never been in a ballroom or attended a dancing party or theater. Her books and her home were her chief enjoyments. She possessed a light, graceful form rarely seen save as reproduced from the imagination of a painter. Her hair fell in light silvery curls down her neck and shoulders, and her eyes were of a delicate blue; her voice was soft and musical, expressing individuality seldom seen in

one so young. Miss Thomas was wondrously gifted by nature, not only in mind and person, but in heart. She was as little like the fashionable young ladies I had met in the ballroom or the opera as it was well possible to be, partly because she had hitherto been secluded from the great world, partly from the care bestowed upon her training. Her father died while she was a small child, but her mother was living, and was a firm believer in the fullness of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

From the first time I met this young lady I desired in my heart to become acquainted with her, for I thought to be privileged to be in the society of one so noble could not but be a blessing. I presume she thought to be in the society of the pure and good was the best place for her. Months passed before we spoke to each other, but at last an opportunity presented itself, and I embraced it.

The church was crowded one Sunday night and the doors were thrown wide open. It was dark and raining hard, and as she came out of the door, her foot slipped, and she fell forward. In less time than it takes to tell the story I was on the spot; and before she had reached the ground I caught her and saved her from the fall. She looked up, recognized me, and thanked me for the timely assistance rendered. I confusedly stammered out some words meant to be gallant, left her, and passed on into the darkness.

After that night we acknowledged each other's presence when we met; and, let me add, those meetings were none too frequent for the writer.

The months passed away as a dream. As I thought of the silvery curls, the gentle voice, the plain gray dress, the unassuming character of this girl, I seemed to wish to be in her presence all the time. Those soft blue eyes spoke a language I had never heard before, and I learned fast the sweet lesson which comes to all true hearts some time in life. The bud of pure love soon blossomed in the garden of my affection, and life was a joyous dream, the dream which, if rudely broken, changes our beautiful world into a desert waste; if realized, makes this earth an Eden of delight. Mine was realized. On the 9th day of June, 1881, we were married. Elder W. H. Kelley, now of Lamoni, Iowa, and Reverend Mr. Copeland, of London, Ontario, were the officiating ministers. We were married in the Saints' Church in London, Ontario. Hundreds of people came to witness the ceremony, a large majority of whom could not gain admittance to the church. Twenty-eight years have passed away since that night, but though our sacrifices have been many, our trials not a few, yet the sunshine of peace has ever beamed upon our little home. The rose of love still blooms. May it never wither before the blast of an unkind word. Lizzie has yet to speak her first harsh word to me, and I have tried to be worthy of her; but I still think I have the best of the bargain.

When we were married Lizzie taught a class, and I was the superintendent of the Sunday school. We both remained with the school for years, and now when it is so we can attend we do so; for we con-

sider that they have a responsible position who teach the youth to "remember their Creator." May God ever bless the Sunday school, for it is the nursery of the church.

I wish to relate my experience with tobacco. I used this filthy weed for years. My brothers and sisters of the church had often talked to me about using it, and at times I felt it would be better for me were I to abstain from it, but it seemed to be hard to say no.

On a bright summer afternoon in 1881 I was walking down the street with my coat open and my fingers in the armholes of my vest. In my white vest pocket could be seen three fine cigars, and in my mouth was another. I walked along, my face toward the sidewalk. I was thinking of my duty toward God, and as I chanced to raise my eyes the sight that met my gaze is still fresh on the pages of my memory. A small boy, perhaps eight years old, was coming towards me with a cigar in his mouth. I felt disgusted. A second look revealed to me that this boy was a member of my Sunday school. In a moment I thought, "I will wait till he comes near me and then I will give him a good talking to." But quick as lightning my better self seemed to say, "Richard, how old must that boy be before he will have the right to do wrong?" I answered, "Age gives no one the right to sin." I was whipped, for conscience seemed to whisper, "If you tell this boy that it is wrong to use tobacco, what will you say if he tells you that he has learned to use tobacco from his Sunday school superintend-

ent, who now stands before him with one cigar in his mouth and three in his vest pocket?" While this was whirling through my mind the little fellow saw me, I presume, turned his face and passed on, thinking perhaps that I had not noticed him. I was glad he had passed me by. The work was accomplished. I felt it to be my duty to warn the school against the evil of tobacco. I could not so long as I indulged in it myself, and it troubled me. When I was alone in my room I bowed in silent prayer, asking the Lord to help me to overcome this evil. I arose, determined by the help of him who stilled the waters of Galilee, to lay aside tobacco. I had a number of cigars, a large plug of tobacco with only two pipefuls taken from it, a costly cigar and cigarette holder, and a very fine pipe that had been presented to me. These were all collected, placed in a box, and laid away, and with a heart full of gratitude to my heavenly Father I can say that never from that hour have I used tobacco in any form, and I trust I shall never fall a victim to that physical, mental, and spiritual destroyer again. I can not say that even now I hate it, though I know how hurtful it is, for at times I love to inhale the fumes of a cigar as I pass one who may be smoking; but this, like the ball-room, is displeasing to God, and I keep from them all because I wish (like one of other days) "to be about my Father's business," and do those things that please him.

CHAPTER XI.

ORDAINED TO THE MINISTRY.

October, 1881, Elder John H. Lake, of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles, came to preside over the Canada Mission. When I learned that he was about to make his first appearance in London, by the request of the secretary of the branch I wrote an article for publication in the city papers. In the article I stated that "Apostle John H. Lake would preach in the Saints' church." Brother Lake arrived and I called to see him, and at first was favorably impressed with his appearance. In a few minutes he referred to the notice in the paper, condemning in an unmistakable way the writer of the notice for calling him an "apostle." Not that he was ashamed of the calling; "but" said he, "the people of the world will come to the meeting expecting to see something wonderful, and when they get there it will be only me, a man striving to point my fellow-men to the cross; and no matter how good the sermon may be, the people will go home disappointed." I learned a lesson from this rebuke; it was this: High sounding titles will avail us nothing. If we honor the office and calling conferred upon us, the office and calling (or He who placed them upon us) will honor us.

I was called by the Spirit, according to the law,

to the office of a priest in the Aaronic priesthood; and after a prayerful study over the matter, I expressed myself as being willing to be ordained. Accordingly, on the afternoon of the 3d day of July, 1882, I was ordained under the hands of Elders John H. Lake and James A. McIntosh.

I think I shall never forget the first sermon I preached. So far as I am individually concerned it was the best I ever preached. The benefit I derived from it I trust will last me as long as I live. On the afternoon of my ordination Brother Lake requested me to preach at night. I asked to be excused, but he would not hear of my declining, so I promised to try. Prayer meeting closed. I hurried home and decided to preach on the "Godhead." I had Orson Pratt's works containing the Gibson and Woodman discussion on the Godhead. From this I compiled a number of quotations, and had chapter and verse,—and, though I prayed earnestly for divine assistance, yet I thought, "If God does not bless me, I know this nearly by heart, and will get through all right, anyway." I went to church with my sermon in my hand. Brother Lake conducted the opening services. After being presented to the congregation I arose, feeling nervous. The first word that I spoke was not what I intended to say. Then followed my text, taken from Genesis, but I said it would be found in Exodus. As soon as I made the mistake I knew it, and worse than all, I felt that all present knew it. For ten minutes I tried to talk, and then sat down, the worst whipped boy, I imagine, the reader ever saw. Elder Lake

arose, said something about "Little boats should keep near the shore," told his experience when he first began to preach, and closed the meeting.

I returned home and retired,—a sad boy. I will not attempt to give the readers an account of my thoughts, only that I would have denied my calling if I had had the courage to do so, and I stated to some that it was the first and it would be the last time that I would attempt to preach. The week passed away, and Sunday came again. I went to church, arrived a few minutes after the time appointed to open the meeting. As I entered the church I discovered that it was full of people, and many of my old-time friends were present. The president of the branch, Elder Edgar Harrington, came forward and whispered, "Brother Richard, we are waiting to hear you preach this morning; more than two thirds of these people have heard of your ordination and have come to hear you preach."

I refused. He reasoned kindly with me. I could not deny that God had called me, and I finally consented to try. He accompanied me to the pulpit, and after singing and an earnest prayer by Elder Harrington, I arose, trembling from head to foot. I never shall forget my feelings as I opened the large Bible before me, for this time I had decided to open the Bible and take for my text the first verse my eyes fell upon, and trust in God for the rest. I opened the Bible at the 119th Psalm, and my eyes rested on the ninth verse: "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word."

This verse was my text, but I feared to lift my eyes to look at the people till after I read this verse. Then I felt the Spirit of God rest upon me, and my poor, stammering tongue was freed, and I talked for one hour and twenty minutes. Many of the friends of other days were affected, and the Saints felt strengthened in God; and I was made to realize that which I think has saved me from falling beneath the weight of the applause and flattery which unthinking friends have heaped upon me; namely, that I am but a weak, ignorant creature, and that only when God is with me by his Spirit can I work successfully in the gospel field. Often, even now, when I hear people talk of efforts I am permitted to make, do I call to mind my first sermon, so carefully prepared, and the second one, preached under the favor of God.

I have written this experience in order to show the reader how I can preach when I preach in my own strength; and though it is humiliating to have to confess my weakness, yet I trust the eyes of some who are starting out in the ministry will scan these pages and profit thereby. If one soul shall profit by my hard-earned experience, I shall count myself well paid.

CHAPTER XII.

WORK AS A PRIEST IN LONDON.

Soon after I was ordained I was elected presiding priest of the London Branch, and I endeavored to perform my duty as best I could, in which God blessed me. Often I would preach in the London church, then drive out to Saint Johns, preach there in the afternoon, and then to London East at night. Nearly all one summer I would preach in Saint Johns and Lambeth every alternate Sunday afternoon. Usually Bro. O. W. Cambridge would drive me out, and if he could not, I would hire a horse, and when I could not do that, some few times we walked the six miles; and back again in time to preach in the open air in London East. Often after my Sunday's work was accomplished, I could hardly speak above a whisper. While thus engaged, I learned that a "Bible Christian" minister by the name of L. W. Wickett had delivered a lecture on "Mormonism." I learned from those who were present that he had all the calumny and scandal contained in the works of Howe, Beadle, Stenhouse, and Hyde against Joseph Smith compiled, and stated that he was willing to prove anything he had said; and further, that he had his lecture in manuscript form and he was willing that any person should examine it. I went to his church, took part in his prayer meeting,

and after the meeting requested the privilege of reading the manuscript of his lecture on Mormonism. At first he refused to allow me to see the manuscript, but when reminded of his promise in public, he said, "Well, if you are determined to see it, why, you must come to my house." I went, and with me a brother who wrote as fast as I cared to read. Much that he stated in his lecture concerning Brigham Young and the Salt Lake abominations was true, but about all that he had to say with reference to Joseph Smith, the Book of Mormon, and the church from 1830 to 1844, contradicted the plain statements of history. After I had finished reading, his reverence said, "Well, sir, is there anything false in that lecture?" I replied, "Yes, sir. I wish you to understand that I am not here to defend Brigham Young, or the doctrines that he taught, or the church over which he presided. Much of that which you have to say concerning him may be true, but the statements you make here in this paper with reference to the Book of Mormon, Joseph Smith, and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, I am prepared to prove are false. You have either ignorantly or willfully misrepresented the teachings of the Book of Mormon, the origin of it, the doctrine of the Latter Day Saints, and the character of the prophet, Joseph Smith. If you are ignorant of the true facts, I shall be pleased to do all in my power to place works in your hands that you may be properly informed. If you have willfully misrepresented the facts, I shall leave no stone unturned to disabuse

the public mind with reference to the subject, so far as I have power to work for the right."

He confessed in that room that had he known at the time of his delivering the lecture what he had learned since, he would not have spoken of Joseph Smith or his work as he had, but that his main object in delivering the lecture was to expose Salt Lake Mormonism. I thanked him for the admission, and told him that the proper place for such a confession was in his church before the people to whom he had made the false statements. He seemed surprised and said, "Sir, do you wish me to go before my people and confess that I am a liar? Why, what influence would I have over them if I were to confess to them?" I replied, "Mr. Wickett, I had not thought of calling you a liar; but, sir, if you have lied, you ought to confess your fault before those in whose hearing you made the false statements. I think, sir, that you owe it to them, to the sacred memory of the dead, and to the Latter Day Saints; and now, sir, you must either confess to your people that you have misrepresented Joseph Smith, the Book of Mormon, and the Latter Day Saints, or meet me on the platform and defend your statements, or I will advertise you as a coward and a defamer of good men." He again refused either to confess his faults or meet me, and told me to do my worst.

I accordingly consulted with the proper authorities, published an article giving an account of our meeting and the refusal of the reverend gentleman to meet us in debate, and announced that I would

lecture on the following subject: "Was Joseph Smith a prophet of God, or a blasphemous and daring impostor?" Elder J. A. McIntosh arrived in the city the day of the lecture, came up to the factory where I was working and said, "Go in, my boy, I will stand by you, and God will give you power, for you are on the side of right." This encouraged me, and when I knew that Elder McIntosh would be there I asked him to preside over the meeting, which he did.

The hour arrived and the church was full. The reverend gentleman had been kindly invited to be present, through the columns of the press, but he was made conspicuous by his absence. I was blessed of God in presenting the truth, and lectured for two hours and forty-five minutes. Though the church was crowded, not one left the house.

After several lectures on both sides, the reverend gentleman took to the papers, calling on "the boy" to follow, and we did to the end. This, by the way, is where I was first called "the boy preacher." That name still clings to me, and there is one thing connected with it that makes me happy. It is, that though only a poor working boy, God stood by and enabled me to defend his word, his church, and his prophet. Through these lectures and letters many heard the gospel and not a few were baptized into the fold of Christ.

It would not be just for me to conclude this incident without stating that Elders George Mottashed and J. A. McIntosh (while he remained in London) did all in their power, both with their pens and

on the platform, to help me in the work of justice and truth. The work of God flourished in these parts, though the reverend gentleman lost his health and for years had to suffer. I will have occasion to refer to him in the future.

Thus I labored on, till in the spring of 1884 I was called by the Spirit in accordance with the law, to the office of elder, and on the evening of the 26th of May, 1884, I was ordained an elder under the hands of Elders John H. Lake and George Mottashed, and was elected presiding elder of the London Branch, which office I held till released in 1886 to do missionary work.

Soon after my ordination, I was called upon to administer to an old lady, a member of Mr. Wickett's church. She was afflicted with deafness, and she testified at the time that before I took my hands off her head she could hear the closing part of my prayer; and from that hour her hearing has been better. The old lady was so overjoyed at the time that she told me that her pastor, Mr. Wickett, told her he would never speak against Joseph Smith again; "for," said he, "while I was ridiculing Joseph Smith and the oil which he anointed the sick with, I turned deadly sick, and have not seen a painless hour since." Be this true or false, it is a well-known fact that Mr. Wickett took sick and suffered long, and finally resigned his position as pastor of the church; but if correctly informed, he is preaching again in a small country church.

I shall now furnish the reader a few of the evidences received that the signs promised by the

Savior follow the true believer in the gospel in the latter days.

One night while preaching in London Bro. W. Cambridge came up and requested me to go and administer to an old gentleman who had never been to our church, and had heard but little of the latter-day work. Brother Cambridge had conversed with him some, and he desired Brother Cambridge to bring an elder, for he believed if he was administered to as the Bible teaches he would be healed. I did not wish to go, as he was a stranger to the church and to me. However, I went, Brn. O. W. Cambridge and William Corbett accompanying me. We entered the home of the old gentleman, found him a helpless invalid, who had been confined to his room for ten months. He had been working with a gang of men, and had had a bad fall, alighting on his back. He was carried to his home and the doctor could do nothing for him. They said his spinal cord was fractured; that he would never be able to get out again. He could not keep still, but would keep moving his hands and feet, and in fact his whole body. He was a pitiful sight to behold. I talked with him, and afterwards his family, and with the brethren before named, bowed in prayer. As we prayed the Spirit of God rested upon me, and I arose, anointed him with oil, laid my hands upon him, offering a short prayer, asking our Father to heal this man. I shall not attempt to describe the feelings of all present, but in a moment that poor, decrepit old man was walking and praising God, declaring, "I am healed." He rested well that night, and next



MOTHER.

morning he went to work. The cure was permanent, for he afterwards enjoyed good health.

Another case of an unbaptized believer being healed by the power of God: Mr. Edwin Poil, a relative of Bro. William Hunt, of London, Ontario, took seriously ill. The affliction was in the brain, and notwithstanding all that human skill could do was done, he still continued a raving maniac. Elder George Mottashed and the writer were sent for. We administered to him as the law of God directs, and as soon as we took our hands off his head he spoke to us, recognized who we were and what we had been doing for him; and from that time he stood a worthy and respected citizen, in his right mind.

Dear reader, I could continue to relate a number of cases where God healed the sick under my hands and those of my brethren. Dozens of cases could be related of where the doctors have said the sick must pass away, yet God by his power, through obedience to the law, has raised the infant baby and the aged sire to health again; but lest my sketch be too lengthy we must pass on to other subjects.

CHAPTER XIII.

FIRST MINISTERIAL WORK AWAY FROM HOME.

While presiding over the branch at London I labored hard in the candy factory, often working fourteen hours a day, and then perhaps would go and administer to the sick; yet my health was good and I scarcely knew what pain was. When my holidays came, I would go out and preach for a month or, perhaps, two weeks at a time, and in this way preached in different parts of the Canada mission. Such trips have cost me in lost time and traveling expenses as much as forty-eight dollars, yet God smiled upon our little home, and we always had enough and to spare.

When I first began to leave home to preach I went to the other side of Chatham. While there Bro. E. H. Gurley came, and I preached with fair liberty. Being invited to go to a house near by, and leaving my few friends in the orchard, and being informed that tar and feathers were in waiting for me at the house, I went trusting in Him who had told me when ordained that every arm raised against me would fall powerless. Entering the house, they surrounded me, and we had quite a talk. Brother Gurley and others in the orchard hearing loud talking, thought I was being cared for by enemies, and said, "Brethren, I can't stand this any longer," and

off he came to the house, determined to do what he could for my safety. By the time he reached the house I was preaching to a crowd of attentive listeners. They who were my bitterest enemies were moved to tears. A number of those present are now in the church.

About this time the work opened in Saint Marys. Bro. Robert Brown having moved in there, I, in company with Bro. Frank Falkner, called to get a parcel from him. He prevailed on us to remain that night and preach, stating he could get a house full in an hour. We preached, and soon after returned to Saint Marys, and began work in earnest.

Much could be written concerning our work in Saint Marys, but two incidents will suffice. One night I dreamed I would baptize five before leaving; at least this was my interpretation of the dream. But after preaching every night, Sunday night came with no signs of any being baptized. It was my last sermon, for that trip, and I was to leave the following morning so as to get to my work at the factory. Bedtime came, and I was sad. Members of the Brown family knew of my dream, and I could not bring myself to believe I had been deceived. Some members of the family went to bed, but I laid down on the lounge, saying: "I will wait here, for I still look for the fulfillment of my dream." At half past eleven, when all but two of the family had retired, the door bell rang. My heart leaped for joy; and before leaving for home I had baptized five of one family, and a young man and a woman, making seven in all,—all grown people. It was in the

month of January, and large quantities of ice were coming down the river, making it dangerous to enter the raging, swollen stream. Through the darkness we traveled to the river. We stood on the bank, and felt that it would only be by the power of God that we could baptize in that river. We sang and prayed and then entered the raging flood. I am not alone in bearing this testimony, that as soon as my feet touched the water the way opened before me, and though tons of ice were all around us, not one piece touched us. After we came out of the water some of those on the shore, one a Roman Catholic, testified that just as I touched the water, they saw a bright light coming down the river and it remained over the part of the river where I was baptizing, till after I had reached the shore. My work in Saint Marys was blessed of God, and many true hearts there throb with the love of God. Elder A. Sinclair and wife, now of Fall River, Massachusetts, and Dr. W. A. Sinclair, of Boston, Massachusetts, and Thomas and Daniel Sinclair, of Saint Marys, Ontario, were some of those baptized that night.

I never shall forget how I often worked five nights a week till ten o'clock, and after working sometimes ninety hours in one week in the factory, would rise at 5 a. m. Sunday, drive to Saint Marys in all kinds of weather, preach three sermons, baptize, and then drive to London, reaching home at two or three o'clock Monday morning, so as to get to my work sometimes at 4 a. m. God grant that the seed sown

in those days may yield a golden harvest when the reaping time comes.

I wish to relate another evidence of God's love and power, as witnessed by a number, as well as the writer. It is as follows: Maggie, the eldest daughter of Bro. and Sr. W. H. Grey, of Hibbert, Ontario, was taken very ill, and medical aid was sent for. The medical attendant soon discovered that her ailment was a stoppage of the bowels, caused by displacement. He applied the usual remedies without effect, and finally called another physician to consult. The two decided that nothing could be done except to relieve the pain, unless an operation was performed. As the parents of the patient were not favorably disposed to such a course, the medical attendants left, with very little hope for the life of the suffering one. Not so with the parents. They had faith and hope in a skill more than human. They sent for Elder S. Brown, Saint Marys, and telegraphed to London for me. We hastened to the bedside of the suffering one and were informed that the girl had been suffering for nine days. Her screams at times were pitiful to hear. We entered the room, bowed in prayer, and in the name of the suffering one of Gethsemane besought our Father to honor the promise of the Savior where he said, "They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." We then anointed her as the apostles did, laid our hands upon her head and prayed over her; and He who could not pass by without blessing the woman whose pale, wan hand touched the hem of his garment, heard our prayer, granted to the child

instant relief, and in a short time the bowels resumed their normal condition, moved freely, and the patient at once recovered. The *Mitchell Recorder*, *London Free Press*, and other Canadian papers gave their readers a full account of it at the time. I have a copy of the *Free Press* of August 24, 1885, before me, which contains an account of the case.

I could continue writing for hours and then not relate all the blessings God conferred upon his people under my own observation as a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Each day brought fresh evidence to me that, weak and ignorant working boy as I was, He who careth for the lilies was watching over and blessing my feeble efforts; and not till my fingers clasp white flowers under a pall, shall I cease to work for the good of my fellow-man, and praise God for his power and love to me, an ignorant lad.

CHAPTER XIV.

ORDINATION TO THE OFFICE OF SEVENTY; CALL TO THE
MISSIONARY WORK.

Little has been said concerning our home, as I presume the reader will not be interested in that as much as in my work in the ministry. Let me say, however, that all went well in our home. Our first-born lived but a few hours. We laid her away 'neath the whispering leaves, hoping to meet the pure spirit in a land where the flowers of life never wither 'neath the frost of death. Ere two and a half years had passed away our hearts were made glad by the advent of a little boy, who was blessed under the hands of Elder John H. Lake, and named William Thomas Evans.

The year of which I write, 1886, I was getting eleven dollars per week at the confectionery works, and my overtime often brought me fifteen dollars per week. I was foreman of the lozenge, licorice, and chewing gum departments. All was going on well and all that could reasonably be desired was mine.

One day I was called down into the office, and was requested to sign an agreement to work for three years at an increase of salary. I told my employer that if he gave me time to consider, I would give him an answer in a few days. My reason for

not accepting his terms was that it had been thought by some that the time was near at hand when I would be sent into the missionary field, and I knew if I signed an agreement to labor for Mr. Perrin, I must in honor fulfill it; and I thought, now I will speak to no living person concerning this matter, but will fast and pray before the Lord, that he may guide me. I did so, and about one week had passed away when Bro. Richard Howlett spoke in prophecy to me informing me of the whole matter that had been in secret presented to the Lord, instructing me to prepare for the field, for I was about to be sent there. Now Elder Lake and I had talked over my going into the field, and I had told him whenever it was manifested to me from the Lord that he desired me to devote my entire time to the ministry, I was willing to leave wife, child, home, and salary, and follow where the Lord would lead me.

When the General Conference convened at Lamoni, Iowa, April 6, 1886, I was appointed to ministerial labor in the Dominion of Canada. My certificate was forwarded to my address, April 20, 1886, signed by Joseph Smith, President, and H. A. Stebbins, Secretary of the church.

Then came my trial. I was called upon to leave the factory and fellow-workmen where and with whom I had labored for years. I had worked hard and received small pay in this factory, but of late my income was fair and my work was not hard. My work for four years had been more to see that others did their work right than to do it myself.

I had presents in nearly every room in my house given me by those for whom and with whom I had labored; but all must be left behind. Mr. Perrin (my employer) presented me with letters of recommendation, the work hands gave me a pleasant little surprise at my home, and I thus severed my connection with a firm and many friends who did me justice. Next I came to the London Branch, resigned my position as president, teacher in the Sunday school, and trustee of the church. Again a surprise awaited me. My little home was filled with Saints and I was made the recipient of a number of presents, chief among them my precious Bible that has been a blessing to me since, while far from home and friends.

Then came the hardest trial of all; to say farewell to Lizzie, little Willie, and home! Lizzie had been always first to help me in every good work; had taught me much in the way of reading, writing, and spelling; in fact, had been a star in the darkest night of my experience. In the midst of billows and tempest she ever appeared as a white calm, a rainbow instead of cloud. I saw the path of duty, so did she, and without a murmur we agreed to walk therein.

One evening I was reading a Lamoni paper and saw my name had been presented to the conference by the presidents of the quorums of seventy for ordination in the First Quorum of Seventy, it having been presented to them that I should act in that quorum before the Lord. I read further that the conference confirmed the call, and resolved that Apostle

John H. Lake, president of the Canadian Mission, ordain me to the office of seventy, on his return to Canada. After prayerful consideration of the matter, I consented to be so ordained, and was on the 12th day of May, 1886, ordained. Soon afterward I received a license as a member of the First Quorum of Seventy, signed by Heman C. Smith and E. C. Brand, secretary and president of said quorum; and on Friday, June 11, I left home and loved ones for the field.

From thence onward my life has been one subject to the call of duty, at home or abroad. And though the call has been mostly for labor away from home, I have gone, and will continue to do so, cheerfully; for as the poet has sung:

'Tis a war that calls for valor, 'tis a conflict with the world;
There can be no furlough granted, never must the flag be
furled.

We can never cease the conflict, till the summons home be
heard;

We have all for life enlisted in the army of the Lord.

CHAPTER XV.

SOME STRIKING EXAMPLES OF OUR HEAVENLY
FATHER'S MERCY.

I will now proceed to give the reader an account of some of the mercies of our heavenly Father toward the Saints and others that I have been permitted to labor with as a servant of God.

I was preaching in London, when a lady about thirty years of age came to me and requested baptism. She was a poor, wan creature, who testified to me that since her thirteenth birthday she had not passed by one day without pain. For years she had to carry her laudanum bottle with her all the time. The doctors had repeatedly informed her that if she was to go without the laudanum over a stated time she would die. She had to take upward of two hundred drops a day, and at times over that amount. Numbers said she would die in the water if I attempted to baptize her, but I baptized her and she felt as well after baptism as she usually felt. She went to a district conference in the township of Osborne, Ontario, June 19 and 20, 1886. While there she was administered to by Elders A. Leverton, T. A. Phillips, and the writer. Brother Leverton was an entire stranger to her, but while administering to her he was blessed with the gift of prophecy, telling her that if she would put away the

drug that she was using and put her trust in God, the Lord would heal her of her affliction. She arose and confessed that though it was but 4 p. m., she had already taken two hundred drops of laudanum that day, and stated further that she from that hour would never taste laudanum or any other drug. She came to my mother-in-law's residence, remained there over a week, and we administered to her whenever the pain would come on her, till she was healed. She is now a strong, healthy woman, and not to my knowledge has she touched a drop of laudanum since.

After the June conference, in company with Bro. J. H. Lake, I went down below Toronto, to Victoria County. Preached there, and had good liberty; but as soon as meetings were over an unaccountable feeling of sadness would come over me. I would go to the woods or barn and pray, but I got worse and worse. I tried to make myself believe it was loneliness, but finally we prayed till we felt that the Lord had a work elsewhere for me to perform. While we were meditating what course to pursue, word came for me to hasten home, that my sister was dying and father was very low. Brother Lake loaned me all the money he had, and with the little I had we found I could not get my ticket, to say nothing of lunch on the way. Brother Lake walked with me about two miles, carrying my satchel, when we parted with heavy hearts. I walked till I came to the next station, found I had just enough to buy my ticket to London, and six cents to spare. I got to Toronto the same night, bought me five cents'

worth of food, and reached home the next forenoon with one cent in my pocket.

When I reached my sister's I learned that two doctors had told my mother there was no hope, that the sick woman could live only a day or two at the most. As I entered the room my sister, though she could not speak, recognized me, and told us by signs that she desired me to pray for her and administer to her as the Bible directs, and I did so. She began to recover at once, and still lives to bear witness that she was healed by the power of God. My father recovered, and soon I was directed to go to Saint Thomas, where I preached in the Free Thought Hall. After preaching for some time to crowded houses I was challenged to debate with a gentleman who was a member of the Secular Thought Society. His name was Mr. Darby. We discussed two propositions, he affirming both of them: "(1) Joseph Smith was a polygamist, (2) God in the Bible (King James' Version) taught and sanctioned polygamy."

Mr. Darby was a very smart man, but he was on the wrong side, and in consequence made a failure. On both propositions the house voted in my favor. Another man was sent for and arrived. He called himself Professor J. R. Simpson. After three propositions were arranged and signed by us both, he left, promising to return. Before the time of the debate, however, his supporters, who constantly attended our meetings, wrote and told him they would not agree to indorse him nor support him if he came. I have the letter now, for the pro-

fessor gave it to me some time after when I met him in London, claiming that it was not his fault, but theirs, that the debate did not take place.

One of their number who, I heard, lectured for them, asked me to go home with him one night. (He in other years had been a Saint, but had fallen.) I went, talked with him till three o'clock in the morning. He declared he would never pray again, and stated that he did not believe there was a God. While his wife and I knelt in prayer in his house (by his consent) he sat smoking by my side. I reasoned with him for days, and his wife and I determined to pray for him. One day he came to me and said, "Elder Evans, I know you have been praying for me." He told me of evidence he had received and that he wished to pray with me and come back into the church. That man is now an officer in the church, and his wife is a happy wife and a true Latter Day Saint.

Before I left the city I baptized a number. The branch* was soon after reorganized, and to-day I believe we have a branch there of some seventy members, and some have moved away.

About this time Bro. E. K. Evans and his wife came into the church. I baptized them in Saint Thomas. Brother Evans was soon called to the ministry. His letters to the papers, his articles in the *Herald*, and his sermons in the pulpit have since made him well known.

Notwithstanding the lonely hours, the scandal and vituperation that at times I have suffered while in the field, when I recall to mind the many pleas-

ant times I have spent, I am happy. All the wealth of earth could not procure me the happiness that some actions of my life have given me while in the discharge of duty as a servant of God. Under God I have been instrumental in bringing sunshine to darkened households, in calling heads of families from haunts of vice and midnight orgies back to wife and children, in bringing wandering children back from the ranks of infidelity to the shrine of prayer in the home of the innocent sinless past. If I shall accomplish no more, I have not lived in vain, for through my labor, with God's blessing added, some who have wallowed in the mire of infidelity, and have been bloated with the fruit of priestcraft and modern idolatry, have been brought to the Savior's side, and now are basking in the sunbeams of God's love.

CHAPTER XVI.

EXCELLENT MEETINGS; MUCH SUCCESS ATTENDS
OUR EFFORTS.

August 15, 1886, I baptized some in Saint Thomas. One lady baptized was a cripple. If I remember her statement aright, she said that some two years before the time of which I write she slipped and fell, breaking her limb. Medical aid was summoned and her limb was cared for according to the surgical science. It was discovered that in falling she had broken the cords of her foot, and for this sore affliction there was little relief and no cure. She would go with a bandage around her foot and limb to keep the foot in the proper place, but when she stepped on a stick or stone or any raised article on the floor or street, she would fall if some one was not at hand to help her. When baptized, it took her ten minutes to get down the hill to the water. With some difficulty I got her into the stream, and after baptizing her, as she rose up out of the water, she stepped out, and after taking the first step, she cried, "O, Elder Evans, I am healed!" She stamped her foot on the stones and again cried, "Praise God, I am entirely restored!"

She ran out of the water, up the hill, tore the long bandage from her foot and ankle, and before a large number of people testified that she was healed. I wrote an account of this to the *Herald*

about the time it transpired, and she has had it published since, and in many parts of Canada she has borne testimony as above. Her name is Mrs. Thomas Brooks, of Essex Center, Ontario.

Friday, August 27, 1886, I left with Mrs. Janrow, of Saint Thomas, to visit her father and friends at Vanessa, Norfolk County. She had heard me preach in Saint Thomas, was interested, and wished me to go and preach to her people. They were all old school Baptists. We arrived in Vanessa late in the afternoon. Mrs. Janrow introduced me to her friends, and I was invited to remain with Mr. Longhurst, a brother-in-law of Mrs. Janrow. After talking with them in their beautiful home, I went up to the village, obtained permission to preach in the Bartholomew Hall, Sunday afternoon, and posted bills to that effect. There is but one church in the place, and it belongs to the Methodist denomination. Sunday morning I attended their meeting, and at the close I stepped up to the minister, handed him a bill, and asked him to read it to the congregation. He saw that it was the announcement of my meeting in the hall, and at once said, "No, sir; I will not make your announcement. I have nothing to do with you." I bade him good morning, and went home.

Afternoon came, the hall was crowded. I then announced that if the Methodist friends had any announcements to make, they may now have the privilege to speak. The proprietor of the hall informed me that I could have the hall no longer. A good Methodist abused me some, and told me I

could not prove baptism to be immersion. I told him if I had a place to preach in I would preach on that subject that night, whereupon Mr. James Bannister informed me that I could preach in his house. I accepted the kind offer and promised to be there.

Mr. Bannister's fine house was crowded and many stood on the lawn. At the close I was challenged to debate the subject of infant baptism with the Methodist preacher, but the debate was not to take place for two weeks. I informed the people that I would gladly remain and debate with the reverend gentleman if some one would keep me.

A dozen cried, "You can come to my place!"

So I consented to remain. I preached every night save one until the two weeks expired, but the preacher that was selected to debate with me failed to put in an appearance.

I baptized Bro. Robert Longhurst and wife and Sister Welsh. Notwithstanding Mr. Welsh had given his consent that I could baptize his wife and the whole town, yet when he returned to Vanessa and found that his wife had been baptized, he felt badly. He told me afterwards that when he told me I might baptize his wife, if I could before he returned, (he was away from home one week) he had no idea that I would baptize her. Sister Welsh felt sad when her husband opposed her, and was told by the Spirit that if she was faithful her husband and others of her friends would soon be baptized. I preached every night for the third week, the house crowded every night, and just eight days after I

baptized Sister Welsh, I baptized her husband and four more of her relatives.

With tears we bade adieu to Saints and friends in Vanessa, being called west to preach a funeral sermon. On my return home I met a Baptist preacher on the train. He learned who I was and that I had baptized a number of his members where he had formerly preached, and he complained bitterly because I had baptized his flock. I informed him that the gospel was free to all and that if he would repent of his sins and believe the gospel I would baptize him too. He would not, so we parted.

I arrived home the first of October and found that the city was overwhelmed with diphtheria; numbers were dying all around our home. Left home next morning for Saint Marys conference. While I was speaking in the conference, October 4, a telegram reached me saying, "Come; bring elders. Our Willie is very sick."

Elders J. H. Lake and Christopher Pierson and myself took the first train. We found that he had been in convulsions, and when we arrived was insensible, lying in his mother's arms, his flesh a dark yellow color, his mouth and throat one mass of scab, and between his teeth a greenish froth. We administered to him and he recovered, though for some weeks afterward he was cross-eyed, from the effect of the terrible suffering, yet after being administered to again his eyes came all right.

Left home on October 10. Attended Blenheim conference. Brother Leverton was there ordained to the office of seventy by Brother Lake, I assisting.

I returned to Vanessa, December 4. I here wish to relate to the reader something which caused me to have great faith in the promise of the Savior, where he said by the mouth of his servant the believers would "dream dreams."

On the night referred to I dreamed that as it had been announced that I would preach on the "Divinity of the Book of Mormon," the next day (Sunday), three ministers would come and cause trouble in my meeting, but that I should put my trust in God, and all would be well. I arose next morning and told my dream. All were surprised, said they had not heard a word of preachers coming, and all looked forward to the afternoon. While I was preaching to a large congregation, in walked three preachers. Two of them opened their Bibles and followed me, while the third wrote as much of my discourse as he could get. When I concluded, I gave liberty for any to ask questions. At once the preacher who had taken notes arose, but instead of asking questions, he began to tell us all about the Book of Mormon being the Spalding Romance, and that Joseph Smith was an impostor, that he had been killed by a mob, that it served him right, and "had I been there," said he, "I would have helped to rid the earth of such a villain." He further said: "This man Evans is as bad as Smith, and the virtue of your daughters and the chastity of your wives are not safe while this man is in the neighborhood. I have come here to root up Mormonism; I am here to challenge the impostor to meet me in debate; I am here to prove to the good

people of Vanessa that Joe Smith was a fraud, the Book of Mormon a base lie, and Mormonism from stem to stern a system of devilry." He talked for twenty-five minutes. When I replied God's Spirit fell upon me, and in ten minutes nearly everyone in the house was in tears. I related the sufferings of the Saints in Missouri and Illinois; reviewed briefly the work of Joseph and his cold-hearted murder; took up Stenhouse, Beadle, and Smucker, from whom the preacher quoted, proved to the people that he misrepresented these books, and finally told the reverend gentleman I was willing to meet him on any or all of the subjects he had challenged me to meet him upon; that he could name his subject, time, and place, and I would not keep him waiting one hour.

He arose, stated that he was sorry that he had misrepresented the books referred to; that he was not aware that I was posted in the histories or he would not have brought them. (This to my mind showed that he knew he was misrepresenting the facts all the time, but was now sorry, not that he had been guilty of telling falsehoods, but only sorry that he had been caught at it.) He refused to debate on the Book of Mormon, or mission of Joseph Smith, but said he would debate with me if I would affirm that water baptism was essential to salvation. I consented, and we met that night. The hall was crowded, and truth gained a decided victory.

I would like to tell the reader all that transpired after the debate, but want of time and space forbid. Permit me to say that the preacher got out bills

announcing services on Mormonism for several nights. I stopped my meeting, replied to him one night, when he tried to drive me off the platform, but the congregation hissed him, and finally he had to let me reply. I spoke from 9.20 till 11.55 p. m., and notwithstanding the hall was crowded, none left after I began speaking. From that night few attended his lectures, and notwithstanding his bills were out that he would preach for several nights, he closed his meetings and left town. My meetings were larger than ever. At times so many got in that it was considered impossible to open the door (it opened in), and some boys had to climb out of the window in order to make room for the door to open.

I have lived to baptize thirty-four in that branch, while the preachers who came to wipe us from the earth are only remembered with pity and their actions with contempt. The preachers referred to are Mr. Sims, of the city of Brantford, and Mr. Summerville, editor of *Glad Tidings*, in same city. I have forgotten the other one's name.

CHAPTER XVII.

CONFERENCE AT KIRTLAND, OHIO.

1887.

I spent nineteen days of January at Chatham, where I preached nearly every night to large congregations, baptized thirteen, and administered to several, with very marked effect in some cases, notably among them the babe of Bro. and Sr. Harry Lively, who when thought to be at death's door was healed instantly by the power of God. The memory of my visit in Chatham in January, 1887, will ever be pleasant to me.

February 10 our daughter Lizzie was born. I was called home by telegram. The following day I left home to attend to my lectures already announced in Saint Thomas. Returned home in five days and remained one week.

Started in company with Elder Lake for General Conference. On the way to Kirtland we stopped five days in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. I was delighted with the city and surroundings. Made our home with Sister Woods. I was permitted to preach to the Saints in their fine hall three times, and rejoiced to find so many true-hearted Saints in that great city. Those three sermons were the first I ever preached on United States soil.

On the morning of the 5th day of April, I be-

held for the first time the temple of the Lord, built by his direction in Kirtland, Ohio.

The conference was a grand one. God spoke to his people through the prophet, Joseph Smith, and all felt the power of prayer.

Brother Smith called upon me to preach in the temple, and I did so and was glad that a privilege was afforded me to preach in that sacred building.

During the conference I was kindly cared for at the residence of Sister Salyards. At this conference I met many of God's bravest soldiers. Their sermons, prayers, and testimonies gave me joy, and I returned to Canada rejoicing in God, and feeling to say like one of old, "This people shall be my people, and their God shall be my God."

On my return to Canada I called at Detroit, found a few good Saints there; met a Mr. N. F. Liddy (son-in-law of Elder George Shaw), who had heard me preach in Chatham. I remained with him some time, when he came with me to Chatham, where I baptized him. This man had been born and educated and lived, up to the time of his baptism, a Roman Catholic. He had served for some years as altar boy for the priests of Romanism. I will tell the reader when and how he became interested in the latter-day work.

On one of my visits to Chatham I was called to administer to an old sister who had been poisoned in her arm, and it had turned to a running sore. The night was dark and it was raining. I was to walk some three miles to her house. When about to start on my journey, Mr. Liddy heard of

it and said: "Catholics do not treat their priests like that. If they want a priest they drive for him and bring him back, or pay for a rig to bring and take him back again. Now I am not a Saint, but I am not going to have this little fellow go out in this storm and walk all that distance. Proving his words by his action, he asked me if I would permit him to see the administration if he would hire a rig and drive me out? I told him that as to his seeing me administer in any of the ordinances of the church, I would certainly be pleased to permit him, but that I could walk out all right. He got a horse and carriage and drove me out. As I administered to the afflicted one, the Spirit of the Lord was with us in power. The pain was taken away at once, and the next Sunday the sister was out to church, healed. From this time Mr. Liddy was convinced that God was with the Latter Day Saints, and studied much, till finally he was brought to see and understand the gospel and obey it. He is now a brave defender of the faith, a good Saint, and a useful officer in Chatham Branch. Brother Liddy has since been ordained an elder, and has served as president of the Detroit Branch.

I have neglected to state that I was elected vice-president of London District in 1885, which office I tried to fill until January, 1887, when at the conference at Egremont I was released. At this same conference I was elected president of London District, which position I held for many years. It was at this conference I first met Brother and Sister King, who have since been such kind friends to me.

I went to Masonville Branch with Brother King, preached there twenty-six times in thirty-one days, baptized five, among them Sister King and Grandma Silks. Sister Silks was eighty-seven years old, had been a member of the Presbyterian Church for seventy years. God showed her in open vision that I was his chosen servant, and commanded her to be baptized.

After this I arranged to meet Rev. Mr. McDonald, the Presbyterian minister of Horning's Mills, in debate, he to affirm that Joseph Smith was a false prophet. The debate was to take place in October. It is a fact that after the gentleman had purchased several books treating on the prophetic mission of Joseph Smith, notwithstanding he had signed articles to debate, and I was on hand at the proper time, he refused to debate. He stated that he had learned more of Joseph Smith and his work since signing the articles of debate. I was informed that he afterwards resigned his position as a minister in the Presbyterian Church.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A ROUGH EXPERIENCE, FOLLOWED BY KINDNESS AND
JUST TREATMENT.

Early in September, 1887, I was preaching in Saint Marys, when word was sent that I was to go to Proton to debate with a celebrated Disciple (Campbellite) preacher. He seemed anxious to debate on the Book of Mormon. We went at once and were informed that he wished to have a fair and honorable debate. We were much surprised when we arrived at the place of debate and found the house full, with many outside waiting to hear both sides of the question, to see the preacher preaching to us from Fanny Stenhouse and others. He abused us in every way possible, and when we asked the privilege of replying we were told to leave the premises, and that we would be shot before we left the township.

This treatment reminded us of the story told by Beadle in his work against the Saints where he said: "Thomas S. Brockman, a Campbellite preacher, led fourteen or fifteen hundred mobbers against the Saints in Nauvoo." Campbellites never were able to meet and answer the arguments of Latter Day Saints except with cannon, sword, and club, and whenever called upon to meet a Saint with the Bible, they usually forget the Bible and use as argument calumny, vituperation, and scandal. However, we took to the road, not that we were afraid

to die, but we had no desire to be found in such company. When we reached the road, we found the majority of the people desired me to address them. We mounted a wagon, and for one hour and forty minutes we talked to the people, and gave out meetings for the coming week. We lectured in that part for some time, and one night, while returning from meeting in a wagon, a mob (according to promise) attacked us while we were driving through the woods. It was very dark; we could see no one, but all in a moment eggs and stones were flying into the wagon. With me were Elder McLean and three sisters. All were covered with eggs. One sister was struck in the side with a stone. Two shots were fired at us, and one of the sisters, Sr. Maggie Brice, was shot in the head. One shot is still lodged between the skin and the skull, just over the ear. By the blessing of God we all escaped with our lives. I had to go back again and preach in the same place the next night. Some of the Saints begged me not to go, but I decided to keep my appointment. Next morning I wrote several letters, settled up all my affairs, so that if my time had come to lie 'neath the whispering leaves in the silent city of the dead, all would be right on earth; and as regards eternity, I had no fears but that the gospel would enable me to cross the bridge of death and land me safely in paradise. The thought of losing my life brought me but one sad thought: It was that of leaving so many dear friends, and my wife and children alone and unprovided for in a cold, cruel world. I went, and with me about thirty

others; but when we neared the woods we saw bonfires all along the road and one right in front of the house where I preached. The townspeople heard of the shooting of the night before and made the fires for our protection. I preached to a large congregation, and many were moved to tears. We learned the names of a number of those who took part in the mobbing, and some of them fled to parts unknown. I was called on by some to prosecute the mobbers, but I sent word that I was willing to forgive and let God deal with my enemies. We finally persuaded all the Saints to let all drop and leave it in the hands of God.

I was up in that country in December, 1889, and learned that one of the leaders of that mob had become a cripple. Another who took part in the mob came to my meetings and requested me to go and preach in his house. I went, the house was full to the doors, and I preached to them. Sister Brice was standing by my side with the shot still in her head. I had to leave the next day, but promised to go back and preach there if the conference returned me to the Canada mission. I think many will yet obey the gospel in that place.

A few days before we were mobbed I had baptized some there. One young man was apparently dying with asthma. When I baptized him he had not lain down for eleven weeks, but slept while sitting in his chair. I baptized him in cold water in a river. He drove some miles, went home and retired to his bed and slept soundly. He was also present at the meeting referred to above, and is now a

strong man, and told me he never felt better in his life than since his baptism. His sister has also been baptized.

Mr. Furgerson, the would-be debater, has not preached a sermon in that place since, while the Saints hold regular meetings there.

And now for the glory of God, and the confirmation of the Saints, I wish to tell of a miracle that I saw. I was called from Vanessa to Bothwell to preach a funeral sermon. I could reach Bothwell in time only by taking the Michigan Central Railroad train, and changing cars, going to Chatham and thence to Bothwell. I traveled all night, and found that the train for Bothwell from Chatham had just gone. Thus detained, I went to Elder Shaw's and from there to Bro. George Walker's. Bro. George had been working on the new Catholic church in Chatham and had got some kind of cement in his eyes. They went for the doctor, but by the time the physician reached him, his eyes were literally burned out. I was informed by Sister Walker in the presence of her husband that the eyeballs were burned away, and the doctor had hard work to get the lids to open wide enough to see the eyes and that all there was where the eyes once were, were red lumps a little larger than a wintergreen berry. The doctor said there was no hope of his ever seeing again. He was in a room blindfolded when I arrived. He had been blind for several weeks. We talked for some time, when all of a sudden, silence reigned and I heard a voice say, "He who spat upon the clay, can heal this man to-day." The Spirit of the Lord

rested upon me in power, and I walked over to Brother Walker, led him to the lounge, laid him down, poured the consecrated oil in his sunken sockets, laid my hands on his head, prayed for just a moment, when a power rested upon me, and I said, "In the name of Jesus Christ I say unto thee, Receive thy sight." I took my hands off his head and he sat up, opened his eyes, and did see. I bear my testimony to this in the name of Jesus Christ, before whom I must appear. George Walker is now enjoying his eyesight, and is living in Chatham, Kent County, Ontario. Since writing the above I have seen him and Sister Walker and they have signed documents testifying to the truthfulness of this account.



ELDER J. J. CORNISH, AS HE APPEARED WHEN HE CONVERTED
THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER XIX.

DENIED ADMITTANCE TO A CHRISTIAN CHURCH, A BONIFACE COMES TO THE RESCUE.

December 5, by invitation from the Baptist friends of Lynnville, I went to deliver four lectures in their church. The first three meetings the church was full; but when I drove up the fourth night, the church was in darkness, and a committee was in waiting who informed me that the trustees, by direction of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Slatt, had closed the church against me. "But," said the committee, "Mr. Addison, the hotel keeper, has borrowed lumber, made seats, put up a stove, and placed a fine organ in the ballroom adjoining his hotel, and we now have a fine choir and over two hundred people waiting there to hear you preach."

I went over to the ballroom and preached. At the close of the service Mr. Robert Addison, the proprietor of the house, said: "Elder Evans, I do not profess to be a Christian, but I am of the opinion that the gospel you preach has the right ring to it, and I think you can do good in this place, so I want you to understand that though the preacher has turned you out of the church, the hotel keeper, good Samaritan-like, will take you to the inn. So from this time, as long as you wish to remain, consider yourself proprietor of this hall, and the best room in my house, and as long as you can live on

the same fare as we live on, you are a welcome guest at my table.”

I then announced meetings for every night. The preacher lectured against us, and tracts were circulated against us. I was informed that I had sixty wives, and was getting fifteen hundred dollars a year from Salt Lake City for preaching, etc. To make a long story a short one, before I left there, the preacher publicly apologized, I baptized twenty-two, including the hotel keeper's wife and son. He left the hotel, went onto his farm, and I have since had the pleasure of baptizing him. He is an intelligent man, now devotes much of his time telling to others the gospel of Jesus Christ, and is wielding a great power for good.

I was called from Lynnville to Seaforth by telegram from Elder Samuel Brown. It appears some infidels had caused Brother Brown some trouble and he thought that as I had met some of those people before I might assist him. I arrived in Seaforth, found Brother Brown in the large town hall preaching to a congregation of twenty-three. He had been there for some time and was well liked as a man. We soon had the infidels after us, but after answering questions for them to their hearts' content, we received a written challenge to discuss certain propositions with the celebrated Charles Watts, editor of a free thought journal in Toronto. We accepted the challenge, and the date of the debate was February 23 and 24, 1887. Mr. Watts wanted to change the arrangements made. I would not consent, but wrote that if he did not wish to debate according

to first agreement to let me know, and I heard nothing from him. Mr. William Campbell, of Seaforth, wrote me for Mr. Watts, and I have all the letters he sent me, and a copy of the ones I sent to him.

While in Seaforth the Episcopalian minister delivered a lecture on Mormonism, and we went to hear him. He abused us shamefully. Said he could prove we had come from Salt Lake, and that we would ruin half the people in the town if steps were not taken to drive us out of the place. Said the Devil had given me a voice and eyes that were calculated to lead people astray, and warned the men to keep their wives and daughters from our meetings. The collection plate came round, but like Peter I could say, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have I give unto thee," and I put a note on the plate, requesting the bearer to give it to the preacher. On this paper was written a request that his reverence would meet me in discussion, he to affirm that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints is, in doctrine and organization, contrary to the New Testament, and I would affirm that the Church of England was conceived in lust, born in murder, lived in polygamy and idolatry, and is now dying in formality and pride. He refused to debate, and numbers left his church, I was told. I lectured on "the origin of the Church of England," and replied to his abuse, and when some had given in their names for baptism and many were believing, I was called away to the other part of the mission; but afterwards Elders Brown, Smith, and Watson

have been there and good has resulted from their labors, Bro. Willard J. Smith baptizing some.

The reader will remember how the preceding pages tell the treatment I received at the hands of the Methodist preacher in Vanessa. The temperance wave passed over Canada in the early part of 1888, and I was called on in different places to lecture on temperance for the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and, to my surprise, the Methodist Church in Vanessa requested me to come and lecture on temperance in their church. I consented. Large bills went over all the county, and the result was that hundreds who hated me without a cause, now came to hear me, and from that time became my friends. I lectured in Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian churches, and public school-houses. Preachers who had in the past defamed my character, and did their best to keep their people away from my meetings, now stood on the same platform with me, and scoured the country to get people to come to hear my lectures. The result of my efforts brought me joy. Some who were drunkards reformed, and many hundreds who looked upon me as a vile man, changed their views, and some of the preachers learned, when too late, that they had missed their mark in giving me such notoriety, for it was too late now to cry "Don't you go to hear him." The result is, that over all the county of Norfolk halls were open, and many were calling for me to go and preach for them. I often feel sad to think there are so few elders in the field, for I am satisfied I could find work for twenty good

elders in the county of Norfolk alone. Our field is so large that I have been there very little, and other elders but a few times.

O, what a change! A little less than two years before this lecture tour, eleven men of supposed Christian character tried to hire the boys around Vanessa to tar and feather me and drive me out of the place; but their cruel plan was ruined by one of the boys telling me of the plot.

CHAPTER XX.

A CELEBRATED METHODIST ORATOR WORSTED IN DEBATE.

On the 4th of May, 1888, Brother Longhurst drove me to Waterford to visit Mr. Taggart, M. D. The doctor informed me that the Rev. John Laycock, pastor of the Methodist church, had stated that he would like to meet "the boy preacher" in debate, that he would not apologize to me like Reverend Slatt had done in Lynnville, etc. I had heard that this gentleman had been talking about me before, and I told the doctor that I would like to see Mr. Laycock. The doctor said, "Well, elder, if you will talk to him, I will take you to his residence and give you an introduction." We went. I will not record our conversation; suffice it for me to say Reverend Laycock called me a fool, a Mormon impostor, and told me that if I ever dared to preach in Waterford, he would then meet me in debate, and

show up the rottenness of Mormonism. I told him I had no desire to meet any person in debate, but I had been informed that he wished to meet me in debate, and he had not denied it. I told him that if my coming to preach in Waterford would cause him to meet me in discussion, he could get ready, for I would preach in Waterford at no distant date.

That night I went to Mr. John Smith and offered to pay him rent for his church for two weeks. (He had a nice church that he purchased from the Methodists when the two congregations joined in one.) He told me to go on and preach for two weeks and he would care for the church, and if I needed it longer than two weeks we could make a bargain as to the rent. I preached in his church from the 6th to the 25th of May, nearly every night, to crowded houses. At times hundreds were turned from the church unable to gain an entrance. All this time Mr. Laycock was abusing me, but would not face me.

The Methodists and Baptists sent to Toronto for the celebrated T. L. Wilkinson. We met and agreed to discuss four propositions: 1. That water baptism is essential to salvation; Elder Evans affirms. 2. That the God who is believed in and worshiped by the Methodist Church is the God of the Bible; Rev. T. L. Wilkinson affirms. 3. That Christian baptism as taught in the New Testament is immersion; Elder Evans affirms. 4. That according to inspired authority, the infant children of believers are proper subjects for Christian baptism; Reverend Wilkinson affirms. King James' Version of the Bible

to be accepted as the final standard of appeal in proof of all questions of doctrine in dispute. Two evenings at least were to be given to the discussion of each proposition. The debate was to commence June 14, opening at eight o'clock each night. We met at the time appointed. Elder Willard J. Smith acted as my moderator and Elder Lake opened the debate with prayer. These two brethren stood by me in much fasting and prayer and in counsel and advice proved a blessing to me.

As the *Herald* and many other papers gave reports of the discussion I will not take the time to present the particulars in these leaves, but to the glory of God and for the encouragement of those who may not have read the account, permit me to say, notwithstanding Mr. Wilkinson was a very talented man, and considered the most successful debater in the Methodist Church in Canada, he was only able to stand up under the fire of truth two nights. A large majority decided in our favor for the first proposition.

The mayor of the city of Brantford was chosen chairman. He acted the first night, when Reverend Wilkinson objected to him, and the second night Mr. Duncumb, a lawyer, was selected by him. Both these gentlemen were strangers to me, but they gave me justice.

The hall was crowded the third night. When Reverend Wilkinson opened the debate on the second proposition, he ridiculed Joseph Smith's and the Latter Day Saints' idea of God, using disgusting language until he was called to order. The chair

decided that he must keep to the subject, when the reverend gentleman and his fellow-clergyman flew into a rage, and refused to discuss further, and left the opera house amid the hisses of "coward" proceeding from the audience, while I was lifted from the stage in the arms of some of the men and nearly carried to the door.

At that time there was not a Latter Day Saint in Waterford. Since then I have baptized fifty-three, including Prof. James W. Easton, the man who patented the Easton electric light dynamo. American and Canadian papers love to praise him. He was called and ordained to the ministry in Waterford and for a time presided over the branch, preaching and baptizing, then left to organize a company in Newark, New Jersey.

Mr. Smith and his wife, who owned the church house, were baptized, so that now we have a nice church, fine organ, a good congregation of Saints, and a large number of friends in Waterford.

Mr. A. W. Brown, a very fine young man, one who was a leading spirit in the town, attended our meetings, and one night he informed me that as far as he had power to understand, he was satisfied that the Latter Day Saints were preaching the gospel; "but," said he, "I am not sure that I ought to obey, but if God will give me a knowledge of my duty, I will obey him.'

I felt different while talking to him to what I had ever felt when talking to any other one I had conversed with. I looked him in the face and said,

“Go with me and pray, and if God does not satisfy you, I shall never ask you to be baptized.”

He replied, “I will go. When shall we go?”

“Now,” I said.

It was the evening of the 4th of September, 1888. We walked out into the country and while the stars were shining and the pale moon shed her light on the lonely road, we turned to the roadside, and beside a fence we bowed in solemn prayer. Both breathed a prayer to “Our Father.” We arose. I spoke not a word, but saw that he was affected. At last he said, “O, Elder Evans, this is enough! I am now convinced, and am determined to serve God. I care not if every friend I have turns coldly from me, from this hour I devote my life to the service of my Creator. The following night I baptized him, and he proved his faith by his works.

One of the many cases of healing in Waterford I will now relate: Mrs. North heard the gospel and believed it, but felt sad to think she was so delicate that she could not be baptized. She had been a great sufferer for many years, and had been treated by many of the most celebrated physicians of the country, but obtained no relief.

I told her that our God never gave a commandment for his children to obey, and then caused them pain or killed them because they obeyed it. I related how I had baptized a man in ice water from the well, who had been given up to die by the doctors, and that he was better after baptism than before.

She with her husband consented to be baptized. It was a very cold day. Deep snow and thick ice

were on the river, but we shoveled the snow, cut the ice, and lifted her into the water. Her husband was baptized at the same time with some others.

I was in Waterford some time afterwards and saw Sister North. She was then a strong woman. The roses of health were blooming on her face, and she told me that from the hour of her baptism she had never had a pain, not even a headache. I could mention other cases where marvelous cures have been effected by the power of God in Waterford Branch, but time and space do not permit.

CHAPTER XXI.

MY FIRST VISIT TO THE ONCE PROUD CITY OF NAUVOO.

I was preaching in the town of Blenheim on the 6th of November, when a telegram from my brother Thomas reached me saying, "Father died this morning at my home." I hurried thither and found the house full of weeping friends. The Church of England and Methodist preachers preached the funeral sermon over father's remains, when we conveyed him to London, where he sleeps the sleep of the pure, the true, and the brave. He had been ailing for years, but yet his death was unexpected. He was reclining in his easy chair when he requested them to help him to the lounge that he might rest. His last words were to mother. He said, "Mother, stand firm in the gospel, and permit no power to

lead you from duty." Elder A. Leverton gave him the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. This was the last that entered his mouth. When he realized that his time was come, he placed his handkerchief over his face and passed away to be with the blessed. Elder Richard Howlett conducted the funeral services in London.

February, 1889, I had preached and baptized a number in the city of Saint Thomas, among them Mr. William Strange. He was a leading Methodist, and one of the business men of the city. Our success raised the ire of Reverend Doctor Ailsworth, a Methodist divine of very superior ability. He waited until I left the city, then commenced a tirade of abuse against the Latter Day Saints. Brother Strange wrote me and I replied, telling him to write the reverend gentleman, giving him an epitome of our faith and doctrine, and to ask him to name his subject and meet us in honorable debate. He refused to meet us, but stated that he would lecture on Mormonism till he had killed it. So thinking that he meant business, I hastened to Saint Thomas to be present at the funeral.

I arrived in time to listen to his second lecture. The beautiful large church was crowded. According to previous arrangement, as I entered the church the usher brought me up to the minister's family pew, right in front of the preacher. The plot, as I afterward learned, was to place me there, so that the lecturer could point me out and show the people a real live Mormon elder. I sat there taking notes and when his reverence gave me a hard hit I would

look him fair in the eyes and then he would get excited, lose his place, and scold me more.

Well, he told us what Mrs. Stenhouse had to say about Joseph Smith, forgetting to inform his hearers that she was at the time of Joseph's death only a child. She was born the year the Book of Mormon was printed and given to the reading world. She had not heard a Saint speak till five years after Joseph's death. She set foot on the American Continent for the first time in 1856, just twelve years after Joseph had gone to rest. The reader will readily see that Fanny Stenhouse is not a competent witness either for or against Joseph Smith. This book and others of like stamp were his great witnesses.

But the reverend gentleman did us much good, for he advertised our work, caused hundreds to come and hear me until night after night crowds were turned from our hall, unable to gain even standing room. I baptized ten the week of his lecture, and a number since. If he buried Latter Day Saintism, then there has been a resurrection since, for we have a branch there of seventy-odd members, and one of his most influential members became the presiding elder of our congregation in that city.

In March, while preaching in Blenheim with Elder John H. Lake, I was requested by the citizens to lecture on temperance. I complied with their request and a crowded house greeted me. Next morning the secretary of the Women's Christian Temperance Union sent me a polite note expressing their thanks for my effort on the side of right; also

informed me that if I would consent to deliver another lecture on temperance, they would secure the largest hall in the place, so more could hear me; but I was obliged to decline their offer, and left the following day to fill appointments already made in Chatham.

I was afterwards informed that at the general meeting of the temperance people in Western Canada our feeble efforts were referred to and the line of demarcation was plainly drawn between the Latter Day Saints and Salt Lake Mormonism. This has done much for our work, for the remarks of their meeting went far and near.

Monday, March 18, Bro. John H. Lake and the writer left Chatham, Canada, for St. Joseph, Missouri, to attend the General Conference. We called at Plano, Illinois, met with the Saints there, and preached in their nice stone church. From there we went to Montrose, Iowa, preached in the Saints' church, and while there I was permitted to baptize three persons in the swift blue waters of the Mississippi River. As we stood on the bank of the "Father of Waters," gazing over it, we saw the ruins of the once proud city of Nauvoo. I longed to enter inside the city of the Saints. Brother Lake expressed his willingness to go over the river, so we crossed in a small boat. We took the river road leading to town, and entered the old mill now fallen and decayed. I thought as I traversed the old paths leading from the large brick residence hard by, now grown indistinct with weeds, oh, how many happy people walked these roads and paths! How

often the songs of Zion were sung while the old mill was grinding the golden grain! Now many of the hands that wrought in the old mill, many of the feet that trod these paths, lie in the silent tomb 'neath the whispering trees!

As we traveled up the road, Brother Lake said, pointing to a brick house, "There is the house where Hyrum Smith lived." At once my mind was bent on entering the house. Brother Lake said, "I think you had better not try, for I am of the opinion that you will not be permitted to enter." Said I, "Here goes for a trial." He walked on while I walked up and knocked at the door. A lady opened it and invited me to enter. I inquired if this was the house where Hyrum Smith once lived? She said, "Yes, sir, and he dug the well in the yard out there." We conversed for a time, when I requested the privilege of getting a drink from the old well. She said, "Stay here while I go and fetch the water." When alone I could not refrain from bowing to offer a silent prayer in the house where once lived this great and good man. The woman entered the room bearing a glass of sparkling water; I drank, and when about to leave, she handed me a small stone taken from the well, saying, "Sir, take this as a relic from the well of one of the best men that ever lived in Nauvoo." She was not a Latter Day Saint, but claimed that the Saints were, in the main, good people, and that they were ill-treated. From there we jumped the fence and cut a piece from the doorstep of Joseph Smith's old store. We then called on Bro. Thomas Revel, of Nauvoo, who kindly con-

ducted us to many parts of the city. We stood on the sacred spot where once stood the Nauvoo Temple, but alas! it has fallen, and now all that is left to tell the story of its magnificence is the stone well that furnished the water for the baptismal font. We lowered the old bucket, drew up water and drank. I had read of Jacob's well, and others of holy writ, but as I stood by this one, memory's hand was reaching backward to the scenes of other days and the revelations concerning this place. I extracted a small stone from the side of the well, turned and left the spot. Brother Revel pointed out many places of interest to us, and then we entered the Nauvoo Mansion. This dilapidated house was once the happy home of Joseph Smith and his family. We went into every room from the ground floor to the garret. We entered the room where still stands Joseph's secretary. In it were many old papers, and best of all, we saw the large and well-marked Bible said to have been Joseph Smith's family Bible. From those pages he learned fast the way of the Lord, and this book was his companion in his private hours. Oh, how I longed for one page of this sacred book bearing a pencil mark from the hand of the greatest man who has stood upon God's green earth in the nineteenth century! But I felt it was useless to ask, for I saw in Brother Revel's face something that seemed to say, "A charge to keep I have." I was permitted to take a pebble from the side of the old stone well in the shed, and a splinter from one of the boards of the house. We left the old home and passed to "the spot where the two martyrs

lay." We were brought to the spot where it is said the sacred dead sleep. On the spot marked out as Joseph's tomb I saw a lily growing. I knew nature had planted this emblem of purity there, and I dug it up by the roots. The roots of that lily remained in my satchel till I reached home, May 14, when I planted it in my garden where it grew a foot high that summer. I was then directed to Emma's grave, she who was the wife of the martyr, the mother of our present prophet. I clipped a twig from a lilac that grew thereon. With a silent prayer that we may be worthy to meet the pure dead that lie here when the Savior comes, we left the place. O, Joseph, though I plucked the lonely plant from thy grave, methinks to-day were everyone for whom you spoke a kind word and performed a kind deed to plant one frail sweet flower there, thou wouldst sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers!

From the silent city where lie the brave, the pure, and the good, we went to see all that remains of the Nauvoo House. One corner of this magnificent building was occupied by Major Bidamon. The reading world was acquainted with this celebrated man, so I will say but little concerning him. His hair was silvered over with the snow of many winters; his once noble form stooped with the weight of years; his cheerful smile told us that he had not forgotten the gladness of the springtime of youth; his interesting stories proved that he had still in memory the scenes of the summertime of life; his frailty showed that the autumn of life was closing with him, and according to natural law, the

winter frosts would soon chill the warm blood of life, and the snow of death would ere long block up for him its path.

His testimonies concerning Joseph the Martyr being a grand and pure man, and of Emma being a true and noble woman, and of young Joseph, Alexander, and David being good, dutiful boys, were encouraging to me. Tears filled the old man's eyes as we stood by the very bed upon which Emma died. Said he, pointing to the bed, "'Twas there the purest woman died." He showed us many relics, among them the bed upon which the Martyr Joseph slept the last night in Nauvoo. I begged a piece of a knob around which the rope used to go, connected with the bedstead. Brother Revel kindly gave us a small piece of the corner stone of the Nauvoo Temple, and we bade him adieu, left the fallen city, and returned to Montrose, thinking of what might have been if God's children had obeyed the counsel of God through the Prophet Joseph Smith.

From Montrose we went to Keokuk. Leaving Brother Lake at Bro. B. F. Durfee's I took train for Carthage, Illinois. Arriving there I took a bus and was driven to the jail where Joseph and Hyrum were assassinated.

After some conversation at the door I was permitted to enter. The jail was then a fine residence, and we were politely informed that "as so many had called to see the room where the prophet and his brother was foully murdered, papa had decided to admit none into the house who came to see that room." I informed the young lady that I came all

the way from London, Canada, and that I would like much to see the room.

"Well," said she, "Elder Evans, I will make you a privileged party. Come in."

We ascended the stairs together, turned and faced a door, pointing to which she said, "Look at the putty in that cavity. Through that spot went the bullet that laid Hyrum Smith low."

They have placed putty in the bullet holes and painted the door. We entered the room.

Said my fair guide, "The room is just about as it was when the Smiths were killed, only we carpeted the room floor so as to hide from view the blood stains in the floor, for you know the floor is all covered with blood and we can not get it out."

There stood a bed in the same place where one stood under which John Taylor rolled while the mob from the door continued to fire upon him. I opened and looked out of the window from which Joseph fell. On the window sill is cut the name "Smith." I begged a nail from this window, walked out into the yard and stood upon the spot where fell the prophet of God. I had a long conversation with my guide and left the place feeling thankful that though the seer had passed within the veil, God has remembered his people, and from the seed of the martyr has raised up one that is mighty and strong to lead his people home.

CHAPTER XXII.

SOME REMARKABLE MIRACLES OBTAINED THROUGH THE
BENEFICENCE OF GOD.

Soon after the events narrated at the close of the last chapter I joined Elder Lake and we went to Farmington, Iowa. Preached there for the Saints, and went to the old hall where Elder Lake had preached his first sermon in 1861.

We arrived in Lamoni, Iowa, on March 23, and remained with the Saints there for seven days. I preached six discourses while there. Our visit to Lamoni was enjoyed very much. I met with many of the warriors of the gospel army. As I saw them coming to the house of God I thought, this is but a foretaste of the joys that await the "tempted, the tried, and the true." We were permitted to visit the home of President Joseph Smith. He was absent on a mission, but his wife and family gave us a hearty welcome. Sister Smith gave me a small piece of crystal of the martyr's watch as it had been found by his wife in his vest pocket, crushed by the bullets.

We were made welcome at the Saints' publishing house. Pres. W. W. Blair gave us a welcome to the editorial room, where we spent a pleasant time. Indeed, everyone seemed to give us a smile of welcome, and life was made pleasant for us while we remained in Lamoni.

We arrived in Saint Joseph, Missouri, on April 5, and I preached that night in a fine church called "Unity Church."

During the General Conference I was the guest of Brother and Sister Gardner. Their hospitality is remembered with pleasure. After the conference I remained nine days in Saint Joseph by request and preached with Elder Mark H. Forscutt. My association with Elder Forscutt and the Saint Joseph Branch is still remembered. May those good Saints be kindly rewarded of God for their kindness to me.

I made a flying visit to Independence, Missouri, and to Armstrong, Kansas. Met with the Saints and saw many of the Canadian Saints who had stood the storms with us in the early days of London Branch, preached at each of the above places, and left for Galien, Michigan. I met Elder Bond in Chicago, and together we traveled to Galien. We were met at the station by Bishop George A. Blakeslee, to whose home we repaired. I remained at Galien several days. Bishop Blakeslee drove me around, and I felt at home, for both the Bishop and his family did all they could to make me happy.

Went with Elder Willard J. Smith to Buchanan, where I preached twice. In company with Elders W. J. Smith and F. M. Sheehy I visited Clear Lake, Indiana, and Coldwater, Michigan. Had a good time preaching and visiting with the Saints; and to add to our pleasure we met Elder Columbus Scott, whom to know is to admire.

We left Indiana and arrived in Saint Thomas, Ontario, on the 15th day of May. The next day I

reached my own home and found all well. The next day I planted the root taken from Joseph Smith's grave. If it lives this summer many will have a sprout, and it shall be called Joseph's lily.

In July, 1889, while preaching in Saint Thomas, I was met in the street by a young man. Said he, "Elder Evans, my wife and I have attended your meetings and we both believe that you preach the gospel in its purity. My wife is very sick with diphtheria. The doctor has done all possible for her, and we fear she is dying. She managed to tell me to go and ask you to come and administer to her." I told him I would get Elder William Strange, and we would be at his home in one hour. We went, and the Spirit of the Lord was with us in the administration. She was healed, threw away the medicine, and in just one week from the day we administered to her I baptized both the man and his wife. The brother's name is Charles Furgeson. They reside in London now, and his wife is the leading alto singer in the London Branch choir. Doctor Corlis, of Saint Thomas, was the physician that attended her during her sickness.

While visiting the Niagara Falls, in August, with Bro. R. C. Longhurst, a doctor called on me to deliver a speech before a party of visitors. We were in the public park near the Falls. The question was asked, "Is there a God?"

I took for my text the flowers at my feet, the trees at my side, and the Niagara Falls before me, and felt that nature brought us up to nature's God and gave to dark infidelity the lie. All felt well,

and some who were present, I am informed, are anxious to have me go and preach where they live. Let us pray that the few words spoken there may, like those of the little Hebrew maid, find a lodgment in some noble heart, as hers did in the heart of the captain of the Syrian army.

In September my little boy, six years old, was playing around a horse when he was kicked in the face, turning him completely over. He was thrown some feet and alighted on his forehead, the gravel taking the skin off his forehead and nose to the bone. They picked him up and carried him home. When he reached the yard gate he said, "Please sir, let me down. I'll walk, 'cause if my mamma sees you carrying me, all over blood, she will think I am killed."

They helped him in. I happened to be at home and met them at the door. The child was covered with blood. I undressed him, laid him on the table and washed him clean, and saw that one calk of the horse's shoe had cut a deep gash right into the jaw. The other calk cut him near the right eye. By the time he was washed, a number were in the house, several of whom said, "Oh, do go for a doctor to sew up his wounds!" Others said, "Get some plaster and bind the cuts together." Some said one thing and some said another, when little Willie opened his eyes, looked at me and said, "Papa, please do not go for a doctor, but just 'minister to me with Jesus' oil, and God will make me better."

The child's faith made me strong. I told my Lizzie to get the consecrated oil, which I poured into

a bowl, saturated some cloths and bound up his head; then put him to bed. We had hard work to keep him awake. About two o'clock in the morning he began to say all manner of strange things. I saw that he was in a great fever and feared it was going to his brain. I went into a dark room alone and prayed that God would bless me with the spirit of faith. I felt blessed, came out, administered to him as the law directs. He went off into a sound sleep and awoke next morning about nine o'clock, got up and dressed himself. We kept him in the house for a few days, and then we let him out to play. The wounds healed and there is no scar on his face now.

In October, I baptized Mrs. George Clayton in Saint Thomas. For years she was troubled with fits, but since her baptism she has never been troubled with them and enjoys better health than ever before.

Bro. and Sr. Robert Longhurst were the first to unite with the church in Vanessa, Norfolk County, Ontario. About one year after I had baptized them Sister Longhurst gave birth to a little girl. Shortly after the baby was born Doctor Taggart, of Waterford, was called in and told Brother Longhurst he did not think the child would live until morning. She was a weak little girl and was born a cripple. The doctor said one of her feet would always be crippled if she lived. There did not seem to be any ankle bone, at least they could feel none; when the child would stretch out the little foot would lie up against her limb.

Since writing the above, I wrote to the parents of

the child asking them to write the account of the baby's foot, and I here insert their reply:

Doctor Taggart was here shortly after the baby was born, and said he did not think it would live until morning, and when he examined the foot he said, "The child, if she lives, will never be able to use it as it is." He advised us to have it operated on as soon as the child got strong enough and offered to go with us to the best physician in Toronto, at the same time telling us he would not attempt to operate on it himself; he said the best physicians could never make the joint perfect, but that she would always be a cripple.

It grieved us much to think that our only girl would be a cripple for life. We had obeyed the gospel, and decided to place our darling in the hands of the Great Physician. Brn. John H. Lake and R. C. Evans administered to her as the law directs, and each morning I would anoint the foot with the consecrated oil. We felt to have her administered to again, and Elders R. C. Evans and W. J. Smith anointed the foot with oil, Brother Evans praying aloud as they placed their hands upon her. After the prayer was over Brother Evans told us that he felt the child would be healed, and it was so. The child is now alive and well. No one, not even the doctors, can tell the difference in the two feet. Dozens of people know the condition the child was in, and that it is now perfect in every joint. Some time after the administration the doctor came, pronounced the foot and ankle perfect, and said, "There has been three quarters of an inch of bone formed since birth, but I do not know by what power it is done. This much I know, the child was a cripple and now she is healed."

I will relate one more case of healing. Sr. George Everett, London Branch, had been afflicted for five years. Some five years ago she felt a small lump in her right breast, which was painful at times. The lump became hard, and continued to grow until it was as large as a small hen egg. By this time

her breast had swollen to twice the size of the other, and many thought it was a tumor, others a cancer. Brother Everett advised her to go to a celebrated doctor and have the lump cut out, but one day she was impressed to be administered to according to the law of God. She sent for me and I administered to her, and the Spirit of the Lord fell upon us so that all in the house were blessed, the pain ceased, the swelling subsided, and she felt well again. The second morning after the administration she examined the breast and could feel no lump. Some months had passed away and she yet felt all right, when one afternoon while talking to me, she said, "Brother Richard, you have my consent to tell to the world that I was healed by the power of God."

At one time Bro. Frank Falkner, of this city, was taken very sick with brain fever and other afflictions. He became delirious and it took five strong people to hold him and in trying to get away he broke down the bed. The doctor gave him morphine to put him to sleep, but it took no effect. Elders Lake and Howlett administered to him and at once he was restored to his right mind. He continued to be sick, however, and while walking or talking would go into a sound sleep in a moment. Elder Howlett and I administered to him, and he felt some better. Later he came with his mother to church; we administered to him there and he was entirely healed and has never since had an attack. His wife, who was an educated Roman Catholic, saw the hand of God in this miracle and was soon baptized.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A VISION WHICH INSPIRED ME WITH GREATER ZEAL.

I wish to give the reader an account of a vision I had concerning the Book of Mormon. One Sunday night, in the month of November, 1835, I was preaching on the divine authenticity of the Book of Mormon. While the first hymn was being sung the noted Detective Hodge and his wife came in. I had never spoken to them at that time, and I think it was the first time they had ever been to church. The meeting closed and all retired to their homes. After reaching home I thought how thankful I would be if God would give me a special evidence with reference to the Book of Mormon. I believed from the testimony of the Bible, American antiquities, etc., that the Book of Mormon was a revelation from God, but I longed to be able to say, by some other way, that I knew it was of God.

Time came to retire and we bowed in prayer around the family altar. While in prayer I was carried to a cooper shop where I saw a man whom I seemed to know as the Prophet Joseph Smith, in the act of wrapping up a set of plates in some old garment. He placed them in a pile of straw, or something else, and left them there. I saw the plates, or a small part of the end of them, and felt convinced that those were the plates on which were written the

word of God contained in the Book of Mormon. Judge of my joy, dear reader, when some seven months after I read the life of Joseph as written by his mother, and from that book learned that Joseph did at one time hide the plates in the loft of a cooper shop, placing them in a quantity of flax to hide them from a mob.

While in the Spirit I seemed to be carried from the cooper shop to the city of London. I stopped before a large brick house before the court-house, opened the door, went through the house, and came to the stairs leading to the rooms above. I went into a room, saw a woman bowing at her bedside, and heard her praying in reference to the latter-day work, and asking God to give her evidence concerning the divinity of the Book of Mormon. After listening to the prayer and noticing the room I recognized the woman to be Detective Hodge's wife. I turned, left the room, and found myself bowing at my bedside, where I had gone to pray with my wife. I then told her all I had seen in my vision. Dear reader, I would have given all I had in the world if I had dared to go to Mrs. Hodge, and tell her all, and ask her if she was praying, but fearing that I might be deceived by a false spirit, I decided to let time unravel the mystery.

The next night there was a meeting at Sister Hunt's residence, which I attended. The house was crowded, and to my surprise and joy in walked Mrs. Hodge.

I felt the Spirit rest upon me, arose, and addressing her, I said, "Madam, I wish to relate to you

a vision that I had last night. You are the only person on earth who knows as to whether it is true or false. If false, I wish you to denounce it before this congregation; if true, I wish you to say so in this meeting." I then described the house both inside and out, the winding stairs and the way up to the room, the furniture of the room, the clothing on the walls, and even the quilt on the bed. I also described her appearance as she prayed, and repeated to her parts of the prayer. To make a long story a short one, let me say that Mrs. Hodge, in tears, acknowledged that all I said and described was correct. The next night, if I remember rightly, I baptized her, and one week after I baptized her husband, and soon afterwards baptized his uncle, and later on Elder Howlett baptized the detective's sister.

This, with many other evidences which I have since received, proves to me that the Book of Mormon is of divine origin and that Joseph Smith was a chosen servant of God.

Dear reader, I do not wish you to think that I have embodied an account of all the miracles I have seen, nor that I have written of all the blessings kind heaven has showered in my presence; for like one of other days, I can say, "Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life." I have written this short sketch by request of the editor of *Autumn Leaves*, with the prayer that God will use it as a means to strengthen the weak, cheer the faint, convince the doubting, and inspire with

greater zeal the soldiers of the cross all along the line.

Whatever faults that may be found in the composition of this my first sketch, I trust they who criticise will deal kindly with me, remembering that the most of the learning I have has been acquired after hard days' work.

The foregoing pages contain my autobiography up to March 7, 1890. Since that time from year to year many persons in England, United States, and Canada, have requested me to bring the history up to date, and I have consented to try to comply with this request.

I may state here, that since the publication of all the marvelous cases of healing contained in the former pages, I have had many of those restored by the power of God to confirm the testimonies herein related before magistrates, under oath, and I hold those papers.

The latter part of March I spent in Chatham, Ontario, preaching almost every night and baptizing a number.

I returned home April 2, and left London for Lamoni, Iowa, conference.

Pres. Joseph Smith appointed Father Whitehead and me to go and administer to Bishop Blakeslee's wife. When returning from the administration in a carriage Father Whitehead stopped the horse, stood erect in the carriage, and with his face aglow with a strange light, delivered a prophecy to me. My heart was made glad in that angels were protecting

me, and that if faithful I would be permitted to see heavenly messengers and converse with them.

During the conference I preached three times, then went to Independence, Missouri, preached there three times, and was called to Knobnoster, Missouri, where I preached to large congregations in the opera house. I remained there twelve days and baptized a number. Returning on my homeward trip I preached in Kansas City and Independence, Chicago, Galien and Detroit, Michigan, to large and attentive congregations in nearly every place.

On June 9, 1901, a gathering of people was held to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of our wedding. Of that pleasant occasion the *London News* has the following to say:

Elder R. C. Evans and wife celebrated the twentieth anniversary of their wedding on Tuesday. Their pretty home at 474 Adelaide street was enlivened by the presence of about ninety friends, many of whom came from the States. As a result, china abounds all over the house. A diamond ring was also presented to Mr. Evans during the evening. The company broke up at an early hour with many expressions of their esteem for their host and hostess. Mr. and Mrs. Evans left on a trip east.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOW A CHURCH WAS ERECTED IN SAINT THOMAS.

My next labor was in Saint Thomas. Shortly after I had started work, in a dream I was shown a lot on which I was directed to erect a church building. I soon discovered the owner of the lot and made arrangements on faith and good promises made me to purchase that lot. We went to work, and worked almost night and day until, two months after I turned the first sod I preached the opening sermon in a nice, new brick church. I worked at almost every part of the building, helping to excavate the foundation, laying stone, brick, carpentering, and painting, and was nearly blinded with the sun while shingling on the roof; but the Lord blessed us and while the women could not do heavy work, they made lunches, and some of them actually assisted in putting on the lath, and the Lord blessed us with harmony and peace and many were brought into the church. After the October conference, I was placed on a committee to collect money to put a brick foundation under the London church and also to veneer the main body of the church with brick. This was accomplished by many a hard day's toil, and my fingers were bound in rags, for the rough bricks soon wore them to the bone, but we were happy because we were successful. During this time the Lord blessed us, and one night while at

prayer I was blessed with the singing of tongues.
Herewith I submit the interpretation of the tongues :

A VOICE OF WARNING.

(Tune: "The dying nun.")

I would speak unto my people,
I would counsel and advise,
For I willeth not that any
Should my law and grace despise.
I have shielded and protected
Through long years of cold and heat,
I am willing still to bless you
If the covenant you will keep.

Think how often I have spoken,
Think of power I've displayed,
When in faith you came before me
I have not your trust betrayed.
In the hour of pain and sickness,
In the hour of dark despair,
In the silent hour of midnight,
When you called I heard your prayer.

Hearken unto me, my people,
I have spoken unto you;
O, possess your souls in patience,
Be ye faithful, kind, and true.
Lift your head and ope' your vision;
See, my coming's near at hand;
Live in peace with one another,
Soon you'll dwell in holy land.

In November I was called to Belding on an errand of mercy. Sunday morning I attended the Methodist church and by the resident parson was requested to preach. I did so and the Lord stood by me. The result was, I was requested to hold a series of meetings and accordingly secured an old, vacant church.

Hundreds came to hear. The resident parsons of the town were aroused and finally came out against me, but I answered every attack made both on the platform and through the press, made many friends, baptized eighteen, and was called away to answer previous appointments, but left many believing and rejoicing, and promised to return.

January and February of 1901 were devoted to preaching and delivering temperance lectures in different parts of Ontario. Soon after I returned to Belding, preached a number of sermons, baptized some more, but duties in the Canadian field demanding my attention I was compelled to bid farewell to the Saints and friends of Belding, leaving them to the tender care of the church authorities in charge of the State of Michigan.

I was called from Waterford to Welland to act as attorney for Bro. George H. Henley, in a lawsuit. The occasion for the trial was as follows: A clergyman lectured against the church, slandering Joseph Smith and our faith shamefully. After he had dismissed his meeting Brother Henley made reply. The parson ordered him to leave the church. Brother Henley refused to go, saying he felt that he had a right to remove the false impressions made against the church, whereupon the parson threatened to throw him out. Brother George weighed about two hundred pounds, and at once his righteous indignation was aroused and he volunteered the information that there was not a man in the house big enough to throw him out, and that if the parson attempted to put his threat into execution there

would be something doing. Brother Henley continued his remarks, making many friends, but the parson sought vengeance, whereupon he had Brother Henley summoned to trial. I conducted the case, examining the parson and his witnesses, as also Brother Henley and his witnesses, and after making a plea before the judge, Brother Henley was honorably discharged and the parson left the room disgraced.

Soon after this I was called to Detroit, Michigan, to preach. When a number had been baptized, Elder Hiram Rathbun, president of the district, was sent for, and on his arrival, a branch of the church was organized, to be known as the Evergreen Branch. I assisted in this meeting, and ever since have done what I could to keep the branch "ever green."

From Detroit I went to Kirtland, Ohio, conference. We had a splendid conference and I was permitted to preach to the people three times there. From there I labored in Chicago and Galien.

At the June conference in Canada I was placed in charge of the eastern part of the mission, and Brn. A. E. Mortimer and Fligg were to be my traveling companions. We left London for Stratford, and there I preached on the market square, in the public park, and twice in the city hall. My audiences increased from two hundred to fifteen hundred people. Brother Mortimer was not enjoying the best of health and would scarcely ever speak more than ten minutes, and Brother Fligg being young and somewhat nervous did little speaking, but

was valiant in prayer and singing. While there I overheated my blood and suffered three weeks, having twenty-six boils during that time. I never shall forget the kindly treatment rendered me in those hours of weakness and agony by Brethren Mortimer and Fligg, as also by Sister Davis, whose funeral sermon I preached some two years ago, after which we laid her away on the quiet hillside 'neath the waving maple. I remained at my post preaching until the brethren would have to take my arm at times and lead me home. At last I had to give it up and go home, but I am thankful to say thousands heard the gospel, many believed and were baptized. From Stratford we three made a trip through the northern branches, and we accomplished much good in Cedar Valley, Grand Valley, Damascus, and Masonville.

When driving home from my meeting one night, Brother Brain met with an accident. The harness broke when going down hill, the buggy ran against the horse, and the young horse started to kick. Brother Brain's arm was badly broken. They sent for Bro. John Taylor and myself. On our arrival we found him suffering great agony. We then administered to him according to the law of God. The Lord heard our prayers, the pain instantly ceased, the swelling receded, and in a short time Brother Brain was pitching hay in the barn. His wonderful recovery afforded great joy to the Saints and himself, and astonishment to the neighbors not of the faith.

Leaving Brother Mortimer in the north, Brother

Fligg and I went to Toronto Junction, five miles from the city of Toronto. Here we made our home with Bro. William Ward and family. This was the only place of rest that we knew of in or near Toronto. Perhaps a short history of the work in Toronto will prove of interest, so we devote part of the next chapter to it.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE ORGANIZATION AND WORK IN TORONTO.

Brother Joseph Luff was baptized in London in 1876. He and other elders labored some in Toronto, resulting in the baptism of Brother Luff's mother and several others. They were organized into a little branch and took steps to purchase an old church. Some money was paid on the property, but conditions were such that they had to give up the building. Brother Luff moved away, the few Saints were scattered, and no more meetings were held for years.

After some years had glided by several young sisters from different country branches came to work in the city. Frederick Gregory, then a boy, lately baptized, also came to the city. He it was who called the girls together. They saved their money, and as often as they could they would hire a hall and send for some of us elders to preach.

I had been placed in charge of the northeastern

part of the mission by Apostle John H. Lake, and Toronto's faithful boy and earnest girls sent for me. As there was no place for us to sleep in the city, for some time Brother Fligg and I, when we preached in the city, had to walk the roads from Toronto Junction and back.

On Thursday, September 17, 1891, I organized the branch in Toronto, with Frederick Gregory presiding priest, and D. McGillivary deacon, and the branch was for years dubbed "the old maid's branch," for the reason that the majority of the branch were the country girls who had found employment in the city.

The sacrifices and hardships of those days may never be known, only to God and those that suffered. Bread and water was often what kept body and soul together, with now and then a good meal at Brother Ward's when the hungry one was willing to walk five miles each way to obtain it.

Since then hundreds have been baptized, four churches have been erected in Toronto and vicinity, about twenty called to the ministry, thousands of dollars collected, many thousands have heard the gospel, thousands of sermons and tracts have been distributed throughout the city, and while we pen these lines, the writer preaches to the largest congregation of any minister in the city, and hundreds are being turned away unable to obtain even standing room in his meetings, notwithstanding he is now occupying, and has been for three winters past, one of the largest halls in the Dominion of Canada.

The above is only a brief history of the work in

Toronto. We may later on have occasion to make further reference to some of the more prominent features.

I was called to Petrolea conference by telegram from Elder Lake. Brother Lake had trouble with one who had been prominent in the work, but who had fallen, and, as time has proven, he fell to rise no more in this world.

Brethren Lake and A. E. Mortimer and I arrived in Cameron. Here we marvelously escaped being blown to death by an explosion which occurred in the Cameron church. Some one had bored a large hole in some stove wood, filled the hole with powder and plugged it up. The wood was placed in the stove, a number of us surrounding the stove, when the explosion followed. No one was injured, but we were covered with ashes and pretty badly frightened.

It was in this place where the unwise conduct of the one referred to above occurred, and we were all made to suffer (as many believe) by the hand of one who sought vengeance. Here is a case of where the innocent suffer by reason of the guilty.

After the conference in Cameron, Elder Mortimer and I preached in many parts of that north country. We had a private discussion with an English Church parson, after which we baptized several. On being called west I left Brother Mortimer to continue the work there during the winter.

Most of the winter of 1891-92 was devoted to preaching in Egermont, Proton, Grand Valley, Masonville, and other parts of that northern field.

I preached nearly every night, twice Sundays. Many heard the gospel and not a few were baptized.

I discovered the Proton Branch had not been legally organized, so by request, as president of the district, I organized it. Soon after, I was commanded to build a church. The morning after the dream I borrowed a horse and cutter, and within two days I had money, material, and labor promised sufficient to build a church.

The following morning I removed the first shovel of snow (then two feet deep on the level) from the church site, and by night we had the snow off the lot, holes dug and posts in place, and great timbers for the sills cut in the woods and drawn to the church lot.

Bro. William McMurdo gave the lot for the church site, John McMurdo donated the adjoining lot for a cemetery, and 'mid frost and snow the good Saints in the bush, sawmill, and on the church lot sang the songs of Zion and erected the church, and I had the honor of preaching the dedicatory sermon in the new church the next spring. Elder James McLean was then the honored president of that branch.

While I was in that section of the country, a small boy was playing with some other children. They ran away from him, he followed, they slammed the heavy door till the latch closed it securely. The boy screamed, and the mother ran, seeing the boy in one room, the door closed tightly, and the child's fingers on the other side of the door. He had tried to catch the door, but it closed on his fingers. The father told me the fingers were broken. He

wrapped them in cotton and sent for me. On my arrival I administered to the child as the law of God directs. The pain stopped, the cotton was removed, and the entire soreness was gone. The next day when I called to see him, the child was out playing as if nothing had happened.

Thus I passed the winter of 1892-93, happy and busy.

CHAPTER XXVI.

REVISITING CHILDHOOD SCENES.

In the spring I attended the General Conference as the London District delegate. While there I preached several times in Independence, Missouri. At the close of the conference I went to Knobnoster, Missouri, where I preached a number of times and baptized two. While there I made my first visit into a coal mine. I then returned to Independence, and when about to take the train for Canada I received a telegram requesting me to return to Knobnoster. I answered the summons, preached five sermons, baptized four, and then returned to Independence and the next day departed for home. I also preached in Chicago *en route* home.

After attending both the Lindsay and Masonville conferences in Canada, I devoted the summer to tent work, with Brethren Gregory and A. E. Mortimer as colaborers. We had the tent in Stratford

and Niagara Falls, where a great many heard the gospel and a number were baptized.

During our tent work in Stratford, Bro. E. K. Evans was ordained an elder. While we were laboring at Niagara Falls I baptized, among many others, William Place, who has since become a useful missionary.

Late in the summer of this year I was called to Quebec to try to explain the gospel to some special friends of Saints living in the West. My expenses were all paid, and I performed the task allotted to me to the best of my ability. I passed through the cities of Montreal and Quebec, and when I arrived at the appointed place I was promptly informed that their relatives in the West "had little to do to send a Mormon missionary there," that I was not wanted, and I was ordered away. After a short sojourn, returning homeward, I called at my birth-place near Montreal, visited the few relatives left, and was permitted to enter the room of my birth, also the Church of England where I was christened when a baby. As I looked on the christening font my mind reverted to the story related to me by my mother, who stoutly affirmed that even in my infancy I registered a loud protest against the rite of infant baptism, for she says that I squawled all the time the Church of England bishop was flinging water in my face. It seems from this that I always was a kicker against priestcraft and superstition, and that even in innocent infancy I was ready to register my objection against the folly of instituting the tradition of the elders in place of the sacred

law of Jesus Christ, and the more I have studied the more firmly am I convinced that Christ never baptized a baby, that the apostles never baptized a baby, and that they never taught anybody else to baptize a baby, but that infant baptism is a relic of popery and that the Protestants who practice infant baptism neglected to protest loud enough, but have indorsed throughout the Reformation a great deal of the tradition of priestcraft instituted in the Dark Ages.

From the baptismal font I entered the old family pew, and there felt a holy hush creep over me as I thought that here my grandfather and grandmother, over eighty years ago, led my mother into this pew, and she in turn as the years glided by brought her family thither to worship. They were all good, honest people, serving God to the best light they had, and I am happy in the thought that having done the best they could, the Father will reward them accordingly.

From the old church I wandered over to the graveyard, where reposed the dust of my honored kinsfolk.

While on this trip I was taken for a Roman Catholic priest on several occasions, but I lived through it all. Strange to say, I never could see why it was that I have been taken for a Catholic priest so often, and the only explanation I can give for the query is, that far-away, innocent look in my eye.

I returned to tent work at Niagara Falls, and during our work there Brother Gregory and I suffered much with the cold, as also with snow and

rain. Our tent leaked and ofttimes we were wet when we awoke in the morning. We were too poor to leave there and could hardly remain, but by and by help came and we were cared for. Before leaving I baptized Brother and Sister Place and some others. Hyrum Dickout, who was then located there, did much for our comfort. Some time in October we put up the tent for the winter, and arrived in Saint Thomas in time to take part in a grand conference.

I remained most of the winter in Saint Thomas, where I preached much, baptized a number, prominent among them being J. R. Shepard, who has been a faithful elder.

December 28 of that year, my little daughter was marvelously rescued from death by the power of God. She was thrown from a sleigh right under the horses' feet. The driver pulled hard upon the horses, causing them to rear and stamp. She was struck on the head three times by the horses' feet before we could rescue her. I carried her into the house, as I thought, dead. No sound escaped her, but when we saw she was still living I hastily tore the clothing from her body and discovered that she was fearfully bruised, and that her head was swollen almost out of shape. I administered to her, and soon the onlookers, strange as it may appear to the carnal mind, could almost see those lumps passing away. In an incredibly short time all swelling subsided, and the next day, to the astonishment of the people, she was out playing, apparently all right.

February and March of this winter were given

to Proton and Masonville. The snow was at that time three feet on the level. Many roads were blocked up and the people had to take to the fields. In many places the fences could not be seen, being hidden by the snowdrifts; yet it was remarkable to see the people driving for miles and crowding our meeting house. When cutting the ice to baptize some, on one occasion, it took over an hour and a half to prepare the watery grave. During this preparation of cutting the ice, etc., one man had his fingers frozen, another his ears. On reaching the house, after baptizing, my clothing was so frozen that I could not unfasten a button until I stood before the stove long enough to be thawed out.

When at General Conference the following spring I learned that a petition had been sent from Denver, Colorado, either the city or the district, requesting that I be sent there to labor as a missionary this year. The petition was denied, and it was again determined that I should labor in Canada. During that conference I preached on both Sundays and on a Thursday night. I baptized eight during conference, among them the prophet's daughter, Lucy.

From Lamoni I went to Independence, Missouri, remaining over two Sundays, preached five times, baptized four, solemnized two marriages. From there I went to Knobnoster, preached five sermons, baptized seven, and left for Chicago.

On arrival at Chicago I met my Lizzie and our son Willie. We remained in Chicago one week and attended the World's Fair several times, preached three times and baptized one. On reaching Detroit,

Michigan, I learned that I was billed to deliver two lectures. While there I met with an accident whereby I nearly lost my life. It occurred thus: I was riding a bicycle when an intoxicated teamster forced me to go between his wagon and the street car; the passage was so narrow that I ran into the car. I was knocked several feet, arose to my feet and walked a few steps when I staggered and fell to the ground. A physician happened to be passing by in his carriage, witnessed the accident and rushed to my assistance. When he felt my pulse, he said, "His pulse is gone, I fear he is a dead man." I was conscious, and upon hearing this statement I tried to move my fingers and tried to draw my breath, but it seemed as though I was powerless to act. Elder George Shaw, who passing by, was attracted by the crowd that surrounded me. He came as close as he could and recognized me. He made his way to my side and grasped my hand. He, as I was later informed, presented me in silent prayer to our heavenly Father, when instantly I revived, but began to suffer intense pain. It seemed as though my body was broken all down one side, as also my head. In a short time one side of my head and one side of my body was black and blue, and I was cut and bruised elsewhere. When the pain became intense the doctor administered a hypodermic injection into my arm. This was too much for me. I not having had even a cup of tea or coffee for many years, or any other stimulants, my stomach was very susceptible to a narcotic. The doctor then poured brandy into me. The ambulance having

arrived he ordered that I be taken to Grace Hospital when I spoke for the first time. "No, take me to 142 Fort street east," the residence of Brother and Sister Liddy. There I was surrounded by my wife and child and several Saints, who were told by the doctors that my injuries were of such a character that I could not survive more than an hour and a half. By this time three doctors were on the scene, and after consultation they gave me morphine to deaden the pain until the worst was over. Elder Lake was sent for. On arrival he wept sorely, for he had always been very dear to me, and he had frequently told me that I was as near to him as his own son. When they obtained control over their feelings I was administered to, and the message came, "He shall not die but live, and perform the work which I have appointed him to do." The pain at times was intense, for Lizzie had decided that I should take no more morphine, but for some time when the pain would be excruciating the elders would step forward, administer to me, and I would go to sleep under their hands. This was repeated frequently and all could see that I was gaining rapidly. I shall never forget the loving-kindness shown by Mary Liddy, Sister Janrow, Brother Liddy and his brother Matt; and in fact many others acted as angels of mercy in those awful hours of agony.

Telegrams poured in from all parts. The papers of London, Detroit, and Toronto spoke kindly of my life work. The ninth day I was up, and the sixteenth day I preached. If my ribs were broken and the diaphragm was lacerated, all I can say is, the

Great Physician healed me, and I live to-day as the result of his loving-kindness and tender mercies. Twenty-four days after the accident I preached at the Proton conference, after which I was called to attend to the celebrated marriage case at Niagara Falls.

Bro. Hyrum Dickout had solemnized a marriage. The clergy of his town entered complaint and he was summoned to trial for performing a marriage ceremony illegally. The trial came on, we lost the case. We then appealed to the High Court at Toronto, and the Queen's Bench, presided over by three judges, there reversed the decision of the lower court. In his address Chief Justice Armour said many things in favor of our church and denounced in loud terms the persecution urged against us by people calling themselves Christians. We left that hall of justice with thankful hearts that right had triumphed.

After the trial Brethren Gregory, Mortimer, and I started tent work in Maple Valley. Soon after our arrival there I was called by telegram to Waterford. I learned that Squire Matthews had been smitten with a paralytic stroke. He was an old man. The doctor expressed but small hopes of his living at all and declared that if he did rally he would never walk again. The old man requested baptism at my hands. A box was made and water pumped into it. Brother Longhurst carried the aged sire to the box, and after his baptism he soon got around and enjoyed good health for years, and died a good Saint.

I joined the tent at Grand Valley, Brethren Mortimer and Gregory having moved it there from Maple Valley. We had not been preaching there very long when we met with fierce opposition. The Disciple preacher, Reverend Mr. Moore, started to oppose us by delivering a lecture. Fred Gregory took notes and I replied. Then Parson Woolner lectured. Fred took notes and I replied. Then Mr. Sinclair lectured and I replied. They then sent for the great Samuel Keffer, said to be the giant of Campbellism in Canada. He lectured several times, and I replied. I tried to get him to debate distinctive propositions, but he refused. Then we had a newspaper battle with a number of them. Let me say that during our stay in Grand Valley from August 6 to September 18 I baptized twenty-six, among them the organist of the Disciple church, the organist of the Presbyterian church, and a number of prominent men and women. Among them we may mention Sr. Ada Clark, who afterwards became the wife of Pres. Joseph Smith, also her father and mother, brothers and sisters, one of the sisters being the wife of Elder A. F. McLean, afterwards president of the Toronto Branch. In all my hard work there I was ably assisted by Fred Gregory, by his shorthand in taking notes on lectures.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PRESENTATION ON MY RETIREMENT FROM THE PRESIDENCY OF LONDON DISTRICT.

At the October conference I was reëlected president of the London District, and the Sunday school elected me superintendent of the district again, and I was once more appointed delegate to General Conference. Here Elder R. C. Longhurst was ordained an elder by Elder Lake and myself.

Much of the winter was devoted to the northern branches, preaching in them all. During that time we arranged money matters so that "Grandpa Taylor" gave to us the deed of Garafraxa Property, and at that same visit several were baptized and the Grand Valley Branch was organized. In the spring my wife and daughter accompanied me to Lamoni, Iowa, to attend the General Conference. While there I preached both Sundays during the conference.

Pres. Joseph Smith advised me to resign the office as district president and devote my entire time to missionary work, which I promised to do at the next June conference.

From Lamoni we went to Saint Joseph, Missouri. Lizzie made many friends there and we all enjoyed the visit immensely. I addressed the people several times. Our next stop was Independence, Missouri, where we were kindly cared for at the splendid home of Bro. and Sr. John A. Robinson. Preached

six times and baptized three while there. We then turned our faces homeward, and got ready for our June conferences. Pres. W. W. Blair, of sacred memory, attended both the June conferences and was a blessing to the mission. At Garafraxa conference, as per instructions of Pres. Joseph Smith, I resigned the office of district president after serving nearly eight years. The district presented me with a beautiful gold-headed ebony cane, with the following address:

To Elder R. C. Evans, retiring President of the London District of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints; Dear Brother: As it has pleased our heavenly Father to appoint a high priest for our district, and, as we believe the time has come, according to the revelations going before, for you to be released from the burden and care of district presidency, and as we believe that you ever desire to serve in harmony with the will of God, while we regret to have to part with you as district president, we pray the blessing and guidance of the divine Master may be still yours to enjoy as in the past. And as a slight token of our appreciation of your past services and the esteem in which we still hold you, we, in behalf of the London District, present to you this cane [just here President Lake presented the cane with the statement that although the recipient would not need it now for a support to his body we hoped he might live to see that age when it might be a stay and a staff to lean on after years of toil and labor in the Master's cause] and ask you to accept the same, not as a reward, but merely as a souvenir of love to the servant who has tried to do the Master's bidding. We do not intend it to take the place of the crown of righteousness laid up for the faithful, but pray your life may continue to be the life of the righteous and that your last end might be like His, even celestial glory.

Signed in behalf of the district,

JOHN H. LAKE.
JOHN SHIELDS.

Thus was severed my connection with the London District as a district officer. I acted as vice-president two years before being president of the district, during which time the district had doubled its number in membership.

At this conference High Priest R. C. Longhurst was elected district president and Daniel Macgregor was ordained an elder.

I traveled extensively through the district with President Blair, and this privilege was a great blessing to me. When he departed for the West, I left for another trip to Quebec. Leaving London by rail, took steamer at Hamilton, passing Toronto, Port Hope, Kingston, through the Canal, Bay of Quinte, down the Saint Lawrence River, passing the Thousand Islands, and sailing amid the rocks down the mighty rapids, arriving at the city of Richmond, the place of my destination. While there I baptized Mrs. Roberts and her daughter, in the Saint Francis River. Several were present at the baptism, including Mr. Roberts. I confirmed them on the river side. After doing my work there I left for the city of Quebec, scene of the Wolfe and Montcalm monuments, Plains of Abraham, convents and churches, and many of the so-called sacred relics. All my expenses were paid to make this trip and as soon as possible I started westward, as I was under contract to lecture on temperance in the Broadway Hall, Toronto. I had some regrets at not being able to remain in the East longer, but those who sent me and bore my expenses knew that I was under contract and must return accordingly.

My temperance lectures were highly spoken of in Toronto papers and I was for the third time requested to devote all my time to the temperance platform, with the promise of a good salary.

The winter was spent working hard in the London District, making several new openings where branches have since been organized.

In January, 1895, I was called by telegram to meet Elder S. Keffer, of Disciple fame, in Selkirk. Notwithstanding he had challenged to debate with me on my arrival, he positively refused to sign propositions, but selected his own matter, and without notice or time for preparation I had to reply. He would sometimes talk half an hour, then call on me to reply. If he felt like it he would talk longer, but I was accorded the same amount of time to reply. All could see that this was an injustice to me, but I knew my man, and I went after him with the instruments of truth, and the Lord was with me and for nine nights I followed him. When the time for closing arrived on the ninth night, the matter was put to vote and I was favored by over six to one. I desired to continue the discussion, but the Disciples refused the church longer for debate, notwithstanding Keffer lectured to his chosen few two nights after.

A committee formed by the general public wrote me a letter stating that I had acted the part of a Christian and had answered every objection made against our faith. While Keffer lectured two nights to small audiences I filled Derby Hall for several nights, and to cap the climax, I baptized a Disciple

preacher's son, the son of the chairman of the meetings who treated me so unfairly.

While preaching some time later at Low Banks, I felt very discouraged over some opposition that was being urged against me, as I thought unjustly. I had preached all week. It was Saturday night; the singing school occupied the hall and so I had this night to myself. Feeling sad and disconsolate I stole down the stairs, passed out under the trees down the lane, and stood on the lake shore. I bowed on the sand and tried to pray. Rising to my feet I listened to the sad sobbing of the waves and felt as though death was not the worst enemy I had, and was sacrificing the best days of my life, and yet I was either honestly misunderstood or willfully misrepresented by some for whom I had fasted and prayed in the past. With the gloom deepening upon me, I crept back to my lonely room, prepared to retire, when I again tried to pray. No sooner had I retired than I saw my room growing lighter and lighter until it was as bright as the sunlight. Suddenly I beheld a messenger, who approached me and gave me such counsel and encouragement that ever since when passing through the dark waters I have felt strength as the memory of that blessed night looms up before me, in all its dazzling glory. The following day I ordained Lincoln Pew a priest, and Edward Barrick a teacher, and organized the Low Banks Branch.

Arriving at General Conference that spring, I learned that Apostle W. H. Kelley was using his influence to have me labor in the Eastern Mission.

Brother Kelley informed me that he desired me to hold meetings in Cleveland, Boston, Fall River, Providence, Brooklyn, New York, Philadelphia, and other large cities; but then again it was decided that I should return to Canada.

By special request I preached the two conference Sundays in the Methodist church. I baptized seven during the conference.

Soon after my return to Canada, by my request Bro. Daniel Macgregor became a missionary and labored with me.

I attended the two June conferences, after which, by request of Apostle E. C. Briggs, I lectured in a large tent at Detroit, Michigan. Here Brother Hauns first heard the gospel and later became a good missionary in the Michigan field.

Most of August and September of this year were spent in preaching at Low Banks and Dunnville. A number were baptized in Low Banks, and I believe eighteen were baptized in Dunnville. Here I met Sr. Floralice Miller, whom I baptized after she had listened to me preach the gospel until she was perfectly satisfied of its divinity.

Brother Macgregor was my companion most of this summer. He led meetings, baptized some, and preached several times from fifteen to twenty-five minutes. The balance of this year was spent in missionary labors, and at its close my record showed that I had baptized fifty-six.

The first three months of 1896 were about equally divided between London and Saint Thomas, with a few short visits to other places.

London had petitioned Brother Lake to permit me to remain home until the church was repaired and reseated, and I did so, working hard and preaching as the way opened. Three hundred dollars were collected for church repairs and improvements, and several were baptized in London. The Saint Thomas work was blessed of the Lord. Here I baptized a number, among them Sister Faulds, whose testimony will appear later in these pages over her own signature.

I returned to London to prepare for General Conference, and while there was requested to sing a piece for their entertainment. I had nothing appropriate to sing and so I sat down at the rear of the church and wrote the song which has been published so often, entitled, "Apostasy and restoration," which I here submit:

APOSTASY AND RESTORATION.

The earth was all bathed in gross darkness,
 Apostasy waved o'er the world,
 Cruel Rome and her daughters were killing,
 Idolatry's flag was unfurled.
 The thumb-screw, the rack, and the fagot
 Were instruments used on each side.
 Thus Romans and Protestants slaughtered,
 Till thousands on each side have died.

CHORUS:

Great God haste the day when cruel Babylon
 Shall fall by thine almighty power,
 When truth shall be loved by all nations,
 And priestcraft be cherished no more.

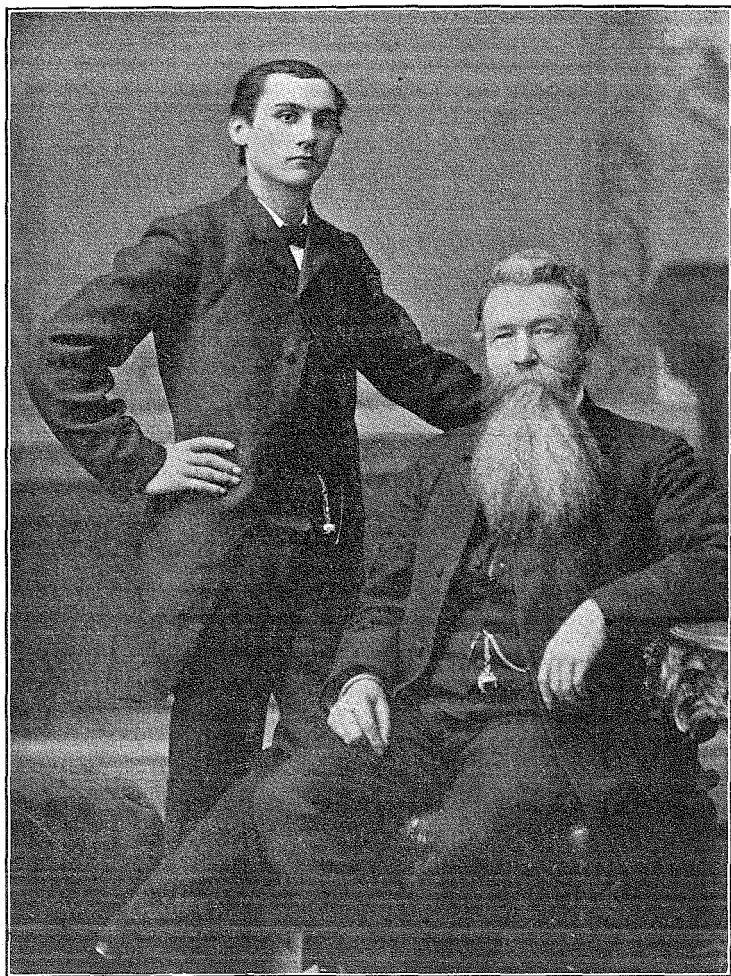
Thus darkness has covered all nations
For many long centuries past,
But God, in his wisdom and mercy,
Restored the true gospel at last.
An angel from heaven descended,
The priesthood brought back to the world;
Brave Joseph, the Seer, God commissioned,
Soon truth's gospel flag was unfurled.

The church with apostles and prophets,
With doctrine as taught by the Lord,
Went forth till she gathered in thousands
Who loved the true gospel restored.
When treason assaulted her honor,
Apostates were many and cruel.
She lived through the death of the prophet;
Soon God sent young Joseph to rule.

CHORUS:

Thank God the great day of deliverance
Is near, when thy glory shall shine,
When all of the nations do homage
To truth and the kingdom divine.

Give ear to his voice, O ye people,
Fear not, work for God and the right;
This church now by many despised
To millions will be a delight.
God give unto Israel great wisdom,
In pulpit, in workshop, and *Herald*,
Then Latter Day Saints will be honored,
And Jesus the pride of the world.



UNCLE JOHN LAKE AND THE AUTHOR AS A YOUNG MISSIONARY.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MOST REMARKABLE CASE OF HEALING.

Lizzie and I, with a number of other Canadians, started for Kirtland conference and had a good time. I preached Sunday, and my sermon was the last one President Blair ever heard, for he died while on the train on his way home. It was fitting that one who had given his life to active work for the cause he loved, as did Brother Blair, should "die in the harness." His memory will long be cherished by the church he served so long and well.

Permit me to submit one of the most remarkable cases of healing known to me:

On January 14, 1878, Sister Faulds took sick. For eight months she was confined to her bed, and all that loving hearts and skillful physicians could do was done. All doctors told the same story, "She will be a cripple for life, she has spinal curvature." She was completely powerless to help herself. She went in an invalid chair for one year and eight months. She then got so that she went on crutches for three years, then she only used one crutch. Her strength increased, so that by the use of a cane and three lifts on the heel of her shoe she was able to get around. Her suffering was awful to bear. The spinal disease had so drawn the cords that one limb was shorter than the other. She remained in this condition twelve years, when she heard the gospel, but to use her own words,

Pride stood in my way and I shut my ears to the truth. But during the years 1894-95 more affliction came upon me, and the cords of my hip were so drawn that I had to wear a cork sole on my shoe one and one fourth inches in height. My suffering was now almost unbearable.

In December, 1895, Elder R. C. Evans was preaching in this city (Saint Thomas). The gospel was again presented to me. My pride still stood in the way. My sufferings were increased, and at last I was administered to by Elder R. C. Evans. I received such relief that I knew it was the power of God, and on the 28th of February, 1896, I was baptized by Elder R. C. Evans, and from that hour pain seemed easier to bear. When conference convened in Kirtland, Ohio, I sent a request for prayer by Elder R. C. Evans. On April 9 prayer was offered for me in the Temple of the Lord, while I was here in Saint Thomas. I felt the Spirit come upon me, but did not realize what it was. I felt a strange power come upon me and I retired to my room, slipped off my heavy boot and laid down. Not five minutes after I laid down *I felt a hand laid on the afflicted parts and the cords relaxed.* For a moment I felt afraid, but presently I arose from the bed *healed.*

The limb which for sixteen years had been bad was made whole as the other. *I know the hand of an angel was laid upon me and since then I have been free from pain in my hip.*

I have given the above from a letter written by Sister Faulds.

Sister Faulds from that day until this has never tired of testifying of this miracle, either in public or private.

After my return to Canada I was invited to preach in Saint Thomas opera house. Bro. William Faulds would paint large bills every week and we had from three to fifteen hundred people. A number were baptized during those meetings, among them Bro. E. N. Compton and wife. He has since done good

work as presiding elder of the Saint Thomas Branch and for some time as a missionary. I would preach in the opera house Sunday nights and two nights a week in the church and frequently made visits during the week to other near by branches.

In the month of June Brother Lake received a revelation that I should be chosen as Bishop's agent for the London District. Brother Longhurst had the same matter presented to him, and as they wrote each other containing the message, their letters crossed on the way. I consented to occupy that office provided that E. L. Kelley receive evidence that I should act as Bishop's agent. Bishop Kelley sent me a splendid letter appointing me as his agent and the books were sent to me.

To show how the Lord has blessed the mission since my appointment, the books show that when I was appointed there was only one dollar and twenty cents in the agent's hand, the missionaries' families were behind on their allowance, and the missionaries themselves were very poorly clothed. Since then the missionaries are better clothed, the staff greatly enlarged, the family allowance increased, thousands of miles of new field opened up in Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia, and last, but not least, notwithstanding all the great increase in outlay, we have raised thousands of dollars extra and sent it to the Presiding Bishop to assist the work in all the world.

Besides all this we have collected hundreds of dollars for College, Sanitarium, and Home. I speak of

this not to boast, but to show how the Lord has blessed the constant labor performed.

In August I left the opera house work, and by instruction from Elder Lake I traveled through most of the London District branches with Bro. George H. Hilliard. My association with this man was a blessing to me, and his work was a blessing to Canada.

In November I was called to Cedar Valley to debate with a Baptist minister, Reverend Mr. Kelley. He affirmed, "Resolved that the Book of Mormon is not divinely inspired and that it is unworthy the respect of Christian people." Much might be said about this debate, but time and space forbid a lengthy account. Permit me to say, however, that the reverend's stock in trade was the old yarns of Howe, Hurlbut, Beadle, and the contradictory Spalding story.

Joseph Smith's claim of having seen an angel was denounced in round terms, and the climax was reached when his reverence tried to show that "Joe Smith" could not have conversed with an angel for the best of all reasons, namely, "Ladies and gentlemen, there are no angels now."

Well, I replied to all the old stories to the entire satisfaction of the people, but when it came to the funeral of all the angels most everybody was willing to wear crepe if necessary for the poor, dead angels, but before they donned the sables of grief, out of respect for the dear, departed dead, I thought it prudent to have the statement of the reverend gentleman substantiated by proper evidence, and so

started to discover the death notice of the angels. While searching for the obituary I stumbled upon the following facts. Just prior to the crucifixion of Jesus he informs us that there were more than twelve legions of angels, all hearty and well, ready for action at a moment's notice, see Matthew 26:53. From Smith's Bible Dictionary, page 605, I learn that a legion is six thousand, and this statement is supported by many writers. Here are seventy-two thousand angels enjoying good health at that time. We are informed in 2 Kings 6:17 that the mountains are full of them. Daniel tells us (7:10) there are ten thousand times ten thousand angels, and John, in Revelation 5:11, informs us that there were millions of them at his time, and the reverend gentleman affirms that John was the last man that ever spoke to the people by revelation concerning the angels, so we must conclude that his reverence, having never heard a word about the death of the angels, has made up this story to offset the testimony of Joseph Smith. Surely it is written that "prejudice will slander the north star out of the heavens," but it is left for the parsons in order to try to destroy the work of God as found in the latter-day glory, to announce the death of millions of angels in order to persuade the people to believe that an angel did not appear to the Prophet Joseph Smith.

After this debate I lectured several times and baptized ten more.

The last month of 1896 was spent in Saint Thomas, where I baptized a number, among them James Riley.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ORDAINED AN APOSTLE.

In 1897 we opened the work in London, where we had a grand time for two weeks; then to Saint Thomas, after which we went to Toronto. In Toronto we had the hall well filled at first and soon it was filled to overflowing. I preached and visited and baptized, often talking until two and three o'clock in the morning. The cold was intense, but we cut the thick ice of Lake Ontario, and during my sojourn I baptized eighteen, among them T. R. Seaton and his wife and mother. He has since done good work as an elder in the church.

The papers gave an account of the baptism. Sister Seaton's mother read the account and ridiculed the idea of women being baptized in the ice, declaring, "We will likely hear of it causing their death." She little knew that her own daughter who had left the sick bed the day of her baptism was one of the number that had been in the ice-cold waters of the lake, and that the white-haired grandmother beside her was another, and that in place of their being killed in baptism they were well and happy.

Brother Lake wrote me that he saw me in vision ordained to the office of apostle. The revelation was given to him February 14, 1897. On March 26 a personage clothed in white appeared to me and told me that I would be ordained an apostle at the

conference. I received some counsel then that I have tried to remember.

On arrival at Lamoni I learned that Pres. W. W. Blair had the matter of my ordination presented to him.

On the morning of April 11, before I was out of my room, a messenger from the Quorum of Seventy was sent with a request that I come to the quorum meeting to hear a revelation read, and true to that which Brethren Lake, Blair, and the messenger had said, the revelation contained the information that I was to occupy as an apostle in the Quorum of Twelve, and on Monday following I was ordained under the hands of Pres. Joseph Smith, Apostle John H. Lake and others. Upon that occasion it was promised me by the Spirit of God, through Brother Lake, that if faithful to the trust committed to my charge I should see and converse with angels, who would instruct me in my important calling.

Apostle I. N. White and Elder Frank Criley and some others testified that it had been revealed to them some time ago that I would be called an apostle. W. J. Smith wrote from Detroit, Michigan, that I would be called, and it was also manifested to J. J. Cornish on two occasions, so he afterwards informed me.

At this conference I preached two sermons, baptized two, and was placed in charge of the Canada Mission.

On my return to Canada I presided over the June conferences and Sunday school conventions. Here I resigned the superintendency of the London Dis-

trict Sunday school, which I had held ever since it was organized, whereupon I was presented with a beautiful and touching address.

After conference I attended the reunion at Masonville, baptized several, and then went to Humber Bay and organized that branch.

President Joseph Smith made Canada a visit in October. He was at both district conferences. We traveled some together and I learned much from his wise counsel. He went east, and I went to Selkirk, where I baptized two. While with Pres. Joseph Smith he gave me to understand that there was a great future in store for me; many trials, much opposition, but final triumph if faithful.

On Sunday, November 14, while I was preaching, Joseph was wrapped in vision and saw me addressing an audience in Los Angeles, California. I preached there in the summer of 1907.

The most remarkable honor conferred upon me since the apostleship was that of being permitted to solemnize the marriage on January 12, 1898, of the Prophet Joseph Smith and Sr. Ada Clark. The ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Alexander Clark, Waldemar, Ontario.

The ceremony over the prophet and his wife kissed me, and soon after supper they were on their wedding trip westward, and I to the church to preach.

In February I dedicated the new brick church at Vanessa, where years ago I started the work.

I attended the Apostolic Council in Lamoni, and

preached once. Then to Independence, Missouri, where we had a spiritual conference. While there I administered to sixty-two sick people in company with other elders, and preached two sermons, besides my other work.

After conference a number of us visited Liberty Jail, where Joseph, the Seer, was bound in chains, a prisoner for months. In the old dungeon of the jail I found one handcuff and a chain two feet long, perhaps the very one that manacled the hands of the prophet of God.

Returning to Canada, found all well and happy at my home, and then started a trip through the northern branches. One important duty performed while up in that country was to solemnize the marriage of Bro. A. F. McLean and Alice Clark, subsequently efficient workers in the Toronto Branch.

At the Vanessa conference I ordained Fred Gregory and Daniel Macgregor to the office of seventy. Bro. T. R. Seaton was ordained an elder there.

In July, while a large congregation was at worship in a grove at Lime Lake, a great storm came up. The heavens were darkened, the wind blew a hurricane, fences were blown down, buildings shattered, and trees pulled up by the roots. I advised the people to be still, and if they would exercise their faith the storm would not touch us. On it came in all its fury. I led the people in prayer and then we sang "Jesus, lover of my soul." The storm was all around us, we could see and hear it, but the immediate place of gathering was a perfect calm.

All felt the power of God. Three were baptized and many reconsecrated themselves to God.

In August Daniel Macgregor had some meetings in Sauble Falls. Reverend Thompson, a Presbyterian preacher, made a bitter attack upon him. The young soldier wired for me. On my arrival we met the parson in a schoolhouse. He would not sign any propositions to debate, but he lectured against us and I replied. We chased his reverence from every position and having cleared the character of Joseph Smith of the foul stain of having anything to do with polygamy, I then proved to the satisfaction of the people that the Presbyterian Church was guilty of the very charge this Presbyterian parson had accused us of, namely, that the said Presbyterian Church membership did sanction and practice polygamy where the law would permit them, and cited the well-known historic evidence of their guilt in India. This hurt the parson sorely. He called to his assistance Reverend Mr. McGown, Baptist clergyman. He in turn met his Waterloo. As a result we baptized quite a number. I then left for the West.

The next month I met Elder William Ellmore, of Covington, Indiana, in a six-night debate at Chatham, Ontario. The usual church propositions were discussed, he affirmed for his church three nights, I affirmed for our church three nights.

Mr. Ellmore is a man of wonderful ability, but at the close of the debate the general opinion expressed was that he failed on both propositions.

He knew the feelings of the people and refused to let them vote.

The Sunday after the debate we preached to a crowded hall, while Ellmore addressed nineteen people at 3 p. m. and twenty people at 7 p. m. Fred Gregory was my moderator and rendered excellent assistance.

CHAPTER XXX.

REFUTATION OF SLANDEROUS STATEMENTS.

1899.

After New Year's dinner at home I met Brother Macgregor as per appointment. We went to Port Elgin and drove twenty-nine miles over snow four feet on the level, and many places the fences were completely covered. We arrived at Sauble Falls where we did some preaching, baptized Phemie Gearie, ordained William Gearie an elder, James Gearie a priest, John Caldwell a teacher, and James Clatworthy a deacon, and organized the Sauble Falls Branch.

The London Branch petitioned me to give them two months. President Smith thought I ought to do so. We made arrangements to hold special meetings. The church was crowded at times, and among our audience could be seen lawyers and preachers. The branch was built up, several were baptized. During my stay here the London street car strike

occurred. I was called upon by the mayor of the city to speak to the mob that had gathered on the street. I did so, and the mob which had for hours been a howling, surging crowd, quietly dispersed.

By special request I lectured in the largest skating rink in the city and again in the Grand Opera House. My lecture on capital and labor was printed and placed in every house free. This resulted in much good.

I then was called upon to defend the truth against the merciless attack made upon it by the Reverend Mr. Krupp. The controversy was long, and because of the historic value to many of the Saints I herewith insert my letter on the Spalding romance, which, as I expected, put a quietus on Mr. Krupp:

BOOK OF MORMON.

(From the *Stratford Herald*, October 4, 1899.)

Elder Evans goes at length into the question of its resemblances to the Spalding Manuscript.

The following letter was received a few days ago from Elder R. C. Evans, of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, of London. It is in reply to the last letter of Reverend Mr. Krupp, of Rostock. The *Herald* would intimate its hope that the controversy will not be permitted to extend over many more letters. Mr. Evans writes:

Editor Stratford Herald; Dear Sir: I notice S. Krupp, of Rostock, has another letter in your paper of September 7, regarding my letter, "New light on Mormonism," the Book of Mormon, and the "Spalding's Manuscript Found." The man admits that "there are minor errors in Miss Dickenson's narrative." Now I am prepared to show that there are dozens of errors in her book, in many points she contradicts the best encyclopedias, and other works published on the same subject, and, worse than all, she contradicts herself, and tells

stories that are impossible to have occurred. In her book she says Joseph Smith was killed in Nauvoo. After a time she says he was killed in 1846, then she says he was killed in 1844, and she has him in jail for debt in 1817. He was only twelve years old, they trusted him early in life. I could fill your paper with her mistakes, proving her work as unreliable. I defy Mr. Krupp to debate the merits of the book with me on the public platform. Mr. Krupp will refuse to indorse much of her book. He only stands by her when she relates the Spalding story or some nasty yarns against Joseph Smith. When she speaks in favor of the Saints he refuses to believe her, when speaking of the church of which I am a member, and of the sons of Joseph Smith she says, "Please understand that the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, is in no way connected with Salt Lake Mormonism. The Reorganized Church has done more to put down polygamy than any other denomination on the face of the earth." "The Book of Mormon denounces polygamy." "The most forcible arguments that have yet been adduced on Mormon polygamy, are furnished by the pens of the three sons of Joseph Smith." "The sons of Joseph Smith deny that their father practiced or approved of polygamy." "Polygamy originated with the leaders of the Utah church." With all this and much more of the same kind in this book, yet Mr. Krupp has, by pen and voice, tried to stain the fair name of the church with the foul crimes of Brigham Young, and Salt Lake Mormonism.

Now a glance at the "Spalding Manuscript Found." The supporters of the story relate about it like this: Spalding was a Presbyterian minister, his health failed, he left the ministry—kept tavern—wrote his story commencing 1809, placing it in the hands of Paterson, a printer in Philadelphia, for publication, 1812. Spalding died in 1816.

But permit three reverend gentlemen of high standing to tell what became of the Manuscript Found. In the *Congregationalist* for October 24, 1877, the Rev. Tyron Edwards, D. D., of Philadelphia, says: "The Book of Mormon in substance was written by Solomon Spalding, a Presbyterian minister.

Beginning in 1809 and writing at intervals, as he did, he often read parts of the work to his neighbors, and among the listeners was Joseph Smith, who not only attended the readings, but borrowed the manuscripts, as he said, to read to his family at home. In 1812 the completed manuscript was placed in the hands of the printer, with a view to publication. The printing was delayed, Spalding died in 1816. Sidney Rigdon was working as journeyman printer in the office, and it is supposed that he, having copied the manuscript, with Smith concocted the idea of the new religion." The reader will notice that Joseph Smith was born December 23, 1805, so that the reverend gentleman above quoted would have us believe that Joseph Smith somewhere between the age of four and seven years, was a "neighbor" of Spalding's, "an attentive listener" to the reading of Spalding's romance, and "that he borrowed it to read to his family." Not many boys between four and seven years of age have a family. Surely Smith was a smart boy if the reverend doctor's story is true. Again, "Rigdon was a printer in the office." The family record shows that Rigdon was never a printer, never lived in Pittsburg till years after, and then, as pastor of the Baptist Church.

Rev. Samuel D. Green wrote an article, entitled, "Joseph Smith the Mormon," (see *Christian Cynosure*, December 20, 1877). When letters were written to him correcting his false statements, he replied, "Smith borrowed Spalding's manuscript, Spalding sent for it, Smith refused to give it back, Smith told Spalding, and I heard him, that he had made a Mormon Bible of it. I saw Mr. Spalding as late as 1827, and I have a letter from William Jenkins, that he saw Spalding in 1829."

Now, Mr. Editor, Spalding's widow and all true history shows that Spalding died in 1816, yet one of the reverend gentlemen talked with him in 1827, the other in 1829. Thus you see the vilifiers of Joseph Smith often make him more remarkable than his friends do. Surely it is a Spalding romance.

Miss Dickenson gives the testimony of E. D. Howe, and

D. P. Hurlbut, yet her own books say Hurlbut was a liar and Howe's character, upon inquiry, was found unsatisfactory—"Howe was himself a half Mormon." She repeatedly gives the testimony of men against the Book of Mormon, then slanders them.

Now for the real facts about the "Spalding story." Spalding wrote a story in 1809-1812, gave it to the printer in 1812, left Pittsburg 1814, died 1816. The manuscript was returned by the printer to Mr. Spalding's widow, she placed it in a trunk where it remained till 1834. (The Book of Mormon was in print and thousands of copies were circulated over the world in 1830). D. P. Hurlbut was excommunicated from the Latter Day Saint Church for bad conduct, and swore vengeance. E. D. Howe was angry because his wife joined the church. He was an infidel and wrote a book against the Bible. Now these two men, full of spite and unbelief, decided to write a book against the church. D. P. Hurlbut went to Spalding's widow, procured the "Manuscript Found," promised to return it, gave it to Howe, then to spite Joseph Smith, and make money by the sale of their books, they got Wrights, Millers, Lakes, and others, with the Book of Mormon in their hands, to make up statements that the Book of Mormon and Manuscript Found were similar, and contained same names, etc. Howe fills his book with these statements, which were false and manufactured to deceive, hence we have Mormonism Unveiled, by E. D. Howe.

In order to cover the trick, they refused to return "Manuscript Found" to Spalding's widow. Howe hides it, among other manuscripts in his printing office, he forgets where, tells Spalding's widow and others manuscript was burned. In 1839-1840 he sells his printing office to L. L. Rice. The transfer of the printing department was accompanied with a large collection of old manuscripts. Years passed away. L. L. Rice moved to Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. In 1884-1885 President Fairchild, of Oberlin College, Ohio, visited Mr. Rice. Looking over old manuscripts, they discover the long lost "Manuscript Found" written by Solomon Spalding. It had been in Mr. Rice's possession over forty years, and it is

now on exhibition in Oberlin College, Ohio, with the following indorsement on the manuscript, "The writings of Solomon Spalding, proved by Aaron Wright, Oliver Smith, John N. Miller, and others. The testimonies of the above named gentlemen are now in my possession. (Signed) D. P. Hurlbut." Here are Miss Dickenson's witnesses, referred to by Mr. Krupp. Will this satisfy him? or will he continue to "believe a lie rather than the truth"?

In closing, please notice the testimony of L. L. Rice. "Two things are true, first, it is a genuine writing of Solomon Spalding, and second, it is not the original of the Book of Mormon." "There is no identity of names of persons or places, and there is no similarity of style between them."

Thank God the "Manuscript Found" is discovered, and such men as Howe, Hurlbut, Miller, Wright, and Krupp have been exposed.

Trusting that the "dear" evangelist will see the truth, cease to misrepresent facts and refrain from slandering an innocent people, I am, yours in hope of sweet rest beyond,

R. C. EVANS.

After this I went to Humber Bay, dedicated their new church, and did some baptizing. Soon after the June conference I appointed Elder Daniel Macgregor to labor in British Columbia.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A STRENUOUS DEBATE.

Elder F. Gregory started to preach in Wiar-ton. A one-time Methodist parson and the magistrate of the town each in turn lectured against the work. Brother Gregory did fine in defense of the work, until the matter getting pretty interesting, he telegraphed for me to come and reply to a later lecture. I did not arrive until one hour within time of the lecture. Knowing Fred's ability, I persuaded him, as he had heard the man, to make such reply as he could, but he fearing a disturbance thought I had better take the matter in hand and we finally agreed upon the following plan: I was to open the meeting in due form, and then present Brother Fred as the speaker. He was to make his reply and if there was any trouble I would ask him to resume his seat and I would get into the fray. This arrangement Fred gladly consented to. The hour arrived, the hall was packed, and the lecture was on. The parson was present, as also the magistrate with a bundle of books under his arm, which I quickly recognized as those published by Fannie Stenhouse and J. H. Beadle, with some others. Fred had not proceeded far when the magistrate interrupted him. I at once called him to order, demanded an apology, or upon refusal threatened to eject him from the room. Some one called out, saying, "Look out, young fellow,

that is the magistrate you are talking to." I replied, "Sure thing, then he knows what I can do with him by the strong arm of the law for interrupting this meeting." He refused to apologize, preferring to leave the room. Fred made a masterly effort and then happened to make a remark, which was all too true, concerning the parson, but was rather unfortunate just at this juncture. The mob arose like a cloud, the parson rushed at Fred, and before I knew what I was doing, as the parson was in the act of passing me, with the words upon his lips addressed to Fred, "Curse you, I will throw you out of the window," I caught him, hurled him back against the table and called order. In a few minutes all was quiet, I began to talk, and the wild mob turned in our favor. I shall never forget poor Fred. He stood there as if waiting for martyrdom, for he knew he was in the defense of truth and I believe that night would have willingly died for it. The Lord helped us the next Sunday. I lectured in the town hall, and not long after that Fred baptized quite a number at a place called Colpoy's Bay, and we now have branches both at Wiar-ton and Colpoy's Bay.

That fall I dedicated the Longwood church and preached in Waterford and Vanessa.

During the winter I was informed that a great healer, Crismas, by name, was turning the city of Woodstock upside down. I requested Fred Gregory to go there and attend his meetings, and if he decided good could be accomplished by my going, to telegraph me and I would follow him. He wired, "Come at once."

On arrival we attended Crismas' meetings, and by his request I addressed the people. Soon the fight was on. Fred and I, assisted by Thomas Johnston, billed the town, hired the opera house for Sunday at an expense of twenty-three dollars. Eight hundred people heard me in the afternoon and twelve hundred in the evening. My lecture was entitled, "Crismas unmasked." We paid all expenses and divided the balance between us; baptized four grown people. Elder Raveill, of Missouri, was one of those baptized.

I was under appointments elsewhere and closed the year's work by dedicating the new Wabash church.

The first two months of 1900 were spent at Wabash, Saint Thomas, and Detroit.

While at General Conference, Lamoni, Iowa, on April 8, Bro. R. M. Elvin and I were requested to administer to a child that was blind in one eye. We administered as the Lord directs and the child was taken home. I shall not attempt to tell the story, but let it be told in the words of her father and another who knew:

LAMONI, IOWA, April 15, 1900.

ELDER R. C. EVANS,

Dear Brother: This is to certify that Elvin Nixson, a little girl whom you and Robert M. Elvin administered to last Sunday (April 8, 1900), she being entirely blind of one eye, caused by a cataract which had grown all over the ball of her eye, but after you had administered to her, her parents took her home. The cataract has left her eye, her sight is fully restored. The doctor who was called in has examined the eye and pronounced her sight restored and the cataract re-

moved. The doctor's name is Doctor Walse. The doctor, the girl and her parents, all reside in Pawnee, Missouri.

Testimony of Mr. C. J. Smith, of Pawnee, Missouri, given to R. C. Evans, in Lamoni, Iowa, Sunday, April 15, 1900.

Herewith I submit a copy of the letter written by the child's father, dated April 23, 1900.

ROBERT M. ELVIN,

Dear Brother: I take the liberty this morning of writing you, in reference to our little daughter, who was entirely blind in one eye. Yourself and R. C. Evans administered to her on the first Sunday of conference and now she is entirely well, her eye is as clear as ever it was. Pray for her, Brother Elvin, that all may be well with her. Praise be to the Lord.

Yours in the faith,

E. NIXON.

Some time after this I wrote for a testimony and both the parents of the child reaffirmed the miracle to me, and I have their letter.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MY PATRIARCHAL BLESSING.

At this conference I received my patriarchal blessing. I have several reasons for saying that this patriarchal blessing contains the word of God to me. For several reasons I insert it in full:

Patriarchal blessing of Elder Richard C. Evans, given at Lamoni, Iowa, Monday afternoon, April 9, 1900,
by Patriarch Alexander Hale Smith.

(Reported by Belle Robinson James.)

Brother Richard, under the influences of the Spirit of God, for I feel its presence strongly with me now, I put my hands upon thy head to bless thee in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. I find here, as once before, an Israelite indeed, one whom God delighteth in, the integrity of whose heart won for him favor with God. He has not won this favor without struggle, without a hard-fought battle with himself and his surroundings, and the influences that have been brought to bear upon him to lead him away from the path of duty have been strong. Ordinarily he would not have been able to resist these influences, but God was with him, watching over him, interfering in his behalf. Brother Richard, I say unto thee, God has known the struggle, he recognizes thee as his child, he has chosen thee as a special agent, a minister that he delights in, and he bids thee be faithful, discharge the duties of the responsible office that he has placed upon thee without fear of men; the only fear that may find lodgment in thy heart, let it be the fear to displease the Master, the Lord Jesus. If thou art faithful in the discharge of those duties, thou shalt stand with him shoulder to shoulder in his kingdom; thou shalt grasp his hand; thou shalt receive words of

comfort from him, his lips shall speak to thee and thou shalt hear his words.

I say unto thee, Brother Richard, the influences of the Spirit of God have been with thee strongly in the past, but they will be with thee more in the future; the past is but the earnest of the future. If thou art faithful to thy covenant, thou shalt be made mighty in the hands of God to the winning of souls to a recognition of the Lord Jesus Christ. Do not fear the face of man; the Lord, thy God, will stand by thee; lift thy voice in defense of the Lord Jesus Christ and his cause wherever thou art. The influences of the Spirit of God shall be around thee, shall buoy thee up. Still, thou wilt see those things that will perplex thee; there will come to thee hours of trial, there will sometimes come seasons of darkness, but they will gradually grow less and less frequent, as thou shalt pass along the life in faithful discharge of thy duty, these periods will grow less and less frequent. Thy mind shall become clearer; thy vision shall be granted to thee that thou wilt be able to perceive the nature of the kingdom of God beyond many of thy fellows. God will favor thee; he will give to thee of his Spirit and make thee wise and thou shalt become a wise counselor to thy brethren, and thy voice shall be heard in counsel for good continually.

Trust in God; be not shaken in faith and thou shalt stand with the bright ones that have won favor with God, that have stood in the world, that have met the powers of darkness, that have overcome, that have wrought a work that has entitled them to stand in the regions of light and glory; God will give thee power to bear the light, to stand in the light of his presence, and thou shalt be blessed of God.

Thou art of Ephraim, the line of Israel, and to thee shall be granted much power among the children of men. The gifts of the gospel shall be thine, and thou shalt be given wisdom to use them aright. Thy pathway lieth in many places of pleasure, many places of enjoyment; many seasons shall come to thee where thou shalt receive the influences of the Spirit of God to fill thee with joy and gladness. There will, too, come hours of darkness; there will be more or less sad-

ness come to thee in the walk of life; thy heart will be touched with the sufferings of others and in its softness thou shalt feel the sorrow like unto thy Master, as he saw the sorrows of others and wept over them, so will it be thy lot to see them, but thou wilt be granted power to alleviate many of these sufferings and thou shalt rejoice in it.

Trust in God, once more I say. He is thy strength, he is thy help. Be not heady, neither high-minded, neither think more of thyself than is right, but think enough of thyself, dear brother, to keep thyself free from the sins of the world. Temptations will come to thee; the adversary will seek to overthrow thee, and arguments will be presented to thee by others; thy faith will be ridiculed and thou wilt be ridiculed because of it; still, if thou art faithful, there is nothing that can be done by the hand of man shall separate thee from the love of the Lord, thy God, and thou shalt be redeemed, stand with the redeemed, receive the joy that is given thee by reason of very faithful discharge of duty and service of thy God.

I pray that God may seal upon thee these blessings, dear brother. I have no fear in pronouncing them upon thee. I pray, too, that when it shall be his good pleasure thou should be called hence, that the eve-time of thy life shall be glorious, that the radiance shall shine around thee by reason of the love which thou hast won from thy fellows in good works, like unto the golden radiance that makes beautiful all the western horizon when the sun sets in its glory; that the influences of light and glory shall mark thee as a child of God.

Never fear if thy feet are found in rugged ways; remember, thy hand resteth in the hand of God, if faithful, and he will lead thee safe through, dear brother.

I seal upon thee the promise of eternal life; I now seem to see thee as thou art mingling with the light and glorious throng that attends the coming of our Lord and Savior, singing the song of the Lamb, and expressing thy gratitude, filled with the Spirit of God.

Oh, dear brother, fail not to win this; it shall be thine if thou art faithful, in the name of the Lord Jesus. Amen.

While at the General Conference we succeeded in getting five extra missionaries in the Canada Mission this year. I also was appointed one of the Temple Lot Committee. That committee still stands. I baptized Pres. Joseph Smith's granddaughter, Bertha Anderson, and several others.

Pres. Joseph Smith again favored Canada with another visit, presiding over the two June district conferences. After conference we together visited London, Saint Thomas, Waterford, and Toronto, both preaching in each city. While at Niagara Falls Brother Joseph preached the dedicatory sermon of the new church and I offered the prayer. President Smith's visit to Canada was a source of strength to all that heard him, and no one will ever be more welcome at any time to the Canada Mission than this grand old prophet of the Lord.

This summer Lizzie and I made a trip through a number of the northern branches on our bicycles. We were absent about two months, and our greatest ride in one day was one hundred and five miles.

While in Toronto during this trip we cleared the ground for the Camden street church building, and many of us worked from eight to twenty hours a day on that church. I worked at bricklaying by the side of J. L. Mortimer. Many days nearly all the work was performed by the Saints without remuneration. I was called from this work to dedicate the new Rostock church, Sunday, September 30, and returned to Toronto the following day.

When nearly time for the October conference we often worked until after midnight and sometimes

as late as two in the morning. We held the October conference in the new church.

After the October conference conditions were such that I journeyed to the British Columbia part of the field, preaching on the way in Chicago, Denver, and Salt Lake City.

While in Salt Lake City I preached twice, visited the main points of interest in and around the city, met the First Presidency of the Utah Church, namely, Lorenzo Snow, George Q. Cannon, and Joseph F. Smith. Messrs. Snow and Smith conversed with me on polygamy. Mr. Cannon had little to say only to express his dislike for what I had to say when I detected Snow or Smith in erroneous statements regarding the polygamy question.

I visited some with Mr. Joseph F. Smith and family at two of his homes, was introduced to two of his wives and a host of his children. He only had five wives then and just thirty-nine children. I conversed with a number of their leading men and some of their most prominent women.

One of their elders challenged me to debate the question of polygamy and succession. When I requested him to write the proposition for discussion he backed right down and some of his own people laughed at him. I saw while there much of the evil effects of the accursed practice of that infamous doctrine, polygamy.

I saw much nice country when going through Colorado, Idaho, Washington, Utah, and British Columbia.

While in British Columbia I ordained two priests.

and one teacher, organized two branches, one at Chilliwack, the other at New Westminster, baptized one, collected over a thousand dollars in tithing, and preached in Chilliwack, New Westminster, Vancouver, Victoria, and had quite an experience when crossing the Pacific Ocean from Vancouver to Victoria. There was a great storm, and, while at prayer, I received a great blessing, whereupon I arose and wrote the following song, which has been sung throughout Canada, entitled, "The storm":

THE STORM.

'Tis night on the mighty Pacific,
 The white-crested waves wildly roll,
 The great ship is tossing and plunging,
 Grave fear fills the heart of each soul.
 My thoughts wander over the waters
 To the dear one I love far away;
 Sweet memory recalls the last promise:
 "Fear not, for you ever I'll pray."

CHORUS:

Like a star gleaming over the waters
 And driving the darkness away
 Came those words full of comfort from Lizzie,
 "Fear not, for you ever I'll pray."
 'Mid the sickness, the wailing, and danger,
 The noise of the ship and the crew,
 A vision of home and of loved ones
 Burst brilliant and clear to my view.
 By our own fireside they are kneeling;
 List! they mention the one far away,
 A calmness serene now comes o'er me,
 I know God will hear those who pray.
 Like a weary child falls into slumber,
 So the wild billows hushed in the deep,

The harbor lights gleamed in the distance,
The fear-stricken crew ceased to weep.
I quietly made my thank-offering
To Him who had conquered the foam,
While thoughts wandered far o'er the waters
To the dear one who prayed at our home.

NOVEMBER 22, 1900.

While in Victoria I visited Chinatown opium dens, gambling dens, joss houses (a joss house is a Chinese place of worship), boarded the English man-of-war, *War Sprite*, had a bath in the Pacific Ocean.

Our smallest meeting numbered five persons and the largest was thirty-five. Some few honest had obeyed and were trying to remain true, others were slipping away and Brother Macgregor was much discouraged with the work.

I returned home by way of Lamoni, Iowa, made my reports to Joseph Smith and Bishop E. L. Kelley, and arrived home in time for Christmas dinner.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HIGH COUNCIL OF THE STAKE OF ZION.

The first two months of 1901 were devoted to Hamilton and Toronto. Baptized several and organized the Hamilton Branch.

In March, Lizzie and I were invited to visit the home of Dr. O. H. Riggs and family, then residing at Cincinnati, Ohio. During our visit there we were shown all the principal points of interest in the city and also made a little trip into the State of Kentucky.

While there I administered to Miss Marie Riggs and baptized Lawrence Riggs. All of our expenses were paid and we were made the recipients of many tokens of high regard at the hands of the doctor and his wife.

The Apostles' Quorum met in Independence on March 27, and from that time until the close of conference I was very busy. I preached the first Sunday of the conference. After the conference, High Council of the Stake of Zion was organized. During the conference we were the guests of Bro. and Sr. Orville James, who after their well-known style had everything to make us feel at home. After the conference we were the guests of Brother and Sister Pickering, of Kansas City, Missouri, who treated us right royally. Leaving Missouri Saints we went to Lamoni, Iowa, and while there I assisted to organize the High Council of the Lamoni Stake.

During the summer I presided over the two conferences and preached and baptized in several places throughout the Dominion of Canada.

A Baptist parson and a Disciple elder made attacks on the church at Hillsburg. I was sent for, they refused to debate. I delivered several lectures to large audiences in the town hall, after which Elder Mortimer wrote a full account of the matter to the *Herald*, so I need not publish here.

In July I organized the Port Elgin Branch, and while there ordained and baptized. I then went north with Elder Shields, preached in several places, baptized a number, among them Bro. D. P. Perkins, who has since been ordained an elder and is presiding over the Clavering Branch.

That fall I was called to preach at the special tent meetings in Chicago and had a grand time. Later on the Waterford Saints purchased the fine new church built by the Presbyterians. This people had a fuss, disbanded, their shepherd fled the town, and we purchased the church for much less than one third its value. During the fall I presided over the conferences and dedicated Waterford and Port Elgin churches.

In November I was called to administer to Brother and Sister Awrey and child near Hillsburg. These people for years had been prominent members of the Baptist Church. They heard the gospel through the life and labors of King Cooper and others of the Cedar Valley Branch. It was a heavy blow to the Baptist Church when they joined the Latter Day Saints.

On November 10, 1901, when returning from the Saints' meeting in their carriage drawn by two spirited horses, the traces became unhitched, the horses became unmanageable, and soon over the rock roads they galloped in wild fury. When descending a steep, rocky hill the tongue of the carriage dropped, the carriage was turned over, Brother Awrey was bruised and bleeding, but not seriously injured; not so his wife and child. On regaining his feet he found his wife and child lying unconscious and bleeding upon the rocks. Friends soon arrived, the injured were taken to their splendid home. Doctors Gibson, of Hillsburg, and McKinnon, of Guelph, were called. They operated on the child and found her skull fractured in two places. They sawed two pieces out of her skull about the size of a twenty-five cent piece; a little piece of the brain came out, about the size of a large bean. Sister Awrey had her skull fractured from one ear to the other. Doctor McKinnon, the specialist, said after the operation, "Mr. Awrey, I have no hope for your wife's recovery, her skull is broken at the base from ear to ear and the wound on the top of the head has nine stitches in it; she may live about five days." Doctor Gibson did all he could, but on the ninth day he gave her up and said to the nurse, "Give her enough morphine to keep her quiet, for I have done my best; no power on earth can save her; she must die." At this juncture Elders John Taylor, George Buschlen, and I were sent for. On arrival we requested the privilege to administer. The nurse in charge refused permission, so I offered prayer and soon found favor in the

eyes of the nurse, when we were permitted to administer, the child obtained help at once and soon was around, the only effect of the accident now to be noticed is a sunken hole in the head, but this can only be discovered by feeling. The brethren were compelled to go to other calls, but a week after, when Doctor Gibson had given Sister Awrey up, Brother Awrey sent again for me and I was soon followed by Brethren Buschlen and Taylor. All hopes seemed to be gone when I said to Brother Awrey, "I feel that your only hope now is to put yourself fully in God's hands, and stop using the morphine." Brother Awrey decided from that moment to forbid the trained nurse giving Sister Awrey any more morphine. Said Brother Awrey, "I am satisfied now if Brother Evans had not advised me to forbid using the morphine my wife would have been in her grave. Now she is thoroughly restored and we together make this statement to the glory of God, that while all that medical skill could do was done, yet they decided my wife must die, yet by the power of God in the several administrations and the counsel and advice tendered by Elder Evans, my wife's life was spared. We thank all Saints for the prayers offered and the kindness shown. Your brother and sister in the faith, Edmund Awrey, Ellen Awrey. Ospringe, December 20, 1902."

Most of the first three months of the year 1902 were devoted to the work in the Chatham District. During this time I organized the Stevenson Branch and baptized a number. Of those baptized was Stewart Lamont, later the presiding elder of the

Chatham Branch. During this trip I had the pleasure of baptizing Joseph Shaw and his wife. Brother Shaw is the son of Elder George Shaw, one of the first elders of the Reorganization in Canada, and he is filling his father's shoes.

I was called to go to Rochester, New York, on some business, and made a hurried trip to Palmyra, New York, the old boyhood home of Joseph Smith. While in that part of the country I visited the Hill Cumorah, and the house where Joseph lived and the room where the angel talked to him, as also the tree where Joseph went to pray the time he had his first vision.

As I expect to refer to this place later on I will pass it by now, by saying, as I knelt in prayer on that historic hill I was blessed of the Lord and felt that the work commenced there will triumph.

In April of that year I preached the opening sermon of the General Conference at Lamoni, Iowa, and the following Sunday I preached for the old folks at the Home, and all felt cheered.

On the night of April 16 the Prophet Joseph Smith was in the Spirit, and received what is known to us as the vision that forms the 126th section of the Book of Doctrine and Covenants.

In this revelation Frederick M. Smith and R. C. Evans were called to the First Presidency, four of the Twelve Apostles were called to occupy as evangelical ministers, and five other elders were called to work as apostles in the Quorum of Twelve.

I shall not attempt to describe my feelings, but

will permit the published documents to speak for me at this time.

After the revelation had passed the quorum, and the time appointed for the ordination of those of us who were called had arrived, we assembled in the church. Not a seat was vacant. Before we were ordained we were requested to express ourselves and I am reported as having made the following statement, which was published soon after:

Mr. President, Brethren and Sisters: It is now nearly twenty years since I first submitted to ordination in this church. Since that time the dear Lord has blessed me, so much so, that so far as sickness is concerned I have been absent from Sabbath services three times in these years, and I think but seven times in all these years have elapsed without my occupying before the people as a representative of the church. I have endeavored in weakness to do my duty.

It is with a deep sense of the responsibility that attaches to this office that I approach this ordination. I recognize that unless divinity assists my work in this capacity, as in all others to which I have been called, it would be a failure.

I have had intimations of no uncertain character leading up to this call, and while I realize, to some extent at least, the burdens, cares, and the sacrifices, yet I have learned to trust God, and believing that God has called me to occupy this position, I am willing to go forward as the church may desire and as God has directed, leaving the result with him. I will promise, so far as I am able, that I will strive to do my duty. I recognize that God's ways are not man's ways, and I am free to confess that were I, from a human standpoint, called upon to make a selection, I would not be one to occupy in this quorum, nor in the one in which I now occupy; but again I am reminded of the words of our Master, when he said, "I thank thee, God of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes, even so Father, because it seemeth

good in thy sight." I trust that God may bless you all, and that when before the altar of prayer you will remember me as I struggle to perform the duties that may now be imposed upon me, is my prayer.

The other brethren called, who were present and ready for ordination, all made speeches, and the house was full of the Spirit.

During the meeting there were nine prophecies. One sung in tongues, one spoke in tongues, and one bore testimony that he saw a vision of angels standing over us when we were being ordained.

On April 20, I was ordained by Prophet Joseph Smith and Apostle J. W. Wight, President Smith being the speaker. Herewith I present the prayer and ordination as it was reported at the time:

Richard, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, as elders in the church, called thereunto as elders therein, we lay our hands upon you and confirm upon you the office of counselor to the President of the church, of the high priesthood.

And in thus laying our hands upon you in the name of the body of Christ upon earth, and in his holy name, we confer upon you the right and authority to act and officiate in this office, and according to and with that which has already been conferred upon you of this high priesthood; and that you may act wisely and well, and be fitted and qualified to perform all the duties of this office, we present you before the Father who is on high, in his Son's name.

Father, grant unto this thy servant that portion of the Spirit of the office and calling unto which he is now ordained, as shall qualify him under any and all circumstances to rightly discharge the duties thereof, to be wise in counsel, strong in every effort to accomplish good, faithful unto the covenant of peace, and so provided that he may faithfully defend against every attack of the adversary that may seek to take him away or to overthrow the cause which he is sent abroad to represent.

And in the name of thy Son, grant unto him all that shall fit him for the difficulties and dangers through which he may be called to pass; and may his days be long, and his wisdom sufficient thereunto. We ask in Jesus' name. Amen. (Reported by Eunice Winn Smith.)

Among the many testimonies borne to the truthfulness of the vision and to the divine authenticity of my call to the First Presidency, given to the public at the time, I submit the presentation given to Apostle I. N. White, as printed in the *Ensign*, for May 1, 1902:

I would like to make a statement here in regard to Bro. R. C. Evans' call.

When President Smith, the other evening, said that he had received something in regard to the organization of the church, I felt a lively influence of the Spirit come over me, that made me believe that the presentation, whatever it should be, would be of God. Hence when I went to my place of abode, I thought it necessary that night to fast and pray, that I might have evidence of that which was to be placed before the congregation the next day. That night I was very restless; it was almost impossible for me to sleep; but sometime during the night, I dropped to sleep and dreamed that I was in the office where the Quorum of Twelve have been meeting since here. The members of the quorum were all gathered there. Presently, Pres. Joseph Smith opened the door and came in without saying a word to anyone, neither were we talking; we sat in silence when Joseph Smith walked across the floor to where one of the twelve sat; it is not necessary for me to mention the name of that member. Joseph stood in front of him looking him in the eyes, but said not a word. And, seemingly, the whole quorum was spellbound as we were somewhat amazed at the action of President Smith. Suddenly he turned around and walked across the floor and stretched out his hand to Brother Evans, took him by the hand and led him out of the room when the door closed; at this juncture I found myself awake. I won-

dered what it meant, I wrestled with the Lord to find out what this all meant, but got no answer.

I met with my quorum next morning, and at twenty minutes to twelve o'clock, Pres. Joseph Smith came into the room and introduced the document before referred to. He proceeded to read the document. We learned that the name of R. C. Evans was one to be chosen into the First Presidency; and I saw by that, at once, that the dream I had was in line with the vision that President Smith was presenting.

This appears to me like divine evidence that Brother Evans was called of God to occupy as named in the vision.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WORK AS ONE OF THE PRESIDENCY.

When I was placed in the First Presidency of the Church I requested Bishop E. L. Kelley to release me as Bishop's agent of the London District.

His reply was, "God called you to that position, remain there till he directs that you be released." I am still acting as the Bishop's agent in Canada, and the Lord has blessed and is blessing my labors in that part of the work.

The early summer was devoted to the preaching of the gospel in Canada, and the Lord was with me at times in power.

I met President Joseph Smith at Dow City reunion and tented with him on the camp ground. While at Dow City, Iowa, I preached five sermons.

From there we went to Council Bluffs and Omaha, where we held three meetings, and then to Lamoni,

Iowa. After attending to some work there we went to Saint Joseph, Missouri, and then to Independence, Missouri, preaching at each of those places. We then left for Saint Louis, Missouri, where we received a grand reception and each received a purse of money. Our next stop was at the reunion at Xenia, Illinois. Here I preached seven times and baptized several.

Here I parted with Joseph, having been called to administer to one that was very sick in Saint Thomas, and here let me say, on the way I filled an appointment of one night at Saint Louis, Missouri, where I lectured on the Book of Mormon for the Religio and took train the same night for Canada.

Here I met that grand old man, Uncle John H. Lake. He was blessed with the gift of tongues and I received some wonderful promises.

The fall and winter were spent in Canada, doing all that I could to preach the gospel. I made one hurried trip to Michigan conference, and delivered two lectures on temperance, one in the Blenheim Baptist church and the other in the city hall of London.

This winter we started to publish the paper called the *Canadian Messenger* in Canada, and I was appointed business manager, with Fred Gregory as editor and Sister Macgregor assistant editor. This year Elder Daniel Macgregor was in charge of the work in the Dominion.

The first three months of the year 1903 were spent in the southern part of Canada Mission. I

dedicated the Cedar Springs church and baptized several.

That spring I spent seven days with the other members of the Presidency in Lamoni, when we three left for Independence, Missouri.

During the conference I preached one sermon, performed my part in the General Conference as best I could, and worked hard in the High Council for some days on some important matters that were before the council.

Leaving Independence with Elder F. M. Sheehy and Sister Belle James we were the guests of Sister James' brother, at his new hotel in Tulsa, Indian Territory. While there Brother and Sister Robinson, our host and hostess, gave us a grand time; the best was none too good for us, and the time sped swiftly by.

While there we visited the Bailey ranch and preached and saw the great Indian country, when we left for the East, after having all our expenses paid by the liberal hand of Wallace Robinson.

The next week found us hard at work in council with the leading quorums of the church on some financial matters.

Leaving Lamoni I preached in Chicago and Detroit, and arrived home finding all well and happy.

After presiding over the two Canadian conferences came the trial of my life. It came when the time arrived to leave the American continent for the first time in my life.

When the day arrived to go the Saints came to the station. I think I can safely say there was not

one Saint present that did not weep at the parting, with the exception of my Lizzie. When I kissed her good-bye, she looked up and smiled. This was a brave fight on her part. I boarded the train, and at once ran through the train to the last car. When I went out on the platform of the coach I saw Lizzie with her head leaning against the brick wall, weeping as if her heart would break. Some one said, "Lizzie, R. C. is on the rear end of the train." Instantly she turned, wiped the tears away, and waved her handkerchief till the train was out of sight. She, the companion of my youth, the joy of my life, felt my departure more keenly than all that concourse of Saints combined could do. It meant months of loneliness to her that they could not realize, yet, brave, true heart, in order to make the parting as easy as she could for me, she had controlled her feelings till she thought I was out of sight.

God bless her! When I think of her pure, true, strong, self-sacrificing life, a pang shoots through my heart as the thought comes, Shall I be unworthy to be with her in the world that knows no death, where tears shall channel face no more, but where the pure and good dwell in the presence of the Holy One, when the lost chord is found, and the ransomed join in the divine harmony at the coronation of the King, when he is crowned Lord of all?

I joined President Joseph Smith and Elder William Newton at Niagara Falls. We journeyed together, arrived in Brooklyn, New York, where we preached to the Saints in their hall and prepared for our passage to England.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A SUCCESSFUL MISSION TO THE BRITISH ISLES.

On the morning of June 17, President Joseph Smith, Elder William Newton, and I embarked in the good ship *New York*, and were soon "on the rolling wave." We had a good dinner, but I was seasick before supper time. That night Brother Joseph took my shoes off and I rolled into bed. I think I only had four meals in the dining hall during the entire voyage. Dry biscuits, dry turkey, and little lunches on deck just to keep from starving, was my experience. Brother Joseph never lost a meal and enjoyed perfect health while on the water, and to me he was prophet, physician, companion, and brother. During the voyage Joseph would give me one and two letters a day written by the dear ones in Canada, who had made him postman, to cheer me on the way. I have all those letters now and they are not for sale.

Ah, but it was good to see land once more! The green grass and the waving trees made us think of "Home, sweet home." We sighted Scilly Island, the coast of Cornwall, and France on the distant side of the English Channel.

Elder John Rushton met us at the Southampton landing, and soon we were in London, mighty London. My first work was to send a cablegram to my Lizzie and she was to forward it to Sister Ada Smith.

Our first day in England we beheld the King in his glory, also the Queen and Lord Roberts and the great ones of the nation out on parade. Not being on speaking terms, we lifted our hats and they passed on.

I will be brief with regard to our British Isles' mission, for three reasons: First, Joseph wrote the trip up for the *Herald*, and I wrote it up for the *Canadian Messenger*; second, I require the space for other matter, and third, I am pressed for time.

While in London we visited Westminster Abbey, Saint Paul's Cathedral, Smithfield, the spot where the Romans and Protestants, each in their turn, murdered each other in the name of the Holy One, that taught that we love even our enemies. We visited the Old Bailey, London Tower, London Bridge, Nelson's Monument, the British Museum, and many other points of interest.

From London we went to Enfield, Lydney, then to Cardiff, Wales, visited Llandaff Cathedral, built in the fourth century, gazed upon the tomb of the late Bishop Richard C. Evans, who was a great Catholic prelate of the dead past. From there we went to Llanelly, where we heard the Saints sing in Welsh, then to Denis, and on to Nantyglo. Here we visited the coal mines. From there we went to Birmingham, England. Here we were accorded a fine reception, meeting Bishop Taylor and several other prominent elders of the English Mission. Our next stop was at Stafford. Here we spoke and sung in a graphophone. Arrived at Leicester. This is an old city. Here we visited Wollsley Abbey, the grave

of King Richard III, also the spot where he died on the river side. Here Wycliffe, Wesley, Latimer, and other early reformers preached.

Joseph was suffering with a sore face, so Brother Rushton and I went to the famous old town of Lutherworth, entered the old church where Wycliffe preached his first sermon on the Reformation. In this church he gave to the world the first English translation of the Bible. I sat in the chair in which he died.

He was buried under the stone floor of this church, and after his bones had rested there for eighteen years they were taken up and burned to ashes and the ashes were thrown in the little river Swift. I was down at the river, to the spot from which his ashes drifted out to the sea.

Our next stop was at Clay Cross. Here we were permitted to meet with some of the true-hearted Saints and to worship in their own church, and while there I had the privilege of baptizing four persons.

When passing through Chesterfield we visited the famous old church with the crooked steeple. From there we went to the great city of Sheffield. While there we visited several of the large manufacturing plants, among them the Brown Steel Works, where they employ over twenty thousand workmen. Here we saw them making the great steel armor plates. We also entered the celebrated Rodger works, and there we saw a knife with one thousand eight hundred and ninety blades.

While preaching there we had eight Utah elders

present at our meetings, and after the meeting in the hall, several of us went to the square and preached to a great multitude of people.

Our next stop was at Leeds. Here we met many of the Saints of the mission and presided over the conference. During the conference Joseph and I were each presented with a beautiful address, which later was artistically arranged by the hand printers to the King, and when bound in morocco, were forwarded to our homes in this country.

Herewith I submit a copy of the address presented to me:

Address of welcome presented to Elder R. C. Evans, of the
First Presidency, by order of the mission conference,
August, 1903, Leeds, England.

We, the members of the British Isles' Mission conference of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, in the name of the ministry and laity of the church in the British Islands, heartily bid you welcome to our shores which we sincerely hope may not prove inhospitable to you.

We feel pleased to think that you have for twenty-two years carried on, and trust that you may continue to carry on, the Lord's work in Canada which you have so nobly and faithfully performed even at the peril of your life (Acts 15: 26).

We thank almighty God that he has in his infinite goodness spared your life to visit us, and worship with us, the one God, and enjoy association with the Saints whose homes are in these islands; the inhabitants of which have done more to disseminate the written word than any other nation on earth. We earnestly hope that you, the servant of the Lord, counselor to your honorable colaborer Pres. Joseph Smith, may be spared many years to occupy that position and together with him have ample opportunity to rightly interpret that word

which our fellow countrymen have so lavishly distributed among the nations.

We reverently hope that the good accruing from your visit may be reciprocal; that while you our brother may be benefited intellectually, physically, and spiritually, we may be blessed and strengthened by association with representatives of that nation whose forefathers in 1620 A. D. anchored their barks off the wild New England shore, braving the perils of tempestuous seas, rigors of climate, and a new country peopled with the savage, benighted descendants of a once enlightened race, to find

“A faith’s pure shrine
Freedom to worship God.”

JOHN W. RUSHTON,
President of Mission.

WM. R. ARMSTRONG,
S. F. MATHER,
Secretaries of Mission.

President Smith made a beautiful reply and I followed as best I could.

From there we visited the world renowned Kirkstall Abbey, built in 1147, and ruined by Oliver Cromwell in the sixteenth century.

Our next stop was at Manchester. Here Joseph and I were each presented with silver medals. On one side of the medal is a shield, upon which is an open book with the words “Book of Mormon.” Around the book are the words “British Isles, Zion’s Religio-Literary Society, organized 1901, by G. T. Griffiths.”

On the other side of the medal were these words: “Presented to R. C. Evans, of the First Presidency, August 4, 1903.” Here Joseph Smith became a member of the Religio.

The Manchester Saints rented a hall in the city,

and we marched through the city, headed by a brass band, to the hall, where we were each presented with an address and made reply. We had a number of good meetings in this city and baptized nine there, among them one of the Utah elders.

From Manchester we went to Stockport. Our work done there we went to Liverpool and to the New Brighton Beach. This is one of the great English pleasure resorts. While on the sands a colored American was playing a violin, and when he touched the strings to the tune, "Home, sweet home," we thought it was grand, but when he played "My old Kentucky home," Joseph rushed up and gave him some money, like a millionaire.

We then went to Warrington, then Wiggin, then Farnsworth.

Our next stop was at Carnarvon, Wales. Here we entered the old castle where the Prince of Wales has been crowned from 1284 to 1841.

Now came the roughest voyage of my life, crossing the Irish Channel. The water is nearly always rough here, but the old tars told us that this was one of the worst they ever saw. Believe me we had our ups and downs. Here I determined to fight against the seasickness, and with the bravery born of fear, I went on deck with Joseph and John, grasped the great brass rod by the cabin and hung on. One moment we were studying astronomy and the next geology. It just seemed that the sea was sporting with our ship, and would throw us to the stars and then plunge us to the rocky bottom of the channel.

Well, Burns said that toothache was the "hell" of all diseases, but Bobbie was mistaken, for a bad tooth is fun compared with "mal-de-mer." I hung on till I was compelled to let go, and suddenly I had a call below, and there, O what a sight met my gaze! Men, women, and children were sick in every direction; some were praying, others were swearing, but I had not time for either, I just exemplified my well-known generosity. Talk about "the widow's mite," why that was not "a drop in the bucket" to my gift. I gave all I had, and lost all the hard feelings that I ever had against anybody. Some one said, "Cast thy bread upon the waters." Well I did that till the last portion of the lunch we purchased before going on board was gone, and then I seemed to be willing to give more, but could not. Well, dear old companion John Rushton came down to see how I was doing, but "doing was a deadly thing," and I had stopped "doing and was living by faith only." But the glory was too much for John. Let me say that what John saw and I felt was "not lawful to be uttered." The memory of it worked on John's lunch, and soon he was feeding the fish, while Joseph was in the best of health. The fish might starve for all he cared. How selfish some great men are, but we all have our faults.

Having arrived in Ireland we visited Dublin, that great city of priestcraft, superstition, and idolatry, with its ninety-three convents. Poor, priestridden Dublin. While there we visited some of the principal places, such as Phoenix Park, Donnybrook, and other places of interest.

We crossed the Boyne River where King William, Prince of Orange, won the famous battle, and visited Belfast, and from there started for Scotland.

Glasgow was our next stop. Here we met Elder George Thorburn and wife, who were doing missionary work in that part, as also many good Saints. Here Joseph and I were presented with an address and made reply.

We went to the famous Loch Lomond and sailed from one end of the lake to the other, and gathered heather on the "bonny banks."

Our next stop was at Hamilton, Scotland, the home of the missionary in charge of the mission, and our traveling chaperon, John Rushton. Visited Bothwell Castle, where Mary Queen of Scots was in hiding to save her life from Holy Queen Elizabeth, the head of the Church of England. While there we went down the great coal mines, and surely it was a sight never to be forgotten.

From there we went to Edinburgh, visited the Castle, also Holyrood Palace and Abbey. Here we entered the room where Mary Queen of Scots slept, and the bed is there as she left it so many years ago.

From there we journeyed to London, and after a stay of several days at the home of Brother Sheldon, we, on the 19th of September, bade farewell to the Saints of England and were on our way to "home, sweet home."

Perhaps I had better state here that in nearly every place I have mentioned, we both preached and did such other church work as we were led to perform, and in every place the Saints did their best

to make us happy and comfortable, and the many presents that we received betoken the fact that they enjoyed our visit, and since we arrived in America the Saints of the British Isles Mission have continued to remember us at every Christmas time and we have been requested several times to return there, and have promised that if requested to go we will gladly return, but it will not be "till there is no more sea."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HOME AGAIN.

On the return voyage we had some stormy weather. I was sick part of the time, but Joseph never lost a meal, and was in excellent health, in fact his face seemed to get better and the suffering endured by him while in England seemed to have left no trace, for he was cheerful and happy all the way over.

On the night of the 23d of September, while in our stateroom, a personage appeared to me. He was dressed in a flowing, white robe, had light, waving hair, falling gracefully down over his shoulders. He slowly approached me and handed me a wreath, made of maple leaves, with a small white flower running around the center of the leaves, and directly across the center of the wreath, in the same white flowers was the word *Canada*. The wreath was in

a circle and the word *Canada* crossed the center of the wreath.

At first I was nervous, but the sweet smile of the messenger dispelled my fears, as he was looking at me, holding out the wreath for me to take it. At last I spoke. It may not be necessary for me to relate all that was said, nor the exact words that were spoken. I may say, however, that I received the following instruction and information:

You have contemplated moving to Independence, Missouri, and have purchased property there. It is the will of the Lord that you remain in Canada.

I was informed that Canada was to become a mighty colony and that thousands of people would make their home in Canada; that from the British Isles, Europe, and the United States would come those people. That the church would become a powerful agent for good in that land, and that the Lord would protect and sustain me when attack was made against me both within and without the church, and that I should receive revelation as to my future location should the time come for me to leave my present home.

The reader is not to suppose that I have given all that was revealed to me, nor that I have given the words verbatim, for I can not repeat all that was said, nor can I remember the exact words of that which was spoken. But the thought as I understood it was that I was not at that time to move to Independence, that my work lay in Canada and would for some time, and that if in the future I was

to move to Independence, the Lord would so direct through the proper channel.

From that time I have not made a move toward locating at Independence, but have renewed my efforts in the Canada Mission, content to hold the lot there till the Lord instructs me to go there.

We arrived in New York, and there I parted with President Smith, he going to the Fall River conference and I to my home in London.

Permit me to say right here that all my associations with Brother Joseph while on this mission were pleasant and agreeable.

On my arrival a splendid reception was tendered me, and during the Zion's Religio convention at London I was presented with the following address, and made such reply as I could:

TO PRES. R. C. EVANS.

Beloved Honorary President of Zion's Religio-Literary Association of London District; Greeting: We, the Religians, desire to express our feelings of gratitude to God that he has answered our prayers and granted the realization of our hopes in permitting you to return from your trip to foreign lands.

When last we met in convention our hearts were saddened because of your contemplated journey and at least months of separation, and also that you were exposed to the dangers of raging storm and foamy billows of "the great seas which divideth the lands."

But as your mission was to herald the glad tidings of joy to our fellow-men our fears were stilled as we realized that you were being upheld by the prayers of God's people and that he who once spake peace to the troubled waters could, and would, protect his servant in the discharge of his duties.

Your mission of love called you to go "whether over mountain, plain or sea," and although bonds of love and ties of home enticed you to remain, for

"Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside,
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

Yet you bravely heeded the voice of God and said good-bye to country, home, and loved ones.

God be with you till we meet again might have meant on the other shore.

With grateful hearts we welcome you again, glad to clasp your hand, see your kindly smile, and to have your ever willing assistance in counseling and directing our efforts to advance the gospel and our own beloved Religio work.

Let these flowers—God's own undertones of love to mankind—convey to you the love and high esteem in which you are held, and our words are inadequate to express.

They are a composite remembrance as everyone of our twenty-one locals is represented by a rose of love and is supplemented by one for the home class.

These, your own favorite flowers, are interspersed with our own maple leaves, emblematic of our love of country—Canada, fair Canada, the emblem of love and patriotism are entwined with evergreen, a type of the everlasting gospel, and all are bound together with the white ribbon of purity. Let this bouquet represent our high esteem and manifold welcome home again.

Dear brother, we ask you to accept this as a feeble token from your colaborers—brothers and sisters in Christ, but be assured behind the gift there lies the true, the real love of God's children unexpressed.

We trust that many years of association shall be ours to enjoy as we endeavor to advance onward and upward.

Signed on behalf of Association,

FLORALICE MILLER.

EDITH POPE.

JAMES PYCOCK.

MINNIE FAULDS.

ALICE KNISLEY.

After a few days' visit at home I started for the Chatham conference. After a good conference I dedicated the Wallaceburg church, and then preached the opening sermon of the new church at Chatham. From there I went to Kimball, preached for a time there to fine audiences and then I dedicated the new church at Kimball, and closed the year's labor by preaching at London and baptizing seven.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MY FIRST TRIP TO THE GREAT NORTHWEST.

1904.

January was given to London and Saint Thomas, where I baptized several. I drove to Osborn in the worst storm of the winter. My Lizzie was with me and we were at times about ready to give up, but after a long, cold, and dangerous drive, we arrived at our place of destination. The return trip was even worse than going. We were upset several times, and the horse in stumbling through the snowdrifts was cut and bruised and kicked his shoes off, and we had to unhitch and make roads. The snow was in places twelve feet deep.

In February I worked in Toronto, dedicating the Camden Street Church, and baptizing ten.

The spring conference was held at Kirtland, Ohio. Lizzie and I, with nineteen others from Canada, attended that conference. I preached twice.

My mother, who had up to the last few months always enjoyed good health, had been going down rapidly, and the end came on the morning of May 30. Had she lived eleven days more she would have been eighty years of age. There was a large gathering at the church. From the church we bore her away to sleep by father's side on the lonely hill crest, till the Master calls.

Early in June, the Reverend Mr. Chapman, Disciple parson at Grand Valley, got to hungering for a little notoriety, so he rushed into the papers with some old stale slanders against Joseph Smith and the latter-day glory. The Saints sent me the papers and requested that I reply, which I did, and we had it for some time through the columns of the *Dufferin Post*.

I challenged him to affirm in debate what he said he could prove, but he refused to meet me on the platform, but when he knew that I had to go to the conferences of London and Chatham districts he sent for the noted Clark Braden, who in my absence was very bold. He delivered six lectures in the largest hall in Grand Valley, and as soon as this reached my ears I sent on a bill announcing that I would reply to Braden in the same hall. Here I replied to all that he had to say and mentioned his name many times, and one of my lectures was entitled, "Braden unmasked." He was just across the road, the windows up so that he could hear all that I had to say, but if you think that the "only" Braden came to see or talk to me you are mistaken.

The people said that I had answered all his slanders and that if ever Braden made another cowardly attack on our church it would be beneath the notice of honest men to reply to him or to listen to him. Well, I did the job and was off to fill other appointments, but behold the brave fellow was out the next week with a reply to me, but he did not hurt many people, for few paid any attention to him.

After a grand reception and the baptism of a Disciple I left for other appointments. Fred Gregory was again on hand to assist me in these lectures.

By agreement of the First Presidency and the invitation of the Saints of the Eastern Mission I left for the Eastern States, July 20, and was, on arrival at Fall River, Massachusetts, tendered a grand reception. They had the church all decorated and gave me a splendid address. There I met Dr. W. A. Sinclair and his father, mother, and brothers, whom I had baptized in dear old Canada when he was a small lad. I also met here another of my boys, baptized by me in London when a small boy, Harry Howlett, who is now the president of that branch. I was made at home at the residence of Dr. John Gilbert, and all the Saints who have been at Fall River know what that means.

The first Sunday there I addressed five meetings, talking over four hours, and strange as it may appear, they all lived through it.

While east I preached in Boston, Fall River, Shawmut, Attleboro, then on to Silver Lake reunion. Here I met Pres. F. M. Smith. Brother Smith, F. M. Sheehy, and I were made presidency of the reunion. I baptized fourteen and preached eight times during the reunion. We had lovely meetings and grand time bathing in the lake, and playing baseball, and the outing was a blessing to us all, as I believe.

When on that eastern mission I visited many.

historic places. I was at Lexington and Concord, where the first battles were fought that commenced the struggle that finally resulted in the independence of the United States.

From Boston to New York, Brooklyn, and Philadelphia, and thanks to the kindness of Bishop Zimmermann I made my first visit to Washington. Here I saw President Roosevelt, but we did not speak as we passed by.

In nearly all of the places mentioned I preached as the way opened, and I was right royally entertained by all the good Saints of the East.

Leaving the East I hurried home and remained there two days. Made a short trip to Chicago. While there I preached and baptized two grandchildren of the late Bishop Blakeslee, the children of his daughter, Mrs. Smith, now residing in Detroit, Michigan.

I was pleased to meet my Lizzie in Chicago, and from there we went together to the World's Fair at Saint Louis, Missouri. We had a splendid time during the fair. The Saint Louis Saints were kindness personified.

While there we met many Saints from a distance, among them Belle and Orville James, as also Louise and Wallace Robinson, and they did put up the dollars till we saw about all that was to be seen on the grounds.

Lizzie returned home and I went to Dow City, Iowa, to the reunion. Here I tented with Pres.

Joseph Smith, preached nine sermons, and baptized three.

I hurried back to Canada, and after presiding over the two conferences, I made arrangements to meet Elder J. L. Mortimer in Toronto, from which city we started for the great Northwest.

We did church work in Winnipeg and Treherne, and at Rosendale we organized a branch and ordained a priest and a teacher. In this place the Methodists opposed me greatly, but since that time the new church which they had just erected has been purchased by the Saints, and I was sent for and dedicated it to the true worship. While there I had the pleasure of baptizing some in the ice-covered waters of the Assiniboia.

Our next stop was at Ashville, from there to Spy Hill. Here I baptized when they said it was forty-nine below zero. One of those baptized was Brother Dorsett, now a missionary in the Northwest.

Our next place of meeting was at or near Weyburn, Saskatchewan. Here we organized the Weyburn Branch.

I had intended going on to Alberta, but urgent demands called me to return hurriedly to Ontario. Let me say to the credit of J. L. Mortimer, Alvin Knisley, S. W. Tomlinson, and A. Dorsett, that I found they had done good work in that field and mistakes were but few.

I must not forget the name of Elder Fred Gregory, for he it was that made the first missionary trip to that far away field, and he endured hardships there

that will never be forgotten, crossing the streams in cold weather, at times taking off his clothing and tying it on his head while he forded the chilly streams.

Returning to London, the first work that required my attention was to arrange some missionary matters, and then I left for the city of Toronto. After preaching for some time to large congregations, it was suggested by some that we hire the large Majestic Theater. Well, we thought of the expense and our heart failed us, till some of the brethren said, "R. C., will you preach in the Majestic if we put up the money for two nights?" "Sure thing," said I. The city was properly billed and the great theater was well filled with an attentive congregation. The great theater was full every Sunday night after that till I was called away to prepare for the fast approaching General Conference. Several were baptized, and I was by resolution invited to continue the work next winter.

Arriving home, I soon had Lizzie on the way to Lamoni, Iowa, where we were, during the conference, the guests of Bro. and Sr. Benjamin Anderson. Sister Anderson is the prophet's daughter.

I was very busy during the conference and Lizzie returned home alone, I having to remain to take part in the proceedings of the High Council. Soon after my arrival I went north, and many of us took steamer for the Manitowaning Island conference. Here we had a grand conference, met many of the island Saints and were delighted with the

good work performed on the island by George and Samuel Tomlinson and John Shields.

While there I dedicated the new church at Manitowaning, and organized a branch at that place, with W. R. Smith in charge. I also ordained Robert Clark Russell to the office of seventy.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ATTEND MANY CONFERENCES AND REUNIONS.

In August I attended the Akron, Ohio, reunion, preached three sermons, and started for the Eastern Mission. Arriving at Touissot, Massachusetts, I found a host of the tried and true assembled in reunion, and I learned that they had already elected me to preside over the reunion with the president of the mission. During the reunion I preached five times, and at its close I went to Boston and there took steamer for the State of Maine.

I presided over the conference at Little Deer Isle, and preached two sermons. From there to Mountainville, preached two sermons and then to Stonington, where I preached several sermons and had a pleasant visit.

Bro. Charles Lake was in charge of the work in Maine then, and he did his best to give me a good time, and I look upon the visit with him as a blessing to us both. He is the son of Uncle John Lake.

Returning to Boston, I preached, and then to Providence, where I was greeted with great respect by the resident Saints, then on to Philadelphia, where I preached several times in the nice Saints' church in the city. While there I was the guest of Bishop Zimmermann; from there to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, where I met Apostle U. W. Greene, and a number of the missionaries of the mission, in a district conference. We had a splendid conference, and those men clubbed together and compelled me to do most of the preaching.

Brother Greene left Pittsburg for Wheeling, West Virginia. Here we took steamer for Moundsville and Marietta, Ohio, where the historic mounds are, from which records of prehistoric people have been discovered. These ancient records have as yet never been deciphered, but the pictures of the strange writings are to be seen in the village stores.

Here I parted with Elder Greene. He had been very kind to me in the hour of my necessity, for I was at that time suffering with some of "Job's comforters" on my neck, and he tenderly dressed my boils.

My next stop was at Creola, Ohio, where I was the guest of Brother Kirkendall. The leading feature of my work there may be learned by the following narrative, which may be interesting to some of our American cousins, especially.

I had been requested to come to Creola to speak at the old soldiers' reunion. They were there from all parts like the sands of the sea. The reunion was

held in a beautiful grove, the weather all that could be desired. The great attraction present was the governor of the great State of Ohio, Mr. Herrick, and two generals of the American army.

The governor made a nice speech and I followed him. My speech was America, past, present, and future. To the astonishment of perhaps all present, I started in to prove that this continent had been the home of a mighty civilization, whose orators, kings, and statesmen, and prophets had thrilled the nations by their eloquence, in the dear, dead past, long ages before Columbus was born. I referred to monumental evidence, as found in Copan, Palenque, Yucatan, Guatemala, Mexico, and in fact in all parts of South and Central America, and many parts of North America, showing that millions of people inhabited great cities, in which were buildings that had several hundred rooms in them, and where the people tilled the soil, and worked their looms and enjoyed life in its happiest conditions.

To support my position I quoted from such works as Baldwin, Palacios, Short, Bancroft, Stevens, Catherwood, and others.

I tried to show that God had made America great *in order that his purpose would be carried out!*

I quoted from the Bible to show that God had directed three separate people to come to this continent, and from the sealed book to show what they did when they came here. For a more complete history of this wonderful ancient America I refer the reader to the Book of Mormon, the only authen-

tic history of those dead nations now known to man.

I then took my audience to Lexington, where the first shot for American independence was fired, on the 19th of April, 1775, that shot that they say "has resounded around the world." The history of Lexington and Concord show that John Parker, with fifty men, armed with rusty guns, old-fashioned pistols, pitchforks, and clubs, drove back and defeated over eight hundred well-armed and well-trained English soldiers. I also took them to Bunker Hill, where a handful of untrained men were victorious over the flower of the English army; I followed Washington, with his undisciplined, starving, freezing heroes of Valley Forge and Trenton, killing thousands, with but the loss of two or three of his men.

When I reached this point I suddenly paused, and then asked, Is it not American egotism to think, that under such circumstances victory came by reason of the superiority of those men? I then tried to shame some of the American writers and speakers for the boasting spirit that appears so frequently in their histories and public speeches.

I then tried to show that God had destined this land to be free for his own purpose, and that he had raised up Washington and other men in America as he raised up Moses and Joshua to emancipate old Israel and free the promised land, or the Holy Land, as it is sometimes called.

God defeated Great Britain, and to him should

the people render the glory, and not to Washington, Putnam, or any other men.

Much more was said, but in order to hurry this narrative to a close, let me say I was warmly congratulated by the governor and his staff and many others. Hundreds grasped my hand after the lecture. The governor requested that I send him my address as near as I could remember to write it, and I did so, receiving from him a nice letter in reply.

After the lecture was over and the governor was going off the grounds he came and had a talk with me, when he learned that I was going to Columbus that night. "Well," said he, "I am going there, too, and my private car is at the station and I will consider it an honor if you will have dinner with me on the car and go with me to Columbus," and I did so, and he and his friends gave me a good time till we arrived in Columbus. Parting with him he requested me to call on him whenever I was in the city. So ended my work in Ohio for that year.

Returning to Canada I presided over the two conferences, ordained Alvin Knisley to the office of seventy. I then held some meetings in Chatham, and while there dedicated the Chatham church and baptized five. While in Chatham the Sons of England requested me to lecture on the life of Lord Nelson, and I did so to the satisfaction of the people.

During the Toronto conference I resigned my position as the manager of the *Canadian Messenger*. Elder Macgregor was elected to the office. Brother

Macgregor at once offered a resolution that I be the chief editor of the paper, but I promptly declined, for the reason that I have more work now to do than I can properly accomplish in justice to myself and the people, and besides all this, I consider that the present editor is more competent than I am in every way. Elder Gregory was sustained as chief editor and fills that position up to date.

This Sunday we opened the Majestic, but the congregation, though large, was not so large as any we had last winter.

I was called to Malone, New York, to administer to some sick folk, and since my return learned that those administered to were blessed.

The following Sunday I preached to an immense throng of people, and hundreds were turned away, unable to obtain even standing room.

The reader will remember that at the close of the sermon we take up collections, and invite the people to write questions and send them up on the plates, and at times we have an hour devoted to the answering of questions, and many have received light from the replies. I do not permit anyone to speak, for the reason if one was permitted another would do the same and in a little while the meeting would all be in confusion, so I have Brother McLean, who leads the meeting, read the question and then I reply, and that must be the end of it for that meeting, and then if the question is not answered to the satisfaction of the people they have all week to call at the house where I am boarding and converse with me as long

as we think proper, and in this way we sometimes have fifty callers in one day, and a dozen in the house at the same time, waiting their turn, and from those questions many have been convinced of the truth of the gospel, and have entered the fold.

I have never had any opposition but once. A question was sent up, I answered it as best I could, and an ex-Methodist parson arose and started to abuse me. I called him to order, when he said that he would do all that laid in his power to have me run out of the city. But I was not bothered about that. I found out that he was none other than the brother of T. L. Wilkinson, whom I met and defeated in Waterford in 1888. When he could not give vent to his abuse in the *Majestic* he rushed to the papers, and we had a time till the editor shut us off.

Because of its historic merit I submit my reply to the reverend gentleman, thinking it will be of service to some of my readers:

The Editor of the Globe: Permit me to reply to the untrue statements made by J. M. Wilkinson regarding my lecture in the *Majestic Theater* last night. I emphatically deny making the statement: "Every orthodox church in this city teaches that God made the Devil and has given him an everlasting commission to torture lost souls for ever and ever." While I made part of this statement, yet he misstates it and misrepresents it in true Wilkinson style.

I have preached in Toronto frequently for fifteen years, and feel sorry that the first one to disturb my meetings was himself a retired preacher. 'Tis true that one of the deacons told him to keep quiet or he would put him out, but several had cried, "Shame"; "Put him out," and I had requested him to keep quiet before that.

What I did say was this: "First, I desire to correct a

false theory that has obtained in the past that God made the Devil, that God has foreordained and commissioned the Devil to torture men and women in literal burning flames for ever and ever." The words, "every orthodox church in this city," were never uttered by me, for I know well that many do not believe such doctrine.

In verification of my statement I submit the following: First, that leading denominations teach that Satan is a fallen angel; second, that God foreordained that those angels that did fall were destined to fall. "By a decree of God for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestined unto everlasting life and others foreordained to everlasting death. These angels and men thus predestined and foreordained are particularly and unchangeably designed, and their number is so certain and definite that it can not be either increased or diminished."—Presbyterian Confession of Faith, third chapter, third and fourth section. If this be true, did God foreordain that that angel should be a Devil? Calvin says: "Predestination we call the eternal decree of God, by which he hath determined in himself what he would have to become of every individual of mankind, for they are not all created with a similar destiny, but eternal life is foreordained for some, and eternal damnation for others." Zachius, the Swiss reformer, declares that, "The reprobates are bound by the ordinance of God, under the necessity of sinning." Beza: "That God hath predestinated not only unto damnation, but also unto the cause of it whomsoever he saw meet." Peter Martyr says: "God supplies wicked men with opportunities of sinning, and inclines their hearts thereto. He blinds, deceives and seduces them. He, by his working on their hearts, bends and stirs them up to evil." John Knox says: "The reprobates are not only left by God suffering, but are compelled to sin by his power." In Doctor Hopkins' work, volume 3, page 145, we find the following: "God has revealed it to be his will to punish some of mankind for ever. You know not but you are one of them. Whether you will be saved or damned depends entirely on his will, and supposing he sees it most for his glory and the general good that you

should be damned it is certainly sure that you will be damned. On this supposition, then, you ought to be willing to be damned, for not to be willing to be damned in this case is opposing God's will." Doctor Vincent says: "God will glorify his infinite wisdom in the punishment of the damned, which will contrive such tortures for them that if all the men in the world should join their wits together and take to their help all the devils in hell they could not invent the like." My soul sickens with the most profound disgust and abhorrence as I read these fearful misrepresentations of every principle of justice, law, equity, mercy, and love. The doctrine of eternal pain, never-ending torture, perpetual spite, of deathless agony, represents our heavenly Father to be more devilish than the worst conception of all mediæval devils that has ever been recorded. It contradicts all scripture, and teaches men to despise God and lose all faith in the religion of Jesus Christ.

In conclusion permit me to say I never mentioned the Catholic Church during the lecture, yet I am accused of slandering said church. Nor did I mention any Protestant denomination until I was compelled to refer to a sermon preached by a Methodist minister after the lecture when answering questions. But what of the man who slanders Catholics in this city during the lectures of Father Chiniquy? Consistency, thy name is not Wilkinson.

TORONTO, November 6.

R. C. EVANS.

Monday I was called to go to Stratford and Mitchell. In the latter place we organized the Mitchell Branch. Brother Longhurst was with me in this work and I left him there to continue his work in that northern field, while I hurried back to take up the burden in Toronto.

Now, it will not be expected that I relate all the work done in Toronto, but let me say that I preached in the church two nights a week and presided over prayer meetings, Sunday morning and Wednesday

night, preached in the church Sunday morning and in the Majestic on Sunday night, and through the day I was talking or writing about all the time I was awake.

There have been but few of the Majestic meetings that the people have all been able to enter the building, and at nearly all of them hundreds have been turned away unable to get even standing room. I have known thousands to stand for over one hour waiting to enter the great building, and many were hurt in the rush till the papers came out and demanded that better arrangements be made, and after that the house was open at 6.30 to avoid the rush, and now they go and read or talk till time for the meeting to begin.

Many have been baptized and thousands have heard the gospel, hundreds believe that have not yet obeyed, and thousands of sermons and tracts have gone all over the country from here. God will give the increase.

During the winter I opened the new church that Saints have erected just north of the city, about five miles. Here Elder Virgin is the president. I made several hurried calls in different parts of the mission, but the main work was in Toronto.

Lizzie and the children were with me part of the months of January and February, Willie having business in the city, and the conditions were such that we could all be together. This was agreeable to us all.

The interest grew till I was about worn out, but

the people came till I was talking almost night and day. The day after I had preached a sermon on the Book of Mormon there were twenty-seven called to buy the book in the afternoon alone, Brother Faulds being the book agent, and I was boarding at his house.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MY EXTREMITY, GOD'S OPPORTUNITY.

And now a great trial awaited me; it came in this way: Thursday morning, February 5, I arose, had my bath, when without a moment's warning a pain struck me in my left kidney, as though I was pierced with a knife, and from that hour all that Lizzie and the Toronto Saints could do was done, yet I was almost in constant agony. Unknown to me, Brother Faulds called in a doctor. He pronounced the trouble renal calculus (stone in the kidney). I was administered to by several of the elders and on Thursday the Lord gave me comfort through Elder Howlett, saying I would speak to thousands Sunday night. Oh, what joy filled my bosom, now that I knew the work of the Majestic would not be hindered. The city had been billed by Monday night and all were in great gloom to think that there would be no meeting, but now light had come and we could afford to wait.

Under the administration I had received a respite from pain, but it soon returned with all the intensity that one could imagine. I continued to suffer. Special meetings were held and prayer offered for me, but I was doomed to almost continual agony. Sunday came; I was now so weak I could hardly cry or speak. I would toss from one place to another and moan with the pain. Brother McLean came, he is the elder of the branch, and he said, "R. C., what can we do? No one here can take your place; it is now only three hours till thousands will be assembled at the Majestic to hear you." I replied, "Archie, I have been in many tight places, under the hands of my enemies, false brethren and mobs have all but destroyed me, but when the moment came my extremity has been God's opportunity. He has never failed me, nor shall he to-night. Go, tell the people R. C. speaks to-night." I fell back on the pillow exhausted, but I remembered the promise of God and I knew that I would speak. He had promised, and I could but trust him, as I had taught others to do.

When the darkest hour had come, then, like a sunburst of glory, came the blessing of God. To the great surprise of all the Prophet Joseph Smith entered the room. He arrived unexpectedly to all, on his way from Washington, District of Columbia.

He took my hand and wept. When we had overcome our emotions he administered to me, and when he laid his hands upon my head, oh, that prayer, it seemed as though the gates of heaven swung ajar at his pleading, and by that calm, serene faith of the

Spirit he was approaching the Master on the holy throne, on my behalf. Instantly my whole body was filled with the Spirit, pain removed, strength came, I arose, shaved, dressed, ate, entered a cab, arrived at the Majestic, preached what many said was one of the most powerful sermons they ever heard me deliver, then answered questions for a half hour and returned home happy.

The next day I administered to President Smith, who was sorely afflicted, and was unable to go to the meeting the night before. I felt splendid all day, but at nine o'clock Monday night the pain came again and I suffered intensely nearly all week with hardly any intermission. Special prayers were again offered for me, and Friday night the Prophet sent me a message that he had seen me in a dream preaching in the Majestic, and said, Be of good cheer, you will be relieved in time for the Sunday meetings.

Sunday morning about two o'clock, the relief came, and I was able to preach both morning and evening, and that night President Smith spoke in the Majestic, at the close of my sermon, for a few minutes with power, and his short speech did a world of good. He was very poorly in body and had declined my request to speak for a short time, but when the people learned that he was present, and on the platform, he yielded to their request. We had some pleasant hours with President Smith and in several ways he strengthened the church by his short sojourn here.

I continued well and busy, talking during the day,

preaching and baptizing and distributing church literature in Toronto till March 11, when I baptized twenty that day and saw hundreds turned away from my last meeting in the Majestic for that winter.

That night after meeting, I left Toronto for London, where I remained with my family for two days, and then started to Lamoni to meet with the other members of the Presidency on church work.

March 24 Pres. F. M. Smith and I left Lamoni for Independence to arrange matters for the coming conference.

When in Independence I was the guest of Dr. O. H. Riggs and wife, and when they learned that Lizzie was not going to attend the conference they had a telegram sent to her, saying, "Come to Independence as our guest, all expenses will be paid." May I add that Lizzie arrived in due time and Brother and Sister Riggs paid the entire expenses of her trip, and more than that, they sent us both home in a Pullman car. God bless them for their kindness, then, before, and since.

During the Independence conference I was busy in the High Council and conference every day, and I preached three sermons while in the city of the Saints.

On our return journey we stopped over in Chicago and were the guests of Brother and Sister Good. We went out to see Doctor Dowie. He was carried into the meeting in a chair, and we heard him make what might be called his last effort for the supremacy of the movement.

Soon after my arrival home I was called to Niagara Falls, New York, to lay the corner stone of the new church. The ceremony was pleasant and profitable, a large audience attending the meeting.

Elder William Place, of the Canada side, was the main factor of the work on the other side, he having charge for years, on both sides of the river, in fact that branch is still part of the Canada Mission, and we will be glad to hold them till the proper time comes for a district to be organized on the other side of the river.

I arrived home in time to take part in the twenty-fifth anniversary of our wedding. Our house was besieged with people. Saints and friends from far and near came, and many that did not come sent silver presents, till the silver cabinet is full and the sideboard too, with the gifts that came from all parts of Canada and the United States. But I am reminded that I have by me an account of the anniversary as published by one of the brethren and he will tell the story better than I can. Here it is:

FAR PEALING SILVER WEDDING BELLS.

Twenty-five years ago, in the city of London, Ontario, was celebrated a quiet wedding, which united in one the destinies of two whose names are to-day widely known and highly honored as any husband and wife in the Reorganization, testimony of which was in evidence last evening at their lovely home in the city of their wedlock, when a very large assembly greeted them upon the auspicious occasion of their silver wedding, at which they were presented by those present, and those who regretted their absence, many beautiful and costly gifts, the value of which will reach into the hundreds of dollars, accompanied by letters and telegrams from Canadians

and those in foreign countries. The evening sped rapidly into the small hours, while the occasion was illuminated by the interspersion of appropriate songs, speeches, recitations, with some instrumental renderings.

When the call came for R. C. to leave the candy factory, he left a good salary to live on the small allowance offered by the church, and God has blessed him and his, and last night we were made glad to hear him say, that notwithstanding he has been shot at and mobbed several times, and endured many hardships, his "Lizzie" has made the greater sacrifice of the two. Truly she has, all through the years of loneliness and labor, been a wonderful help to R. C., and all who know them can say, this union was made under the guiding hand of God.

But great was the surprise, and numerous the compliments, when R. C. sang (to the tune of "In the shade of the old apple tree") the following beautiful song of his own composition, to the complete surprise of Sister Lizzie, which, when sung with that melodious voice, portrayed the scenes of the true love story of their lives. All present were visibly affected with this beautiful life story:

OUR ANNIVERSARY.

Tune: "In the shade of the old apple tree."

We meet.

The Sabbath bells were pealing forth an anthem,
The birds were singing 'mid the trees so green,
The church door swung ajar, 'twas you that entered,
Then just a girl of scarcely seventeen.
The curls were hanging o'er your graceful shoulders.
Those eyes so true, can never be described.
A voice prophetic spoke to me so strangely,
"There is your wife, God made you one, abide."

CHORUS:

'Twas the voice of the Lord that I heard,
And my soul to its depths then was stirred;
God has destined through life, we should be man and wife,
While as yet we were strangers, in word.

We speak.

When next we met, 'twas mid the rain and thunder,
The night-winds howling, darkness over all;
When leaving church you tripped, and forward falling
I clasped you in my arms without your call.
Thus saved, you sweetly thanked the dark-eyed stranger;
That look, those words, performed a mighty part,
'Twas done, you spoke, I answered, thus the strangers
Had met at last and spoken heart to heart.

CHORUS:

Since then thunder is music to me,
The rain drops, sweet notes of a song
Played on memory's flute like the voice of a lute,
And your words flood the years true and strong.

The betrothal.

The moon was shimmering brightly on the water,
The stars gleamed forth in majesty sublime;
We strolled together by the murmuring waters,
Then to the verdant hill crest we did climb.
'Twas there while seated on the daisy meadow
I told to you the story of my heart;
'Twas there you gave the kiss that sealed the contract
To live as one till death calls us to part.

CHORUS:

Till the flowers of memory fade,
Till the waves of true love cease to roll,
Shall I cherish that night as the one ever bright,
Then I found the best half of my soul.

The marriage.

'Twas June, the month that birds mate in the treetops,
 When streamlets warble love songs to the sea,
 When soft south winds woo timid leaf and flower—
 'Twas nature's wedding month when I wed thee.
 And once again we stood in God's pure temple,
 Where first I met you two short years before,
 We took the vows that made us one for ever
 To cherish each other and adore.

CHORUS:

Never bride on the earth was more pure,
 Never vow made was kept more secure;
 You have blessed all my life as a true loving wife
 Since the hour we wed, I am sure.

The anniversary and hope.

'Tis twenty-five sweet years ago to-night, dear,
 Since I upon your finger placed this ring.
 Our friends have met to spend the anniversary,
 The story of our life for them I sing;
 But they can never know the joy and pleasure
 It gives me to recall your splendid charms.
 May God, who made us one, for ever hold us together,
 Together in his everlasting arms.

CHORUS:

When the voyage of this earth-life is o'er
 And the billows of death roll no more,
 In the Zion of rest, may we live with the blessed,
 And be one on the evergreen shore.

While the evening was thus speeding away, the palate of the most fanciful epicurean was being satisfied by the waiters from the larder of our youthful looking hostess.

First to appear of the guests of the evening were Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Perrin. He is one of the wealthy men of Canada. R. C. worked as foreman in his candy factory at the time of his marriage, and Mr. Perrin has always held R. C. in high favor, and does yet. Little did this man think, when twenty-five years ago he placed him in such responsible position, that he was training one to control men, not only in the business marts of life, but that in a few years this man, with two others, would preside over the church of Jesus Christ in all the world, as the loved and honored of many thousands.

May they, with their two children, live long to be an honor to the church, and the many thousands that they have sacrificed to make happy, is the earnest prayer of the writer.

Your brother in hope,

R. C. RUSSELL.

CHAPTER XL.

A VISIT TO HILL CUMORAH.

I was called to Toronto and spoke to large congregations in the Massey Hall for three Sunday nights, and large audiences during the week nights in the church, and baptized several.

Elder A. F. McLean, as usual, presided over my meetings at the Massey Hall, as he has done at the Majestic.

After the Sunday night meeting was closed, it was noticed that Brother McLean's face was looking as if it were going to break out in sores, but we parted, and the next day we were called to see him. Here we found him in bed, covered with the smallpox

from head to foot; yes, in his hair and under his toes. I shall not attempt to describe his appearance further, for it simply begs description. We administered to him according to the law and he received a blessing, not a pain was felt nor a particle of sickness after the administration, and I went to see him several times, as he was compelled to remain in the house until the sores had passed from his face. Immediately after administration he fell into a sound sleep and in the morning he sent his wife to the store for paint and oil and he commenced that day painting his house. After he had painted his house he did some clerical work until the sores had disappeared. He was healed, while several others of his office clerks were sent to the pesthouse. Who would not be a Saint?

After presiding over the Chatham conference I went to Niagara Falls, and presiding over their conference, opened the new church, ordained Frank Mesla to the office of elder, and organized a branch at Niagara Falls, New York.

Here we met my Lizzie, Bro. and Sr. W. R. Pickering, of Kansas City, and their ward, Sr. Sally Spangler. We visited all the interesting points of both sides of the Niagara River, entered the great tunnel under the falls, then crossed the lake to Toronto, had a nice visit with Brother and Sister Faulds, took in prominent points of the city, and departed for Buffalo.

After doing Buffalo our party went to Palmyra, New York, visited the Hill Cumorah, received a great blessing on that sacred mountain while in

prayer. We also visited the boyhood home of Joseph the Seer, entered the bedroom where the angel appeared to him three times in one night. We also visited the great tree under which he offered his first prayer for light and received his first vision. We also called to see the Honorable Mr. Sexton, who kindly showed us the first copy of the Book of Mormon that came off the press in the winter of 1829 and 1830. This volume was never bound. We also visited other places of interest connected with the early times of the latter-day glory.

Our next stop was Boston, Massachusetts, and by carriage and automobiles we visited several historic points in this city. From Boston by steamer we sailed to Providence—town on Cape Cod; this is the first landing place of the Pilgrims. From there we went to Fall River, and were the guests of Doctor Gilbert and family. They gave us the best kind of a time. From there we went to Touisset reunion; here we found our tents in order for all the comforts of camp life, thanks to Doctor Gilbert's daughter Susie, and Dr. W. A. Sinclair. During the business session I was elected president of the reunion, and the president of the mission was associated with me. Brother Sheehy, being well acquainted with the mission and missionaries, really took active charge of the reunion. I preached three times, baptized three, during the reunion.

Our party took steamer for New York City. We took New York's great sights in as best we could with the time at our disposal. Here we parted with the Pickering party. Both Brother and Sister Pick-

ering were feeling poorly and the constant going had to be abandoned. Before leaving us, however, Brother Pickering, after paying expenses to date, handed me a roll of money to pay for the remainder of the contemplated trip. Were it not for the kindness and generosity of Brother and Sister Pickering perhaps it would never have been possible for Lizzie and me to have taken such a trip.

I preached in Brooklyn, being the guest of Brother and Sister Squires. Nearly all the Saints of that country vied with each other to give us the best of a time.

We visited Coney Island and all the watering places near by, the leading parks and other places of interest in New York and Brooklyn and surrounding country.

Our next stop was at Philadelphia, where we were the guests of Bishop Zimmermann. While there I preached three times Sunday and three evenings of the week, and the days were spent seeing the historic points of the city.

I was unexpectedly called to Toronto to help to decide the matter of purchasing a new site upon which to erect a new church. Now I was under appointment to go west, received telegram from Pres. Joseph Smith, "Remain Toronto and attend to church work there" (the President of the Toronto Branch having written President Smith requesting that he permit me to help them out in Toronto). I at once canceled all engagements westward and went to work, sold the Camden Street Church, pur-

chased a new lot on Soho street, and started at once on the new church.

The story is a long one, but let me say I worked day and night. The Lord blessed us in many marvelous ways and we found favor far above our most sanguine hopes, both in selling the old church, purchasing the new lot, making our contracts, securing free labor, and receiving money to build the new church. We had a little opposition, but this only stimulated action, for we have learned that the stream impeded has a song, while stagnant water breeds malaria. Some did more than they ought to do, some all they should do, some did little, some did nothing, and some few did worse than nothing, for they found fault with what was done, while one from a distance prophesied failure.

However, I donned the overalls, and with from ten to forty-five men and two teams of horses we plowed and scraped, and with pickax and shovel we dug until even outsiders, knowing that I was the clergyman that had been preaching to the largest congregations of any minister in the city, when they saw me at work with pickax and shovel, took off their coats and went to work; others gave money, and some of them I have since baptized. So the good work went on.

We paid for steel, stone, brick, glass work, metallic sheathing, and some plastering. Then we paid some board for a few who devoted their time day and evenings to the building, but to the honor of the Saints, let me say, all the other work was done free of charge, and to-day the building is well worth fif-

teen thousand dollars, and all we owe on it at present is five thousand five hundred dollars, and that is being met promptly by weekly contributions.

Some of the brethren have worked at times as much as nineteen hours a day on the building, while the sisters have worked hard and long in their sewing society and by bazaars, socials, and going with subscription lists through the city until the money has rolled in to meet payments; one sister alone, of the committee, collecting over one thousand five hundred dollars. Not only did Toronto Saints help, but Saints at conference of both districts and several branches with the Sunday school and Religio society contributed in money, and some came from other branches to help on the church building. For some time we preached in the basement, but the church proper, I mean the main auditorium, was duly opened on my daughter's birthday, February 10, 1907.

In November we opened the Majestic Theater and again great crowds came each Sunday night, and at times hundreds were turned away all through the winter, notwithstanding the great expense we were at there for advertising and hall rent. Frequently, after the main collection was taken up, I would inform the great audience that I had a debt to meet the following week on the new church and I wanted money, that I would meet them at the door and accept their mite, and as often as I did this, my request met with a generous response.

One Sunday night in December, as the curtain rose and the choir began to sing, I looked out over

the vast sea of faces and whom should I discover in the audience but Joseph Luff. At once I crossed the stage and went down to where he was, and requested that he would preach for me that night. To my request he responded, "No, indeed, Richard, I would not think of such a thing; that would be an infliction upon the people; these are special meetings held at great expense and you are advertised to speak." I then requested that he come up and pray for me. He refused, saying, "I prefer to remain here to listen and see." Time was precious, I asked how long he was going to remain in the city. He replied, "I expect to leave Thursday next." By this time I had to leave him, for it was time for me to speak. I may add further that I saw him at the church the following Wednesday night, where he gave to us a nice speech. I then learned that he was disappointed in some arrangements that would detain him over Sunday in Toronto. My bills were all out, subject announced from the platform, and by this time thousands were talking about the subject which I was to treat the following Sunday night, the reader will see that the same conditions existed now as existed the first Sunday night, but Brother Luff gave to us a splendid sermon in the basement of the new church Sunday morning. After the meeting that night I left on the midnight train and did not return until the following Sunday.

Perhaps it is worthy of comment to remark, that the leading ministers of Toronto had at different times denounced me from the pulpit for holding meetings in such "a vile place as a theater." Said

one, "How can we keep the people away from such a vile place during the week when President Evans makes it respectable by preaching in it on Sunday?" Well, the funny part of this is when they could not close my meetings, these pious parsons really condescended to hire a smaller theater than the Majestic, but on the same street and in the same block, and they, for the balance of the winter, had their best parsons and singers perform in such a vile place as a theater! Ah, well, it served as a fine overflow for my meetings, they did not hurt my meetings, for up to the last Sunday in March (when I closed my meetings to attend the General Conference) the Majestic Theater was crowded to the doors every Sunday night, and hundreds were turned away.

Before leaving for General Conference I administered to Brother McArthur's child. They were but recently baptized. Herewith I submit their testimony regarding the healing of their child, as sent to me by letter under date of May 4, 1907:

This is to certify that in January of this year our little girl became ill with a dangerous type of scarlet fever. After the fever was broken up the inside of her head became a mass of corruption, so much so that it was discharging from her ears, eyes, and nose, everywhere the discharge would touch her face, it would poison it, and cause an irritable itching soreness until her face was almost unsightly. While she was yet in this condition Pres. R. C. Evans, of the Latter Day Saints' Church, happened to call upon us and seeing the condition which our little girl was in, administered to her, with the result that almost at once she was healed, her hearing, which was almost gone, was restored, her face was healed, and the discharge ceased and she immediately began

to gain in health and strength. The physician that attended her during her first sickness was W. W. Ogden, of this city.

A. O. McARTHUR.

63 STAFFORD STREET, TORONTO.

CHAPTER XLI.

A VISIT TO THE BOYHOOD HOME OF JOSEPH SMITH AND HILL CUMORAH.

Tuesday, March 26, I was called home to attend the funeral of William Pugsley, my brother-in-law, he that was baptized one week after mother and I, as related in former pages. I arrived in Lamoni, Iowa, and took such part in the General Conference as I was able to do, for the long, hard, constant strain on my mind and body had worn me down and I required rest, but I do not know where or when I will get rest, I see so much to do.

As soon as conference adjourned I returned to Canada and was called to mourn the departure of my eldest brother, Thomas, he having dropped dead of heart failure while on a fishing expedition. He never spoke after falling face forward in the mud. A physician in the party standing by says he never knew a pain when he fell. He was a good, true man, and the town of Thamesville, where he resided and was in business, closed all places of business during the afternoon of the funeral. Oddfellows of the town and other near-by places buried him, while

the Methodist church was packed to hear the sermon.

I then went to Clavering, attended a two-day meeting and preached the dedicatory sermon of the Clavering church.

June 1 I chaperoned a party of one hundred and twenty-six Saints from Toronto to Palmyra, New York, my wife and daughter with sixteen others from London joined us at Toronto. We took steamer for Charlotte, New York; there a chartered train was in waiting for our party, and we arrived safely at the old town made famous the world over by reason of it being the place where the Book of Mormon was printed in 1829 and 1830, and further, because a few miles distant from the town was the boyhood home of Joseph Smith and a little further on was the Hill Cumorah, from which he took the plates on which was contained the record of the early inhabitants of this continent.

We had a grand time. I delivered a lecture on the Hill Cumorah and there ordained Bro. George Buschlen to the high priesthood. We had a spiritual testimony meeting on the hill, after which we journeyed to the Smith farm, had our pictures taken 'neath the sacred tree where Joseph had his first vision and again in the bedroom where the angel appeared to him three times in one night. After viewing some other points of interest we started on our homeward trip. During our voyage across the lake the Saints took occasion to present me with a lovely address in the cabin of the steamer. We

arrived in Toronto Monday night, a happy band of Saints.

Ah, what a change! A few short years ago a few of us with borrowed Sunday school quarterlies studied the Sunday school lessons in a small room, some of us were hungry and some of us had to walk miles before we could retire to rest, but under the blessing of God prosperity has crowned the labors performed, so that now we can hire a steamer and charter a railroad train to take a small portion of us for an outing where we could worship God under the shade of that sacred tree. Thank God.

My next move was to preside over the Zone conference when I dedicated the new church of that place, leaving Bro. R. C. Russell in charge of the missionary work of Chatham District. I may add here, that Brother Russell has been marvelously blessed in the Chatham District, baptizing a number and awakening interest in many of the branches that have grown cold and indifferent. If true to the trust that is imposed within him I am confident that he will become a man of excellent wisdom in the assemblies of God's people.

Leaving Brother Russell I hurried home to assist Lizzie in getting my Bishop's agent's reports made up and then away to the London District conference at Cedar Valley. We had a splendid conference among these good people. From there I hastened on to Toronto to take part in a large entertainment.

At the close of this entertainment over one thousand dollars were handed me to pay on the church debt.

I returned home and after two days' rest I left for Flint, Michigan, conference. Here I met with many old-time Saints, including Elder Liddy and wife, Robert Munroe and wife, Apostle J. W. Wight, and the man that baptized me, "Johnnie" Cornish.

Our Johnnie preaches the same old gospel, but oh, how changed he is in appearance, very bald, and what little hair is left is gray, but he is still and ever will be "Our Johnnie."

After conference I made a rapid run to Detroit and then to Port Huron, met my Lizzie at Port Huron, and together we journeyed to McGregor, Michigan, where we met a number of my wife's relatives, and with a host of good Saints, and again with Apostle J. W. Wight. Here I was honored by being selected to preach the dedicatory sermon of the new church. I also preached the evening sermon, Brother Wight preaching a grand discourse in the afternoon; at no time could the new church accommodate the audience.

Lizzie and I made our next stop at Saint Paul, and then Minneapolis, and then on to Winnipeg, Manitoba, where I preached two Sundays in the opera house and several afternoons and evenings in the gospel tent during the reunion. Here I baptized four, and performed some other important church work, also performed a marriage ceremony, and was very kindly treated by all the Saints, wife and I both receiving tokens of true regard. We left the work in Winnipeg in good hands; our missionary, Brother Dorsett, continues the work in that city, assisted by Elder Stevenson and Priest Arnold.

Our next stop was Treherne where I spoke twice in a hall to small audiences, the Saints were cheered and the people warned. We then went to Rosendale, where the whole country side for miles around turned out to a Latter Day Saint picnic. Here Lizzie and I were feasted and toasted. While in this place I preached several sermons and dedicated a nice church. This church had been erected by the Methodists some few years ago. They persecuted the Saints hereabout and refused to grant me permission to preach there four years ago. Since then they have failed and God has placed his seal of approval upon the latter-day work, and we now are in possession of that church building, having purchased it for less than half what it cost to build it. So goes the work.

Our next stop was Delight, Saskatchewan. Here we were royally entertained by Bro. Thomas Jordan and James MacMicken and wife, old London District Saints with whom we worshiped in early years. Here we sung the songs of Zion, preached to the people, plucked the wild roses from the prairies, and had a refreshing time.

Our next stop was at Weyburn, Saskatchewan, where we had organized a branch four years ago. Here we met Elder J. L. Mortimer, who has been in charge of the missionary work in the northwest for some years. Our reunion was held in a large skating rink. Elders Mortimer and Fisher did part of the preaching, but they worked it so that I preached every day and sometimes twice a day. The people turned out well, and when the reunion was about to

close, the citizens requested that I remain another week. Herewith I submit a short account of the reunion as published in *Weyburn Herald*.

LATTER DAY SAINTS' REUNION.

The above-named religious body met in convention at the Weyburn skating rink on Friday of last week, with Pres. R. C. Evans and Elder J. L. Mortimer in charge. Business session opened at 3 p. m. Friday, July 26, when speakers were chosen for the various services during the reunion. A large number of Saints from all parts of Saskatchewan were present and the meetings were one and all well attended by the general public. President Evans, being the principal speaker, was well received and proved to be an able exponent of Bible truths. He was strong in denunciation of all erroneous teachings and he proved his position to be strongly supported from the Scriptures. In fact, many were found to greet him with a hearty handshake and not a few remarked, "That's the best gospel we ever heard from the sacred stand."

A request was handed in that President Evans remain over for another week and preach each evening in the rink, but owing to his previous arrangements it was found impossible to do so, and he and Mrs. Evans left on morning train Tuesday for British Columbia, California, Mexico, and other Southern States.

Arrangements have been made for the next annual reunion to be held at Delight, in July of 1908.

Leaving Weyburn we journeyed on in company with J. L. Mortimer as far as Moosejaw, where we parted with that faithful, hardworking, unassuming gospel warrior. Lizzie and I arrived at Millett, Alberta, the following afternoon. I preached several sermons, baptized one, blessed children, settled some misunderstanding, ordained F. T. Coates to the office of elder and left the Saints feeling much better than when we arrived. From there we went to Cal-

gary and thence to Vancouver, British Columbia. On this trip we gazed upon the most beautiful scenery we ever beheld anywhere, the snow-capped mountains, singing rivulets, dashing rapids, gorgeous waterfalls, mighty rocks, prolific forests, and the sunlit glaciers, beggar description. We arrived in Vancouver, British Columbia, but were too late to see our venerable brother, Alexander Clark.

He had written me that he hardly thought that he would be alive when I arrived, but bore testimony to the work I taught him in the years gone, as referred to in former pages.

After preaching and visiting with the Vancouver and New Westminster Saints we took steamer for Victoria. There we spent a few hours with an old London boy, William Harrison, son of Brother and Sister Harrison, of London, Ontario, who gave us a grand time, when we took steamer for Seattle, Washington.

Here we were met by Apostle F. A. Smith and the famous "Jots man," T. W. Chatburn, and many others. Brother Smith, Brother William Johnson, and myself were selected to preside over the conference, and after visiting the city and the navy yard, and other places of interest, and being made the recipient of a beautiful safety razor set by the priesthood, I started with Frederick A. Smith and Lizzie for our long journey through the States of Oregon and Washington to California. We enjoyed the wonderful scenery of the Rockies and were glad to enter the land of sunshine and flowers and enjoy the glorious climate of California.

Arrived at Oakland we were met by Elder J. M. Terry, hurried over to San Francisco. Here we gazed upon the city, ruined by earthquake and fire, surely a place of desolation. After a few hours' visit with Sister Kaighan and daughter, Lizzie and I left for Los Angeles, and after one night's rest at Brother Badham's, we went to the city of tents at Seal Gardens. The reunion was on and the people seemed to vie with each other to give Lizzie and me a good time. I preached nine sermons, presided over their conference, and did such other work as I was called upon to do, receiving an invitation to come to their reunion next year. While in southern California I visited Redondo, Santa Monica, Venus, Pasadena, all by the kindness of Brethren Schade, Crumley, Thomas and Badham. From there we went to San Francisco, where we were the guests of Sister Kaighan and Gladys. We were well entertained, and were on the go most of the time that we were away. During our stay there we addressed the Saints at Oakland. During their prayer service one evening we administered to Mr. Hellwig, the husband of our former Sr. Pearl Price. He received a great blessing, and his wife and he, with all that know them, were made happy.

While there we ascended Mount Tamalpais, visited the Golden Gate Park and many other places of interest.

We arrived at Irvington, but prior to our arrival, by resolution of the reunion, "Brn. R. C. Evans, F. A. Smith, and J. M. Terry were made the presidency of the reunion." I preached seven sermons,

administered to a number of sick while there, and did such other work as I felt called upon to perform.

While in that country we picked oranges, lemons, figs, almond nuts, and olives from the trees; we also visited the famous old San Jose Mission, now over a hundred years old, and many other points of interest. In the tent of Brn. Smith, Sheehy, and Clapp could be found at all times a good variety of melons and California fruits of all kinds to which the visitors from "frozen Canada" were always welcome. One of the most pleasant features of our California trip was the opportunity of hearing that old-time warrior, Joseph Clapp, tell the story which might be entitled, "With the church in early days."

Here I received letters from President Joseph Smith, requesting me to hurry on to Independence, Missouri, to meet the Presidency on matters of importance and to accompany him to Holden reunion, and Webb City dedication. Complying with this request I was compelled to forego the pleasure of attending the Moorhead reunion as per a former promise. Apostle F. A. Smith and many others escorted us to the station and soon Lizzie and I were leaving California.

At Oakland we met Sister Kaighan, Gladys, and Pearl, who had made ample provision for us in our long trip over mountain and desert.

CHAPTER XLII.

A NARROW ESCAPE—SALT LAKE CITY VISITED.

Our first stop was at Ogden, Utah. Here we met Brother Alvin Knisley, our energetic young Canadian missionary. He purchased a ticket to go with us to Salt Lake City on the Oregon Short Line. I refused to go on that train and it was well we did, for in half an hour we came up to that ill-fated train and saw it a burning wreck, it having collided with another train. Much damage was done to rolling stock and a number were injured. The injured were placed on our train and taken to Salt Lake City.

Arrived at Salt Lake City, learned that Joseph F. Smith was absent from town, so we did not see him, but we went through the Tabernacle, visited other points of interest, and had a bath in the Great Salt Lake. Lizzie and I floated around until time to dress for the great organ recital.

We parted with Alvin, he returning to Ogden, while we boarded the train for Florence, Colorado, where we met my brother James, whom I had not seen for fifteen years. We had a short but pleasant visit with him.

Passing through Colorado we saw the Royal Gorge and the home of the ancient cliff dwellers, arriving in Denver, Colorado, where we met with the Saints in reunion. I had only time to give them

one sermon, and our next stop was at Independence, Missouri.

We were soon domiciled at the residence of Pres. Joseph Smith. Our first painful duty was to call at the home of Sister Riggs; this home so full of happiness and hope when we left it, now draped with the sables of grief, because of the sudden and unexpected departure of that prince of men, Dr. O. H. Riggs, our friend and brother. We had received a communication from Sister Riggs, informing us of his hopeless condition, and on the way we learned of his demise. All of this was a shock to us, but to gaze upon that lone widow and daughter was a painful duty. May God bless them and help them to bear up under this irretrievable loss.

Went driving with Pres. Joseph Smith, Ada, and Lizzie, and the next day Joseph and I left for Holden reunion. Here I preached four sermons and addressed the school convention. Joseph gave us several powerful sermons, and we both took train for Independence.

While at Independence the Presidency held two meetings and the stake officers had bills struck off announcing that I would speak two nights in the big stone church. Accordingly I was greeted with two magnificent audiences, who gave me rapt attention.

President Joseph and I started for Webb City. On arrival we were the guests of O. P. Sutherland. Here we met with many Saints, among them Bro. and Sister Orville James, of Vanita, Indian Territory, who contributed to our meetings by singing

for us, and Sister Belle reported our sermons for publication.

Brother Joseph preached the dedicatory sermon at the morning hour, and I offered the dedicatory prayer. I preached the afternoon and evening sermons.

The next morning we left for Independence, Missouri, where Lizzie having had a nice visit with Ada and Ruth, met me at the station. Hurriedly bidding farewell to Joseph and Ada, we were soon on the way to Chicago, where we rested one day with Brother and Sister Good, and our next stop was Detroit, Michigan, where I preached two nights. While there we were the guests of Brother and Sister Liddy.

On arrival in London we were met at the depot by a committee appointed by the branch, and they escorted us to a cab, and we were driven to our own home. Our trunks followed us. We changed our clothing and the carriage called for us again, and we were driven to the church. Here we found the London Saints assembled, the church decorated with flags, pictures, and flowers. We were presented with speeches of welcome, and after my Lizzie had made a lovely speech, and I followed the best I could, then came the handshakes and a supper.

Lizzie and I were brought back to the happy past. Here in this church we first heard the gospel, from this church we were baptized, confirmed, and the last time we were driven to this church was when we were married, now over twenty-six years ago; here I was ordained a priest, and an elder; here I

preached my first sermon, here Lizzie had acted most of the time for twenty-seven years in Sunday school work and the church choir, and yet never was accorded to any man and woman a more hearty welcome than the Saints tendered us on this occasion. All this touched us deeply.

Next day I was called to Stratford, where I found the Saints had erected a nice little church, and I had been sent for across the continent to take charge of the opening services. Among the ministry present were Elder R. C. Longhurst, president of the district; George Buschlen, vice-president of the district, and Frederick Gregory, missionary in charge of this part of the Canadian field. Elder John Shields preached the morning sermon, R. C. Evans the afternoon sermon, and Fred Gregory the evening sermon. During my short stay in Stratford I was the guest of Bro. Daniel Macgregor and wife.

All honor is due the little band of Saints in Stratford, and this church is a monument of their faith in, and love for, the latter-day glory.

My next work was to preside over the Wabash conference and preach two sermons by special request, then on to the London conference. I was hoping that as this is my home town I might not be compelled to preach, and seeing so many elders present, my hopes grew strong, but, alas, I was mistaken in this. We were pleased to meet with Bro. F. G. Pitt, president of the High Priests' Quorum, as also his amiable wife. The Religio and Sunday school conventions were profitable and encouraging. The

district conference was an educational one. By resolution I was requested to preach the Sunday afternoon and evening sermons in the city hall.

Arthur Leverton, one of our oldest workers in the Canadian Mission, preached the Saturday evening discourse, while F. G. Pitt gave to us a splendid sermon Sunday morning. I may add that at the morning prayer meeting we were blessed with counsel and advice, that if remembered, will be a blessing to the church.

Sunday happened to be my forty-sixth birthday, and when preaching in the city hall during the afternoon I inadvertently referred to the fact that "probably forty years ago to-night I stood on the stone steps of this very building selling papers." At the close of the meeting I was handed a note informing me that I was wanted at the door. When I went I was engaged for some minutes, and when called into the hall again, I was presented with a purse of money and a beautiful speech, delivered by Elder William Fligg, who is the president of the London Branch, and who by the way I had baptized when he was but a boy.

Sunday, October 27, I gave to London Branch and was greeted by two fine audiences, and that night I baptized Vera Constable. Her mother was my first baptism; here are four generations in the church, namely, my mother, her daughter, her granddaughter, and her great granddaughter.

I arrived in Toronto, November 1, and was met at the station by a committee of the branch. They escorted me to a carriage when I was driven to the

church. Here I found the new church decorated most artistically, and the assembled throng gave tangible evidence that they were glad to see me. Elder A. F. McLean, president of the branch, upon my arrival at the platform, after the singing of, "Yes, we trust the day is breaking," read to me the following speech, after which I was presented with one hundred dollars to start the Majestic work this year, after which we had a splendid program and supper. Herewith I submit the speech:

PRESIDENT R. C. EVANS,

Dear Brother: We are highly delighted that the season has arrived which recalls you to your immense field of labor. Almost constantly since your departure, seven months ago, we have looked forward to your return here. We have carefully followed you in your travels, and noted with pleasure the success attending you everywhere. Our hearts were made glad as we read glowing press comments on your eloquent and powerful addresses from Toronto to the Pacific, and trust that your visit to western cities may inspire workers there to arise to gigantic efforts in this great latter-day work. The fame of the intense interest which you have created and maintained for three years in our beloved city has gone wherever the angel's message has been sounded; and may it serve as an example to the church militant, that there is no pinnacle of success on which the gospel banner can not be perched, if the bearers will with undaunted courage and integrity press forward with an eye single to God's glory, and man's salvation.

In your absence we have borne in mind your counsel, and have endeavored to maintain the cause as best we could. We have struggled to fortify ourselves spiritually, and prayed "that an enemy might not sow tares," and now we unite in saying, "Welcome back, our beloved and honored President!"

Under the irresistible impression that a greater work yet is before us, we assemble to greet you this evening on the

opening of your fourth season in the Majestic, and dismiss from our hearts everything but the desire to assist you. Tonight we rally to the standard, and with hearts of love and joy we surround you as an unbreakable band to be your support, and may the love and good fellowship here existing intensify until nothing remains as an hindrance to God to verify his promise to us: "The bringing up from all quarters of the city a righteous people to worship in this house."

This great city is before you. We are behind you; present you means of carrying on your work. May God lead you, and at the close of the season may the gospel of Jesus Christ have brought joy to the souls of many, as it has done in the past.

Signed on behalf of Toronto Branch by the
PRESIDING PRIESTHOOD.

TORONTO, November 1, 1907.



THE AUTHOR AND FAMILY.

CHAPTER XLIII.

CONCLUSION.

Sunday, November 3, I was greeted with a splendid audience at the new church, and at night we opened, for the fourth winter, the Majestic Theater. Before seven o'clock hundreds had turned away unable to obtain even standing room. The vast audience tendered me a great welcome, and so begins the work in Toronto for the winter of 1907.

As I look over these pages I am reminded that God has been kind and merciful to me. I have been the monument of his mercy, the creature of his tender care, and as a pensioner upon his bounty, I have endeavored to show my recognition of his goodness by helping my fellow-man. I know I have been misunderstood by some inside of the church as well as those not of the faith, but I have tried to do my duty without fear or favor as I saw it. I am conscious of many imperfections still existing in my life, but I hope to live that when my work has ended in this probation God will accept me as his own.

To those who criticise this book because of the prominence that is given to its author, I say, "Remember that it is because the people in and out of the church have requested that I write a history of MY LIFE this prominence is necessarily given to the author. I have written concerning my own

experience, not that I desire honor of men, for none know as well as I how ignorant and weak I am. I do not wish the reader to think that I desire notoriety, only as by the work performed our heavenly Father, through me, his weak and trusting child, will receive praise and glory.

The future lies before me. If I know myself, I wish to spend my time in the service of God, as I have felt called to give it in that which is known as the "latter-day glory."

I have written this autobiography as near as my memory, my diary, and the testimony of those concerned have enabled me, knowing that I must meet you at the bar of God and meet all that I have said. I bear my testimony, in the name of my Master, that I have endeavored to tell the truth. May you and I so live that we may dwell with God in sinless eternity, and to this end I hope to continue to struggle against the triune enemy, the world, with all its allurements, the Devil, whether as a "roaring lion" or as "an angel of light," and the flesh with all its propensities, as I may find them either in myself, the church, or the world, and when the end shall come, I trust that I may be able to say:

When the last brave word is spoken,
And our work on earth is done,
When the glass of life is broken,
And the sands have ceased to run,
When our deeds have been rewarded,
Both the evil and the good,
May we each have left recorded,
We have done the best we could.

TORONTO, November 5, 1907.

R. C. EVANS.

CHAPTER XLIV.

At the General Conference held at Lamoni, Iowa, in April, 1909, a revelation was given to the church through the prophet, Pres. Joseph Smith, from which the following is quoted:

The voice of the Spirit to me is: Under conditions which have occurred it is no longer wise that my servant R. C. Evans be continued as counselor in the Presidency; therefore it is expedient that he be released from this responsibility and another be chosen to the office. He has been earnest and faithful in service and his reward is sure.

The revelation was adopted by the assembly and Brother Evans was released from the Presidency. At the closing session of the conference Pres. Joseph Smith recommended that R. C. Evans be ordained to the office of bishop, the recommendation was unanimously adopted by the conference, and the brother was so ordained. At this time he made the following statement:

Mister President: This is the first time that I have spoken during this conference, and I ask your indulgence for a moment or two. When I was called to occupy a position in the First Presidency I soon after purchased property in Independence with a view to moving there and locating, and had pretty nearly all arrangements made—plans and specifications for the erection of a house as per counsel. Soon after that, however, to my great surprise, I was visited by a personage who presented me with a wreath made of maple leaves. In the center of the wreath was a little white flower about the size of a dime that went right around in the center

of the wreath, and then across the wreath was the word *Canada* in the same flower.

When I could compose myself in the presence of the messenger I asked what it meant, and among other things the statement was made:

“You have purchased property in Independence, Missouri?”

“I have.”

“You propose locating there?”

“I do.”

I was informed that it was the will of the Lord for me to remain in Canada. Without giving you the full text of the presentiment, I thought it over, I conferred with others, and the interpretation seemed to be at that time that it meant just for two or three years, until some one was raised up to take my place there; but I went on under the instruction of the Presidency and my work seemed to increase in Canada, often preaching to thousands of people and sometimes thousands turned away unable to gain admission in the largest opera house in the Dominion. My work as a Bishop's agent continued to increase, and finally there was presented to me this work as stated by the Bishop; [Bishop Kelley had made a statement,] it need not be referred to more by me.

From that time I have gone steadily onward, and last year, February 14, I received a commandment while walking on the streets in the midst of a howling snowstorm, saying, “Go in and purchase this property.”

I walked about twenty-five feet and again the voice repeated, “Go in and purchase this property.” This was in the city of Toronto.

To make the story short, I went and purchased the property, and in the language of another “immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood,” but went to work and built a home and moved to Toronto.

From that time I have tried to do my work, but my interest in my presidential work seemed to wane. I felt that I was not in my place. During this convention a number of days the Presidency have requested me to preside over the session,

and you know that this is the first time I have spoken, only just to open the meeting. I felt that I could not do it.

My associations in the Presidency and with my brethren of the Presidency have been all that I could desire. I admit that I was glad, very glad to be released; in fact, I would have tendered my resignation two years ago, but I was afraid to do it and so I have retained it until the Lord in his mercy and wisdom has released me. I am perfectly satisfied to occupy in the position of a bishop, and shall do all that I can for the work that I love dearer than life.

Bishop Evans was appointed in charge of the financial department of the church work in Canada and immediately entered into the work with all his powers. Thus another chapter in the life work of one of Christ's ministry is made and recorded.

F. B. BLAIR.