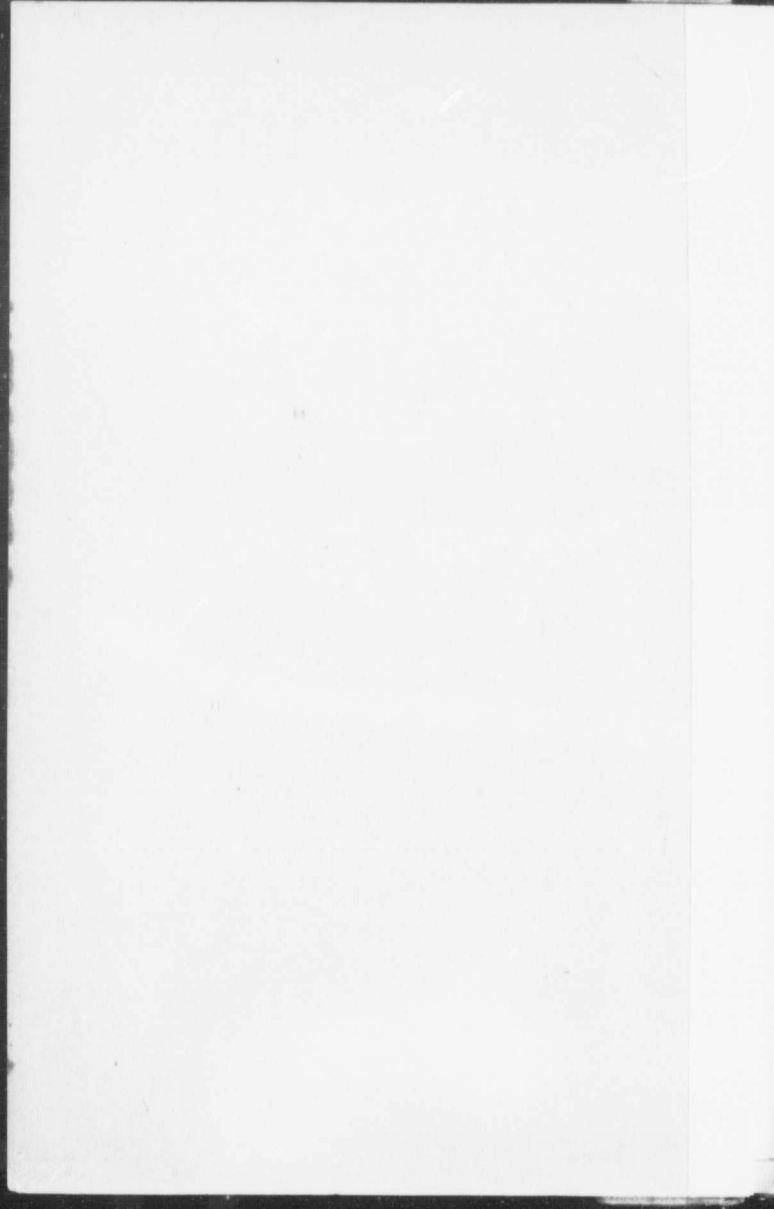


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Basil King



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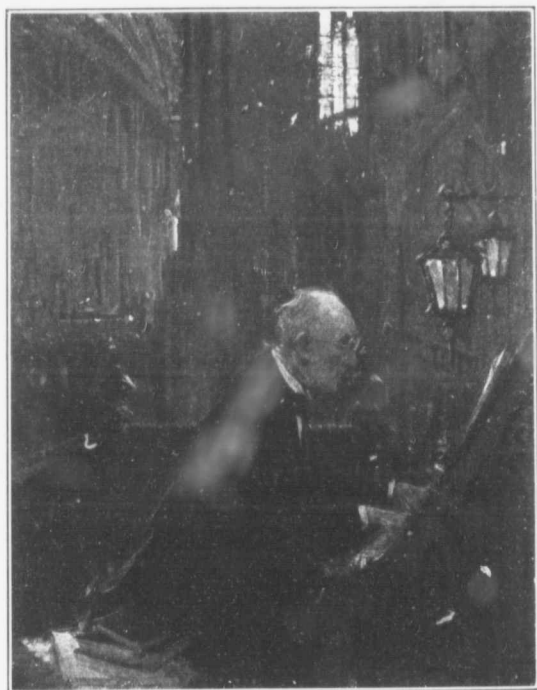
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when I felt the Spirit of God rest upon me, and my poor stammering tongue was unloosed, and I talked for one hour and twenty minutes. Many of the friends of other days were affected, and the Saints felt strengthened in God; and I was made to realize 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 my 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.

**My 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 St. Johns, preach there in the afternoon, and then to London East at night. Nearly all one summer I would preach in St. 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. Wicket 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 Later Day Saints, I am prepared to prove are false. You have either ignorantly or wilfully 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 wilfully misrepresented the facts, I am here to say that 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, that 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 to either 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

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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.

As this story is growing lengthy, I must draw it to a close by saying that 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, so will proceed with my other work.

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

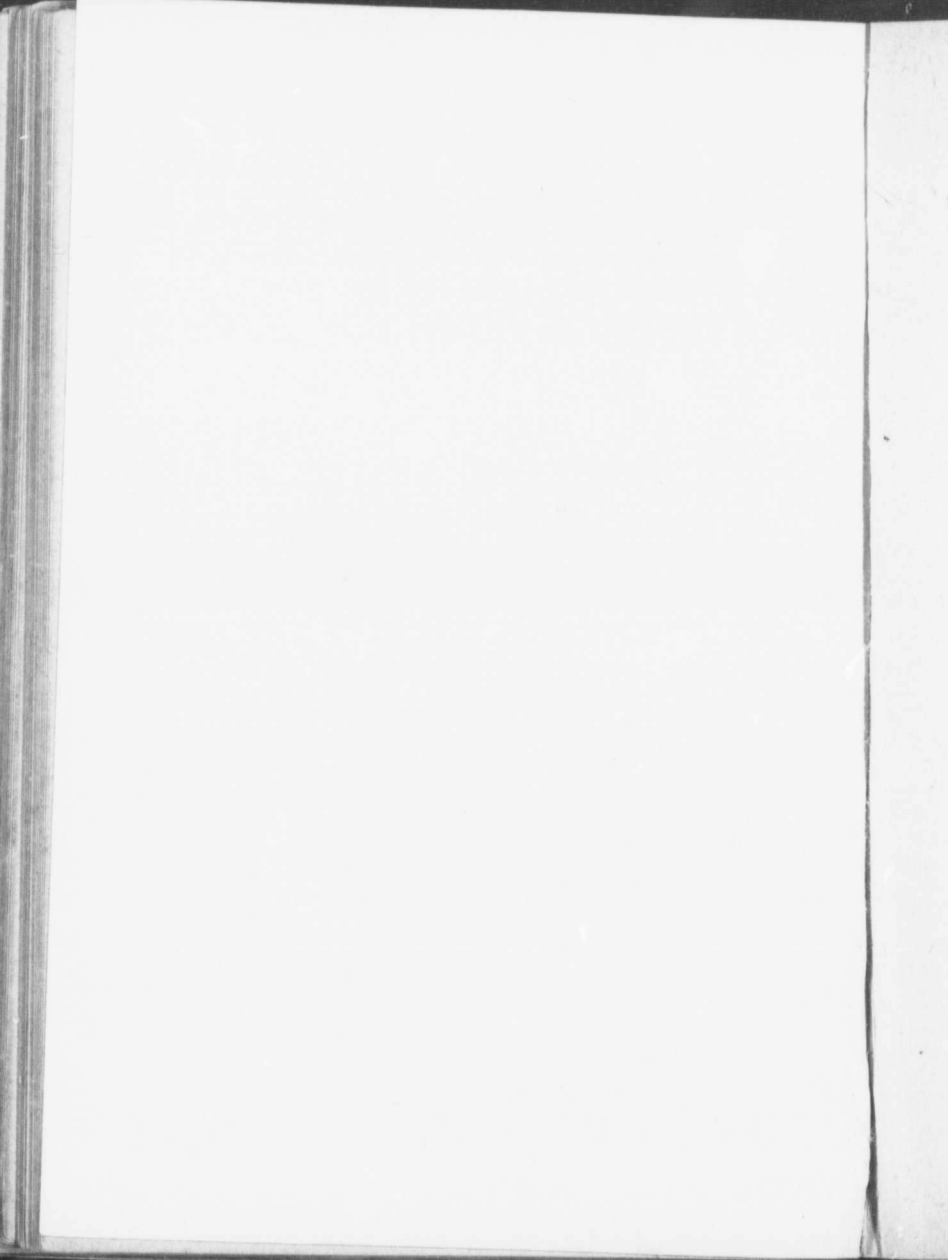
Soon after my ordination, was called upon to administer to an old lady, a member of Mr. Wickett's church. Administered to her deafness, and she testified at the time, that before taking my hands off her head, she could hear the closing part of my prayer, and from that hour her hearing has been better. 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." The old lady and her married daughter now live but two blocks from my home, but by her request her name is withheld. 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 proceed to furnish the reader a few of the evidences received that the signs promised by the Saviour 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. Bro. Cambridge had conversed with him some, and he desired Bro. C. 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; Bro. 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 very 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 let me say that in a moment that poor, decrepit old man was walking and praising God, declaring "I am healed." He rested well that night, and next morning he went to work, and up to the present enjoys good health; at least, I saw him not long since and he was looking hale and well.



MOTHER.





Another case of an unbaptized believer being healed by the power of God. Mr. Edwin Poil, a relative of Bro. Wm. Hunt, of this city, 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 to the present he stands 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, that 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, and when my holidays came, 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. Bro. 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 St. Mary's. 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 St. Mary's, and began work in earnest.

Much could be written concerning our work in St. Mary's, 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. Preaching my last sermon, I was about to leave the following morning so as to get to my work at the factory. Bed-time 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 I had baptized five of one family, a young man and a woman, making seven in all,—all grown people. It was in the month of January, and the ice was coming down the river in torrents, 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 St. Mary's was blessed of God, and many true hearts there throb with the love of God. Elder A. Sinclair and wife, now of Fall River, Mass., and Doctor W. A. Sinclair, of Boston, Mass., and Thomas and Daniel Sinclair, of St. Mary's, Ont., 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 five a.m. Sunday, drive to St. Mary's 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 four 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 brother and sister 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 hopes for the life of the suffering one. Not so with the parents. They had faith and hope in a more than human skill. They sent for Elder S. Brown, of St. Mary's, and telegraphed to London for me. We hastened to the bed-side 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 unblessed 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 Canada papers gave their readers a full account of it at the time. I have a copy of the "Free Press" of August 24th, 1885, before me containing an account of the above.

ABRAHAM'S BOSOM

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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.

**My Ordination to the Office of Seventy, Call to the  
Missionary Work.**

I now bring the reader to the year 1886. Little has been said concerning our home, and will not now, as I presume he would 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, but 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. Was now foreman of the lozenges, licorice and chewing-gum departments. All was going on well and all that could reasonably be desired in life 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 this. It had been thought by some that the time was near at hand when I would be sent out into the missionary field, and I knew if I signed an agreement to labor for Mr. Perrin, I must in honor fulfil 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 Lamon Iowa, April 6th, 1886, I was appointed to ministerial labor in the Dominion of Canada. My certificate was forwarded to my address, April 20th, 1886, signed by Joseph Smith, president, and H. A. Stebbins, secretary of the church.

Now came my trial. I was now 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 good 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.

And now 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 quorum 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 Canada mission, ordain me to the office of a Seventy, on his return to Can-

ada. After prayerful consideration in the matter, I consented to be so ordained, and was on the 12th day of May, 1886, ordained. Soon after I received a license as a member of the first quorum of seventies, signed by Heman C. Smith and E. C. Brand, secretary and president of said quorum; and on Friday, June 11th, I left home and loved ones for the field. Henceforth I will only return home to rest when sick or weary, and to visit a few days at a time; for as long as my health will permit, my calling bids me labor for the Lord, as the poet has said:

" '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 having to suffer 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 19th and 20th, 1886. While there she was administered to by Elders A. Leverton, T. A. Phillips and the writer. Bro. 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 four 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 up to this hour she has never touched a drop of laudanum, 1890.

After the June conference, in company with Bro. J. H. Lake, I went down below Toronto, to Victoria county. Preached there, had good liberty in preaching, 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. Bro. 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 money 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 doctor's had told my mother there was no hope, that she 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 conveyed to 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 St. 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' Translation) taught and sanctioned polygomy."

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 smart 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 endorse him nor support him if he came. I have the letter now, for the Professor 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 that city I baptized a number. The branch was soon after reorganized, and today 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 St. Thomas. Bro. 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 pleasant 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.



*L'âme ne peut se mouvoir, s'éveiller, ouvrir les yeux, sans sentir Dieu. On sent Dieu avec l'âme comme on sent l'air avec le corps.*

*Oserai-je le dire? On connaît Dieu facilement pourvu qu'on ne se contraigne pas à le définir.*

The soul cannot move, awake or open the eyes without perceiving God. We perceive God by the soul as we feel air by the body.

Shall I dare to say it? We know God easily so long as we do not force ourselves to define him.

—JOSEPH JOUBERT, 1754-1824.

## CHAPTER XVI.

**Excellent Meetings and Much Success Attend  
Our Efforts.**

August 15th, 1886, I baptized some in St. Thomas. One lady baptized was a confirmed 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 arose 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, now living at Essex Center, Ontario, and can be referred to.

Friday, August 27th, 1886, I left with Mrs. Janrow, of St. Thomas, to visit her father and friends at Vanessa, Norfolk county. She had heard me preach in St. 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 Sr. 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 Sr. 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 St. Mary's conference. While I was speaking in the conference October 4th, 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 10th. Attended Blenheim conference. Bro. Leverton was there ordained to the office of seventy by Bro. Lake, I assisting.

I returned to Vanessa December 4th. I here wish to relate to the reader something which caused me to have great faith in the promise of the Saviour,

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 hear 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 Spaulding 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 deviltry." He talked for twenty-five minutes. When I replied God's Spirit

fell upon me, and in ten minutes nearly every one 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 time and want of 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 from within), 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. Summer-ville, editor of "Glad Tidings," in same city. I have forgotten the other one's name.



## CHAPTER XVII.

**Attended Conference at Kirkland, Ohio.**

1887.—I spent nineteen days of January at Chatham, 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 10th 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 St. 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, Pa. I was delighted with the city and surroundings. Made our home with Sr. 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 beheld 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 worth of prayer.

Bro. 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.

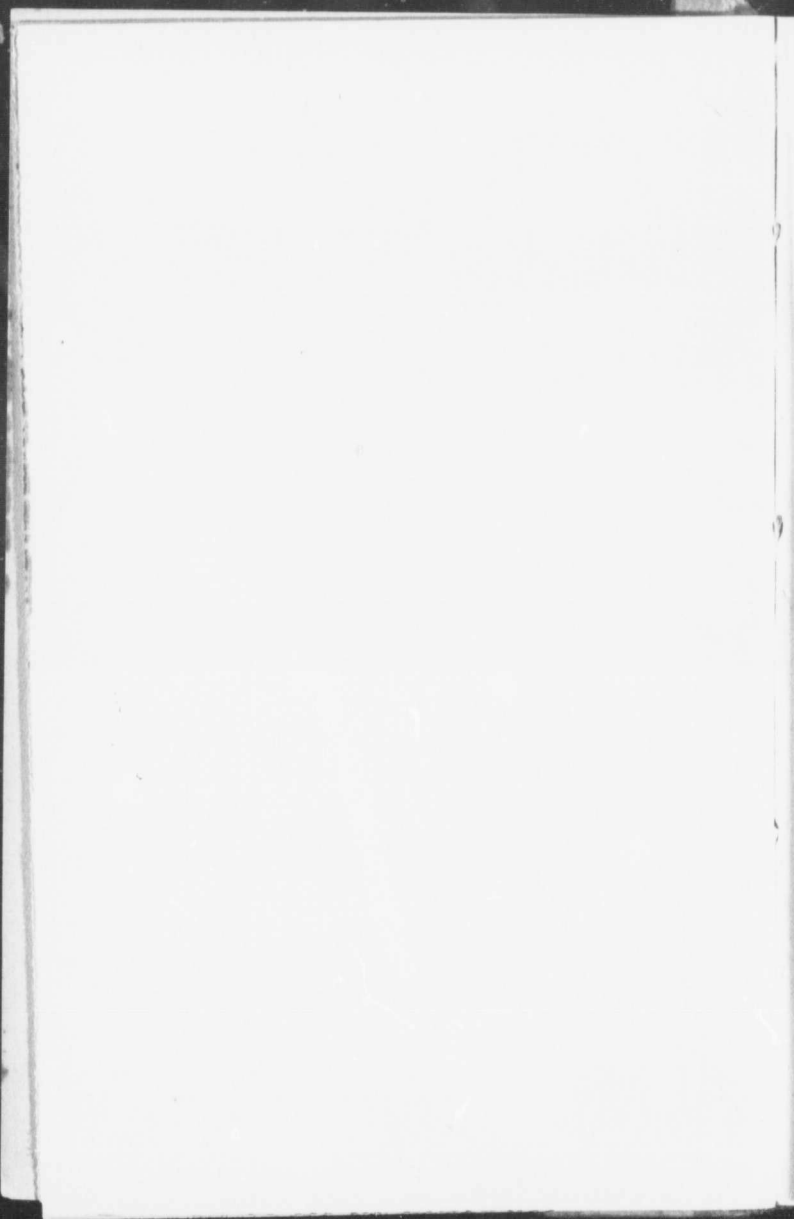
During the conference I was kindly cared for at the residence of Sr. Salyards. At this conference I met many of God's bravest soldiers. Their sermons, prayers and testimonies gave me joy, and I returned to Canada rejoicing in God, and feeling to say like one of old, "This people shall be my people, and 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 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 been ordained an elder, and now is President 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 Egrmont I was released. At this same conference I was elected President of London district, which position I have held up to the present time. It was at this conference I first met Bro. and Sr. King, who have since been such kind friends to me. I went to Masonville branch with Bro. King, preached there twenty-six times in thirty-one days, baptized five, among them Sr. King and Grandma Silks. Sr. 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. Debate 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, that notwithstanding ne 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 for debate. I am informed that he has since 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 St. Mary's, when word was sent that I was to go to Proton to debate with a celebrated Disciple (Campbellite) preacher. He seemed to be just spoiling for a debate on the Book of Mormon. We went at once and were informed that he wished to have a fair and honorable debate, but judge our surprise when we arrived at the place of debate, we found the house full, and many outside waiting to hear both sides of the question, but the preacher preached to us from Fanny Stenhouse, and Braden-Kelley debate. He abused us in every way possible, and when we asked the privilege of replying we were told to get off of 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 only with cannon, sword and club, and whenever called upon to meet a Saint with the Bible, they 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 safe in Paradise. The thought of losing my life brought to 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 bon-fires all along the road and one right in front of the house where I preached. The towns-people 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.

Let me say right here that I was up in that country in December, 1889, and learned that one of the leaders of that mob is now a cripple, and has been for over a year. 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. Sr. Brice was standing by my side with the shot still in her head. I had to leave the next day, but have promised to go back and preach there if the conference permits me to return to 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 he told me he never felt better in



his life than since his baptism. His sister has also been baptized.

Permit me to conclude this episode by saying, 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 with my own eyes. I was called from Vanessa to Bothwell to preach a funeral sermon. I could reach Bothwell in time only by taking the M. C. R. 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 form 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 Sr. 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 winter-green 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

today." The Spirit of the Lord rested upon me in power, and I walked over to Bro. 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 Sr. Walker. Herewith they sign their names as evidence of the truthfulness of the above.—George Walker, Fanny Walker.

## CHAPTER XIX.

**Denied Admittance to a Christian Church, A Boniface Comes to the Rescue.**

December 5th, 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 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 ball-room 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 ball-room 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.



ELDER J. J. CORNISH, AS HE LOOKED WHEN HE BAPTIZED ME.



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 Lynnvile to Seaforth by telegram from Elder Samuel Brown. It appears some infidels had caused Bro. Brown some trouble and he thought, as I had met some of those people before, I might assist him. I arrived in Seaforth, found Bro. 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 heart's 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 23rd, 24th, 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 have not

ABRAHAM'S BOSOM

heard from him since. Mr. Wm. 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 since then 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 all over 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, now 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 all over the county of Norfolk there are halls open, and many are 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. If I am returned

to Canada this year (1890), I hope to be permitted to labor in this county a good part of the year.

O, what a change! Less than two years ago, 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, Bro. Longhurst drove me to Waterford to visit Mr. Tagard, 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 Rev. Slatt had done in Lynnville, etc. Now, 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, Rev. Laycock called me a fool, a Mormon impostor, and told me that if ever I 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, that 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 worshipped 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; Rev. 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 to be given to the discussion of each proposition. The debate to commence June 14th, 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 Rev. 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 Rev. 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 Professor James W. Easton, the man who patented the Easton electric light dynamo. American and Canadian papers love to praise

him. He has since been called and ordained to the ministry and in Waterford has presided over the branch, preaching and baptizing, until about one year ago he left to organize a company in Newark, New Jersey, where he is at present writing, fast fitting himself financially so that he may devote his life to the work of the ministry.

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. This coming June conference will be held in Waterford.

Of the fifty-six baptized in Waterford, all are grown and the majority of them are married people. Of the many blessings God bestowed upon us in Waterford, permit me to cite you to a few.

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 fourth 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 stump 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. Since that hour Bro. Brown has proven 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 doctored with 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 a month ago, and saw Sister North, and she is now a strong woman. The roses of health are 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 tell me I must bring my autobiography to a conclusion.

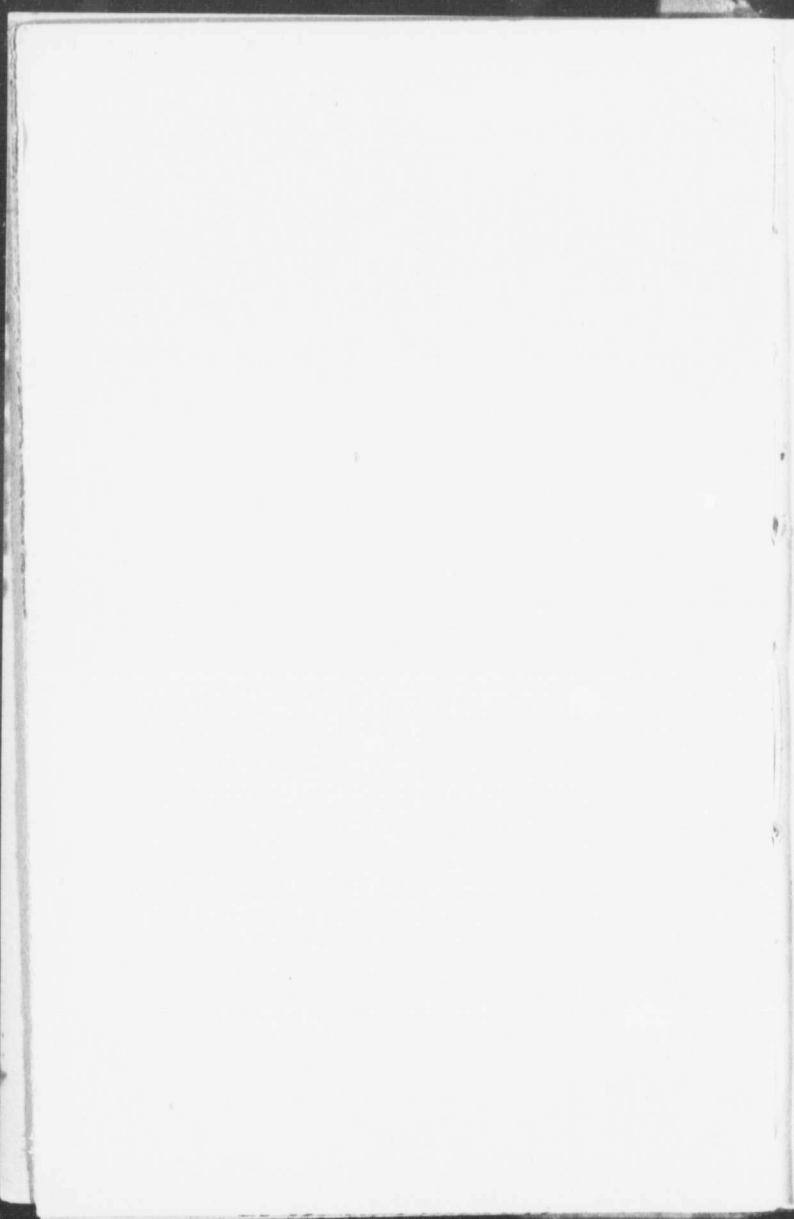


## CHAPTER XXI.

**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 St. Thomas, among them Mr. William Strange. He was a leading Methodist, and one of the businessmen of the city. Our success raised the ire of Rev. Dr. 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. Bro. Strange wrote me and I replied, telling him to write the reverend gentleman, giving him an epitome of our faith and doctrine, and 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 St. 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, with others of like stamp, were his great witnesses.

To make this story short, let me say that the reverend gentleman did as 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 is now the presiding elder of the Latter Day Saints' Church 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 informing 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 18th, 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. Bro. Lake expressed his willingness to go over the river, so we crossed in a small boat. We took the river road leading to the 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, Bro. 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. Bro. 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 conducted 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. Bro. 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 are 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 Bro. 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 14th, when I planted it in my garden where it grew a foot high last summer. I was then directed to Emma's grave; she who was the wife of the martyr, and 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 today were every one for whom you spoke a kind word and performed a kind deed to plant one frail sweet flower there, thou wouldst sleep tonight beneath a wilderness of roses.

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 is occupied by Major Bidamon. The reading world is acquainted with this celebrated man, so I will say but little concerning him. His hair is silvered over with the snow of many winters; his once noble form now stoops with the weight of years; his cheerful smile tells us that he has not forgotten the gladsomeness of the spring-time of youth; his interesting stories prove that he has still in memory the scenes of the summer-time of life; his frailty shows that the autumn of life is closing with him, and according to natural law, the winter frosts will soon chill the warm blood of life, and the snow of death will 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 grand 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. Bro. 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 Bro. 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 is now a fine residence, and we were politely informed that "as so many had called to see the room where the prophet and his brother were foully murdered, that 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.**

Joined Elder Lake and arrived in Farmington, Iowa. Preached there for the Saints, and went to the old hall where John H. Lake preached his first sermon in 1861.

We arrived in Lamoni, Iowa, on March 23rd, remained with the Saints there for seven days, and I preached six discourses while there. I enjoyed my visit in Lamoni 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 was 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, every one seemed to give us a smile of welcome, and life was made pleasant for us while we remained in Lamoni.

We arrived in St. Joseph, Missouri, on April

5th, 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 St. Joseph by request and preached with Elder Mark H. Forscutt. My association with Elder Forscutt and the St. Joseph branch is still remembered. I trust that he who remembereth the widow's mite will kindly reward them for their kindness to me.

I made a flying visit to Independence, Missouri, and Armstrong, Kansas. Met with the Saints and saw many of the Canada 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 Lakeslee 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, preached twice there. 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 C. Scott, whom to know is to admire.

We left Indiana and arrived in St. Thomas, Ontario, on the 15th day of May. The next day I reached my own home and found all well. The next

# ABRAHAM'S BOSOM

## CHAPTER I

**B**ECAUSE he was unaccustomed to doctors, and thought it the right thing to say, he asked the physician to name his malady frankly.

"I wish you'd tell me. I can stand it, you know."

In the bottom of his heart he was sure there was nothing to be afraid of. He was only sixty, which in the twentieth century is young, and as hale as he had been at thirty. This weakness, this sudden pain, this sense of suffocation, from which he had been suffering for the past few months, might be the beginning of a new phase in his life, the period commonly known as that of breaking up; but even so, he had good years still before him.

- He could wait for the doctor's answer, then, without undue anxiety, turning toward him

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 St. 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 Wm. 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. His wife is now the leading alto singer in the London branch choir. They reside in London now. Dr. Corlis, of St. 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 the little Hebrew Maid's, 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 year's 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 those 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 St. Thomas. For years she was troubled with fits, but since her baptism has never been troubled with them and enjoys better health than ever before.

I wish to draw this autobiography to a close, so will pass over many other things that I have seen and heard, and will conclude by giving the reader an account of two more miracles, then give one testimony in defence of the Book of Mormon and then I will close.

Bro. and Sr. Robert C. Longhurst were the first to unite with the church in Vanessa, Norfolk county, Ontario. About one year after I had baptized them Sr. Longhurst gave birth to a little girl. Shortly after the baby was born Dr. Taggart, of Waterford, was called in and told Bro. Longhurst he did not think the child would live until morning. She was a weak little girl and was born a cripple—one of her feet the doctor said 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 the parents of the child asking them to write the account of the baby's foot, and I here insert their reply:

"Dr. 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.' Bro. 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 Elder R. C. Evans and W. J. Smith anointed the foot with oil, Bro. Evans praying aloud as they placed their hands upon her. After the prayer was over Bro. 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, pro-

nounced 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.'

The parents of the child are still living in Vanessa, Ontario, and Dr. Taggart still resides in Waterford, same county.

I wish to relate one more case of healing. Sr. Geo. Everett, London branch, had been afflicted for five years. Some five years ago she felt a small lump in her right breast, she felt pain at times and the lump became hard, and continued to grow until it was as large as a small hen's 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. Bro. 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 have passed away and she yet feels all right. This afternoon, while talking to her, she said, "Bro. Richard, you have my consent to tell to the world that I was healed by the power of God."

A short time ago 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 the bed down. 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. Two weeks ago 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 has since been baptized. I baptized her last Friday night.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

**A Vision Which Inspired Me With Greater Zeal.**

I wish now to give the writer an account of a vision I had concerning the Book of Mormon. One Sunday night, in the month of November, 1885, 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 my 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 know it is 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 Sr. Hunt's residence, and I attended that meeting. 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 her 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 or "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 criticize, will deal kindly with me remembering that

the most of the learning that I have has been acquired after hard days' work.

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

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

Pres. Joseph Smith appointed Father Whitehead and I to go and administer to Bishop Blakesly'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, Mo., preached there three times, and was called to Knobnoster, Mo., where I preached to large congregations in the Opera House. I remained there twelve days and baptized a num-

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an ascetic, clean-cut profile stamped with a lifetime of high, kind, scholarly meditations.

The doctor tilted slightly backward in his chair, fitting his finger tips together, before he spoke. Any telltale expression there might have been in his face was concealed by a scraggy beard and mustache that grew right up to the edges of a lipless mouth.

"It's what is called Hutchinson's disease," he said at last. "I've known a few cases of it; but it's rather rare"—he added, as if reluctantly—"and obscure."

"But I've heard of it. Wasn't it," the patient continued, after a second's thinking, "the trouble with poor Ned Angel?"

"You mean the organist chap at Saint Thomas's—the near-sighted fellow with a limp—the one you had to get rid of?"

A sharp hectic spot like a splash of red paint came out in each of the clergyman's wax-like cheeks.

"That's the man. It—it carried him off in less than two months."

The doctor was used to embarrassing situations.

"I believe it did," he responded in a tone that seemed to make the fact of slight importance. "I remember hearing that he put



ber. Returning on my homeward trip I preached in Kansas City, Independence, Chicago, Galien, and Detroit, Mich., to large and attentive congregations in nearly every place. While walking to Zone conference from Bothwell station, June 7th, 1901, I wrote the following song, which I sung before a large gathering of friends on the occasion of the 20th anniversary of our wedding, June 9th, 1901:

#### A TRIBUTE.

Twenty years have glided o'er us,  
Since we stood in life's young bloom,  
Clasping hands in God's pure temple,  
Making vows as bride and groom.  
Strength and beauty, love and virtue,  
Crowned your brow that eve in June,  
God had graced you with great wisdom,  
Ere you reached life's sunny noon.

Memory's eye looks o'er the decades,  
Viewing scenes of peace and joy,  
Busy hands and timely counsel,  
Help-mate thou without alloy.  
When the road was rough and thorny,  
And the storms were loud and high,  
Then you stood 'mid cloud and billow  
Like an angel from the sky.

God has blessed our holy union,  
Giving us a girl and boy,  
Each like blossoms sweet and fragrant  
Fill our home with love and joy.  
Willie, nearly eighteen summers,



R. C. AND LIZZIE BEFORE THEY WERE MARRIED.

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Lizzie, fourteen years has seen,  
May they ever more do honor,  
To their mother, and my queen.

In the scale of years I've weighed you,  
Measured by the rod of time,  
Here before our God and people,  
I rejoice because you're mine.  
Years have made you fairer, dearer,  
Perfected your gifts so rare,  
Heaven help me to be worthy,  
Ever more your love to share,

The "London News" has the following to say of that pleasant occasion:

"Elder R. C. Evans and wife celebrated the 20th 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 We Erected a Church in St. Thomas.**

My next labor was in St. Thomas. Shortly after I had started work there I had a dream, in which 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 I worked with many others, almost night and day until two months after I turned the first sod. I preached the opening sermon of 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 days toil, and my fingers was 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 always comfort gave.  
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 open your vision;  
See, my coming's near at hand;  
Live in peace with one another,  
Soon you'll dwell at my right hand.

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 received a letter from Lizzie the morning of February 18th, her birthday, and wrote the following song to the tune of Maggie May :

The pure snow has covered the earth, Lizzie,  
The pale moon is running her race,  
While night winds are singing a song, Lizzie,  
I think of your sweet voice and face.

The years that have gone since we met, Lizzie,  
Are laden with sorrow and joy,  
But to me you're more dear than you were, Lizzie,  
When I was a young thoughtless boy.

I loved you because you were fair, Lizzie,  
With long curly locks bright as day,  
I now love because you are pure, Lizzie,  
And will while the sun sheds a ray.  
You have proven yourself pure and true, Lizzie,  
Devoted and gentle through life,  
And tonight before God I can say, Lizzie,  
You're worthy the name, mother, wife.

Your birthday has come once again, Lizzie,  
The twenty-eighth year of your age,  
The years have but made you more dear, Lizzie,  
Since you and I were engaged.  
While virtue is lovely and pure, Lizzie,  
And vice remains hateful and cold,  
I trust our love will endure, Lizzie,  
While we both together grow old.

I was called from Waterford to Welland to act as Attorney for Bro. George H. Henley, in a law suit. 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 Bro. Henley made reply. The parson ordered him to leave the church. Bro. Henley refused to go, saying he felt that he had a right to remove the false impressions made against the church, whereupon, the parson threat-



ened to throw him out. Bro. George weighed about 200 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. Bro. Henley continued his remarks, making many friends, but the parson sought vengeance, whereupon he had Bro. Henley summoned to trial. I conducted the case, examining the parson and his witnesses, as also Bro. Henley and his witnesses, and after making a plea before the judge, Bro. Henley was honorably discharged and the parson left the room disgraced.

Soon after this I was called to Detroit, Mich., to preach. When a number had been baptized, Elder Hyrum 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 done what I could to keep the branch "Ever green."

From Detroit I went to Kirkland, 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 Bros A. E. Mortimer and Fligg were to be my traveling companions.

We left London for Stratford, and there I preached on the Market square, the public park, and twice in the city hall. My audiences increased from 200 to 1,500 people. Bro. Mortimer was not enjoy-

ing the best of health and would scarcely ever speak more than ten minutes, and Bro. 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 26 boils during that time. I never shall forget the kindly treatment rendered me in those hours of weakness and agony by Bros. Mortimer and Fligg, as also Sr. Davis, whose funeral sermon I preached last year, 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 northern 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, Bro. 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. Bro. 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 Bro. Brain was pitching hay in the barn to the great joy of the Saints and himself and to the astonishment of the neighbors not of the faith.

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up no fight; that he didn't want to live. You knew him better than I did—"

"I knew him very well indeed; and a sweeter soul never breathed." There seemed to be something that the rector of St. Thomas's was anxious to explain. "He'd played our organ and trained our choir for forty years—ever since the church was a little mission chapel, none too sure of its future. He was a chemist by profession, you may remember, and he'd done our work entirely without salary. But you know what American churches are. Once we'd become big and wealthy we had to have the best music money could provide; and so poor Angel had to go."

"And it killed him."

"No; I don't think so. People say it did; but I don't agree with them. It nearly killed me when I had to tell him—the parish put it up to me; but as for him he simply seemed to feel that his life on earth was over. He had fought his good fight and finished his course. That was the impression he made on me. He wasn't like a man who has been killed; he was rather like one who has been translated. He just—was not. All the same it's been a good deal on my mind; on my conscience, I might say—"

But the doctor had other patients in the

Leaving Bro. Mortimer in the north, Bro. Fligg and I arrived at Toronto Junction, 5 miles from the city of Toronto. Here we made our home with Bro. Wm. 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 may not be amiss at this juncture.

Bro. Jos. Luff was baptized in London, in 1876. He and other elders labored some in Toronto, resulting in the baptism of Bro. 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. Bro. Luff moved away, the few Saints were scattered, no more meetings were held for years.

## CHAPTER XXV.

**The Organization and Work in Toronto.**

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

On Thursday, September 17th, 1891, I organized the branch in Toronto, with Fred. Gregory presiding priest, and D. McGillivary, deacon, and the branch was known for years as "The Old Maids' Branch," for the reason that the majority of the branch were the country girls that 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 Bro. 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 there. Bro. 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.

Bros. Lake, 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. To have an explosion in a church perhaps is an uncommon thing, but we will hasten to relate the circumstances that might have sent us to a premature grave. 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.

'Twas 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 Bro. Mortimer to continue the work there during the winter.

Most of the winter of 1891-2 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, the post holes dug and the post in place, and great timbers for the sills cut in the woods and drawn to the church lot.

Bro. Wm. 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, saw mill, 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, and is now, the honored President of that branch.

While 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 the child was out playing as if nothing had happened when I called to see him.

Thus passed the winter of 1892-3, happy and busy.



## CHAPTER XXVI.

## Revisiting Scenes of My Childhood.

In the spring, as London district delegate to general conference, while there I preached several times in Independence, Mo. At the close of the conference I went to Knobnoster, Mo., where I preached a number of times and baptized two. While there I made a visit to the first coal mine I ever saw. 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 I departed for home.

While preaching in Chicago, en route home, and while spending the afternoon at the residence of Bro. and Sr. Sloan, Sr. Sloan surprised me by presenting me with a beautiful song just published entitled, "Sweet Bunch of Daisies," she stating that when she heard it sung she knew that it was just suited to my voice. When I had sung the piece I took a great liking for it, and immediately while sitting in their parlor, wrote the following song for my wife to the same tune:

True wife and mother you are more to me  
Than all the daisies in the world can be;  
Life's sweetest treasure I have found in you,  
All through my trials you've been wise and true.

## Chorus—

True wife and mother, gem of our home,  
Your sweet smile follows where'er I roam;  
Light of my darkness, Joy of my life,  
God's gift from heaven—Lizzie, my wife.

Long years have passed, dear, since the day we wed,  
Still I remember words the preacher said;  
True to each other until death you do part,  
Ever be happy, one in mind and heart.—Cho.

Daisies may wither, Roses fade away,  
Your love blooms ever through life's coldest day;  
Flowers are emblems of a changing love,  
I know your pattern, 'tis the One above.—Cho.

After attending both the Lindsay and Masonville conferences in Canada I devoted the summer to tent work, with Bros. Gregory and A. E. Mortimer as co-laborers. 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, Wm. Place, who has become a useful missionary since.

Late in the summer of this year I was called to Quebec to try and 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 berth-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 heathen rite of Infant Baptism, for she says that I squalled 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 God never baptized a baby, 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 that practice infant baptism neglected to protest loud enough, but has endorsed throughout the reformation a great deal of the traditions 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 All Father will reward them accordingly.

From the old church I wandered over to the grave yard, where reposed the honored 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 that 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 Bro. Gregory and I suffered much with the cold, as also with snow and rain. Our tent leaked and oft times 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 Bro. and Sr. Place and some others. In justice, permit me to say here, that 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 St. Thomas in time to take part in a grand conference.

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

December 28th, 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 incredible short time all swelling subsided, and the next day, to the astonishment of the people, she was out playing all right.

February and March of this winter was 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. Many places the fences were not seen, by reason of the snow drifts, 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 had stood before the stove and had got thawed out.

When at general conference the following spring I learned that a petition had been sent from Denver,

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waiting-room and was obliged to think of them.

"Quite so; and, therefore, you see that in his case there were contributing causes; whereas in yours—"

It was the patient's turn to interrupt:

"And for this Hutchinson's disease, is there any cure?"

In spite of his efforts to seem casual the doctor's voice fell.

"None that science knows of—as yet. But able men have taken it up as a specialty—"

"And its progress is generally rapid, isn't it?"

"Since you ask the question, I can only say, yes — generally. That doesn't mean, however, that in the case of a man of temperate life, like you—"

But Berkeley Noone had heard enough. He listened to what the doctor had to say in the way of advice; he promised to carry out all orders; but he was sure his death sentence had been pronounced. He took it as most men take death sentences—calmly as far as the eye could see, but with an inner sense of being stunned. Getting himself out of the office without betraying the fact that he knew he had heard his doom he roamed the city aimlessly.

Col.—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, Mo., remained 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, Mich., 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 on a bicycle when an intoxicated teamster forced me to go between his waggon 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 had 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 Geo. Shaw passing by was attracted by the crowd that surrounded me. Came

as close as he could when he recognized who I was. 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 having not had even a cup of tea or coffee for many years or any other stimulants my stomach was as susceptible to an narcotic as an infant child to counteract the deadly drug. 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 E.," the residence of Bro. and Sr. 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 sore, 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 in-



tense 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, Sr. Janrow, Bro. Liddy and his brother Mat, 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 today 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 Bros. 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 that he would never walk again. The old man requested baptism at my hands. A box was made and water pumped into it. Bro. 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, Bros. 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, Rev. 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 6th to September 18th I baptized 26, among them the organist of the Disciple church, the organist of the Presbyterian church and a number of many prominent men and women. Among them we may mention Sr. Ida Clark, who is now the wife of President Joseph

Smith, also her father and mother, brothers and sisters, one of the sisters being the wife of Elder A. F. McLean, now 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 re-elected President for 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.

President 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 St. Joseph, Mo. Lizzie made many friends there and we all enjoyed the visit immensely. I addressed the people several times. Our next stop was at Independence, Mo., 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 severed my connection as a district officer with the London district, I had 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 D. McGregor 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 river St. Lawrence, 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 St. 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 relicš. 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 he 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 the 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. 'Twas now 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 in 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 wilfully 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



## ABRAHAM'S BOSOM

By degrees he was able to think, though thinking led no farther than to the overwhelming knowledge that he was to be cut off. Cut off in his prime were the words he used. He had never been more vigorous than in the past few years—except for those occasional spasms that latterly had come and gone, and left him troubled and wondering. They had not, however, interfered with his work, seeing that he had preached and lectured and visited his parishioners and written books as usual. Moreover, he had fulfilled his duties with a power and an authority for which no younger man would have had the experience. For another ten years, he had been reckoning, he could go on at the same pace; and now the ten years were not coming!

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 labor in the eastern mission. Bro. 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. D. McGregor 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, Mich. Here Bro. Hauns first heard the gospel and is now a good missionary in the Michigan field.

Most of August and September of this year was 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.

Bro. McGregor was my companion most of this summer. He lead 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 St. Thomas, with a few short visits to other places.

London had petitioned Bro. 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 was collected for church repairs and improvements, and several were baptized in London. The St. Thomas work was blessed of the Lord. Here I baptized a number, among them Sr. 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, "Apostacy and Restoration," which I here submit:

## APOSTACY AND RESTORATION.

By R. C. Evans.

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

Cho.—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.

Cho.—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 Latted Day Saints will be honored,  
And Joseph be pride of the world.

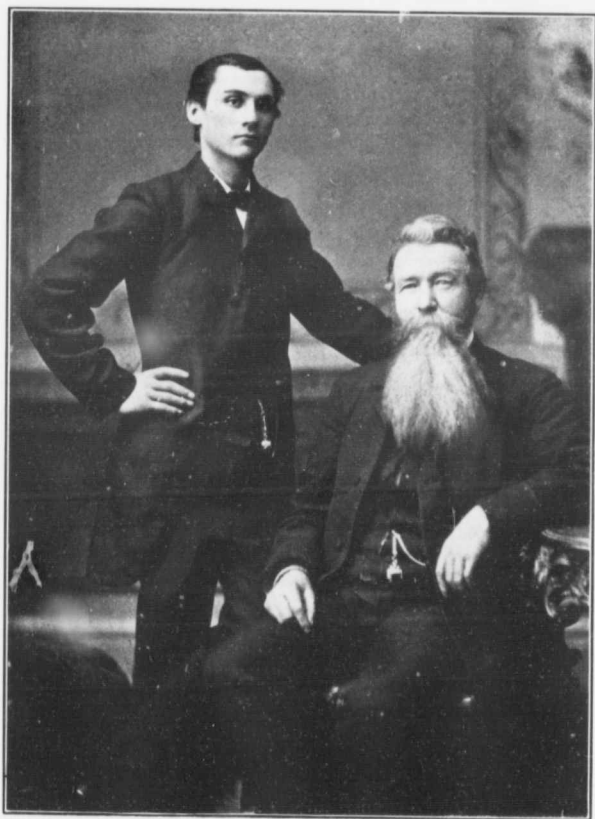
## CHAPTER XXVIII.

**Most Remarkable Case of Healing Ever Witnessed  
by Me.**

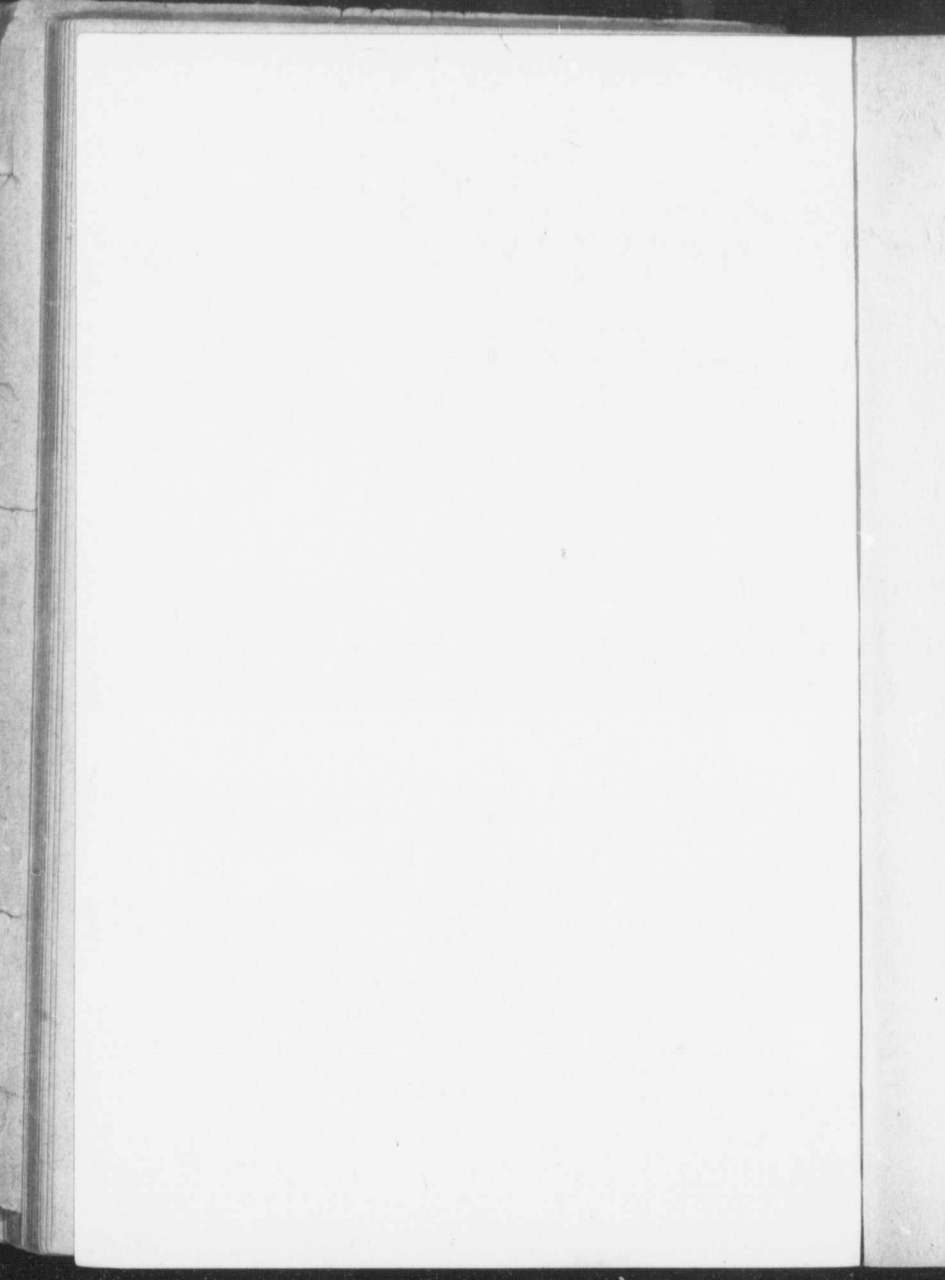
Lizzie and I with a number of other Canadians started for Kirkland conference and had a good time. I preached Sunday, and my sermon was the last one Pres. Blair ever heard, for he passed away on his way home while on the train. This was a fitting end for that man of God who had given his life for the people.

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

On January the 14th, 1878, Sr. Faulds took sick. For eight months she was confined to her bed, and all that loving hearts and skilful 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 strenght 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 1894-5 more affliction came upon me, and



R. C. AND UNCLE JOHN LAKE, WHEN R. C. BECAME A  
MISSIONARY.





the cords of my hip was so drawn that I had to wear a cork sole on my shoe  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches in height. My suffering was now almost unbearable.

"In December, 1895, Elder R. C. Evans was preaching in this city (St. 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 Kirkland, Ohio, I sent a request for prayer by Elder R. C. Evans. On April 9th prayer was offered for me in the Temple of the Lord, while I was here in St. 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 Sr. Faulds last week.

Sr. 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 St. Thomas Opera House. Bro. Wm. 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 St. 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.

During the month of June Bro. Lake received a revelation that I should be chosen as Bishop's agent for the London district. Bro. 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 received 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 \$1.20 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, Saskat-

chewan, 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. Geo. H. Hilliard. My association with this great and good 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, by name, Rev. 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, Hulbert, 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 showed clearly 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

## CHAPTER II

NEVERTHELESS, when, a few weeks later, he was confined to bed he began to see that his situation was not without advantages of which he had taken no note at first. For one thing, he was tired. He had not recognized the fact till he had kept his room a week. A day having come when he was slightly better, it was suggested that he might get up and go out. But he didn't want to. He preferred to stay where he was. His lack of zest surprised him. It surprised him still more when he crept back into bed, with the conviction that it was the spot he liked best of all. Bed by day had always fired him with impatience. Now it seemed to him a haven, delicious and remote. The world might wag in the distance, but the wagging had nothing to do with him.

Nothing to do with him when all his working life had been spent at the heart of its energies! He had wrought and fought, and struggled and suffered, and lost and won. He had been maligned and abused and mis-

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 sabels 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 xxvi., 53. From Smith's Bible dictionary, page 605, I learn that a legion is 6,000, and this statement is supported by many writers. Here are 72,000 angels enjoying good health at that time. We are informed in 2 Kings, vi., 17, that the mountains are full of them. Daniel tells us, vii., 10, there are ten thousand times ten thousand of angels, and John, in Revelation v., 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 St. Thomas, where I baptized a number, among them James Riley.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

**My Ordination as an Apostle.**

1897 we opened work in London, where we had a grand time for two weeks; then to St. 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, wife and mother. He has since done good work as an elder in the church.

The papers gave an account of the baptism. Sr. 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.

Bro. Lake wrote me that he saw me in vision ordained to the office of an apostle. The revelation was given to him February 14, 1897. On March 26th 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 11th, 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 Bros. 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 Bro. 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 Crylie 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, Mich., 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 district Sunday-school, 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 14th, while I was preaching, Joseph was wrapped in vision and saw me addressing an audience in Los Angeles, Cal. I preached there this summer (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, Ont.

Before the ceremony Pres. Joseph Smith handed me a large envelope containing the license. I opened it and out came a \$10.00 bill. I soliloquized thus: "Tis an honor to perform this ceremony, I will not keep this money," so calling Joseph into the room I handed the \$10.00 over to him. When he saw what it was he refused to accept it saying, "If she is not worth \$10.00 you can take her back."

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, Mo., 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, two of the present strong pillars of the Toronto branch.

At the Vanessa conference I ordained Fred Gregory and Dan, McGregor 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 lead the people in prayer and then we sang "Jesus Lover of My Soul." The storm was all around us, we all 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 had some meetings in Sauble Falls. Rev. 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 school house. 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 Rev. Mr. McGown, Baptist Clergyman. He in turn met his Waterloo and quite a number was baptized, and I left for the west.

The next month I met Elder Wm. Ellmore, of Covington, Ind., in a six-night debate at Chatham, Ont. The usual Church propositions were discussed, he affirming for his church three nights, I affirming for our church three nights.

Mr. Ellmore is a man of wonderful ability, but at the close of the debate the general opinion ex-

pressed 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 19 people at 3 p.m. and 20 people at 7 p.m. Fred Gregory was my moderator and rendered excellent assistance.

## CHAPTER XXX.

## A Refutation of Slanderous Statements.

1899.—After New Year's Dinner at home I met Bro. McGregor as per appointment. We went to Port Elgin and drove 29 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 Wm. 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. Pres. 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

Rev. Mr. Krupp. The controversy was long and because of the historic value to many of the Saints I herewith insert my letter on the Spaulding romance, which, as I expected, put a quietus on Mr. Krupp:

#### BOOK OF MORMON.

Stratford Herald, October 4, 1899.

#### Elder Evans Goes at Length Into Question of Its Resemblances to the Spaulding 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 Rev. 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 Sept. 7th, regarding my letter, "New Light on Mormonism," The Book of Mormon, and the "Spaulding'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

## ABRAHAM'S BOSOM

understood, and had found enemies where he might have looked for friends; and yet he had never been more himself than when in the excitement of battle. It was the less credible then that the world should have no interest for him any more, and that he should find it a relief to get away from it.

And he should get away from St. Thomas's. Six months ago he would have been angry with the man who had suggested that as a possible form of solace; and yet the fact was there. The parish had been his life. He had come to it as its first rector; his preaching had built it up. He had hardly ever taken a holiday without regulating beforehand every service and meeting that would take place in his absence. He had hardly ever come back without the sense of being just where he belonged. And now he should never again go into the pulpit and instruct other men as to what they ought to do! Never again should he make his round of calls on kindly, carping parishioners! He should not have to take the respectful admonitions of his vestry any more, or try to appease its members, or defend himself for writing books. All that was over. He sank back among his pillows, with a sigh of comfort. He should get away from it.

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 endorse much of her book. He only stands by her when she relates the Spaulding story of some nasty years 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 practised 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 "Spaulding Manuscript Found." The supporters of the story relate about it like this: Spaulding 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. Spaulding died in 1816.

But permit three reverend gentlemen of high standing to tell what became of the manuscript found. In the Congregationalist for Oct. 24th, 1877, the Rev. Tyron Edwards, D.D., of Philadelphia, says: "The Book of Mormon in substance was written by Solomon Spaulding, 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, Spaulding 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 Dec. 23rd, 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 Spauldings, "an attentive listener" to the reading of Spaulding'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 Rev. Dr.'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 Cynosuer*, Dec. 20th, 1877.) When letters were written to him correcting his false statements, he replied, "Smith borrowed Spaulding's manuscript, Spaulding sent for it, Smith refused to give it back, Smith told Spaulding, and I heard him, that he had made a Mormon Bible of it. I saw Mr. Spaulding as late as 1827, and I have a letter from Wm. Jenkins, that he saw Spaulding in 1829."

Now, Mr. Editor, Spaulding's widow, and all true history shows that Spaulding 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 Spaulding romance.

Miss Dickenson gives the testimony of E. D. Howe, and D. P. Hulbert, yet her own books say Hulbert 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 "Spaulding story." Spaulding wrote a story in 1809-12, gave it to the printer in 1812, left Pittsburg 1814, died 1816. The manuscript was returned by the printer to Mr. Spaulding'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. Hulburt was excommunicated from the Latted 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. Hulburt went to Spaulding'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 book, 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 was similar, and contained same names, etc. Howe fills his books 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 refuse to return "Manuscript Found" to Spaulding's widow. Howe hides it, among other manuscripts in his printing office, he forgets where, tells Spaulding's widow and others manuscript was burned. In 1839-40 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 1884-5 President Fairchild, of Oberlin College, Ohio, visited Mr. Rice. Looking over old manuscripts, they discover the long lost "Manuscript Found" written by Solomon Spaulding. It had been in Mr. Rice's possession over 40 years and it is now on exhibition in Oberlin College,

Ohio, with the following endorsement on the manuscript, "The writings of Solomon Spaulding, 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. Hulburt." 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 Spaulding, 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, Hulburt, 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 Dan. McGregor to labor in British Columbia.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

**A Strenuous Debate.**

Elder F. Gregory started to preach in Wiarton. A one-time Methodist parson and the magistrate of the town each in turn lectured against the work. Bro. Gregory did fine in defence of the work, until the matter getting pretty interesting, 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 Bro. 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. Beedles 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 never shall forget poor Fred. He stood there as if waiting for martyrdom, for he knew he was in the defence 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 Wiarton 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, by name, Crismas, 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 \$23.00. 800 people heard me in the afternoon and 1,200 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, St. Thomas and Detroit.

While at general conference, Lamoni, Iowa, on April 8th, 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 removed.

The doctor's name is Dr. Walse. The doctor, the girl and her parents all reside in Pawnee, Mo."

Testimony of Mr. C. J. Smith, of Pawnee, Mo., 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 23rd April, 1900.

"Robt. L. 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 Bro. Elvin, that all may be well with her. Praise be to the Lord.

Yours in the faith,

E. NIXSON."

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 P. M. April 9,  
1900, by Patriarch Alexander Hale Smith.**

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

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Later he made a discovery that astonished him and gave him pain. He should get away from his wife.

A little thing revealed this, too, as an escape. Emily had hustled into his bedroom with a cup of broth. She liked plenty of salt in her broth, and he very little; but it was one of those small differences of taste to which she had never become reconciled. It fretted her that he shouldn't know when things were as they ought to be; and, not to fret her, he had during two-and-thirty years submitted to her wishes docilely. But to-day he felt privileged to put up a mild protest.

"Isn't there too much salt in this broth, dear?"

Standing by his bedside, she took the cup and tasted it.

"No, darling. It's very good indeed. I seasoned it myself. It's exactly right."

"Thanks, dearest." As broth exactly right, he forced himself to swallow it.

Having relieved him of the cup she went on to make him comfortable. He had been comfortable as it was, but she didn't believe it. She had always declared that if he would only rest as she did he would get more repose. She proceeded, therefore, to show him how, as she had shown him how perhaps a million

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 defence 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 counsellor 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 Ephriam, 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 sadness 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. Tempt-

ation 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 glorified throng that attends the coming of our Lord and Saviour, 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.

Reported by Belle Robinson James.

While at the general conference we succeeded in getting five extra missionaries in the Canada mission this year. I also was appointed to 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, St. Thomas, Waterford and Toronto, both preaching in each city. While at Niagara Falls Bro. Joseph preached the dedicatory sermon of the new church and I offered the prayer. Pres. 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 105 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, Sept. 30th, and returned to Toronto the following day.

When nearly time for 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, Geo. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith. Mr. 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 Mr. Snow or Smith in a false statement 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  
Dispelling 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.

Nov. 22, 1900.

While in Victoria I visited Chinatown opium dens, gambling dens, josh houses (a josh house is a Chinese place of worship), boarded the English man-of-war, called "War Spite," 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 Bro. McGregor 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 was devoted to Hamilton and Toronto. Baptized several and organized the Hamilton branch.

In March Lizzie and I were invited to visit the home of Doctor O. H. Riggs and family, then residing at Cincinnati, Ohio. During our visit there we were shown all the principle 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 27th, 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. Orvil James, who after their well-known style had everything to make us feel at home. After the conference we were the guests of Bro. and Sr. Pickering, of Kansas City, Mo., 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 Bro. and Sr. 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 the 10th, 1901, when returning



OUR WILLIE AND LIZZIE, THE DAY LIZZIE WAS ONE YEAR  
OLD.

## ABRAHAM'S BOSOM

times in the course of their life together. Patiently he allowed himself to be pulled and shunted while the sheets were straightened and the pillows smoothed, and he composed his figure to the lines that suited hers. Patiently, too, he pretended to be more at ease than he had been before, though he was saying to himself, with some eagerness, that death would take him away from this worrying wifely affection which never let him alone.

The anticipation gave him pangs of conscience, since they had lived together with quite the average degree of happiness, and he loved her with a deep and quiet love. Moreover, in spite of her double chin and her increase in waist-line, he had never ceased to see in her the timid, wild-eyed nymph of a thing who had incarnated for him all that was poetry in the year when he was twenty-eight. Not till after their first child was born had her bird-like shyness yielded by degrees to an assumption of authority, which in the end became a sort of lordship over him. By the time they had had three children she had formed the habit of correcting the thousand and one small faults into which he fell without knowing it. The way he ate; the way he sat at table; the



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 wildly galloped in wild fury, when descending a steep rocky hill the tongue of the carriage dropped, the carriage was turned over. Bro. Awrey was bruised and bleeding, but not seriously injured; not so with 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. Drs. 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. Sr. Awrey had her skull fractured from one ear to the other. Dr. 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." Dr. 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 R. C. Evans, John Taylor and Geo. Buschlen were sent for. On arrival they requested the privilege to administer. The nurse in charge refused permission, so Elder Evans offered prayer and soon found favor in the eyes of the nurse, when they were permitted to administer, the child

obtained help at once and soon was around, the only effects 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 Dr. Gibson had given Sr. Awrey up, Bro. Awrey sent again for Bro. Evans and he was soon followed by Bros. Buschlen and Taylor. All hopes seemed to be gone when Bro. Evans said to Bro. Awrey, "I feel that your only hope now is to put yourself fully in God's hands, and stop using the morphine." Bro Awrey decided from that moment to forbid the trained nurse giving Sr. Awrey any more morphine, said Bro. Awrey, "I am satisfied now if Bro. 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, Dec. 20, 1902.

Most of the first three months of the year 1902 was 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, now 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, N.Y., on some business, and made a hurried trip to Palmyra, N.Y., 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 Folk at the Home, and all felt cheered.

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

#### **R. C. EVANS' ADDRESS OF ACCEPTANCE.**

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 prophesied. 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.

I was ordained by the 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.

**Ordination of Richard C. Evans to the Office of Second Counsellor to the President of the High Priesthood, Under the Hands of President Joseph Smith and Apostle J. W. Wight.**

Lamoni, Iowa, April 20, 1902.

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 Counsellor 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 born 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 1st, 1902.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

**Divine Evidence of Being Chosen Into the First  
Presidency.**

(Remarks of I. N. White.)

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 the Twelve have been meeting since here. The members of the quorum were all gathered there. Presently, President Joseph Smith opened the door and came in without saying a word to any one, 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 spell-bound 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 Bro. 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 wondered 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 12 o'clock, President 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 Bro. Evans was called of God to occupy as named in the vision.

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, 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 Re-union 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 St. Joseph, Mo., and then to Independence, Mo., preaching at each of those places. We then left for St. Louis, Mo., where we received a grand reception and each received a purse of money. Our next stop was at the Reunion at Xenia, Ill. 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 St. Thomas, and here let me say, on the way I filled an appointment of one night at St. Louis, Mo., 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 was 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

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way he held a bock; the way he coughed; the way he yawned; the way he shook hands; the way he pronounced certain of his words; the way he gave out his notices in church; the way he allowed other men to walk over him—these, with a hundred similar details, had become the sphere of her loving, conjugal discipline.

For more than twenty of their thirty-two years of married life her comments on his oddities had trickled on like a stream that flows and stops, and stops and flows, and never dries up entirely. He had borne it all because she could at any time, even now, throw him that look of the startled dryad which touched some hidden spring in him; but the moment had arrived when he couldn't help saying that he would be glad to get away from it.

And then, as his children roamed back one by one to see him die, it came to him that he should be glad to get away from them. That was a discovery which shocked him to the core. His children had been part of himself. They had been good children, too—on the whole. There were five of them, and their ages ran from thirty-one to twenty-two. From a worldly point of view they were all doing reasonably well—and yet they were



dedicated the Cedar Springs Church and baptized several, and while here I wrote the following song, which I rendered at the party at our home in honor of my wife's birthday:

The two score Post is past, Lizzie,  
This day you start anew,  
Another year of life, Lizzie,  
God guide you safely through.  
The dead years that are gone, Lizzie,  
In which you had a part.  
Were full of loving deeds, Lizzie,  
The fruitage of your heart.

Your deeds are wafted far, Lizzie,  
Upon the wings of fame,  
The poor, the sad and weak, Lizzie,  
Rejoice to speak your name.  
Your words have been but few, Lizzie,  
Yet cheered they hearts oft' sad,  
While deeds performed by you, Lizzie,  
Have made the downcast glad.

With modest deeds and words, Lizzie,  
You won the love of all,  
Who knew you best in life, Lizzie,  
Yes all, both' great and small.  
A score and more of years, Lizzie,  
You've been my faithful wife,  
A heaven-sent gift to me, Lizzie,  
The greatest of earth-life.

Pure, true, wise, faithful, just, Lizzie,  
Your walk through life has been,  
God's pattern Saint to me, Lizzie,  
Your life kept me from sin.  
While now I pen these lines, Lizzie,  
The fruitage of your life  
Proclaims in all you are, Lizzie,  
A pure, true Saint and wife.

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

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. Sheey and Sister Belle James we were the guests of Sister James' brother, at his new hotel in Tulsa, I. T. While there Brother and Sister Robinson, our 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 Bayley 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 confer-

ences 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-by, 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 waving 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 course 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, and crown Him Lord of all.

I joined President Joseph Smith and Elder William Newton at Niagara Falls. We journeyed together, arrived in Brooklyn, N.Y., 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 17th, 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 sea-sick before supper time. That night the prophet 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, St. 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 Llandly, 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, Eng. 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 20,000 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 1,890 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, was 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, Aug., 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 the earth. We earnestly hope that you, the servant of the Lord, counsellor to your honorable co-labourer President 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.”

JNO. 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, Zions Religio Literary Society, Organized 1901, by G. T. Griffith."

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

The Manchester Saints rented a hall in the city, and we marched 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 I 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

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doing reasonably well in ways that never turned to him for sympathy.

Berkeley, Junior, was a broker in New York, and lived on Staten Island with a wife and a baby son. He seldom came home now, except for a wedding or a funeral. The father had had hopes for something more brilliant for the lad in the year when he was born; hopes that had grown with the boy's growth and followed him to school and college, only to fade when the young man struck out for himself.

Then there was Constantia, who had been such a wonderful little girl. Beauty and cleverness had been her portion, with a command of the piano that had promised the career of a Carreño. But she had married an agnostic professor in a Western state university, where, owing to the necessity of doing her own housework, she had given up her music, while in submission to her husband's teaching she refused to let her children be baptized.

The twins, Herbert and Philip, were in modern phases of business, the one selling agricultural implements in Texas, the other automobiles in Detroit. There was nothing a father could complain of in this. Berkeley Noone would not have so much as sighed if it

one of the worst they ever saw. Believe me we had our ups and downs. Here I determined to fight against the sea-sickness, 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 widows 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 priest-ridden Dublin. While there we visited some of the principle 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 chaperone, 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 Sept., bid 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 seem to have left no trace, for he was cheerful and happy all the way over.

On the night of the 23rd of September, while in our state room, 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, that 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 INSTRUCTED 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-by 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 counselling 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 every one 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 co-laborers—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 St. Thomas, where I baptized several. I drove to Osburn 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 snow-drifts 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 Kirkland, 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 30th. 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 Rev. 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.

## ABRAHAM'S BOSOM

hadn't been for his hopes. They had been such angelic little boys, and so quick at everything! He had placed them in the ideal walks of life; one perhaps as a historian or philosopher, and one—one at least—as a clergyman. But they had preferred the great career of making money, and, like their elder brother, rarely came home nowadays.

Beatrice was the enigmatic one. Though but twenty-two, she was restless and eager, and sometimes unhappy in ways as to which she never gave her mother or himself her confidence. Nominally living at home, she was oftener than not away on the pretext of studying art. All he knew of her with certainty was that she moved in the advanced brigade of the woman's agitation, that she had extraordinary friendships with young men, and that she smoked a great many cigarettes. Affectionate enough, but wilful and mysterious, it pleased her to keep her parents in ignorance as to her doings, once she had closed their door behind her.

If his offspring had disappointed him it was not precisely disappointment that had worn him out; it was a sense of the futility of bringing children into the world at all. He had put his strength into theirs and they

By agreement of the First Presidency and the invitation of the Saints of the eastern mission I left for the Eastern States, July 20th, and was, on arrival at Fall River, Mass., 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 that 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, Shawment, Attelboro, then on to Silver Lake Reunion. Here I met President F. M. Smith, Brother Smith, F. M. Sheehy and I were made Presidency of the Reunion. I baptized 14 and preached eight times during the Reunion. We had lovely meetings and grand time bathing in the salt water, 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 Zim-

merman 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 at 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, Mich.

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

While there we met many Saints from a distance, among them Belle and Orvill 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 President 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 North West.

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.

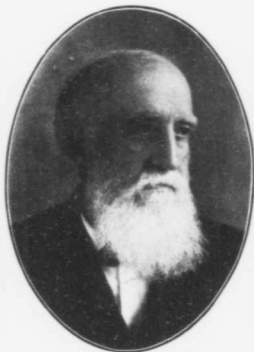
Our next stop was at Ashville, from there to Spy Hill. Here I baptized when they said it was forty-nine below zero. One of those baptized was Brother Dorsett, now a missionary in the north west.

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

I had intended going on to Alberta, but urgent demands called me to hurriedly return 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 them 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



THE FIRST PRESIDENCY OF THE CHURCH.



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 Brother and Sister Ben. 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 was 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.

**Attended Many Conferences and Reunions.**

In August I attended the Akron, Ohio, Reunion, preached three sermons, and started for the eastern mission. Arriving at Tousitt, Mass., 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.

Brother 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 Zimmerman; from there to Pittsburg, Pa., where I met Apostle U. W. Green, and a number of the missionaries of the mission, in a district conference. We had a splendid conference, and those

men clubed together and compeled me to do most of the preaching.

Brother Green left Pittsburg for Wheeling, Va. 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 picture of the strange writings are to be seen in the village stores.

Here I parted with Elder Green. 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 Kirkindall. 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. Herrich, 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, 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 authentic 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, pitch forks 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 navy; I followed Washington, with his undisciplined, starving, freezing Heroes of Valley Ford, 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, PUTMAN 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



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hadn't needed it. So long as they had let him, he had lived their lives with them, and shared their struggles, and suffered their pains; he had yearned and longed and looked forward for them more than they had ever yearned and longed and looked forward for themselves. He had seen them all as children of destiny! Whatever they might become, they could never be commonplace! Even when they had crosses to carry and cares to endure, their places in life could never be anything but high ones! And now—now they were all there, each absorbed in what seemed to him a merely starveling way of life, waiting for him to die in order that they might return to it as quickly as steam and electricity could carry them. Vitally and essentially he was no more to them than the parent bird to the robin that has mated and made its nest in another tree.

So he gave up his yearnings over them. As they came and went in his room he watched them with the same detachment they betrayed toward him. He would have said he had outlived them had he ventured to use a word in which life was a compound. Certainly there was a sense in which he had outgrown them. He had left them behind in some race that had more than death for its

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 a 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 that 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, N.Y., 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 that 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 any one 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, that 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 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, and so I saw at once

that he was still wearing crape over the death of his brother.

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:

#### PRES. EVANS DEFENDS.

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 had 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 demoninations 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 cannot 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 Dr. 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." Dr. 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 mediaeval devils that have 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 Meth-

odist 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, Nov. 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 meeting 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 27 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 the 5th, I arose, had my bath, when without a moments warning a pain struck me in my left kidney, like 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 Calcula (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 tonight. Go, tell the people R. C. speaks tonight," I fell back on the pillow exhausted, but I remembered the promise of God and I knew that I would speak. Had He not 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, D.C.

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 that they ever heard me deliver, then answered questions for a half an 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 without 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 11th, 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 24th President F. M. Smith and I left

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goal. The effort to keep going back to them, going back and pulling them along, was too wearisome to keep up.

In the place for which he was bound he would get rest from the cravings on their behalf that had haunted him ever since the minute when he knew the first of them was to be born.

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 Pulman 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 Dr. Dowie. He was carried in to 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, N. Y., 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 today 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, that 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 "Under the Shade of the Old Apple Tree") the following beautiful song of his own composition, to the complete surprise of Sr. 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.

Composed by R. C. Evans, June 9, 1906.

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."

Cho.—'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 fall-  
ing  
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.

Cho.—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 con-  
 tract  
 To live as one till death calls us to part.

Cho.—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 tree  
 tops,  
 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 forever  
 To cherish each the other and adore.

Cho.—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 tonight, 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, forever hold us  
together,  
Together in his everlasting arms.

Cho.—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 ever green 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 was 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 Bro. McLean's face was looking as if it was 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 small pox from head to foot, yes, in his hair and under his toes. I shall not attempt to describe his appearance further for it simply beggars 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 pest house. 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. Pickering and Sr. Spankler, of Kansas City. 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 Bro. and Sr. Faulds, took in prominent points of the city and departed for Buffalo.

After doing Buffalo our party went to Palmyra, N. Y., 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 Hon. Mr. Sexton, who kindly showed us the first copy of the Book of Mormon that came off the press in the winter of 1829-30, 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, Mass., 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 Dr. Gilbert and family; they gave us the best kind of a time. From there we went to Tousisset Reunion; here we found our tents in order for all the comforts of camp life, thanks to Dr. 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. Bro. 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 Pickering party, both Bro. and Sr. Pickering were feeling poorly and the constant going had to be abandoned. Before leaving us, however, Bro. 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 Bro. and Sr. Pickering perhaps it would never had been possible for Lizzie and I to have taken such a trip.

I preached in Brooklyn, being the guest of Bro. and Sr. Squires. Nearly all the Saints of that country vied with each other to give us the best kind 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 Zimmerman. 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 President 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 cancelled all engagements westward and went to work, sold the Camden Street church, purchased a new lot on Soho Street, and started at once on the new church.

The story is a long one, 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 ploughed and scraped, and with pick-axe and shovel

### CHAPTER III

AND yet his thoughts were not all of rest. Far from it! He was of Puritan stock and traditions. Though in later life he had abandoned that belief in an angry God in which his childhood had been nursed, something of the early teaching clung to him. Won as he had been by the modern doctrine of eternal hope, he still lapsed into moments when death became to him, in biblical phrase, "a certain fearful looking for of judgment."

He had been a great sinner. Though no one knew it but himself, a great sinner he had been. He had preached to others, and warned them, and consoled them, and prepared them for death, and had passed as a man of God; and no one suspected the depths of evil that lay beneath the dignified surface of his life. There had been wicked thoughts, hasty words, carnal desires, envies, antipathies, doubtings, angers, rashnesses, and everything else that makes a man's inner life something which he hides from others, and that often appals himself.

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 pickaxe and shovel many of them 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 sheeting and some plastering. Then we paid some board for a few that 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 today the building is well worth \$15,000, and all we owe on it at present is \$5,500 and that is being met promptly by weekly contributions.

Some of the brethren have worked at times as much as 19 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 \$1,500. 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 10th, 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 who should I discover in the audience but Joseph Luff. At once I crossed the stage and went down to where he was, and there I begged like a cripple at a cross 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 advertized 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 of the subject upon 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 Bro. 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 meeting 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 meeting 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 Bro. 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 4th, 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 President R. C. Evans, of the Latter Day Saints Church, happened to call on us and seen the condition in 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."

Signed A. O. McARTHUR.

63 Stafford Street, Toronto.

## CHAPTER XLI.

**A Visit to the Boyhood Home of Joseph Smith,  
and Hill Cumorah.**

Tuesday, March 26th, I was called home to attend the funeral of Wm. Pugsley, my brother-in-law, he that was baptized one week after mother and I, as related in former pages. I arrive 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 adjournment of conference I returned to Canada and was called to mourn the departure of my oldest 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. Odd-fellows 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 two days' meeting and preached the dedicatory sermon of the Clavering church.

June 1st I chaperoned a party of 126 Saints from Toronto to Palmyra, N. Y., my wife and daughter-

with sixteen others from London joined us at Toronto. We took steamer for Charlotte, N. Y., there a chartered train was in waiting for our party, and we arrived safely and the old town made famous, the world over, by reason of it being the place where the Book of Mormon was printed in 1829-30, 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. Geo. 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 Bro. 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 Bro. 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 \$1,000 was handed me to pay on the church debt.

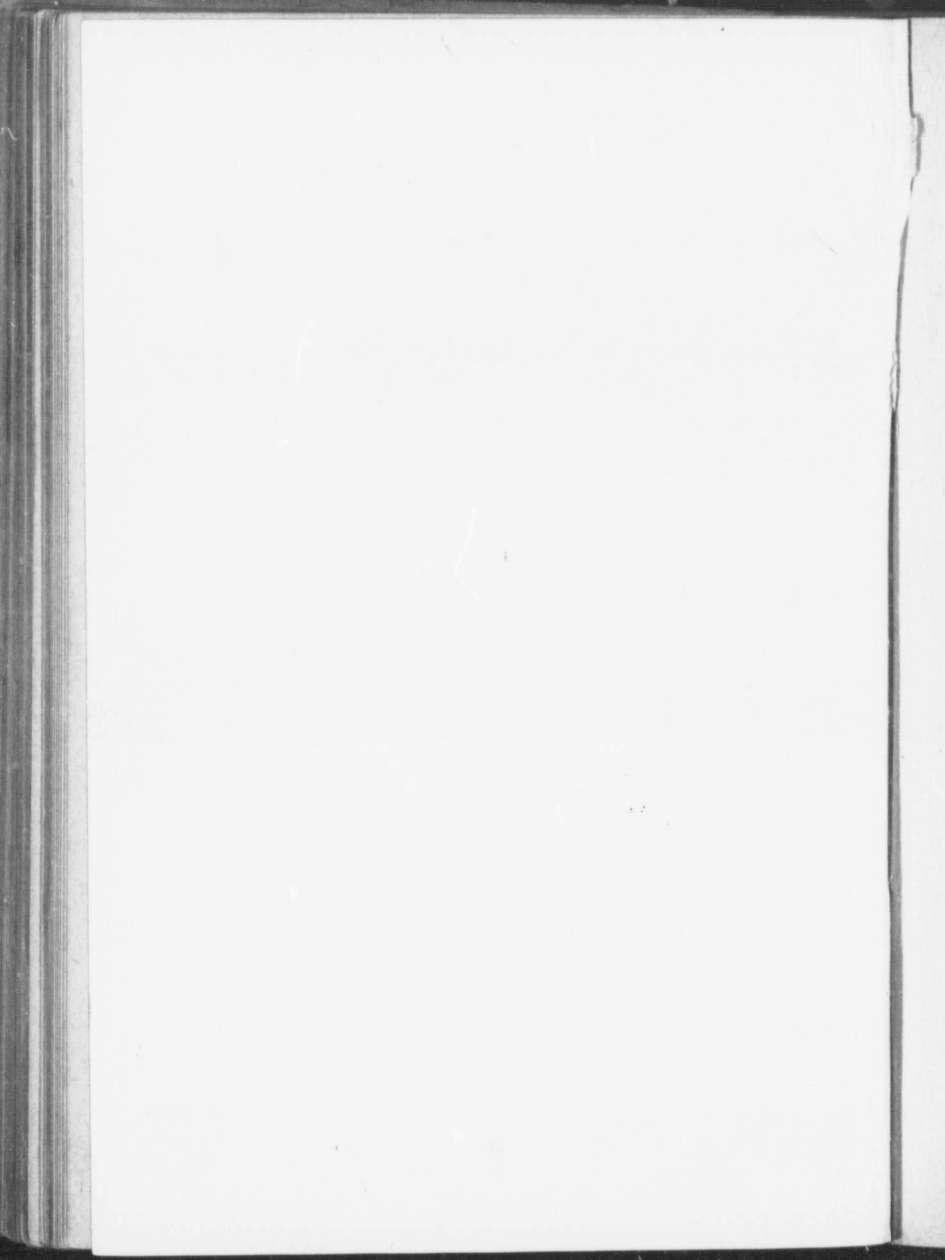
I returned home and after two days' rest I left for Flint, Mich., conference. Here I met with many old-time Saints, including Elder Liddy and wife, Robt. Munroe and wife, Apostle J. W. Wight, and the man that baptized me, "Johnnie Cornish."

Our Johnnie preaches the same old gospel, but oh, how changed he is in appearance, very bald, and what little hair is left is grey, 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.



MOTHER-IN-LAW, WIFE, DAUGHTER, AND R. C. UNDER THE  
TREE WHERE JOSEPH SMITH HAD HIS FIRST VISION,  
NEAR PALYMRA, N. Y.





Mich., 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. Bro. 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 St. Paul, and then Minneapolis and then on to Winnipeg, Man., 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, Bro. 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 warmed. 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

## ABRAHAM'S BOSOM

This was true even of his later life. And when he went back to his earlier manhood, to his youth, to his boyhood, to his childhood—

There were nights when the cold sweat broke out all over him as he thought of these things. In a few days now—in a fortnight or three weeks at furthest—he would have to give an account of all that was recorded against him. When the Throne was set and the Books were opened he might be blasted forever under the Judge's keen, all-seeing glance. That glance itself would be the worm that dieth not and the fire that never should be quenched.

But he had other moments of exalted and somewhat desperate trust in a redeeming love that had paid the penalty for these offenses and won their forgiveness. He was not very clear as to how this vicarious atonement could ever have been made; but since the thought of it was all there was to cling to he did his best to cling to it. He repeated hymns and prayers and passages of Scripture as he had repeated them at the bedsides of men and women who had been facing the crisis he was facing in his turn. He told himself he was comforted; he almost persuaded himself that he was; and yet at the back of

are in possession of that church buliding, having purchased it for less than half for what it cost to build it, so goes the work.

Our next stop was Delight, Sask. Here we were royally entertained by Bro. Thomas Jordan and Jas. MacMicken and wife, old London district Saints with whom we worshipped 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, Sask., 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 "Wayburn Herald."

#### **Latter Day Saints Reunion.**

The above named religious body met in convention at the Wayburn Skating Rink on Friday of last week, with President R. C. Evans and Elder J. L. Mortimer in charge. Business session opened at 3 p.m. Friday, 26th July, 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. Presi-

dent 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 Wayburn we journeyed on in company with J. L. Mortimer as far as Moosejaw, here we parted with that faithful, hardworking, unassuming gospel warrior, J. L. Mortimer. Lizzie and I arrived at Millett, Alta., the following afternoon. I preached several sermons, baptized one, blessed children, settled some misunderstanding, ordained F. T. Coates to the office of an Elder and left the Saints feeling much better than when we arrived. From there we went to Calgary and thence to Vancouver, B.C. On this trip we gazed upon the most beautiful scenery we ever beheld anywhere, the snowcapped mountains, singing rivulets, dashing rapids, gorgeous waterfalls, mighty rocks, prolific forests, and the sunlit glaciers, beggar description.

We arrived in Vancouver, B. C., but was too late to see our venerable Bro. 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, Wm. Harrison, son of Bro. and Sr. Harrison, of London, Ont., who gave us a grand time, when we took steamer for Seattle, Wash.

Here we were met by Apostle F. A. Smith and the famous "Jots man," T. W. Chapburn, and many others. Bro. Smith, Bro. Wm. Johnston 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 Fred 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 was glad to enter the land of sunshine and flowers and to 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 Sr. Kaigan and daughter, Lizzie and I left for Los Angeles, and after one night's rest at Bro. Badhams, 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 I 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 Redundo, Santa Manico, Venus, Pasadena, all by the kindness of Bros. Shade Crumley, Thomas and Badham. From there we went to San Francisco, where we were the guests of Sr. Kaigen and Gladys. All that money could do was done to give us the time of our life, and we 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 Tamalpis, 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, "Bros. 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 Bros. 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 made 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, Mo., 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 Sr. Kaigen, 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 Bro. 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 was 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, had a bath in the Great Salt Lake, Lizzie and I floated around until time to dress for the great organ recital. Here we parted with Alvin, he returning to Ogden, while we boarded the train for Florence, Col. Here we met my brother James, whom I had not seen for fifteen years, and 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, Col., where we met with the Saints in reunion. I had only time to give them one sermon, and our next stop was at Independence, Mo.



We were soon domiciled at the residence of President 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 sabels 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 irretrevable loss.

Went driving with President 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 Orvel James, of Venetta, I. T., who contributed to our meetings by singing for us, and Sister Bell took our sermons for publication.

Bro. 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, Mo., 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 Bro. and Sister Good, and our next stop was Detroit, Mich., where I preached two nights. While there we were the guests of Bro. 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 hand shakes 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 26 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 27 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 Fred. 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. D. 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, that 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 Priest 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 46th birthday, and when preaching in the City Hall during the afternoon I inadvertently referred to the fact that probably 40 years ago to-night I stood on the stone steps of this very building selling papers. At the close of this 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 in to the hall again I was presented with a purse of money and a beautiful speech, delivered by Elder Wm. Fligg, who is the President of the London Branch, and who by the way I had baptized when he was but a boy.

Sunday, Oct. 27th, 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, Nov. 1st, 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 \$100.00 to start the Majestic work this year,

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his mind there lay the suspicion of a mere self-administered spiritual drug.

So day by day he receded from the world, from his work, from his wife from his family and from all that had formed his interests, seemingly making that peaceful end for which those who cared for him watched and prayed. But inwardly he was like a man sweating blood. Death was abhorrent to him. There were minutes when he could have doubted the goodness of a God who had foreordained it. What was the good of birth and effort and love if they could only end in this? There was the great question with which he wrestled as he had never wrestled with anything before.

He reminded himself of One who said, "If a man keep my saying, he shall never taste of death." But for sinners like himself there was nothing in the promise, or in any promise similar; and there never had been. He should have to taste of death. He should have to eat its last morsel and drink its last dregs. Hutchinson's disease had got him by as many tentacles as the octopus gets its victim. It was swathing him round, and dragging him down, and darkening his intelligence. He was going the way of all flesh. His wife would come after him, and their children after them, and their children after

after which we had a splendid programme 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 cannot 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. To-night 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, Nov. 1st, 1907.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

## Conclusion.

Sunday, Nov. 3rd, I was greeted with a splendid audience at the new church, and at night we opened for the fourth winter, the Majestic Theatre. 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 that God will accept me as his own.

Permit me to say in closing that if those that criticize, this my first book to the world, by reason of the prominence that is given to its author that I ask that they kindly remember that it is because the people in and out of the church has requested that I write a history of MY LIFE that 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 so 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, Nov. 5th, 1907. R. C. EVANS.

# SERMONS

By Elder R. C. Evans.

## JOSEPH SMITH—WAS HE A PROPHET OF GOD?

I am thankful for the opportunity afforded me of standing before you upon this occasion, and will give you a few reasons why I believe that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God. As a standpoint upon which I will base the remarks I may have to offer I invite your attention to the 7th chapter of the Gospel as written by Matthew, and will read from the 15th to the 20th verses, inclusive:

"Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them."

The leading thoughts to which I desire to direct your attention, are:

First, That we should beware of false prophets.

Second, That they were to be known by their fruits.

Third, That a corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit.

I am persuaded that the general testimony of the world to-day evidences the fact that they disbelieve in the prophetic mission of Joseph Smith; when tried before the tribunal of popular opinion he at once is found guilty. But I ask you this morning, to throw aside your preconceived ideas, and give to Joseph Smith just the same kind of trial that you would be willing to give to any other man claiming to be a servant of God, in this or any other age of the world. I am here to say that I do not believe this is a proper tribunal before which to try Joseph Smith, or any other man. But as the world tried him before this tribunal and found him guilty, I want to apply the same kind of a trial to others, who lived in the years ago. If it is fair to try Joseph Smith by popular opinion, you will at once concede that it is fair to try any other man by this criterion.

We introduce to you the prophets of the long ago, but without going into a critical examination of all their trials, difficulties and persecution, we submit one small piece of evidence in the language of Stephen, wherein he said, reviewing the past and how the servants of God had been treated when tried before the tribunal of public opinions, "Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? And they have slain them which shewed before of the coming of the Just One. Acts, vii., 52. See also II. Chron., xxxvi., 10; Luke xiii., 34. Here we discover that when the prophets were tried before the

tribunal of public opinion they were found guilty and the penalty was death.

We next introduce to you the Lord Jesus Christ; he whose fair life was not darkened by even a shadow of sin, whose life was a benediction to the race, who lived only to bless and to lift up and to strengthen. He was put upon trial before this same tribunal—popular opinion. What is the result? The chief men of the nation, his own brethren after the flesh, the Jews, were found testifying against Him. Their chief effort was to educate the people to believe that he was a bad man. It was the work of years before this was accomplished. At times we find them trying to injure Him, but they were foiled in their attempt, and the reason given was, "They feared the people." But in process of time the people became educated, under the vituperation and scandal that was constantly being hurled against Him, to cry out to Pilate: "Thou art no friend of Caesar's if you let this man go," and "Crucify him, Crucify him!" Sworn testimony was given against Him, until He "who knew no sin," was found guilty by the tribunal of public opinion, and the verdict was similar to that given in the case of the prophets—guilty, and the penalty followed—death.

We pass on to the apostles of the Lamb, and find that everywhere the cry was, "Away with them! Away with them!" until the prophetic declaration was fulfilled—"The time came that they drank the blood of the Saints."

Now, we know that Jesus was innocent and pure and true to his charge; but we have histories telling us that the verdict of the age in which he

lived was, that He was an illegitimate child; that He was born of fornication; that his mother was a poor woman who earned her living by the labors of her own hands (as though this was a disgrace). And I call your attention right here to the fact that Beadle, one of the great writers against Mormonism, urges as a claim against Joseph Smith, that his mother was a poor woman who had to wash for a living, forgetting that many a good, honest and true heart beats beneath the ragged shawl of a washer woman. History tells us that these stories were circulated against Christ and his disciples, until it was said of Him that he, being a bad man, went about the world getting his living in a bad and shameful manner and that he had connected with Him ten or eleven vile publicans. This is found in Lardner's history of Christianity.

We can go farther than the apostles, and find that the world hated Christianity as long as the Christians remained true. While the servants of God were struggling amid the gloom of earth-life the purity of their lives was a constant rebuke to bad men and the result was that bad men hated them, until we find them over there in Rome, where they were persecuted and killed by the thousands. We are informed by Gibbon, in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," that so great was the animosity against the early Christians that Nero, the Roman Emperor, ordered them to be tied to sticks and dipped in inflammable material, which was then ignited, and the darkness of the race course was illumined by the living blood of dying martyrs, true representatives of the stainless Christ.

I will now introduce some history to prove that Christ foretold that his people would suffer; this was one of the true signs that was to follow the believer. One of the true points or marks of identity is:

"Yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution."—II. Tim., iii., 12.

"Ye shall be betrayed both by parents and brethren, and kinsfolks and friends, and some of you shall they cause to be put to death, and ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake (Christ)." —Luke xxi., 16, 17.

"If ye were of the world, the world would love his own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you."—John xv., 19.

The early saints have this to say of their suffering and persecution:

"Being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it; being defamed, we entreat. We are made as the filth of the world, and are the offscouring of all things unto this day."—I. Cor., iv., 12, 13.

"We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed."—II. Cor., iv., 8, 9.

No one can read the history of the saints of these latter days without seeing clearly that they have passed through similar trials to those foretold by the Master, and endured by his saints of former days.

I submit a few brief notes from history regarding Christ and his early saints.

"Jesus was born of a poor woman, who subsisted by the labors of her own hands, condemned of adultery, cast off by her husband, wandering about in a shameful manner, and giving birth to Jesus in an obscure place, and he (the child, being in want, served in Egypt for a livelihood, becoming familiar with some Egyptian charmers, he returned and set himself up for a god; then taking to himself ten or eleven vile publicans and sailors, he went about getting his living in a bad and shameful manner."—Lardner, vol. 8, pp. 19—23.

The above will suffice to show what they thought, or said, of the Master and his saintly mother. Now let us read what they said of the "household."

"What the crimes were, which were laid to the charge of the primitive Christians, we know from divers writers, Greek and Latin—from whom it appears that besides atheism, or impiety to the established deities, they were charged with having their wives in common, with promiscuous lewdness in their assemblies, with incest, and eating human flesh, especially young children, whom they first killed and then ate, at their nocturnal meetings, where persons of each sex and every age were present."—Lardner, vol. 1, p. 240.

"Some of them say, 'Let not any man of learning come hither, nor any wise man, nor any man of prudence; but if any man be unlearned, if he is ignorant, if he is silly, let him come without fear.' Thus acknowledging that these are the men who are acceptable to their God; and thereby manifesting that they are neither willing nor able to gain

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them; and so on till the globe collapsed. What was the good of it? What was the good of it? Why could not the All-intelligent, if there was such a Being, have given man a life that wouldn't have to come to this miserable wreckage?

These were his thoughts as he waited for his last agony. That it was expected soon he judged by the way in which the doctor shook his head, and his wife relaxed her bustling to watch him with tearful eyes. Two or three times a day the boys tiptoed into the room, gazed at him with solemn, sympathetic faces, and tiptoed out again. Beatrice cried in corners, and Constantia helped the nurse when her mother was obliged to rest.

Practically they had taken their farewell of him; but there came a day when they did it in actual fact. It was a bright summer afternoon, with the sunshine streaming in at all the windows. The nurse had given the sign by summoning Emily; Emily had called Constantia; and Constantia, Beatrice and the boys. They all kissed him, and stood or sat about the bed, his wife holding one hand and Phil the other. He hardly knew by what signs they judged, since he felt but little weaker than on other days and not much more pain. They seemed to know, however,



any but the foolish, the stupid, slaves, women and children."—Lardner, vol. 8, p. 23.

The above are quoted from Lardner's works, London edition of 1788.

"Christians were called Atheists because they derided the heathen Polytheism; magicians, because they wrought miracles; self murderers, because they suffered martyrdom cheerfully for the truth; haters of the light, because to avoid the fury of the persecutions raised against them, they were obliged at first to hold meetings at night."—Mosheim, vol. 1, p. 52.

"They were said to be unsupportable, daring and arrogant, enemies to public tranquility, and excitors to civil wars, and continuous haters of mankind, and their doctrine was called a destructive superstition."—Mosheim, vol. 1, p. 73.

Robinson, in "Ecclesiastical Researches," page 90, edition of 1792, quotes Tertullian as saying:

"You tax us with killing and eating children; the charge is absurd and cruel in the extreme, and we cannot conceive how you came to invent such a scandalous calumny; we defy you to prove it. Why do not the magistrates examine us on this subject? . . . but you hate us, even the bare name by which we are called, and without giving yourselves any trouble to examine, you say all manner of evil of us." "Tacitus reproaches them (saints) with the odious character of haters of mankind, and styles the religion of Jesus 'a destructive superstition.'"—Mosheim, vol. 1, p. 73; note M., 1797 edition.

"Nero exposed to accusation and torture, with the most exquisite penalties, a set of men detested

for their enormities, whom the common people called Christians. Christus, the founder of the sect, was executed during the reign of Tiberius, by the procurator, Pontius Pilate, and the deadly superstition suffered for a time, began to burst out once more, not only through Judea, where the evil had its root, but even in the city of Rome, whither from every quarter all things horrible or shameful are drifted and find their votaries."—Tacitus, the Roman historian, quoted by Canon Farrar in "Early Days of Christianity," p. 136.

"A principle reason of the severity with which the Romans persecuted the Christians. . . . seems to have been the abhorrence and contempt felt by the latter for the religion of the empire.

. . . These, however, were the two things which the Christians were charged with, and that justly, though to their honor. They dared to ridicule the absurdities of Pagan superstition and they were ardent and assiduous in gaining proselytes to the truth, nor did they only attack the religion of Rome, but also all the different shapes and forms under which superstition appeared in the various countries where they exercised their ministry; hence the Romans concluded that the Christian sect was not only unsupportable, daring and arrogant, but moreover, enemies to the public tranquility, and ever ready to excite civil wars and commotions in the Empire."—Moshiem, vol. I, ch. 5, part I.

"Among the obstacles that retarded the progress of Christianity, the impious calumnies of its enemies were the most considerable. The persons, the characters and the religious sentiments of the

first Christians, were most unjustly treated, and most perfidiously misrepresented to the credulous multitude who were restrained by this only from embracing the Gospel. Those, therefore, who, by their apologetic writing for the Christians, destroyed the poisonous influence of destruction, rendered, no doubt, signal service to the doctrine of Christ, by removing the chief impediment to its progress."—Moshiem, vol. 1, p. 52.

"What renders this highly probable is, that the most urgent necessity required it being done; for not long after Christ's ascension into heaven, several histories of his life and doctrines, full of pious frauds and fabulous wonders, were composed by persons whose intentions, perhaps, were not bad, but whose writings discovered the greatest superstitions and ignorance. Nor was that all; productions appeared which were imposed upon the world, by fraudulent men, as the writings of the holy apostles. These apochryphal and spurious writings must have produced a sad confusion, and rendered both the history and the doctrine of Christ uncertain, had not the rulers of the church used all possible care and diligence in separating the books that were truly apostolic and divine, from all the spurious trash, and conveying them down to posterity in one volume."—Moshiem, vol. 1, chap. 2, par. 17.

"To accomplish more speedily the ruin of the Christians, all those persons whose interests were incompatible with the progress of the gospel, loaded them with the most opprobrious calumnies, which were too easily received as the truth by the credulous and unthinking multitude, among whom

they were disperse with the utmost industry. . . . and these indeed were the only arms the assailants had to oppose the truth, since the virtues of its ministers and followers left to its enemies no resources but calumny and persecution, nothing can be imagined in point of virulence and fury that they did not employ for the ruin of the Christians. They even went so far as to persuade the multitude that all the calamities, wars, tempests and diseases that afflicted mankind, were judgments sent down by the angry gods because the Christians, who condemned their authority, were suffered in the empire."—Mosheim, vol. 1, chap. 5, par. 8.

Certain fictitious acts of Pilate and our Saviour, full of blasphemy, were by the emperor's approbation circulated through his dominion with orders to facilitate the publishing of them in all places, and to direct school masters to deliver them to youth, that might commit them to memory. Children in their school days sounded Jesus and Pilate, and other things invented to asperse the gospel.—"Miller's Church History," vol. 2, p. 32.

"The Jews were the first and the most inveterate enemies the Christians had. . . . They cursed the Christians three times a day in their synagogues. They would not speak to a Christian on any occasion. . . . They dispatched emissaries all over the world to defame the Christians, and spread all sorts of calumnies against them. They accused them among other things of worshipping the sun, and the head of an ass. They reproached them with idleness and being a useless set of people. They charged them with treason,

and endeavoring to erect a new monarchy against that of the Romans. They affirmed that in celebrating their mysteries they used to kill a child and eat his flesh. They accused them of the most shocking incests, and of intemperance in their feasts of charity."—Buck's Theo. Dict. Art. Chr., p. 66.

Under Nero, 67 A. D., Nero ordered that the city of Rome should be set on fire, which was executed by his officers, guards and servants. . . . Nero finding that his conduct was greatly blamed, determined to lay the whole upon the Christians, and at once excuse himself. . . . Some were sewn up in the skins of wild beasts, then worried by dogs till they expired; others dressed in skirts made stiff with wax, then fastened to axletrees and set on fire in order to illuminate his gardens.

"Under Domitian, 81—95 A. D., forty thousand were supposed to have suffered martyrdom. . . . He commanded all the lineage of David to be put to death. . . . St. John was boiled in oil, afterwards banished to Patmos. . . . Timothy was clubbed to death."

"Under Trajan, 100—108 A. D., about ninety thousand Christians were martyred; women were hung up by the hair, scourged, drowned, stabbed, sawn asunder. Phocus was first cast into a hot lime kiln and then cast into a scalding bath. Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, was compelled to hold fire in his hands, and at the same time papers dipped in oil were put to his sides, then set on fire, his flesh was torn by red hot pincers, and then he was torn to pieces by wild beasts."—Blanchard's Book of Martyrs, pp. 19—40.

Those who study the histories referred to will discover that all that the vile tongue of slander and the merciless hand of hate, assisted by priestcraft, superstition and idolatry could do, was done to injure the Master, his saints and the gospel of peace and good will.

Before leaving this part of my subject I call your attention to this fact, that many of the charges urged against the former day saints, were like e'en to those constantly urged against the Latter Day Saints—murder, treason, polygamy, lewdness, opposition to the creeds of men, ignorant, foolish, stupid, silly, kind to slaves, superstitious, hating the name. They wrote books and filled school histories with their slanders, and circulated them over the land, thus they prevented people from obeying the gospel; and last, but not least, men who claimed to be brethren of Christ and saints, were found, after the death of Christ and the apostles, "writing fabulous wonders" and "false revelations," claiming them to have been handed down by the apostles. We are informed by the celebrated historian, Eusebius, as also Buck, in his "Theological Dictionary," that the "doctrine of the Nicolaitanes," referred to in Revelation ii., 6, "was a community of wives, or polygamy." This Nicolas is supposed to be one of the "seven deacons," chosen as recorded in Acts vi., 5, 6. Yet after Christ and many of the apostles had gone to rest, this man corrupted many of the former day saints by the shameless introduction of polygamy. Those who were true opposed and denounced it, yet the church had to suffer the reproach. So has it been with the Latter Day Saints. After Joseph Smith had completed the

work God called him to perform, and had sealed his testimony with his own blood, men of the church departed from the faith, and like Nicolas, of the former day saints, Brigham Young, of the Latter Day Saints, pretended to give fabulous wonders, spurious writings and revelations, as the revelations of Joseph Smith, including that silly, self-contradictory and fraudulent revelation on polygamy. Holy men have stood by the prophet and the truth, as taught by Joseph Smith, and hence we find the sons of Joseph Smith, his wife and the honest and pure of the church, rejecting and denouncing the doctrine of polygamy or Brighamism, as did the honest of the former day saints, the doctrine of polygamy or Nicolaitanism; yet do they suffer as did the honest of the former day saints, the doctrine of polygamy or Nicolaitanism; yet do they suffer as did the former day saints.

But the cruel, unthinking world charges thus, "There must have been sown the doctrine of polygamy by Joseph Smith, else Brigham Young and some others in his church would not have adopted it after his death." That kind of logic would condemn Christ and the apostles, by reason of Nicolas' polygamy in the former day work. Nicolas in former days, Brigham in latter days, departed from the true faith, and taught polygamy; as a result, both former and Latter Day Saints have had to suffer. May the dear Lord help you to see that the church has ever suffered by the judgment of popular opinion, and that in our times, as in the dear dead years of the silent past, God's true people, God's true church may hear the words as addressed to Paul:

"But we desire to hear of thee what thou thinkest; for as concerning this sect, we know that everywhere it is spoken against."—Acts xxviii., 22.

We go further on with the examination and see what popular opinion has done with other representatives of God among the sons of men. We turn to the reformation. Popular opinion, at the birth of the reformation, was against the light that was bursting out on every hand, and the result was, that in five days over thirty thousand were massacred by command of Charles IX. and Pope Gregory XIII. issued medals in commemoration of this holy (?) event.

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. Death was written on the lines all along.

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 millions of Pro-



testants 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 close of his articles.

Coming over here to America, we find that the fathers came over here that they might worship God after the dictate of their own conscience. They desired to worship as they pleased. The time came when they became popular and strong, and then they tried to force other men to worship God as they worshiped him, until we find, on the statute books of the eastern states, laws (which perhaps are not repealed to this hour), that the Baptist people were fined because they did not attend the Episcopalian church; and, indeed, that Baptist mother who had been taught to believe that sprinkling was not the order of things as found in the revelations of God, and that infant baptism was a creature of the Pope, that had no origin in the days of Christ, that that mother who refused to bring her child to the Episcopalian priest for baptism, was fined two thousand pounds of tobacco, half to go to the informant and half to the state.

We come further down and we find that the great hero of the Baptist church, Roger Williams, was so persecuted, that, to save his life, he had to escape through the rear window of his house, and that he ate berries, nuts and such things to sustain life during winter, until he reached a friendly Indian settlement, which he called Providence, and which place is now known as Providence, Rhode Island. Our friends ought to remember this when

they are referring to Joseph Smith under the line of popular opinion.

I call your attention now to Wesley. It is said that John Wesley was accused and twelve indictments were found against him, and he had to escape from the country to save his life.—(Haile's History of the United States). I have the record as published by the Rev. Mr. Woods, a Methodist preacher, telling us that the popular wave had raged so loud and long against the Wesleys that an indictment was found against Charles Wesley, and the rendering was that he was a vagabond, a disturber of the peace, and a petition was presented to the king asking that he be transported from England.—(Perfect Love, p. 249). We might refer also to John Wesley, who was dragged by the hair of the head through the streets of London because he had been heard to say something that popular opinion did not favor.

I might proceed upon this line of argument, but I believe you are ready to admit now that popular opinion is not the proper tribunal before which to try the prophets, Christ and the apostles the reformers, or even Joseph Smith. If it is fair to try Joseph Smith by this tribunal, you must try all the rest by the same tribunal. You know the verdict has been with regard to all the rest, that they were guilty, and death was the penalty in the majority of cases.

Now, as you discover it is unfair and unreasonable to try Joseph Smith, or any other man by popular opinion, I ask, What is the tribunal before which he should be tried, or before which the others

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that the time had come, and to treat him a little like the jailers and sheriffs who notify the condemned that the supreme minute is approaching.

He could only let them do as they thought right, fixing his eyes somewhat vacantly on a picture which had long hung at the foot of his bed, and which was a favorite. It was a steel engraving of Holman Hunt's "Light of the World," purchased on his honeymoon, after Emily and he had seen the original at Oxford. Neither of them had been expert critics of painting, but they had stood together and spoken of the light thrown out by the lantern in the Saviour's hand as one of the most beautiful things they knew. For the figure and face they had not cared. They had cared for nothing but that light. For him, if not for her, it had remained a lasting memory. He had been able to see it in the steel engraving's black-and-white splotch during all the intervening years, and to identify its glow with England and Oxford, and young love and his soul's striving.

And he saw it now. It was odd—but he did. It positively burned in the lantern. He was glad of the illusion, because it helped him, he thought, to get nearer the last minute without knowing it. It would come, of

should have been tried? My text says, "Beware of false prophets. . . . you shall know them by their fruits. A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit." When we try the reformers by this guide, by this rule, we find that God did bless them. This church has been reproached because of misunderstanding, and some have thought that we taught that there was no good in the reformation. That is not true. We believe that God blessed Calvin, that He inspired Wycliffe, and that He blessed Charles Wesley, John Wesley and others who were connected with the reformation. We believe that God's Holy Spirit truly inspired the Wesleys, and, indeed, was in the church over which Knox and Calvin presided; that almost every effort in the line of truth was made to break the dark chain of Romanism and let the light in preparatory to the effulgence that should come when the God of heaven should again speak and send forth his accredited ministers, reorganize his church and place it upon the platform where Jesus left it. We are thankful for all the good the reformers brought about, and when this church sends her missionaries out to preach, we can say to every nation, every clime, every church, and every man, keep all the good you have; we introduce to you something that we claim is good and we ask you to test it, and if it is good, accept it.

My heart was made glad when I was called before the tribunals of our country to defend this cause; and when I heard the brightest minds of the British realms declare, after having read the Book of Mormon, the revelations of Joseph Smith, and the theory of this church, that it is not only

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R. C. EVANS AND FAMILY.

Christian, but **eminently** "Christian," and that the great cause of the world's opposition to this work was because the Latter Day Saints clung with tenacity to the truths as taught in the Bible. And when the cause was brought in, Chief Justice Armour declared that the action was not prosecution, but persecution; and do you know that when the judge gave that verdict, I was so rejoiced in my soul that I forgot that I had not had any dinner. I went out upon the streets and talked, and did not have any dinner that day. I felt to thank God that the chief minds of the British nation should declare with words of soberness, that there was nothing contrary to Christianity in the whole doctrine of this church. They will all find that out in time if they will only be honest enough to investigate.

Chief Justice Armour's decision is as follows: "We think it quite clear that this conviction cannot be maintained. The defendant was clearly a duly ordained minister of this religious body, and there is no doubt that it is a religious denomination within the words of the statute. Assuming that Christianity is the law of the land in a sense, there is nothing contrary to Christianity in the tenets of this body. . . ."

It has been said that not only the popular opinions of the world, but that the friends of Joseph Smith have denounced him as being a false prophet, and the work he introduced as being of the devil. Do you know my friends, that I am here this morning with the intention of hurling this falsehood back into the face of those who make it? I am going to show you that the strongest evidence

that can be given came from those who became entangled in the affairs of this world until they lost the spirit of God, and because of their sins, were excommunicated from the church. I will introduce a few of them this morning as witnesses in the defence of the prophetic mission of Joseph Smith and the divine authenticity of the Book of Mormon, and the work he so nobly established. It has been said that the three witnesses to the Book of Mormon denied their testimony; but the evidence says that the last words of Martin Harris were in defence of the prophetic mission of Joseph Smith, and it is said by those who claim to know, that he died with the Bible in one hand and the Book of Mormon in the other. And notwithstanding Oliver Cowdery and David Whitmer had their trouble with Joseph and the church, when the world would have lauded them to the skies had they denounced him as a false prophet and denied the divine authenticity of the Book of Mormon and the work he established, in the midst of all their difficulties they ever stood firm to the testimony that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God, and the Book of Mormon was of divine authenticity. It is also said that Oliver Cowdery's last words to David Whitmer were, "David, be true to your testimony." And the grand old man, David Whitmer, when the very ice of death was freezing the marrow of his bones, took a pen, and, for the last time, signed his name to the statement that an angel appeared to Joseph Smith, and that the Book of Mormon was of divine authenticity; that he knew it because an angel of God had revealed it to him, that he had heard the voice of God declaring to him that



that work was divine, and the last words that he uttered were in defence of the testimony that he had borne from a young man up to the lilies of 80 years.

But I am told that some of the leading lights of the church have denied the faith; and we have heard a good deal about what the "Expositor" was, and how the Latter Day Saints destroyed that publication, and all that sort of thing. Why do you know in the testimony we offered up in Canada a little while ago with reference to the Laws, and Higbee, and Fosters, and so on, at considerable expense I went and purchased a paper that was published in 1844, called the "Expositor?" There was only one issue of that printed, and let me read to you from that this morning, the testimony of the Laws with reference to this question. Now, I want you to understand that the Laws and Fosters and others, were excommunicated from the church because of their wrong-doing. After they had printed this scurrilous sheet against the church, after they had done their level best against the church, I ask, "What did they say with reference to the prophetic mission of Joseph Smith? What did they say with reference to the Book of Mormon? What did they have to say with reference to the organization of the church as organized by Joseph Smith? I now read you an extract from that very "Expositor" that was published in 1844, after they were cut off from the church. This was written on the 7th of June, 1844, and reads as follows:

"As far as our acquaintance with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, we know no men,

or set of men can be more thoroughly acquainted with its rise, its organization and its history than we have reason to believe we are. We all verily believe, and many of us know of a surety, that the religion of the Latter Day Saints, as originally taught by Joseph Smith, which is contained in the Old and New Testaments, the Book of Mormon and the Book of Covenants, is verily true, and that the pure principles set forth therein are the immutable and eternal principles of heaven."

I do not believe that President Joseph Smith or W. W. Blair could stand to-day and bear stronger testimony to the authenticity of the Book of Mormon and to the divinity of the mission of Joseph Smith, than did Law and Foster and others on this occasion, and which they put right in their own paper. And this paper has been hurled against us as evidence that Joseph Smith was false and all that sort of thing. While these men believed that Smith and others prominent in the church had erred in judgment, when the time came for them to bear testimony to the divine authenticity of the work, they declared that they believed they knew as much as any other men on earth about its rise, progress and history, and that they knew its doctrine was the immutable and eternal principles of **heaven.**

The Doctrine and Covenants referred to by them is a book of revelations given by God for the Government of the church, through Joseph Smith, and they say these are true.

I call your attention to just one other testimony with regard to this matter. I find it in Smucker's history, written against the Latter Day

Saints, pages 171-174. Now, remember that this man comes to us with his record as a book written against the church. He believes that Joseph Smith was deceived; that he was not a true prophet; but see what he says with reference to the man, as to his character, and as to his sincerity, and as to his purity of life.

"They (the Mormons) allege, what appears from his (Joseph Smith's) whole career to be the most probable, that he was at all times most anxious to preserve the church free from taint and to exclude adulterers, seducers, and persons of immoral lives. . . . It is utterly incredible that Joseph Smith, who—great imposter as he was—never missed an opportunity to denounce seducers and adulterers as unfit to enter his church, should have been concerned, directly or indirectly, in proceedings like these, though it is scarcely surprising that, when such stories have been circulated by men whom the prophet had thwarted or reprimanded, there should have been found some persons willing to believe them."

The reader of the pages referred to, will, when reading the full accounts, discover that the men referred to as being thwarted, reprimanded or cut off the church, and who afterwards slandered Joseph, were the Laws and Fosters of the "Expositor."

Governor Thomas L. Ford is on record in this very work as having stated that the charges preferred against Joseph Smith, at the time of, or prior to his death, were unfounded in fact, and there was no evidence by which they could be proven; that the Smiths were innocent of the

charges preferred against them. And it is said that when the rumor went out that the Smiths were to be liberated, the mob came together, and do you remember what the verdict was? Smucker tells us. Oh, how in keeping with the verdict of those bloody scenes of long ago! Here it is: "If the laws of our country cannot kill them, powder and shot can."—(See Smucker, pp. 176, 206.)

Father James Whitehead, in the congregation, here said: "Yes, that is true. I know that is true, I was there." Here is the private secretary of the martyred prophet declaring this to be true, and more than that he was there.

You discover that, in looking over his personal enemies, in looking over the testimony of the chief magistrate of the state in which he then lived, and in looking over the testimony of men who had been in the church and were excommunicated from it, they speak with reference to his character as being a grand, good man. While they thought he had made mistakes, yet when brought face to face with the idea as to whether God had called him, and whether the Book of Mormon was of divine authenticity, they declared that they were in a position to know as much about the rise, progress and history of this work as any other men on earth, and they declared that God was in it; that the doctrine as taught by Smith, and the revelations contained in the Book of Covenants and the Book of Mormon, were the divine principles of heaven.

Now, then, as we have found:

First, That popular opinion is not the proper criterion by which to try Joseph Smith or any other man;

Second, We have discovered that the testimony of those who were his personal enemies, speak in his favor; now,

Third, I wish to introduce to you the proper way by which to try Joseph Smith, as found in my text: "Beware of false prophets. . . . By their fruits ye shall know them. . . . A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit."

Now, I ask you to notice very carefully. I am going to try to show you some of the fruit that was produced in the doctrine, teaching and faith and organization of the church under Joseph Smith. I am going to ask you to pass judgment upon it this morning and see whether it is corrupt fruit, or good fruit. If it is good fruit, remember you must not condemn it. If Joseph Smith was a corrupt, bad man, remember Jesus has here laid down the line by which we are to measure him, in the declaration, "A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit."

What were the teachings of Joseph Smith? In the first place he taught the world that the church as established by Christ eighteen hundred years ago, had gone into apostasy; that the priesthood (that is, authority to act in the ordinances of the church of Christ) was taken to heaven. Was there any proof for that? I must be brief upon this thought, but I just subpoena the evidence of the entire Protestant world—they ought to be good witnesses on that point; for if the Roman Catholic Church is the true Church of Jesus Christ, if they are legitimate successors of the apostles as ordained by Jesus Christ, according to their claim, what right had Wycliffe, Latimer, Ridley, Wesley, Knox,

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course—that last minute. There would be an instant, perhaps in half an hour, when his soul would tear its way out of his body and he should be thrust, a naked, quivering bundle of spiritual nerves, before angels and arch-angels and principalities and powers, and a God whose first question would be that which was put to Cain: "What hast thou done?" If, then, he was not to hear the sentence, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire," it would only be because there had been a cross on Calvary. Mentally he clung to that cross as he watched the light grow brighter and brighter in the lantern in the print.

He was dimly conscious of a man he knew, a brother clergyman who had administered the last sacrament to him on the previous day, coming into the room and kneeling at his bedside. Dimly he was conscious that the family knelt down and that there were prayers. They were prayers that came to him as if from such a long way off as hardly to reach his ear. When the murmur of "Our Father" traveled up it was like a rumble from a world below him. He tried to join in it; but he couldn't keep his mind on the phrases. He couldn't keep his mind on the phrases because of the shining of the light. It was

Calvin, Campbell, or any others, to reform and organize another church? If the church of Rome is the true church, these reformers did wrong in leaving her; they were leaving the true church. But they all come to us saying that the church of Rome was in apostasy; that she is the mother of harlots, the abomination of the earth, etc. Well, if she is, then Joseph Smith told the truth when he said that the church of Christ had gone into apostasy.

Next, when Joseph Smith organized the church, he declared that an angel from God had restored the priesthood to him and to other men. Now, the world says, "But wait here. We have no need of such a restoration." I ask the whole reformation, By what authority do you act? Has an angel appeared to you? Did you ever read in writings of Luther, Wycliffe, Calvin, Knox, Latimer or Wesley, that an angel appeared to them, and that they were ordained under divine hands? You never did. Now, if the church of Rome was corrupt, and they all claim she was, I ask you, Where did these men get their authority to preach and minister in the ordinances of the church? The answer comes back, It is an apple that grew on the corrupt tree, Mother Rome. Our text says that a corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit. Did you ever realize this truth, that Luther, Wycliffe, Ridley, Latimer, Calvin, and Knox, all acted under the ordination of the ministers of the pope? Let me tell you further, that they never suffered a second ordination. Now, if that church was wrong, if that tree was corrupt, then it was not the authority of Christ; therefore, while we are willing to accord to them

their just dues, that they accomplished a great deal of good in the world, that they were blessed of God in bringing about a great deal of good, yet when the question of priesthood authority and church organization comes, they are weighed in the balance and found wanting.

I submit a few brief extracts from history supporting the claim made by Joseph, the prophet, that the church established by Christ went into apostasy:

“Laity and clergy, learned and unlearned, all ages, sects and degrees of men, women and children of the whole Christendom (an 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.”—Book of Homilies, on Perils of Idolatry, p. 261.

“The Christian religion or worship was now (sixth century), become no less idolatrous than that of the Gentiles, who therefore, chose to retain their own, there being no material difference between one and the other, between worshiping the ancient heroes or the modern saints.”—History of Popes, by Bowers.

“The apostles being dead, everything came to pass as they had foretold, the whole Christian system underwent a miserable change. . . . Christianity was maintained though under gradual decay, during the first three centuries.”—Dr. Buck’ Theological Dictionary, p. 475; Philadelphia edition, 1830.

“In the very first society at Rome, there were ‘divisions and offences,’ 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 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th chapters.) There was envy, strife, confusion and every evil work; whoso reads with attention, will be inclined to believe that the tares 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 cannot 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."—J. Wesley, sermon 94, in Vol. 2.

"The apostate church—Babylon the great, the mother of harlots changed even the Bible itself, and the **mal stirdiction** of the Christian institutions or government."—A. Campbell.

We could multiply historical proof and flood this discourse with Biblical statements confirming the position of Joseph Smith that the church established by Christ went into apostasy, but we think the above will be sufficient.

Further, Joseph Smith comes to us and declares that an angel appeared to him. "Now," says one, "that is the very fact that stamps him as an imposter." Are you sure?

"Oh, say, there are no angels now."

What has become of all the angels?

"O well, they do not come to earth now."

Well, why? The book tells us, as a part of the mission of angels, that they are ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation. Have we any heirs of salvation in this country now? Angels used to appear to the people

of God; just look up the records and see if God ever had a people, acknowledged of Himself, to whom angels did not appear and bless. You cannot find any.

Joseph Smith declared that an angel appeared unto him. Now, we go to the Bible and we find that in the last days, in the hour of God's judgment, just before the harvest time, near the end of the world, at eventide, there should be light and knowledge; that the light of God should rest upon the world and that knowledge would increase. In the day of his preparation these things were to be brought about, and the Gospel was to be restored; that "this Gospel" should be preached in all the world for a witness and then the end should come; and we are told that in this epoch of the world's history an angel was seen flying through the midst of heaven bringing the everlasting Gospel to the earth.

"But," says one, "that means to some foreign nation."

Oh, no; the record says that the Gospel is to be preached to **every** nation, and kindred, tongue and people; and that this is to come in the hour of God's judgment, by the hand of an angel (Rev. 14: 6, 7) at the harvest time. Then, before the end of the world, an ensign, spoken of by the prophet Isaiah, shall be lifted up.

Says one, "if the angels were to come, I do not think they would appear to a young fellow like Joseph Smith. They would come to a Cardinal Newman, or a Talmage, or a Beecher."

Jesus did not think so. He said, "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou

hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in Thy sight." And it did not take Paul long to remind us that "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called," but that God had "chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and . . . the weak things of the world to confound those which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are."

It is recorded that an angel appeared unto Zechariah, and Zechariah says that when the angel appeared, he said to another angel: "Run and speak to the young man, and tell him that Jerusalem shall be inhabited as towns without walls for the multitude of men and cattle therein." Do you remember, right here, that Joseph Smith was an early advocate of the fact that the Jews would be restored to Palestine, that Jerusalem would be built up again, that the land of Palestine would be blessed under the smile of God, and the former and latter—that is the Spring and Fall—rains would be restored? And when he urged that then, it was declared that no one but a fanatic would believe that this Scripture was to be taken literally, "for," they said, "this prophesy, with reference to the land of Palestine being blessed, is spiritual, and the building up of Jerusalem and the second coming of Christ will be in a land you cannot geographically locate"—up here somewhere (looking upward). But Joseph believed in the divinity of his

own mission and that Jehovah had spoken to him, and he could sing:

“Go on in faith, ye Saints, go on,  
Fear not, the cause is good,  
The Jews rebuild Jerusalem,  
As prophets said they would.  
The prophets said in latter days,  
The Jews would once again  
Return and build their city up,  
Their loved Jerusalem.”

Joseph was the author of that hymn, I am told. When the world was heaping all manner of vituperation upon him, his faith was inspired by the light that was shining in his great heart, and he was enabled to rejoice in tribulation. I think the testimony that he gave with reference to the angel is pretty good.

Permit me to present some historical evidence in support of the claim made by Joseph Smith regarding the building up of Jerusalem, and the returning of God's blessings to the land of Palestine.

“Eighteen centuries of war, ruin and neglect have passed over it; its valleys have been crossed for ages without the least attempt at fertilization. Its terraced walls have been allowed to crumble, and its soil has been washed down its ravines, leaving the hillsides rocky and sterile. Its trees have been cut down and never replaced. Its fields have been desolate; its structures pillaged, and all its improvements ruthlessly destroyed; a land of ruins without man or beast. Everywhere on plain or mountain, in rocky desert, or on beetling cliff, the

spoiler's hand has rested."—McClintock and Strong's Encyclopedia, article Palestine.

"I know not whether you are aware of the fact, but it is one that is **fully authenticated**, that the "latter rain" returned last year to Mount Zion—a rain that had been withheld, so far as our information goes, ever since the dispersion of the people; and he who has brought back the 'latter rain' in its season, will also give the 'former rain' in its season; and these returning showers of earthly blessings are the harbingers of returning showers of spiritual benedictions from on high."—Rev. Hugh Stowel, in **Scottish Presbyterian Magazine**, 1853.

"I arrived in Indiana a few days since, from the eastern continent; I stopped at Joppa nearly the whole winter. For my part I was well pleased with the country. It is certainly a land of most wonderful fruitfulness, with a delightful climate, producing everything if properly cultivated, and from two to three crops a year. They have grain, fruit, and vegetables, all the year round; in fact, I never was in such a country before; I have seen much good country in Europe and America, but none to compare with Palestine; its fruitfulness is uncommon, and the climate the most delightful, even in winter. I did not see the least sort of frost, and vegetables of every sort were growing in perfection in gardens. It is a fact that the rain and dew are restored; recently (in 1853), the former and latter rains were restored, to the astonishment of the natives."—Louis Van Buren, Sen., Nov. 14th, 1867.

"At present the Jews are coming here by the

hundreds . . . . A half a century ago there were only thirty-two Jewish families in all Jerusalem, and the number in Palestine was only three thousand; now there are nearly fifty thousand in the Holy Land, and three-fourths of the population is made up of them."—F. G. Carpenter, writing from Jerusalem, June 15, 1889, in National Tribune.

"Another sign is the return of the Jews to Palestine. There are more of them there now than there were after the return from the Babylonian captivity. . . .

"A sign which is undeniably miraculous, too, is that Palestine is again becoming fruitful, after many years of desolation, during which scarcely anything would grow. It was under a curse and the curse is being lifted."

The above is the findings of a "Prophetic Conference" held at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, July 15, 1895, at which very prominent ministers of the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist denominations took part, as was reported in the Chicago Inter-Ocean for August 17th, 1895. Surely the Lord did reveal this to his prophet, Joseph, and thanks be to his name, he has confirmed the word with the signs following, and the nations now in astonishment rise to exclaim, "'Tis a truth, Palestine is restored to its ancient beauty. The curse is removed, the Jews are gathering home, all the modern improvements and comforts are enjoyed by the sons of Jacob. Railways, steamboats, telephone, telegraph, and all other modern inventions are enjoyed by Israel in his own land—Palestine.

Now, this angel told him something else that was quite shocking. It was that none of the

churches, none of the creeds, were entirely right. He declared that they were an abomination in many respects. And do you know who seconded that motion? Do you know who has supported that statement? Do you know who has been crying "Amen!" to the statement made by the angel to Joseph Smith? I will tell you; the entire Christian world has been shouting "Amen!" to that statement. What do I mean? I mean that Joseph Smith declared that a message from heaven was communicated to him, and they said amen in this sense: They have been tinkering with their creeds and changing and mending them. That shows that there was something wrong about them at that time and is evident that Joseph Smith was right.

An Indianapolis paper for February 23rd, 1890, speaking of the Methodist creed, says:

"The following paper was read by the Rev. T. A. Goodwin at the meeting of the Methodist ministers: 'For more than seventeen hundred years the church has been tinkering at her creeds, now adding, now subtracting, and then refashioning the things that remain, until the creeds of to-day are a theological hodge podge, rather than the faith of the church. . . . From that day to this, creed building and creed repairing has been a chief occupation of the church. . . . The crying demand of the times is a thorough reconstruction of pulpit terminology as well as of creeds, so as to make words and creeds express the exact meaning of the revealed word which abideth forever.'"

"The different sects are looking away from the different creeds or catechisms, to the absolute sufficiency of the Bible, and are learning that church



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becoming an amazing light, bursting the limits of the lantern, making glory of the figure, making beauty of the face, turning the crown of thorns into jewels, and throwing a sunshine brighter than the sunshine on the wall.

It was a pleasant illusion, he told himself—the action of the self-administered spiritual drug he distrusted and yet relied on. At any rate, it made things easier. It gave him a sense of relief that might even be called physical. He noticed, all at once, that his pain was gone. That, of course, was illusion, too—probably no more than the end of his power to feel; but the iron claws that Hutchinson's disease had dug into his flesh had loosened their grip. He was breathing easily for the first time in months. Had he not known that he couldn't really be better, he would have been tempted to say he was well. He would have been able to get up; only that it was so delicious to lie there seemingly free—he reminded himself that it could be no more than seemingly free—from torture, and with his mental burdens gone. What had dispelled them he didn't know; but it was a fact that they had rolled away.

government, as described in the Bible does not exist upon the earth."—Dr. Thrall, in *New York Sun*, October 11, 1874.

The *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, of March 3, 1890, contained the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage's sermon, "Why a New Creed is Needed," and represents him as saying: The unfortunate thing now is that so many Christians are only half liberated. They have been raised from the death and burial of sin into spiritual life, but they yet have the grave clothes on them. Many have been bound hand and foot by religious creeds; but now that the electric lights have been turned on the imperfections of those creeds—and everything that man fashions is found to be imperfect—let us put the old creed respectfully aside, and get a brand new one. Now that the old creeds have been put under public scrutiny, something radical must be done. Some would split them, some would carve them, some would elongate them, some would abbreviate them. At the present moment and in the present shape they are a hindrance. . . . If you want one glorious church, free and unencumbered, take off the cerements of old ecclesiastical vocabulary. Loose her and let her go."

Thus you see, after they misrepresented, slandered and cruelly murdered the prophet, Joseph Smith, the light was, as Talmage says, "turned on." and to-day the creeds are denounced and exposed by their own ministers. Surely the angel's message to Joseph Smith was the turning on of the light. Since then, those who wandered in the dark, are confessing that the light has come, for which we are thankful. May we walk in that light.

Further, Joseph Smith organized the church upon its original platform, with apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, teachers, etc.; and when he did this the whole world raised up and declared, "That is a fraud, anyway; that is not right! Why, the idea of this young man organizing the church according to the original pattern. Such an impossibility! Wesley, or Calvin or Knox, never dreamed of such an absurdity."

But right here permit me to show you that many of the leading reformers did dream and preach and sing and pray, and look forward to the time when God would restore the priesthood and set up His kingdom according to the ancient pattern, with apostles, prophets and spiritual gifts.

"The primitive Gospel in its effulgence and power is yet to shine out in its original splendor to regenerate the world."—Alexander Campbell, *History of the Disciples*, by Hayden, p. 36.

"The practical result of all creeds, reformations and improvements, and expectations and longings of society warrant the conclusion that some **new revelation** or some new development of the revelations of God must be made, before the hopes and expectations of all true Christians can be realized, or Christianity can save and reform the nations of this world. We want the **old Gospel back** and sustained by the **ancient order of things**."—Alexander Campbell, *Christian System*, p. 234.

"The preaching that is to bring America into the fellowship of the apostolic church must be accompanied by a revival of apostolic gifts, and I believe it will be."—Rev. Lewis T. Wattson, in *Pulpit of the Cross*.

"And should the apostolic church finally be reproduced, thereby bringing Christ to the earth again in personal power and rest-giving influence, what would then be the prospect before us? . . . The full realization of this splendid ideal is what the world is waiting for, and until it is realized we must continue to trust, pray, labor, hope, and patiently wait."—W. T. Moore, in *The Christian Evangelist*, December 18, 1890.

"We must restore the gifts of Christ (apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers) to their proper place and power if we would have his peace rest upon us and be once more in him."—Elder H. H. Hawley, in *Christian Evangelist*, July 17, 1890.

"What could God have done which He hath not done to convince you **that the day is coming**; that the time is at hand, when He will fulfill His glorious promise, and will arise to maintain His own cause and set up His kingdom."—John Wesley, sermon 71, Vol. 2.

The Wesley hymns and sermons clearly show that they looked forward to the time when the spiritual gifts and the "ancient order," apostles and prophets, would be restored. Having quoted from John Wesley's sermons, I submit a few verses from C. Wesley's hymns:

"Previous to the dreadful day  
Which shall thy foes consume,  
Jesus Christ prepare Thy way;  
Let the last prophet come."

Once more he wrote when looking forward to

the time when God would restore the apostolic church:

"Almight God of love,  
Set up the attracting sign,  
And summon whom Thou dost approve,  
For messengers divine.  
"From favored Abraham's seed,  
The new apostles choose,  
In isles and continents to spread,  
The soul reviving news."

"Luther perceived that the ancient and primitive church of the apostles must on the one hand be restored in opposition to the papacy by which it had been so long oppressed."—D'Aubigne's History of Reformation, Vol. 3, p. 80.

"In the poor, small span of my life I desired to have been a deligent and constant observer, and have been myself many ways engaged in city, in country, in court, in schools, universities in churches, in Old and New England, and yet cannot in the holy presence of God, bring in the results of a satisfactory discovery, that neither the begetting ministry of apostles or messengers to the nations, or the feeding or nourishing ministry of pastors and teachers, according to the first institution of the Lord Jesus, is yet restored and extant. These imperfections in the church, in its revived condition could be removed by a **new apostolic** ministry alone."—Hireling Ministry, by Roger Williams.

"He (Roger Williams) conceived that the apostasy of anti-christ hath so far corrupted all, that

there can be no recovery out of that apostasy till Christ should **send forth new apostles** to plant churches anew."—Struggles and Triumphs of Religious Liberty, p. 239, Knowles' History, p. 172.

I might continue on this line, producing evidence in support of the fact that the leading reformers and most gifted preachers understood from the Bible that God would again restore the church of Christ with apostles, prophets and the gifts that "confirmed the word" and cheered and instructed the saints in former days, but I forbear lest I weary you and believing the above sufficient proof, I ask, Why do the professed followers of such men as Campbell, Wesley, Williams, Luther and others, refuse to accept the claims made by Joseph Smith, where those claims are in accord with the Bible and the earnest expectations and longings of the leading men of their societies or denominations.

Now I have proven that the reformers looked forward to the restoration of the "ancient order of things," and more than that, Joseph Smith says that is the way God had instructed him to act.

"But," says one, "it is not right."

How do you know? Try him by the fruits; this is the test. Let us go to the record. In the 12th chapter of I. Corinthians we have language something like this: "God hath set some in the church first apostles, second prophets, thirdly teachers," and so on.

"But," says another, "they were set in the church until it became perfect, and then they were no longer needed."

Yes. That is, it takes twelve apples to make

a perfect dozen, and as soon as you have the perfect dozen you can take six away, and you still have a perfect dozen. If the church was perfect with those officers in it, just as soon as they were taken out, I ask you, would it not become imperfect? Let us see. Paul tells us why these were to remain in the church. He says:

“And he gave some apostles; and some prophets; and some evangelists; and some pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ.”

How long, Paul?

“Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.”

He gives one other reason, a grand one, for which I thank God, and for which every Latter Day Saint ought to thank God. It is this: “That we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about by every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive.”

As to the doctrine taught by Joseph Smith, I just hastily glance over it. He taught the doctrine of faith. Is that good fruit? You shall know him by his fruit, and a corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit. Joseph Smith taught that we should believe in God, and in Jesus Christ, and that we should believe in the Holy Ghost. Is that good fruit? Is that similar to the fruit that grew upon the Christian tree eighteen hundred years ago? And remember, he never requested you to believe

in a dead God, but the living God, and alive to the interests and welfare of his people at all times. He taught us to believe in the God of heaven, the omnipotent God, and that he would save to the uttermost. And I draw your attention to the thought that when he taught us to believe in the Holy Spirit, it was not a dead spirit, but, that that Spirit would be in you, springing up as a river unto everlasting life. He taught you to believe that the Spirit was unchangeable; and that you had a right to believe in the Spirit in which they believed eighteen centuries ago and accept the ministrations of it as they received it then; and that it was a live organization into which he asked you to enter. Is that true? Is that right? Is that good fruit? But I must hastily pass on.

After teaching faith and confidence in the Father, Son and Spirit, he taught you to believe that you should repent of your sins, because God would not look upon sin with the least degree of allowance. Is that good fruit? I think it is good. After repentance, he taught that you should be baptized by immersion, for the remission of sins. Is that according to the fruit that grew upon the Christian tree eighteen centuries ago? We are told by the God of heaven, who sent forth his Spirit according to the prayer of Jesus Christ, to his apostles—he informs us—now, notice, it is not Peter, but God; he sent the Spirit and inspired the twelve apostles to answer the momentous question, "What shall I do to be saved?" or "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" found in the 2nd chapter of the Acts of the apostles, and it is, "Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the



name of the Lord Jesus Christ for the remission of sins." Joseph Smith told us this was our duty in order to enter into the kingdom of God.

But some one says, "Oh, no, Joseph, you are wrong. Baptism is well enough if you feel like it." But when Jesus Christ appeared to Paul he did not tell him what he should do if he felt like it, but said, "Go to Damascus, and it shall be told you what you **must** do"; and he was told to arise and be baptized and wash away his sins. We find that this is in keeping with the rule of eighteen hundred years ago, the same kind of fruit that the Christian tree brought forth then. But we must pass hastily on.

He told us that we should have our children blessed by the laying on of hands. Is that true fruit? Jesus did this, declaring that, "The works that I do shall you do"; "As my Father sent me, so send I you."

We find that Joseph taught that we should have hands laid upon us in confirmation, that we might receive the Holy Ghost, and I hastily call your attention to the 8th chapter of Acts, where it is recorded that Philip went to the city of Samaria and preached the Gospel unto them and they were baptized, and when Peter and John came down and "prayed for them, that they might receive the Holy Ghost; (for as yet he was fallen upon none of them; only they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus.) Then laid they their hands on them and they received the Holy Ghost."

Again, I call your attention to the 19th chapter of Acts, where it is related that "Paul, having passed through the upper coasts, came to Ephesus"

and found people there who were not properly instructed in the way of the Gospel, and he explained the way unto them. They were baptized, and after he laid his hands upon them, they received the Holy Ghost.

Joseph taught also the doctrine of the laying on of hands for the healing of the sick. Jesus practiced that doctrine, and in James, 5th chapter, we read: "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up." In Mark, 16th chapter, Christ said: "They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover."

He taught the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead. Is that true?

Now, friends, I want to call your attention finally to one thought. In Canada, a number of years ago, a learned professor came to me and said, "Mr. Evans, I like to hear you talk, but I have no faith in your Bible." "Why?" I asked. "Because there is a lie on the face of it. God said to Abraham that he would give him the land of Palestine for an everlasting inheritance and Abraham died and never owned a foot of it. He then confirmed his promise in Isaac, saying, 'To thee and thy seed will I give this land for an everlasting inheritance,' and Isaac died and never owned a foot of it. It is afterwards declared that he confirmed his oath in Jacob, and promised him for an everlasting inheritance the land that had been promised his fathers, but he died without owning a foot of it. "And," he said, "for fear you might

not believe my statement, I call attention to the dying testimony of Stephen. He declared that they all died not having so much as a place to put their feet, (Acts, 7), and, indeed, it is said in the 11th chapter of Hebrews that they all died in hope; that they did not stay long enough in one place to build a house, but wandered about in tents, for they looked for the city that had foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

"Now," he says, "Abraham, Isaac and Jacob all died, and you say they went to heaven and will stay there forever. Where and when will they inherit the promised land?"

I just referred him to our opinion. I showed him that we did not teach the doctrine of men going to heaven to stay forever. I said, "That kind of doctrine is precluded by the resurrection of the dead." And I drew his attention to the fact that Joseph Smith taught the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead; that the spirit would return and the spirit and the body should be united again. In this connection I hastily draw your attention to a statement made in the Bible, in the language of Job:

"Oh, that my words were now written! Oh, that they were printed in a book! That they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever. For I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."—Job 19.

Further on, he declares, "Thou shalt call and I will answer thee; thou wilt have a desire to the work of thine hands."—Job, 14: 15.

## CHAPTER IV

“THIS is rest!” he murmured to himself.  
A voice answered him promptly:

“Yes; it’s rest, because you’re now beginning to realize as a fact what you’ve always taken as no more than a lovely spiritual image—that underneath are the everlasting arms.”

He was not surprised at the voice. Familiar with the fancies of the dying, he knew to what to ascribe it. He reminded himself that he must hold on to his senses till he was deprived of them, and so made no effort to reply.

Instead, he watched the spreading of the light that flooded the room and glorified its occupants. Wife and son and daughter were all beside him; but in that light they were different. They were also doing things he didn’t clearly understand. All he knew was that he felt toward them an extraordinary tenderness, and that something similar came from them to him.

“I suppose this must be dying,” he said to

Again, we read:

"Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out her dead. Come, my people, and enter into thy chambers (the grave) and shut thy doors about thee; hide thyself, as it were, for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast."—Isaiah, 26: 19, 20.

And Ezekiel gives us this cheering promise:

"Thus saith the Lord, . . . I will open your graves and cause you to come up out of your graves, and bring you into the land of Israel; . . . and shall put my spirit in you, any you shall live, and I shall place you in your own land. . . . And they shall dwell in the land that I gave unto Jacob my servant, wherein your fathers dwelt, . . . even they and their children forever."—Ezekiel, 37.

The answer silenced the infidel, and afterwards he obeyed the Gospel.

When we review the fact of Joseph Smith's life; when we see the stupendous work that he performed in bringing forth the Book of Mormon that gives the great and wonderful account of this American continent, without which the world be in darkness so far as the early inhabitants of this continent are concerned; when I think of the stupendous work of the Inspired Translation of the Bible that he gave to the world, a work that is every day coming more and more into prominence, a work that has been recognized by the leading translators in these latter times, a work that they in some instances followed when they revised the

New Testament in 1881; when I think of that inspired translation; when I think of this, with the revelation of Joseph Smith, that revelation on the war of the rebellion, and all the revelations with which the Book of Doctrine and Covenants abounds, my heart is filled with gratitude to God. And while the world may throw all manner of vituperation and scandal upon the prophet, Joseph Smith, I tell you to-day, friends, his real character is beginning to be understood, and the great work he performed is now being appreciated. The Encyclopedia Britannica, has recorded the fact that Brigham Young and others have largely departed from the pure faith as taught by Joseph, and have introduced polygamy and other evils into their faction of the church, which was never taught by Joseph. Chambers' Encyclopedia, Vol. 8 latest edition, called "Students' Edition," says: "It cannot be shown that Smith was a polygamist." Speaking of the practice of polygamy it says: "Young, Pratt and Hyde are its true originators. Emma, wife and widow of the prophet, stoutly denied that her husband had any wife but herself. Young's revelation she declared to be a fraud." "Joseph's sons have now formed a monogamic Mormon community, called the 'Josephites.'"

The courts of Canada, Illinois, Missouri and Ohio have spoken highly of Smith and his work. The gifted historian, Bancroft, and such world renowned men as Hon. Elisha R. Potter, and Hon. Josiah Quincy, by their gifted pens have told the world that Joseph Smith was a man among men. He was great, true and noble.

As the crowning testimony to all that I may

have said this morning, let me say this: This church, organized by this man with six members, has grown and increased until to-day hundreds and thousands of people come to us in "sickness and health, in poverty's vale and abounding in wealth," and their testimony has been, that God, through Jesus Christ, and the office work of the Holy Spirit, has testified to them that he raised up Joseph Smith to be his representative among men in these last days. And, furthermore, friends, not only have they testified in word to this effect, but their lives have testified that there has been power in this work, found in none other, that ameliorates their condition, that elevates them to the pinnacle of purity and power, and enables them to live in such a way that they may enjoy the Spirit of God, whose work is to lead, prepare and educate them in such a way that they will be worthy to inherit with the true and pure who have suffered with them, in the land beyond the gloom.

May the God of heaven help us to throw aside all prejudice and tradition and receive with meekness the ingrafted word of the Gospel of heaven, that is able to make us wise unto salvation, is my prayer.

#### Latter Day Polygamy—Its Origin.

Let me draw your attention to the 28th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and 22nd verse:

"But we desire to hear of thee what thou thinkest; for as concerning this sect, we know that everywhere it is spoken against."

Our Lord said:

"Every plant which my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up."

He commands his servants to point men to the sunny path of truth. It is the duty of the servants of God, the laborer in the vineyard, not only to sow the good seed, but to remove the weeds. This is imperative, else there will be a failure in the crop, and you know the weeds grow whether it is dry or wet season. We have to nourish good seed and care for it, but weeds grow everywhere and under every condition and circumstances.

Last evening I was approached and requested to speak upon a very vital question relative to this Latter day evangel, and it is this: "Was Joseph Smith a polygamist? Did he teach, sanction or practice polygamy?" Now, this may be rather a dry subject to-night, but its importance is at once acknowledged by you from the fact that the Brighamite institution in the western country claims that he was a polygamist; that from his instructions they learned to practice the infamous doctrine of plurality of wives, and generally speaking throughout the world Joseph Smith is accused of being the founder of that institution in the west known as Salt Lake Mormonism.

It will be my effort to-night to show that Joseph Smith never did practice, nor sanction polygamy, and in fact had no more to do with Salt Lake Mormonism than the Pope of Rome, or the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Now the line that I shall follow to-night will be that suggested by the Master, as recorded in Matthew 7:15, 20.

"Ye shall know them by their fruits . . . A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can



a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them."

I am going to produce the fruits of Joseph Smith as given in the revelations that purported to come through him, found in the standard books of the church. The Inspired Translation of the Bible, Book of Mormon and the Doctrine and Covenants. I submit for your consideration that this is a fair way to judge Joseph Smith; by what he said, and what he did, rather than by what his enemies claimed that he said and did. There is no man or woman present who would care to be judged by an enemy, and "she said that you said, that I said or someone else said," was never taken as evidence by any court in the world.

Especially does my text develop the thought that the way of truth has ever been evil spoken against. Christianity never was popular with the world, how be it the world has always been filled with professors of religion, but Christianity never was popular; it is not now. It always was evil spoken of. I mean the genuine sort. Churchianity has become quite popular now, indeed, and you are rather unpopular if you do not belong to a church to-day in this enlightened country, but there is a marked line of demarkation between Christianity and churchianity. While churchianity is popular, Christianity to-day, as in the dear dead years of the silent past, is not, and there is no room for Jesus there, as elsewhere.

Now I am going to quote the revelations as I find them in the standard books of the church, and shall submit for your consideration the 17th section of the Book of Covenants. To those who are not

members of the church I may say this book which I hold in my hand, claims to contain the revelations that Latter Day Saints believe, God gave to Joseph Smith.

“The rise of the Church of Christ in these last days—it being regularly organized and established agreeable to the law of our country, by the will and commandments of God, on the sixth day of the month, which is called April; which commandments were given to Joseph Smith, Jr.”

This is all I care to read in this; you see that this church was organized in 1830 according to the laws of this country by the will and command of God. If this church was organized according to the law and commandment of God, according to the rules and laws and usages of this country, then Joseph Smith never under the laws of this country, could have instituted the doctrine of polygamy; for the laws of this country never sustained in any way the doctrine of polygamy; so that my first quotation found in the 17th section of the Book of Covenants shows conclusively that the church was to be builded according to the laws and commandments of God, in keeping with the laws of this country.

I also submit for your consideration another statement found in the 42nd section of the Book of Covenants, and the 20th paragraph:

“Behold, verily I say unto you, that whatsoever persons among you, having put away their companions for the cause of fornication, or in other words, if they shall testify before you in all lowliness of heart that this is the case, ye shall not cast them out from among you; but if ye shall find

that any persons have left their companions for the sake of adultery, and they themselves are the offenders, and their companions are living, they shall be cast out from among you. And again I say unto you, that ye shall be watchful and careful with all inquiry, that ye receive none such among you if they are married, and if they are not married, they shall repent of all their sins, or ye shall not receive them. And again, every person who belongeth to this Church of Christ, shall observe to keep all the commandments and covenants of the church. And it shall come to pass, that if any persons among you shall kill, they shall be delivered up and dealt with according to the laws of the land; for remember that he hath no forgiveness and it shall be proven according to the laws of the land."

Lying, stealing, and polygamy are condemned in this section. The thought suggested here is that the church is to be governed not only by the instructions found in the Bible, but they are to be governed on this question of marriage according to the laws of the land, that is, prohibiting polygamy. This same thought is suggested in the 58th section, 5th paragraph. And now let me show you that Utah Mormonism has been living in direct opposition to these revelations, in that they have been practicing the doctrine of polygamy publicly for years and in latter times privately; that before the United States courts Joseph Fielding Smith, now holding the Presidency of the Utah Mormon Church was forced to confess that he was living with five wives, in open rebellion to the laws of the Government of the

United States, and to the laws of the church as found in the Book of Covenants, given to the church by Joseph Smith, and the Book of Mormon. Thus he has confessed before the world in that United States Court of Inquiry, showing that that church is in complete apostasy to the original Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints as organized according to the law of the land and these books, by Joseph Smith in 1830.

Now further, I submit for your consideration some of the statements found in this Book of Covenants and given for the government of this people relative to the marriage question. In the 42nd section, 7th paragraph, we are told, "Thou shalt love thy wife with all thy heart and shalt cleave unto her and none else." Here is the law given for the government of this people. Does that admit of a shadow of polygamy? Again in the 49th section we learn that the ministry had been sent to the body of people known as the Shakers, and some of the elders were going to preach for them. Now the Shakers did not believe in marriage, and Joseph Smith went before the Lord so that he might know how to instruct the elders to teach these people and this 49th section says "it is lawful that man should have one wife," and they were so instructed to teach these people that they should have one wife, for God had ordained the sacred sacrament of marriage in this regard.

Now I want to turn your attention to the 111th section of the Book of Covenants, and this is really an important one. It contains the marriage cere-

mony. Watch it closely and see if you can discover polygamy in this: "You both mutually agree to be each other's companion, husband and wife, observing the legal rights belonging to this condition; that is, **keeping yourselves wholly for each other and from all others** during your lives." Here is as binding a covenant as the world has ever listened to, showing that polygamy is entirely out of the question in the laws of the church as organized by Joseph Smith. Now furthermore it is stated, "Inasmuch as this Church of Christ has been reproached with the crime of fornication, and polygamy"—here polygamy is called a crime—"we declare that we believe that one man should have one wife; and one woman but one husband, except in case of death, when either is at liberty to marry again." Now, I might read you much more from the Book of Covenants, but I have a long journey to take to-night, and so shall pass it by with these statements.

I submit for your consideration the Book of Mormon. I would like to have time to tell you all about the Book of Mormon, to-night, but I could not do it in a week; suffice it to say that it has come down to us as a history of the people of God that inhabited this continent thousands of years before Columbus discovered America, and, strange to say, fifty years after the Book of Mormon has come into print, antiquarian evidences, archaeological discovery, has demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of the civilized world that America was inhabited thousands of years before Columbus arrived upon its shores, by an enlighten-

ed, religious, God-fearing, Christian people, who builded cities and worshiped God after the gospel economy. This book claims to give a history of the people who have built these wonderful cities that have recently been discovered through Yucatan, Guatemala, and those southern parts of America.

Now, one of the prophets of this book was commanded of God to go up into the temple of the Lord, and he would instruct him as to what he should say to the people on the morrow, and this is what he said to the people on the morrow. It is found in the second chapter of Jacob, pages 116 and 117. Now, before I read, I want to say that I have been making a personal and close study of this religious question for over a quarter of a century. I have read extensively in that time, and in the fear of God to-night, I state that I have never read a book that denounces polygamy in more terse, unmistakable, forcible and plain language than does the Book of Mormon—the Bible not excepted. Now, whatever your thought may have been relative to the Book of Mormon, I appeal to your honor, that in the future, when you hear from the pulpit or the pew, that the Book of Mormon is the foundation for Utah Mormonism and polygamy, that you will hurl back that unmitigated falsehood in the face of the man who utters it; and upon your honor you will be compelled to do it when I read to you one statement. I could read you forty-seven on the marriage question, from the Book of Mormon, but I am just going to read you one, that is a sample of the rest:

## ABRAHAM'S BOSOM

himself, as he noticed that the new day had blotted out the sunlight.

"No," came the voice again; "because there's no such thing as death."

To Berkeley Noone, this was the real point at issue. It was worth taking up, even if only in delirium.

"Of course there's no such thing as death from the spiritual point of view—"

"And there is no other."

"I know there'll be no other in the next life; but—"

"But there's no next life. There's only one life."

"In a sense—yes," he admitted, not without a shadow of impatience. "And yet I'm—I'm dying."

"No; you're only waking—waking from the deep sleep that fell on Adam and on all Adam's so-called children."

He fixed his attention on but one of these points:

"Why do you say so-called?"

"Because they're only the offspring of a dream."

"I don't see how they can be the offspring of a dream when a dream is nothing—"

"Pardon me; a dream is something—while it lasts. It's only seen to be nothing

“Behold, David and Solomon truly had many wives and concubines, which thing was abominable before me, saith the Lord. Wherefore, thus saith the Lord, I have led this people forth out of the land of Jerusalem, by the power of mine arm, that I might raise up unto me a righteous branch from the fruit of the loins of Joseph. Wherefore, I, the Lord God, will not suffer that this people shall do like unto them of old. Wherefore, my brethren, hear me, and hearken to the word of the Lord; for there shall not any man among you have save it be one wife, and concubines he shall have none. For I, the Lord God, delighteth in the chastity of women, and whoredoms are an abomination before me; thus saith the Lord of hosts.”

I submit that in all the Bible you will not find a plainer, more terse, emphatic denunciation of polygamy than I have read to you to-night from the Book of Mormon.

Now I go to the Bible. The Book of Covenants shows in the 42nd section, paragraph 16, that God has given to us his Scriptures to be a law to govern the church, and so long as Latter Day Saints acknowledge the divine authenticity of the Bible, they can never endorse polygamy. I am aware that Brigham Young has never claimed that the Book of Mormon endorses polygamy; in fact, Joseph Fielding Smith said that he was living in open rebellion to the Book of Mormon on this marriage question, when he acknowledged that he had five wives and forty-two children, but they do make the claim that the Bible is their support for polygamy, and we deny that. While it



is true that the Bible gives a history of great men who practiced polygamy—for instance, David and Solomon—the Bible tells us that Solomon had seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines. The Bible tells us about David and his polygamous relationship, but thank heaven, it is left for the Book of Mormon as already read in your hearing to say, "Which thing was **abominable** before me, saith the Lord; and there shall not any man among you have save it be one wife, and concubines he shall have none, for I, the Lord God, delighteth in the chastity of women." Now, as long as we believe in the unchangeability of God; as long as we believe that he still admires the chastity of women, so long will we believe that he will refuse to endorse the soul-destroying doctrine of polygamy.

However, Brigham Young has read about David and Solomon and several other characters in Bible history who practiced the doctrine of polygamy and took it for granted that because the Bible gave their history, that God Almighty endorsed it. Why, bless your hearts, friends, the Bible gives the history of men who committed murder, who were guilty of lying, and stealing, and almost every other crime, and shall we say because the Bible gives the history of these men that God endorsed their conduct? That would be silly.

Now, in order to bring Joseph Smith and his Inspired Translation very prominently before you to-night, I might say that under command of God, Joseph Smith translated the Bible, and I will show

you some of the effects of this translation on the marriage question. I admit that in some places the Bible, under its mis-translation, could really be tortured to mean that it defended men who practiced polygamy, but that is the result of mis-translation, but, thank heaven, we see how the prophet's mission shone with resplendency and glory, as under inspiration he was led to correct these mistakes; and I will read you one or two samples of them. Now, here is the King James, the regular Bible: "For it came to pass when Solomon was old, that his wives turned away his heart after other Gods, and his heart was not perfect with the Lord, his God, as was the heart of David, his father." This is taken from I. Kings, 11th chapter and 4th verse. Now, Brigham Young takes that passage and he makes this argument from it. David had many wives, and God was well pleased with him because he married wives of the Israelitish women, but Solomon displeased his heavenly Father because he married outside of Israel and took strange women to be his wives, and thus incurred the displeasure of his heavenly Father; not in that he took many wives, but in that he married some of them outside the pale of the church, if you please.

Now, watch the Inspired Translation, and it convicts David as well as Solomon. Here is what the Inspired says: "For it came to pass after Solomon was old his wives turned away his heart after other Gods, and his heart was not perfect with the Lord, his God, **and it became as the heart of David, his father.**" Can you see that in the first

case, David is excused there; in the Inspired Translation, David is found guilty? Here is Joseph Smith's Inspired Translation of the Bible condemning polygamy in stronger terms than King James' translation of the Bible, and I could produce several other points in evidence upon this very question, but my time will not permit.

Now, the real doctrine of the Bible condemns polygamy in the strongest terms. We are told in the 2nd of Genesis, that God made man and woman, and under that marriage ceremony they were to be one flesh. Jesus takes on that same thought in Matthew 19, and in Mark 10, and says that, "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife, that they twain shall be one flesh, and all this that the earth might answer the end for which it was created." Here then the doctrine of polygamy is denounced by the revelations of Joseph Smith as contained in the Book of Covenants, by the great revelation that came through him to the church known as the Book of Mormon, and by the Inspired Translation of the Bible, and I want these statements to fall upon your hearts and rest in upon the tablets of your memories, I say it fearless of successful contradiction. I have made this statement in Salt Lake City before Joseph F. Smith, George Q. Cannon, Lorenzo Snow, the president and councillors of the Utah Church; I have said it in a number of the cities of the United States of America and in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, in Upper and Lower Canada, and I repeat it here to-night in St. Louis, and if there is a Utah Mormon in or

out of Salt Lake City, all I ask is fair play and half the time and we will discuss it from this platform; there is not a single word, in a single sermon, lecture, statement, newspaper or church publication printed during the life time of Joseph Smith, wherever he, by word, has endorsed the infamous doctrine of plurality of wives, not a single statement; and there is no Salt Lake Mormon breathing who can produce one and prove its authenticity.

Now, I propose to produce evidences showing that Joseph Smith and the church during his life time, condemned polygamy in the strongest terms. First, I submit the testimony of thirty-one witnesses as published by the church in October the first, 1842. We deem this sufficient to show you where Joseph and Hyrum Smith stood on this question of polygamy:

"We, the undersigned members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and residents of the city of Nauvoo, persons of families, do hereby certify and declare, that we know of no other rule or system of marriage than the one published from the Book of Covenants, (that which I read in your hearing a few minutes ago), and we give this certificate to show that Dr. John C. Bennett's secret wife system is a creature of his own make, as we know of no such society in this place, nor ever did."

This is signed by a number of the leading men of the church, some of the twelve apostles, some of the first presidency of the Utah Church, and a number of the leading men of the church. A similar document is signed by Emma Smith, the wife

of Joseph Smith, and a number of the leading women of the church, thirty-one witnesses in all.

Now, I submit for your consideration a statement made by Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum, just a few months prior to their assassination. They learned that a man up here in the State of Michigan was teaching polygamy, and this is what they said about it: "As we have lately been credibly informed that a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, a man by the name of Hyrum Brown, has been teaching polygamy and other false and corrupt doctrines in the County of Lapeer, State of Michigan; this is to notify him and the church in general that he has been cut off from the church for his iniquity." Signed, Joseph Smith, Hyrum Smith, Presidents of the Church.

This was given in February, 1844. Joseph was killed four months after that. Here he declares that polygamy is a **crime**, and that the man was excommunicated from the church for preaching it. Now, I want to give you the testimony of George Q. Cannon, whom I met in Salt Lake City, as one of the presidency of the Salt Lake Mormon Church: "A prevalent idea has been that this prejudice against us owes its origin and continuation to our belief in a plurality of wives. . . . Joseph and Hyrum Smith were slain in the Carthage jail, and hundreds of persons were persecuted to death previous to the church having any knowledge of this doctrine."—Journal of Discourses, volume 14, pages 165, 166.

This being true, Joseph Smith was not guilty

of the practice of polygamy; he was killed before the people knew anything about polygamy. That is the statement of George Q. Cannon. Let me strengthen this now by the son-in-law of Brigham Young, H. B. Clawson:

"Polygamy at that time (that is at the time of Joseph Smith's death), was not known among those of the Mormon faith. . . . The doctrine of polygamy was not promulgated until they got to Salt Lake; not, in fact, until some little time after they had arrived there."—Salt Lake Herald, February 9, 1882.

Now, Joseph Smith was killed in 1844. They arrived in Salt Lake the 24th of July, 1847, and he says not until some little time after that was it introduced. The little time was the 29th of August, 1852, eight years and two months after the assassination of Joseph Smith.

Now, we have Brigham Young, himself, on this. He being interviewed by Senator Trumbull in 1869, said: "It (polygamy), was adopted by us as a **necessity** after we came here." Ah, there never was a greater truth told in all the world than that. Polygamy was not an original tenet of the church, and Brigham Young says it was adopted as a **necessity** after "we came here." The real facts are, Brigham Young, as I shall show from their own evidence to-night, and a few other elders, were living vile lives secretly, and to cover up the consequences of their bad conduct, as he truthfully says in this "as a necessity;" yes, as a necessity, polygamy was introduced. But who will dare

to blame Joseph Smith for their introducing polygamy eight years after his death?

But we pass on. I have been careful to take these clippings right from their own papers. This little work that I have in my hand is just a little note-book I have which I have culled from their papers and their books so that they cannot say that we have changed the words of anything of that kind. Here is another statement; this is found from Elder Ephraim Jenson:

"Polygamy was not practiced by the Mormons prior to and at the time of the execution of Joseph Smith, who was executed at Nauvoo, Illinois. . .

. . . Fourth, that only three per cent. of the Mormon men practiced polygamy, a proof itself that it was not essential to the creed."—The Yeoman's Shield.

Here is another one:

"Go back to the founding of our church, April 6, 1830. There was no polygamy practiced or taught in Mormon literature until five years after that band of persecuted saints reached Utah."—New York Herald, January 8, 1900.

This is by Elder Whitaker, who knew who did introduce this polygamy. Now, I might produce dozens and dozens of witnesses to prove that Joseph Smith had nothing to do with it. Well, who did it? Here is what the Apostle's wife says of it: "How then, asked the reader, did polygamy originate? It was born in the vile and lustful brain of Brigham Young, and was grafted on the faith to gratify his sensual beastiality."—(Mysteries of Mormonism, pp. 16, 17.)

One of the Mormon wives said that, and she ought to know whereof she affirms.

Now, my friends, we have learned from the above statements that polygamy was not taught or practiced by Joseph Smith, but was introduced into an apostate branch of the church, after his death, as is admitted by Brigham Young, and others of his followers.

Now, I crave your indulgence while I present the evidence that proves to my satisfaction that Brigham Young was the man who wrote the so-called revelation on polygamy, and presented it to his **reorganized church in Utah**. Keep in memory Brigham's confession, viz.: "Polygamy . . . was not originally a part of our system, **but was adopted by us as a necessity after we came here.**" (Salt Lake). Let us find what was the necessity for introducing polygamy.

Permit me to read some extracts from a letter written to G. R. Wells by T. F. Stafford, August 24, 1891.

"But I am fully convinced, as I was then, that Brigham (Young), was in adultery in Manchester, England, in the fall, winter and spring of 1840 and 1841. Elizabeth Mayer is the person with whom Brigham was then committing adultery. My reasons are these: We lived next door to her, under the same roof. . . . This Elizabeth Mayer had a father and a brother who were gardeners; they took their dinners, as they worked a long piece from home. After they had left for work, Brigham would step into the house, she would then lock the door and pull down the blinds



and curtains, which to me was strange. He never came to see our folks, although not five steps apart; and when he left he was always in a hurry, and she never came to the door with him when he was leaving.

"This same thing occurred in Nauvoo with a woman and Brigham. Her name was Greenough; her son was about my age, was always driven out when Brigham came, the door was shut and the curtains lowered. I was puzzled to know why he acted so, if he had a good heart, and was engaged in the business of teaching the truth, why drive the boy out? Why not come also and see my mother, only a few steps apart?

"I am now, and was then, satisfied that he was in adultery, in Manchester, England. The seeds of polygamy was sown, and Brigham the sower. . . . I was present at a meeting in a grove, about three weeks before Joseph and Hyrum were murdered, when Joseph made a public statement in the presence of three thousand people, that polygamy was being practiced secretly by some; that it had crept into the church secretly and must be put down speedily or the church would be driven from Nauvoo.

"I am satisfied that Joseph was not in favor of it (polygamy) at all. Would swear to all I have stated. . . . In conclusion, I make the fearless statement that Brigham was a whoremonger and a villain of the darkest dye."

Without comment on the above, let us hear from Brigham concerning his feelings about the same time, and in the same place, referred to by

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when we wake and know it for what it was."

"And do you mean to tell me that all my past life has had no reality?"

"Not all your past life; only whatever in it may have been evil, mortal, or unhappy. Once we've thrown off that, we come to our genuine birthright. You're probably able to prove it by some heightening of your faculties already."

"Do you mean the light I see from the picture at the foot of my bed?"

There was genuine curiosity in the tone:

"Won't you tell me what it's like?"

He complied with this request. The voice continued:

"That's very like my own experience—only that in my case the increase of perception was in the way of what our mortal senses call sound. You were with me at the time, and may remember."

"I?"

"According to the reckoning of time it was in June over a year ago. The day was close and the windows were open. The noises of the street came up to my room rather distressingly. I tried not to listen to them or be annoyed by them; but it was beyond me. Then by degrees all such noises merged into

T. F. Stafford. In a speech by Brigham Young, on June 21, 1874, (see Deseret News of July 1st, 1874), we read the following statement relative to the origin of the doctrine of polygamy:

"While we were in England (in 1839 and 1840, I think), the Lord manifested to me by vision and his Spirit, things that I did not then understand. I never opened my mouth to anyone concerning them, until I returned to Nauvoo. **Joseph had never mentioned this; there had never been a thought of it in the church** that I ever knew anything about at that time; but I had this for myself and kept it to myself."—"The Messenger, volume 1, page 29.

There are several points of importance to which I must draw your attention in this confession of Brigham.

First, The Lord warned the church that a "mystery, a thing which is had in the secret chambers, to bring to pass even your destruction in process of time." He says it is iniquity of which some are guilty. He commands them to go to the Ohio, and told them he would give them instruction, "that ye might escape the power of the enemy." (See Doctrine and Covenants 38, 4-7). They go to the Ohio, received the promised instruction. It is as follows:

"Thou shalt love thy wife with all thy heart, and shalt cleave unto her and none else; and he that looketh upon a woman to lust after her, shall deny the faith, and shall not have the Spirit; and if he repents not, he shall be cast out. Thou shalt not commit adultery, and he that committeth adul-

tery, and repenteth not, shall be cast out."—Doc. and Cov. 42:7.)

Now, according to the evidence at hand, Brigham forgot the instruction, went to the "secret chamber," "locked the door," "pulled down the blinds," "committed adultery," "had a revelation on polygamy," disregarded the law, "thou shalt love thy wife with all thy heart, and shall cleave unto her and none else," thus "giving heed to seducing spirits," and "departed from the faith." The testimony of Stafford says this secret chamber iniquity was performed by Brigham in England, in 1840 and 1841. Brigham admits receiving his revelation in England about the same time.

Second, Brigham admits frankly that he, not Joseph Smith, had the revelation; "The Lord manifested (it) to me by vision," "I had this for myself," "Joseph had never mentioned this," "There had never been a thought of it in the church that I ever knew anything about at that time."

Well, no one need blame Joseph any more, Brigham is the self-confessed channel through which polygamy was given to his people.

I here submit the testimony of Brigham Young's legal wife, who left him after he was untrue to her. Testimony of Major Thomas Wanless, given to R. C. Evans, his nephew, in the presence of Mrs. Wanless and her daughter, in St. Louis, Missouri, September 7, 1904.

"I met Brigham Young's first and legal wife and her daughter in the winter of 1860 and 1861, at Central City, Colorado. She told me that Joseph Smith had nothing to do with polygamy;

that he did not teach, practice, or in any way endorse the doctrine of polygamy; that he had nothing to do with the so-called revelation on celestial marriage; that he had but one wife. My husband, Brigham Young, Orsen Pratt, (she gave the name of another man whose name I have forgotten), made up the revelation on celestial marriage."

"Before they left Illinois, some of them practiced polygamy. Brigham Young went to Utah to reorganize the church, and publicly introduce polygamy, or to reorganize the church on a polygamous basis."

She left Brigham Young, finally obtained a divorce from him, and was then living with her daughter. Brigham sent the daughter money according to an agreement. She told me they ought to have shot Brigham Young in place of Joseph Smith.

The statement of Major Wanless that she was Brigham's first wife, is a mistake. Brigham married Miriam Works, Oct. 8, 1824; she died Sept. 8, 1832. In February, 1834, he married Mary Ann Angel; she was his legal wife, and perhaps is the one referred to by the Major. It is quite pardonable in Major Wanless in getting Brigham's wives mixed up. We opine poor Brigham was at his wit's end to keep the family record correct himself.

Chamber's Encyclopedia, volume 8, students' edition, confirms Mrs. Young's statement, in part. It says, speaking of the practice of polygamy:

"Young, Pratt and Hyde are its true originators. Emma, wife and widow of the prophet,

stoutly denied that her husband had any wife but herself. Young's revelation she declared to be a fraud."

From a host of other witnesses who testify that Brigham Young was the man that introduced polygamy in the church, I submit the statement of another brokenhearted woman from the ranks of Brigham's church. Fanny Stenhouse says: "Polygamy was unheard of among the (English) Saints in 1849. (Pages 45, 47, 48. "Tell it all," by Fanny Stenhouse:

"In June, 1850, I heard the first whisper of polygamy." (Pages 98, 99. "In January, 1853, I first saw the revelation on polygamy; it was published in the Millennial Star." (Page 132.)

"Out of thirty thousand Saints in England in 1853, 1,776 had been excommunicated for apostasy through polygamy; the president of the conference was cut off." (Page 160.) When speaking regarding polygamy, she says: "They know that the only source of all their revelations is the man **Brigham Young.**" (Page 190.)

"Brigham has outraged decency and riven asunder the most sacred ties, by his shameless introduction of polygamy." (Page 273.)

"There have been many apostates from the teachings of Joseph Smith in early days, but of all apostates, Brother Brigham is the chief." (Page 614.)

It is reported by Fanny Stenhouse and many others, that Joseph Smith said: "If ever the church had the misfortune to be led by Brother Brigham, he would lead it to hell." (Page 268.)

Why did Joseph Smith a short time prior to his death make the above and similar statements regarding the man, Brigham Young? The reason is plain. He, too, had doubtless heard some rumors as to his conduct and secret teachings, and the evidence would seem to indicate that just before his death he made a move to bring the guilty to judgment. We will let Wm. Marks, who was president of the Nauvoo Stake at the time of Joseph Smith's death, testify:

"A few days after this occurrence, I met Brother Joseph. He said that he wanted to converse with me on the affairs of the church, and we retired by ourselves. I will give his words verbatim, for they are indelibly stamped upon my mind. He said that he had desired for a long time to have a talk with me on the subject of polygamy. He said it eventually would prove the overthrow of the church, and we should soon be obliged to leave the United States, unless it could be speedily put down. He was satisfied that it was a cursed doctrine, and that there must be every **exertion** made to put it down. He said that he would go before the congregation and proclaim against it, and I must go into the High Council, and he would prefer charges against those in transgression, and I must sever them from the church unless they made ample satisfaction. There was much more said, but this was the substance. The mob commenced to gather about Carthage in a few days after, therefore there was nothing done concerning it." (Saint's Herald, volume 1, pages 22, 23.)

"President Marks, after Joseph's death, made

mention of the above conversation. It was soon rumored that he was about to apostatize, and that his statement was a tissue of lies." (See Saint's Herald, volume 1, pp. 22, 23.)

Speaking of the revelation on polygamy, Marks said: "I never heard of it during Joseph's life. It was evidently gotten up by Brigham Young and some of the twelve, after Joseph's death." (Brigg's Autobiography; Herald, 1901.)

Now, I go a little further than this; Brigham Young makes the statement that Joseph Smith had a revelation authorizing a plurality of wives on the 12th day of July, 1843. We ask where is the original of this revelation, and he whimpers out: "The original was handed to Emma Smith, Joseph's wife, and she burned it." "I have only a copy, and this copy I have kept under lock and key; no one knew of this; but here is an opportune time to present it." and so he presents it. The first time it saw daylight was on the 29th day of August, 1852, over eight years after the death of the man more than nine years after it was said to have been burned. Now then, the question, what has Emma Smith got to say about this? I have her statement here. I sat upon the bed where she died, and while there, learned from those who knew her best, that she was a woman of the highest integrity, and she makes this statement, practically her death-bed confession. "I never heard of this revelation. I never saw this revelation referred to. I never burned it. This revelation was gotten up by Brigham Young and his associates.



My husband never had any wife but me." That is her statement in fact.

Well, says one, now it is between Emma Smith and Brigham Young. He says Joseph had that revelation and Emma burned it, and he had a copy of it. Emma says her husband never had such a revelation, she never heard of it, much less to burn it. How are you going to judge between the two. Here is the way to judge. Emma Smith was known by thousands, and to-night if everyone that would speak kindly of her who knew her and were to drop one tear upon her grave, she'd be baptized beneath an ocean of water. In all my travels I have never known a single soul outside of Utah Mormons to speak against her, and some of them, when crowded to the wall, are forced to confess that she was the grandest of women. For instance, I give you an illustration. When talking with Joseph F. Smith in Salt Lake City two years ago, he brought up a number of witnesses and I examined them. He finally said: "I can produce a living woman who will testify that Joseph Smith was a polygamist and she knew it." I said: "Bring her on here and let us examine her." Well, he says: "I will tell you what I will do. Elder, I have made an engagement with her to go to the theatre to-morrow night, and if you will go with me I will give you an introduction to her, and she will there testify between the acts." He thought he had me, but, he says: "I presume a Josephite Elder would not attend a theatre." My reply was: "Well, Jesus Christ went to hell to fill a mission once. I do not know why a Josephite Elder could

not go to Brigham Young's theatre to see a woman who claims to be the wife of Joseph Smith. I will be there." And I was.

Well, I met "Aunt Lucy," and we talked the matter over, and here is this one point to which I want to draw your attention, to show how these poor dupes of Brigham Young may be led. Coming to the testimony of Emma Smith, I said: "You were personally acquainted with Emma Smith?" "Yes." "What have you to say of her as to her integrity, fidelity and honor? The old woman looked me fair in the face and said: "Emma Smith was one of God's noble women, and she was truth personified, and anything that Emma Smith will say, you can bank on it until the day of your death." "Well, I said, "she testifies that her husband never had any wife but her; she testifies that she never heard of that revelation on polygamy until after you folks had gone to Salt Lake; she testifies she never saw it, and she testifies that it is an unmitigated falsehood manufactured by Brigham Young; that he stated that she had the revelation and burned it. Now, what have you to say to that? I said. She looked at me fair in the face and said: "You can afford to build on anything that Emma Smith has to say." "Thank you," said I. There was one of the maze-bound slaves of priestcraft superstition and polygamy when put to the test.

Now, Brigham Young once made the claim that his elders were the smoothest liars and the finest gamblers and the greatest rogues the world has ever produced. (Journal of Discourses, vol. 4,

page 77), and when I hear them testify about polygamy, I think that he was just about right about that. Everybody knows that Brigham Young was a bad man, that he was a criminal before the laws of his country, before the laws of his God, before the laws of the true church; that he has riven asunder the most sacred ties of womanhood by his shameless introduction of polygamy, that he has broken the hearts of the wives of his people, and declared himself that they had testified that since the introduction of polygamy they had never seen a happy day. Will you take the testimony of that man against the words of a woman whose life was as pure as a lily, and as holy as a child's prayer? As he admits, it was introduced as a necessity after they went west.

Now, as time will not permit me to give you the quotations, I may just cite you to Chamber's Encyclopedia and to the Cyclopaedia Britannica, and they testify that it cannot be proven that Joseph Smith was a polygamist, but give evidence as supported by the statements I have made to-night that it was introduced by Brigham Young and others after the death of Joseph Smith. Now, my text says, "We desire to hear of thee what thou thinkest for as concerning this sect, we know that everywhere it is spoken evil against." That strikes you as being a little strange, does it not, but that is the verdict of the people upon the Church of Christ eighteen hundred years ago. Now, the same cause will produce the same effect in every age of the world. Any logician will acknowledge that. Did it ever occur to you that

from the cradle in Bethlehem, Christ and his people have ever been villified, misrepresented until they were rocked to sleep in the arms of merciful death? From the time of Christ's birth, all manner of vituperation and scandal was hurled at Him and His cause; and as soon as He was born the royal potentate said: "You go down there and find where the young child is that I may come down and worship Him." That was a lie pure and simple to start with, but the wise men went down there, discovered the cradle-mangled King, and they would have returned and told him where the child was but an angel knew the blood-thirsty man, and bade the wise men return home another way; and you remember how that ruler got so angry over this, that he killed every male child under two years of age in all the country in order that he might find the right child, and from that time Christ was hunted, and finally, after a life of sacrifice and trial, His great heart broke on Calvary at the hand of bloody assassins.

Following Him, his servants and representatives were misrepresented and slandered, and abused, until they went down to the tongueless silence of the tomb, sealing their testimony with their own blood. I wish I had time to read to you the histories to-night, as I have them here; suffice it to say, the early Christians were accused of lying, stealing, murder, polygamy, concubinage and almost every crime known in the calendar. They were called lazy, indolent, simple, silly haters of good government, and promoters of a disturbance, superstitious, and they were hunted down and

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something else—into music—into floods of music—into floods on floods of music; and I was made to understand that in the Reality there is no such thing as ugly sound; that it's only the senses of the Man of Dust that degrade to harshness and discord that which in itself is harmonious and lovely."

With some surprise Berkeley Noone became aware that behind the voice there was a personality. Timidly he asked the question:

"Aren't you Angel?"

The answer came with what he would hitherto have called a smile. It struck him now as an effulgence:

"The name will do for the present. You and I are still within the sphere of mortal thought—you, of course, more than I; but we shall work away from it."

Among the questions Berkeley Noone was eager to ask, one presented itself as most pressing to his curiosity. It stood for years of speculation, wonder, and hope.

"Then," he began, still timidly, "you're really able to come back and be with us—here in my room?"

There was a repetition of what seemed to him an effulgence.

"You must remember that what you call your room is only a phase of mortal con-

finally murdered, until the prophetic declaration was fulfilled, the time came that they drank the blood of the Saints and wore out the people of the most high God.

Now there is another feature to this. Soon after the death of Christ the histories show that men in the church began to relate marvelous things, wonderful stories, and to manufacture false revelations and try to palm those false revelations off on to the church, in consequence of which history was written against the church; and we are told that Nero commanded the government to write these stories in their school books, and that the children were commanded to commit them to memory, and thus these terrible things against Christ and the apostles were handed down from one generation to another. Well, there was some foundation for these stories, and I will give you one. You turn to the 6th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and you will find there where seven men were chosen to the Christian ministry as deacons, or some say, as bishops. One of them became specially prominent. His name was Nicholas. He is again referred to in the 2nd chapter of the book of Revelation, where God comes out and says, "This is the doctrine of the Nicolitanes, which thing I hate." That is all the Bible says about it, but Buck's Theological Dictionary; Gardner's Church Cyclopaedia, page 690; Barnes Commentary; Revelation 2:6; Eusebius History Ecclesiastes, Chapter 3, page 29; Neander History Christian Religion, pages 452, 553; Ignatius in Apostolic Fathers, page 232; Irenaeus in Early Years of Christianity, page

473, all agree that the doctrine of the Nicolaitanes was the doctrine of the plurality of wives, polygamy and kindred evils. Here this man, a leading representative of the Church of Christ, professed to have some kind of a revelation from God by which he led a faction of the Church of Christ off into polygamy, and from that very day the histories have besmeared the name of the Christian Church with the doctrine and crime of polygamy.

Well, was Christ to blame? Were the apostles to blame because Nicholas departed from the faith, received false revelations and introduced polygamy into the branch of the church. No. Now be consistent. The same cause will produce the same effect, and so we find after the death of Joseph Smith, men told wonderful stories. They claimed to have revelations, and Brigham Young, in the Latter Day Saint Church, did what Nicholas did in the former day church; he led a small branch of the people off from Illinois to Utah, then Mexico-territory, and introduced the doctrine of polygamy. Will you blame Joseph Smith and the Latter Day Saints for what Brigham Young did after Joseph Smith's death? You have as much right to blame Jesus Christ and the apostles for what Nicholas and his tribe did after their death. Says one, "I never thought of that."

Now there is one thought in closing; some have said, "Well now, there must have been something relative to polygamy in the days of Joseph Smith, else Brigham Young would not have fallen away and gone into polygamy. Well, if this is worth something, it will do to tell over again under other

circumstances, and let me play infidel and now say, "Well, now, there must have been something said by Christ and the apostles relative to polygamy, else Saint Nicholas, the bishop, would not so soon after their death have gone into polygamy and established a church of his own, called the Christian Church, that practiced a plurality of wives." You see if it will fit on this church it will fit on the old church. If the former day Saints had to be reflected upon and abused by reason of this apostasy, why should you think it strange that the Latter Day Saint Church should suffer similarly? Now the same cause produces the same effect in every age of the world, and the Latter Day Saints are suffering largely from the same causes that produced the agony in the former-day Saints Church. It is the same church, it must suffer similarly.

Let me say to you, after a close following of this church for nearly thirty years now, I have failed to discover a single thing in the teaching of this church that needs bring a blush of shame to the most modest maiden. It is the fullness of the Gospel restored in the latter times, in the hour of God's judgment; God has gone according to the prophecies, sent his angel, priesthood has again been restored and the church organized upon the original platform, with apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, bishops, teachers, deacons and elders; teaching the doctrine as found in the New Testament by which we may enter into the kingdom of God; faith in the Father, Son and Spirit, repentance, baptism by the immersion for the remission of sins, the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy



Ghost, for the blessing of children, for the ordination to the ministry and for the healing of the sick, and the teaching of the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead, and eternal Judgment, the Millennial Reign, and all that Jesus taught and established; the same cause producing the same effect, the signs following the believer, and not only the signs that the sick should be healed, but that men will speak with new tongues and work miracles, but there is another sign that always followed the believers and does yet. "He that liveth godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." "They hated me" said the Lord, "They will also hate you." "Marvel not if the world hate you, it hated me before it hated you."

"We desire to hear of thee what thou thinkest, for as concerning this sect, we know that it is everywhere spoken against."

Testimony as given in the proceedings before the Committee of Privileges and Elections of the United States Senate, in the matter of the Reed-Smoot case:

**Polygamy is Emphatically Forbidden in the Book of Mormon.**

President Joseph F. Smith testified as follows:

The Chairman—Now, Mr. Smith, one word more; I hold in my hand the Book of Mormon; I should like to have you look at it to see if it is the book; I want you to identify the book.

Mr. Smith (after examining the book)—I recognize the book.

The Chairman—That is the Book of Mormon?

Mr. Smith—Yes, sir; that is the Book of Mormon.

The Chairman—One of your authorized publications?

Mr. Smith—Yes, sir; authorized publications.

The Chairman—A revelation to Joseph Smith?

Mr. Smith—It was translated by Joseph Smith.

The Chairman—Is the doctrine of polygamy taught in that revelation?

Mr. Smith—It is emphatically forbidden in that book.

The Chairman—In this book it is emphatically forbidden?

Mr. Smith—It is.

Testimony of President Joseph Smith, of the Mormon Church, in the Reed-Smoot case before the committee of the United States Senate, page 246.

Let it be understood that the United States have expended thousands of dollars to find the facts in the Reed-Smoot matter, and they have called witnesses thousands of miles to testify, and now, with pleasure, I submit some extracts from the speech of Senator Julius C. Burrows, who was the Chairman of the Committee, of the United States Senate, as delivered by the Honorable Senator, Tuesday, December 11th, 1906.

These extracts support the claim made by me in this lecture, namely Joseph Smith did not teach, practice or sanction polygamy. The true Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints never taught polygamy; that after the death of Joseph Smith, Brigham Young and others were apostates from the true church, and went to Salt Lake as vile

wicked men, introducing polygamy and other evils into the new church, as organized by them, thus disgracing themselves and the church they were formerly identified with, by reason of their revolting crimes. And that the continuation of the true church is recognized by the courts of the United States, and the Senatorial Committee, and is known in law and history under the incorporated title as "The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints," and is presided over by the son of the prophet Joseph Smith, having no connection with the Utah Mormon Church.

"The regular and legitimate Mormon Church had its origin in and grew out of an alleged discovery of some metallic plates, said to have been found near Palmyra, New York, by one Joseph Smith, bearing certain inscriptions which were said to have been translated by him and embodied in what is known and accepted as the 'Book of Mormon,' belief in which formed, in 1830, the basis of an organization styling itself 'The Church of Latter Day Saints,' which for fifteen years increased in membership and extended its influence, until in 1844 it numbered about 50,000 adherents on the 27th day of June, 1844, Joseph Smith, the founder of this cult, while confined in jail at Carthage, Illinois, was set upon by a mob and killed.

"With the details of the early history of this people, from 1830 to 1844, and their tenets we have nothing to do. It is sufficient for the purpose of this discussion to state that previous to the death of the prophet there were no dissensions in the organization so far as known, all subscribing to a

common creed and holding a common faith. Judge Phillips, in the circuit court of the United States for the western district of Missouri, in delivering the opinion of that court in 1894 in what is known as the 'Temple Lot Cases' involving the title to certain real estate, said:

"Beyond all cavil, if human testimony is to place any matter at rest, this church was one in doctrine, government and purpose from 1830 to June, 1844, when Joseph Smith, its founder, was killed. It had the same federal head, governing bodies, and faith. During this period there was no schism, no dissensions, no parting of the ways in any matter fundamental or affecting its oneness."

"The death of Joseph Smith in 1844, however, carried dismay and demoralization throughout the entire membership of the Mormon Church, scattering its adherents in divers directions and for the time being seemed to presage the complete overthrow and dissolution of the organization. Recovering, however, from the shock, the scattered bands soon reappeared in various parts of the country and promulgated their doctrines with increased zeal, and set to work to reassemble and reorganize their scattered forces, resulting finally in the formation of what is now known and recognized as the 'Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints,' with headquarters at Lamoni, Iowa, and presided over by Joseph Smith, a son of the prophet. The courts have repeatedly declared this organization to be the legitimate successor of the original Mormon Church, and its adherents, numbering some 50,000 peaceable, patriotic, and

law-abiding citizens scattered throughout the United States in small church societies, conforming to the laws of their country wherever they may be and adhering to the faith of the founder of their creed, repudiating and denouncing the doctrine of polygamy and its attendant crimes, without temple, endowment-house, or secret order, worship in the open like other church organizations, unquestioned and unmolested.

"During this period of disintegration one Brigham Young, who had identified himself with the Mormon organization as early as 1832, a man of indomitable will and undaunted courage, bold and unscrupulous, seized upon the occasion of the demoralization incident to the death of the prophet to place himself at the head of some 5,000 Mormons, and marching over desert and mountain, established himself with his adherents in the valley of Salt Lake, July 24, 1847, then Mexican territory, where he undoubtedly indulged the hope that the new doctrine of polygamy about to be publicly proclaimed by him might be promulgated with impunity and practiced and maintained without interference by the United States. These hopes, however, were destined to be blasted, for by the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo of February 2, 1848, this territory passed from the jurisdiction of Mexico to the sovereignty of the United States, and its inhabitants thereupon became amenable to its laws.

"Upon this transfer of sovereignty, and in 1849, Brigham Young and his followers, without authority from any source whatever, proceeded to set up a government of their own, embracing a territory

of imperial dimensions, christening it the 'State of Deseret,' electing Brigham Young, the head of the church, governor; Heber C. Kimball, an apostle, lieutenant-governor, and filling all other official positions in the proposed state with their trusted adherents. At the same time a general assembly was chosen, which in 1849 petitioned Congress to admit the State of Deseret into the Union, and commissioned a delegate to the Lower House of Congress, who subsequently presented his credentials and the memorial praying for statehood.

"Shortly previous to this time it began to be bruited that the leaders of this organization and founders of the new state were fugitives from justice and apostates from the true Mormon faith and were living in polygamy; and it is an historic fact that when Brigham Young arrived at Salt Lake, in 1847, he had seventeen wives, and all the so-called apostles, twelve in number, except possibly one, from two to twenty wives each. This rumor gained credence and confirmation by a protest against the admission of the State of Deseret sent to the Congress of the United States December 31, 1849, and now on file in its archives, from which I make the following extracts:

"Your petitioners respectfully represent that whereas efforts are now being made by the Salt Lake Mormons to obtain, by false representations and fallacious presentations, from the government of the United States a state organization to be called the State of Deseret; and whereas we believe that it would be highly detrimental to the best interests of our country to comply with their re-

quest, we do therefore respectfully petition your honorable body to provide some other way for the government of the Salt Lake settlement. Your petitioners know most assuredly that Salt Lake Mormonism is diametrically in opposition to the pure principles of virtue, liberty and equality, and that the rulers of the Salt Lake church are bitter and inveterate enemies of our Government. They entertain treasonable designs against the liberties of American free-born sons and daughters . . . They have elected Brigham Young, who is the president of their church, to be the governor of the proposed State of Deseret. Their intention is to unite church and state. . . . We have authentic information that more than 1,500 Salt Lake Mormons took the following oath in the Temple of God at Nauvoo: 'You do solemnly swear, in the presence of Almighty God, His holy angels, and these witnesses, that you will avenge the blood of Joseph Smith on this nation, and teach your children, and that you will from this time henceforth and for ever begin and carry out hostilities against this nation, and to keep the same intent a profound secret now and for ever. So help me God.'

"The rulers of the Salt Lake Church hypocritically pretend to venerate the name and character of the prophet Joseph Smith, that they may retain their popularity among that people who believe that he was a true prophet. These rulers are apostates from the true Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, which church Joseph Smith was president of. They teach and practice polygamy. . . . Surely your honorable body will not lend your aid

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sciousness. It's one of the expedients by which the Man of Dust makes use of his limitations. Being finite himself he can think only in terms of spaces and walls and tables and chairs, which he sees to stand for other ideas as soon as he begins to see at all. What you've said of the new light makes a very good illustration."

"But that's only the illusion of a dying man."

"It's more than that. It's the point by which your waking thought catches on to actuality. What you've seen in your picture hitherto has not been what was there; it was what the Man of Dust put there as the best he could do. It's been a sheet of white paper with some printing in black; but it was as much as the eye of Dust could see. Your mind, on the other hand, got hold of the immortal conception when your mortal vision was blind to it."

"And by the immortal conception you mean—"

"We'll see that if we go back to your picture. Jesus spoke of Himself as the Light of the World; but He never meant that He was such a light as mortal discovery draws from electricity. He was a light in consciousness. As a light in consciousness He



to legalize adultery and all manner of wickedness. These men have left their country for their country's good. They have left it that they might escape the punishment which their crimes have invoked. . . . They have been guilty of murders, treason, robbery, counterfeiting, swindling, blasphemy, and usurpation of power, both political and ecclesiastical. This is the character of the man who is the political and ecclesiastical governor of the Salt Lake colony. The Salt Lake settlement is like Sodom and Gomorrah. Save the rising generation of that land from being trained up in such a sink of corruption, blasphemy and treason.'"

The practice of polygamy by this band of apostate Mormons received further confirmation in the official report of the Indian agent for the Territory of Utah, dated March 29, 1852, in which it was stated:

"Among these men (speaking of the Mormons) was Willard Richards, who kept a harem of some dozen or fifteen women, to all of whom he is wedded. He is acting secretary of state and postmaster of the city."

Upon the presentation of the remonstrance referred to, the National House of Representatives declined to consider the petition for the admission of the "State of Deseret" into the Union, or receive its representative, but in lieu thereof and on the 7th day of September, 1850, Congress passed an act providing for the organization and government of the Territory of Utah. In 1850 President Fillmore appointed Brigham Young governor of the territory for the term of four years, who entered upon

the duties of the office in February, 1851, and thus the chief polygamous saint and head of the church became the chief executive of the territory. These public and official declarations confirmatory of the rumors of the practice of polygamy by Brigham Young and his apostles made further concealment of their crime impossible, and it became necessary in some way to excuse or justify so flagrant an assault upon public decency and the civilization of the age.

To that end a special conference of the sect was called to convene at Salt Lake City on the 28th day of August, 1852, over which Brigham Young presided, attended by the so-called apostles and high officials of the church to the number of over 2,000, at which conference, for the first time, the doctrine of polygamy was publicly proclaimed and declared to be an accepted tenet of the Utah Mormon faith.

#### Speech of Honorable Fred T. Dubois.

Since writing the above I have had the privilege of reading the speech of the above-named gentleman (who was also a member of the Committee on Privileges and Elections), delivered December 13, 1906, in the United States Senate, and published in the Congressional Record for December 17th, 1906.

It will be seen that he indorses what Senator Burrows has said on the subject, and adds his own opinion in the following explicit language:

"It is only fair, I think, for me to say—and I am glad the distinguished Senator from Michigan (Mr. Burrows), treated upon it the other day—that there is a branch of the Mormons, called the 'Josephites,'

who ought to be separated clearly in the minds of all the Senators from the Brighamite Mormons. The Josephites claim that they are the custodians of the church as it was founded. They claim that Brigham Young has interjected doctrines into the church which the Mormons did not accept in the beginning. At any rate, however that may be, the Josephite Mormons, with their headquarters at Lamoni, in the State of Iowa, and wherever they are, no matter in what part of the country, are among the best of our citizens in all respects. They do not believe in polygamy; they never practiced polygamy. They discountenanced it. They do not believe in church dictation in political affairs. They are the same as other church organizations, and to their religion no one has any objection. I am glad to call the attention of Senators to it, so that in the future we may not confuse the Josephite with the Brighamite Mormons."

Thank God the brain power of the United States has discovered and published the facts, thus clearing the name of Joseph Smith and the church of the stain of polygamy, and placing the blame on Brigham Young and his people.

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has appeared to every generation since He uttered the words. As a light in consciousness the artist saw Him, even though he himself couldn't get beyond canvas and paint. But it was the light in consciousness that appealed to the engraver who copied the work, and through him to you. The engraver was trying to give you some of that light, and some of it you got. Now you're getting more of it. You haven't it all, by any means; but you can see for yourself that you've made a long step forward from paper and ink. You'll find that ever to be making new and beautiful discoveries, and yet never to exhaust them, is one of the joys of the new condition."

Berkeley Noone returned to the point he had raised before.

"What interests me most is that the departed can really come back—"

A ripple in the effulgence might have corresponded to laughter.

"But there are no departed. Absence and presence are states of consciousness. When you've learned more of infinity you'll see that it's so. I've been with you ever since what you called my death, and you've been with me."

There was here new matter for surprise.

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"I've been with you? I confess I don't understand—"

"You've been with me in the sense in which a sleeping man is with the waking one who sits beside him and watches. You've been dreaming of me—"

"I've been thinking of you—a good deal—if that's what you mean."

"The expression will pass. And, as we've been so much in each other's thoughts, I happen to be the one with whom you can most easily come into touch, now that—"

"But I don't see you."

"You don't see me partly because, if I may go on using mortal terms, you've never seen anything in your life." Before a protest could be expressed, the voice continued: "Though the Man of Dust knows he never sees anything farther off than a reflection on the retina of the eye of Dust—a reflection turned upside down, and which he has always to be correcting mentally—he rarely stops to consider that. He talks of seeing; he persuades himself that he sees. Knowing that, strictly speaking, you were blind, you, nevertheless, taught yourself to think that a mere reflection was Edward Angel, when, as a matter of fact, I was something else."

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"If you were something else—what were you?"

"You'll know that as you go on. At present let me say that I was not the short-sighted fellow, with a limp, who played the organ at Saint Thomas's. He was the illusion of the Man of Dust. He saw me, he made me see myself, with infirmities that never existed, except in the mind of Dust."

"But even the mind of Dust, as you call it, can take cognizance of—"

"It can take cognizance of nothing but in corrupting facts and disfiguring them. The Man of Dust has no faculty for understanding things as they are, otherwise than remotely."

It suited Berkeley Noone to argue, since the process dulled his anticipation of the last event. It annoyed him somewhat that the bases of existence, as he had always conceived of it, should be so radically called into question. He seized, therefore, on what seemed to him an admission.

"But remotely, your Man of Dust can understand?"

"Doesn't your present experience answer that? You have seen the 'Light of the World' as clearly as it could be transmitted to you through canvas and paint or through

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paper and ink. Now you're looking at it more nearly as it is."

"But you allow that I've seen it already to some degree?"

"If you hadn't seen it already to some degree you wouldn't be getting this fuller conception of it now. Light is one of the most radiant symbols we have for God; and all through the ages of time men have loved darkness. Those who love darkness must go on in darkness till they win out to a glimmer of perception. Those who love Light inherit it. There are no leaps and bounds in life. What mortals call death takes them where it finds them—as every day and hour does the same. If through the mortal years you hadn't been working away from mortality—"

"I should still be seeing in the 'Light of the World' no more than the engraver could show me. I shouldn't have reached what you call the immortal conception. I think I follow you." He harked back to the consideration he thought not to have been fully met. "And yet I don't understand why, if I can see the 'Light of the World,' I can't, for example, see you."

"Aren't you still keeping too close to Dust conceptions? Aren't you forgetting that in the Dust condition you were blind?"



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You never got beyond your own eyeball. You never really saw a person or an object of any kind. Before you could think so, you had to learn a whole series of Dust conventions. You had to be taught shapes and colors and distances and comparative sizes, and come to an agreement with other Men of Dust that a bed was a bed and a chair was a chair, when in reality you didn't know what they were."

"I knew a chair was a chair by sitting in it, and that a bed was a bed by lying down."

"Did you? What are you lying in now?"

"Am I not lying in my—"

But the sentence died on his lips. When he sought for his bed, with its pillows and its sheets, he found something else.

"Well?"

The word was accompanied by a renewal of the quiver of amusement in the radiance.

Berkeley Noone answered very slowly:

"My bed—seems to be—a wonderful—comforting—sustaining—knowledge that—that I am—supported."

"And isn't that what I told you at first—that it's positively a fact that underneath are the everlasting arms? The Man of Dust takes these eternal truths and makes them temporary, material, destructible. For

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inexhaustible sustenance, protection, and supply he uses as his symbols trivial things, like tables and beds and walls and floors, and food to eat and money to spend. In the very act of yearning for the actual he contents himself with a falsification, just as a child who grasps at the moon can be satisfied with a tinsel toy. Sight, which is an attribute of Infinite Intelligence, he locates in a blind material physique; and, even while admitting his mistake, he goes on making it."

Berkeley Noone endeavored to show the mortal impulse as less culpable than it was represented.

"And yet we Men of Dust, as you call us, admit that we see with the intelligence. We don't merely speak of seeing with the eye. One of our commonest expressions is, I see!—as applied to comprehension."

"Which goes to prove what I've been telling you. The Man of Dust is rarely without some gleam of true understanding. It has to be remembered that the mist which, as mortals saw for themselves in the book of Genesis, went up from the earth is less dense in some places than it is in others; that the deep sleep which fell on Adam is a restless sleep. At times the Man of Dust is haunted by nightmare;

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he exists in a delirium of terror and pain. At times he is so nearly awake as to catch a glimpse of the blissful and peaceful reality. In his music, for instance, and all his arts; in goodness and all high thoughts; in love and compassion, and learning and knowledge, and every honest pursuit, he sees some ray of that reality which you're beginning to perceive as you never did before; and he strains toward it."

"So that when a man says I see!—in the sense that he understands—he puts himself on a higher plane than when he merely tells himself he sees with the physical senses."

"You must be getting that conviction for yourself. It must be growing plainer to you that mortal intelligence is less deceptive than the mortal senses. The mortal eye, like everything else that is made of Dust, is poorly adapted to its purposes. Assuming that it ever sees more than an inverted reflection, its range is still limited; and within that range it is subject to a thousand errors and infirmities. The mortal intelligence, being nearer akin to actual Intelligence, is less liable to error, even though it errs. Man only sees when he sees altogether through the mind; and it is in mind only that I shall see you and you will see me."

## CHAPTER V

**B**ERKELEY NOONE withdrew from communication with his invisible companion in order to assimilate some of these ideas. In his effort to cling to his faculties, as he called it, he put it plainly to himself that he was in a state betwixt reality and dream-land. The very clarity of his mind was like that produced by some mighty stimulant. It was one of the phases of dying he had heard about; but it was at least a pleasant phase, putting the evil moment a little further off. Meantime he watched his wife and children with renewed perplexity.

It puzzled him that, while he was lying at the very point of death, they should apparently be going and coming on errands not directly connected with himself.

A few minutes ago his wife was holding his right hand and Phil his left.

Each of the others was watching him, as he was watching them, with eyes of piteous farewell. He might have supposed that, for the rest of the time he stayed

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with them, they would have no other pre-occupation.

But now they seemed bent on obeying some lord who was not death. Moreover, in the "Light of the World," they continued to undergo a transfiguration he could neither describe nor define. They were themselves but themselves glorified. Emily was again the dryad of their youthful days; but a dryad with ways of light and tenderness he had never known her to possess. Each of the children was bathed in the same beautifying radiance. He knew them—and yet he didn't know them. All he could affirm of them exactly was that his doubts and worryings and disappointments on account of them were past. He felt what Angel had just been telling him, that he was waking from some troubled dream on their behalf. The boys were not sordid; Beatrice was not wilful; Constantia was not a renegade to her God. That he should ever have thought so began to seem to him incomprehensible.

Angel spoke, as if there had been no interruption:

"It's because mortals never see each other, except as wearing grotesque masks, behind which the true and normal features are hidden. The Dream Man may catch the

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shadow of God's Man; but he never beholds him as he is. He invents another Dream Man. The Dream Man is to God's Man no more than the reflection in the hollow of a silver spoon to the face it is supposed to give back."

Once more Berkeley Noone was quick to seize a point that made for mortal reality:

"But there is a face there."

"Oh, yes; there is a face there. The Man of Dust never creates anything. He only takes what God has created and distorts it. His senses have about the same degree of accuracy as wind-swept water, which shows the objects standing above it not only upside down but quivering, broken—a succession of shadows that appear and disappear and reappear, and have no stability."

"But your Man of Dust has intelligence; he has power. Look at his development through the ages; look at his discoveries, his inventions, his mastery of the elements."

"You mean that he has his approaches to actuality. True! There are spots where he so penetrates the mist that it grows very thin. His great advances are in the direction of truth. His use of steam, of electricity, of the Hertzian waves, brings him nearer to things as they are; and so nearer to God.

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It's one of his limitations that he can only think of coming nearer to God ethically. He sees God in His relation to moral right and wrong, and he hardly ever sees Him in any other way. He practically never takes the telephone, for instance, or the motor-car, as his demonstration of God's power. He looks upon them as his own discoveries or inventions, having nothing to do with God; and so directs his advantages not to good ends but to evil."

While Berkeley Noone was considering a response to this, Angel's voice, after a brief pause, went on:

"How are the Children of Dust making use of the knowledge they've gained during the last fifty years of their counting? Is it to help one another? Is it to benefit themselves? Is it to make the world happier, or more peaceful, or more prosperous? Haven't they taken all their new resources, all their increased facilities, all their approximations to Truth, all their approaches to God—the things which belonged to their peace, as Jesus of Nazareth called them—and made them instruments of mutual destruction? Aren't they straining their ingenuity to devise undreamed-of methods for doing one another harm?"

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"You think me harsh toward them; but can you consider for a moment their colossal stupidity and not be harsh? Isn't it fair to say of the carnal mind that its promptest use of a blessing is to turn it into a curse? Is there any good thing that it has not, at one time or another, so perverted that it becomes difficult to see what useful end it was meant to serve? Isn't it a fact that the most beautiful things in mortal existence—the love of husband and wife, for instance, or the affection of parent and child—are so wrested by the carnal mind from the purposes for which they were ordained that they become the causes of misery?"

Berkeley Noone having reluctantly admitted this, the quiet voice pursued its line of reasoning:

"The best that can be said of the carnal point of view is that it doesn't last. The Man of Dust is fully aware that he has only a brief day. From the beginning he foresees his end. Dust he is, and to Dust he must return. He can pervert the facts for no more than threescore years and ten, or fourscore years—or a hundred years at most. Knowing that, he keeps his worst error in reserve."

"And his worst error is—"

"The invention of death."



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"Ah, but is death an invention? Isn't it the most real of all realities? Here am I, a dying man—"

"Everything is real to which we lend reality. It has just the reality we lend to it. The Man of Dust persuades himself that his return to his natural nothingness is the most fearful form of destruction. He frightens his children into the belief that, with the passing of delusion, something vital in them ends. He calls into existence a hundred bogies—a future life, another world, a hades, a purgatory, a hell. Even of a heaven he turns the lofty spiritual imagery of John, in the Revelation, into a tedious, useless materiality. He stops at nothing that will add terror to man's blessed waking from his night of phantasms. You yourself were probably not free from some alarms, any more than I."

The thought that had been forming in Berkeley Noone's mind now burst from him with extreme intensity of awe:

"But am I—am I—dead?"

Again there was that dancing of the radiance which might have represented laughter.

"How can you be dead when there is no death? Do you think yourself dead?"

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He sought another way of putting it:

"Then—then—has the great change taken place?"

"There's been no great change to take place—for you. All your life you've been doing your best to throw off mortality; and now you're succeeding. That's all! As for a great change—well, that's for those who still remain in the mortal state. They are saying you're dead; but you best know whether you are or not."

In the enlarged consciousness, amazement struggled with relief. It was the latter that triumphed as he asked, incredulously:

"But is it—is it—over?"

"Haven't you been looking for a shock, when life, as we know it, has nothing but sweet and gentle transitions?"

Berkeley Noone was still unable to convince himself.

"But how can I be"—unable to find any other, he used the word again—"how can I be dead when I'm still in my room, with my family?"

"You mean that you haven't fully abandoned your mortal point of view. That will come by degrees. Even as it is, you see some things differently, don't you?"

This could not be denied. As Berkeley

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Noone looked about him—if looking was the word—he began to note a transmutation of all the things with which he had been familiar. It was true of them, as of the members of his family, that they were the same, yet not the same. If he could have found words to describe his new perceptions he would have said that he was getting to the inner essence of objects of which he had hitherto known but the surfaces. Mortal symbols had, on the whole, been well enough, so far as they went; they had only been inadequate. They had been inadequate and, as he found himself able to observe, unsatisfying. They had been unsatisfying because they brought tremendous truths down to the temporary or the trivial.

He found himself moving about the well-known chamber. Everything was around him that he had known of old; objects he had once possessed but had lost or otherwise parted with seemed also to be his again; and yet each thing was there with a significance he had never supposed to be inherent in workaday bits of furniture. He had already seen his bed melt into a knowledge of support; his arm-chair was now an assurance of rest, with its complement of strength.

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Where there had been his bedroom desk, with papers and pens, and the paraphernalia of a busy life, there was the promise of activity. The floor became a sense of the solidity of his new condition; and the wall a guaranty of privacy, of independence, of a place for him as an individual in an infinite world of work.

Whatever had been matter he saw as thought; but thought which, nevertheless, projected a new type of objectivity. The rugs were thoughts; the pictures were thoughts; each tiny trifle, useful or useless, as the case might be, represented some eternal, indestructible idea. A few rows of books, some of which he had not taken from their shelves for years, were a thronging variety of thoughts, glowing, glorious, crowding one another, and yet making room for one another, like jewels in a treasury or flowers in a field.

It was his bedroom. He had no doubt of that. It was the intimate environment his needs and tastes had created, and which expressed him. But it was to be his forever. It was not a spot he had been allowed to love and permitted to rest in, and from which he was to be torn away. There had been no such futility to life; no such lack of

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purpose in its development. What he had gathered he was to keep; what he had cared for he was to continue to enjoy. The dear familiar things that the Man of Dust had told him could be his but for a little while were to abide with him—not only as the medium through which his spirit had worked outward, but as an earnest of security.

He could hardly tell by what means he apprehended this, or whether the physical senses were still at his command or not. He could not have said whether sight and hearing had become amplified, or whether they had yielded to some higher method of perception. He was like a new-born child, so abundantly endowed with gifts that as yet he is incapable of appraising any one of them. He could only perceive—and enjoy. He could only enjoy—and delight in the knowledge that he was beyond the range of vicissitude.

Love and its blessings were not to be snatched away from him. The past, with its ties and its kindly, simple associations, had not been lived through in vain. He was not to be wrenched from them abruptly, or sent to strange spiritual countries, where even the highest pleasures would be alien. He was merely living on; living on with heightened powers, doubtless, and with a

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more exact valuation of men and things—but living on.

It ceased to be a question in his mind as to whether he was still within his room or not, because space, as he had known it, no longer had significance. Words like "where" and "when" began to give up their meaning. That which was vital to the past being his forever, conditions of time and place did not arise. All the taxed and tired recesses of his being, so worn with the struggle against chance and change and mortal fear, could rest.

"After all," Angel answered to these reflections, "rest is humanity's primary craving. It asserts itself above all demands for joy or power. Just as the infant's capacity for sleep is beyond any other of its functions, so to those emerging from mortality the mere knowledge of safety is a reason for taking that perfect, delicious repose which the Man of Dust never permits to himself or to his children. It isn't sleep, for the reason that the true mind never has to relax. But not to have to be afraid any more! . . . Never again to have to worry or be anxious, or to fret oneself! . . . He who comes where at last he sees this finds nothing so blissful as just to rest and rejoice."

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So Berkeley Noone rejoiced and rested. It was occupation enough, it was happiness enough, to be getting the true meaning of his past. The knowledge that life was not the fleeting thing it had always been described to him, that it had everlasting values, was in itself a satisfaction of which his spirit took long draughts. All that was good and useful and honest and well-intentioned remained as a perpetual inheritance. He returned to the fact again and again. There was only one life, as Angel had told him; there was only one world. No sudden transplanting made a shadow of the one, and no violent breaking-off a monstrosity of the other. He lived and saw; he lived and knew; he saw and knew and lived. He lived with the old things he had always lived with, discovering only their full uses; he lived with the old ties, learning only their stability and permanence; he lived with the old duties, perceiving only that as he would fulfil them thenceforth in higher ways they would lead to higher issues.

And as he thought of higher issues another question arose in his mind. It was a startling question:

“If I'm dead, why don't I—see God?”

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Angel's voice replied, as though the words had been actually spoken:

"Aren't you seeing Him?"

"Why, no!"

"Why not? What did you expect to see?"

Before this simple inquiry Berkeley Noone was dumb. When he tried to formulate his hope it was brokenly.

"I've always understood that—that I should be taken before the Great White Throne; and that, high and lifted up—"

"You'd see a supernal Man, or three supernal Men, taking great delight in an adoring chorus from a white-robed throng?" A pause preceded the next words, like a pause of reflection. "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life," the unseen companion quoted. "There have been few for whom John didn't write the book of his Revelation quite in vain. It has been the conviction of the Man of Dust that if he didn't see a reflection turned upside down on the retina of Dust he didn't see at all. He has persuaded himself that he lives in a world where God is invisible, when, as a matter of fact, even he, with his Dust limitations, is always seeing Him."

"Oh, but I haven't been always seeing



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Him," Berkeley Noone began to plead. "If I had—"

"You've been seeing Him and you didn't know it. Go back to what we said as to sight being not the action of a temporary optic nerve, but essentially the power to understand. We see God by what we understand of Him; we understand Him by His attributes; and we measure His attributes by their beauty and goodness and practicality. Wherever there has been a blessing for you to enjoy, you've seen God. Whenever love has cheered you or kindness helped you, you've seen God. In sunrise and sunset and moonlight and starlight, and trees and fields and harvest and flowers and ice and snow and air, and health and beauty, and generosity and friendship, and all that gives pleasure to existence, you've seen God. He hasn't been invisible. There is not one world in which God is seen and another world in which He is not. There is not a life with God and another life away from Him. There is only one world, and God fills it; there is only one life, to which God is All-in-All."

"And yet we speak of the Unseen—"

"The Man of Dust speaks of it; and, to make him understand, it may sometimes be

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necessary to employ his terms. He has other such expressions, too, in his vocabulary. He has a beyond the veil, and a beyond the clouds, and a beyond the tomb, and a dozen other misleading tokens. But there is no Beyond. There is only a universal Here! There is only an ever-present Now! 'No man hath ascended up to heaven,'” Angel quoted again, “‘but He that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven.’ To the true Son of man, who is also the true Son of God, heaven is not another world or an afterworld; it's the only world. It's a state of consciousness He never leaves and of which He never loses the assurances. He has the highest authority for knowing that in it His angels do always behold the face of His Father.’”

“His angels—yes; but that doesn't necessarily mean Himself.”

“Doesn't it? What are angels? Aren't they messengers? Aren't they messages? And haven't you always been sending your messages and messengers straight to Him? In yearnings and prayers and aspirations and hopes, and a thousand other impulses of your being, what have you been doing but sending troops of your angels to see His face? Abandon the inverted reflection on

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the mortal retina as a necessity for sight—and you see Him at once.”

“So you would say that in my present more accurate knowledge of things as they are—”

“You are seeing God as you’ve always seen Him, even though not so radiantly as now. What more remains is not for me to say, since I am doing only that much myself. All I can affirm is what Jesus of Nazareth affirmed, that to know God is eternal life, and that they who possess even the rudiments of that knowledge shall never and can never die. What the end of that knowledge shall be surpasses our capacity to guess at, as God Himself surpasses it. For the present we are the inheritors of love, joy, and peace; and in proportion as we have them—whatever the stage of our progress out of material beliefs—we see at least the fringe of the robe of Him whose qualities they are.”

Thus, to Berkeley Noone the Vision of God began to unfold itself. He was seeing where he had supposed himself blind; he was blind in ways in which he thought he had seen. Hymns of praise broke from him spontaneously—not in set phrases, nor with what he had hitherto called melody, nor

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with singing of the voice; but in an irrepressible gratitude. That nothing of the past was wasted was the theme of his ever-recurring song. To see evil pass into nothingness in the degree to which Dust theories were shaken off was like emerging into sunlit air after existence underground. Once he beheld the unity of life, the unity of purpose, the unity of good, his being became incense, viol, and harp, and he was ready to cast his crown before the Throne, saying:

“ ‘Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power: for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created.’ ”

And within the vision of God he saw his wife and children—always busied in ways he didn't understand; always occupied on errands that had nothing to do with him. It was not continuously that he saw them, and it was not near, and it was not all together. They came to him singly, or in groups, or in glimpses. Such communication as he could hold with them was chiefly in a sense of well-being and of mutual love.

“You'll come closer to them by degrees,” he was informed by his guide. “It's a matter of perception. All things will be possible

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in the measure in which you free yourself from mortal restrictions."

"But what are they doing?"

"They're about their Father's business, as you and I are."

The answer both rejoiced and troubled him.

"I'm afraid they were not — or they weren't wholly—"

"When you as a Dream Man saw them as other Dream Men? No! But the Dream Man always misinterprets. The Children of Dust see each other as lying and cheating and hating and killing, and given over to every kind of wickedness and frightfulness. That is the inversion of what they are actually doing as the Children of Light. What puzzles you is that, in throwing off the dream, you are seeing those who are dear to you not as you supposed them to be, but as they are. Each one of them is doing his Father's business, positively and always, no matter what grotesque or hideous perversion the dream consciousness may try to fix in him. In the Reality there is no thwarting of the Almighty, even though mortals pride themselves on being able to do it." He added, gently and yet joyously, "Great is the mystery of being!"

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“ ‘And great is the mystery of godliness,’ ”  
the other quoted, in his turn.

“And wonderful is it to emerge from  
darkness and half lights into the daylight  
of the Sun of Righteousness.”

“But blessed,” Berkeley Noone went on,  
fervently, “are they who, in half lights and  
darkness, are able to see that they shall  
emerge quietly, simply, naturally—and not  
be violently thrust into glories or terrors  
they cannot understand.

“More blessed are they who learn to live  
in God as in the One Vast Certainty—  
which created every one, and supplies every  
one, and upholds every one, and defends  
every one, and loves every one; and does it  
all with unlimited intelligence and might—  
‘to whom be glory and dominion for ever  
and ever.’ ”

“Amen! and Amen!”

THE END

