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MAKING OF A "MORMON"

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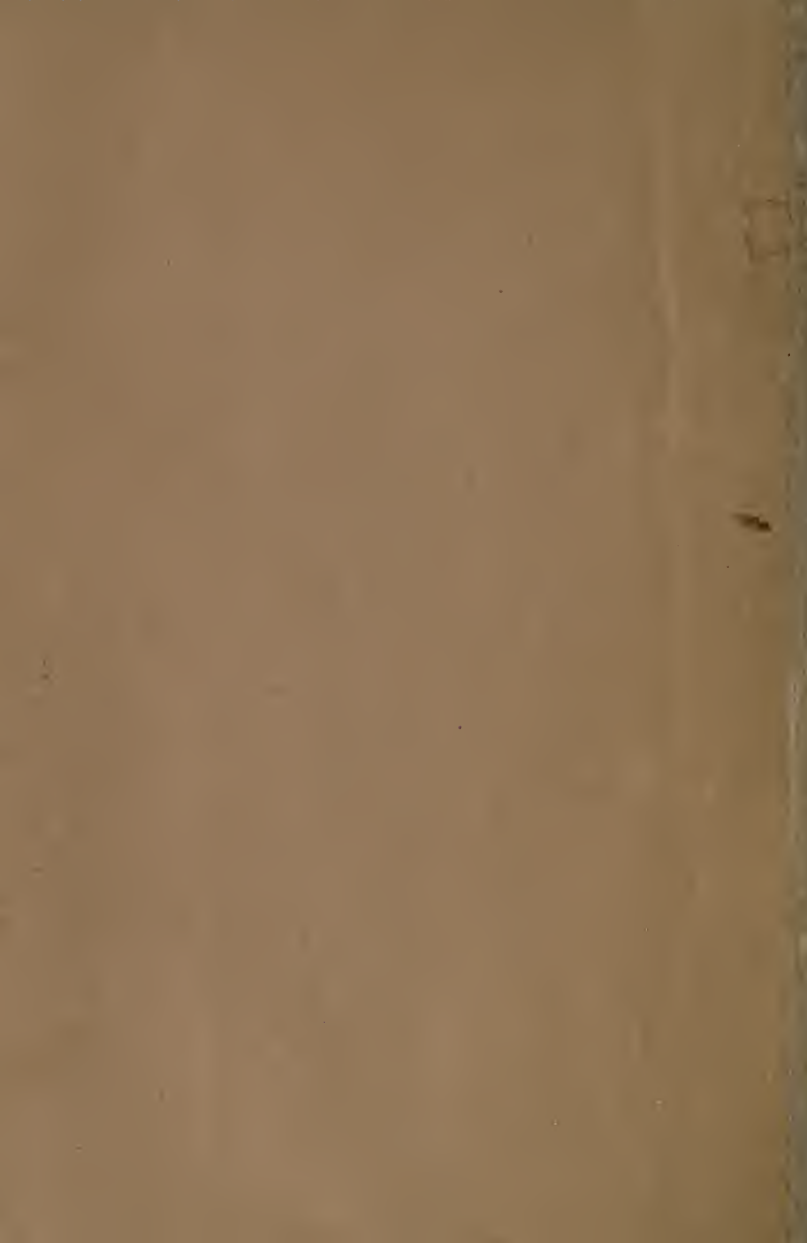
THE MAKING OF A "MORMON"



By
WILLIAM A. MORTON

Second Edition

THE DESERET NEWS
Salt Lake City, Utah
1919



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The Making of a "Mormon." 1919

CHAPTER I.

A MEETING IN THE MARKET PLACE.

It was a Saturday afternoon in August. Two young missionaries, Elders Smith and Harding, sat in the study-room of their lodge reading the letters they had penned to their parents and sweethearts, whom they had left in the fair vales of Utah a little over a year before. Opening his journal, Elder Smith took from between the leaves a tiny flower, a sweet Forget-me-not, which he had found by the wayside, and placed it in one of the letters. Then he walked over to the window and stood for a short time watching the crowds of humanity passing to and fro.

The little cuckoo clock announcing the hour of five turned his thoughts back into the room. He went to the table, and taking from the drawer a small bundle of tracts began stamping them with the name of the hall in which the Saints held their meetings and the time of devotional service. He little dreamed at that time of the wonderful mission which one of those simple leaflets would perform.

"Have you thought of a place at which to hold our meeting this evening?" asked his companion.

"No," he replied; "we will seek the guidance of the Lord in that matter." And then he began to sing in a soft, sweet, clear voice:

"I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord;
Over mountain, or plain, or sea;
I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord;
I'll be what you want me to be."

A few minutes later Mrs. Thompson, the kind, motherly landlady, entered the room, carrying a tray on which was spread the missionaries' evening meal. With

thankful hearts the elders partook of the humble fare, and when the table was cleared they knelt down and invoked the blessing of the Lord upon the labors they were going to perform that evening. Then, donning their silk hats and frock coats, they went forth to proclaim the glorious principles of the everlasting Gospel.

On reaching the street, Elder Smith turned to his companion and said, "I feel a little nervous this evening. I have a premonition that we are going to encounter opposition."

"As if that were a strange thing. But why should we fear? Greater is He that is for us than he that is against us. Have you decided where to hold the meeting?" asked Elder Harding.

"I feel impressed to go to the market place," was the reply, and in that direction the young men turned their steps.

It was a beautiful evening. The streets were filled with people, dressed in their best attire. There were young men and maidens strolling leisurely along, arm in arm, all apparently light-hearted and happy. It was at this moment that the thoughts of Elder Smith flew back to home and the dear ones there. He thought of the pleasant Saturday afternoons he had spent with his companions on the baseball and football fields, and of the still more pleasant evenings he had spent in the company of one of the fair daughters of Zion, the one to whom he had sent the little flower, a dark-brown eyed, rosy-cheeked maiden, Miss Lenabel Graham.

On reaching the market place the elders opened their hymn books and began to sing:

"In ancient times a man of God
Came preaching in the wilderness;
He did baptize in Jordan's flood,
Requiring fruits of righteousness.

"He said, Repent, the time's fulfilled,
The Son of God will soon appear;
Make straight His paths as He hath willed,
For lo! His kingdom now is near.

"With water I baptize you now
For the remission of your sin;
But He, the Spirit shall bestow,
To witness to your souls within.

"Thus was Messiah's way prepared,
When first He came unto His own;
And by this means, when He appeared,
To His disciples He was known.

"E'en so, in this, the latter day,
Before He comes on earth to reign,
His servants must prepare His way,
And all His paths make straight again.

"Come, then, ye erring ones who stray,
Arise, return unto your fold:
Come, be baptized without delay,
And thus pursue the path of old."

The hymn was new to the people, and many stopped to listen. Prayer was offered by Elder Smith, and after another hymn had been sung, Elder Harding stepped forward and began to address the audience. He discoursed on the first principles and ordinances of the Gospel—faith in God, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, repentance, baptism by immersion for the remission of sins, and the laying on of hands for the imparting of the Holy Ghost. He quoted much Scripture in support of the doctrine, and was pleased to see a number of people in the crowd nod their heads in approval of what he said.

He was followed by Elder Smith, who bore testimony to the truth of the doctrine advocated by his companion. Elder Smith then spoke on Divine authority, proving by the Scriptures that it is necessary for a man to possess authority from God, to preach the Gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof. He cited instances in holy writ showing how certain men had incurred the displeasure of the Almighty by usurping authority and presuming to officiate in sacred ordinances without having first received the appointment of Heaven.

He next told of the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, the restoration of the Priesthood, and the re-establishing of the true Church of Christ on the earth in this dis-

pensation, through the instrumentality of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

As soon as he had ceased speaking, a man, pale and agitated, stepped forward, and was about to address the people when Elder Smith respectfully requested him to refrain from speaking until the service had been brought to a close in the proper manner—by the singing of a hymn and the pronouncing of the benediction.

The man, who was a local preacher, stepped back to his place. The word "Amen" had barely escaped the lips of Elder Harding when the voice of the local preacher was heard denouncing the testimony of Elder Smith with respect to the latter-day Prophet.

Just then a large, well-built man, pushed his way through the crowd, and going up to Elder Smith, put his hand on his shoulder and said, "Don't be afraid, young fellow, I'll see that you get fair play."

The crowd gathered closer about the missionaries and their opponent. Pointing to Elder Smith, the preacher said, "This fellow has stood here this evening and told a number of as diabolical falsehoods as ever came out of the mouth of mortal man. One of them is that God the Father and Jesus Christ His Son appeared to Joseph Smith."

At this point a humorist interrupted the speaker by saying, "Well, couldn't they appear to Joseph Smith if they wanted to?"

This brought forth a hearty laugh from the crowd, much to the discomfiture of the anti-Mormon. The latter proceeded: "The next falsehood he uttered was when he told us about the Book of Mormon, which he says is a record of the ancient inhabitants of America, and which he informed us was brought to light by the ministrations of an angel and translated by the gift and power of God. But where are the plates from which this record was translated? Can they be seen today? No, they can not. Smith's story is that after he had finished the work of translating, the angel took charge of the plates, and they have not been seen since."

"Well," said the humorist, "that's not a strange thing."

Christ went to heaven over eighteen hundred years ago, and He hasn't been seen since."

The crowd laughed louder than before.

The preacher continued: "One of the best things for 'Mormonism,' but one of the worst for Christianity, was the martyrdom of Joseph Smith. Smith was murdered in Carthage jail."

"And Jesus Christ was crucified on Calvary," retorted the wit.

The missionaries' opponent then turned his attention to water baptism. "This disciple of Brigham Young," he said, pointing to Elder Harding, "has told us that if we are not baptized in water for the remission of our sins, and that, too, by a 'Mormon' holding priestly authority, we cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That is another falsehood, for I know hundreds of good men who died without having received this baptism, and they are in the kingdom of God today."

He stopped speaking. Elder Smith turned to him and asked, "Do you desire to say anything more?"

"Not at present," was the answer.

The young missionary then began to speak in defense of himself and his companion. He told of his leaving home, of the trial it was to him to separate himself from his loved ones; of the splendid situation he had sacrificed; of his year's labors as a missionary, for which he had not received so much as a farthing. "Do you think, my friends," he asked, "that I would make all these sacrifices just for the privilege of coming here to tell you falsehoods? No, the thought is too absurd for you to entertain. You may not believe the things I have told you, but you must at least give me credit for being sincere in my belief of them. My opponent," he continued, "has been endeavoring to make you believe that my companion taught you false doctrine when he said that a man had to be baptized in water before he could enter into the kingdom of God. My friends, that is not our doctrine. It is the teaching of Jesus Christ, and He is responsible for it. Permit me to read to you His words, spoken to Nicodemus."

Elder Smith opened his Bible, and turning to the third chapter of John's Gospel read as follows: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." "This is the doctrine of Christ; but my opponent says that a man has no need of water baptism. Which of the two do you believe?"

"Well done, young fellow," cried a voice from the crowd. "You caught him that time. Why, the preacher doesn't believe his Bible."

Continuing, the missionary said, "My friend here has told you that there has been no revelation from heaven since the days of the Apostles; that the Bible contains the last revelation of God to man. Yet in the same breath he told you of hundreds of good men he knew who have died and who are in the kingdom of God today without having been baptized. I am sure you would all like to know how the gentleman got his information, if there has been no latter-day revelation. Would you be kind enough to tell us, sir?"

For an answer the man turned and made his way quickly out of the crowd.

The missionaries began to distribute Gospel tracts among the people. One of the leaflets fell into the hands of a young man named Norman Drew, the son of a well-to-do farmer, residing about two miles from the city, and the mission it performed will be told in succeeding chapters.

CHAPTER II.

A GOSPEL TRACT ON ITS MISSION.

The Drew family consisted of four members—Mr. and Mrs. Drew, their daughter Jessie, and their son Norman. Jessie had just celebrated her twenty-third birthday, and Norman was fast approaching his twenty-first. They were thrifty, industrious people, and held in high esteem in the community. They were staunch Presbyterians, especially

the father, who held the office of deacon and was a strong supporter to the church.

Mr. and Mrs. Drew and their daughter were sitting in the cosy parlor of their home. Mr. Drew was scanning the pages of the weekly newspaper, his good wife sat dozing in a large rocker, while Jessie was finishing work on her Sunday School lesson.

The door opened and Norman entered. Drawing a chair up to the table, he sat down, and taking the "Mormon" tract from his pocket, began to tell of what he had heard at the meeting in the market place. When he had finished, his father shook his head, saying, "Those wicked people! I have heard of so much evil they have done that it is surprising they have not been expelled from the country."

"Well, father," said Norman, "if all who do wickedly were expelled from the country there would be few men left."

To this remark Mr. Drew made no answer, but rising, he bade his son and daughter good night, and left the room.

Mrs. Drew sat a few minutes longer. "I remember when I was a girl," she said, "one of our neighbor's daughters, about the same age as myself, joined the 'Mormon' Church and the following year went to Utah. She wrote to us occasionally, but never expressed the least regret over what she had done. About two years later she sent for her mother and sister, which seemed to give confirmation to the good reports she sent us concerning Utah and the 'Mormons.' "

"I don't know anything about the 'Mormons,'" said Norman, "but even if they are as bad as they are reported to be, they are no worse than some we know."

Mrs. Drew arose and kissed her son and daughter good night.

Norman picked up the newspaper his father had laid down, and Jessie, closing her books, began to read the "Mormon" tract her brother had, at her request, handed to her.

For fully an hour after her brother had left the room Jessie sat meditating upon the doctrine set forth in the

leaflet, and as she arose to go to her bedroom the words of the Apostle Paul flashed across her mind, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

Several times the next week, Jessie took up the "Mormon" tract her brother had brought home and carefully perused its pages. A certain part of it had deeply impressed her. It was the doctrine of the pre-existence of spirits. This was a new thought to her; she had never heard anyone speak on the subject. Sitting down one afternoon beside her mother, she read from the leaflet, as follows:

"In the heavens are parents single?
No, the thought makes reason stare;
Truth is reason, truth eternal,
Tells me I've a mother there."

"What is the meaning of that, mother?" she asked.

Mrs. Drew shook her head. "I am sorry, my daughter," she said, "that I cannot enlighten you. I have no key with which to unlock such a mystery." Then pausing a moment in her sewing, she looked into the sweet, pure, face of her daughter, and said, "Jessie, there are many things which we do not understand now, but 'God is His own interpreter,' and sometime, perhaps, He will make them plain to us."

"Well, mother," said Jessie, "I wish He would make this mystery plain to me. However, I have made up my mind to go to the 'Mormon' meeting next Sunday, and if I get an opportunity I will ask the preacher to explain it."

"But your father may object to you going, dear," said the mother. "Why don't you ask our minister to explain it?"

"To tell you the truth, mother, I don't like Mr. Livingstone. I do not believe he is in the ministry because of his love for the work, but for the easy life and the good salary. Why did he leave Blackmore? He said he had received a call from the Lord. I don't believe it. He left because we offered him a larger salary. Had the Lord called him to go to a smaller parish, with a smaller salary, I don't believe he would have heard Him. I shall never forget the first sermon he preached in our church. It led me to believe that he is a hireling. He told us, you remember,

about the two committeemen of our church who visited his church one Sunday morning. He did not know who they were, nor the purpose for which they had come. Had he known, he would have prepared a better sermon. When I heard that I said to myself, 'Yes, and if some other church were to offer you a larger salary, you would quickly leave us, too.' I believe he is one of those referred to by the prophet when he said, 'Their preachers preach for hire and divine for money.' "

"Jessie dear," said her mother, "I am surprised at hearing you talk like that. Your father thinks a great deal of Mr. Livingston. I heard him say only last week that he is one of the best ministers we have ever had."

"Well, mother," said Jessie, "to me his words are as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

Glancing up at the clock, Jessie saw that it was time for her to repair to the kitchen, to prepare the evening meal, so folding the tract and putting it in the pocket of her apron, she went to her work, still wondering what the author meant by parents in heaven.

About eight o'clock that evening a tall, handsome young man called at the Drew home. He was Ernest McDonald, the son of a prosperous merchant residing in D———. He had been paying his attentions to Miss Drew for two years and had hinted to Jessie a short time before that ere another year had passed he hoped she would bear his name.

Ernest McDonald was Jessie's first and only sweetheart. She had met him at a church sociable, and ever since that time he had been paying tri-weekly visits to Woodbine Villa, as the Drew home was called. He was a young man of good character, strictly temperate, and a non-smoker. On reaching his majority his father had assigned him an interest in his business, and young McDonald was making good.

As Jessie and her lover sat in the parlor that evening their conversation drifted into a rather serious vein. They had been talking on religious subjects for a short time when Jessie asked Mr. McDonald if he had ever heard of the "Mormons."

"All that I ever want to hear of them," was the rather curt reply. "They are an American sect, founded by an impostor named Smith."

"But how do you know Smith was an impostor, Ernest?" Jessie asked.

"How do I know? Why, I have read volumes written against him."

"*Against him,*" repeated Jessie. "And what have you read *for him?*"

"Nothing, absolutely nothing; it would be a waste of time."

"That seems rather unfair, Ernest," said Jessie. "If charges were preferred against you in a court of justice, what would you think of the judge if, when your lawyer arose to defend you, his worship should say, 'I don't want to hear any evidence whatever in behalf of the defendant; it would be a waste of time?'"

Young McDonald evaded the question by asking Jessie if she would like to read a history of the "Mormons" written by one of their number.

She said she would.

"Meet me at the library, Monday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, and I will get it for you. Tom Sexton and I are going to London Sunday," he added, "to hear two celebrated preachers from America."

"And I, too, am going to hear some preachers from America," said Jessie.

"You are?"

"Yes."

"Who are they?"

"'Mormon' missionaries."

"Good heavens, girl! have you lost your reason?"

"No, Ernest, it is you who has lost your reason," she said, jokingly; "for did you not tell me a few moments ago that you would not read anything written in defense of the 'Mormons?'"

"You are not going alone?"

"Oh, dear no, Norman is going with me."

"But why are you going to the 'Mormon' meeting?"

"For three things—a change; to see and hear for myself; and to try to get a mystery solved."

"Don't you think Mr. Livingstone could solve your mystery? It isn't customary for people to gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles."

"And especially Scotch thistles," said Jessie teasingly, for the McDonalds were Scotch.

CHAPTER III.

THE "MYSTERY" SOLVED.

Sunday noon, as the Drew family sat at lunch, Jessie asked her father if he had any objection to her going to the "Mormon" meeting that evening, in company with her brother.

"What do you say, mother?" asked Mr. Drew of his wife.

"I can see no harm in their going to the meeting," said Mrs. Drew. "I understand it is a public service. We have heard a great many evil reports about the 'Mormons,' but we have never been to their meetings to see and hear for ourselves."

So, with the consent of their parents, Jessie and her brother attended the "Mormon" meeting.

The place of worship was a room over a grocery store. It was dimly lighted, and the seating accommodations were equally poor. The congregation numbered thirty, nearly all of whom had renounced the faith of their fathers and had accepted in its stead the faith of the Latter-day Saints.

Jessie and her brother sat down on a bench in the rear of the hall. She contrasted the meeting place with the splendid church in which she had been christened and in which she had worshiped all her life. She compared the little, poor congregation with the large body of well-to-do people who met in Mr. Livingstone's church twice each Sunday and once during the week. And as these thoughts passed through her mind she was reminded that the groves were

God's first temples; that the hill-sides and the corn fields were Christ's synagogues, the rocks and a boat his pulpits. And the words of the Apostle Paul were also brought to her remembrance: "For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called. But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things 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: that no flesh should glory in His presence." (1 Cor. 1:26-29).

Notwithstanding the humbleness of the meeting-place, a sweet, peaceful, heavenly influence pervaded the room and rested upon the congregation. Jessie felt it and in her heart she said, as did Jacob in the desert, "Surely God is in this place."

Elder Harding took charge of the service. He announced the opening hymn, "O say what is truth." An old man was called out of the congregation to offer prayer. Another hymn was sung, the announcing of which caused Jessie's heart to beat fast. It was the inspired composition of Eliza R. Snow:

O my Father, Thou that dwellest
 In the high and glorious place!
 When shall I regain Thy presence,
 And again behold Thy face?
 In Thy holy habitation
 Did my spirit once reside?
 In my first, primeval childhood,
 Was I nurtured near Thy side?

For a wise and glorious purpose
 Thou hast placed me here on earth,
 And withheld the recollection
 Of my former friends and birth;
 Yet oft-times a secret something
 Whispered, You're a stranger here;
 And I felt that I had wandered
 From a more exalted sphere.

I had learned to call Thee Father,
 Through Thy Spirit from on high;
 But, until the Key of Knowledge
 Was restored, I knew not why.
 In the heavens are parents single?
 No; the thought makes reason stare!
 Truth is reason; truth eternal
 Tells me, I've a mother there.

When I leave this frail existence,
 When I lay this mortal by,
 Father, mother, may I meet you
 In your royal court on high?
 Then, at length, when I've completed
 All you sent me forth to do,
 With your mutual approbation
 Let me come and dwell with you.

It was the third verse of this hymn which had perplexed Miss Drew all the past week, the meaning of which she had come to the meeting that evening to learn.

Elder Smth was requested to address the congregation. He apologized for the humble quarters in which they had to meet, but they could not afford better. The rent of the hall was borne by him and his companion. They had not only to support themselves in the mission field, but had also to pay for the literature they distributed among the people. They did all this without so much as a thought of compensation, save the approval of Him who had called them into His service.

Here was another contrast for Jessie—a contrast between men who preached the Gospel of Christ without money and without price, and the minister of her church, who deserted a little flock in order to get a larger salary.

"And now I feel impressed," said the young missionary, "to speak to you upon a certain doctrine of our Church which is beautifully set forth in the hymn we have just sung. I refer to the pre-existence of spirits."

Miss Drew's eyes were riveted on the speaker and her ears were open to his every word.

"This doctrine," continued Elder Smith, "while new to the people of this generation, is as old as the earth on which we stand. It was clearly understood by our father Abraham. On one occasion the Lord gave the patriarch a glorious vision in which He showed Abraham all the spirits that were to come to this earth. He told the father of the faithful that he was one of them, and that he had been chosen for his earthly mission before he came to tabernacle in the flesh. (Pearl of Great Price. Book of Abraham 3:22, 23.) While this is not recorded in the Bible, it is just as true as if it were in that book, for 'truth is truth where'er 'tis found.' But in turning to the Bible we find the doctrine of the pre-existence of spirits clearly set forth there. In the Book of Job there is a very brief account of a conversation which the Lord had with Job, during which the Creator asked him this question, 'Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare if thou hast understanding: When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?' (Job 38:4, 7.) The intelligences which were shown in vision to Abraham were; no doubt, the spirits, the sons and daughters of God, who sang together and shouted for joy when they saw the foundations of the earth laid. The Bible also tells us of individuals who were chosen and ordained for their mission before coming to earth. Christ was one of these. He lived with His Father in heaven before the world was formed. (John 17:5.) Jeremiah was chosen and ordained a prophet unto the nations before his birth into mortality. (Jer. 1:5.) The disciples of Christ were firm believers in the pre-existence of spirits, as is evidenced by the question which they put to the Master concerning a man who had been blind from his birth. 'Who did sin,' they asked, 'this man or his parents, that he was born blind?' (John 9:2.) What a foolish question to ask if the man had not had an existence in a pre-existent state. And the answer which the Lord gave shows that He, too, believed in the pre-existence of spirits, for He told the disciples that neither the man nor his parents had sinned, but that the man had been born blind that the glory of God might be made manifest in him. The author of the epistle

to the Hebrews believed in the pré-existence of spirits, and, what is more, he declared that God is the Father of the spirits of men. This is what he wrote: 'Furthermore, we have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence; shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits and live?' (Heb. 12:9.) And in these latter days we have received, through revelation from on high, additional light on this matter, and that is that we have a Mother in heaven, as well as a Father, the Mother of our spirits. That is why we sing:

"In the heavens are parents single?
No, the thought makes reason stare;
Truth is reason, truth eternal,
Tells me I've a mother there."

Jessie had followed the speaker with the strictest attention, and had drunk in the truth that fell from his lips as the perishing child of Hagar drank of the water shown by the angel to his despairing mother. And as the service concluded she turned to her brother and said, "The 'mystery' has been solved."

CHAPTER IV.

A QUARREL.

At the close of the meeting, Elder Harding went quickly to the rear of the room and introduced himself to the strangers—Norman and Jessie Drew. The warm handshake he received from the young man and his sister assured him they were not opponents of "Mormonism."

Taking a piece of silver out of her purse, Jessie tendered it to the missionary, saying, "I would like to contribute a little toward the Lord's work. I noticed, however, that you did not take up an offering, as is the custom in other churches."

"No," answered the missionary, "we do not take up collections at our services."

"Pray tell me, then, how your Church is supported."

"According to the plan laid down in the Scriptures—by the tithes and offerings of its members."

"So your Church observes the ancient law of tithing."

"Yes, we observe that law, but not because it was practiced in the days of Abraham and Moses, and the prophets; and by the people in the time of Christ, but because the Lord revealed it anew to the Prophet Joseph Smith. No member of the Church, however, is compelled to pay tithes. Those who observe this law do so of their own free-will. The Lord has promised to bless those who obey this Divine command, and all who have observed it faithfully can testify that the Lord has fulfilled His promise. And here let me add: the widow's mite is just as acceptable as the rich man's thousands."

"Then please accept this mite," said Jessie, forcing the silver piece into the Elder's hand. "It is small pay for the good things I heard this evening."

"Did they sound good to you?"

"They certainly did. I think, Mr. Harding," she added, "that it is possible to tell the truth just by the ring of it, the same as you can tell the difference between a base and a genuine coin."

"I think so, too," replied the missionary. "Christ said His sheep knew His voice, and they followed Him; but a stranger they would not follow, for they knew not the voice of strangers. These words of the Savior were brought very forcibly to my mind one afternoon recently. As I was going down town I saw a dog that had strayed from his owner. He was a beautiful little animal. Several men were trying to get him to follow them, but he refused to do so. At last he heard his master's voice. He recognized it immediately, and bounding out of the crowd he ran in the direction from which the voice came, and was soon jumping up joyfully and licking the hand of his owner."

"Well," said Jessie, "I feel very much like that dog—I feel as if I were lost. The preaching of our minister does not appeal to me at all. I have gone to other churches in

the hope of finding peace and rest for my soul, but they are all the same."

"Do you remember, Miss Drew, who it was that said, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest?' "

"Yes, Christ said that."

"Then, why don't you go to Him? Why don't you pray to Him to guide you to the true Church, so that you may get the rest your soul so earnestly desires? It is just as easy for you to know the true Church today as it was for Peter to know that Jesus was the Christ. Peter learned that great truth by revelation from God; you can learn the truth in the same way."

Just then Elder Smith came up, and was introduced to Miss Drew and her brother.

On leaving the hall Jessie said, "I have heard a great many evil reports concerning the 'Mormons,' and I have wondered if your people are really as black as they are painted."

"Well," said Elder Smith, "you will pass our lodge on your way home, and if you would like to read something concerning the character of the 'Mormons,' written, not by a 'Mormon,' but by a Gentile, one of your own countrymen, Mr. Phil Robinson, I will let you have his book, 'Saints and Sinners.' "

"Thank you," said the young woman. "I shall be pleased to read it."

The clock in the church tower was striking two the next morning when Jessie Drew closed the volume she had received from Elder Smith. Then she knelt by her bedside and offered up one of the most fervent prayers she had ever uttered. "O, Lord," she said, "Thou knowest the thoughts and the intents of the hearts of all men. Thou canst read my heart, and Thou knowest that in my heart I desire to know the truth, for I love the truth. Therefore, O Lord, show me the truth, and guide me in the paths of righteousness, for Thy name's sake."

Four o'clock in the afternoon Jessie Drew and Ernest McDonald met in front of the public library in D.—.

On entering the building, Ernest went over to one of the shelves, and taking down a book, written by a bitter "Mormon" apostate, he handed it to Jessie. "I want you to read that book," he said, "and then tell me what you think of the 'Mormons.' "

"I will do so on one condition," she answered, "and that is that you read this book"—handing him 'Saints and Sinners'—"and then tell me what you think of the 'Mormons.' "

"No," he said, "I won't waste my time on such people."

"Well," said Jessie, rather sharply, "my time is just as precious as yours, and I won't waste it reading the volume you recommend."

Young McDonald's face flushed with anger, and placing the book back on the shelf he turned quickly and left the building. On reaching the street he said to Jessie, "You seem quite taken up with this new religion, if I may call it by that name."

"I am," she answered promptly. "It appeals to me as nothing else has ever done. I heard truths last night I had never heard before, and if all the other principles of 'Mormonism' are as plain, as scriptural and reasonable as those I heard explained at the meeting, and as those I have read in the tracts, I shall accept them and become a 'Mormon.' "

"Do you really mean what you say? Have you counted the cost of such a step? Do you realize that such a course would mean our separation for ever?"

"No," replied Jessie, "I hadn't calculated it would cost as much as that; but if that is the price required, I suppose I shall have to pay it; in fact, I will pay it!"

"Do you mean to say you would sacrifice my love for 'Mormonism?' "

"I say this," was her answer, "and I say it most emphatically, that I would make any sacrifice for the truth's sake. I thank the Lord for this glorious gift, which seems to have been born in me—a love for truth."

"Well," replied her lover, "the faith of my fathers is good enough for me."

"Yes," said Jessie, "there are people who would rather be *near right* than *just right*. There are things in the world,

Ernest, that glitter like gold, but they are not gold. You choose as you please, as for me I am going to choose the genuine, for only the genuine will survive."

"Genuine rot!" he snapped, impatiently.

"How do you know it is rot, you who have never attended a 'Mormon' service or read a page of 'Mormon' literature? Would you attempt to speak of any other subject as you do of 'Mormonism'—without having given it a moment's study? No, you would not."

"Damn the rascals! I hate them!" he said, biting his lips in anger.

"Yes, I see you do. But do you remember what Christ said to His disciples, 'Marvel not if the world hate you; you know it hated me before it hated you?'"

"So you compare the 'Mormons' to the disciples of Christ, do you?"

"Those I have seen and talked with bear a strong resemblance to them."

"We won't carry on this discussion any longer here," he said. "I hope you may discover the serious mistake you are making before it is too late. Good afternoon."

He raised his hat, turned and walked back to his business.

With a feeling of sadness Jessie drove home. And as she rode along the quiet country road the words of the Master came to her, "I came not to send peace on earth, but a sword." The little quarrel she had had with her lover that afternoon marked the beginning of the end of their courtship.

CHAPTER V.

MRS. THOMPSON'S TESTIMONY.

In the evening, Ernest McDonald called on the Rev. David Livingston, Jessie's minister, and told him that Miss Drew was fast losing hold of the Presbyterian faith.

"Why, Mr. McDonald, you astonish me," said the clergyman. "I can scarcely believe my ears. This is the

first intimation I have had of such a thing. Still, I remember now that during two of my recent visits she and I had lively discussions on the subject of baptism. I found that she leaned more to the Baptists' idea of baptism than to the teachings of her own church. She maintained that immersion is the only proper mode of baptism. Is she thinking of joining the Baptist church?"

"No, I could stand that. You couldn't guess, so I will tell you—the 'Mormons.' "

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the minister. "What has taken possession of the girl?"

" 'Mormonism,' " replied young McDonald. "She has been studying it a little more than a week, and she is so taken up with it that I believe she would be willing to go out and proclaim it on the streets."

"I don't feel like taking you seriously, Mr. McDonald. Jessie is too good, too sensible, too well-balanced to follow long after such a delusion as 'Mormonism.' However, I shall call and see her before the end of the week."

"I sincerely hope you may be able to convince her that she is making a serious mistake."

"There is no doubt of that, Mr. McDonald. Leave the matter to me."

From the rectory, Ernest McDonald went direct to Woodbine Villa. He told Jessie of his visit to Mr. Livingston, and that the latter had promised to call on her before the week end.

"That was very kind of you," said Jessie. "How would you like me to return the favor by asking one of the 'Mormon' missionaries to call on you?"

"No, but, provided your father does not object, you can invite one of them to meet Mr. Livingston here next Friday evening."

"Good!" exclaimed Jessie. "You put that out as a challenge, and I accept it. Excuse me, while I find out what father and mother have to say concerning the matter."

When Jessie told her parents what Ernest had proposed, they smiled. "Ernest seems to be taking you quite seriously," said her father. "I don't like the idea of inviting a 'Mor-

mon' missionary to my home, but inasmuch as Ernest has requested it, I give my consent. The 'Mormon' will go back a sadder but wiser fellow."

"Thank you, father," said Jessie. "I am going to town Wednesday, and I shall deliver the invitation to one of the missionaries."

Ernest McDonald went home very much relieved. He felt confident that Mr. Livingston would have no difficulty whatever in confounding the "Mormon" elder, and by so doing turn Jessie from following after a "strong delusion."

The following Wednesday afternoon Miss Drew cycled to town, and after attending to a little shopping, she went to the home of Mrs. Thompson. She was somewhat disappointed at not finding the missionaries there. They had gone out tracting early in the morning and had not returned. Mrs. Thompson invited her in, and in a few minutes Jessie was telling the good woman some of the experiences she had had since she began the study of "Mormonism."

"You are having a little of the same experience I had when I first took in 'Mormon' missionaries as boarders. Our minister called on me and told me that I was housing a couple of moral lepers. I listened till he had finished, and then I said, 'If there were a case of leprosy in town don't you think it would be your duty to report it to the authorities? If the 'Mormon' missionaries are here for the purpose you say, why do you not report them? Why do you let them carry on their nefarious work without taking the proper steps to stop them? Isn't there a law in England against such offenses? Aren't there officers to put the law into effect? Why, then, do you sit idly by and let the 'Mormons' do such wicked things? You are a party to their evil deeds. But I prefer to believe, Mr. Banks,' I said, 'that the 'Mormons' are not the wicked people, the law-breakers, you would have me believe they are. Were they, you would have had them arrested and punished long ago. The fact that you have not done so is evidence to me that what you have told me about them is not true.' Well, he left in a rage, and has never called since. I have kept 'Mormon' missionaries in my home for three years, and I have found

them to be gentlemen, Christian gentlemen, in every sense of the term. Had I found them otherwise, they would have had to seek new quarters."

"I am glad to hear you speak in that way," said Jessie. "You have had opportunity of finding out what manner of men 'Mormon' missionaries are, and your testimony has encouraged me."

Just then the door opened and Elders Smith and Harding entered. Jessie greeted them with a warm handshake, and then told them of the meeting she had arranged at her home the following Friday evening.

"I hope," said Elder Smith, "that Mr. Livingstone will treat us better than we were treated by a minister today. A clergyman invited us into his home, questioned us concerning our belief in God, and when we told him that we believe in the God of the Bible, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, a God with bodily parts and spiritual passions, in whose likeness and image man was created, he flew into a rage, and said he felt like kicking us out of his house. But he cooled down considerably before we left. We listened patiently till he had finished his tirade of abuse, and then Elder Harding took him in hand. 'That is a peculiar spirit for a minister of Christ to manifest,' said my companion. 'Just because we have a different idea of God to what you have you say you feel like kicking us out of your house. Now, your idea of God and the idea we entertain are just as opposite as the poles, but we don't feel like kicking you.' Well, the minister began to feel ashamed of himself. He apologized, said he hoped we would forgive him for speaking so hastily, and then talked with us for an hour and a half on the Godhead. And, what do you think? before we left he said he believed God had a body, which He took upon Him on certain occasions—when He came down to talk with Abraham, Moses, and other of the prophets. To that we replied—that the only difference between him and us was that he believed that God had a body some times, while we believe He has a body all the time. We left him some of our literature, and said we would call again."

"That," said Jessie, "is a subject that has puzzled me.

I have often wondered what God is like. Sometimes I have thought that He is a Being just like man, and then I would get frightened lest I had entertained a sacrilegious thought."

"Such a thought need not frighten anyone," said Elder Smith. "Christ, we are told in the Bible, was the express image of His Father, and we know that Christ was in every respect like a man, except that He was without sin. You remember what He said to Philip, when the latter requested Him to show him the Father—'He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father.' "

"Yes," said Jessie, "it is plain. How is it that more people cannot see it?"

"Because they have no desire to see it; they love darkness rather than light."

"It would seem so."

"It is so."

"Good afternoon," said Jessie, extending her hand to the missionaries. We will meet next Friday evening."

Elder Smith assured her he would be at her home at the appointed time, but she was doomed to disappointment.

CHAPTER VI.

A NEW DEFENDER OF THE FAITH.

In response to an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Drew, the Rev. David Livingston and his wife came to Woodbine Villa for dinner the following Friday. Ernest McDonald was also invited. The three men sat chatting for an hour in the parlor before going in to dine. The topic of conversation was, of course, "Mormonism."

"Why are they called 'Mormons,' Mr. Livingstone?" Mr. Drew asked.

"I believe it is because they believe in a book called the Book of Mormon. I have never read the volume, but I understand it is a sort of religious novel, written by a man named Solomon Spaulding. The 'Mormons,' however, maintain that it is a sacred history of the ancient inhabit-

ants of America, engraven upon gold plates, which were hidden in the earth for centuries, and were brought forth by an angel and given to Joseph Smith, who by some mysterious power translated them into the English language."

"I understand they have great reverence for the book," said young McDonald.

"They have. They claim that it is as much the word of God as the Bible."

"I would suggest that you make the Book of Mormon the subject of your conversation this evening," said Mr. Drew. "I heard Jessie talking to her mother about the book this afternoon. She spoke as if she believed it to be the word of God."

"She will have a different belief tomorrow," said her lover.

After dinner all returned to the parlor, to await the coming of Elder Smith. The time of his arrival passed without his coming. Jessie began to show signs of nervousness.

"What do you think has happened to your friend?" asked Ernest McDonald, looking over at Jessie. "Do you think he has changed his mind?"

"Perhaps," answered the young lady. "I wish you would change yours," she added jokingly.

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Drew," said the minister, "I didn't expect him to come. There are people who do not care to come to the light, 'lest their deeds should be reproved.'"

Jessie, forgetting for the moment her good bringing up, turned to Mr. Livingstone, and, in a rather sharp tone, said, "Yes, and there are some people who forget the admonition of Christ, 'Judge not that ye be not judged.'"

"Jessie," said her father, "remember whom you are addressing. Mr. Livingstone is our guest."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Livingstone," said the young lady. "But as I believe Elder Smith to be a good man, I could not refrain from speaking a word in his defense."

At that moment the bell rang, and Jessie hastened to

open the door, expecting to admit Elder Smith. She was disappointed.

It was a telegram for Miss Drew.

Jessie signed the receipt, then tore open the envelope and read the telegram:

"Regret having to inform you that owing to illness, Elder Smith will be unable to meet Mr. Livingstone at your home this evening.—Richard H. Harding."

Ernest McDonald began to laugh when Jessie read the telegram. "The very thought of meeting you, Mr. Livingstone, made him sick," he said. "It is well he didn't come; the actual meeting might have killed him."

"There are more evenings than one, Ernest," said Jessie calmly. "I am sure Elder Smith's illness was not caused through fear of meeting Mr. Livingstone. He has met clergymen before. He had a very interesting time with one a few days ago. The subject they discussed was the God-head, and I believe the reverend gentleman learned something that day about Deity that he had not known before."

"No doubt," interposed Mr. Livingstone. "I am sure it was new doctrine to him to hear that the great God of heaven and earth is a personal Being, and that He has a body of flesh and bones."

"You don't mean to say, Mr. Livingstone," said Jessie's father, "that the 'Mormons' believe and teach such doctrine as that?"

"Indeed I do, Mr. Drew. They teach that as man is now, God once was, and that as God is, man may become."

"Rank blasphemy!" exclaimed young McDonald.

"The proper name for it," said the minister.

"I don't consider it blasphemy," said Jessie.

"What!" exclaimed her father. "You don't mean to tell us that you believe such abominable doctrine?"

"I do."

"Who taught it to you?"

"The Reverend Mr. Livingstone, our minister."

"Absurd. Why, I never entertained such a thought!" returned the minister, excitedly.

"Well, Mr. Livingstone," said Jessie, "if I didn't hear you preach that doctrine in your sermon last Christmas morning my ears deceived me. Do you not remember, sir, tracing the life of Christ from His birth in the stable to the time He sat down on the right hand of His Father in heaven? That was one of the best sermons I ever heard you preach. I relished it. How vividly, how eloquently you portrayed the life of the Son of God. Born of an earthly mother, nursed and tenderly cared for by her, He grew up to be a child. He was a child with the children; He played with them in their little games. As a boy, He was like other boys, only sweeter, purer, holier, more studious. As a youth, He was a wonder, astonishing the learned doctors in the temple. As a man, He was the greatest Teacher the world ever saw. He taught as no other man taught. He lived a grander life than any man had ever lived. He possessed power that no mortal ever possessed—the power to lay down His life and to take it up again. This He did, proving to all generations to come that He was what He professed to be—the resurrection and the life, and that He had conquered death. And then, when His earthly mission was finished, He ascended up on high and sat down at the right hand of God. Now, what would you have thought of me, Mr. Livingstone, if at the close of your discourse I had approached you and said, 'Rank blasphemy! You would have me believe that One who was once a babe, then a child, then a youth, then a man, is now a God, yea very God of very God, as you styled Him. I say such doctrine, is 'rank blasphemy.' What would you have thought of me, Mr. Livingstone, if I had done that?"

The eyes of all in the room were riveted on the minister, but he did not answer. He looked confounded.

"It seems to me that Jessie has scored," said her brother, good-naturedly. "The 'Mormon' faith has found a new defender."

CHAPTER VII.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

Elder Smith's illness was not caused through fear of meeting the Reverend Mr. Livingstone, but by a letter which he had received a couple of hours before his intended visit to Woodbine Villa. The letter was from his mother, and bore the sad news that Lenabella Graham, the young lady with whom he had kept company for a year prior to his leaving home, and with whom he had corresponded regularly since his arrival in England had died very suddenly.

As Elder Smith read the letter he turned deathly pale, and when he had finished he buried his head in his hands upon the table and wept bitterly.

"Some one ill at home?" enquired Elder Harding.

For an answer Elder Smith handed him the letter.

"That's a hard blow, Elder Smith," said his companion. But you and I have been taught to acknowledge the hand of God in all things, and I believe the day will come when you will acknowledge His hand in this seeming calamity."

For two hours Elder Harding sat beside his companion, doing all in his power to heal the terrible wound the sad news had made in his heart. And while the humble servant of the Lord was groaning in anguish of spirit, the "Reverend" Mr. Livingstone and Ernest McDonald were making fun of him and charging him with cowardice.

At the close of the Sunday service, Mr. Livingstone announced that he would deliver a special lecture on "Mormonism" the following Wednesday evening, and invited all present to attend. The news spread quickly, and the evening of the lecture the Presbyterian church was crowded to its capacity, many members of other churches being present.

The lecturer assured his audience that he would have no difficulty in proving to them that Joseph Smith, the founder of "Mormonism," was an impostor. John the Revelator had done that already. Opening his Bible, he read from the last chapter of Revelation, as follows: "For I

testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book, If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book." "Nothing more is needed, my good people, to prove that Smith's claims to Divine revelation are spurious. We have the word of God that there was to be no more scripture, or revelation, after the Book of Revelation was finished."

The remainder of the time he spent in heaping abuse upon Joseph Smith and the Latter-day Saints in general.

At the close of the lecture a young man arose and requested permission to ask the lecturer a question. All turned to look at the speaker.

"Why, mother!" exclaimed Jessie Drew, "it is Elder Smith who is talking."

Mr. Sexton, the chairman of the meeting, accorded the stranger the privilege of asking questions.

"Did I understand the lecturer to say there had been no revelation since the day the Apostle John finished the Book of Revelation?"

"That is correct," replied the minister, rising to his feet.

"Why, I have been told that after John had written the Book of Revelation he wrote the epistle which bears his name. Is that correct?"

Mr. Livingstone coughed and looked confused. "I—I—believe that is correct," he stammered.

"That being the case, your argument is robbed of all its force. Have you forgotten that in the Book of Deuteronomy there are words similar to those you read in the Book of Revelation. (Deut. 4:2.) While no man has a right to add to the word of God, who shall say that the Almighty must not add to His own words? I hold that no one has a right to seal the lips of Deity. I challenge Mr. Livingstone to cite a single passage of Scripture to prove that God would not give revelations to His children in the latter days. There is no such thing on record. But, on the contrary, the Scriptures are replete with promises of latter-day revelation."

"The gentleman will please sit down," shouted the chairman.

Elder Smith resumed his seat.

There was quite a little excitement in the congregation. A tall, well-dressed man arose and asked the chairman if he could have the privilege of saying a few words. He was told that he could have five minutes. The gentleman was Mr. Hacket, a highly respected member of the community, and a Unitarian.

"I must say," he began, "that I have been greatly disappointed this evening. I came to the meeting with the expectation of seeing 'Mormonism' completely overthrown. Mr. Livingstone assured us he would have no difficulty in proving that Joseph Smith was an impostor, and that his claims to Divine revelations were spurious. He tried to do this by a quotation from the Book of Revelation, but signally failed. The young man who was told rather abruptly to sit down, and who I am informed is a 'Mormon' missionary, showed that Mr. Livingstone was mistaken in that matter, and if mistaken in that matter, he may be mistaken in other things. I am not in sympathy with the 'Mormons,' neither am I so blinded by prejudice that I cannot see their good qualities. Not once during his entire lecture did Mr. Livingstone mention one good quality possessed by these people. It seems to me that he outshot his mark. Let us not be hasty in our judgment. We have heard only one side of the story; personally, I would like to hear the other side, and I now move, Mr. Chairman, that another meeting be held here next Wednesday evening, and that the time be given to a representative of the 'Mormon' Church."

"Second the motion," said at least a half dozen people.

The chairman appealed to Mr. Livingstone, who arose and said: "I strongly object to any such proceeding. While I am in charge of this church no 'Mormon' missionary shall occupy this pulpit. Should any of these men come into this community, I advise you to shut your doors in their faces and burn their tracts."

"Just a word, Mr. Livingstone," said Mr. Proctor, a member of the Episcopal church. "I do not think there is any cause for alarm. I have lived in this community over twenty-five years. I am pretty well acquainted with the people, and I believe they rank with the average in intelligence. I am quite satisfied that they know the difference between truth and error, between right and wrong. I think it is a reflection on our intelligence to be told to treat the 'Mormon' missionaries in the way you have recommended. I am not afraid to read the 'Mormon' tracts. If the 'Mormons' have any truth we have not got, we should be willing to accept it. If we are misinformed respecting them, we should be willing to be set right. I, also, would like to hear the 'Mormon' side."

"I shall not alter my decision," said the minister, angrily.

Mr. Hacket arose again, and on receiving the recognition of the chairman, said, "I shall arrange for a public meeting to be held in the Temperance Hall next Wednesday evening, when we will get the 'Mormon' point of view."

"Hear, hear!" shouted a number of those present, and the congregation began to disperse.

CHAPTER VIII.

ELDER SMITH'S REPLY.—THE PARTING.

Jessie and her brother made their way to the side of Elder Smith. They shook him warmly by the hand and praised him for his courage in coming and "bearding the lion in his den." Just then Mr. Hacket and Mr. Proctor came up and were introduced to the missionary. Elder Smith thanked them for their kind assistance, and assured them he would be on hand to defend his faith and people the following Wednesday evening.

As Mr. and Mrs. Drew and Mr. Livingstone came down the isle they were stopped by Jessie and introduced to Elder Smith. The latter was about to speak to Mr. Livingstone concerning certain false accusations he had made,

when the minister stopped him, saying, "I haven't time to talk to you now; I am going to the vestry to attend prayers."

As he passed on, Jessie said, "If any man ought to pray, that man is Mr. Livingstone."

"Yes," added Elder Smith, "and if men would pray concerning 'Mormonism,' instead of fighting it, they would learn the truth of it."

The following Sunday evening Jessie and her brother attended the meeting of the Saints. There were four visitors from Utah, Mr. and Mrs. Walker and their two daughters. They had formerly lived in England, but had embraced the "Mormon" faith and had immigrated to Utah twenty-five years before. They were invited to speak. Mr. and Mrs. Walker thanked the Lord for the day "Mormon" Elders had come to their home with the glad tidings of great joy—the restoration of the everlasting Gospel. They thanked Him for giving them courage to accept and stand up for the truth, and for preparing the way for them to go up to the land of Zion. They were so perfectly satisfied with Utah and the people there that they could not be induced to stay in their native land. They were acquainted with hundreds of English people in Utah, every one of whom felt just as happy as they. They had come back to England at their own expense, principally to try to correct some of the false impressions that their relatives and friends entertained respecting the "Mormons."

Jessie and her brother listened very attentively to the testimonies of these English converts, and at the close of the service they had a lengthy conversation with them. They found the Misses Walker very intelligent and refined young ladies. They told Jessie and her brother about social life in Utah, and of the great privileges and advantages the young people enjoyed there. They assured the Drews that if they ever came to Salt Lake City they would find a cordial welcome at their home.

Jessie then engaged in a brief conversation with Elder Smith, during which he told her the reason why he had not been able to meet Mr. Livingstone at her home. As he related his troubles, tears of pity glistened in her eyes, and

when he had finished, she placed her hand gently on his arm, and looking up into his handsome, manly face, said, "You have my sincere sympathy."

A large, interested audience greeted Elder Smith when he stood up in the Temperance Hall to reply to the Reverend Mr. Livingstone. He was introduced by Mr. Hacket. Mr. Livingstone and three other ministers occupied front seats. The young missionary proceeded at once, in a calm, yet forceful manner to refute the assertion made by Mr. Livingstone, namely, that Solomon Spaulding was the author of the Book of Mormon. He reminded those who had attended Mr. Livingstone's lecture that the reverend gentleman had not told them who Solomon Spaulding was. He, Elder Smith, would tell them. Solomon Spaulding was a graduate of Dartmouth College, and at one time a Presbyterian minister. He could imagine nothing more absurd than this—that a Presbyterian had written the Book of Mormon, a book which from beginning to end is opposed to almost everything savoring of Presbyterianism. "With just as much reason could I declare," continued Elder Smith, "that Mr. Livingstone is the author of 'The Mistakes of Moses.' No, my friends, Solomon Spaulding never wrote the Book of Mormon."

The young missionary then proceeded to show that the coming forth of the Book of Mormon was in fulfilment of prophecies made by the ancient prophets. The Psalmist David prophesied that truth would spring out of the earth and that righteousness would come down from heaven. (Psalms 85:11.) Isaiah prophesied that a branch of the house of Israel would be brought down and would speak out of the ground. (Isa. 29:4.) The Prophet Ezekiel spoke of two sticks, or records, the stick of Judah and the stick of Ephraim, and that these two sticks would be joined together and become one in the hands of the people. (Ezek. 37: 15-19.) Isaiah prophesied of a sealed book that was to come forth. (Isa. 29:11-14.) Christ told His disciples that He had other sheep besides the flock at Jerusalem, and that they would also hear His voice. (John 10:14-16.) John the Revelator prophesied that in the last days the everlasting

Gospel would be restored to earth by an angel. (Rev. 14:6, 7.) In the coming forth of the Book of Mormon all these prophecies had had a literal fulfillment.

Elder Smith then read the testimonies of the three witnesses, also of the eight witnesses to the Book of Mormon, and declared that there are tens of thousands of living witnesses who bear testimony that it has been revealed to them, by the Holy Ghost, that the Book of Mormon is a Divine record. He bore a powerful testimony to the Divine authenticity of the Book.

"I will here tell you," he added, "of a conversation which I had a short time ago with a son of Martin Harris, one of the three witnesses whose testimony I read to you a few moments ago. I told Mr. Harris I had heard that before his father closed his eyes in death he bore a strong and impressive testimony to his children of the truth of the Book of Mormon. I asked Mr. Harris if such were the case and he promptly answered in the affirmative. He told me that shortly before his father's death members of the family appealed to him to tell them if his testimony in regard to the Book of Mormon, which appears in the front of the volume, were true. 'His words,' said Mr. Harris, were these: 'I testify to you, my children, that I saw the plates of the Book of Mormon; that I saw the angel who delivered the plates to Joseph Smith, and that I heard the voice of God declare that the Book of Mormon had been translated correctly and that it is a true record.'

"Now, my friends," continued the young missionary, "no one can make me believe that Martin Harris had become so low, so debased and so mean, that when his children appealed to him for a testimony of the truth, and that, too, shortly before his death, he would bequeath to them as a dying legacy a diabolical falsehood, and that he would prepare to meet his God with a wicked lie upon his lips.

"I have read the Book of Mormon through several times," said Elder Smith, "and am familiar with its contents. It is, indeed, what has been claimed for it, a new witness for God. It testifies, from cover to cover, to the existence of God, in whose image man in the beginning was

created. It also testifies concerning the fall of man and of the infinite atonement made by Jesus Christ. It proclaims Jesus Christ as the Son of the living God, the only begotten of the Father, according to the flesh; that He is the Savior of the world, and that no man can be saved except by Him. It teaches in plainness and simplicity the same gospel that was taught by Christ and His Apostles, and has evidence, the most incontrovertible, concerning the resurrection of the dead. I defy any one to point to a single thing in the Book of Mormon that is not in harmony with the teaching of the Savior and His apostles. The mission of the book is to teach men to believe in God, in His Son, Jesus Christ, in the Holy Ghost; to repent of their sins; to obey all the commandments of God; and to live lives that will daily meet with His approval and that in the end will secure them eternal life in His kingdom. Yet this is the book that has been ridiculed and rejected by the world at large, and which Mr. Livingstone has endeavored to make you believe is an imposture.

"I now desire," said he, "to speak briefly upon another subject." Mr. Livingstone read a letter written by a man who had joined the Church in this country, and who, after living a few years in Utah, had returned to his native land. The writer had nothing good to say about Utah or its people. Here he would also remind them that one swallow does not make a summer. This he would agree to do—for every letter that Mr. Livingstone would produce similar to the one he had read, he, Elder Smith, would undertake to produce a dozen, and these from people who had embraced "Mormonism" in England, and who were at that time living happily in their own homes in Utah. These people would testify that they were thoroughly satisfied with "Mormonism," and with the "Mormon" people.

At the close of the meeting a number of questions were asked, and answered with apparent satisfaction.

Jessie Drew's face wore a triumphant smile. She went up to Elder Smith, and offering him her hand, said, "I felt proud of you the evening you confronted Mr. Livingstone

in his church; I feel ten times more proud of you tonight."

The defense made by Elder Smith had by no means a soothing effect upon Ernest McDonald. He left the Temperance Hall terribly wrought up in his feelings. He accompanied the Drews home and stayed till a late hour doing all in his power to induce Jessie to have nothing more to do with the "Mormons." All his efforts were in vain.

"You might as well try to make me believe that light is darkness as that 'Mormonism' is an imposture. Every principle of faith and practice taught by the 'Mormon' Church is substantiated by the Bible. I have taken the 'Mormon' Articles of Faith, one by one, and compared them with the Scriptures, and have found the most perfect harmony between them. I believe in 'Mormonism' because I believe in the ancient prophets, in Christ, and in the apostles. The reason you do not believe in 'Mormonism' is because you do not believe the prophets, Christ or the apostles. You profess with your lips to believe in them, but in your heart you deny them. You have threatened me several times, Ernest. You have given me to understand that if I did not give up 'Mormonism' you would give me up. I am going to save you from that unpleasant piece of work, by telling you that, seeing the bitterness there is in your heart towards the truth, and the stand you have taken against it, and against those who believe in it, I this night, here, now, sever the ties of love which have bound us together for over two years. You go your way and I will go mine."

Picking up his hat and walking-stick, he went over to her, and looking down into her pale, agitated face, he said, "Do you mean what you say?"

"I do."

"That is your final decision?"

"It is."

He extended his hand. She took it. "Then, good-night and good-bye."

Out into the still, cool night he went, and out of Jessie Drew's life forever.

CHAPTER IX.

AN OUTCAST.

Jessie slept very little that night, and when she came down stairs in the morning her countenance wore a sad expression. Her mother, perceiving that something was wrong, asked, "How did you and Ernest get on last evening?"

"We didn't get on, mother, we got off."

"Did you quarrel?"

"Worse than that, we quit."

"You quit! You don't mean that you have suffered 'Mormonism' to separate you and Ernest McDonald?"

"That's just what it has done, and that's what Christ said His Gospel would do. 'Think not,' said He, 'that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household.' (Matt. 10:34-36.) I realize that this will mean much suffering to me, but it is better that it should happen now than later, after I had married Ernest McDonald and had borne him children. Don't you see that my condition then would be ten times worse than it is now?"

"How are you going to break the news to your father?"

"I am not going to break it to him; I am going to let him find out himself."

Just then Mr. Drew and Norman came in to breakfast.

"That was a pretty good reply the young missionary made last night," said Norman, when all were seated at the table.

There was no answer.

"How did Ernest take it, Jessie?" he asked.

"In much the same spirit as the people received the preaching of Stephen."

"It made him angry?"

"Very. That's the way the truth affects some people."

"I'll have some fun out of him the next time he calls. I'll tell him that you are thinking of joining the 'Mormon' Church."

"If you do, you'll tell him the truth."

"What did you say?" asked her father sharply.

"I said that if Norman tells Ernest that I am thinking of becoming a member of the 'Mormon' Church he will tell him the truth."

"You tell Ernest McDonald that," said her father, "and see what will happen."

"I have told him."

"You have!"

"Yes."

"And—"

"It has happened."

"What has happened?"

"What you thought—we've parted."

"Now, look here, Jessie," said her father, rising to his feet, "I have put up with this nonsense just as long as I am going to. I don't want to hear any more about 'Mormonism.' Don't let it be mentioned again in this house. You have gone just as far as I am going to let you go, and now I call a halt."

"I have gone too far, father," said Jessie, "to turn back."

"You will do one of two things—you will either give up 'Mormonism' or seek a new home."

"I have heard of a number of converts to 'Mormonism' who had that alternative given them."

"You have heard my decision, you can reach yours between now and next Saturday."

"I can give you my decision, now, father," she answered firmly. "Dearly as I love my home, dearly as I love you all, I will suffer myself to be driven forth as an outcast rather than abandon that which I know to be true. I am not a child, father, and I don't want you to treat me as a child. I want you to look upon me as a woman, aye, more than that, as an immortal soul, sent to this earth to exercise the free agency which God has given me, to learn by my own

experience the good from the evil, to seek to know the will of God and to do it, and to work out my own salvation."

"I don't want to hear any more of your preaching; you will renounce 'Mormonism' or you will leave this house."

She arose and stood before her father. Her face was pale, and her voice trembled with emotion. "I feel," she said, "that I could stand up before the whole world and testify that 'Mormonism' is true, but how weak I feel in attempting to bear that testimony to my own flesh and blood. How hard it is for me, father, to declare to you that I believe with all my heart and soul that Joseph Smith is a Prophet of God and that 'Mormonism' is the true gospel of Christ."

Mr. Drew turned to his wife. "We have been married, Martha," he said, "nearly a quarter of a century, and this is the first unhappy day we have had in all that time."

Mrs. Drew nodded, and wiped the tears from her cheeks.

Mr. Drew went up stairs, and putting on his Sunday clothes, started for the rectory, the residence of Mr. Livingstone.

After listening to Mr. Drew's account of what had taken place at the breakfast table, the minister shook his head and said, "Jessie is a very strong-minded girl, and once convinced that she is right, I don't believe that anything on earth, not even the stake, would turn her. I don't believe your threat to turn her out of home will change her in the least and really I don't think that that is the proper course to take. Let us labor with her, reason with her, and see what can be accomplished by this means."

"I am willing to abide by your counsel, Mr. Livingstone," said the father, "but if she persists, she shall not remain under my roof."

That evening Mr. Livingstone, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Frazer, a minister of the English church, called on Jessie. They discussed "Mormonism" with her for almost four hours, but utterly failed to move her.

"I have studied and weighed the matter over very

carefully," she said, "and I have come to the conclusion that I have nothing to lose but everything to gain by becoming a 'Mormon.' Let me ask you, Mr. Livingstone," she continued, "what have I lost by believing that Joseph Smith saw God the Father and His Son Jesus Christ? Has that belief destroyed my faith in these great Beings? By no means; but on the contrary it has increased my faith in them. Because I believe in the Book of Mormon, has that destroyed my faith in the Bible? No, it has not; rather has it strengthened my faith in the Jewish Scriptures. Because I believe that John the Baptist appeared to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery and gave them authority to preach repentance and water baptism, has that destroyed my faith in these things? No, it has not. I believe that Peter, James and John visited Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery and gave them authority to lay on hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost. Of what has that belief robbed me? Nothing, absolutely nothing. I might go on, but that is enough. Now, you ought to see, sir, that by believing these things I lose nothing, no, not even if they be false. But if they be true, what then? Why, I shall gain a great deal by believing and accepting them."

"You say you have nothing to lose by accepting 'Mormonism,'" said Mr. Livingstone. "You would lose your membership in the Presbyterian church."

"Yes, but that would in no wise affect my salvation, for neither of you gentlemen believe that membership in a church is essential to salvation."

"My dear young woman," said the Episcopal minister, "you are making a serious mistake."

"Quite a number have told me that," said Jessie, "but none of them have been able to point out the mistake."

Mr. Drew followed the ministers out of the house. "I sincerely hope," he said, "that you succeeded in convincing her that she is wrong."

"No," replied Mr. Livingstone, "I am sorry to say that our visit was a failure. She's immovable."

"Then I shall try my way," said the father.

He carried out his threat. The following Saturday

night there was a vacant room in the Drew home. Jessie was an outcast.

CHAPTER X.

"THE DAWNING OF A BRIGHTER DAY."

Jessie spent the Saturday night in a hotel in D———. That was a night never to be forgotten. She felt very keenly the loss she had sustained, the loss of a lover, a soon-to-be husband, the loss of a home with all its comforts. And as she meditated upon these things she was reminded that her Lord and Savior suffered a thousand times more. "He was despised and rejected of men;" He was cast out of their synagogues; He did not have a place to lay His head. Was the servant greater than the Master? The oracle of heaven had never been repealed, "Through tribulation ye must enter in."

The clock was striking four Sunday morning when she began to disrobe, to seek a little rest in sleep.

At nine o'clock she arose and partook of a light breakfast. Then she went to the home of Mrs. Thompson, where she received consolation from that kind motherly woman and also from the missionaries.

Elder Smith insisted on going out to see her father, and to this she finally consented. Mr. Drew received him very coldly. The young missionary did all in his power to get Jessie's father to reconsider his action. "If you don't want your daughter to go with the 'Mormons' " he said, "why don't you keep her at home? By turning her out you force her to seek the association of the very people you want her to avoid."

"Why are you so interested in her? Are you afraid of this getting into the newspapers? Are you afraid of it making trouble for you?"

"That is just what I am afraid of, Mr. Drew," replied Elder Smith. "I am afraid of what has happened in your home getting into the newspapers, for I know that if it does, it will get in wrong. How would it appear in the news-

papers? That you had turned your daughter out of her home? No; but that 'Mormon' missionaries had broken up a happy home by taking away from it the only daughter in the family."

But Elder Smith's pleading was in vain. He brought back to Jessie the sad news that her father was unrelenting.

That evening Jessie met her brother at the meeting of the Saints. At the close of the service they took a long walk together. He gave her a sum of money, comforted her with the assurance that he would always defend and befriend her, and that he would use his influence with their father to have her come back.

A few days later, through an advertisement in one of the daily papers, Jessie obtained a position as lady's maid in London. But before entering upon her duties she was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church.

Six months passed, and her father remained obdurate. Jessie corresponded with her mother every week, and twice the good, loving parent had come to the English capital to see her daughter. During this time Jessie had attended the meetings of the Saints as often as she could. She received much encouragement from the mission paper, the *Millennial Star*, and also from letters which she received occasionally from Elders Smith and Harding.

One evening the door bell rang, and a moment later a servant admitted a gentleman who was desirous of seeing Miss Drew.

The visitor was Elder Smith, who had called to see Jessie before leaving for home. Jessie was delighted to see him, for he had brought to her the pearl of great price, the gospel of Jesus Christ.

They spent two hours together, going over the experiences of the past nine months.

As the time drew near for parting, Elder Smith said, "Two years last Saturday, Sister Drew, I landed on England's shores. I have tried, with the assistance of the Lord, to be true to the trust reposed in me. I have tried to fill an honorable mission, that I might return home with the blessing of the Lord and of His servants upon my head. My

solè desire has been to bring people to a knowledge of the gospel of Jesus Christ, which is the power of God unto salvation. I know that the Lord has blessed my labors, for I have seen the fruits of them. I have in my pocket an honorable release, signed by the president of the mission, which I prize very highly."

He arose and went over to where Jessie was sitting. Looking down into her sweet face, he said, "I have taught you the gospel of Jesus Christ, I have rejoiced with you in your rejoicing because of the blessings which the gospel has brought to you; I have sympathized with you in your sorrow and tried to comfort you in your distress. I admire you for the stand you have taken and the sacrifices you have made for your adopted faith. Good-bye, and God bless you."

Tears glistened in her eyes and her voice trembled as she placed her hand in his, and said, "God be with you till we meet again."

CHAPTER XI.

A REUNION.

On the 15th of the following August Jessie Drew told her mistress that it was her intention to go to America, and that she would leave her service one month from that date. Both the lady and her husband had treated Jessie very kindly. She had been with them less than two weeks when one afternoon they found her reading the Book of Mormon. It was then that they learned her religious belief. They listened with interest to her experience; and when she had finished, the gentleman said, "Well, Miss Drew, you are the judge of this matter. You say you have found in the 'Mormon' Church joy, happiness and satisfaction you sought for in vain in other churches. The testimony of your own heart is a pretty good testimony. We sincerely hope that you will not be disappointed in the place to which you are going or with the people with whom you have decided to cast your lot."

"And I wish to say, Jessie," said her mistress, "that should you feel dissatisfied, and wish to return to England, just let us know and we will at once send you money to bring you back."

Jessie thanked them for their kindness, and promised to write and tell them the truth about Utah and the "Mormons."

The day before sailing, Jessie went back for the last time to dear, old Woodbine Villa. She had told her parents some time before that she was going to leave soon for the gathering place of the Saints. Her father and mother had talked over the matter for hours, and as the time of parting with his daughter, perhaps forever, drew near, Mr. Drew began to experience a change of heart.

All the sorrow that had come to Jessie was forgotten when, on entering her home, her father took her in his arms and kissed her as affectionately as he had ever done before. "My dear girl," he said, "I am glad you have come. Ever since I heard that you had decided to go to America I have been reproaching myself for the way I have treated you, fearing that I had driven you to take this step."

"Well, father dear," said Jessie, "you need not reproach yourself any longer, for had I been permitted to stay at home, and not encountered any opposition, I would do what I am going to do just the same."

"Well, come in and sit down, dear, while I go and find your mother and Norman; they are out in the garden."

That evening, for the first time in many months, a united family sat down to dinner in the Drew home. While no reference was made to the affair, they all thought of the regrettable scene at the breakfast table when Mr. Drew, in a fit of anger, gave his daughter her choice between her home and "Mormonism."

"I don't see why you want to leave us and go to that far-off land, among a strange people," said her father. "Can't you worship God just as well in one place as in another?"

"That is what a number of the children of Israel

thought one time," was her reply. "The Lord had commanded His people to gather to Jerusalem, where He had put His name, and to worship Him there. But many of them were led to believe that they could worship Him just as well in Bethel as they could in Jerusalem. So they assembled at Bethel and there they offered sacrifices; but the Lord did not accept of their sacrifices nor their worship, but sent a prophet to proclaim against them. One of the features of the great latter-day work, father, is the gathering of Israel, concerning which there are many prophecies in the scriptures. Isaiah prophesied: 'And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it. And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the House of the God of Jacob; and He will teach us of His ways, and we will walk in His paths; for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.' (Isa. 2:2-3.) And the Lord speaking through Jeremiah said, 'I will take you one of a city, and two of a family, and I will bring you to Zion; and I will give you pastors according to mine heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding!' (Jer. 3:14-15.) These and many similar prophecies are being fulfilled by the Latter-day Saints, and they are the only people who are fulfilling them."

At this point Jessie's brother spoke. "Father," said he, "I have known for some time that Jessie had made up her mind to go to Utah, and now I want to tell you what I have decided to do—to go with her. I have worked pretty hard for the past five years, and I feel that a short vacation would do me good. If Utah is anything like the place it has been pictured to us, I promise to bring Jessie back."

"And I promise to come back," said Jessie.

Mr. Drew looked at his wife. "While I would dislike very much to lose Norman, too," she said, "yet for Jessie's sake I would be willing to let him go. I think his proposi-

tion is a good one. We can rest assured that our own children won't deceive us."

So it was finally decided that Norman should accompany his sister to Utah.

On the first day of October the train bearing the immigrants pulled into Salt Lake City. Among those gathered at the depot to meet relatives and friends were Mr. and Mrs. Walker and their two daughters, whom Jessie and her brother had met in England, and with whom they had corresponded regularly since their return. They accorded Norman and his sister a hearty welcome and took them to their home. The following day they showed them the city, and in the evening of the third day took them to the reunion of the London Elders and Saints.

A thrill of joy ran through Jessie's heart when the large assembly arose and sang:

"O ye mountains high, where the clear blue sky
Arches over the vales of the free,
Where the pure breezes blow, and the clear streamlets flow,
How I've longed to your bosom to flee."

When the song was ended, a young man arose to offer the invocation. Jessie Drew uttered a faint exclamation and trembled slightly. The young man was Elder Smith.

At the close of the program, and before refreshments were served, there was a general handshaking.

"Why, bless my soul!" said Elder Smith to a returned missionary, "there is Jessie and Norman Drew."

The next instant he was shaking them warmly by the hand, and expressing his surprise and delight at seeing them.

CHAPTER XII.

"LIFE BEYOND THE SHADOWS."

Of all the people assembled in the hall that evening none were more happy than Jessie Drew and Harold Smith. When parting for the night, Harold said, "Jessie, this has been a reunion in very deed. I thank God for it."

Looking up into his sweet, happy face, she whispered, "So do I."

At the close of the conference, Jessie and her brother accompanied Elder Smith home, where they were treated as if they were members of the family. They attended the religious and social gatherings of the Saints, and were delighted with the splendid brotherly and sisterly spirit they found among the people.

Norman paid frequent visits to Salt Lake City, each time staying at the home of the Walkers. He spent a very enjoyable Christmas with the family. He was somewhat partial with his Christmas presents, giving the choicest and most costly to Miss Genevieve. The reader can, no doubt, guess the reason.

The letters Norman and his sister sent home gave the lie to the vile stories their parents had heard about Utah and the "Mormons." "I don't believe," wrote Norman, "there is a better people or a finer country on the face of the earth. There are hundreds of Gentiles, members of different churches, living and rearing families here in the midst of the 'Mormons,' and you can believe that very few, if any, of them would be here if the 'Mormons' were the wicked and corrupt characters their enemies represent them to be."

The following letter conveyed the information that Norman had been baptized and confirmed a member of the Church. He urged his parents to dispose of their property and come to Utah, as he had no desire to return to England.

Mr. Drew was reading the letter to his wife when the Rev. Mr. Livingstone called.

"We have just heard from Norman," said the good woman.

"I sincerely hope that he and his sister are well."

"They are enjoying excellent health," said Mr. Drew.

"Has Norman told you when he expects to return?"

"He says he is not coming back. He is so taken up with the country and the people that he has decided to re-

main there. I have come to the conclusion, Mr. Livingstone," added Mr. Drew, "that the 'Mormon' people have been grossly misrepresented. I have abundant evidence that such is the case. My own children are my witnesses. It is easy for me to believe them, for I know they speak the truth. Norman advises us to sell our property and go to Utah, and I believe we will do so. We have enough saved to keep us comfortably the rest of our lives, and I feel that the proper place for us is with the children God has given us, and in whose likeness we will live after we are dead."

"I am very much surprised, Mr. Drew," said the minister, "at the way things have turned out. I agree with you that your children would not deceive you. Perhaps I, too, have misjudged the 'Mormons.' I shall be more careful in the future."

Just previous to the opening of the April Conference there was a double wedding in Salt Lake City. Jessie Drew was united in the bonds of the new and everlasting covenant with Harold G. Smith, and Genevieve Walker with Norman Drew.

Among those who sat down to the wedding banquet were Mr. and Mrs. Drew, who arrived in Salt Lake a few days before the wedding.

They settled in S——, where Harold and Norman engaged in farming, and the blessings of the Lord attended their labors.

It was a pleasing sight to see Jessie with her first-born in her arms, watching for her husband at the close of day. And as he came down the lane, driving the cows from pasture, she was on hand to meet him and let down the bars, for which he always repaid her with a loving kiss. She lived to a good old age, and then, her earthly mission finished, she entered into the rest prepared for the people of God.

Her husband survived her seven years. He took delight in telling his children and grandchildren the story I have tried to tell the reader. A few days before he passed away,

he lifted up his eyes toward heaven, and smiled sweetly as he repeated this little verse:

“When I bring my flock of years,
Gilded hopes and faded tears,
To the city in the stars,
I shall see my darling wait:
I shall see her at the gate—
Jessie, letting down the bars.”

