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# Romance of a Missionary

A Story of English Life and  
Missionary Experiences.

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By NEPHI ANDERSON,

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"John St. John," Etc.*

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Zion's Printing and Publishing Company  
Independence, Jackson County, Mo.  
1919.

THE  
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## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

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	Page
I. Getting "Wet Over" . . . . .	7
II. What Might Have Been . . . . .	24
III. The Sisters Fernley . . . . .	40
IV. In the Police Court . . . . .	53
V. The Green Lanes of England . . . . .	68
VI. London . . . . .	83
VII. The Dearth of Men . . . . .	99
VIII. "What Shall We Do to be Saved?"— Dwight Thornton's Story . . . . .	115
IX. Elder Donaldson's Story . . . . .	130
X. Visitors to England . . . . .	141
XI. Individuals and Individuality . . . . .	155
XII. Brotherly and Sisterly Love . . . . .	166
XIII. The "Long-Sleeved Envelope" and Letters from Home . . . . .	177





## ILLUSTRATIONS

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	Facing Page
Hawarden Castle, the home of Gladstone . . . .	72
A typical English country village . . . . .	74
“A young couple was seated upon the grass, intent upon a book” . . . . .	76
“England’s beautiful lake region”—Lake Windermere . . . . .	78
Westminster Bridge and Houses of Parliament	88
London Bridge . . . . .	90
The Bank of England Corner—“The busiest spot on earth” . . . . .	92
“Willard got down from the bus at the Marble Arch” . . . . .	94
“He crossed the Serpentine by the bridge” . . .	98
The Liverpool Landing . . . . .	144



# Romance of a Missionary.

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## I.

### GETTING "WET OVER."

It looked as if it might rain any minute. One of the elders was fearful that it would, the other that it would not. If the moisture from the black, overhanging clouds come down in actual drops instead of in a fine misty drizzle, why, of course, the street meeting would have to be abandoned,—and this is what Elder Willard Dean half prayed in his heart would happen.

I said "half prayed" because there was a struggle in the mind of the young man. He was a newly arrived elder, having been in England only a few weeks. He had accompanied Elder Walter Donaldson, his companion, to a number of street meetings, but as yet, he had not been required to take part in them to any considerable extent. This

evening his companion had intimated that it was time he was testing his voice in the open, and this is the reason why the young man walked with fear and trembling through the crowded street.

The streets of an English manufacturing city are usually crowded on Saturday evening. The mills have closed early; the young men and women have been home, have had their "tea," have changed their work garments to cleaner ones, and are now promenading the streets, enjoying the freedom of the open. They are a happy, merry crowd, exchanging greetings and banterings as they pass and repass, the girls ahead linked arm in arm, the young men following.

This Saturday evening, in this particular English city of Bradford, there appeared to be an unusually large crowd. The weather had been wet all week, but now the clouds had lifted for a few hours, the sun had shone for a few minutes through the murky, yellow mist, and these favorable tokens had, no doubt, brought out the people. However, the clouds had again lowered, and the rain was once more threatening.

The young "Mormon" elders pushed themselves

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carefully through the crowd, looking for a good corner on which to hold a meeting. Here, certainly, were people enough to form an audience; but these were not the kind that stopped and listened to a street preacher; besides, the police would not allow a blockade in the principal thoroughfares; the elders, therefore, passed on to a part of the city less densely packed.

Elder Dean slipped his hand into his companion's arm as they walked along. He looked up to the sky, then at the people, and then into the face of Elder Donaldson; but in none of these did he find any hope of relief for the task that was before him. How could he stand out there on the pavement and raise his voice so that people would stop and listen to him! If they would only *not* stop nor listen, it might not be so bad, but likely, some at least would. They would look closely into his face, and listen carefully to every stammering word that he would utter. They would see his nervous, awkward manner, they would mark well his faltering speech. Oh, if it would only rain!

Willard Dean clasped his friend's arm tighter,

and drew up closer. "Brother," said he, "don't call on me tonight. I feel as if I can't do it."

"But you must begin sometime, you know, and this evening is as good a time as any. Brace up, my boy, and trust in the Lord."

"Yes, I know, but you can't conceive how I feel—"

"Can't I? I haven't forgotten my first experience in London. But, Brother, let me assure you, it is not so bad as it appears. There is really nothing to fear. An English crowd will hurt no one."

"It isn't that, at all. I'm afraid of myself more than the people."

"Listen," said Elder Donaldson, "do you remember when as boys we went swimming?"

"Yes."

"Well, you remember what a time it was to wet over. We would stand on the bank shivering and hesitating, afraid of the cold water. A shower of water from someone splashing in the creek was not very pleasant; but once we plunged bravely in and got well wet over, everything was all right and swimming was great fun. Well, this missionary

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work is very much like that. An elder must get 'wet over' and keep 'wet over' or he is in misery all the time. Here is a good corner for a meeting."

Elder Donaldson stepped out from the pavement a short distance into a by street where the traffic would not interfere. He took his hymn book from his pocket and began looking for something to sing. While he was thus occupied, Elder Dean came and stood by him. The crowd became merely a blur to him. He thought that as a boy and even as a young man he had been called upon to do some unpleasant duties, but none seemed quite so hard as this one. What was praying in Sunday School, lecturing in Mutual, ward teaching, or chopping wood for the ward widows, compared with this! The young man fairly trembled as his companion raised his voice in a song, in which he was expected to join.

The men were fairly good singers, but this evening they seemed to be out of both tune and time. People were attracted more by the disharmony than by the music. The street was well lighted by the lamps in the shop windows, and the missionaries could plainly see the grin on many of the faces of their listeners.

Just before the close of the second stanza, something went wrong. The tune came to its natural and proper end, but there were more words to come in the song, and so there was a very bad mix up. However, Elder Donaldson announced the purpose of their visit on the streets of the city, and then he offered a short prayer.

By this time quite a number of people had gathered. Elder Donaldson spoke on the first principles of the gospel, and he was listened to quite attentively. When he closed, he relieved his companion of his hat and then said to him, "All right, bear your testimony."

The young man bared his head and stepped out into the circle. At that moment a number of men stopped, and then pushed their way to the inner circle where they stood listening. The young missionary had not spoken many words before one of these men shouted directly at him:

"You are a liar!"

Willard Dean was born and reared in Western America, where no man calls another a liar unless he stands ready to back it up by the power of his fists, or at times with weapons more deadly. Wil-



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lard Dean suddenly awoke from his frightened stupor. The words stung him. They cleared his brain, and the muscles of his limbs became tense.

Elder Donaldson gripped his arm tightly and said, "Go on, pay no attention to that fellow."

Willard tried to continue his speaking, but the man in the crowd shouted again, "You are lying! You are 'Mormons' from Utah, coming here to steal away our women. These men are 'Mormons,'" he said turning and addressing himself to the crowd.

"Yes, I am a 'Mormon,'" shouted Willard Dean, "and I am not ashamed of it."

"You ought to be," came from a woman in another part of the crowd.

"Let the young man talk," spoke up a third person.

"He lies, he lies," shouted the first interrupter. "I know these 'Mormons' and their devilish ways. Beware of them, people."

Willard Dean was about to step across the short space which separated him from his accuser, but his companion stopped him.

"Let me hit him," he pleaded; "let me hit him just once!"

“Hush, be still. Let me talk to the people.”

But they had heard the young preacher’s remark and some of them shouted:

“’E wants to fight. ’E’s a fine preacher, ’e is.”

Then there came a rush which nearly carried the elders off their feet. A party of anti-“Mormons” had planned to break up the meeting, and they were succeeding. Elder Donaldson had all he could do to prevent his companion from entering into the thick of the melee and “laying out” a few of their opponents.

“Come,” said the wiser one, “we must get out of this crowd.”

“What! run away from these cowards? Not at all.”

“’E wants to fight,” someone again shouted, “poke his bloody ’ed.”

There was another rush and the elders were in danger of being roughly handled. Willard Dean had thought it hard to face a strange crowd as a preacher, but he found it still harder to remain cool and nonresistive when a lot of cowardly men

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and boys were insulting him by both words and blows.

The elders got away and walked along the street. The crowd had now become a mob, and spurred on by the anti-"Mormons," they followed the men, hooting and jeering at them and pelting them with what street refuse they could gather.

"Do we *have* to stand all this?" asked Willard.

"Yes; they'll not hurt us; a rotten egg makes no bruises, and we can wash off the mud. Come on."

"But it hurts terribly—inside!"

Elder Donaldson only laughed.

"Shall we go to our lodging?" asked Willard.

"No; we will board the first street car which comes. That is the best thing to do to get away from a mob like this."

In a few minutes they jumped on a passing car. The mob did not care to pay a penny for the pleasure of tormenting them further, so they were safe. When they surveyed one another they found that they had escaped easily. The few sticks and stones had done no damage, and the mud was soon removed.

At the end of a ten minutes' ride they alighted

from the car. They stood looking at each other, and Elder Donaldson laughed heartily.

“Is this a laughing matter?” asked Willard.

“Well, isn’t it?”

“I guess it is,” replied his companion after a pause. Then he continued:

“You sometimes hold two meetings the same evening, don’t you?”

“Yes. Do you want another tonight?”

“Most certainly. I’m getting wet over. Do you think that because those sneaking fellows back there have thrown water on me that I shall back out and not complete the operation? Not at all. Let’s go and hold another meeting. We are at least a mile from the mob, and they’ll not disturb us, do you think?”

“No; they will not, but others may.”

“Let’s try it, then. I believe I’m wet over, already.”

“Well, I believe you are, too.”

They chose a corner where not so many people were passing, and there they began another meeting. The rain cloud still hung threateningly over the

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city, and now Elder Dean's wish that it would not rain was not divided. The time was nearing nine o'clock, but there were a good many people out, and there would be, until midnight.

They sang a hymn, with better success this time. Elder Donaldson prayed. Then Elder Dean stepped out into the small circle that had gathered. He began quietly, as if he were explaining some gospel principle to a Sunday school class in a small room. He did not need to speak loudly to be heard. People stopped and listened to the earnest young man, and soon there was a good-sized company. The speaker raised his voice as the audience increased. Such freedom of speech had never come to Willard Dean before. Thoughts came freely, and they were uttered in apt and easy words. The truth of the message which he was bearing to his fellow men came forcibly to him, and his testimony grew strong. All fear left him now, and he felt as if he were not only master of himself but of any situation that might arise.

Presently someone on the outskirts of the crowd made an interruption.

Elder Dean paused. "Friend, do not disturb

the meeting," he said. "If you have any questions to ask, we shall be pleased to answer them when we are through."

But this did not satisfy one man in the crowd. There came to be considerable confusion, and Elder Donaldson suggested to his companion that they would better close the meeting.

"No," said Elder Dean, "not yet;" and then he stepped out more into the open and nearer to the people. The young man drew himself to his full height and stood silently looking at the crowd. Tall he was, with broad, straight shoulders. His bushy, brown hair showed signs of the recent scramble. His face, though smooth and round and boyish, now beamed with light, and a determined purpose shone from it.

The confusion continued, but there was no effort to push the elders off. Those nearest to Willard Dean, stood as silently as he, and had no desire to get closer.

Willard now began to feel that if he was to win, he would have to receive strength from a higher Power than his own; and as he stood there—it was only a few moments, but it seemed a long

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time to him—he prayed for power to subdue and to conquer. A feeling came to him that there were some in that assembly who were seeking after the truth. In all fairness, such ought to have the opportunity to hear it.

Standing at one side of the crowd, and looking intently at the young missionary, was a little elderly woman dressed in black. She carried a basket on her arm, in which were her Saturday evening purchases. Willard, in turning, caught sight of this woman, and something in her face attracted him. There was a striking resemblance in the woman's features to those of his mother,—his mother in far-off Utah, who had sent him out with her love and blessing. Then it came to him like a flash: his mother was an Englishwoman, and she had come, when a young woman, from this very city. The thought inspired him. He stepped up to the little woman that had attracted him and began to speak to her. As he did not speak loudly, those near them who were eager to hear were compelled to listen attentively. In this way the circle of quietness grew, until in a few minutes practically all the people were listening to the conversation which was taking place.

“My good woman,” said Willard to the figure in black, with pale face, “you remind me of my mother—the mother that I left six thousand miles from here to bring a glad message to you.”

“Are you from America?” asked she with an inquiring tone.

“I am from Utah, in America,” he replied.

“You are a ‘Mormon?’ ”

“Yes.”

Then he turned again to the listening people, and raising his voice so that all could hear distinctly, he said:

“Friends, this good woman reminds me of my mother. My mother is an Englishwoman, and came from this very town. Some of the older people may know her and her parents. In her girlhood she worked in your mills,—very likely one of these near at hand. She went to Utah many years ago, but she remembers her native country yet, and loves it and its people. Said she to me before I left her: ‘My boy, when you get to the old country you will find many things that are strange to you’—that’s true, friends. ‘You will find that very many will not listen to you or your message, but this you will



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find among all Englishmen—a love of fair play. They may not always treat you kindly, but they will usually treat you fairly.’ Friends, I want my mother’s words to come true. My brother and I have been chased by a mob in the streets of this city this very evening. There is no fair play about that. I want to think that that experience is only an exception to the general rule, and that you, gentlemen, are the Englishmen of whom my mother spoke, whom she knew in her younger days—Englishmen who love fair play.”

By this time a good many people had stopped and were listening to the young man. A murmur of applause greeted his appeal to them. As it was becoming late, the traffic of the city grew less and therefore the distracting noises fewer. The rain clouds hung low, and already a little fine rain began to fall. However, neither preacher nor audience seemed to heed the wet.

Elder Dean, referring again to his mother, told them of her experiences in emigrating to America, and of the hardships endured in settling its wild western country. “What was all this for?” he asked. “I will tell you. It was for the love of the

gospel of Jesus Christ, and that she might be with the people of her own faith. Her own kindred had cast her out, because she had followed the convictions of her heart; and so she said to her fellow believers, with Ruth of old: 'Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.' So she went with them to America, and to Utah. And she has prospered over there. She loves her native land yet, and I, her son, feel as if you, my friends, were part of my kin. My heart goes out towards this great nation, where the gospel has found so many noble men and women, and where I feel there are many yet who are looking for more of the truth than they can find in the conflicting creeds of the day." He spoke to them briefly of the restoration of the gospel by angel visits to the Prophet Joseph Smith, and then closed by bearing his testimony. The rain was falling faster now, and at the close of Elder Donaldson's brief prayer of dismissal the people hurriedly dispersed.

There was no chance to give out any literature

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in such weather, so the men walked homeward in the rain, which now came pelting down. For a while Elder Dean was so unconscious of it that he failed to raise his umbrella.

"Elder Dean," said his companion, "it seems to me that you are not only wet over, but wet through. Put up your umbrella."

"It was glorious," replied the other, as he did what he was told. "And, dear brother, I want to keep not only wet over all the time, but wet through and through."

## II.

### WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Willard Dean was twenty-five years old the day he landed in Liverpool and wrote his name in the missionary record book, in the Church office. This had been his first long journey, and he felt that he had come a long way from home. The welcome and the instructions which he received from the president of the mission helped him somewhat to forget his homesickness; and when he was assigned his field of labor, he entered upon his duties with the vim and enthusiasm characteristic of the young Latter-day Saint missionary. His companion was Elder Walter Donaldson, a young man about his own age, who had been in the field six months.

Willard was simply an average "Mormon" boy. He had been born and reared in one of the

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larger country towns of Utah; had worked on his father's farm in summer, and had attended school in the winter. His schooling had extended into the third year of the high school, and then it had ceased, because of pressing home duties. A few years of such life, and then the missionary call had come. He responded willingly—and here he was, young, inexperienced, but eager to learn and willing to do his duty.

The first few weeks had been very trying to him. Naturally reticent, he dreaded to approach people who did not fail to tell him by either word or action that neither he nor his doctrine was wanted. His first few days of tracting were days of keen mental suffering; and oftentimes it took his utmost will power to still his fast beating heart and bring his reluctant steps to the door. His companion, remembering his own experiences, was patient with him and helped him with kind advice and reassuring words.

But after that eventful street-meeting, Willard Dean underwent a wonderfully rapid transformation. He was surely “wet over” and stayed “wet.” The missionary spirit burned within him, and drove out

all fear. If the door was slammed in his face, he simply hummed softly a song,—usually, “School thy feelings, O, my brother,”—and then went to the next door. Street-meetings grew on him, as they usually do on the energetic elder. After a time, he declared that he would rather hold a good street meeting than to eat one of Sister McDonald’s splendid meals. There was something exhilarating to the soul to have a large company of people stand and listen to the message which he was sent to deliver. There had been no more trouble with mobs, and his meetings were not usually disturbed.

One day, about two weeks after the meeting at which Willard had given his first talk, he remarked to his companion that recently the face of the little old woman in black had repeatedly come to him. “I wish I had taken her name and address,” he said.

“Why, I have it,” exclaimed his companion, “I had forgotten all about it: she gave it to me while you were speaking. She was very much interested in what you were saying; and, now I am reminded of it, she asked us to call on her.”

“I feel that we ought to call just as soon as possible,” said Willard.

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That same afternoon they set out on their errand. It was a beautiful, warm day—such a day that brings out into the open, the wretchedness and misery of life in the slums,—for the woman's address led them through the city's most squalid quarter to its farther side. As they passed through the narrow, dirty, foul-smelling streets, they found that the dwellers in the wretched buildings on each side of the street had deserted their dark "holes" for the warm stones and pleasant sunshine of the street. The pavement swarmed with children,—dirty, ragged, puny children. They sprawled over the sidewalks on to the street on each side, until there was hardly room for the two men to pass in the middle of the street. Women lounged in the doorways and on the steps. Willard looked at them in a sort of a dazed horror. This was his first experience in the slums. He was told that these women were the mothers of the children, and this fact explained much to him. The women gossiped with each other. Some were scolding their children, some were quarreling with their neighbors, some were talking and laughing in loud, harsh voices. Some were bringing ale from the corner dram shop,

while others were drinking from their big earthen mugs and giving sips to the babes.

The two men breathed easier when the better streets were reached. They, however, passed by the number which they were seeking, and so had to retrace their steps. They found it in a very small side-street. It was more quiet there, as the street was too narrow to admit of any warming sunlight.

The woman whom they were seeking opened the door at their knock. She stood in the doorway a moment looking at the men. She was dressed in the same black gown, but her pale face was clean, and her gray hair was combed in an orderly way. She looked quite different from the great majority of her neighbors.

“Come in,” she said. “I am glad you have come. I have been waiting for you for many days. Come in.”

The room was small. Very dirty paper covered the walls, except where it had fallen off, when a dirtier wall beneath was displayed. The little window had been recently washed, and a bit of clean, white curtain hung before it. There was a table, three chairs, and in two of the corners were



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piled-up clothing, which at night was spread out for beds. The floor was bare but clean. In a small side room were a few kitchen utensils hanging on the wall, by the fireplace. The two missionaries were invited to occupy chairs, while the woman seated herself on the only remaining one.

“We have a very poor place to invite gentlemen to,” she said; “but I wanted to have a talk with you.”

“We are pleased to visit you,” replied Elder Donaldson, “no matter how poor you are.”

“Thank you, sir—we were not always poor—we did not always live in this street.”

Both her speech and manner were evidences of the truth of this statement.

“This young gentleman,” she continued, turning to Willard, “put me very much in mind of a cousin of mine who went many years ago to Utah. We were told that Utah was a place out in America where people could not get back from, and as we never heard of my cousin Mary, we concluded that it was all true; but when I heard this young man tell of his mother, I was sure that she must be my cousin.”

Willard looked in astonishment at the woman, and then he saw again the resemblance which he had noted at their first meeting.

“What is your name?”

“My name is Nancy Loring, and my father was Edward Marchant. My father had a brother John. His daughter Mary must be your mother.”

“My mother was Mary Marchant, sure enough,” replied the young man. And now he remembered more of his mother’s story of her early days in England.

“Yes; I thought so,” continued the woman, “and that’s why I have been waiting so eagerly to see you.”

And then there was a lot of explaining, and much history to tell on both sides. Willard told her where and how they lived in Utah. He told of his father and his brothers and sisters. Other relatives of the woman there were none, as his mother had been the only one of her family to join the Church.

Then she told him many details of her life’s history, and a sad story it was. She and the young elder’s mother had been girls together, had gone to the same school, had worked in the same mill. They had been dear friends.

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“One evening—I remember it as distinctly as if it were yesterday,” said the woman, placing her thin hands on the table in front of her, and looking intently at Willard, “your mother and I were walking the street with a crowd of young people. I think it was on a Saturday night, and as I remember it, as wet as was the night I heard you preach. There was a street meeting going on, and we two girls stopped to listen. An elderly man was telling very much the same as you told us, sir. I was not interested, but your mother was. I could hardly get her away. I could see nothing in what he said, but your mother seems to have been converted then and there.”

“Thank God,” said Willard Dean to himself.

“Well, that was the beginning. Cousin Mary, your mother, could not rest until she had hunted up that man and had a talk with him. She got some of his books and sat up nights a reading them. She attended some meetings, held by the preacher down on Legum Street. I went with her a number of times. Very few people attended, and these were strangers to us; but the preaching and singing were beautiful—I remember that—especially the sing-

ing. Many's the time that I have tried to recall some of those hymns, but I never could succeed."

She raised the corner of her apron to her eye as if to wipe away a tear.

"Good Mother," said Elder Donaldson, "we will sing you a song or two to see if you can remember them."

She consented gladly, and the two missionaries sang, in a modulated tone, a number of "Mormon" hymns. The woman listened with a beaming countenance.

"The very ones! the very ones!" she exclaimed with a clasp of her hands. "Yes, I have never heard such beautiful singing since. He was an old man, that first preacher, and he hadn't a strong voice either, but somehow his hymn went directly to the heart and stayed there. Well, to be brief, your mother was baptized into the Church. Then what a time she had! Everybody turned against her. Her mother scolded her, her father threatened her, her brothers and sisters scorned and mistreated her. She came to me one day when she was in sore distress. Poor girl, how she did carry on! She thought I believed some of this new gospel, and so she came

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to me as an only friend; but she went away uncom-  
forted. Although I could see that what she believed  
in was true, I was afraid to say so. I was afraid to do  
anything that would class me with the "Mormons."  
I wasn't so brave as your mother, young man. I  
was fearful of the talk, of the ill-will of my folks,  
and especially was I afraid of a young man I was  
keeping company with. Shortly after this, your  
mother went away, and that was the last we heard  
of her."

Willard's heart went out to the woman as he  
listened to her narrative. "And then what has been  
your story, Cousin,—I may call you Cousin, may  
I not?"

"Bless your soul, yes—but my story is quite  
different from that of your mother, quite different.  
I may tell you a little of it. Have you time to listen  
to an old woman's not very pleasant talk?"

"We have plenty of time," said Willard, as he  
moved his chair up closer to the table.

"I did not marry the young man that I was  
keeping company with when your mother left; but  
some years after I married George Loring. He died  
some ten years ago. I have had five children. Two

are dead. My oldest son lives just around the corner. He has a large family. My other son lives in London. My youngest girl lives here with me. She works in the mill at the bottom of the next street. My husband was a dyer, and made good wages for many years. Then he took to drink, and became very bad. For years it was a terrible struggle to live. Our home became poorer and poorer, as we had to move into cheaper and cheaper lodgings.

\* \* \* He died, and we came here. We have lived in these rooms for two years. I am too old to work, and so our living depends on the earnings of my daughter, Nora. Times are poor now. The mill hands often work but half time, and so her earnings are not large."

"You said you had a son living near by," suggested Willard.

"Yes, but his children would be better off in the work house, because both their father and their mother drink up every penny they can spare; yes, and many a one that they ought not to spare, if they considered that their children needed bread and clothes. Ofttimes we have to share our bread with the hungry children."

Just then a young woman opened the door, but hesitated at sight of the two strange men.

“Here is my daughter Nora, now,” said Mrs. Loring. “Come in, Nora. This is the man from Utah that I spoke to you about. He and his friend have called to see us. This young man is my cousin, Mary Marchant’s son.”

The young woman came into the room and took the missionaries’ proffered hands.

“I am pleased to meet and know you,” said Willard. “I suppose if your mother and mine are cousins, we are cousins also.”

The girl did not reply, but looked rather timidly at the two well-dressed men. She was a tall girl, taller than the average English mill girl. She looked older than twenty, but it would be hard to say how much. Her hair was black, her eyes were dark brown. Although her face was pale and colorless, it was not an ugly one by any means.

The mother and daughter went into a side room where a hurried consultation was held. The daughter went out again, as the mother came into the room.

“You will stay and have a cup of tea with us,

will you not? Nora thought it would be presumptuous to ask you, but I said for your mother's sake you would. I am sure I am right, am I not?"

"You are, cousin, though you must not go to any inconvenience for us. And let me explain," he continued. "We missionaries do not drink tea, but if you will give us the hot water and let us put the milk and sugar in without the tea, we shall like it just as well."

The woman was somewhat astonished at this, but she agreed to humor them. A clean white cloth was spread on the table, on which was placed a few dishes. Then Nora came back with a number of paper parcels, and there was a further consultation in the other room where the kettle was already singing. The peculiar drinking habits of these men from Utah were no doubt explained to the daughter.

When all was ready, the three chairs were drawn up to the table, and a stool was brought from the other room. Nora took the rather unsteady stool, and Willard tried to have her exchange with him; but she would not consent. On the table there were the usual thin, buttered slices of bread. The cold sliced meat and the jam were no doubt extras for that occasion.



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As the working day was drawing to a close, men and women were coming home, and there was a clatter of shoes and a babel of voices in the street. The half opened door was a number of times pushed open by neighbors who looked in with astonishment at the company around the table, and then quickly withdrew. Nora got up, closed the door tightly, then went back to her place. She was very silent, and it was some time before the two elders could get her to answer at any length some of their questions.

After the meal was over and the table was cleared, Elder Donaldson was given an opportunity to talk. In a quiet, careful way he introduced the first principles of the gospel. He opened his Bible on the table, and the others sat around listening intently to what he said. The evening twilight crept into the little room; but the daylight did not altogether fade away, and so there was no need of the lamp. The noises without grew less disturbing. They sat for a long time under the spell of earnest speech uttering eternal truths.

“’Tis the same, the same,” exclaimed the mother. “It takes me back to my girlhood days. The truth of what you have been saying has been

with me all these years. Nora, my daughter, listen, is it not beautiful!"

But Nora made no comment on what had been said. She became quieter than ever, as if fearful of speaking her thoughts. A little later, when the conversation turned on general topics, the question of whether or not she had ever met and become acquainted with a certain man was asked her.

"A man, did you say?" she exclaimed, with startling suddenness. "I know no men. I have no recollection of ever having known any. I know only brutes—yes, once I knew a man, for a little while, but he—" She stopped, choking a little in her speech. "No, I know no men—they are all brutes," she reiterated.

As the two men walked homeward that evening, Willard Dean said to his companion,

"I have always been on the lookout for things to be grateful for. Today I have found the greatest of them all. What if my mother had not possessed the courage to receive the gospel when she did? If she had weakened, had given up, think of the possibilities! She, her husband and her children, might have been what we have seen today. What

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might have been, but which is not, makes me love my mother all the more, and makes me grateful beyond words to my heavenly Father.”

### III.

#### THE SISTERS FERNLEY.

Besides the work of tracting and holding street meetings in the city, Elders Donaldson and Dean were given the branch at Stonedale to look after. Stonedale was a suburb of the city, five miles either by tram or by road and footpath across the country. There were just twenty members in the Stonedale branch. Sunday School was held each Sunday morning, and services were conducted in the evening. It was the elders' duty to be in Stonedale during Sunday at least. Usually they went out Saturday evening. If it was after the street meetings, they went by car; or if they did not remain for the meetings, they walked out early in the afternoon.

The Saturday following their appointment to this new duty found the two elders walking along the road to Stonedale. The afternoon had begun fine, and they had anticipated a pleasant walk

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through the green lanes, away from the smoke and grime of the city; but they were disappointed in this, because it began to rain before they reached half way. However, they trudged cheerily on, for Elder Donaldson assured his companion that a warm welcome awaited them at Sister Fernley's, where they were to take tea that evening. Elder Donaldson had been to Stonedale a number of times, but this was Willard's first visit.

"I give you fair warning," said Elder Donaldson to Willard, as he looked over at him under his dripping umbrella, "that you do not fall in love with either of Sister Fernley's daughters."

His companion only smiled in reply.

"Well, you needn't smile so self-assuredly. A young unmarried fellow like you isn't altogether proof against such girls. I warn you."

"I've never been in love in my life," laughed Willard—"but once" he added half aloud—"and the mission field is a poor place to begin, considering those very pointed and emphatic instructions which the president gave us."

Sister Fernley was watching for them, and met them at the door. She took their wet coats and hats,

and then led them into the cozy little parlor, where a cheerful fire was burning in the grate. They drew their chairs nearer the fire, and leaned back comfortably in the big arm chairs which had been placed for them. What a blessed feeling of peace and contentment the elders have in the home of a good brother or sister!

Sister Fernley was about fifty years old, but she looked younger. The expression in her face and her quiet, solicitous ways, Willard could only describe by the term "motherly," and Willard had a liking for motherly ways.

"The girls will soon be home," she explained, as she sat down to chat with them, "and then we shall have our tea; for you must be hungry after your long walk in the rain?" She looked at Willard.

"'Mormon' Elders are always hungry," he replied, "when there is something to eat."

"Otherwise, they are not," she added.

They sat chatting pleasantly a short time, when the hall door opened and closed again with a bang. A head was seen at the half-open door into the room. Then it was hurriedly withdrawn, and there was a scamper of feet up the stairs.

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“That’s Bessie,” said Sister Fernley. “She always lets us know when she comes.”

In a few minutes Bessie came down again. She had changed her dress and put a few touches to her hair. She greeted the elders warmly, and talked with no great shyness. Bessie was eighteen; she was not tall, but plump—not too plump—and rosy; full of life and good-natured merriment, she was among the elders a proverbial banisher of gloom.

The tea-table in the dining room now took most of her attention, though she found time to come to the doorway now and then to make some inquiries regarding Elder So and So, of Elder Donaldson.

“Bessie,” said he, “haven’t I told you that you musn’t be so interested in the elders.”

Bessie disappeared. In a few minutes she returned and stood in the doorway long enough to say:

“Elder Donaldson, I’ve made some currant cakes for you—if you’re good. They’re hot, and have plenty of butter on them.”

Once more the outer door opened and some one came into the hall.

"Is that you, Elsa?" asked the mother.

"Yes, mama."

"Elders Donaldson and Dean are hear. Come in."

The girl came into the parlor as she was, in street costume. As she stood for an instant hesitating in the doorway, she appeared as a vision of beauty to Willard Dean. She was taller than her sister. Her face was a combination of white and pink. As she came in without removing hat or gloves, Willard instinctively arose. He knew that queens demanded homage, and here was a queen. She shook hands with the elders, and Willard felt the firm pressure of that gloved hand as he had never felt hand before. Her sweet smile found a way directly to his heart.

Tea was soon ready, and they went into the dining room. All four sat down at the table. Bessie was still and sober long enough to allow Elder Donaldson to ask the blessing. Elsa sat by Willard. With gloves and hat removed, she was more beautiful than ever. A mass of dark brown hair crowned a shapely head. Her lips were full and red, and when she smiled at Willard—which she did quite fre-



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quently—he noted that her teeth were pearly white. She was a study in pink and white, and Gainsborough might have used her for a model.

Elsa Fernley was a teacher in one of Stonedale's schools, and the talk drifted to schools and teaching, both English and American. "Is the American system much different from the English?" she asked. Willard could not say, as he knew very little about the English schools. They all expected to go to Utah, some day, and she, of course, would have to teach.

After tea they returned to the parlor. The two girls excused themselves while they cleared the table and washed the dishes. It was done in an incredibly short time, and they were soon back in the parlor. It was still raining without. The evening was grey and dull, so the blinds were drawn, the gas was lighted, and the company gathered around the fire.

Willard Dean was naturally a shy man, and especially when in the company of girls; but Sister Fernley was so motherly, Bessie was so unrestrained, and Elsa was so kindly and charmingly attentive, that he soon forgot his shyness and felt at ease.

Unconsciously he found himself listening with more than common interest to Elsa, when she told of her struggle in accepting the gospel.

“It was a great trial,” she said. “I knew the gospel was true, but how could I leave all my friends and join a small, despised people, as the ‘Mormons’ were? and then, you know, Elder Donaldson, what a place the first elders had to hold meetings in. It was a small dingy room, the only entrance to which was up a rickety, narrow, ill-smelling back stairway. I was actually frightened the first time I went there. Why, I thought, didn’t the ‘Mormons’ have clean, well-lighted chapels, located on pleasant streets, the same as other sects had? Of course, I soon learned the reason, but that didn’t make it any easier for me. Then the people began to talk, and the school officials came to me. They reasoned with me, first kindly, and then with more vehemence; but I promised them nothing. When I was fully convinced that ‘Mormonism’ is the truth, I was baptized.—Well, that was a year ago, and I am still teaching. Everybody said that the day I joined the ‘Mormons’ would mark my discharge, and I would have thought so myself but

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for a promise one of the elders gave me. A good many people have already told me that they admired the stand I took in not resigning my position, as some said I would be forced to do."

And Willard Dean was now among those admirers, although he did not tell her so.

The evening passed rapidly as they talked. Bessie had slipped from her chair down to a low stool, and resting her head upon her mother's knee, she looked up first into one face and then into another. Elder Dean received the closest scrutiny, because, of course, he was a new elder. Bessie was quiet for fully ten minutes at a time—quite a record for her. Elsa did most of the talking, and the rich, clear English accent was music to Willard Dean.

That night, as the two missionaries were going to their lodgings, Elder Donaldson asked:

"Well, what do you think of them?"

"They are lovely people," was Willard's reply.

"And especially Elsa, eh?"

"She is a lovely girl, certainly."

"What did I tell you? I warned you!"

"Have I done or said anything to deserve your 'I told you so?' "

“No, but—”

“Well, I know my duty, brother.”

Nevertheless, that night was somewhat wakeful to Willard Dean. That he had been impressed with Elsa Fernley's beauty of face and form, heart and soul, he could not deny, and yet he feared to admit it, even to himself. It must not be, he said to himself emphatically. He must not in the least give way. What had the mission president said to them when he had given them their instructions? “Remember,” were the words, “there is to be no love making while you are upon this mission. If any elder is caught courting, home he goes. You cannot court and do your duty at the same time.” But why should he worry? He was not courting and never would; and yet he was not wholly at ease. Elsa Fernley's voice rang in his ears; he saw her beaming eyes, and felt the good-night pressure of her hand.

This much regarding Willard Dean must be explained: He never had been what is termed a “ladies' man.” As a boy, he had been shy and awkward; as a young man, he had never been a favorite with the girls. Something about him seemed to

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repel the girls of his set. He had not even learned to dance. He blundered with the girls. When he tried to be gallant, he made some awkward mistakes and was laughed at. He never had a sweetheart. He had never "kept company" with any young lady longer than a week. As he grew older he had become acutely conscious of this seeming lack in his composition, and so he had studiously kept away from society. He attended his meetings, he went to the ward reunions and sociables, but otherwise he stayed at home, on the farm, or in the house with a book.

Once—only once—had Willard's heart been seriously entangled. Grace Wells was a neighbor's daughter. They had been children together; but when Grace was eighteen, she had gone to Salt Lake City to attend school and study music. They had seen very little of each other for a number of years, but Willard watched her grow into a fine, accomplished young woman. She could play classical music, and would rather not attempt her oldtime melodies, which father and mother and Willard understood and enjoyed. The last time she had been at home—it was about a year before he had left on his mis-

sion—Willard became earnest in his attentions to her. She had always treated him well, but this time he was sure that she encouraged him. The dream—for it proved to be a dream only—lasted a week, but the waking effects were with him yet.

Many and many a time Willard had watched the girls bestow their smiles upon the other boys, but his own heart-hunger was never satisfied. He had tried not to care. He had reasoned with himself, but after all, a feeling cannot be reasoned away. Time, with accompanying work and changed environment, had made Willard reconciled to his lot.

What, then, would be the inevitable to such a young man when such a girl as Elsa Fernley beamed on him with eyes that pierced his soul? As far as he could see, Elsa was the peer of any girl he knew. She was bright, accomplished, beautiful. She was good and true, and loyal to the truth. Who of the girls at home would make the sacrifices for the gospel that she had made?

Was it any wonder that while the little clock ticked away the hours that Saturday night, Willard Dean lay wide awake until past midnight?

The next morning they met again at Sunday

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School. Next to the elders, it was plainly evident that Elsa Fernley was the leading spirit of the little school. She was organist, and class leader of the intermediate department. Willard could not keep his eyes from her, try as he would. After the school, the Saints stood around in groups and talked. The elders did not go home with the Fernleys for dinner, but after the evening meeting a group of young people accompanied Willard to Sister Fernley's, where they had supper, and afterwards music and singing. Elder Donaldson spent the evening with some gospel investigators.

That night, in his secret prayer, Willard talked plainly with the Lord. He told the Lord that he was in danger; for right here, at the beginning of his mission, he saw a peril more real and greater than had yet come to him. Tracting and street preaching were little trials of faith and courage; being insulted by the prejudiced and unthinking did not now worry him; but here was something which, if permitted to grow, might lead to disastrous results. He *must* not give way to the beautiful vision which seemed to be knocking at the gate of his heart, desiring to be admitted. No matter how hungry his soul might be, he must refuse to eat.

And the Lord heard the young man's prayer, and he was given peace of heart, and strength according to his needs.



## IV.

### IN THE POLICE COURT.

When Elders Donaldson and Dean returned to their city lodgings, Monday afternoon, they found a note from Mrs. Loring, asking them to call as soon as possible. Elder Donaldson had a previous appointment, but as the request appeared urgent, Willard said he would go alone.

He found his way down among the dirty streets, late in the afternoon. As the day was not warm, not many children were in the streets, but there were a good many bad-looking men and women reeling homeward under the influence of drink. As Willard got to the corner where he turned into the by-street in which Mrs. Loring lived, he saw a drunken man lying on the side-walk. A little ten-year-old girl was tugging at him, trying her best to get him upon his feet. She was barefooted and bareheaded, and, as she leaned over the man and tried with her

puny strength to help him up, her disheveled hair hung over her face and became wet with the tears that were streaming from her eyes.

“Dad,” the little girl cried, “get up. The cop is surely comin’—and he’ll get ye, and put ye in jail. O dad!” she pleaded, as she tugged “get up. Grandma’s home is just round the corner—just try. Won’t some of you help me?” she begged of the passers by.

But no one offered to help. The people went by with a grin or a shrug, or an uninterested look. At last one young fellow took hold of the man’s arm and raised him up. “Better try to get him in somewhere,” said he, “or it will mean five shillings to the poor devil.”

“Right round the corner,” said the girl eagerly. “O, help me take him in!”

The girl looked up and down the street, fearing the approach of a policeman any minute. The drunken father was dragged a few steps, and then he fell again. Then, sure enough, up the street was seen a policeman, sauntering along. When the child caught sight of him, she frantically renewed her efforts to get her father out of sight. Willard stood looking on with peculiar feelings. His heart ached

for the child, but what could he do to help? It was all so strange to him, but he could do nothing but stand in a sort of gruesome fascination and watch the proceedings.

Slowly the big man in blue uniform came down the street. He, no doubt, had seen the drunken man, and he wanted to give him a chance to get away. His duty was to take drunken people off the streets to jail, but he did not go into the houses for them. If those who were trying to get this fellow off the streets would succeed, it would relieve him of an unpleasant duty; and so the policeman was very slow in his walk, and even stopped a number of times to look into shop windows. But at last he reached the group which stood around the drunken man and the girl, and then he had to do his duty. He waited a few minutes until he could hail another policeman, and then the two dragged the helpless man to the police station near by. The little girl sat down on a doorstep crying as if her heart would break.

Willard still lingered. Soon the street was cleared, and the little girl was alone. The scene was such a common one that it was soon over and forgotten. Presently, the little girl arose and went

along the street. Willard followed. She turned in at Mrs. Loring's door, and so did Willard.

Mrs. Loring met them both as they entered.

"O, grandma, they have taken dad to prison again," the little girl cried.

"Her mother is already there," said the woman to Willard. "It is quite a common occurrence for one of them to be there, but it is not often that both are there together."

"And the children?" asked the young man, realizing their condition. "What becomes of them?"

"They come to me. Nora and I take care of them the best we can." She gave him a seat.

"You got my note, did you?" she asked.

"Yes; we have been away for a few days, having just arrived home this afternoon."

"Well, you may think it strange, Mr. Dean, why I sent to see you; but the truth is, I don't hardly know myself. I don't see how you can help us, and yet I felt as though you could help in some way."

The young man was at a loss to know what to do or say. Presently two more children—a boy and a girl—came in, and their grandmother sent the three out into the back yard to play until they

should be called. Then Nora came home. She had heard and was angry; but when she saw Willard she restrained herself. She shook hands with him and apologized for the condition which he had found them in.

“It must be humiliating to find such relatives,” she said.

Willard could not deny that, so he said nothing. The children were soon called in and given something to eat in the side room, and then they were told to be quiet until bed time. Willard talked with the two women for some time, comforting them as best he could, and when he arose to go, they thanked him for his visit. Would he come again?”

“Certainly,” said he. “When will your son and his wife be home again.”

“They will come before the judge in the morning, and likely they will get seven days,” replied the mother.

The next morning, Elders Donaldson and Dean called at the police station. They were acquainted with one of the inspectors, and he took them behind the railing in the court room and gave them seats where they could see and hear well. There were

three court rooms, and cases were being tried in each. They were told that as many as three hundred cases were sometimes disposed of in a day. The hall leading into the court rooms was crowded with people who had been summoned to appear for trial or as witnesses, and among them were friends who would help to liberty those who could not pay a fine. The crowd was indeed a study in all sorts and conditions of men and women, and especially women, for they were in the majority.

The two elders spent most of the time in the room devoted to the "drunks" and other minor offenders. In the centre of the room there was a stairway leading from the prison below, and this was crowded with men and women. The judge sat on a raised platform at one end of the room; the attorneys were in front of him, below; while at the back were twenty-five or thirty uniformed policemen. These were witnesses.

As a name was called, someone from among the prisoners stepped out from the top of the stairs and walked up to an iron railing facing the judge. The charge was then read, and a policeman was called to the witness stand. After being sworn, he

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raised the Bible to his lips, and then as briefly as possible stated the case against the prisoner. Then the judge asked, "Well, what about that?" at which the prisoner usually muttered some excuse, or advanced a faint plea for mercy. The prisoner's former police court record was then read aloud by the clerk for the information of the judge, and sentence was pronounced, which usually consisted of a fine of five or ten shillings, or in lieu thereof imprisonment for seven or fourteen days. The better class of prisoners came in at the side entrance, having been out on bail. They usually paid their fine on the spot, and departed.

The proceedings seemed to be a monotonous grind to most of the people present, but not so to the two "Mormon" missionaries. Grind there certainly was—the stairs from the prison below seemed to be an endless chain, which was propelled by some unseen machine—but all this, instead of being monotonous was intensely interesting to the two young men.

The work went on rapidly. There was no time for extended remarks from anyone. Ofttimes the judge would cut short the prisoner's story by pro-

nouncing sentence, and the condemned would be hustled from the dock down another stairway to a room below. By ones and twos and threes, they came. Five men were arranged in a row and sentenced at once. Then came an old woman. Her hair was gray. She had it smoothly combed that morning, and her dress was clean and tidy. Willard got a good look at her face. It was the face of a woman yet, though marked with years of dissipation. The young man's heart seemed to come up into his throat, and he felt like crying. A woman in such a condition and position, and especially an old woman, with wrinkled face, white hair, and feeble limbs! She should have been sitting in an easy chair by the fire, or under the vines of the porch with her knitting, and with her grandchildren playing around her. Here was the most touchingly disharmonious scene that Willard Dean had ever witnessed.

The woman stood clinging to the iron bar, looking at the judge. The charge of drunkenness was read and testified to. "Twenty-two times before," announced the official who kept the record. The judge looked at the woman for an instant and then said, "This will not do. We shall have to place you



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where you cannot get drunk. We have given you a good many chances to reform, but without avail. Has the woman any relatives or friends present?"

A woman came forward to the railing, and said she was her daughter. The prisoner lived with her.

"Can you not keep liquor from her?" said the judge.

"We have tried and tried, your honor," was the reply, "but it is no use. She has a little money of her own coming to her each month, and she drinks this up. I've tried and tried for years, your honor, but—" with a great sob, "I've almost give up.— But,—I'd like to try again, your honor—give her one more chance. I'll do my best."

There was a moment's pause in the court room, as if the hearts of all had been troubled. Then the judge said:

"I think it will be best if we put her away from temptation for awhile. Six months."

An officer took the old woman's arm and led her quietly away. The endless chain moved again, and two ugly, dirty young fellows stood on the top steps. They had been drunk and had been fighting. "Fourteen days," said the judge. They muttered

vengeance on some one as they were hurriedly pushed away. Then came a girl, quite neatly dressed, her decorated hat conspicuous among the bare heads of the women. Her offense was more serious than being drunk, though it seemed the law placed it in the same list. Willard looked into the face of the young girl—she couldn't have been more than eighteen—and appeared pure as any good girl—he could not understand. She seemed such a child!

The judge turned to a woman who sat within easy reach.

“Have you any request to make?” he asked her. “Do you know the prisoner?”

“Yes, I'll take care of her until tomorrow,” was the reply.

It was so ordered, and the girl was told to sit down on a seat within the railing. The woman whispered something to her, but there seemed to be no change in the expressionless face.

The woman was a court missionary; one of a number of men and women who worked among the slums and the criminal class, and performed what deeds of kindness and help were within their power. They visited the police court each day, and

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had a standing there. The judge often conferred with them, and usually granted them any request for a withholding of sentence, in order that they might try their kinder hand.

Next came a young woman with a babe wrapped in the shawl that covered her own shoulders. She had been found drunk in the street. She cried piteously when she stood at the bar, and did not look up at the judge. She was also handed over to the court missionary, who talked to her a few minutes, gave her a piece of money, and showed her out of the room.

Following her was another young woman. She had been intoxicated and boisterous. Her husband came forward from among the crowd of policemen, paid her fine, and took her away.

“Thomas and Susan Loring,” read the clerk, and the two stepped forward. Elder Donaldson looked at Willard, who was gazing fixedly at these, his distant kinsfolk. Sober and moderately clean as they were that morning, they were not a bad looking pair. The judge knew them, and he gave them a severe reprimand. They stood and humbly said, “Yes, your honor,” and “No, your honor.” This

being the first time they had been there together, their position was especially humiliating. They did not know that the well-dressed young man sitting a few feet away was their American relative. They were given seven days, or a fine of five shillings, and then they were sent down with the rest of the condemned.

“I’ve seen enough of this,” whispered Willard to his companion, as they went out into the hall.

But their friend, the inspector, urged them to look through the prison, and as he offered to show them around, they accepted his kindness. They saw nothing peculiarly different from other jails in the stone cells and iron doors. This jail was for the transients only; the prison for long terms was out on the hills, some miles from the city.

Down in the large room below the court chamber, there was a crowd of condemned prisoners. A good many of them crowded around a big iron gate which led to the open. On the outside of this gate were also a good many people. The visitors were told that those on the outside were there to pay the fines of friends within, and thus secure their liberty. Some were standing conversing between the bars,

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others of the prisoners were eagerly looking to see if there were any helping friends without, while others knowing that there was no such help for them, walked moodily around the room, or sat on the seats in the farthest corners.

In one of the small cells, which the inspector said was for boys, the visitors read, among many odd scribblings on the walls, this inscription: "Seven days for pinching a duck."

When they had made the round of the building, court was over, and the officers were accepting fines and releasing prisoners at the big gate. As they stood watching the proceedings, Willard saw Nora Loring in the crowd outside. The two elders withdrew, so that they could see, but not be seen. Nora stood with head bowed quietly waiting. When her turn came, she paid the money, ten shillings, and her brother and his wife were free again. As far as the two elders could see or hear, Nora said not a word to them. They went their way, and she went hers.

"Ten shillings is a lot of money for Nora to pay," said Willard to his companion. "Think what labor;

what sacrifice those ten shillings represent. Do those two released prisoners appreciate it?"

But the other could not answer.

They took the car for home, but rode by their lodgings out into the park.

"I want a change," said Willard.

It was early afternoon, and a beautiful day. The two young men strolled around for a short time, and then sat down on a bench by the fountain.

There is only a penny ride between the two extremes of life in an English city. The slums are at one end, with their narrow, dirty streets, and ugly, dirty houses; with their ugly, dirty people; with their poverty and their degradation. The park is at the other end of the penny ride, with its beautiful trees and flowers and walks; with its water and swans and pleasure boats; with its quiet and pure, balmy air; with its neatly dressed, pretty children playing on the grass; with its display of wealth and comfort and leisure; with its culture and refinement.

The English parks are in very deed oases in the desert, and the two "Mormon" elders could breathe

freely again, as they sat and drank in the beauty of sight and sound around them.

“It’s like coming from hell to heaven,” said Willard.

## V.

### THE GREEN LANES OF ENGLAND.

England is one great, beautiful garden, with a goodly number of big, black, ugly spots in it. The spots are towns, begrimed with the dirt and smoke of mines, mills, and traffic. As the parks in the cities are beauty spots in a wilderness of ugliness, so the towns, as a rule, are unsightly blotches on the pleasant face of the land. In England, one may understand the aptness of the saying that, "God made the country and man made the town." All this is especially true of northern and middle England, in the region of the mines and mills.

A large number of English people seldom enjoy the beautiful country they live in. To the workers in the big cities, life is a daily grind, amid a world of blackened brick and stone; and so it is no wonder that these workers, whenever opportunity affords, get away from the towns and make excursions into



the country, to enjoy for a day the green fields and blue sky.

Elder Willard Dean and Sister Elsa Fernley were talking about this very subject that afternoon, as they were walking side by side on the footpath which extended from highway to highway across the fields. The Stonedale Sunday school was having its annual picnic outing that afternoon. Nearly all the Saints were out, and a number of elders from nearby branches were in attendance. The day was beautiful. The thin, white clouds which floated across a sky of blue were not storm clouds. Yes; the sky can become blue in England, although some people who are more observant of the dreary than they are of the cheerful, tell us differently. The air, laden with field-gathered aroma, was soft and mild.

The gathering was to be at the Springs, about a mile from Stonedale, reached by a walk over hill and dale. As the Saints and their friends could not all go at one time, they went in small parties. Willard walked out with a group in the middle of the afternoon, among which were Sister Fernley, Elsa and Bessie. Willard and Elsa brought up the rear, Willard with a big lunch basket and Elsa swinging

a pretty sunshade. Their conversation had taken quite a serious turn, and that was the reason, no doubt, why the rest of the party went on ahead and left them together.

“You know,” Willard was saying, “I had an idea that England was a dull, dreary land, where it rained practically all the time.”

“How did you get such an idea?” she asked.

“Well, I don’t know exactly; but many people who have been here have given us that impression. I think, however, I have discovered one reason why travelers get such misconceptions of your country. It is this: Many of them are whisked across the country by your fast trains, oftentimes by night. The beginnings and endings of the journey are in the traffic section of some big city. Perhaps there is a fog, or it is raining, and then the weary traveler looks around on the dreary scene and says, ‘And this is England?’ Could he get out into the country for a few weeks in the summer, and walk through England’s green fields and lanes, he would form quite a different opinion.”

“And so you think we have a beautiful country?” asked Elsa, as she changed her parasol to the

other hand. This change gave her no shade, but it permitted her to get a better look at her companion.

“Yes; your country is a continual delight to me. You see it is so different from ours at home.”

“In what way is it so different? Tell me about it,” she urged.

“Well, you must remember that we live in what is called America’s arid region, which at one time was considered a vast, worthless area. Sometimes in the summer it does not rain for two months. You can perhaps imagine what the country looks like at the end of that time. Outside of the irrigated districts, everything is brown or bare. The hot sun has baked the whole land. The mountains, which were grass-covered in the spring, become dry and barren. Towards autumn, the fields become yellow. When the grain is cut, the brown stubble remains. Dust gathers on trees, fences and roadsides. Then comes the winter, and the snow covers the hills. Sometimes it lies in the valleys for weeks at a time. Then it is beautiful. You cannot think how grand it is, especially at night. Then the air is keenly sharp. The sky is an intensely blue vault, without a cloud, and studded with countless stars of diamond

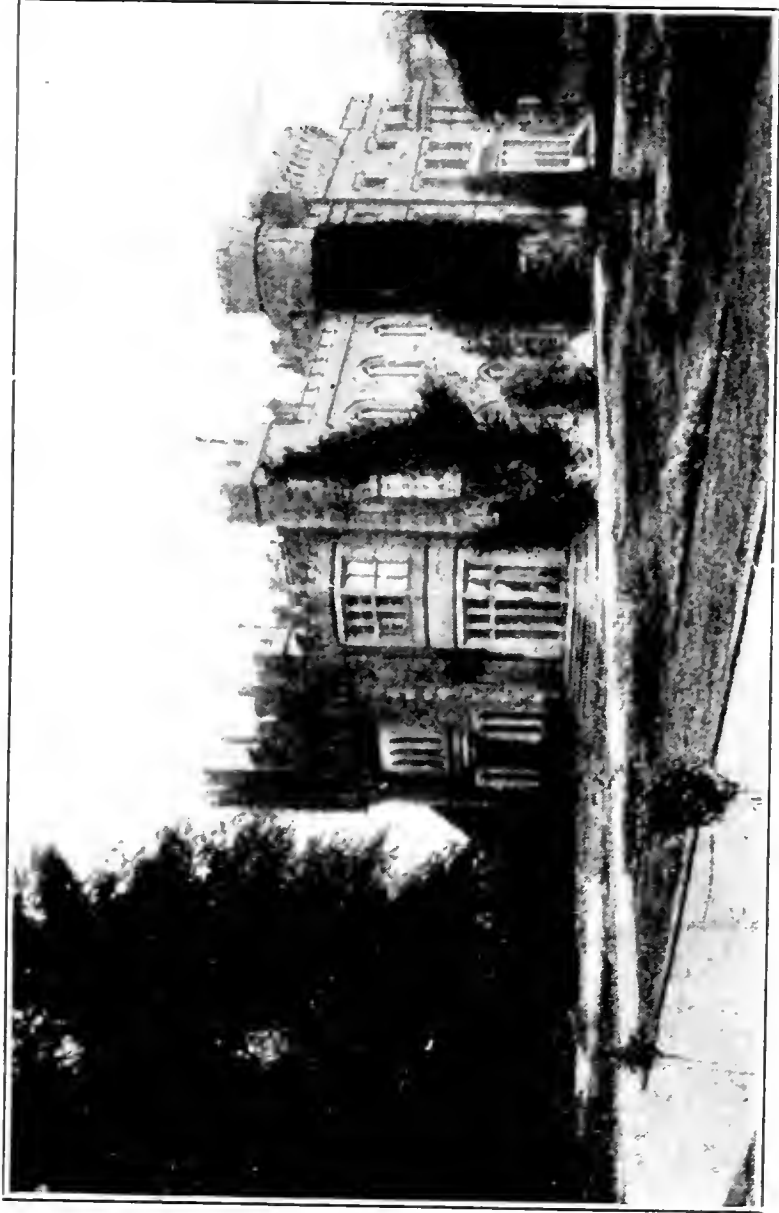
brilliance. The earth is pure white. Add to this scene the merry jingle of sleigh bells, and the shouts of the happy young people—oh my!”

Elsa was interested. She had started him to talking, which was not a very easy thing to do, she had learned before this.

“So you see, we have many kinds of weather in Utah, and the changes are marked. Here in England there is more of a uniformity. You have green fields the year round. True, there is much rain; but I like rain, and besides, rain settles the dust, washes the trees, and decorates every nook and corner where there is soil with flowers and grass. I think you English people don't fully appreciate your climate. When the weather becomes comfortably warm, you call it 'awfully hot,' and when it is otherwise, it is 'dreadfully naa-sty'—but I'm doing all the talking; I want to hear you talk about England.”

The girl laughed. Her cheeks were rosy-red; and her eyes beamed.

“I'm glad you like England,” she said. “Some of the elders can see nothing good here. I heard one elder say that he would rather see the stones and dust



“The stately homes of England” — Hawarden Castle, the home of Gladstone.



in the streets of his home town than all the green lanes in England."

"He was foolish," said he.

"No; he was simply homesick," she corrected. "Besides, he had left behind someone very dear to him."

"Yes; parents, brothers and sisters."

"Elder Dean, don't play stupid. Doesn't every young elder have a sweetheart at home?"

"Not everyone—I know one who hasn't."

"Oh, they all say that."

"I never had a sweetheart in my life."

He said it quite soberly, and she made no reply; but she tilted the sunshade so that he could not see her face for a moment. Bessie had lingered, but now came up and offered to carry the basket for a time. He would not hear of it. The path led into a highway again. On one side was a stone wall, old and moss-covered. On the other side was a holly hedge, its bright green leaves shining in the sun. The trees on each side oftentimes met overhead. The picnickers passed beautiful country villas. How cool and restful they were, covered with vines, shaded with trees, and surrounded with grass and flowers!

“The stately homes of England—  
How beautiful they stand,  
Amid their tall ancestral trees,  
O'er all the pleasant land,”

repeated Elsa.

They passed a typical English country village, and then followed a road which led through high banks of shrubbery. A stone wall was scaled by the aid of a stile, near the borders of a small lake. Near the stile, a young couple was seated on the grass, intent upon a book. Bessie soon joined her mother again.

“When I look at your country,” said Willard, “I no longer wonder why the ancient Danes wanted it, or why men have fought for its possession for a thousand years past;—by the way, I have been reading the little book you loaned me. I have known for years of Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies*, but have not read it before. I brought the book with me.”

“How do you like it?”

“It is full of beautiful thoughts. Here, for instance, is a passage from his ‘Of Queens’ Gardens’ which came to my mind when we were talking of the contrasts between your city and country life.”





“They passed a typical English country village.”



They paused on the last stile long enough for him to take his book from his pocket, find the passage and read it. "Ruskin here speaks of the need of a little 'wild and fair nature' for the children to enjoy," said Willard, "and then he continues, speaking to the English people: 'Suppose you had each, at the back of your houses, a garden large enough for your children to play in, with just as much lawn as would give them room to run—no more—and that you could not change your abode; but that, if you chose, you could double your income, or quadruple it, by digging a coal shaft in the middle of the lawn, and turning the flower-beds into heaps of coal. Would you do it? I hope not. I can tell you, you would be wrong if you did, though it gave you an income of sixty-fold instead of four-fold.

" 'Yet this is what you are doing with all England. The whole country is but a little garden, not more than enough for your children to run on the lawns of, if you would let them *all* run there. And this little garden you will turn into furnace ground, and fill with heaps of cinders, if you can; and those children of yours, not you, will suffer for it.' I put a mark by that passage in your book," said Willard. "I was tempted to mark many others."

The Springs were now reached. A number of people had already arrived, and the games were set going. Then they ate their lunch, spread on the grass by the hillside. The afternoon continued warm. More people arrived later, and towards evening there were quite a number present.

After a heated game of ball, Willard and Elsa found themselves seated on the hillside overlooking the pleasure grounds. That they were quite alone, was not Willard's contriving. When he had reclined in the grass and fanned his warm face with Elsa's sailor hat for a few moments, the fact that they were alone came to him. Perhaps they had been too much alone. He did not want to do anything that would cause talk among the Saints; but they were in full view of the whole pleasure party, so he could be doing no indiscreet act in simply sitting there.

The view from the hill was an interesting one. Away to the right stretched the big, black, smoky city, and in that direction a forest of chimneys reached into the air. In front, the valley opened out. The town had extended a long arm into the valley, and there were a number of mills here, too. Beyond the valley were the hills, dotted with homes,



“A young couple was seated upon the grass, intent upon  
a book.”



and checkered with fields, bordered by stone walls. Woods extended nearly the whole length of the hill-top, pierced here and there by a church spire. Out beyond the houses, down in the valley to the left, could be seen a small stream, while a canal threaded its way alongside. A number of boats moved slowly along its shining surface, drawn by a horse on the path.

Willard Dean and Elsa Fernley sat for some time looking at the scene before them.

“It’s your turn to talk,” said he.

“Shall I repeat what Shakespeare says of England?”

“Yes; do.”

“This is what he says: It is found in Richard II:

“This royal throne of kings, this sceptered isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise,  
This fortress built by Nature for herself  
Against infection and the hand of war,  
This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands,  
This blessed plat, this earth, this realm, this England.”

“Shakespeare sums it up pretty well,” replied he. “Every line counts.”

Then Elsa talked, and the young man listened; and as she talked she grew confidential. She told him of her early girlhood days, and the trials which she had endured even then.

“It seemed to me that I was different from the other girls,” she said. “Perhaps I was more serious, for my set was a flighty lot—all the talk was of beaux and the like. I remember how lonesome I used to feel, even when there was no discernible reason for it. I have never had to work in the mills. After school I would often ramble all alone out in the fields and woods, and many a time have I been out here to the Springs. I used to take a copy of Wordsworth with me and read his beautiful descriptions of nature while in the midst of it. Truly, also,

“I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills.”

Wordsworth, you know, lived in England's beautiful lake region, and the beauty of the country has entered into his poems. I think now that those early years were a preparation for what was coming, when I was to hear the gospel.”





“England’s beautiful lake region” — Lake Windermere.



They both sat on the grass, he a little above her. While she talked, she looked out over the children playing below them, and he looked at her. He couldn't help it, because, was she not directly in his line of vision? The breeze blew her hair about her face—it had become somewhat ruffled by her romping play in the ball game—and as she tried to tuck it into orderly place, she smiled up into the face above her.

There was to be no love making! Willard knew it, and often he repeated it to himself. He thought he was safe, but again there came to him, as he looked into those laughing eyes for just a moment, something inexpressibly sweet and yet akin to fear. No one had ever looked at him like that before. No one had ever confided to him as this girl had the very secrets of her heart. No one had ever spoken so softly and sweetly. No one had ever trusted him as she did; and in it all there was danger to the heart of the susceptible, inexperienced boy who oftentimes was heart-hungry himself.

The fear element of his emotions grew stronger. First he feared for himself, then for her. What if she should acquire more than a brotherly fondness for

him? There was no reason why she should, and yet she might. That would never do. He had suffered once, he told himself, and he desired for no soul that experience. He shuddered when he thought that he might be the cause. What, if anything, had he done in this case? He had walked and talked only. He had been very interested, it is true, but their talks had been strictly within proper bounds. And yet, why did she look at him like that? Why had her hand lingered softly in his, whenever he had said goodby?"

The sun went down over the western hill. Long shadows crept out over the valley below and up the distant hillside. The mellow haze in which the distant landscape lay bathed took upon itself a deeper tint of pearly blue. The picnickers now gathered in one group on the hillside below, and they motioned for Willard and Elsa to join them, which they did. Then songs were sung—the soul inspiring Latter-day Saints hymns. Passers-by paused to listen. Poems were recited, and dialect stories were told. Who that has ever enjoyed these outings in the mission field will ever forget the simple joys and pure delights of such gatherings?

Then began the walk homeward. Willard purposely avoided Elsa, who chatted gaily with a group of friends. Twice they met, but each time Willard managed to become separated. Before the fields were crossed, Elsa became noticeably quiet. After a time she quickened her pace, and he saw her no more until they reached home. He parted with Sister Fernley and Bessie at the door, but Elsa was not to be seen.

"Where is Elsa?" he inquired.

"She must have come on ahead," replied her mother. "She complained of a headache."

"I'll go in and say goodnight," he said.

She was sitting by an open window, resting her head on the casement, and looking out into the coming night.

"I have come to say goodnight," he said.

She arose, and took his hand. "Goodnight," she said simply and softly. There was a slight tremor in her voice. Her face was a little pale, and her eyes were swimming. Willard held her hand for a moment, and then saying goodnight turned and left. The emotions within himself seemed to accumulate and materialize into a big hard lump in his breast, and oh, how it did hurt!

The next day Willard had a long confidential talk with his conference president; and a week later Elder Willard Dean received from the Liverpool office a communication transferring him from the Leeds to the London conference.

## VI.

### LONDON.

Willard Dean made short work of his parting with the Sisters Fernley. He lingered longer with some of the other Saints—he felt safer with them. He disliked to part with his companion, Elder Donaldson, as he had learned to love him dearly; however, Elder Donaldson promised to visit him in London some time later.

When Willard went to say goodby to Cousins Nancy and Nora, he was somewhat surprised to see how keenly they felt the parting. Why must he go? they enquired. Was he not doing well enough where he was? They would miss him very much.

“You see,” said the old lady, as she held his hand in her bony one and stroked it gently, “we haven’t many real friends. We are here, Nora and I, struggling to live and help others a little. Your coming has been the only ray of sunshine which we

have received for a long time—and now you are going, too.”

Willard had invited them a number of times to attend the meetings of the Saints, but so far they had not done so. When pressed for a reason he had been told that they had no clothes fit to go to church in; and he had tried to convince them that most of the Saints were poor people like themselves. His heart went out to them now, and he longed to help them. He knew that the greatest help he could give them was to get them interested in the gospel; and so he told them again of the other elders and how pleased the Saints would be to welcome them. When he arose to go, Nora walked out with him.

“It is quite dark,” she said. “May I walk along with you a short distance?”

“Why, certainly; but why did you say that about it’s being dark?”

“Never mind; I know.”

She chose the darkest side of the streets as they walked. The young man surmised that she did this for his sake, and not for her own.

“I want to tell you,” she said, “that I have attended most of your street meetings lately, although



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you have not seen me. I have taken good care that you should not. I cannot keep away. Something draws me to what is said, and the manner the elders say it. I wanted to tell you this before you left."

The girl's usually colorless cheeks seemed to glow, and her dark eyes beamed.

"Go to our meetings," urged he. "I shall see that Elder Donaldson visits you. Talk to him, and let him talk to you. It will do you good."

"I will try," she said. "Good night, I must not go farther."

"Good night, and God bless you," replied Willard, as he shook her hand warmly.

He went on, but she stood still. The "God bless you" rang in her ears as the sweet music of bells. She had never heard anything quite like those words before; and as she stood there looking after the retreating figure of the elder, her heart was touched, and she had an assurance that here at last was a *man*, a pure man, one that she could trust implicitly. And this man was going away. Well, such acquaintance had been given to her momentarily only—such had been her lot in life.

The train which carried Willard Dean south-

ward to London was an express, and stopped only at a number of the larger cities. The ride was a delightful one, through England's hills, fields and gardens. Willard was alone in the compartment most of the time. He tried to read, but did very little of that, as he kept looking out of the open window. When his thoughts were not on the flying landscape, they were back with the friends whom he had just left. The reason for his leaving was uppermost in his mind, and he wondered if he was acting cowardly in thus running away from temptation. But his better sense told him that the only safe and wise thing to do in his case was to get away as far as possible from Stone-dale.

The train rolled on through alternating sunshine and showers. Towards the close of the afternoon Willard expected every town to be London, but the train sped out again across another stretch of country, then into a town and out into an open space again. The towns became larger and consequently the space between them smaller. They were now in the suburbs of the great city.

At last there was no break in the houses; yet the train went on with undiminished speed, over

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bridges, under bridges, through streets, across streets, now underground, and now above the long rows of chimneys, with their chimney pots on top. The air was no longer clear. The sun was hidden in smoke. There was a continuous tooting of locomotives and rumble of trains coming and going. On they went. Were they not in London yet?

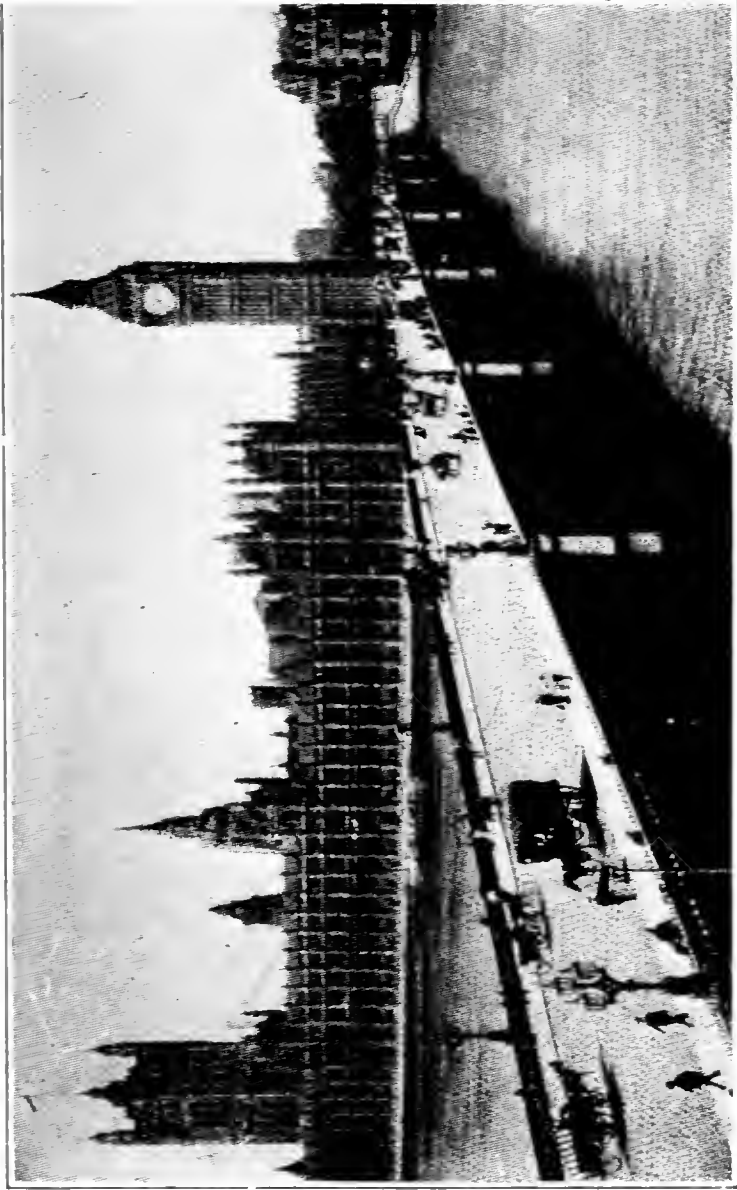
Then the noises of the city, coming in such numbers and rapidity, soon blended into one continuous roar. Willard began to realize that he was in London at last. The train slowed up and stopped. "Tickets, please!" shouted the guards as the collection was made, and Willard knew that this was the last stop before the end of the journey. Once more the train moved, and in a few minutes the great busy station was reached.

Willard Dean spent the remainder of the summer in London, and he learned to know some of the many phases of that "mighty mother city of our race, the great distributing heart of our traditional life." Willard had read of London, but had hardly expected to live in the city. But now the hours of loneliness on the farm which he had devoted to reading paid him back with interest. When he arrived in the city

there was not one soul that he was aware of, which he knew, but everywhere he met names and places that appealed to him as old friends.

The young man saw London in a good many moods, for the city has moods as well as the person who sees it. The first thing that came to Willard the day he arrived was: "This is London—London, the great and only London." He ought, perhaps, to have been over-awed with the greatness of his environment, but he wasn't. His own feelings reminded him of his first reading of Shakespeare: In order to have the least semblance of enjoyment in the performance, he had to repeat to himself, "This is Shakespeare. I am reading Shakespeare, the great Shakespeare."

In one of the first letters which Willard sent home from London, he described it thus: "London is a low, flat, ugly, groveling thing, spreading out over the green country on every hand, reaching out its grimy limbs over the beautiful earth." Again, a little later, he said: "London is not a city—it is a world by itself, or at least it has that appearance. I suppose that London contains people from every country on the globe. London hardly needs the light



Westminster Bridge and Houses of Parliament.



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of heaven—I am told that it doesn't get much of it during the winter—for it seems an all and self-sufficient thing in itself, going on without the aid of sun or moon or stars, wrapped up in its own busy-going affairs day and night."

Willard was disappointed in the Thames. He saw it first near the Houses of Parliament, and found it to be a sluggish river with very little life on it save a few freight barges. However, lower down, he found very much traffic, while farther above, it becomes a pleasure stream for pleasure seekers. When he saw London bridge, he remembered how in childhood they had played a game which said that London bridge was falling down. As he stood on the bridge and watched the traffic, his mind wandered away from the busy scene to a more quiet one far away in the valleys of Utah. The last boy, he himself, had been caught by the falling "bridge"—the arms of two girls—and having decided that he liked oranges better than lemons he had been ranged on the "orange" side. Willard was the only boy on his side, and he had pulled for victory with all his strength. But it was of no use, as the other side had won, and Grace Wells had blamed him for the de-

feat. He remembered that day as he stood on the real London bridge.

Willard did the usual work of tracting and holding street meetings. At first he felt his lonesomeness keenly. Millions of people were all around him, yet he was at times lonesome to a degree never before experienced. He had been in the desert surrounded by nothing but sand and scrub-brush. That had been sublime solitude, and his heart had gone out to his God—he had not been lonesome. Here were vast hurrying crowds; here were life and motion, here were trade and business; while on the corner near the Bank of England more people passed him than would have done in any other spot on the earth, so he was really in the center of the world—and yet he was unutterably lonesome, because he had not one soul to whom he could speak and tell what was in his heart.

It was not often that Willard took a day off from his work. When he was not tracting or visiting he was studying. He felt the need of more study as he came in contact with men of all classes; and the young elder grew wonderfully in the power to grasp the truth and make practical application of it. The





London Bridge.

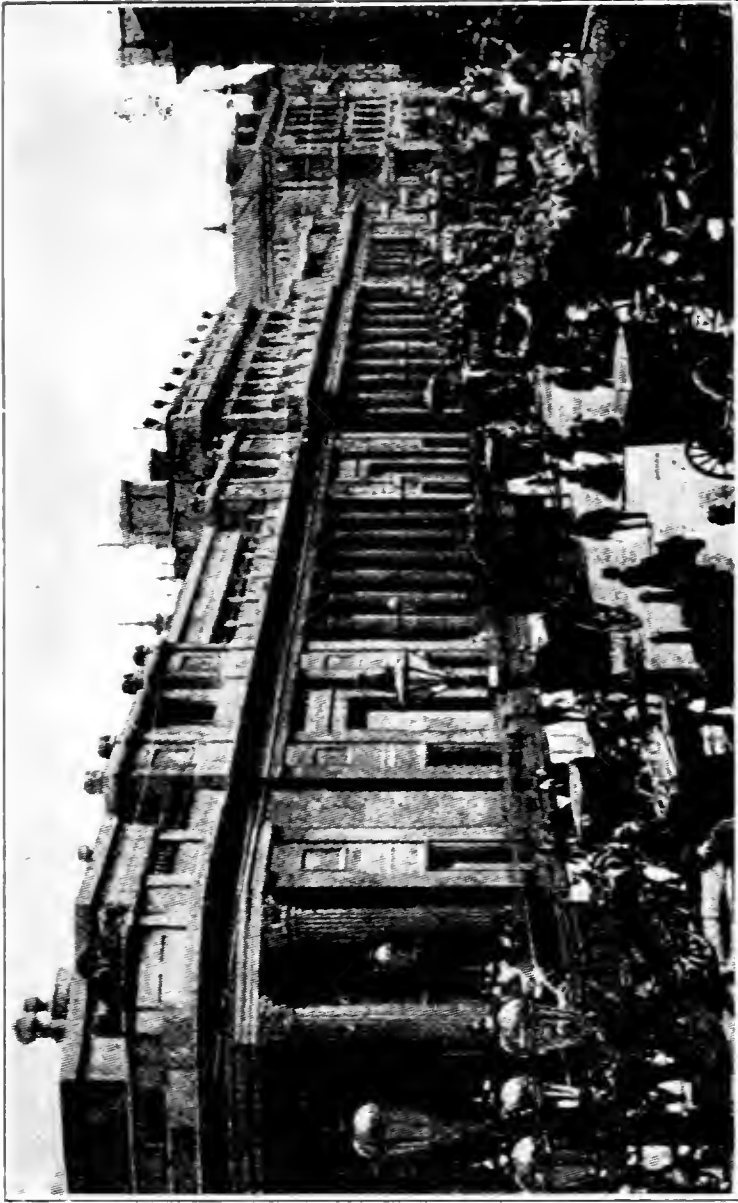


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knowledge, somewhat general and abstract, which he had gained in his Sunday School and Mutual now came back to him and became specialized into something tangible that he could apply to the work in hand. The beauties of the gospel also opened up to him, and his testimony was strengthened accordingly. He liked the street work. Every evening when the weather permitted the elders were out on the streets. They met with much indifference and some opposition, but Willard had so far learned to control himself that he could go right on talking amid noise and interruptions. To him there was inspiration in the thought that each audience which they addressed was nearly if not entirely a new one, and that perchance among that audience there would be one soul seeking for and hungering after the truth. At every door which he visited with tracts he would say to himself, "Perhaps in this house is some one waiting for the truth," and though he was disappointed time and time again, the thought became an eternal hope that led him on day by day. "And if it so be that you should labor all your days in crying repentance unto this people, and bring save it be one soul unto me, how great shall be your joy with him in the kingdom of my Father."

One Saturday afternoon Willard took a holiday, and he spent most of it seeing London from the top of a bus, this being the most inexpensive way of seeing the city. The day was uncommonly warm, and the city people were out in summer attire. Willard liked to study people and faces, and on top of a bus is an ideal place for this. It had impressed Willard, as it has many others, that it is a strange thing for the biggest city in the world to still have horse cars as the chief method of street transportation. Willard usually got a seat well up in front near the driver to get away from the smokers, and to ask questions of the driver whom he usually found very accommodating and willing to talk. Willard had thought that he himself could drive a team very well, but when he had seen the London bus driver, he concluded he had yet something to learn. It was always one of the wonders of London—this constant stream of vehicles, dashing here and there, in and out of narrow streets, around corners and other vehicles, always seemingly just going to collide with something, but never doing it. The drivers went easily and safely through spaces with but a few inches to spare. The streets were oftentimes slippery, yet the horses were not allowed sharp-shod shoes.



The Bank of England Corner—"The busiest spot on earth."



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Willard mounted a bus in Kingsland Road, going south. He rode on past Shoreditch into Bishopsgate. Then past the busy Liverpool Street railway station, into the narrow Threadneedle Street, where the traffic became so congested that progress was slow. He got off at the bank corner and walked along Cheapsides to St. Pauls. The day was so fine that he did not wish to go inside the great cathedral, so he went on around to Paternoster Row, that extremely narrow street devoted to printers and book stalls. He lingered here for some time looking at the books, and thus by way of Amen Corner he passed out into Ludgate Hill and Circus. In Fleet Street he read the signs of the great London newspapers and paused long enough by the window of the *Illustrated London News* to look at the pictures in the latest edition. He remembered what a treasure a big bound volume of this paper had been to him as a child.

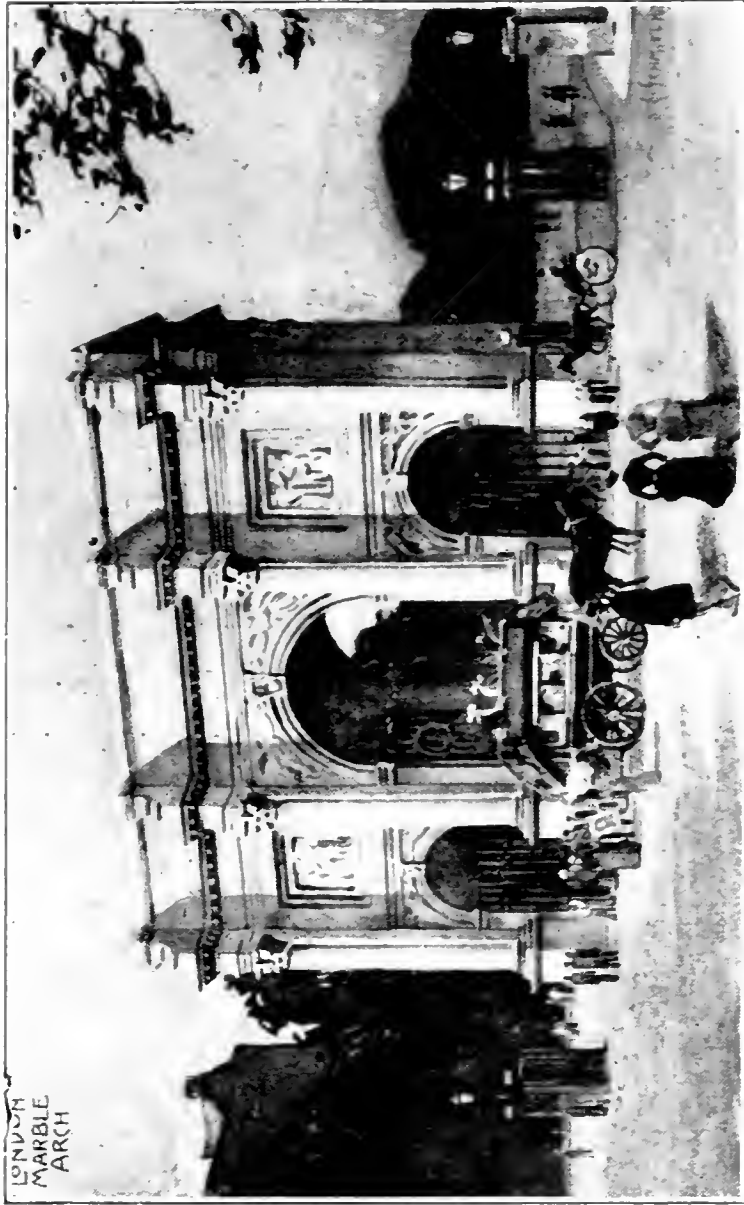
At the end of Fleet Street are the Law Courts, and Willard turned aside to the Inner Temple and took a look at the grave of Oliver Goldsmith. Then he came out on to the busy Strand, and here he again took a cab to Charing Cross and Trafalgar Square.

He rode along Pall Mall to Regent Street; crossed Piccadilly Circus to the Quadrant; then on up to the finest part of Regent Street where fashionable London does its shopping; then turned westward again to Oxford Street, and along to Hyde Park.

Willard got down from the bus at the Marble Arch and walked into the Park. A good many people were strolling about or lying on the grass, but he chose a path that led him into the middle of the great park. Here are nearly four-hundred acres of grass and trees lying in the heart of a great city. As Willard walked away from the street, the noises of the city became less distinct, even as the houses were hidden by the distant trees. When in the middle of the park he could easily imagine himself in some far-away country district. As he lay on the grass, the city was nearly hidden from his view, and its noises now came to him like a low murmur, as if it might have been the rustle of waving fields of wheat or the babble of a brook over the stones.

The sun shone in the sky above him, not with the fierce heat to which he was accustomed at home, but with a soft mildness that did not glare or burn. Everything around him was beautifully green, and





“Willard got down from the bus at the Marble Arch.”



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the young man lay musing, letting the beauty of the scene distil upon his heart. He seemed to be quite alone. Very few people passed, and he was not disturbed. On one side of the park only could he see a few houses, hidden behind trees. In the dim, hazy distance of the opposite direction a skyline of house-tops could be seen as if over there were another and a more enchanted city, not a part of the black, noisy, commonplace town which he had just left.

— In the midst of millions he was once again alone. After all, how can one get away from the fact that each human soul, however closely connected it may be to other souls, is yet separate and distinct? Here were six millions of human beings collected into one small area of earth, crowding close together, on the ground, above the ground, under the ground. Each was dependent upon the other for means of sustaining life. And the whole “ant-bed” was one intricate machine wherein each soul fitted in and played his part. And yet within each of these crawling specks of life is a world, though yet in embryo,—a world of thought, a world of feeling, a world of action. Each soul is a child of the great Father of all, partaking of the nature of that Parent who had given

all existence. Each is a unit, a whole. Each had been given his agency to act and to be acted upon. What, then, thought Willard, as his mind went out on these things, what force can move these many people out of the dead level of thought and action to something higher? What power could be given them by which they could get out from the sin and misery with which they are carrying on an unequal struggle?

The answer came to Willard that afternoon in rather an incomplete form; but it set up a train of thoughts which was somewhat new to him, and yet which appealed to him forcibly. Of course, the first answer to such a question would be: The gospel of Jesus Christ, being the power of God unto salvation, is the greatest force known to uplift and to save; and yet, away down somewhere among the foundation stones of this gospel lies *individuality*. "I am an eternal being," said Willard to himself. "Within me are latent powers, which if developed will give me the strength needed to go on in the ~~scale~~ of progress. Everything lies, potentially, within me, even now. As an individual, no other person in all creation is like me—I am like no one else. That essential ego which I call 'I' is of a divine nature, therefore

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good. (The fact that I am here in my second estate proves that thus far I have been loyal to my divine nature.) True progress, therefore, lies in developing the dormant possibilities of one's self. I must not think that any other human being can either help me or hinder me very much when it comes to working out a salvation. I must become my true and heaven-appointed self. I am in the lineage of the Gods, and therefore, of pure stock. If I get into bad ways or engraft into myself bad habits, I become deformed; and that deformity is in proportion to the distance which I wander from the straight path, or sink into the depths of sin. My only safety, then, is in always doing the right, and thus being true to myself"—and Shakespeare's lines came to him:

"To thine own self be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Will' t could not get much further. Beyond the statement of a few facts and conclusions he could not go; but he tried to keep within his grasp some of the impressions which had come to him. It seemed to him that the Lord had taken him to the borderland of a great light and had given him a glimpse of the glories within.

The afternoon was passing. Willard walked on through the park, crossed the Serpentine by the bridge, and came to Rotten Row. Fashionable London had had their driving and riding, and had gone home. A few automobiles sped over the roadway, and a number of carriages were leisurely rolling along the Row. From Hyde Park Corner he walked through Green Park past Buckingham Palace and into James Park. Here he paused to look at the flowers and the swans on the lake, then made his way to Charing Cross where he took a bus for home.



“He crossed the Serpentine by the bridge.”





## VII.

### THE DEARTH OF MEN.

The summer had nearly passed before Willard Dean found John Loring, Nancy Loring's son, and called on him. The elder had left his first field in such a hurry that he had failed to get Mr. Loring's address, so he had sent for it later. John Loring was a printer. He was married and had two children. They lived in a street off Hackney Downs.

When Willard called on them he was kindly received. They were pleased to meet a distant relative from America. However, John Loring had no use for Willard's religion, as he had an abundance of his own; in fact, he had received a good deal some two years ago, all at once, at the time he was "saved." On that important occasion he had received enough to last him through this life and into eternity, he said; and so, of course, he had no use for any more,

especially of the kind which the young "Mormon" elder brought to him.

Mr. Loring was strictly a temperate man. He knew what the family had to contend against, and so he wisely abstained altogether from touching the dangerous drink. But for all his temperance and his religion, John Loring was a weakling. Willard thought sometimes that the man did not have character enough to move in the direction of either right or wrong. His wife was the manager. She carried the purse and kept the accounts, and it went hard with John Loring if he could not account for every penny of his wages on a Saturday night. To the wife, then, was due much of the credit of John Loring's temperate, Christian life.

During the dark, rainy season Willard often called at the Loring's. When the fog was black without, the cheerful fire in Mrs. Loring's grate was good to see and feel. She was a model house-keeper, clean and neat. The brass fender always shone as if new. The curtains were snowy white. The floor was wonderfully free from dust or dirt. John always took off his boots when he came home and put on his slippers which were by the door waiting for him.

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Willard was very careful to clean his shoes before he came in. The children, a boy and a girl, were always scrupulously clean; and so Willard took great delight in playing with them—something he could not very often do with the children in many of the families where he visited. One of the “funny things” to Willard was Mrs. Loring’s front parlor. It was a very small room, so crowded with furniture and bric-a-brac that Willard always went into it with fear that he might disturb something. In an unguarded moment he might knock a frail ornament from its position with disastrous results. He had seen a good many such English parlors, which seemed to him not for use, but a storehouse for bric-a-brac; but this, to use his own expression, “was the limit.” Willard avoided the parlor as much as possible. He was much more comfortable in the kitchen, playing with the children and talking to Mrs. Loring.

One dark, wet afternoon Willard called early. The fog had crept up from the river, and had that yellow tinge peculiar to London. Early in the afternoon the fog became black, and the life of the city was checked to a slower movement—that was all; it went on regardless of wet or fog or darkness.

Willard raised the rusty knocker on the front door of the Loring house and gave a number of loud raps. Mrs. Loring soon let him in and led the way into the dining room, where to his great surprise, he found Nora Loring sitting by the table. The table was spread and they were about to have their tea.

“You are just in time, you see,” said Mrs. Loring. “You are acquainted with Nora, I understand.”

“Yes, indeed,” he replied as he shook her hand. “What brought you to London?”

“Well,—the train, of course,”—this with a faint effort at a smile. Then soberly: “You haven’t heard of mother’s death?”

Willard expressed his great surprise at the news. He had not called on the Lorings for ten days, and so had not been informed.

“Yes,” said the girl. “Mother’s gone, I hope to a better and happier world. She had a hard life. She has tasted of the very bitter; I hope heaven will be sweet to her because of it.”

The girl seemed more free than usual to talk.

“Come, we will have our tea together,” said Mrs. Loring.

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Willard greeted the children, and then sat down to the table with the little company.

"I was just pouring out the tea as you knocked," said the housewife, "when Nora here surprised me by saying that she no longer drank tea. Would I give her a little hot water instead? I nearly spilled my own tea in astonishment. She acts just as you did, Elder Dean, the first time you visited us."

There was a genuine blush on the face of the girl, and she was somewhat embarrassed; but she was silent.

"*You* aren't a 'Mormon,' are you?" asked Mrs. Loring of the girl.

"No," said Nora, "I—I suppose not. I don't think I'm good enough to be a 'Mormon.' "

Her sister-in-law looked at her for a moment, and then she burst out into a merry laugh; but she said nothing. Willard could not keep his eyes off the girl. She was changed. There was more color in her cheeks, and they were rounder, he was sure. Two cups of hot water was poured out and but one of tea. Willard and Nora put milk and sugar into the clear water as Mrs. Loring put them into her tea.

"Yes," said Nora, after she had gained control

of herself again, "I heard what Elders Donaldson and Dean said about tea, and I thought I would take their advice, at least, as an experiment. I haven't tasted tea for three months, and besides being considerable money ahead, I have gained in flesh and very much in spirits."

Willard was pleased. Silently, slowly, unobservedly the leaven of the gospel was working with this woman, as it does with all who honestly desire to know the truth and to do it.

After the tea table was cleared they sat around the fireplace, talking. Willard learned the particulars of Mrs. Loring's death, learned also that she had carried with her a great liking for Willard and the elders. She had become quite a frequent visitor to the meetings of the Saints, and Nora had always been with her. After her mother's death, even the humble home which they had had was gone, and so she had come to London.

Then Willard talked and the two women listened. He experienced much freedom, and he was led along lines not usually discussed with beginners in the gospel.

"Some people," said he, "believe that we are

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saved by faith alone, while another class claims that works is the only thing that counts, and that faith is nothing. Both are wrong. Faith and works must be combined. One without the other is incomplete. For instance, here is Mr. Loring—beg pardon, Mrs. Loring, if I am personal in making my illustration—it is all faith with him. He and those who believe with him hold that they of themselves can do nothing for their salvation. They have convinced themselves that they are nothing; they delight to call themselves ‘worms of the dust, good-for-nothings, wholly corrupt,’ etc. What does such a course of mind training lead to? Why, weakness of character; inability to take the initiative in anything; loss of power to take hold and to overcome temptation; lack of courage and of manhood. On the other hand, mind you, a faithless man is a blind, mechanical force. I don’t believe there are many faithless men among those who do things, even if some of them call themselves such.”

Mr. Loring now came home, and Willard remained to supper. As they were eating, Mr. Loring turned to Nora and remarked:

“I saw somebody on the street this afternoon.

I was somewhat surprised as I thought he was in Edinburgh."

Nora evidently knew whom he meant, for she was all interest in a moment.

"He was somewhat the worse for drink, I believe," continued Mr. Loring unconcernedly as he sipped his tea.

Nora's face became pale for a moment, and to hide her agitation she turned and looked away.

"But I am going to try to find him and take him to our revival meetings," said he. If he would only give himself to Christ—cast all his burden of sin on Him, he might be saved even yet."

"Do you know what I believe?" spoke up Mrs. Loring.

"What, my dear?" replied her husband.

"I believe that if Dwight Thornton would exert himself just a little; would put into motion the little manhood he has—I suppose he has a little left—and then trust to the Lord to help him, he would do a far wiser thing than what you want him to do."

Mr. Loring stared across the table at his wife in open-mouthed wonder. She often expressed herself



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forcibly on financial and other matters, but what did she know about religion? She was not even a "saved" person, much to his own sorrow. Perhaps this display of heresy was due to the young "Mormon" elder. Before he had time to reply, however—it always took him some time to formulate a proper answer to his wife—Nora spoke up:

"John, are there any *men* in your church?"

"Why, certainly, there are men in our church. What a foolish question. Of course there are more women, but—"

"I don't mean that. I have been looking for *men*, not worms of the dust—men with power within themselves to say "No" to wrong and "Yes" to right—men who are willing to take the blame for their own wrong-doings—men—well, just plain men!"

"You talk in riddles. What do you mean?"

His sister did not answer, but Willard Dean understood what she meant. Presently Nora asked:

"Where did you see him?"

"On Piccadilly, going west."

"Was there anyone with him?"

"No, he was alone. Had the weather been fine,

I should say that his destination was the grass in Hyde Park; he looked very much like a tramp."

Nora became quiet, and the subject of conversation changed to other themes. In due time Willard said good-night.

The next day the fog still hung over London, heavy, thick and black. The cabs traveled slowly through the darkness, their lamps sending but a glimmer of light into the street. Yet people were out. One would think that when such a blackness settled over the town, the people would go indoors and be content for a few hours by fire and light; but not so. The great pulse of the city is not so easily stopped.

There was a great jam of people and vehicles on a corner in the Strand. Nora Loring wished to cross, but she with the others was held back by the uplifted hand of a policeman. The stream thus checked was soon a large gathering, waiting for another stream to get by in the street before them. Nora stood waiting patiently. She seemed to be in no great hurry, and when at last the policeman beckoned the crowd forward, she remained at the rear until the crush was lessened. This policeman was a

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good-natured fellow, for he enforced his orders in a pleasant way. When Nora was just about to pass him and make a dart across the street, she heard someone say to him:

“For the sake of old times, help me tonight.”

“If I give you money, you’ll drink it up. I can’t believe you,” replied the officer.

“Jack, I’ve a baby at home, a baby crying for bread. If you can’t trust me, send and find out. Here—here is my address.”

Nora paused. She knew that voice and recognized the face, and she stood and listened. She pressed closer, keeping in the shadow of the gas lamp. She heard the street and number repeated, and she remembered it.

“Can’t you see that I’m busy now?” said the officer, not unkindly. “Come again when this jam is over.”

The man walked away in the darkness without replying.

Nora did not cross the street as she had intended. She stood for a moment in thought. Would he go home? No; not yet. She could get there before him, no doubt. She would try. She was not sure of

the location of the street which she had heard, so she enquired. It was a long way off, so she would have to ride. This was favorable, because he doubtless would walk. In the darkness and confusion she managed to get the right bus, and made progress towards her destination. She knew London fairly well, and was not afraid.

For nearly half an hour she rode, and then alighted at what she knew was a slummy street. After making some purchases at a shop, she walked on up the street for some distance, looking for the right number. She searched for some time before she found it and rang the bell. There was a faint jingle in the distant interior, and after a time the door was opened by a large, very dirty woman.

“Does Dwight Thornton live here?” asked Nora.

“ ’E does when ’e’s at ’ome,” was the reply, “which isn’t very hoften.”

“His child is here isn’t it.”

“O, yes; poor kid! I’m a poor ’ooman myself and can’t do much for it, but if it hadn’t been for me, it’d a starved long ’go.”

“May I see her? It’s a little girl, I understand.”

“Who be you?”

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“I am a friend of Mr. Thornton’s, and I want to help the child. You can trust me, my good woman; I wouldn’t hurt it for the world.”

Being assured of the visitor’s good intentions, the woman let Nora in, and showed her up a flight of stairs into a dingy little back room. By the light of a low burning gas, Nora could see a bundle of rags in a corner and the little girl upon it. She turned up the light, and at the woman’s look of enquiry as to who should pay the gas bill thus made large, she placed a shilling in her hand. At the additional noise and light, the child sat up and stared in open-eyed wonder. When Nora approached, she nestled down again and hid her face with the cover.

“Don’t be afraid, dearie,” said the woman. “’Ere’s a lady come to see you. She won’t ’arm you. Come, Nellie, sit hup.”

But Nellie hugged the ragged bed clothes tight.

“Nellie,” said Nora, drawing near to the corner, “see what I have brought you.” She drew an apple from her bag and held it out. But the child did not look up. Then Nora rolled the apple on the floor, and it went bumping along the rough boards. The child heard and timidly peeped out. Nora held the

apple up again. A small arm crept out from the rags and the apple was placed in the eager grasp. Then apple and hand disappeared under the clothes.

The woman then retired, and Nora was left alone with the child. She looked around for a moment at the dirty room and its meagre furniture and then at the child in the corner. This was *his* house, this was his child—he who could not be a man. And yet once there was manhood in Dwight Thornton. That was years ago before the demon drink had taken possession of the garnished house of the man; years ago when he and she had been together, had loved and planned and promised. She could see the green lanes of her native town where they had walked in the evening and listened to the skylark; where he had gathered the first white hawthorn blossoms and had placed them in her hair,—yes, the dingy room vanished for a moment, and then there was a sound of someone approaching. Nora came back suddenly to the present. The footsteps passed the door and went on.

Nellie had taken a bite from the apple. She now dared to look upon the giver, and began to be less afraid. Nora went close to the bedside, and taking

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from her bag some buns and an orange, placed them within reach of the child.

"You are so hungry, I know," she said in a reassuring tone. "Eat the bun first, then you may have the apple and this orange. Here, dear."

In a few minutes Nora had the child on her lap, contentedly eating. She was a pale, half-starved little thing, with big eyes looking out from the pinched face. Her dress was dirty and ragged, and her feet were bare. Nellie was three years old. Nora knew the date when she was born.

After a time the little one began to prattle. Her hunger had been satisfied, and she looked up wonderingly into the kind lady's face.

"Is you my mama?" she asked. Nora did not reply, but she hugged the little one close. Nellie put her arms around the young woman's neck. "Ain't you my mama?" she repeated.

Then the tears ran unhindered down Nora Loring's cheek. She kissed the child's pale face, and stroked the tangled hair. The knocker sounded on the front door.

"That is daddy," said Nellie.

Nora hurriedly put the child on the bed and went out into the hall. She listened to the voices below, and heard Dwight Thornton talking to the woman who had let her in. She looked hurriedly into the room again and at Nellie sitting patiently on her bed, and then she sped softly along the corridor. Footsteps came nearer. She crouched into the shadow of a doorway as the man rushed past. He went on into the room, and she heard Nellie cry, "O, Daddy!"—Then she hurried down to the outer door which she carefully unlocked and opened. She slipped through the door and then closed it again.

The fog was still over London—fog and blackness, as it seemed to be also in the heart of Nora Loring; and yet, as in the darkness and the dreariness of the city there are gleaming spots of light and cheer, so deep down in the girl's heart there glowed a little light which sent out a ray of hope—it was not much, but oh, what a comfort that little was in a world where all was darkness!



## VIII.

### “WHAT SHALL WE DO TO BE SAVED?”— DWIGHT THORNTON'S STORY.

Elder Donaldson was paying his farewell visit to Elder Dean in London. They had promised John Loring to attend with him a revival then being held in a nearby hall.

On the evening appointed, these three made their way to the place of meeting. The two elders had seen many devices for the purpose of attracting sinners to repentance, but the big placard displayed at the entrance to the hall was the most startling they had ever seen. It read: “Stop! You Are Going to Hell! Come in and Receive Salvation.”

They went in, and Mr. Loring led them well up in front. He was one of the workers, and therefore at home in the large hall which was well filled with people. The leading spirit of the revival and

his singing assistant soon mounted the platform and took charge of the meeting. The singer had a good voice, and he led the congregation in a song. The first stanza or two were rather listlessly sung, but then the magnetic conductor gained power over the crowd, and soon he had them all singing lustily. The preacher uttered a short prayer, and then there was more singing. The sermon came next. It was of the "Come to Jesus" type, with the usual appeals for sinners to come just as they were, "come just now." The preacher told dramatically stories of saved and unsaved people, depicting in his most forceful manner the dire results which came to those who put off the day of salvation.

Then there was more singing, with the apparent intent to work up the emotions of the people. The leader then asked all to bow their heads and join him in a prayer. He sat down in a chair before them, and with eyes wide open talked as to the Lord. Then he called for perfect silence, which was as sensational as the prayer.

"Those who desire salvation, raise their hands," said the leader. "Everybody keep their heads bowed," he admonished, "this is a sacred place." As

each hand was raised the preacher said, "Thank you, brother; and you—and you." The silence soon became oppressing, and another song was sung. Then there was more praying and more calling for hands. Both the preacher and the singer were working hard, while the large corps of helpers labored among the congregation. The scene now became extremely sensational. Those who had raised their hands as a token that they were waiting to "accept Christ" were asked to stand, and then to come forward to the front benches, there to cry out their confessions, to strip their souls naked before thousands of excited, whispering on-lookers. Men and women, boys and girls, with pale faces, trembling with emotion, came up towards the front, sometimes alone with head bowed, sometimes urged on by energetic mission-workers. Reaching the front benches, they dropped on their knees. The workers kneeled by them, putting their arms about the trembling, excited candidate for salvation, and urging them on by whispering exhortation.

After this scene was over, the "converts" were led into the consultation room at the rear, where their names were taken and they were told to align

themselves with some of the churches of the city. It was not of great consequence which church—that was simply a matter of personal choice or convenience.

While this was going on, the song revivalist was teaching the people to sing the famous “Glory Song.” Then the preacher came into the big hall and asked if there were any yet who wished to be saved. Just then a man arose in the hall and asked:

“Mister, what shall I do to be saved?” The preacher looked for a moment at the man who stood and waited. Then the revivalist opened his Bible and said: “I will read the answer from the word of God. This man is evidently pricked in his heart as were those on the day of Pentecost who asked a similar question; and Peter stood up in the midst of the people and answered them. What did he say? ‘Repent, every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ—repent, repent, repent!’ ”

The preacher stopped there, and the man sat down again. Elders Donaldson and Dean looked at each other in blank astonishment. Why did he not complete the quotation and thus give the man a complete answer?

“The hypocrite!” said Elder Dean.

John Loring had been busy among the congregation, but he was sitting with the two elders when the man arose and asked the question. Mr. Loring stared at the man, and then exclaimed:

“That’s Dwight Thornton, sober and in his right mind. Praise the Lord.” Then he went down the aisle to where the questioner sat, to help him on the way to salvation. The revivalist urged Mr. Thornton to come up in front, to repent, to accept Christ, and not wait another minute; but his pleadings were without avail. The man sat still during the remainder of the service. At the close of the meeting he went out with John Loring and the two elders.

Mr. Loring urged his friend to come home with him.

“Why do you ask me to your house tonight?” enquired Mr. Thornton. “You have never done so before.”

“Well, you are sober tonight, and appear to be repentant—besides—”

“Well?”

“Nora is at our house.”

The man gave a startled look at Mr. Loring. “No; is it true?” he asked.

“Yes; come and see.”

Did she ask you to ask me? Does she want to see me?”

“No; she did not ask, but I suppose—”

“Well, I’ll not go,” said he.

They were about to part at a corner, when Willard was impressed to say: “Mr. Thornton, I’ll walk along with you a short distance. I want to talk to you.”

He took his arm, and the two walked along together. The night was cold, and Willard could see that the man was poorly clad. Willard led him into a nearby cafe and ordered cocoa and buns for two.

“I know Nora Loring,” explained Willard. “Her mother and mine are cousins. I used to visit Nora and her mother at Bradford and I have heard your name mentioned in connection with Nora’s. I don’t want to appear inquisitive, Mr. Thornton, but I desire to help you. That is our mission—to help people.”

“Thank you, sir, for your kindness. I am a poor, weak creature, not fit for the company of decent men and women; but I am trying to do bet-

ter. I am looking for help—that's why I went to the revival meeting tonight."

"Did you get any help there?" asked Willard.

"No; it is the same old story with me. I have tried for years to get religion. I have believed, I have attended church, I have listened to the services; but I always go away empty handed and empty hearted."

"That which you have been doing may be well and good, my friend; but tell me what you yourself have done to attain to this salvation which you asked about in the meeting this evening?"

"What have I done? I can do nothing for my salvation. All the preachers tell me that. I have asked the question many a time, as I asked it this evening, but I have always received the same reply, that a man can do nothing."

Willard took his Bible from his pocket and then said: "I am sure you will pardon me if I show you something that the preacher left out in answer to your question. Let me read it while you finish your cocoa."

He then read Peter's complete reply to the Jews who asked him what they should do, as found in the second chapter of Acts.

Mr. Thornton looked the passage over again, and said, "Well, it does certainly seem that something more than mere belief was necessary in those days."

"Another thing," continued Willard. "I understand that your main trouble is with yourself—your greatest enemy is your own weakness."

"True," said the man.

"And you have been looking for help from some outside source, forgetting that upon you yourself rests the duty of taking the initiative. God has given the power to every man not only to will to do, but to do—at least to make a beginning. This beginning may be very small, and the doer may be very weak; but when once there is action by the being himself, then, and not until then, can he call on the Lord for assistance. That 'the Lord helps those who help themselves' is a true saying. You have been taught to believe that you are such a mean, weak creature that you are powerless to help yourself. I tell you, my friend, that every man has within him a spark from the eternal God. Man is more than the world has dreamed of, and there is a closer connection between us and our Father in heaven than is believed or thought by religionists of the day."



The two men lingered for some time in the cafe and then they went out. Willard talked, and his friend listened as they walked arm in arm along the street. Willard would have gone with him to his lodgings, but he objected.

“But I will call on you, if you will permit me,” said the man. “I would like to talk further with you. There is something in what you say that gives me more hope than I have ever had.”

An appointment was made for the next day, and promptly at the set time Mr. Thornton came. Willard noted that his shabby clothes had been brushed, his face was newly shaven, and he had altogether a more manly appearance. He was not a bad looking man, and had it not been for the marks that drink had left in his face, his thirty-five years would have sat lightly upon him.

Willard received him alone. He felt as though he had gained this man's confidence, and he wished to encourage him to open his heart to him. It was the middle of the afternoon when he arrived, and he at once began to ask questions about that which they had talked the evening before.

“Do you know,” said Mr. Thornton, after he

had listened attentively to a long explanation, "that Nora Loring has talked in very much the same strain to me as you have. May I talk to you about Nora?"

"Certainly," said Willard, "be free; tell me what you desire."

"You have perhaps wondered what there is between us. Has Nora ever told you?"

"Not a word. She has never mentioned your name to me."

"No; of course she wouldn't. O, Mr. Dean, I wish I were worthy of her!"

"I believe Nora is a good girl," replied Willard.

"Good! Listen—let me tell you."

The two men drew their chairs nearer the table. Mr. Thornton rested his arms on the table and leaned toward his listening friend. Then he continued:

"Years ago Nora and I were lovers. It was up in our native town, where there are green fields and no smoke and fog. The day for our marriage had been set, and two happier people never lived. Then her father's drinking got the better of him. He lost his business, he lost his health. His family was brought to poverty. What a time those poor people

had! And think of it, right in the midst of it all, I one day became the worse for liquor, and Nora saw it. It nearly broke her heart. I have always had a craving for drink, but I had kept it under control pretty well. Nora did not say anything to me that day, but the next time I called on her she seemed to be a changed woman. The color had nearly gone out of her cheeks, I remember, but she looked beautifully grand. I was a little afraid of her.

“Then she spoke of her father and their condition. ‘I don’t think drunkards ought to marry,’ she said, ‘and I have decided that I shall never marry a man who drinks.’ She looked straight at me as she spoke, and her lips quivered.

“I resented what she said, because, of course, it was aimed at me. ‘Does that mean that I am a drunkard and that you will not marry me?’ I asked. ‘It means,’ she replied, ‘that I shall not marry you unless you quit drinking, and promise me that you will not begin again.’

“Then I lost my temper, fool that I was, and told her what a pleasure it was to me to break our engagement—which was a base lie. Ah, she was a brave girl. She did not break down and cry nor

carry on, but her face became paler than ever. Then she pleaded with me to be a man, and, I remember, she talked to me very much as you have done.

“I stayed away for a month, and then her father died—drink killed him. I called again and tried to patch up our trouble; but there was only one thing that Nora would listen to, and that was that I should become a teetotaler. I wouldn’t promise, and so we separated again. I drank harder than ever after that. She moved away and I lost track of her for a time.

“In a year I married another girl. We moved here to London. I did not drink for a whole year. A baby girl came, and then its mother died. From that day to this, I have been as a piece of driftwood on the ocean, without hope, without ambition, without strength to overcome my craving for drink, without power, it seems to me, to move in the direction of the good.”

“Where is your little baby girl?” enquired Willard.

The man bowed his face in his hands. There was silence for a few moments and then a sob escaped

him. Willard did not interrupt. Presently the man raised his head and said:

“You must pardon me for my weakness; but let me tell you further.”

“Go on,” urged Willard.

“It has been about a year since I have heard of Nora—until just the other day, about a week ago. I had been away all day trying to get something for my baby. Coming home at night I found that someone had been there—some good angel, my baby tried to tell me. The landlady described her to me, and I decided it was Nora. She had been in my poverty-stricken lodgings and had fed my baby. How she had found me, I cannot imagine. Once since then she has been there, and what do you think I found on my return? The floor of my dirty room scrubbed, my little girl with a new dress on, and some food in the otherwise empty cupboard.”

Willard looked steadily at the man who was telling him all this, and then he said:

“And you mean to tell me, Mr. Thornton, that you have no hopes, no ambitions, no incentive to reform and become a man?”

“All this has come to me recently, my friend,

and since then I have tried to do better. Oh, that I could be a man again!"

Willard Dean was much the younger man, but he had the inspiration of his calling, and he talked in a wise and fatherly way to this man who was in such sore straits. He told him of the simple gospel plan which is the power of God unto salvation, told him of the part he would have to play in this plan, if he desired to get its benefits. Then Elder Donaldson came in and they all had "tea." They told their guest of their missionary experiences, how they had left their homes at the call of the priesthood; how they paid their own way; how they had to be very simple and economic in their living; how they were despised by the world generally—and all this for the love of their fellow-men, and the testimony of Jesus. And Dwight Thornton marveled at it all, and into his soul, struggling from its chaotic condition, there came the first faint impress of the power and the majesty of self-control and sacrifice for the good of others. The elders then initiated him into the mysteries of "Mormon" tea, and then they explained to him their views on eating and drinking.

"You see," explained Willard, "we cannot do

much in the world to relieve the present want and suffering, because we ourselves are poor; but we can do that which is infinitely better. The giving of alms is a praiseworthy and good thing. Outward aid is good, but it is only temporary. That which enters the soul, and inspires the man to do something for himself, to develop his unborn strength and to make it a permanent, ever-growing power—that is of great importance and value in this world—and that is the restored gospel of Jesus Christ which we have to give to all the world.”

Dwight Thornton went home that evening with more hope and happiness in his heart than he had ever before experienced.

## IX.

### ELDER DONALDSON'S STORY.

It was time that Elder Donaldson should draw his London visit to a close and return to his field of labor. Willard had spent a number of days with him visiting historic places of interest. On the last day of Elder Donaldson's stay in the big city, he and Willard were sitting on a bench in St. James' Park looking at the children feeding the swans in the lake. The feeling of spring was in the air. The sun was warm. The grass had a new-green color. The early flowers were breaking through the soil, and a few birds were twittering in the trees.

"When visiting these beauty spots in the general ugliness of English cities," said Willard, "I have often wondered how grass and flowers can thrive amidst so much smoke and fog."

"That they do so is a wise provision of nature," said his companion.



“Look at those children!” exclaimed Willard. “Their bare legs are blue with cold. The knees are among the tenderest parts of the body—most susceptible to the cold—and yet these children, to be correctly dressed, must have bare legs.”

“The mothers and the nurses are usually heavily clad,” added Elder Donaldson—but that isn’t what I want to talk to you about this afternoon. I asked you to sit down here that I might tell you a story—my story; if you care to hear it.”

“I shall be delighted—go on.”

“Well,” began Elder Donaldson, “I have told none of the elders my story, but I want to tell it to you. I was your first companion in the field, and I think you took a special liking to me.”

“True, Brother—first love, you know.”

The other smiled. “Well, as I have some good news from home, I must tell it to somebody; and I know of no one that I would rather tell it to than you. But for you to understand and appreciate any good news, I must tell you something that will lead up to it.”

The hum of the great city was all about them, but as the elders talked they lived again in other and far-away scenes.

“Perhaps you did not know that my father is a rich man,” said Elder Donaldson.

“No; I did not know that,” was the reply.

“Well, he is. Let me tell you about it. When they were married, father and mother were both Latter-day Saints. I shall not say good Latter-day Saints, because father was not very energetic in the performance of his religious duties; but mother—well, she has been true all along, bless her dear heart.

\* \* \* Father was very successful in his business ventures. He was keen and shrewd. Year after year he became better off, and year after year he devoted more of his time to money making and less to religious duties. Then he made so much money that he could not pay one tenth of it to the Lord. Strange, isn't it, that it is so much easier to pay tithing on one hundred dollars than it is on ten thousand?

“Father was called on a mission, but he refused to go. His interests were too large, he said. Mother felt this refusal keenly. Then one thing followed another—I shall not go into details—until father became openly bitter against the Church. I was fifteen years old when he was cut off from the

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Church. I was not old enough to fully realize the true nature of that which was going on, but I remember distinctly what the feeling was, and how my sister and I mingled our tears with those of our mother.

“I was at an age when I resented that which had brought such sorrow into our home, and I listened to father and his denunciations of the Church and its leaders; but when I talked with mother, there was quite a different feeling. I noticed the difference. I felt better when with mother. She had taught us—my sister Amy and me—always to say our prayers; and now she urged us never to forget them, which I never did. I think that was a great help to me.

“Well, the years went by. Father prospered. He built one of the finest houses in the city. My sister and I went to school and had everything we needed. There was one good trait in father, and that was that he never interfered with mother's religious duties. She could go to meeting as often as she liked. We had plenty of help in the house and so he was not neglected by mother's absence.

“When I became older, I quietly investigated

the cause of father's fall, and I found that the authorities were justified, and that father was in the wrong. I went to Sunday School and to Mutual, and the gospel become to me a dear thing. My sister usually went with me, but she did not take the interest that I did.

"I married when I was twenty-two. I was rather young, I will admit, but I married a good 'Mormon' girl, and I can see now that it was a God-send to me. Father opposed my marrying so young. He said I ought to get a good start in life first, get established in business, and all that. I worked in father's office on a salary, and he said I would have to live on that salary for some time. I was perfectly willing to do that, and the girl was willing also.

"We were married in the Temple, too. Father didn't say much, but we surmised that he was angered.

"Well, three months afterwards I received a call to go on a mission. I took the letter home and showed it to Lucy, my wife, and, of course, we cried a little over it. What should I do? All that I had been able to save had gone into the little house which I had purchased and furnished. We had

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nothing but my salary, which, of course, would stop the day I left the office. Help from father was out of the question.

“I took the letter to mother. I could see she was pleased. ‘Answer the call by saying yes,’ she said, ‘and the Lord will bless you. What does Lucy say?’ ‘She also says that I should go,’ I replied. ‘Bless her dear, brave heart,’ said my mother. And so it was decided.

“I have never seen father so angry as when I told him about it. He raved and swore. Who would support me and my wife? he thundered. Not he! Not a cent would I get from him. Let the Church support its own!

“Well, in due time I answered the letter, saying that I should be ready whenever the authorities wanted me. I was given three months to prepare. I didn’t know how I was to get along, but I trusted that the Lord would open the way.

“Father didn’t give in an inch. He didn’t give me a dollar over my wages when I drew my last check, although he could have given me a thousand dollars and not missed it. The ward gave me the regulation benefit party. The Saints knew pretty

well the true condition of affairs, and they turned out loyally. The social netted me nearly a hundred dollars, which paid my fare over here and gave me a little over. I've been here now over two years, and I have received twenty dollars from home regularly each month. I don't know for sure how it is raised, but believe mother and Lucy manage it between them.

"My sister Amy is three years younger than I. She, about the time I left, took a notion that she wanted to go to California to visit some friends of father's. Father humored her and let her go. She was also to do some studying, of course; but, I fear that has been sadly neglected. Mother tells me in her letters that she has done nothing but call for money while she has been away, and father does not like the tone of her letters. Let me read you what mother says in one of her letters."

Elder Donaldson took from his pocket a letter and from it read:

"The other day I placed your last letter and one that I had received from Amy on your father's table together, and then I made it a point to be in the room while he read them both. I said nothing,

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but watched him over my work. There was a frown on his face at Amy's sharp and not too respectful sentences, but when he read your letter the hard lines softened. After reading it, he lay back in his chair with closed eyes. I was busy with my work, humming an old tune over it. Then I saw him read your letter over again. These may be only straws, my dear boy; but they are hopeful signs. He cannot help but see the difference between one who is surrounded with and is partaking of the world, and one who is devoting his time and energy to preaching the gospel.' "

"Well," continued the speaker, "it seems that just the difference in mine and Amy's letters set father to thinking. I have always aimed to be cheerful in mind, and have told of what the Lord has done for me day by day; and never once have I mentioned money to him, or asked him for any.

"And now, this is what my last letter from Lucy tells me—hold me or I might get up and shout: Amy has been home three months, and she now wants to come to Europe. Father has said she can take the trip, provided Lucy will come with her. If Lucy will do that he will pay all the expenses. Will Lucy

come? Well, I think so! They sail from Boston on the fifteenth of next month. What do you think of that?"

Elder Donaldson put his arms around his fellow missionary and gave him a good, hard hug, uttering cries of glee, at which a dignified lady just passing became so startled that her glasses dropped from her nose.

"I am very, very glad for your sake," said Willard. "You have filled a good mission, and now to finish it up with a tour of Europe in the company of wife and sister, what could be finer?"

"Yes, it will be glorious," said the happy man in a quiet tone of voice. "I wish you could go with us."

"Thank you for your kind wish," said Willard.

"There's another girl coming with them, I understand," remarked Elder Donaldson. "She is going to Berlin to study music—one of my wife's acquaintances—what is her name? I can't remember." He looked again at his letter. "Oh, yes, Wells is her name, Grace Wells."

"Grace Wells?"

"That's the name. Do you know her?"



“Well, I—I don’t know. I used to know a girl by that name, but likely this is not she. Yet, she is a musician, and I know she used to talk of finishing her musical education in Berlin.”

“Well, old boy, we’ll meet them at the Liverpool Landing Stage, and then you’ll find out.”

“I don’t know whether I shall or not.”

“Now look here, Willard, you’re going to accept my treat to you. I’ve already spoken to the president about it, and he says it’s all right for you to take a little trip to Liverpool. I’ll see that your fare and your expenses are paid. Father is rich, you know,” he laughed.

“I shall be pleased to meet your wife and sister, but I have my doubts whether or not Grace Wells would be pleased to see me.”

“Ah, old boy, a little romance back of it, is there?”

Willard laughed good-naturedly, but did not reply. The afternoon sun lay low in the hazy west. The swans were seeking their nests for the night. The children were going home, and so the two missionaries also sauntered out of the park into Pall Mall and then into Trafalgar Square where they took a bus for home.

Elder Donaldson was happy and talkative. Willard was not talkative, and he hardly knew whether he was happy or uneasy. Perhaps there was a little of both in his feelings. Was Grace Wells coming to England? Would he meet her? and what would be the result of that meeting? These, with many questions akin to these, went through his mind as he rode on top of the bus through the crowded London streets.

## X.

### VISITORS TO ENGLAND.

It was hard for Willard to decide whether or not he should accept Elder Donaldson's invitation to visit Liverpool, and meet the steamer which carried such important visitors to England.

The very evening after he had listened to Elder Donaldson's story, he had received a letter from home wherein he learned that the Grace Wells who was coming to Europe was the one he knew. This certainly did not help him with his own uncertainty; and as he reasoned with himself he could not help feeling "somewhat peculiar" at the prospect before him of meeting under such strange conditions the Grace Wells of his boyhood dreams.

But he at least decided that he would not act foolishly in the matter. He was old enough to do the proper thing, even if this renewal of acquaintance with his young lady friend should not prove a pleas-

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ant experience. There were Elder Donaldson, his wife and sister to consider; besides, it might be possible that Grace Wells had, with the addition of years, added that to her character which he thought she had lacked years ago. And so Elder Donaldson's invitation was accepted.

Willard was happy to learn of his friend's "luck." Elder Donaldson had been in the field two and a half years, and he would no doubt be released, so that he could take his sight-seeing trip free from the thought that he was neglecting any duty. "I wish I could go with them," he thought; but instantly put it away as some great pleasure which lay far beyond his reach; so that he had no envious feeling towards his friends.

Willard had been in the field nearly two years. The mission president had often tried to impress the elders with the truth that two years was not necessarily a mission period; and yet, somehow, many of the elders felt as if every month over two years was good measure added to their missions. Willard was enjoying his work very much. He realized that he was now more useful than he had ever been before, and that a month at the latter end of a mission is

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worth two at the beginning; he, therefore, had no desire to be released yet.

After Elder Donaldson's departure, Willard went back to work in earnest. He always felt as though he must work doubly hard after he had spent a day or two of sight-seeing, although he also realized that time spent in helping a visiting elder was not wasted.

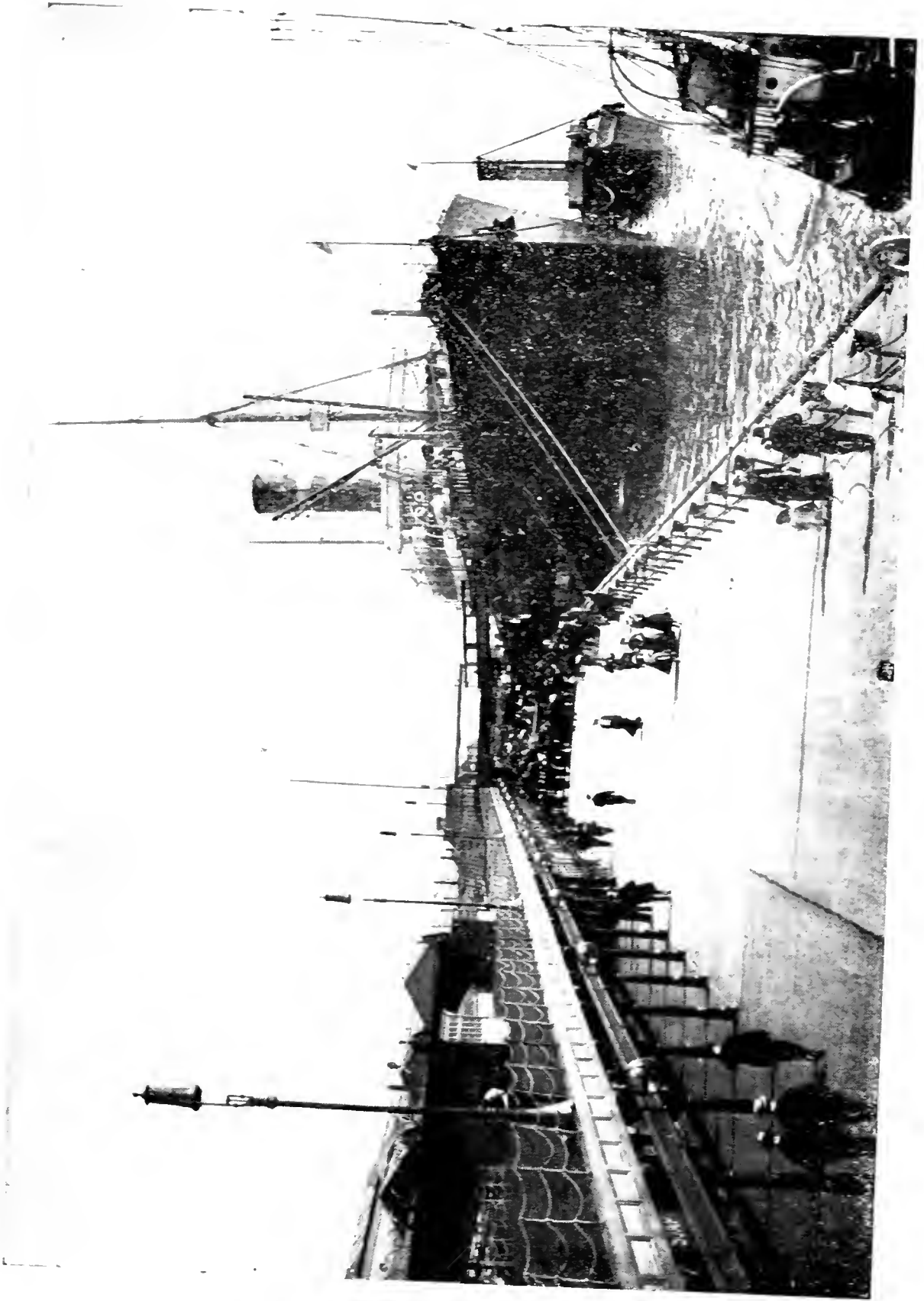
Dwight Thornton was a frequent visitor to the elders' lodgings, and recently he had attended a number of meetings. He had obtained employment, and as far as the missionaries could see, he was trying hard to reform. Nora Loring lived with her brother. She was now a regular attendant at the "Mormon" meetings. She often brought her sister-in-law with her, but her brother never could be prevailed upon to attend. He was "saved" to the end, and that without the "works of the law," as he explained.

Willard went to Bradford a week before the steamer which he was to meet was due. He spent a few days happily with Elder Donaldson visiting Saints and friends. The Sisters Fernley at Stone-dale were the same kind friends. Sister Fernley

seemed to be much older; Bessie was the same lively talkative girl; and Elsa had become a little more reserved. She was, however, the same lovely girl, good and true and beautiful.

Try as he would, the "somewhat peculiar" feeling which Willard experienced when thinking about Grace Wells became very much intensified the nearer he drew to the Liverpool Landing Stage. The morning that the two elders set out from Bradford to Liverpool, they found it difficult to do much talking. Elder Donaldson was, of course, supremely happy. It would have been hard for Willard to say whether he was happy or not.

At the Church office at Liverpool, they obtained tickets admitting them to the part of the Landing Stage reserved for the incoming steamers. They crowded through the throng of people up to the rope barrier, gave up their tickets to the big policeman on guard, and were admitted to the cleared space. The steamer was out in the river, and by the aid of a tug was slowly making its way up to the Stage. As it drew nearer, the passengers could be seen on the decks, eagerly looking towards the land. Elder Donaldson scanned the crowd closely, and



The Liverpool Landing.





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once or twice thought he caught a glimpse of his folks.

Slowly the huge vessel came alongside the Stage. Ropes were thrown from the ship to the men in the small boats that lay a few rods out ready to receive them. Having secured the ropes, the men rowed back to the pier with the heavy cables in tow, a loop of which they threw over the stanchion. The windlass on board the steamer wound the rope around its iron drum, and in this way the vessel was drawn closely up and made fast.

The people on board pressed against the railing. They stood dressed in their "land clothes," with bags and trunks piled around them on the deck. The big platform on the Stage was properly adjusted, the gang plank was pushed out to the ship and made fast, and then the steam-ship company's officers rushed across on board. An elder from the Liverpool office went with these officers to give proper instructions to the company of missionaries that were on board.

Elder Donaldson soon found his wife and sister, and greeted them from the pier.

"Do you hear the American language?" asked Willard.

“Yes; I would not believe that we Americans speak so through our noses, had I not heard it.”

First came the saloon passengers down the passage way and into the custom house, then the second class, and lastly the third. The “Mormons” were among the second class. Willard looked closely among them for Grace Wells, but he could not see her until they came down the gang-plank. Then he noticed a third lady, well wrapped up, and supported by one of the missionaries. She came down the steps slowly, and when she reached the platform Grace Wells stood before him. Yes, it was the same Grace. She had changed very little, it seemed to Willard. She held out her hand to him and appeared pleased to see him. Her face was pale, as if she were not well, but she smiled as she told them she would be all right now that she had reached land again.

“Grace has been ill—in fact is ill now,” explained Sister Donaldson. “She must get to some place where she can rest before she can go on to Berlin.”

“I know such a place,” replied Willard—“Sister Fernley’s.”

“Just the place,” said Elder Donaldson.

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After the inspection of the baggage, which is a very simple affair at Liverpool, Willard called a cab to take them to the station. They decided it would be better for Grace to get out to Stonedale at once, and not take part in the crowd and rush incident to the arrival of the missionaries at the Church office. So farewells were said. It is wonderful how strong the attachments become between fellow travelers on a nine days' ocean voyage; and this is especially true between Latter-day Saints. The three ladies were called "the girls," and the missionaries, "the boys." They were all from the West, and had western ways and manners. Many of the "boys" wore their slouch hats pulled well down over their ears, and it could not be successfully contradicted that *some* of the girls chewed gum and talked with a pronounced nasal twang. However, who would be so bold as to find fault with the unpolished edges of diamonds in the rough?

The five had a compartment to themselves in the train to Bradford, and in that cozy condition the newness of acquaintanceship soon wore off. Elder Donaldson, of course, was all beams and smiles, as was also his wife. Amy was not so demonstrative,

taking it all as a matter of course. This was not her first trip away from home. She had "traveled" before. She could not understand why she could not check her trunks and cases, and her brother had to assure her that there would be no trouble in getting them at the other end.

All that would be necessary would be to engage a porter to get them from the "luggage van" and put them on the cab.

"Will they give him our baggage without any checks?" she asked.

"Oh, we just go along and pick out what is ours," was the reply.

"Well, but suppose someone else should get there first and claim our baggage. There is no reason why a thief shouldn't take the whole lot. I don't understand."

"Nor I, my dear; but that's the way they do it in England, and I haven't yet heard of any baggage lost in that way."

Grace was made comfortable with pillows in a corner of the compartment. Willard did for her what he could well do without appearing over-solicitous. *That* he had determined not to be. He had

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resolved to hold himself in proper check, no matter how she might affect him. She leaned back on her pillows and closed her eyes, and Willard could see that she was quite ill. She appeared to him about the same girl whom he had known. She had not changed much. She was older, of course, and her beauty was more of the matured kind; but, strangely enough, it was not this that appealed to Willard. Rather, it was the girl of former days, that could yet be seen in the form and face and voice, that touched his tender heart that day.

It was yet early in the afternoon when they reached Bradford, and so it was decided to go directly out to Stonedale. There were a goodly number of Saints in the city that would be pleased to entertain the visitors for a few days, but Grace must be looked after first. They, therefore, all went with her in the carriage which Elder Donaldson had engaged.

“But what will they think of us, coming upon them like this?” said Sister Donaldson.

“They will be delighted,” her husband assured her.

Amy couldn't “see it,” and even Grace murmured a faint expostulation.

“You girls cannot understand it,” I know, said Elder Donaldson; “but I tell you that Sister Fernley will consider it a great pleasure. We are not bound by strict society rules in the mission field, you must understand. If so, what would we poor elders do who sometimes travel without purse or scrip? In your visiting, do you always send your card ahead of you, eh, Willard?”

It was as Elder Donaldson had said. Sister Fernley received them most graciously, and would have gladly housed all the girls; but Sister Donaldson and Amy would not listen to that. Grace, however, was “mothered” in a sweet way; and the sick girl’s heart went out to the gentle, pleasant-faced woman. They had not long to wait before Elsa came home from her school, and she, too, added her welcome to that of her mother’s. Bessie came in later—came into the house—for her—in a quiet way. There was a simple “tea” quietly arranged for all, and even Grace was tempted to eat one of the dainty slices of buttered bread.

Elder Donaldson went back to Bradford with his wife and sister, promising to call the next day.

“You will not be lonesome, will you, dear?” asked Sister Donaldson of Grace before she left.

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“I feel at home already,” she replied. “I think a few days of rest will be all I need, and then I shall be able to go on my way.”

“I hope so, dear—these people are very good.”

Willard did not go back to Bradford. He was to remain at Stonedale that night, so he was in no hurry to leave. The spring day closed with a cool wind, and a fire was made in the grate. Grace rested easily in the cheerful warmth, and while the sisters of the household were busy with home duties, Willard and Grace talked of affairs at home. He remained until he saw that she was quite tired, and then he bade them all good-night and left.

The next day Grace felt better, though she was prevailed upon to keep to her bed.

When Elders Dean and Donaldson called in the afternoon they administered to her, and she thanked them sweetly for the blessing which she said she had received. On the following day the sick girl was feeling so well that she was down stairs again. Elder Donaldson had received his release, and as Amy especially was anxious to get to Paris on a certain date, they decided to set out immediately. Willard was to remain in Bradford and Stonedale a few days.

“We’ll see you in Berlin,” they said to Grace as they left.

But Grace Wells’ musical education was not to be completed in Berlin. On the third day of her stay at Stonedale, fever set in. Her friends nursed her as carefully as they knew how, and used in connection with their faith and prayers all the simple remedies which they knew; but the fever and the weakness increased, and then Willard brought a doctor, who was a good friend to the elders, to see her. He pronounced it a case of typhoid fever.

Good, careful nursing, said he, was what was needed; and the good Saints of Stonedale under the supervision of Sister Fernley provided it. Her traveling companions had gone, and Willard felt that she had no nearer friend than he. He ought to remain with her. They were neighbors at home, and why should he not be her neighbor now, to the full extent of Christ’s interpretation of that term? He wrote to the president, explaining the situation and the reply was that he should stay.

The dreaded fever ran its course to the critical period. Sister Fernley was not strong, and therefore could not do much; Bessie’s work at the mills pre-



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vented her from helping a great deal; and so Elsa soon became the chief nurse. She spent all her spare time at the sick girl's side. She watched far into the night, and none seemed able to soothe the fever-racked brain as well as she. Willard did what he could, and he acknowledged that that was not much. He tried to do some missionary work, but he found that his mind was rather on the pale-faced girl who lay fever-tossed at Stonedale. All his faith and all his prayers went out for her. And yet he said to himself, as he walked alone in the lanes across the near-by fields, why should it be so? Was he losing control of himself again as he had done once before, years ago? There was not a particle of reason for his thinking of Grace Wells other than as a friend. He would do his simple duty, and let that suffice.

But if he thought to deceive himself, he could not deceive others. Elsa Fernley read what was in his inner heart as easily as if it had been printed in an open book. He would come and sit by the hour in the Fernley home, talking when he could to the mother or to the girls—and the burden of his talk was the sick girl up stairs. Sister Fernley was worn out, and yet Willard did not notice it. Elsa's usual-

ly rosy cheeks took on the nature of her patient's, but the change was lost on Willard. His one concern was Grace Wells, plainly evident to all but himself.

The fever ran its course, and the patient took the turn for the better. The recovery was slow. The weeks went by. The English summer came, with its beauty of green and flowers. When Grace was able to sit up, she loved to look out of the window over the fields and lanes; and then Willard Dean came and sat by her and talked to her. If Elsa was in the room she would usually slip out quietly and leave them alone; and yet the stupid Willard did not even notice<sub>2</sub> this.

## XI.

### INDIVIDUALS AND INDIVIDUALITY.

When Grace Wells was strong enough to be out, Willard Dean went back to London and to work. Grace would remain yet a few days with her friends, and then she promised Willard to call on him on her way to Berlin.

London seemed to awaken Willard as from a dream. The streets with their ever-flowing human tide were real enough—that which he had just left must have been a dream of mingled pleasure and pain.

But now to work again. Time was precious. He had many friends and investigators on whom he must call. Willard shook his mental self vigorously, to get rid of the last vestige of drowsiness.

As soon as possible he called on his friends, the Lorings. They were all glad to see him and they plied him with many questions. He had remained

away so long that they feared he had been released and had returned home.

“Oh, no,” replied Willard, good naturedly. “My work is not complete until I see some of you good people members of the Church.”

“Well,” replied Mrs. Loring, “your release is then due at any time, for there were a number baptized last Sunday, and Nora was among them.”

“What?” asked Willard, as he held out a hand to Nora, “Is that true?”

“It is true,” she replied. “I could not wait longer, not even until you came back.”

“I am very, very glad,” he said, as he looked into the strong face of the young woman, now beaming and made more beautiful with the light of truth.

“Who else that I know was baptized? I like to hear good news.”

“Dwight Thornton,” said Mrs. Loring; “and I myself would have liked nothing better.”

Willard understood that Mr. Loring would have objected to his wife’s being baptized, and it is not permitted to baptize a woman without the consent of her husband.

They talked pleasantly over the tea table, and Willard told them why he was detained in Stone-dale.

Elder Donaldson's party was well on its way on the continent, he explained, and Grace Wells was to be in Berlin within ten days. He expected her to stop off in London for a few days' visit.

"She is not strong yet," Willard said, "and so she must be careful. I should like to get her lodgings in some quiet neighborhood like this. Have you rooms, Mrs. Loring." He looked around on the immaculateness of the little home, and thought how Grace would enjoy staying in it.

"We shall be delighted to have her stay, you know, Elder Dean," replied Mrs. Loring. "Let her come right here. She shall be welcome, if she can put up with our small rooms and simple fare."

It was raining when Grace came to London. The fifty tons of soot, which, it is stated, hangs suspended in the air above the city is certainly well mixed with the descending rain; and this mixture, no doubt, accounts for the general black color with which everything in London is painted. Willard met Grace at the station, and placed her in a closed

carriage in which they drove to Mrs. Loring's. A cozy fire was in the parlor grate, but Willard and Grace preferred the dining room in which to make themselves at home.

"I am going to take you to the cleanest house in London," Willard had told Grace in the carriage; "but be careful of the bric-a-brac in the parlor."

Although it was yet summer, the rain was cold. Mrs. Loring therefore had a fire in the grate of the cozy bedroom into which Grace was ushered. When left to herself the girl examined the room. The painted floor shone as if it had been finished but yesterday. The walls were without a stain. The window and its curtains contained not a speck of dust. But the bed! Such a mass of snow-white linen she had never seen on a bed before. She was fearful that her touch would stain that whiteness; and yet she longed to bury herself in the sweet cleanness, and rest content.

Willard went into the kitchen where Nora and Mrs. Loring were busy.

"Mrs. Loring," he said, "I met Dwight Thornton this morning, and I invited him to our little tea party this afternoon."

Nora started and her face flushed, but Willard appeared not to notice it.

“You see,” he continued, good naturedly, “I believe it’s all right sometimes ‘to skin the cat and ask permission afterwards.’ ”

“We shall be pleased to see him,” replied Mrs. Loring.

Dwight Thornton came about tea time, clean, quiet—a changed man. He had with him his little girl, also clean and tidy. Nora greeted him in a careful, yet friendly manner, and the child gladly went to her outstretched arms. Willard could see that this was not their only recent meeting.

Mr. Loring came home, and they all sat down to the table. Afterwards they went into the parlor, and Grace played a number of selections on the piano. Then there was general conversation, which in time led to gospel subjects. Mr. Loring listened but made no comment.

“What you told me about self-effort,” said Dwight Thornton to Willard, “set me to thinking; and I could plainly see that if I was to get any help from any outside source, I must first exert what little initial force I possessed. I read carefully the

thirty-second chapter of Alma in the Book of Mormon, as you suggested to me, and I received much help from it. The unbelievers were told to awake and arouse their faculties, and put the word of God to the test; and I did this.”

“ ‘Mormonism,’ ” said Willard, “or in other words, the gospel of Jesus Christ, comprehends all truths, and among the most sublime of these is that of the importance of the individual. The religions of the East teach that in time the individual will be annihilated, and that personality will be lost or swallowed up in some uniform state of existence; and modern Christianity is fast drifting into a similar condition of belief. It is pretty hard to describe this unreal, and to me, unthinkable condition. On the other hand, my religion teaches me that the ego or intelligence of man is one of the original units of the universe. The fact that there are no two individuals alike goes far to prove this statement; and I think that one of the chief purposes of life is not to destroy this individuality, but to develop it. As we progress in the scale of intelligence I shall be more myself and you will be more yourself. This may sound selfish; but in truth it is not.”



"I have some faults that are very personal to me," said Mrs. Loring, "What about them?"

"Our faults are no part of our original selves. They are accretions which are gotten rid of as we perfect ourselves. Some day I hope we shall be faultless, but not attributeless; we shall be one with Christ as He is one with the Father, but we shall have individual form, feature, and characteristics to distinguish us from each other. The countless leaves of a tree may all be perfect, yet no two be exactly alike."

Mr. Loring lighted his pipe. As a rule, smokers have lost the delicate sense of courtesy. Tobacco smoke is most obnoxious to some persons, and yet smokers who would not think of annoying people in other ways, make no scruples of puffing smoke into their faces. Mr. Loring was no exception to this rule; clouds of smoke arose from his pipe up to the ceiling.

"This subject is further illustrated in another way," continued Willard, addressing himself to Mr. Loring. "For instance, there is no woman in all the world just like your wife. Her personality, something about her—call it what you will, differentiates

her from all others. That is what drew you to her—that subtle, essential element which makes her Susan Loring, and no one else. You want that preserved, otherwise the term ‘my wife’ would lose its most precious element; you want that in this life, you want it always.”

Mr. Loring gave a little grunt which could not be distinguished from yes or no, but which could have been taken for either. The wife could see that either Grace Wells or the smoker would have to leave the room, and so she called her husband into the kitchen. He came back to the parlor again without his pipe; and Willard wondered whether Mr. Loring fully appreciated the argument on woman’s personality—especially his wife’s.

During this little discussion Grace Wells sat by the grate in an easy chair, between a frail flower vase on one side, and an equally fragile piece of statuary on the other. She dared not move to the right or to the left, but she looked across to where Willard Dean, the missionary, sat. As she listened to his talk, she wondered at the change that had come to him. He had left home a shy, reticent boy, shambling in gait, awkward in manners, and blundering in

speech. Now she found a man, tall, straight, walking with head erect and firm step. He looked with a steady eye into the face of the person to whom he was speaking, and he spoke as if he was sure of what he was saying. His speech and actions were those of a man who had come into the possession of his own. Grace thought as she looked at him, that she would not now dare to treat him as she once had done, even if she should have the opportunity or the wish.

When the party broke up that evening, Willard and Dwight Thornton walked homeward together. The little girl was not with her father, therefore Willard asked about her.

“She was asleep and Nora asked me to let her stay. I couldn’t refuse. Nora is very kind.”

“Are you getting acquainted again?” asked Willard.

“We meet at services only,” was the reply. “When I ask Nora Loring to marry me—which I intend to do again some day—she shall have no occasion to refuse me, at least on account of the old charge.”

“I glory in your determination, brother. God bless and prosper you in it.”

Willard did not neglect his work because Grace was in London. He asked the conference president to spend a little time with her and show her some of the sights. In the week that Grace was at Loring's, Willard called twice. The afternoon of the day she was to leave for Berlin, he visited the British Museum with her.

Willard took her across London bridge. It was a little out of the way, but he had an object in it. When they paused midway on the bridge he said to her:

"Do you remember when we used to play 'London bridge is falling down?' "

"Yes; I remember."

"Do you recall the time when you became angry at me because our side lost?"

Grace had no recollection of such an event.

"Well, *I* remember it."

"You have been forgiven long ago, Willard," she said. Then after a pause she continued: "London bridge isn't going to fall yet awhile. It seems solid enough to stand for ages."

"But I wouldn't object to having the play bridge fall again," said Willard. He looked into her face

and saw that she understood. And that was the nearest Willard came to "love making," according to his own judgment.

On their return that evening Grace was handed a letter from Stonedale. It was from Bessie Fernley and stated that Elsa was seriously ill.

"Poor girl," said Grace, "she wasn't well when I left. See, it says 'seriously ill.' She wore herself out waiting on me." Grace mused for a moment as she slowly folded the letter.

"I'm going back to see her," she said.

"But you were going to Berlin in the morning."

"Berlin can wait. I believe I owe my life to Elsa's care, and I'm going back to see her and help her."

"You are not strong—you must be careful—you—"

"I'm going to Stonedale in the morning. Will you help me to the station?"

The next morning Willard saw her safely away. He expected a letter the day after, but none came. On the third day he received a telegram which read:

"Elsa is dying. Come immediately."

## XII.

### BROTHERLY AND SISTERLY LOVE.

Willard Dean sped northward on one of England's fastest express trains. It was morning when he arrived at Bradford, and he immediately went to the elders' quarters. None of them was at home, so he took the tramcar out to Stonedale.

Bessie met him at the door, and let him in. She was haggard and pale and quiet.

"Yes; she is yet alive," she said in reply to Willard's question. "Mamma is lying down trying to rest, but I shall call Sister Grace."

In a few minutes Grace came. She also looked worn and tired. She took Willard's proffered hand (it becomes second nature for a missionary to shake hands) and then led him quietly up the stairs. They paused at the sick girl's room and Grace softly opened the door and peeped in. She closed it again,

and took Willard to a seat by an open window in the hall.

“She appears to be resting quietly,” said Grace, “and we will not disturb her just now.”

She seated herself on a low stool and leaned her arms on the sill of the open window. The breeze played with her somewhat dishevelled locks. Willard looked at her, and then out beyond through the window into the fields and meadows. A hill arose not far away, and from it jutted a stony precipice from which the village had derived its name. The morning was quiet. The noises of the busy city reached Stonedale in the form of a subdued hum. Willard spoke in a low voice.

“Is it typhoid?” he asked.

“No; some sort of nervous trouble,” said Grace. “The doctor seems in doubt what to call it.”

“Are the elders here?”

“Yes, they are now over to Brother Moore’s. They are doing all they can.”

Willard drew his chair closer to the window. The breeze felt good. Grace looked at him steadily in a way she had never done before.

“Willard Dean, what have you said and done to Elsa Fernley?” she asked.

It was then that he looked at her in a way which he also had never done before as he replied:

“What do you mean? I do not understand you.”

“I think you do, Willard. You and I are to a great extent responsible for this girl’s condition.”

Willard was not so dull that he failed to see the purport of Grace’s talk. A wave of pain swept through his heart, as he comprehended what it meant. With all his care, was his mission to end thus in a tragedy? “O God!” he prayed in his heart, “what shall I do? Help me to think, help me to act for the best!”

Grace saw the troubled face, but could not see the real cause; and so she misjudged.

“Grace,” said he, “I am innocent of any wrongdoing towards Elsa. I tell you in all sincerity that I have not deceived the girl in word or act.”

“Perhaps you have not deceived her. Perhaps you have meant all you have expressed to her.”

“What have I expressed to her—tell me? You seem to know.”

“I only know that this girl loves you, Willard;



yes, loves you to distraction, and I fear it will be her undoing."

There was a movement in the sick room, and Grace tip-toed to the door, looked in for a moment, and then came back. By that time Willard had control of himself. Grace stood looking out of the window. Willard arose and stood by her.

"Grace," he said with tender firmness, "you seem not to believe me, and so I shall not try to plead for myself; but I tell you that if Elsa Fernley loves me, it is none of my doing. If I am the cause of that love, I am the innocent cause. I have never tried to win the love of any girl since—since—well a long time ago. And then it was a failure, a complete failure, Grace."

"Don't be so sure of that," she said, without looking away from the spire of the church which showed above the trees. "But Willard, I am not doubting your words now. Perhaps I spoke unthinkingly. I judged from what poor, dear Elsa said in her fevered talk. I think she wants to see you, Willard, and that's why I sent for you." She sat down on the low seat again, and Willard leaned on the window sill.

“The doctor says there is very little hope,” she continued, “and so I want you to do what you can—I want you to go to her, talk to her, and bless her—and tell her that you love her!”

Grace put her hands to her face and cried softly.

“I can’t do that, Grace,—not all of that.”

“Why?”

“Because I do not love her in the way you mean. I cannot deceive her in that manner.”

“But, Willard, she is dying, and you ought to do anything in your power—”

There was a sob in his voice, too, as he replied, “I cannot let her take into the next world something from me which would deceive her—something which is not true. I do love Elsa, for she is a dear, sweet girl; but it is as I love all such as she, and in no other way.

“Yes,” said Grace, “I, too, love her. I have never met such a girl before. She has taught me many a lesson, Willard. The long days and nights she sat by my bedside and comforted me, I shall never forget. She has shown me what a selfish life I have been leading back at home. It has been self, self, always. Many a time she made me ashamed of

my ignorance. She thought that I, coming from Zion, would know ever so much more than she about the principles of the gospel; but I was as ignorant as a child compared with her. Why, she seems to know as much as the wisest among us. And what sacrifices she has made! And now to think that she is dying!"

Tears came again, and Willard, standing above her, gently placed his hand on her head in silent blessing. All around him was suffering, and his big, tender heart was touched.

Sister Fernley came up the stairs. She greeted Willard and then passed into the sick chamber. Grace followed her in, then came back to the door and beckoned to Willard. He went softly into the room. Elsa lay with her wide open eyes fastened on him as he entered. He went up to the bed and sat down near her. She held out her pale, weak hand to him and smiled. Willard took the hand and held it closely in his. Everything in the room was very still. Presently Grace, and then Sister Fernley, slipped out of the room. Elsa closed her eyes.

Why had they gone? thought Willard. Perhaps the girl was dying. He had never seen any one

die, and Elsa surely looked as if every weak breath would be the last. He sat and looked at the pale, shrunken face, her rosy cheeks all gone, but beautiful still. He thought of what Grace had said, and examined himself, to find if possible, wherein he was to blame. He had left Bradford and Stonedale to avert danger but perhaps it had not been soon enough. What could he now do? What *could* he do for this dying girl?

Down-stairs noises came to him faintly. Breakfast was no doubt being prepared. The living at least must eat, though he himself had no desire for food. Elsa still lay with eyes shut. Her fingers closed on Willard's hand in a gentle grip, and he let it lie. Then he placed his other hand on her brow and gently stroked back the mass of beautiful hair.

"Elsa," he whispered to her, "Elsa, the Lord will bless you and give you strength. You must get well. Elsa, do you hear?"

She smiled faintly, but did not open her eyes or try to speak.

"You must not give up," he continued, "Your work is not yet finished, dear sister."

Just a fainter smile this time. Was she dying?

Why did not some-one come? He would have called, but dared not. The grip on his hand seemed stronger when he made an effort to draw it away. He rested his hand on her brow and then on the sunken cheeks. He leaned over to catch the faint breath, and then without any thought of impropriety, he gently pressed his lips to her forehead and to her cheek, as he would to those of a child. Elsa opened her eyes wide and looked into his face. The grip on his hand tightened perceptibly. Then she closed her eyes again, and lay for some time as if asleep.

The door opened and Grace came in, followed by the doctor and two elders. The doctor looked at Willard, closely, then went to the patient, felt her pulse, and noted the moisture on the face.

"She is better," he said.

Out in the hall he turned to Willard and with his hand on the young man's shoulder said, "You have helped me save her life."

"I—how?" stammered he.

"Never mind how, but you have, young man."

The first emotion of joy turned to fear in Willard's heart, but Grace who was standing near said:

“Willard, I am so glad; you have helped, I know. Come now and have some breakfast.”

Elsa improved rapidly; and before Willard left she was out of danger. He spent most of his time in Bradford, calling at the Fernley home only once a day to enquire about the sick girl's progress. Grace remained with her, waited on her, and supplied her with dainties to tempt her appetite. Under Sister Fernley's directions the visitor was getting some valuable lessons in housekeeping, she explained to Willard.

The day Willard was to leave for London, Grace called on him at Bradford. He welcomed her with poorly disguised pleasure, and suggested to her that they spend a few hours in sightseeing around the town.

“There are some pretty spots in this smoke-begrimed city also,” he explained.

Grace readily accepted his offer as she needed a little outing.

As the day was fair and warm they first took a ride on top of the tram car out to Idle, a suburb of the city. The ride took them over hills and down dales, along shady lanes and through green fields.

Smoking chimneys stuck up into the sky everywhere.

“Bradford, you must know,” explained Willard, “is engaged largely in the manufacturing of woolen goods. Some of the finest in the world are made here.—Out here in Idle there was in early days a large branch of the Church. Here, in 1842, died and was buried the first missionary who laid down his life in a foreign field. His name was Lorenzo D. Barnes, and the Prophet Joseph Smith preached a sermon to his memory.”

Then they visited the Cartwright Memorial Hall and beautiful Chellow Dean. The middle of the afternoon found them resting on a seat in Peel park.

They talked until train time, and then Grace went to the station with him. She promised to write and tell him how Elsa progressed, and also when she herself would be coming to London on her way to Berlin.

In the second letter which Willard received from her, this paragraph appeared:

“And now, I have decided not to go to Berlin; at least, not at this time. This may appear like backing out, but I can’t help it. I am not well yet, and I do not feel able to go to a strange city and begin

my work which will not be easy. I am going back home, and Elsa Fernley is going with me. We are to set out just as soon as she is strong enough. I have written to my friends on the Continent, and I think they will be ready to go home about the time we are. I shall drop you a card saying goodby when we are ready to leave. Love to the Lorings. When do you expect to be released? When you find out let me know. I shall be waiting over home."



### XIII.

## THE "LONG-SLEEVED ENVELOPE" AND LETTERS FROM HOME.

When Elder Willard Dean heard from his conference president that his release was about to arrive, he went to him and said, "I want to stay three months longer. I feel as if I have lost about that much time by my friends breaking in upon my work. So, if it's all right, I want to stay and make up that time."

"If that is your wish, I see no objection," replied the president. "We are glad to have you, of course; but I do not consider the time which you have devoted to helping your friends as wasted."

And so Willard went to his work again with added strength and power. Never had he done so much good and reached so many people with the gospel. Elder Donaldson, with wife and sister, came

back to London, tired with sight-seeing and eager to be homeward bound. They remained but a few days and were off. Grace Wells and Elsa Fernley sailed with them from Liverpool. They all sent him farewell greetings by cards mailed from the boat, and his were delivered to them at Queenstown.

The summer passed, and the rains and fogs came back; but Willard paid no heed to the weather. There was "sunshine in his soul" continually, so what did he care for fog or rain. Whether he was preaching to the ever-shifting crowds on the streets, or delivering his tracts from door to door, or conversing on gospel principles to Saints or strangers or investigators, he did it in a good-natured, happy way. Thus busy with his work, the time passed rapidly. The winter came, but Willard received no release; nor did he wish one now until spring.

He learned in letters from home that Elsa Fernley was well and happy, and that she had been offered a school in his own county. She was staying with Grace, and they were fast friends. Grace frequently visited Brother and Sister Dean, and Willard knew by his mother's letters that Grace was interested in English missionaries. The girl sent him a

letter once a month, with now and then a picture postcard.

Among Willard's best London friends were the Lorings and Dwight Thornton. When he was tired and a bit lonesome or discouraged, he dropped in to the "cleanest house in London," sat easy and contented by the fire, or played with the children. Mr. Loring always welcomed him, and often spoke of the young man's power over Dwight Thornton, when Mr. Loring and his church had failed to make an impression on him. But whenever this topic came up, Willard simply said, "You know, Mr. Loring, the gospel is the power of God unto salvation. That's all the secret. It is none of my doings. I am but the instrument—the gospel is what has done it." And in reply Mr. Loring smoked his pipe in silence.

One evening Willard found Dwight Thornton and Nora Loring sitting by the fire in the small parlor. Little Nellie was playing on the floor, chattering first to one and then to the other. Willard would have retreated, but they called him back.

"Come in, Elder Dean," said Brother Thornton, "we want to speak to you. We want your advice."

Willard thought, "What now?" He was often called in to give counsel and to settle difficulties of all kinds, because a "Mormon" elder, though perhaps only a boy, is expected to be wise enough to counsel gray-haired men and women; but he felt to shrink from sitting in judgment in the matter between these two people.

"Nora and I have decided to emigrate to Zion," said Brother Thornton. "I want her to marry me before we go, but she says we should wait until we get to Utah. What do you say?"

Willard looked at Nora, whose face shone in the firelight, and then at the man who was also looking with a pleased smile at the young woman.

"I do not say," replied Willard. "I can't advise you on the matter, at least, not now. But I'll think it over."

Then he sat down and talked with them. Brother Thornton had, he himself thought, completely overcome his craving for drink. "If I can pass daily the gin shops of this city without going in, it will be easy for me in Zion where there isn't so much temptation."

"Do not be too sure," replied Willard. "There are plenty of temptations in Utah, and those who want drink can get it. The only safety lies in being proof against temptation from within as well as from without."

"Yes," replied the other, "I am trying to bear in mind what you have told me about developing our true individuality, and I find it is a great help to me."

Little Nellie fell asleep on the floor, and Nora picked her up. She placed the child on the sofa and carefully covered her with a shawl. Mrs. Loring came in and supper was announced.

When Willard left that evening, Dwight Thornton followed him to the door and said, "You'll be going home in the spring, shall you not?"

"I suppose so; but I don't know just when."

"Well, when you go, we shall go with you, whether we are married or not."

"Good for you," said Willard.

On one of the last days in the month of March, Willard Dean received two important letters. One of them came in the well-known "long-sleeved envelope," as the elders called the letter which contained their release. He might make his arrangements to sail on the first boat in May, it stated.

Willard looked at the expression "honorably released," and gratitude swelled up in his heart. The president had written, besides the usual release form, a short personal letter, commending him for his faithful labors, and bidding God's blessing on his homeward journey. It seemed to him that here was reward enough for his many months of labor, of trial, and of sacrifice. The peace of God was in his heart, and filled his soul with joy inexpressible.

The second letter was from home. It was uncommonly heavy, needing double postage on it. The first folded sheets from the envelope were from Grace, and among other things she wrote:

"Elsa Fernley is to be married next month. If you hurry home, you may be in time for the wedding.

The happy man is your old-time friend, Jack Howard. Jack picked her up as soon as she arrived in town. He has made love fast and furious, and she has capitulated. The mountain air has brought back to Elsa's cheeks her English roses, and she is a lovely girl. I nearly envy Jack, but you know he is a good boy, and altogether worthy of such a jewel as Elsa. She wanted to teach school and earn money to send for her mother and sister, but Jack wouldn't hear of

it. He would take care of that, said he. He is able to, as his sheep have been doing well. And so next month sees the wedding. They are going to live in Brother Karlson's new house until they can build one of their own. Oh, by the way, Katie Smith was just over, and what do you think she said? Listen: 'I think it's a shame!' she exclaimed, 'there ought to be an import duty on English girls. Here are sixteen of us members of the U. T. C.'—U. T. C., you must know, stands for our club motto, Usefulness, Truthfulness, Cheerfulness; although some spiteful people say that it means the Unclaimed Treasure Club—'and not one of us with a ghost of a prospect,' said Katie; 'while this English girl comes, and in three months captures the finest boy in town! Isn't it awful!'

The second enclosure was from Elsa Fernley, and she wrote:

"Dear Elder Dean:—Grace has kindly allowed me to read her letter to you, and I may say, that with the exception of some of the personal expressions about me, I have no fault to find with it. It is true, as Grace says, that I am to be married next month. I can hardly realize it. The Lord has been exceed-

ingly good to me. When I look back on the experiences of the past year, and what has now come to me, I appear to be in dreamland. I can't understand what Jack sees in me. He says it's the English dialect, but that's a fib; because, as you know, I do not speak the Yorkshire.

“Well, now, I wish to say something else to you—and I am going to let Grace read this letter—let me say, that I know where your heart is—and it is in safe keeping, too. I want you to forgive and forget, as far as I am concerned. If I have annoyed you by word or act of mine, I ask your pardon. I am indeed sorry if I have caused you pain, and I I fear I have.

“It's a good thing, after all, that we live in a world of change. It's a good thing, also, that sometimes the Lord does not give us what we first cry out for. His ways are not always our ways, and if we are but patient, and say, ‘Thy will be done,’ everything will come out right in the end. I feel as if this is especially true in my case, and I am sure it will be in yours.

“Jack says he knows you well, and he never tires of speaking good of you—and I add my mite;



so you see we are agreed on one point, at least. I hope I shall always have the privilege of calling you my friend and brother.

"Be sure and call on the folks at Stonedale before you leave England. We hope to have both mother and Bessie with us soon. \* \* \* Here comes Jack. He is such a tease, and so I shall have to close." "

There was one more letter in the envelope, and it proved to be from Jack. Pinned to it was a money order for twenty-five dollars. Jack wrote:

"Dear Will:—The order for twenty-five dollars which you will find enclosed is for you. It is a partial payment on my debt of gratitude which I owe you. I am heartily ashamed of myself for not writing to you before, and this letter is written on the principle that it is better late than never. We are a selfish lot, anyway. I suppose I never should have written you, had not Elsa come from England to our town. You see, it takes a personal touch to awaken us. I moralize thus in a general way, blaming the race instead of lazy Jack Howard.

"With the twenty-five have a good time while you are yet in England. See some sights, and feed

up on beef-steak and Yorkshire pudding. The pudding is all right—I speak from knowledge; Elsa is a dandy cook, for a school teacher. I know a lot about England and its ways, and to hear my instructor praise the country, one would think that it is the finest land in the world. The other day I made the jocular remark that if the English country is prettier than the English girls, I should like to see it. The bishop overheard my remark, and stepping up to me and placing his arm around my shoulder, he said, ‘All right, brother; I shall see that your wish is gratified.’ Shivers ran up and down my spine, and the folks said I turned pale. I think he was only joking,—but one can’t tell. What would I do on a mission? I don’t need to go to England, for England has come to me. \* \* \* \* \*

“I have just come back from visiting the girls, so I must finish this letter and send it off. Elsa was out when I called, but I found Grace in the parlor. I went up the walk unnoticed and stood by the open door for a few moments before she knew of my presence. Let me tell you what I saw: Grace was standing by the piano looking at a photograph. Presently, she lifted the picture from the easel, ex-

amining it at close range. Then she replaced it, seated herself on the stool, and, still looking at the photograph, began playing your favorite selection, "Meditation." I stepped in, and one glance told me that the portrait was of one Willard Dean, a missionary in England. Now, what do you think of that?

"Hurry home, Will, and be the best man at the wedding, and then I shall happily perform a like service for you."

Willard Dean carefully re-read his letters. Evening came on, yet he did not light the gas. A small fire in the grate sent its glow into the room. He leaned back in his chair and gazed into the red coals; but he did not see much or hear much with his natural senses. The big city of sights and sounds lay all around him, yet for Willard its enchantment was gone. The home-call had come, and his soul reached out in eager response. Home, home! He was going home!

Although Willard Dean sat in his humble London lodgings with the shadows of the night deepening around him, he being yet in the spirit "looked, and behold a door was opened in heaven;" and he heard a voice which said, "Come up hither, and I will show thee things which must be hereafter."

In the spirit he flies over sea and land, and as quick as thought he is in his native town. How high the mountains are, but how small the houses! Yet this is home, and he feels as if he has been away for but a day. The long rows of trees are covered with the dust of the dry, dusty street; but there is a big green lawn in front of his father's house, with lilac bushes on one side of the path and roses on the other. The barn is full of hay, with half of the last load sticking out of the gable window. Behind the pole bars to the corral, the horses and the cows are stretching their necks to eat from the nearby stack of wheat. Willard pauses at the gate and plays with the latch, a wooden one made by his grandfather, but good yet. He gets a full view of the house. It appears little, small and weatherbeaten, but it is home, the home of his childhood and boyhood. His bedroom was up in the attic, and before the window there now hangs a white curtain. In the big box-elder near the window are still to be seen the remains of a "nest" which he built when a boy. The front room window is open, and the curtains swell out by the breeze. There comes to him the faint odor of mignonette, his mother's planting, he knows.

What is that? The organ? Yes; they have no piano. But who is playing? Can his brothers have learned? Not likely, besides, the touch is that of fingers accustomed to the piano. Grace Wells must be visiting—but she would never play on their poor instrument. He will tread lightly and surprise her, and she shall be the first to meet him. He steps quietly along the path, tiptoes across the porch, softly opens the door and slips into the hall, then into the room. Yes; Grace is at the organ. She is sitting with head erect, not looking at any music but out through the open window to the tree-tops in the yard. Her wavy hair is haloed by the low western light from the window. Her face is glowing with a fond expectancy. Hearing Willard's entrance, she stops playing, turns, stands, then advances to meet him. He takes her extended hands.

"Willard," she whispers, with cheeks aglow; then, after a moment "you are tired; come, sit down here."

She leads him to the lounge by the window, where they sit close together. The evening shadows dim the room. The home-like noises from without come to him faintly. He does not ask for father or

for mother, knowing that they are safely about. He is wholly occupied with her who sits graciously beside him, the light of love beaming from her face. Willard Dean, always shy, always timid, is unafraid. Knowledge has come to him, much as the testimony of the gospel came. He knows that Grace Wells loves him, that she will be his wife for time and for eternity. He knows that while he has been doing his simple duties, his fondest hopes have realized. He has been seeking first the kingdom of God and its righteousness, and all other things were being added—all this comes to him, while he sits in the peace and quiet of his home with the girl he loves beside him.

Thus was the Vision of the Spirit of God given to him, which Vision cannot fail.

THE END.

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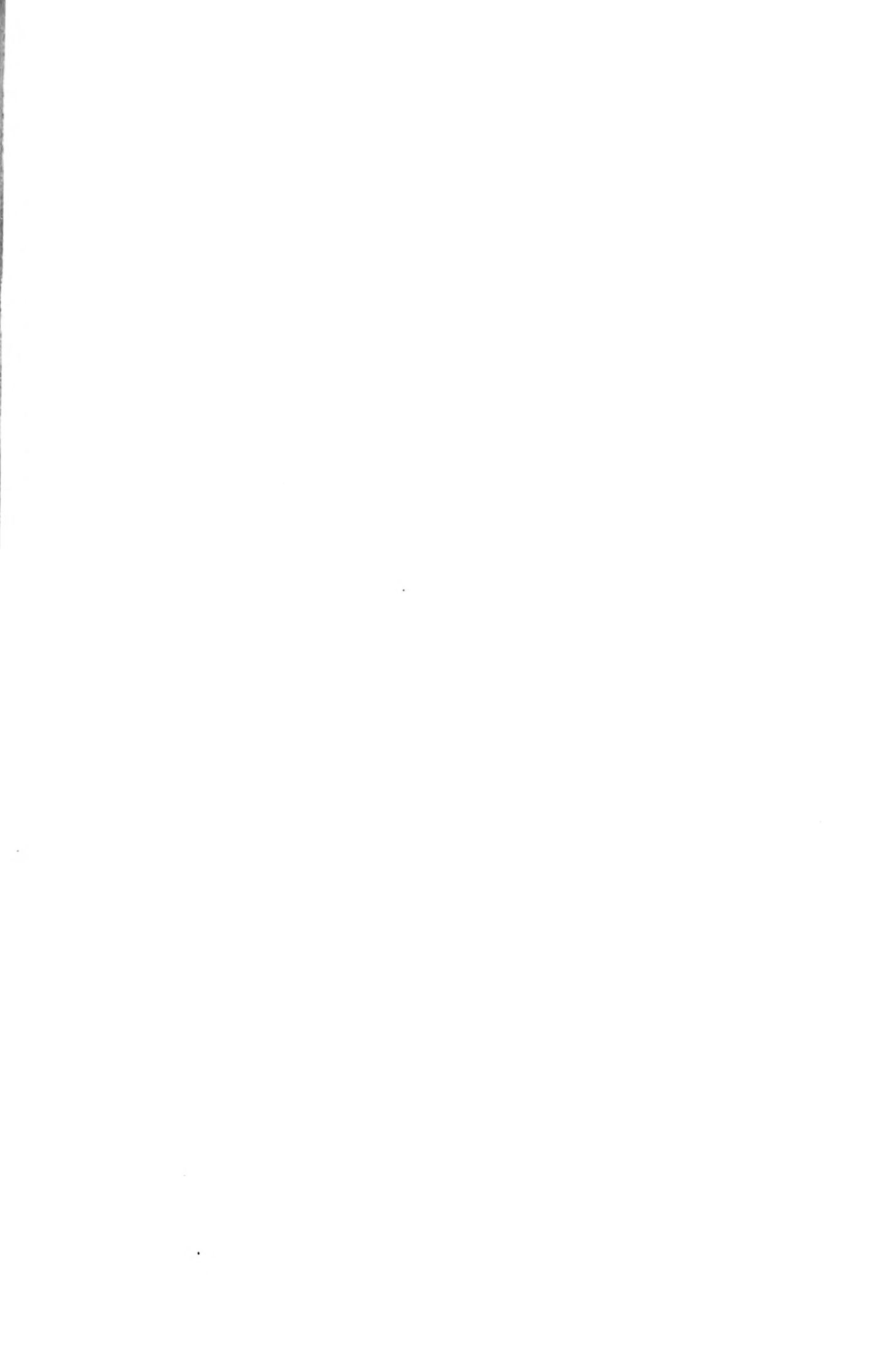
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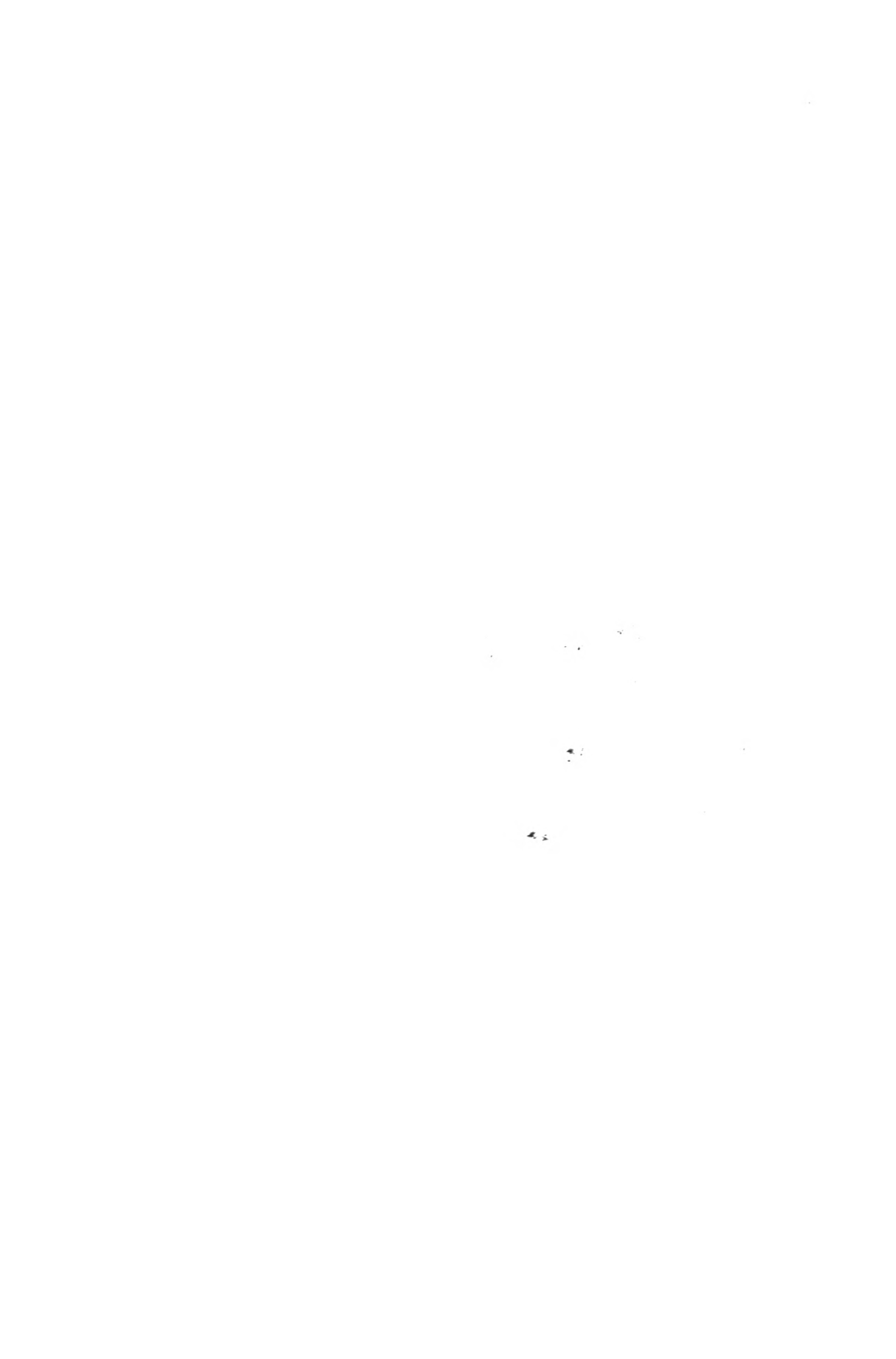
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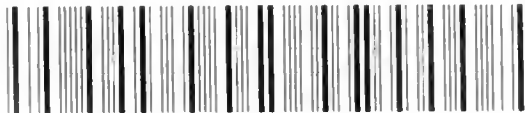
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