

## STORY OF MY CONVERSION

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As already mentioned, the present five republics that constitute what is called Central America, namely, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, Guatemala, and Salvador, were once a federation, so formed in the year 1823. But they continued as such only sixteen years, the confederation being dissolved in 1839 and five separate republics became organized governments, which continue in our time. And believing that many Religio students, and perhaps some others, would like to have the main facts about each one of those states separately, even as such facts have proved of deep interest to me, therefore I have studied such histories, encyclopedias, and maps as I have access to, and herewith give a condensed account of the points about each which will be the most interesting. These embrace the extent of territory, the surface of the land, the kinds of soil and the products of fruit, grains, vegetables, the kinds of wood grown, the mineral products, also about the inhabitants, their present conditions and prospects, always with the thought in mind that the time is surely coming when, under the supervising care of God, those regions will again be developed as to their resources and possibilities, and thus be brought to the highest condition both of usefulness and of civilization. They are a part of that land of which the Lord spoke to the Jaredites saying that he would lead them "into a land which is choice above all the land (probably this should be lands) of the earth." Then it will be redeemed from every blight, in due time of the Lord.

(To be continued.)



## THE STORY OF MY CONVERSION.

HOW I HEARD AND ACCEPTED THE LATTER-DAY MESSAGE.

BY JAMES L. EDWARDS.

Say not this record is but simply fate;  
Events inevitable, determinate;  
Look deeper, read thoughtfully each page,  
And see God's guiding hand at every stage.

J. L. E.

 FEW YEARS after my return home from the South, where I had served most of my three years in the Civil War on the Union side, I was occupied at my trade of picture-frame making in the city of Providence, state of Rhode Island, which had been home for some years before I enlisted.

During the Christmas holidays we always engaged extra men on account of the rush of trade at that season. In the gilding department there had been two men taken on. They were from New York City and were recently converted. Their history, which they afterwards related to me, was deeply interesting and would make very profitable reading.

They took quite an interest in me and took me to the noonday prayer-meetings, then recently started for the benefit of business



JAMES L. EDWARDS.

people. I enjoyed them very much and took part in them a few times.

My two friends were very prominent in these meetings, and were, I believe, truly converted from their former evil propensities. These men worked in a room directly over the one in which I worked, and at noon made a practice of eating dinner sitting on my bench, as it was lower and more comfortable than the gilding benches.

The conversations during these times were almost invariably on

religious subjects. One of the men, whose name was Charles Doell (pronounced Dell) would relate many very interesting experiences, and appeared to be thoroughly saturated with religion. He was happy all the time. His face fairly shone. Had I known then as much of our gospel as I do now, I would have thought he had the Spirit, at least in some degree.

During one of these noonday meals in the shop they told me of a meeting they were going to that night in a distant part of the city, and asked me to go with them. I promised I would, for I had in a measure been touched and my heart softened by my association with them, and the influences of the teaching of early years, when as a lad I attended Sunday-school in England and loved my teacher and was loved by him in return.

The meeting we attended that night was at the house of a crippled tailor named McDonald, a most exemplary man. There were about forty persons present, and with the exception of my two friends all were strangers to me. It was what might be called a union meeting, members from many denominations being present, but all seemed deeply intent upon the object of the gathering, and as nearly as I can remember all took part.

I was impressed by the testimony of many, and felt my two friends would be a little hurt if I failed to speak in the meeting. I did not want to disappoint them, yet it was a hard thing to do in that company of strangers. I was on the rack for a few minutes, and as all eyes seemed to be upon me I arose and said something like this: "I believe it is good to be a Christian, and I wish I were one, but I have besetting sins that I am satisfied I can't give up, and if I should make a profession of Christianity now, knowing that I could not hold out, I would be a hypocrite; for I know when certain temptations present themselves, I will not be able to resist them."

I sat down, the meeting closed. Nearly all shook hands with the stranger, but not one of them was impressed to tell me that if I should make up my mind to forsake my sins there would be an influence and power at work to help me overcome when those besetting sins would assail me.

In looking back it seemed that had only one person put the matter to me in that light, I might have been saved much suffering and sorrow. Many years afterwards I learned that the host (the crippled tailor) and one of the sisters made a solemn covenant with each other and God that they would pray daily for the stranger brother until they heard of his conversion.

The following noon after dinner, Charley Doell took my large hammer and put it on the front edge of the bench, the handle outward, and moved it along still nearer to the front, until it almost toppled over. Mr. Goldney (the other gilder) and I watched the performance with considerable curiosity. When he had got the hammer to balance he said to me: "Bro. Edwards, you came as near being converted last night as that hammer is to falling off the bench."

Some time after this I went down South again and visited many

of the places I had been in during the war, had many seasons when the Spirit seemed to be striving with me, urging me to give myself up to the service of the Lord. I felt satisfied I was not living as I ought to, and my conscience would prick me quite strongly at times.

In the year 1876 the Centennial Exhibition opened in Philadelphia, to continue for six months. I went from Charleston, South Carolina, there, lived in a suburb of Philadelphia called "Port Richmond." While there a Christian man came to the house where I lived and asked us to lend our support to a little mission he had started in the neighborhood. Some of the people attended, but I held aloof. Not being a professed Christian, I did not at that time feel interested.

This man, whose name was Bartlow, was a member of the Methodist church in Port Richmond, who, seeing the necessity for a place of worship, had during a dull spell in his trade of carpentering, hired a front room from one of our neighbors, bought some rough pine boards, made benches and a rude reading desk, or pulpit, and knelt down and dedicated the place to the service of the Lord, then went all through the neighborhood and invited the people to come in. Many went through curiosity, and others for a better object. The room was soon too small, for the fame of the little mission spread abroad, and many people from other sections flocked in. He hired another room and opened a Sunday-school, and other Christian men and women came from other churches to assist him. They had preaching, experience meetings, and Sunday-school, and were doing a good work when Mr. Bartlow was taken sick with typhoid fever. The place was in quite an excitement about him. He was well liked, had caused quite a change in the neighborhood, and many went to see him during his illness.

All this time I had refused to attend any of the meetings, although my friends who went there appeared to be happy and greatly benefited. Mr. Bartlow's condition became worse and I was persuaded to see him before he died. By this time I had begun to appreciate his work for others, but had not much concern about myself. At the continued solicitations of my friends I went to see the sick man, but the doctor had forbidden his seeing any one except his wife and mother, who were nursing him.

A few days later word came that I could see him, as there was not any hope of his recovery, and they did not want to prevent his seeing those whom he was interested in. I went to his house and as I entered the door of the sick room, he called me by name, and asked me how my health was. This touched my heart, as I thought of that suffering, dying man asking after my health. It was too much for me. I knelt down at his bedside and kissed his forehead. He took hold of my hand and in faint accents said: "Bro. Edwards, I want you to hold up the blood-stained banner of the cross in my stead, when I am gone."

I promised him I would do the best I could, God being my helper, and that meeting in Rhode Island many years previous came vividly to my mind as with closed eyes I knelt there, and it appeared for the moment to have been only the night before that I said: "I can

not be a Christian on account of my besetting sins." And I said in my mind, now when these sins present themselves to me, I will rely upon my heavenly Father to help me overcome them.

I went home a changed man. The things I before hated I began to love, and the things I before practiced I hated. I wrote upon several slips of paper the request of the apparently dying man and put them in various places in the house lest I should forget the words. But I need not have done so, for they had taken such a hold upon me that they were fixed indelibly in my mind.

I became a member of the United Brethren Church in Port Richmond, had a class in school, was made one of the trustees, and without being boastful, I was truly honest and earnest in my service toward God. But with all my prayers and yearnings for more light and knowledge, I did not receive the satisfaction my soul longed for.

It was here I discovered that even ministers could be anything but Christain, and that evangelists are not always the men of God they are supposed to be. I will not lengthen out this writing to tell in detail how I found this out, but will mention one circumstance. They were holding revival meetings in the Methodist church, and we thought it the proper thing to start one in our little church, engaging an evangelist for a certain amount, contingent upon number of converts made. I am not sure upon this score, but I remember upon one occasion as I came into the meeting late and went down to my post in front, he stopped in his fervent exhortation to ask me "How they were catching them" down there; meaning, of course, were they making many converts in the Methodist church. It seemed to me so cold-blooded that I could not forget it. These revivals and this man in after years gave me the foundation for the humorous poem printed in the *Herald* beginning,

"In a nice little town not far from this place,  
There were two Christian churches both lacking in grace.  
One was holding revivals where sinners by scores  
Came nightly and filled up the church to the doors."

While in this church we had a change of pastors. The new one, Mr. Baur, was very friendly to me. He had not studied theology, except at home, but I believe if ever there was a man equipped to preach their gospel, he was; for a more humble and devoted man I have never become acquainted with. He told me an incident connected with his conversion that I will relate to show the thoroughness of the change in him.

He had worked for years at sausage-making, and, living at a distance, brought his dinner to the shop in a large tin pail which when he had emptied he would fill with sausage meat and take it home. This he had done for years. The day after his conversion he went to his employer, made confession to him and offered to pay him, and to his credit be it said he would not take a cent. Mr. Baur told me that was the hardest thing he had ever done, but he added, "What else could I do and be a Christian?"

I got discouraged, joined the "Methodists," and became acquainted with a man named Woodward, whom I may have occa-

sion to speak of more particularly in the latter part of my article; for many years after he came in contact with the gospel, but because of pride and style he saw in the church he turned away sorrowfully from it, and joined the poor and humble Salvation Army.

During a revival in the Methodist church he was a zealous worker and tried a method he said he had used to advantage in England. He borrowed a large dinner-bell which he would ring at the street corners, and when a goodly crowd were gathered he would tell them all about the meetings and pass out literature in the form of hand-bills, tracts, cards, etc. Few men have I seen to equal him in love for Jesus, and whole-heartedness in his cause.

This church, like many others, was heavily in debt. They engaged a man then on the road, carrying on a rather unique business. He was called a "church-debt raiser." His plan was this: He would preach a very exciting sermon, copiously mixed with all he could find in the Scriptures bearing upon the financial duties and responsibility of the people, then he would say, "Now I am going to ask for five names who will give one hundred dollars each, and I will give the first hundred myself. Now who will be the next?" And he would keep the excitement up until he had five other names, and that would give him a chance to drop out. He would then call for ten names at fifty dollars, and head the list with fifty himself. Then twenty-five dollars, then ten dollars, then five, then one dollar. As the number of dollars decreased, the number of persons to give them would increase. Finally they would pass the basket for the usual collection. I thought at the time this was a very questionable way of paying a church debt. It puts me in mind of a certain father's advice to his son: "Get money, honestly, if you can, but get money." I lost much of my reverence for that particular church, yet did not cease to pray or love and serve God.

I became nervously prostrated, and returned to Rhode Island to be near the few relatives I had in the United States. I went down to the shore of the Providence River to find a place where I could pitch a tent. I met a man on the high bluff overlooking the river. He was dressed in a white linen suit and cap. I asked him if he knew of a good location to put a tent up. He said he would show me an excellent place, and as we walked along I told him of my condition of health. He suddenly asked my name. When I told him he said, "Don't you know me? I am your comrade, Andrew J. Perry, who was in your company in the army." As he said this he bared his arm, showing me some tattooing as further evidence of his identity. I then recognized him. He had served one year with me and was discharged on account of sickness.

I said, "Brother Andrew, I am glad to have found a comrade who was with me in the army. I hope I have found a comrade in the Lord. I have become a Christian since I last saw you."

He answered, "So have I. What denomination do you belong to?"

I said, with some degree of pride, "I am a Methodist."

He answered, "Brother, you are all wrong," which statement

he qualified by saying, "I do not mean that the Methodists are a bad people, but they are not acceptable to the Lord. You are coming down here to camp out and I will try to convince you that I am right."

You can not imagine the revulsion of feeling I had. Any one who has suffered with nervous prostration knows how nearly everything is distorted to them. I have felt to rejoice at having found one who had shared the excitement and privations of active soldier life, but immeasurably better, I had found a dear brother who loved the Lord, and was on the road with me to eternal life. I had no feeling against the brother, but oh, how sad I felt. I answered, "I am sorry if I am wrong. I earnestly want to be right."

I then asked him the name of his church. He said they were "Latter Day Saints," but they were sometimes called "Mormons."

I asked if they believed in polygamy.

He said, "No, we believe in the gospel just as the apostles and the saints of Christ's time believed and practiced it, nothing more, nor nothing else. And we send missionaries to Utah to convert them to the true faith. I will give you some reading-matter, and I hope you will investigate our claims."

He showed me a nice place near the edge of a bluff overlooking the river, which I occupied a few days afterwards. He came to my tent often, brought me the Voice of Warning and several kinds of tracts. But my health was such I could not give my mind to reading or study. I asked Andrew if his church baptized their converts out of doors as was done in Christ's time. I said I did not feel I was worthy to be a follower of Christ, but that I did long to be baptized just as he was.

He said, "Yes, just in the same manner."

The brother had not yet told me the origin of his church, perhaps thinking it was too strong meat for me at this stage. But I seemed to feel his statements were true, and began to have a desire to know more of the work.

He returned to the city in September and a few days later he wrote me, asking me to meet him at his home, to go with him to a prayer-meeting. I had great difficulty in finding the house, and when I got there he had gone, having waited for me until time for the meeting to begin. His wife gave me directions to find the place, by going "across-lots" as they say, and if it was hard to find the brother's house, it was much more so to find the place where the Saints were assembled, and I have always thought the powers of evil were at work that night to prevent my hearing the sound of the glorious restored gospel.

I reached the place and enjoyed the meeting; felt impressed they were the true people of God. I was spoken to in prophecy by a sister who said if I would obey the gospel I would receive many blessings, etc. I can recall but little of the message.

(To be continued.)

will be in the development of Guatemala," because of "opening the interior to foreign trade," as well as passing through the capital city with its 100,000 population. There are but two shorter roads between the Atlantic and Pacific, one at Panama, about fifty miles long, and the other in Mexico, called the "Tehuantepec Line," which is 186 miles long. Regular lines of steamers run from Guatemala to New Orleans, Mobile, Liverpool, and Hamburg, while on the Pacific side steamers give regular service to San Francisco on the north, and also south along the South American shore. The eastern terminus of the railway is 800 miles nearer the United States than is Colon, Panama.

Of the soil, climate, and products of Guatemala Mr. Hays writes as follows, after a thorough investigation:

"No state or country is by nature richer or more promising. It has vast areas of fertile agricultural land, a splendid climate, great forest and mineral wealth, and nearly all the products of both the temperate and the tropic zones grow to advantage. Wheat, corn, barley, and hemp flourish. Coffee of a superior quality and sugar-cane are great staple crops. Fine cotton is raised, and the country seems ideal for stock. Over one hundred [kinds of] fruits and vegetables are grown there. The banana is the principal fruit, and with coffee, mahogany, and rubber it makes up the principal exports of the country. But only a small portion of the available area has been developed agriculturally, and little has been done with the forests and the mineral resources. From the mountain streams can be developed a large amount of power, and a wide range of industries should be established."

He closes by saying that Guatemala has paved streets, fine buildings, and nearly all the modern improvements. Population of the city is over one hundred thousand, and of the republic a million and a half population.



## THE STORY OF MY CONVERSION.—PART II.

HOW I HEARD AND ACCEPTED THE LATTER-DAY MESSAGE.

BY JAMES L. EDWARDS.

(Concluded from last month.)

HE general trend of the meeting and the peculiar testimonies were so much out of the ordinary prayer- and class-meetings that I had been used to, together with a portion of the Spirit that I believe was with me, made it a time never to be forgotten. I rose, said I believed I had found the true church, etc., and asked permission to unite with them, which it was agreed I should do the following Sunday.

I was baptized in "Long Pond," Providence, Rhode Island, U. S. A., confirmed the same night, and life for me took on an entirely different aspect. I felt a nearness to God I had never

before experienced, although my health was not restored. I still suffered severe nervousness and bodily weakness. Later my nervousness became so intense that I really feared I was going to lose my mind. I threw myself onto the floor in a paroxysm of unusual severity, and told one who was present I was going to lose my mind. Now a most remarkable experience came to me, for while lying upon the floor knowledge was given me that the church I had recently united with had an ordinance for the healing of the sick by the laying on of hands, and I determined to go and ask to be administered to.

I want to state here, that although I had suffered for a long time, and continued to get worse, I had never even for a moment lost my reasoning faculties, but became so bad that I seemed to see insanity looming up before me like a fog-bank, and I felt that I was drawing nearer to it, day by day. Oh, the mental strain was just terrific!

As this was Wednesday afternoon, I prepared to attend the meeting, which was at the house of one of the Saints. The paroxysm had in a measure passed off, and if ever a poor mortal prayed to be delivered from his infirmity I did, with all earnestness and anxiety.

I arrived before the meeting began, and asked the presiding elder to administer to me. He said they would do so at the close of the services. Before he closed the meeting he informed the Saints that I had called for administration, and asked for their faith and prayers in my behalf.

I did not notice any particular change in my feelings. I went home and to bed. In the morning I awoke without any recollection of the meeting of the preceding night. And I will state a peculiarity of the disease. Every morning when I would awaken there was always a short period of freedom from the mental trouble. But just as soon as I got fully aroused, it seemed as though a demon would take hold of me, and I would be in misery until the next morning when the same thing would be repeated. I lay still fully expecting the usual trouble to seize me. It did not occur. I lay there perfectly passive until I got fully awake. My mind was perfectly serene, when all at once it dawned upon me that I had been administered to the previous evening, and I exclaimed, "Bless God, I believe I am healed!" I got up and dressed myself, ejaculating, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me! Bless and praise his holy name!"

The disease was rebuked. I was perfectly healed, and I was so very happy. Everything seemed so different. I could not compare it to anything but my former experience when surrounded by the enemy in the center of Florida when the order came for our regiment to return home, by reason of expiration of our three-year term of service, or it might be likened to a man reprieved from a death sentence.

Oh, the wonderful goodness and power of God! How can we doubt him or fail to serve him? The brother who was the instrument in my conversion had made it a point to impress me with

the spiritual manifestations there were in the church, told me, amongst other things, of an occasion when he was going to hold a meeting in the country, his feet were lifted off the earth and did not touch it again until he arrived at the place of assembly.

This caused me to look for the marvelous, and I prayed much for some such experience to convince me more thoroughly of the truth of the work and my acceptance with God. And not receiving any, I began to murmur and feel I was not treated fairly. I was a man in years, but a weak, ignorant child in the work. I had opened the door to the adversary, and as usual, he needed no further invitation to come in, and made my life, that ought to have been happy, uncomfortable with doubts and fears.

I did not slacken my diligence in attending the meetings in the hope the Lord would bless me in the way I desired. I would go in a prayerful, hopeful mood, and not receiving anything would testify in a spirit of dissatisfaction. I look back upon that time with regret, and with thankfulness to my dear heavenly Father for his patience and kindness towards me.

Upon one occasion, when I had been murmuring more than usual, I went to a cottage-meeting of the Saints. I had, as was my custom, prayed much to be blessed. I was admonished by the Spirit through a brother, whose vocabulary was somewhat limited, in these words, "Bro. Edwards, Thus says the Spirit of God unto thee, Thou must shut up thy mouth."

At the first words of the prophecy I began to rejoice. I felt that my pleadings were at last to be answered, and God was now about to make things known unto me; but the illusion was soon dispelled, and a spirit of rebellion took possession of me for a moment, which I had the good sense to pray down. I arose and asked pardon from God and the Saints for the feeling I had entertained.

That "shut up" my mouth was too much for me. It threw me off my guard. It was a warning from above for me to cease my murmurings. Upon another occasion, after a season of complaints, the Lord in his mercy gave me another reproof in a way which showed his displeasure and his love at the same time.

In a dream I was standing at the corner of a street in the vicinity of the wharf where there were many large ships moored. During our conversation, which was upon gospel themes, I began to cough and slime began to come out of my mouth. I attempted to take it away and it came out of my throat as a thick, slimy substance. I used both hands to pull it out. There did not seem to be an end to it. I was taught it represented my habit of murmuring, as it were, filth coming from my mouth.

After I had cleansed my mouth I looked down to where the vessels were fastened, and there I beheld one of the most beautiful sights I had ever looked upon. A noble, three-masted ship, whose sails were of silk, all colors of the rainbow, and all the appointments of a vessel, in harmony therewith. The sails were only partly set and were flapping in the breeze. It was made known unto me that it was the ship Zion, and that she was not fully equipped as yet. I then looked to my right, and there was a most stupendous granite

monument. You can imagine its proportions, its base resting on the earth, while its top reached into the clouds. On the top of the base from whence the column sprang there were a great number of men, women, and children in working costume, walking around the shaft in apparent unconcern, although they were thousands of feet from the earth, and no guard or protection to keep them from falling off.

I then cast my eyes to the left-hand side. There was a scene of desolation. It appeared to be a great city in ruins, a most melancholy sight. Night appeared to be settling down upon it, and all things looked cheerless and dead. I understood that this was Babylon, in spiritual darkness, or death, while the monument represented the church of God, founded on earth, but reaching to heaven, or was connected therewith. I turned to ask the brother with whom I had been talking in my dream if he could see the vision. He answered he could not. When I looked again all was gone; then I awoke.

This for a time caused me to stop murmuring, but as time passed I again fell into the old rut, and was again admonished in the manner I will now relate.

I dreamed I was in a room where an elder was sitting. There was something the matter with my tongue. I went up to the mirror to examine it. I saw on the extreme point a small, black speck. I showed it to the elder. He said, "Let me cut it out." I gave him permission. He took a small knife from his pocket, cut around the speck, took it out, showed it to me, then threw it from him, and instantly it became a serpent flying around with great rapidity, always endeavoring to again enter my mouth, and constantly increasing in size. I kept my mouth tightly closed and escaped from the room.

Some of my readers may question the wisdom of the recital of these murmurings. My object is that they may serve as a lesson to benefit others in a quicker and better way than I acquired it, and that they may wait patiently upon the Lord, who never sleeps, and remember that "God is too wise to err," too loving and just a parent not to give us everything needful, and at the right time, let that be soon or late. Though the path be dark and dreary, travel in it faithfully, and as God is true, you will merge into the light and blessedness of peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

The first time I saw a Book of Covenants was at the house of an elder whom I used to visit. I opened the book, apparently by chance, at the place where it says those who marry out of the church will be accounted weak in the faith. I made up my mind at once that, God helping me, I would never be "weak in the faith" in that particular way at least. Before I joined the church I had been paying some little attentions to a woman, or rather, as I see it now, she had been paying attention to me. It had not become very serious. I used to go into my closet frequently and pray to my heavenly Father that if I took a companion he would make the choice for me, or give me wisdom to do it for myself, and I truly believe those prayers were answered, as the sequel will show, for a little

later I found the true church of Jesus Christ, and shortly afterwards married one of the best Saints on earth in my estimation.

It came about in the following manner, which to me was the direct leading of the hand of our loving Father.

I was asked by an elder if I had ever met a certain sister, a maiden lady, who was a nurse and did not meet very often with the Saints. I said I had not. He and his wife spoke very highly of her, said she was one of the best Saints they knew of, and they would be pleased to introduce us to each other at the first opportunity. I was a new brother in the church and the Saints took pleasure in trying to make me happy.

The following Sunday I went to church; this sister was present. As she came so seldom and was so exceedingly well liked there was little chance of meeting her. She was pointed out to me by others at the close of the first meeting. They, too, said they would introduce me when they saw her disengaged. They all failed, and I saw her pass down the stairs to the street and take a car at the door. It may have been only an impulse, but I believe I was prompted to the step by the Good Spirit, as after-results indicate. I ran and got onto the same car without her knowledge. It stopped at the corner of her street to let her off. I got off a little later and followed her down the street. I overtook her and in the most gracious tone I could command said, "I beg your pardon, Miss, but I am Bro. Edwards. Several of the Saints have been trying to find an opportunity to introduce me to you, but have failed. Now I want to introduce myself."

She smiled very pleasantly, took my proffered hand, said she was glad to meet me and that she was stopping at her sister's home, which she pointed out to me. And before I left her it was agreed I was to call for her to go to meeting that evening, and before the week was out she had promised to be my wife.

I wish here to relate a little pleasantry perpetrated on two of those who had agreed to introduce me to Sr. Jane. We arranged to make an evening call upon this elder and his wife within a half hour of each other. They had no knowledge of our having met each other. It was carried out as agreed upon, and shortly after my arrival they said to Sr. Jane: "This is the brother we have been talking to you about; Bro. Edwards." We shook hands, said we were pleased to meet each other, then a moment later I said, "I have some one whom I wish to introduce to you. Bro. and Sr. T., allow me to introduce my intended wife, Sr. Jane Makenzie."

At first the brother and sister were astonished, may have thought I had suddenly become insane; then they became indignant to think that I should so far forget that I was a Saint as to act in that unseemly manner. But I astonished them still more when I appealed to the sister to confirm what I had said and she acknowledged the soft impeachment. Then there were explanations, laughter, lemonade, and a very pleasant evening.

In due time we were married, and one evening while talking on religious topics I related how I became a Latter Day Saint, much in the same manner I have done in this narrative. When I men-

tioned the name of Charley Doell, the gilder, she became deeply interested and questioned me very closely in regard to him, asking me if I knew where he was. I replied that since I returned home from the South I was informed that he had been one of a committee who had been sent out by a number of Christian people to one of the Western States to select and purchase land to found a colony, and that while there he had been found dead, probably from heart disease, and I likewise told her I had been informed that Mr. Goldney, Charley Doell's friend, was in an institution for the blind in Philadelphia, having lost his sight.

My wife said she had known Mr. Doell, that he used to attend the prayer-meetings in South Providence, where she used to go, and that she liked him very much; he was a very good man. I told her I had attended a prayer-meeting with Mr. Doell and Mr. Goldney in South Providence, and mentioned how hard it was for me to speak. My wife now became more anxious, and asked me if I was the young man who said he could not give up his besetting sins. I replied that I was. She then told me the story of her agreement with Mr. McDonald, the crippled tailor, to pray for me until they heard of my conversion, which she was still doing up to that time.

You may judge of our surprise and pleasure at this wonderful occurrence, and the evidence of "God's guiding hand" in thus bringing us together in this peculiar manner, and both of us into the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I will close this narrative by telling how Sr. Jane became a Latter Day Saint, so nearly as I can remember the story as told to me, leaving out many things of an interesting character, lest my readers may think this account too long. In those days many were the manifestations of the Spirit to the Saints; for they truly loved God and one another, and seemed to be of one heart and one mind.

Some time after the meeting in South Providence in which I figured, Sr. Jane took sick of a fever and wasted away, was finally given up by the doctors, her minister had taken his leave of her for the last time, and all were sure of the result. Janie, the sweet, gentle, pure Christian, was about to pass over. She had been sick for a number of weeks, could not partake of food, and her dear sister tried to keep the spark of life in her body by fanning her almost continually.

She had a dream at this crisis. The following are the principal parts of the vision. She dreamed a man having three books in his hand came into her room and talked with her, read from the books, and told her she would not die at this time; for if she should die then she would never see a soul converted. She wondered at this, for she supposed she had seen very many souls saved. He read from the book of James, "Is any sick among you, let him call for the elders of the church," etc. He then left her and she awoke. She told the dream to her sister as best she could. That evening about eight o'clock she heard singing which made her feel especially happy. She asked her sister where that sweet singing was, and was told it was in the next street, that the "Mormons"

held a prayer-meeting every four weeks there. She then asked her sister to send for their minister to come over and pray with her.

Under other circumstances her sister would have refused to comply, as she had no "use" for Latter Day Saints, commonly called Mormons. She had to go only a few steps, as the back yards of the two streets joined each other.

Charles N. Brown, the presiding elder, came over at the close of the meeting, having the three books of the church in his hand. He prayed with the sick woman, told her something of the faith of the Saints, read to her from the book of James, left her some tracts, and promised to come the following day, just as she had seen in her dream.

He came; in the meantime she had read the tracts. She called for administration and was immediately healed. She felt hungry, asked her sister to give her some food, which was refused her. The elder said it was all right to let her have it, for it would do her good and not harm.

That night she told her sister not to sit up with her. She did not need any nurse, as she was healed. Her sister reluctantly acceded to her wishes. She slept well that night and rapidly got strong. Her doctors were astonished. Her minister and friends thought it the most wonderful thing they had ever heard of, and it was published in the papers and talked of in the city for a long time afterwards.

The next Lord's day she went to the hall where the Saints held their meetings, bore testimony of her healing, told the wonderful things the Lord had shown her; she became a power for good by precept and example, and spent much time in ministering to the sick and needy, as far as her means would allow, and was beloved by all who knew her. After a time she became the accredited representative of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints to the Woman's Christian Association in Providence, Rhode Island.

MELROSE, Massachusetts.

