

seems freighted with the awful responsibility that has been laid upon him, and yet its tone is optimistic. One feels in his presence the dignity of being a citizen of this great Republic. He has about him more of that indefinable something which distinguishes a truly great man than perhaps any man I have ever met save the great Gladstone. I will never forget the experiences of this visit to the Nation's Capital. Last night, more than all the experiences, will be valued most. I gratified my ambition to deliver my lecture on Wilson in Washington. I had a large gathering of cultivated people and all I said was well received so far as I am in the way of knowing. This afternoon, at three, I will speak before a body of young Jews in service upon the subject, "The rise of Israel." This is a great week for our Jewish friends. Their synagogues are open and crowded. It is the great feast of Yom Kippur. I will attend one of the synagogues this noon, in a few minutes. My host and hostess have many friends among the Jews of this city. The Jews, as a class, are ardent supporters of Woodrow Wilson.

The unflinching attitude of the Nation toward the war is: There must not be an incomplete victory. The Germans must be brought to see that militarism and belligerency don't pay. We will win, but oh, at what a cost! The Nation's duty is pushing along a rocky road of blood and pain and sacrifice. In my lecture last night I made a statement that called forth enthusiastic approval. It was this: "This war cannot end—it must not end—until mankind is liberated from all systems which deny the principle of government with consent of the governed. Many minds are still dark. They fail to understand that this is a war for universal liberty, and not a misunderstanding that can be patched up by Germany and the allies." I think the more we emphasize that fact, in our public utterances, the more we will show ourselves to be in harmony with our Government, which is, indeed, the one important thing for every public speaker, who for conscience and country's sake, is giving himself to the shaping and molding of public opinion. These days in Washington, are of supreme value to me, and I am deeply grateful to the dear friends who have made it possible.

With all manner of kind wishes and assurance of daily remembrance at the throne of grace, I am, dear Brother Smith,
Fraternally yours, AUGUSTINE DWYER.

How Does YOUR Report Read

There is confusion still existing in the minds of some workers. Let the members of the local and district boards meet. As a committee they arrange the work for each member to do. Report is made of full work done by the committee. Make out three like reports and send one to the Religio, one to the Sunday school, one to the branch or district. The district boards should report to the chairman of the general commission once in six months. Make special effort to get in the annual report before March 1.

What is being done? Much is being done. I take up the report, that lies on top of recent ones, from Seattle. It tells us that over twelve hundred pieces were distributed in the past six months, seventy books sold, eighteen subscriptions taken for church papers, etc. Other districts are sending strong reports. What has your local done this year? Why not begin now to write out a few letters asking the Saints to send you their clean papers that your committee may place them where they may be read. Have you placed any boxes in public places? There is the local barber shop, the hotel lobby, the station in the country place, the entrance of the church. It is far better to give out old papers, no matter of what date, than give out none at all. Do not wait. It seems that

the bugbear of our work (or nonwork) is *waiting*. "Why do you wait, dear brother, why do you tarry so long?"

Call into service somebody's auto and take a trip, one of these lovely fall days, into the country. Visit the homes of the Saints and collect from them their clean papers, tracts, church books, and arrange for their distribution. It is worth while. Why wait? Let it be said of us: "Thou hast been faithful in that which is little; I will make thee ruler of that which is much."

R. W. FARRELL.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, 14 Kenwood Street.

A Vision and a Testimony

To the many testimonies that have been given regarding and in favor of the divinity of this grand and glorious latter-day work, I wish to add mine. In the fall of 1871, while working in the Dayton, Illinois, woolen mill as a weaver, I was taken down with typhoid fever and came near passing over the river of death, but through the mercy and wisdom of God, and the kind and loving care under the hands of Brother and Sister Chris Johnson, I recovered, and when strong enough to travel, I went West as many others have done to fully regain my health.

I stopped at Omaha, Nebraska, and after a few days of recuperation, a very unwise notion entered into my head. (Being at this time only twenty-one years of age, I was not as wise as I might have been.) I planned a hunting expedition in the far West alone and on foot. Accordingly, I supplied myself with an up-to-date hunting suit, firearms, and ammunition, in fact everything suitable for the fray; I bade good-by to the innkeeper, and was off, feeling just fine, in fact never felt better in body and mind.

But before I had passed half way through the city (Omaha) I became so deathly sick that I could go no farther, and sat down on the sidewalk in front of some business houses, and leaned up against an awning post. Storekeeper after storekeeper came out to take a look at the strange hunter. Some would venture up and remark, "You seem to be very sick, young man. Where are you from? Where are you going?" and the like. I replied the best I could, and off they went without offering to give me a helping hand, or a cup of cold water.

At last another storekeeper stepped up to me and said: "You are very sick, young man, let me help you into my place of business. Myself, wife, and daughter have rooms in the back part of our business house. Come and lie down on one of our beds. Soon you may be all right and able to move on." I complied with his request and offer. Oh, what a Godsend! Never did a bed give greater comfort. But little did I think that I would hold that bed down for six long months.

After lying down, the keeper returned to the store, but soon came back, and seating himself up against the bed, he inquired: "Where are you from, young man?"

"Dayton, Illinois."

"Where are you going?"

"Out on the plains to hunt wild game."

"Are you a single man?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are your parents living?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"In Illinois."

"What church do you belong to, if any?"

"To the Latter Day Saint Church, Reorganized."

"Well, well," said he, "we, too, are Latter Day Saints, and

my name is Joseph Dove. We welcome you, and want you to make yourself at home with us. We will take the very best care of you till you are able to move out on your proposed journey, if wisdom directs you." But at this juncture he gave me some very timely and wise counsel as to the dangers of hunting wild beasts in a wilderness alone.

For about six months I lingered on that bed, away from home and loved ones, among strangers, without health, and soon without money, downhearted and blue, and like one of old, I turned my face to the wall and wept; not because I did not have good care, for Elder Dove and his noble wife and daughter were true and kind to me, for which a grand reward awaits them. But I feared I had become a burden and possibly a pauper, and of course that was too much for my proud nature.

However, I tried to make the best of it. While lying there in that condition, weak in body, there came to my bedside, almost daily to converse with me, many who had at one time been members of the dominant church in Utah and who had become dissatisfied and disgusted with their ungodly doings and practices and doctrines; they had drifted to infidelity, spiritualism, and other isms.

While in that weakened condition, I partook of the spirit of apostasy to some extent at least, not that I doubted the truthfulness of the latter-day work, with the exception of having become skeptical as to the authenticity of the Doctrine and Covenants, and whether or not Joseph Smith the third was the proper one to preside over the church, or should it have been David, or some one else. But why should doubts of that nature come over me? My answer will be of a threefold nature.

First, Satan seeks to destroy the usefulness of mankind, especially those of the household of faith. Second, I had seen members of the church do things that were wrong and shameful (to my mind, I thought that a Saint should be about as good as an angel), hence it seemed to me that there must have been something wrong with the head, or the feet would not stumble. Third, this had been instilled into my very being by bedside apostate visitors.

But as I did not want to either live or die in that unhappy or unstable condition, and knowing that God knew that I was honest in my convictions, right or wrong, I began to lay my case as bare as possible before him in earnest prayer, pleading with him to restore me to health and strength, and to give me a zeal and unmistakable knowledge, and testimony of young Joseph's calling, and the authenticity of the Doctrine and Covenants, which I had never received up to this time (although firm in the faith otherwise).

Ere this, however, I had written to the authorities of the Mission Branch in Illinois, where I held my membership, to drop my name from the church records. This was in the latter part of 1871 or early part of 1872. Toward spring I began to recover and about this time one of the old-time Saints, a Sister Knapp (who had long years gone by lived in the city of Nauvoo, in the days of Joseph the Seer,) came up to Brother Dove's to pay me a visit, and while there she kindly offered me a home free of all charges, with her and her two grown sons, until I fully recovered. Of course I gladly accepted her offer, thinking that a change might do me good, which proved to be true, for I was soon up and about.

One day while there my earnest prayers were answered. On a bright day about two p. m. I received the following manifestation or open vision and will say as did Paul of old, whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot say. But I do know that I saw my own body standing about eight

or ten steps ahead of me, holding a small hand grip in one hand and the Bible, Book of Mormon, and Doctrine and Covenants in the other, as high as I could reach, and from said three books I could see rays of light going out in all directions, far above the light and rays of the sun, and heard my own voice saying: "With these [the books] I defy the nations of the earth." And I heard a voice saying: "Retrace your steps, and pay no attention to what others may say or do. Work out your own salvation."

At this juncture the scene changed, and I found myself standing on the sea or ocean, with no land in sight. I gazed upon the white-capped waves or billows as they rolled by, one by one, and wondered in my very soul as to what this could mean.

All at once I beheld a monstrous ship, the ship of Zion, pass across the waves, just before me. Her masts were bedecked with banners, her deck crowded with people, and young Joseph with both hands on the rudder, steering the ship hastily forward and onward. When I came to myself I was still in one of Sister Knapp's rooms, and in my very soul I felt thankful to God that my prayers were answered. I now knew that it was young Joseph that should preside over the church and that the Doctrine and Covenants was in common with the other two books, the law of God to the church. (The third in my hand.)

There was no longer any room for doubt. Just after I had come out of the vision, Sister Knapp opened the door into my room, and when she beheld my face, she remarked: "Brother Chrestensen, what has happened?"

"Why?" I asked.

"Why, your face is not natural."

Just before, or just after this gift of God's love toward me, I received a letter from one of the elders of the branch of which I was a member (four hundred miles away) in which he informed me that I would fully recover and that in due time I would be called into the ministry, that my field would be the world. He said he had seen Jesus Christ in visions, together with two other men, and that he had heard them counseling together about my ministerial work and field of labor upon the earth. In his own wisdom the elder advised me not to marry. This part of his counsel I failed to carry out, and if I had I would not now have a son in the mission field.

After having fully recovered, I was determined to see and have a face-to-face conversation with Sister Emma Smith Bidamon, the Seer's wife, before she passed to the beyond. I had been told by the apostates that she knew and would confess that Joseph the Seer was in polygamy and that he had given the revelation on plurality of wives and the Adam-god doctrine. I was at this time out of money, and as yet not very strong in body, but I knew that the time would come, sooner or later, when I would be called into the gospel mission field, hence was very keen and anxious to know and learn the real facts for myself.

With unshaken faith in God I undertook the journey from Omaha to Nauvoo, Illinois, on foot (four hundred miles, more or less), and landed there on the eleventh day of September, 1872. I inquired for Mrs. Emma Smith, but was informed that she was now the wife of a Mr. L. C. Bidamon. I located their dwelling place and found them at home, introduced myself, told Sister Emma Smith Bidamon the object of my mission, and in a kind, loving way, she consented to being questioned. She set a chair just in front of them and invited me to occupy. Mr. Bidamon sat to the left of me and Sister Emma to the right. My questions to her ran as follows:

Halt! Listen!

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN THE HOME DEPARTMENT WORK? IF NOT, WHY NOT?

Through a questionnaire just recently sent out and returned, I find we have many problems confronting us as home department workers. Each day I am striving to reach my workers in a personal way, but I feel the need of touching upon some points in a general way.

Do we fully appreciate the opportunities and advantages offered to us through the home department work?

This department is to the Sunday school what the missionary is to the church. Could you measure the effect if our missionary force were to become extinct? Many of our Sabbath schools are failing to make rapid progress because their missionary, the home department, is lying dormant. The home department superintendent whose duty it is to canvass the territory surrounding should be bringing to your records such new material as would build up your holy structure.

Question. Present membership in your branch? Answer: 160.

Question. Present enrollment in your school? Answer: 75.

Where are the rest of your sheep and lambs? Jesus went to find the one that had strayed. Are you seeking after those in your territory whose minds have never been enlightened by the touch of the gospel? The local superintendent says he hasn't time. That is just the reason you have been provided with a home department superintendent as an assistant. Will you permit us to help you by bringing to you the precious souls we may glean by the wayside? We ask for the district and local home department superintendents your aid and support and the school back of you.

Some say, "Let them come to the school." The Savior did not assume this attitude when viewing the fallen condition of humanity, but said, *I will go and redeem them.* "Oh, to be more like Jesus!"

A WORD TO HOME DEPARTMENT SUPERINTENDENTS

The world at large is calling for soldiers brave, those who will sacrifice their lives if necessary to obtain the goal they have in mind. Our heavenly Father is asking for no less. He is calling both the aged and the youth. He is pleading for soldiers who will offer themselves as a "living sacrifice," to help the world see the goal for which Christ died, that of eternal life gained through the gospel. Will you answer the call?

Are you willing to do for others what the Savior did for you? He gave his life that we might be saved. Our mission is to help those who are unable to help themselves. Perhaps many such are in your midst, living in isolation because of being severed from your assemblies, yearning in their hearts for aid, friendship, and spiritual help. Do not hesitate to search for homes where there is want and care, to carry the light of the blessed gospel there, even words of life, the spiritual food they so much need. Will you permit God to use you as one of his soldiers to help wage the battle of right against wrong in these last days, the hastening time?

We have been earnestly urging both district and local home department superintendents to enroll all those who go to act in the service of our country; also that every home department member make a strenuous effort to make a Christmas offering this year. We beg that you keep this request in mind.

We solicit the most hearty cooperation of the missionaries who labor in unorganized territory. Please interest all in

"Sister Emma, were you at one time the wife of the Prophet?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it not a fact that he had other wives besides you?"

"No, sir; I was his only wife, to my knowing during his lifetime."

"Could he not have had other wives without you knowing it?"

"No, sir; no one had a better chance and way of knowing this than myself."

"Sister Emma, is it not a fact that Joseph Smith received a revelation favoring polygamy and spiritual wifery?"

"No, sir; there was no revelation given through him on either spiritual wifery or polygamy. Nor was that abominable doctrine taught either privately or publicly before Mr. Smith's death."

"How about Brigham Young's statement to the contrary—that Joseph Smith did receive the polygamy and Adam-god revelation, and that he presented it to you by the hand of a Mr. Clayton, and that after reading it you got mad, tore it up, and burned it?"

"That is a base falsehood made out of whole cloth."

"Have you ever seen and read that feigned and assumed revelation on polygamy?"

"Yes, sir."

"When and where did you first see and read that polygamy revelation?"

"Right here in Nauvoo in the year 1853, published in Washington, District of Columbia, in a paper called *The Seer*, by Orson Pratt."

This ended our conversation along that line.

I thanked her kindly for having answered my questions so pointedly, bade her good-by, never to meet again in this life and probation; and now having looked into her honest face and heard her frank testimony, in person, I could not make myself believe that a woman standing on the brink of the grave, the mother of three noble boys, or men, with whom I had formed an acquaintance, would or could tell a barefaced lie, to be met in the day of accounts. Her life and character were above reproach. Whose testimony would be most reliable: Brigham Young's, the real father of the revelation on polygamy, Adam-god, and the blood-atonement doctrine, who had broken both the law of God and the law of the land, or that of Sister Emma, who had remained true to God, true to the last request made by her husband, that she remain in Nauvoo and bring up their boys in the way they should go? She had honored both the laws of God and the land. I had to accept her testimony, and hope to meet her again, with other true Saints of God, in the great by and by.

Yours in the true faith of our Lord Jesus Christ,

INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI.

J. C. CHRESTENSEN.

To many it may not have occurred that there is a relation between the discomforts they feel and the food they eat. The several purposes of food are to promote growth, to supply energy, to produce heat, and to furnish material for the repair of the body waste. If the food eaten be such as will cause the vital fires to burn fiercely at the same time when the sun's rays beat down with intensity from without, one is literally between two fires, and his suffering will be proportionate to the heat produced by each.—Doctor J. H. Kellogg.

Give what you have. To some one it may be better than you dare to think.—Longfellow