

how many would travel without "purse or scrip," and how reluctantly each hand went to the level. Not that our Elders doubted the virtue of the request, but their own ability to execute it fully as the Lord had commanded. We formed a silent but firm resolution to conform to God's divine commandment: "From this hour let the Elders of Israel, that goeth forth to the nations of the earth, take neither purse nor scrip," etc.

Owing to the weakness of our flesh we failed in our first attempt. Elder C. Wilson Nibley, jr., and myself entered the city of Petersburg with a view of seeking entertainment at the hotels, but failing in this we at once established ourselves in a private boarding house. We have fully demonstrated the fact that entering a city with "a purse" expanded to its utmost capacity, with the idea of procuring board and lodging gratis, is a sad failure. But we have never entertained any fears as to the possibility of canvassing a city without purse or scrip since the day Elder Thomas called upon Elder Thomas C. Romney and your humble servant to labor in Lynchburg. 'Tis true that we felt weak, and our knees trembled, for he had called upon two of his weakest Elders in the conference to perform a work before unknown to us.

While laboring in Petersburg, this city, which is built like Rome, upon seven hills, was shown to me in a dream, and upon the brow of one of the hills stood a man beckoning us with a smiling face and a gentle motion of the hand—"come up here." The many pleasing faces that have greeted us in Lynchburg and the cordial hospitality received often reminds me of the smiling figure that stood upon the hill. We wrote our loved ones at home to send us money no more, for by the help of the Lord, we would accept His proposition, "Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Taking leave of our brethren in Carolina County, March 16th, 1896, we set out upon our journey of eighty miles to Batesville, Albermarle County, where we sojourned two weeks, holding meetings and awakening the Saints to an active performance of their duties. We were on our way to Lynchburg, and with this constantly before us we began an investigation of ourselves which resulted in lessons of humility that will cling to us so long as life lasts. As never before we prayed and preached in such power that the people and Saints could feel the divine influence and bask in its heavenly sunshine.

On the 8th day of April, we arrived at West Appomattox and took up our abode with Brother S. B. Giles, who was baptized, as was also his son Huston, the summer before by Elder Adams and myself. Here we found a number of people investigating the Gospel, consequently had no trouble in holding a number of meetings. We blessed four children and led three honest souls into the waters of baptism. So far we can bear testimony to the efficacy of God's commandment and know that through our humble submission to the same our labors were tinctured with His loving graces, although our real field of operation had not yet been reached.

April 22nd, with a "snack" carefully prepared by Mrs. Giles and stored away in a shoe box, we turned our faces towards the "Hill city," twenty-seven miles distant. Previous to this we had

corresponded with Mr. Ernest, jr., who wrote the office for Gospel literature, and we made arrangements to meet him at the Central House. Ere the sun had ceased to give us light we ascended the hill which overlooks the muddy James, and received a cordial reception from William Dixon, a railroad man, who had entertained us on former occasions, we having formed his acquaintance ten months ago while he was in attendance at one of our meetings in the county of Appomattox. The Lord had been preparing the hearts of some few to receive us for a number of months; and we now know that the sooner each Elder makes up his mind to obey the divine instruction, the sooner will the Holy Ghost begin to operate upon the minds of the people, and thus prepare them for the receiving of Gospel light.

We fasted and bowed down in humble prayer to our God, which was not offered in vain, for the heavens caught the sound, and from the abundance of her resources poured down blessings that gladdened our souls beyond expression.

We called at the Central House, but Mr. Ernest was not there; he lived three miles in the country and would not be in until evening. Mr. Rickett, the proprietor, courteously ushered us into his parlor, where we conversed with him quite freely upon the object of our presence and the absolute necessity of rendering a just and an intelligent judgment on all subjects; also impressed upon his mind the great want of primitive humility in preaching Christ's word, which was only obtainable by complying with the conditions that led to its reception. By making plain from the scriptures that in every age God's word had been preached without hire, he at once assured us that we could depend upon him as a friend, and from him could obtain board and lodging free; also if we had any baggage, bring it there and it would be cared for.

Late in the evening Mr. Ernest came, and truly delighted he was to meet us, and we were no less demonstrative of our happiness in finding a warm friend among a strange people and in a strange city. To our great surprise he had already made partial arrangements for a room in a private boarding house, that we might have a place to go without any hesitancy. Just across the street is a mission house, in which services are held every night, and upon this occasion Prot. Giles had the meeting in charge. After closing his remarks, based upon the second chapter of St. Matthew, he turned to the congregation and asked if some "good Christian" would pray. There being no response the request was repeated, and still all was silent, and coming to the conclusion that we were the only two Christians in a true sense, we thought perhaps he meant us. I responded, and prayed. Meeting was then thrown open for remarks, to which we added our mite, and at the same time applied for the house in which to hold services. But no—we were Mormons. Thank God that we were and are, for the very name brings peace and consolation. Retiring to our rooms in the Central House, our hearts beat together, and we uttered a united prayer, in gratitude for God's blessings.

Our next object in view was to become acquainted with the location of the city and its distinctions. We found at least three classes, viz: the poor, middle classes and the rich. Our work

commenced among the second class, who, while they live well, have not a surplus of means. Our reasons for so doing are various; the rich with that old aristocratic rust upon their loins, would deem it beneath their dignity to entertain a Mormon Elder; to be refused entertainment by them would most surely mean that our plans and business there would be misrepresented through the public press, which, upon reaching the ears of the people, would stir up prejudice. The poor we did not deem it wise to visit first, for the aristocracy would suspect our motives and charge us with deceiving the ignorant. The poor here, as you well know, are used to seeing the preachers live upon the fat of the land. This to them would be a very plausible excuse to plead poverty and their utter inability to care for us. Come to the second class and all is changed; the key note is struck; the instrument is in tune and ready for execution. With the Holy Ghost for our guide we felt quite sure that our chosen course would produce the most satisfactory results.

Saturday morning we commenced a house to house canvass, entering the homes of the people whenever an invitation was given and the gentleman of the house present. The Lord was manifestly with us. Our dinner, fifty cents, and two invitations to share household comforts for nights at our selection were given us. Many internal evidences were plainly manifest of the workings of the Holy Spirit. How grateful we were for that gracious gift of fifty cents—just enough to pay for the washing of our clothing. There was a need, and the supply was equal to the demand. We had no more than seated ourselves for the night when Mr. Ernest came in, stating that he had been looking for us to make sure we had a comfortable place for the night; also for the purpose of "carrying" us to the barber shop to have our hair trimmed, for it was getting on the Wild Bill style. Mr. Ernest promised to meet us on the day following, and with his carriage take us over the city so that we could become well acquainted with every part thereof, much of which is to be shunned on account of its allurements.

Monday, April 27th, we called at the office of Mayor Smith for the purpose of getting permission to preach on the street corners, as per your request. Our reception was a royal one. He unhesitatingly gave us permission to preach upon any street except Church, Main and Court streets, as these were generally crowded, being the main thoroughfares of the city. Our conversation with him was very interesting, though necessarily short owing to the urgency of business. He accepted of a tract and a copy of the Voice of Warning, and appeared much pleased to have the privilege of perusing Mormon literature. Up to this time we had failed in procuring a house of any kind in which to preach. Rev. Evans met us, and kindly received us but said it would be impossible to give us access to his church, for by it some of his flock might be turned from their shepherd. We had determined to preach upon the street corners as requested by you, but each night the rain fell so heavily that street preaching was impossible; yet we trusted that the weather would be more propitious.

On the evening of May 1st we were notified by a policeman that the mayor