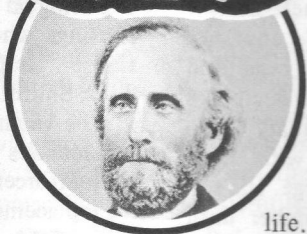


## Part One



By Winifred Sarre\*

January 1874

The summer sun blazed hotly from a cloudless sky onto the deck of a ship moving slowly through Sydney Harbor toward the docks. Even the sea breeze which made the flags at the masthead flutter and caused the ladies on deck to hold onto their bonnets could not minimize the effects of the heat. Perspiring sailors in a turmoil of activity as the ship prepared to land wiped their foreheads with their arms, while the gentlemen standing along the rail, enjoying their first sight of the Australian coast, mopped their necks with white handkerchiefs and bent solicitously toward their wives.

One man, standing a little apart from the others, had removed his jacket and held it over his arm. With his other hand he shaded his eyes and surveyed the harbor. The blue water stretched endlessly into the distance, broken here and there by green promontories and islands, now curving into a large bay, now disappearing inward in a long estuary. A few white sails on the water and, in the distance, some large ships moored were the only signs of

life. On deck the noise increased. Sailors shouted to each other, ropes thumped on the wooden boards, passengers hurried about, and parents called to children, but the man did not turn. He was watching intently as the ship drew closer to the port, and he was able to distinguish beaches, trees, a house or two.

Abruptly he thrust his handkerchief back into his trouser pocket and swung his coat over his shoulder. He was gripped suddenly with a tremendous elation which swelled in his throat and made him want to cry out, to express his feelings in some physical way. With his free hand he reached up and took hold of a straining rope. Soon he would be on that soil, among those trees, meeting people from those houses or others like them, walking the streets, telling his story. He would be successful . . . he could feel it. No one needed to tell him that he was a good preacher. He knew it every time he spoke, could feel the power of his personality and his words sway those who were listening to him, could see it in their eyes, feel it in their close

\*Rosslyn Park, South Australia

attention. Not for him were the doubts of some of the men who worried whether they would have response from their hearers, and who, he believed, created antipathy in those around them because they feared it so much. Not for him any hesitancy to begin, to doubt his powers. He had the gift to sway people, he knew it, and loved to exercise it. Now, as he looked at this new country, he could hardly wait to begin.

In this moment of heady expectation all the strange and frightening emotions which had plagued him during the journey now completed were swept from his mind. He no longer remembered the feeling which had overtaken him as he had left the United States, the sense of near panic which had been his as the ship had pulled away from the shore and he had fully realized for the first time just how long it might be before he saw his home again. He had been totally unprepared for it. He had anticipated loneliness and regret, of course—they would naturally come to any man leaving someone he loved and going away to a new country—but he had not been ready for the frightening sense of loss, the desperate longing which had struck him at the moment of departure, and which had ached within him without diminution or relief in the weeks that followed. Even the work in Tahiti, the delight in the friendliness and enthusiasm of the Saints there, and knowledge of the success of that mission had not dispelled his depression.

He had spent hours in prayer and self-reproach, asking himself whether he was being punished for a too great attachment to human relationships, whether this was meant to be a lesson for him, or whether in fact his calling had been a mistake and his mission was doomed to failure. But now that all seemed behind him. Surely the surging expectation which he felt within himself at this moment was ample proof that the Lord was with him. His prayers had not been in vain.

He heard a cough behind him and turned to see Charles approaching. He found it hard to stifle the impatience he felt as he watched the other man. Surely he too should feel the importance of the moment, the same thrilling hope, the same sense of impending success? Instead he looked tired and grey, obviously affected by the heat. He walked slowly with slumped shoulders, a frown on his face. "Glaud, when we dock," he began without preamble, "you check the luggage and I'll go ashore to see

about lodging. The Benetts will be the best ones to contact, I think." He coughed again and rubbed the back of his neck with his hand, "This heat! It's worse than the Islands. I don't suppose you've seen my hat?" The first man shook his head, and together they stood for a moment surveying the scene, watching the fast approaching shore.

"Well, we'd better not waste any time," said Charles, turning, and both men walked back toward the companionway. "I'll get a dray for our things, and we'll be settled by nightfall." In silence they reached the cabin where Charles picked up his jacket and, despite the heat, put it on. "Are you sure you haven't seen my hat?" he asked, frowning again, then—as a crescendo of noise indicated that the ship had reached the dock—finally gave up the search and shook hands with his friend. "I shouldn't be too long," he said. "I'll return as soon as I possibly can." He glanced around the small interior of the cabin again and left.

Glaud Rodger stood alone. He would not allow Wandell's prosaic worries and lack of emotion to mar his moment of vision. He stared around the little cabin. After the brightness and freshness of the air outside it seemed stuffy and hot. Its stillness, after weeks of incessant motion, exaggerated both qualities. He could hear shouts and thumps from outside, voices called loudly, the ship seemed alive with the movement of people. But he continued to stand motionless, staring unseeingly at the wall. He could still recapture his sense of elation, exultation. There was no doubt in his mind that he would bring his message to the people of this land, he would make a success of his mission, he would justify his personal sacrifice, he would communicate his own fervor for the cause of the Restoration. The Gospel *would* spread throughout the land... he was sure of it. Nothing could stop it. Nothing could stop him.

## February 1874

The small room was packed with people. It was hardly the night for such a meeting. The heat was stifling, and every now and again a rumble of thunder indicated the approach of a storm. Those seated around the room looked hot and uncomfortable, and the men from time to time put up a hand to loosen their stiff collars. The ladies fanned themselves vigorously and shuffled their feet under their long skirts.

There was, however, an atmosphere of expectancy in the room. All eyes were turned to a



table near the window where Charles Wandell stood speaking earnestly. He held a book in one hand but rarely made reference to it. With his other he gestured occasionally. His voice flowed easily, confidently. There was no other sound in the room.

Beside him sat Glaud Rodger, listening attentively and making occasional notes on the papers in front of him. Tonight he felt full of admiration for Wandell. It was scarcely more than a week since the two of them had first arrived in Sydney, yet here they were formally opening the mission, surrounded by a crowd of friends and interested people. Rodger had been impressed by the quick and efficient way Charles had organized the first week's activities and by the obvious admiration and affection he enjoyed among these Australians.

Actually he could hardly believe that they had been in the country for such a short while. It seemed that a great deal had happened. Soon after the dray containing their baggage had been unloaded, not more than twenty-four hours after their landing, he and Charles had set out on their first visit to the Brighamites. If he had been disappointed at Charles' lack of enthusiasm on the ship he had no reason now to be dissatisfied with his determination and drive. Anxious to return to the places and the homes of those who had been his colleagues when he had visited Australia before, determined to tell them of his own discoveries about the state of the church in Utah and to convince them of the error of their present beliefs, he would hardly take time to rest. He had set a pace that even his colleague had found exhausting, walking many miles in the enervating heat, knocking on doors which were not always opened, talking, exhorting, giving tracts. . . . Glaud wondered how long he could keep it up.

Looking at his fellow minister now as he spoke to the group in the room, he asked himself the same question. The man's speech was forceful, his purpose giving power to what he said, but his face was a strange color and his eyes seemed sunken in his head. From time to time he sipped from a glass of water which stood beside a large pitcher on the table before him to overcome his persistent cough. Rodger watched him with concern. Should he himself have taken more of the burden? It had seemed natural for Charles to make these contacts with people he had known before, while he, Rodger—the more powerful preacher of the

two—had ventured into the streets and the small country towns not far from the city to conduct meetings. This had not been an easy task. The roads were dusty, the weather extremely hot, and the people not particularly receptive. Yet back in the city Charles had had the burden of organization to carry, as well as suffering the emotional strain of argument and invective and encountering rejection from many whom he had formerly known as friends. There also had been the confrontation with Elder Beauchamp, the Brighamite missionary, and although this had resulted in what they considered a victory for the Reorganization, when Beauchamp backed away from the challenged debate, it had tired Charles considerably.

"So, my friends," he was saying in conclusion, "as we formally organize this mission, we trust and pray that it will be only a beginning to what in the future will be a mighty new force in this land." He sipped from the glass again and sat down. As he did so a well-built man with dark hair and a large black beard left his seat and walked to the center of the room. Thumbs hooked into his belt, he faced both the men at the table and the congregation gathered in the room. "Brother Wandell," he began, "be assured that we in this room are all determined to assist you and Brother Rodger in every way possible. What you hope for is what we hope for too. Every one of us is behind you in whatever you do."

Glaud Rodger felt gratified. This was Richard Ellis, a man he himself had felt particularly drawn toward. With such support as this the new mission was assured of a bright future. As the man sat down again in his seat, among the approving nods of the rest of the group, the listening missionary felt relief flood through him. Charles would be all right with this man and others like him to help. He himself could go on with his missionary work . . . make the effort in the streets which he had scarcely begun.

As they all stood to sing a hymn and his rousing voice carried the tune with vigor, his mind wandered from the words. He had been impressed with Sydney. It had not been as barbarous as he had expected. The streets were clean, spacious, and gaslit; the shops large and prosperous; and the buildings commodious. The population obviously was thriving. He longed to gather a crowd around him and preach to those who had not yet heard of Joseph and his marvelous visions.

When the meeting was over there was a babble of voices in the room. The promised storm had developed, and rain was now pouring down. The noise on the roof made conversation difficult, but the cool breeze coming with it brought relief to those within. Glaud waited till Charles had finished talking to Richard Ellis, then approached him. "Well," he began, "that was an excellent start. What do you think should be our next move? If you think you can manage to continue here I feel that I should move out a little, extend the work." He picked up his scriptures from the table as if ready to leave straight away. He felt that he could hardly bear to waste time on the pleasantries of the occasion. The other man looked at him with what Rodger felt was a rather amused approval. "Why don't you wait until it stops raining?" he said, with a smile.

### September 1874

With reluctance Glaud Rodger drew out his paper and ink and prepared to write a letter to Charles Wandell. What could he say? He held his pen and stared at the blank sheet in front of him. In view of the disturbing reports he had had from others of his friend's health, and in view of the even more alarming tone of Charles' last letter to him, he found it difficult to find words which could comfort or inspire.

It seemed that the work in Sydney was at a standstill, the situation probably brought about to a large extent by Wandell's extremely poor health and low spirits, but also by the crippling indifference of the city dwellers to the message. Yet what did he have to report that would make the picture a happier one? In the months since he had trudged north and settled in the Hunter River district he had made some progress and found some good friends. He had obtained lodging with the Marriotts, people whom he had known years ago when he was a young man in England and who had been sympathetic to his efforts in this new area. He had held some successful meetings, where the power of his preaching, as strong as ever, had seemed to touch deeply those who heard, and he had gathered around him a group of some who believed.

Yet the work had not progressed as quickly as he had believed it would. He himself was not always well received, and to him, as convinced as he was of the truth of his story and as sure of his calling to proclaim it, this seemed incredible blindness on the part of the people. And as well as this source of discouragement there was also

the behavior of some of those who did join with him, who showed little understanding of what was required of them. There were contentions among them, and sometimes he himself was unable to communicate with those with whom he should have been closest. He had not expected it to be easy—he had been prepared for hardships—but some of what he was bearing exceeded his expectations. How could he tell Wandell of these difficulties when the man had so many of his own?

He pushed the paper from him and stood up. Walking over to the fireplace he rested his foot on the grate and stood looking into the flames. Suddenly he longed desperately for his wife. It was now almost a year since he had seen her, yet her face, her voice, and the sense of her presence were as clear to him as the day he had left her. There were times when, full of his mission and purpose, absorbed in the difficulties of dealing with people, the problems of simply getting from one place to another, the arranging of details and the writing of reports, his sense of loss was less strong. He thought of her with regret, but she seemed far away and belonging to another part of his life.

There were other times, however, as now, when he was tired or low in spirits or in doubt, when his longing would burst upon him without warning—an almost physical force which he could hardly bear. What was she doing, saying, thinking? Was she lonely or in need? Was she thinking of him or was she growing used to his absence? If only he could talk to her, feel her support and encouragement.

To write to her seemed the only way to bring her closer to him and to create the illusion of her presence. Returning to the table he drew another sheet toward him and in the light of his flickering candle quickly filled a sheet with the account of his activities, his preaching assignments, his baptisms, his debates, his travels, then added something of his fears and his desires. "Oh, that I could see you all for a while," he wrote. He did not want to burden her with his discouragement. He did not want to tell her how the elation he had experienced on his arrival was slowly seeping away. He said simply, "My work here is only beginning."

He put down his pen and rose from his chair, rubbing his hands through his hair as he walked toward the window. Looking out into the blackness of the cold, silent night, he began to wonder if, in fact, it was still true.



## March 1875

The country hall was filled to capacity. The flickering lights showed row after row of people gathered on hard wooden benches—the men in shirt sleeves, the women in thin summer dresses. The windows were wide open to admit the pleasant evening breeze, and everywhere people moved restlessly and smacked at the mosquitoes which thus had free access to the hall. Suddenly there was a ripple of interest as they saw the man they had come to hear approaching the dais. Glaud Rodger walked slowly to the center, holding his books in his hand, and waited for quiet.

Normally his presence alone, his tall commanding figure, his authoritative manner, and his air of knowledge and purpose were sufficient to bring a hush to any assembly. But tonight the crowd was noisy. There had been some talk about this preacher. He was spreading “poison” it was said; he was “capturing silly people.” Well, they were not going to be “captured.” He had better prove himself if he was going to get their attention. “Tell us about Joe Smith,” shouted one. “Yeah, tell us about the Golden Bible,” yelled another.

Some of those in the front row shouted for quiet, and Rodger began his sermon. He was used to hecklers, treating them always with good humor, knowing that he could turn their questions against them in a manner that gained sympathy for his cause. But tonight he was tired, hot, and impatient. That afternoon he had had to walk many miles from Newcastle to attend this meeting, over roads made even more dusty than usual by the prolonged drought which was plaguing the area. When he arrived he had found that, because of some mischance, the family with whom he was to have the evening meal was away from home, so he had come to the hall hungry and unwashed.

He tried to rise above his physical discomfort, to overcome his impatience, but he found his temper rising as one after another at the back shouted ribald comments and made disparaging remarks. Their harsh, barbarous Australian accent made their words seem more offensive. He suddenly hated Australia. He hated the heat, the mosquitoes, the smell of the eucalyptus trees, the stench of the kerosene lamps. He hated the landscape which never changed, the trees that stayed the same tedious green through autumn, winter, and spring. He hated the people who wouldn't listen to him—the sweaty farmers and fat women, the cigar-

smoking merchants, and the stupid rowdies. His hatred and anger almost choked him. Gripping his Book of Mormon with knuckles that showed white, he paused to gain composure.

At that moment he saw coming toward him a boy dressed in farm clothes, holding his cap in his hands. He pushed urgently down the aisle and something in his face made those around him fall silent. Rodger stood silent until the boy reached him, then bent to hear the message which he had to give.

“My dad said to come quick,” he panted. “Brother Wandell is in the hospital and won't last long. He wants to see you.” Rodger stood quite still, his face whitening, and the boy tugged at his arm. “Come on,” he said, “we've got a horse and buggy outside.” Rodger recognized the boy now. He was the son of one of the wealthier farmers of the district. Making his apologies to those who were on the platform with him, he hurried beside the boy to the waiting vehicle.

The miles to be traveled before Sydney could be reached stretched out interminably before them. As they drove south with all the speed they could muster through the dark countryside Rodger's thoughts were fully occupied. Although the news was not entirely unexpected it had caused him pain for which he was not fully prepared. There had been occasions when he had been impatient with Charles, when he had seen his illness and lack of spirits as the cause of the slowness of the work in this country, and had felt irritated. Yet they had been companions for many months, had traveled, worked, and lived together; had suffered the same hardships and the same discouragements; but, most of all, they had loved the same cause. No one else here in this country felt quite the same. Nobody had shared as much of his life. Coming as it had tonight, when he had reached a depth that he would not have thought possible even weeks ago, it seemed more than he could endure. How could he go on alone?

He remembered the day they had landed at Sydney docks. He remembered with bitterness his exaltation, and his confidence that a great work was about to begin in this land. What had gone wrong? He had been so sure the Lord was with him, but now it seemed that the Lord had not fulfilled his promise. There had been so many failures, so many discouragements, and now Wandell's death. He tried to pray, but his words seemed useless.

Black skies turned to grey; horses were changed; dust rose and swirled around their heads; the sun beat down. As they finally reached the city he only hoped that they were not too late. That seemed all that mattered now.

A week later, standing beside the open grave in the Balmain\* cemetery, Rodger pronounced the necessary words and conducted a service fitting to the occasion. His grief was deep and real, yet he was no longer the victim of the terrible despair which had threatened to overwhelm him such a short time ago. A change had taken place as he had stood in the hospital ward beside Charles' bed. In his hours of vigil he had gradually become aware of some important truths. Into his mind had come a realization of the inherent selfishness of his despair.

He had been for months preoccupied with himself and his sense of failure. It had been difficult for him to see his plans fail and his ambitions crumble, and he had fought against it in an ever more desperate and self-pitying way. Now as he contemplated the other's life, he began to see the real nature of discipleship and its cost. Wandell, much more than he, had known discouragement. It had been he who, years ago in this same city, had had to bear the rumors and uncertainty about the state of the church in America. It was he who had had to face the slander of the newspapers, to answer it indignantly, and then suffer the bitter knowledge that he had been wrong. It had been he who had had the courage to try again, to return with the news of the Reorganization to the scene of his earlier difficulties. And it had been he who had kept trying in the face of petty difficulties, indifferent response, and crippling ill health.

Standing beside the stark anonymity of the hospital bed Rodger had looked at the thin grey hair and the pale wrinkled hands lying so pathetically on the white sheets. A remembrance had come to him of a day not long before when, during a brief visit to Sydney, he had expressed himself vehemently to his friend. They had been walking away from a poorly attended, unsatisfying meeting and were hurrying to another appointment which promised to be much the same. "Why are people so stubborn?" he had burst out. "Why can't they understand? I am doing all I can, but I get almost nowhere. What is the point? I might as

well be home. Is there any future here at all?" Wandell had nodded without slowing his stride. "We can only live in the present. The future is not for us to see. We do what we can and hope that the Lord will give the increase." He turned and looked at his companion with a smile. "I know it's frustrating not to be able to move mountains when you want to so badly, but after all very few of us can do that. Just remember that even if the things we accomplish seem poor and insignificant now, we never know what they might give birth to in the future." Then for a few moments he had slowed his pace and, looking across the harbor, had reflected, "I never pray that there will be no problems, but only that I will be able to deal with the ones that come to me. If we are filled with God's Spirit, then nothing we do in his name is ever lost in the eternal purpose—I am fully convinced of that."

As he recalled the words they struck him with inescapable force. The ability to keep going when things looked difficult, to keep trying when every effort seemed to fail, to have a deep trust in the future despite present reverses, that was what courage meant, that was what faith meant . . . and Wandell had had it.

He had been painfully aware at that moment of his overconfidence in himself, his own brash certainty. How easily it had collapsed when it had been put to the test. Wandell's words came to him again, "If we are filled with God's Spirit. . . ." He had been filled only with thoughts of himself. He had looked on Wandell and prayed, "Lord, fill me with thy Spirit and thy love."

Now, at the grave, he felt a surge of emotion. It was far from his earlier elation, and perhaps it could not yet be called hope. It was instead a firm determination, a renewed strength. Wandell's death would not be wasted. He would carry on the work with every power he possessed for as long as it would fall to his lot to stay in this country. He knew he would probably still make some of the same mistakes, but he would try to overcome them and to learn from the insights he had had at Wandell's passing. "Weep, weep not for me Zion," sang the few friends gathered with him at the grave. No, he would not weep. He would work. Perhaps some day—a day that he would never see—unhoped for harvests would be reaped from their efforts . . . Wandell's and his.

\*Later Leichhardt

*To Be Continued*