

**MARCUS  
KING, MORMON**

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Marcus King, Mormon by Nephi Anderson

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**NEPHI ANDERSON**

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BY NEPHI ANDERSON.

AUTHOR OF "ADDED UPON," "A YOUNG FOLKS' HISTORY  
OF THE CHURCH," ETC.

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## PREFACE.

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THE little story which follows may be said to represent incidents in the experiences of many members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. We believe it to be sound and healthful in principle; and have therefore consented, in response to numerous requests, to present it in book form, the original publication being as a serial in the *Juvenile Instructor*. Our hope is that it may instruct, encourage and entertain those who read it.

THE PUBLISHERS.





# Marcus King, Mormon.

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## CHAPTER I.

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**J**OY and sorrow, hope and fear, mingled their conflicting emotions in the breast of the Reverend Marcus King. He had sat by his writing table all the afternoon; yet not even the outlines of his Sunday sermon were drawn. The sun went down and the pink in the western sky turned to a fiery red which streamed in at the large, open window and flooded the room with its warm color. The pale, nearly haggard face of the young man sitting with his chair turned to the light was bathed in the soft glow.

Marcus King had reached a turning in his journey of life. That journey had been, up to the present, one of ease, having led him by gentle curves and grades into pleasant

places. But now the end of it seemed near; whichever way he turned, a difficulty of some kind faced him.

It had come about in this way: One day as Mr. King was sitting in his study looking up matter for a sermon, he admitted a man who was canvassing the town with religious tracts and books. Mr. King made it a rule to entertain all such who came to him. «If they have a truth to give me,» said he, «why, God be praised for that; and if they have not, there is no harm done.»

The man who called on him that day was a rare «find,» as he proved to be a Mormon, — a real, live Mormon such as he had read about, a Mormon missionary come prepared with tracts and books to present his doctrine to all who would listen. The missionary found Mr. King a wonderful exception to the usual minister of the Gospel. He had listened attentively to his message, asked numerous questions, and at last had invited the «Mormon» to call again. This was the beginning. Many and long were the talks these two men had after that, until it was well known by

the good people of Hungerton that the Reverend Marcus King had the conversion of a Mormon missionary in charge. Little did they dream of the true state of things. Little did they think that it was the minister that had been brought face to face with a great truth; one that he could not reason away, try as he would; a mighty truth that stood before him at all times, close his eyes as he would; a truth that he could not simply accept and engraft into his own religion; but a truth so far-reaching and powerful that it seemed to overturn his own and strip him of every vestige of divine authority as a servant of God, and a minister of His word. In short, that is the reason why joy and sorrow, hope and fear mingled in conflicting chaos in his breast that afternoon, when his work was neglected, and tomorrow was the Sabbath. Joy was there because he had found a great truth; sorrow, because of his overturned idols; hope, for his soul's future salvation; fear, because of the opinions of those who were dear to him, and whose lives were intimately connected with his own.