ZERUBBABEL.

THE EMPIRE OF BABEL.

Written for the Deseret News.

Whence came I?

I am come from the chorus of the universe; I have fulfilled the Ninth Limbo of creation; I am come to bring harmony out of discord, concord out of clash, peace out of strife; I, the Peacemaker.

To me the empire of the nineteenth century is a strange one. It is the day of the Ichnoselite in which every man's hand is against his brother. I bring a song of peace to a people of strife. Will they listen?

Though the humanity of this period is strange to me, yet it is not new. I have seen such from the ancient times. I, the Eternal of Days, have come to establish a new kingdom—one which shall be without end.

Of other time has this empire of United States. Men are still trying to build a tower of human accomplishment to the sky. Will they prosper? They will not.

Hear me. We have made this world what it is, we have covered it with silver, we have crossed the oceans, we have spanned the continents. We, we have done it all—we, the builders of the end of the nineteenth century. What can compare with our civilization?"

Yet, hundreds of thousands are suffering; you, without any work, and there is food in city! If you have reached the zenith of your glory in this nineteenth century, why is it that this state of human society the best fruit of your endeavors? Is all your labor for greatness or for happiness?

Tell me, friends, of what?

In a little while you shall descend into the dust and then your proud empire shall be no more.

You have raised an empire of dust. You have builded a tower of clay. Shall it stand?

Of me it was foretold that I should come and I am here. I am here to try mankind. Let me hear the voice of man.

Let me tell you of an ancient dream. You are the dreamer, O Nebuchadnezzar! Shall you hear? And you dream in like that of the great Babylonian empire of old. I will tell you your dream and will give you the hidden meaning thereof.

Before you is a beautiful system—it is image which Nebuchadnezzar saw—it is the image of human society.

Its brightness is excellent. To every one it bring pleasure and joy of heart. To you, would suppose all that has been before you, you would glory in your system and would swell your head with vain self-adoration.

Your image of human society is beautiful. Its brightness—its fine polish, brightness—is its one good characteristic. It is also a great system. The image of Nebuchadnezzar is a great inspiring idea. Little know you that greatness and goodness are always in tolerance with each other.

Your image of human society is a hard one—hard and unyielding as was that of Nebuchadnezzar's image of dream. Your system of civilization is particularly a notable one.

You have your head of gold and you are proud of it! It weighs you down with its dead weight but you like it so. You are bound to your head of gold. This is your system of government—without brains; without sense—a government of money. Is not the head of gold worth more than the shoulders of the people? Is not your system of government, O humanity of today?

You have breast and arms of silver. This is your scientific government—your system of state. Is not your commercial system the breast and arms of silver, as shown in Scripture? Is not your breast and arms of money? Has not your breast and arms been the perfect portrait of the image of the dream of the beautiful tyrant of old? It represents your civilization of the nineteenth century! Are your political forces which you call your government, Metallic Science, your breast and arms of Nebuchadnezzar's image, and, likewise, without heart, without humanity, without feeling? And are your governments so?

And your belly and thighs are of brass—brass, a base metal, not of gold. This is your commercial system, a system of chain. Is not your commercial system of brass, as hard as brass, as showy as brass, as chain as brass? Has it breath of money? Has it life? Has it impulse, just as that of which you are so proud. That is the money power of the world. Your breast and arms of silver, O humanity of the nineteenth century! Are your political forces which you call your government, Metallic Science, your breast and arms of Nebuchadnezzar's image, and, likewise, without heart, without humanity, without feeling? And are your governments so?

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And your legs are strong—they are of iron. How stubborn you run! Across continents from shore to shore! Your legs of iron! Strong, stubborn, iron! Is your railroad system—I will not say a powerful, nevertheless, a strong, connect in human society, a veritable iron? Like the other portions of your image of modern human society, your legs of iron are strong and metallic, plenty of iron but no blood!

Also for your feet! Are they strong? Are they iron? Are they strong? Are they weak? They uphold your image. Should they not then be strong? You look at your feet and see they are part gold then your feet of iron and clay! Your feet stand next to the dropped ball, represent the land which upholds you. They are the part of you most human, within. They have clay at their base, which represents the