

CHARITY AND BENEVOLENCE

Remarks made in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Utah, June 24, 1900.

by
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Sincerity of the Latter-day Saints—Their Benevolent Missionary Work—Popularity Not a True Test of Worth—"Mormon" Unpopularity Attributed to Ignorance—Benevolence Characteristic of the Work of Christ Faith and Works to Heal the Sick—Trust in God's Grace and Learning to Give—Proper Spirit of Tithepaying Wealth of the Saints—Work With the Heart.

The opportunity of listening to missionaries just home from their field of labor is of frequent occurrence here, and yet I doubt not the pleasure is ever fresh and that the majority of those who come here from Sabbath to Sabbath for purposes of worship are pleased to hear from those who have so recently come from distant fields of missionary labor.

The missionary work of this Church is a subject of great surprise and wonder to the people of the world. It is a species of that benevolent labor which is so characteristic of the present age. The present is a day of professed benevolence. Many of the wealthy of the world live with and strive to outdo one another in benevolent actions. As to whether all of them are inspired by a feeling of true love for their fellows, I am not sure. Some are actuated with a desire to appear liberal and great, and thus to win the approval of the world. But I know, that none of their good deeds will lack of reward, and none of their kind acts will go unpunished of God. But one of the most conspicuous undertakings of a benevolent nature with which I am acquainted in the world today is the spectacle presented by this Church sending out hundreds and thousands of missionaries, calling them to the field, to work, to leave home, to leave their families, to leave their associations at home, and to give up for the time being the time and place of their worldly advancement, that they may go and do what they consider their duty in carrying the Word of God unto those who have not yet heard it. While I can readily understand that the missionaries are mistaken, may refuse to accept their tenets of faith, and may go as far as to say we are a bigoted, a despised people and while I can respect the opinion of a man who may make a remark such as that, believing that perhaps he has not seen all, I confess to you that I have no respect for the opinion of any man who says that this people are bigoted. Their sincerity is abundantly attested, and has been so from the days of the early persecution down to the present.

POPULARITY NOT A TEST OF WORTH.
They are regarded by many as a very unpopular people, and some of the missionaries who go into distant parts of the world find that the word of their unpopularity has gone before. I do not dispute over this fact, for long ago I recognized that popularity is not always a test of worth, nor of value. I remember that when the Nazarene himself lived in the flesh He was followed openly by but few; and in that day if the voice of the majority could have been taken as the truth, the verdict of God had come forth that the Word of God had come to naught, and the labors of Him who called Himself the Christ were futile. He had been hunted to His tomb, His followers had been scattered, and according to the judgment of men failure had followed His mission.

While I believe in the voice of the majority under certain circumstances, I claim the right of my own opinion in accordance with that voice or in direct opposition to it, as I choose. I expect to see this Church popular in the very near future, in the sense of being the church of the multitude. I do not expect to see the majority of the people upon this earth, the earth taking upon themselves the obligations and making the sacrifices required for membership in the Church of the living God. This unpopularity is often expressed by the sneering appellations applied to our people. By the way, I have a Sabbath ago I was met upon the street by a visitor to this city, who seemed to be intelligent and sincere. He seemed to me if I could tell him at what time of the day the "Mormons" would meet for worship. I imparted the information, and answered one or two other questions in the course of which he learned that I myself had the honor of membership in the Church. Then he hesitatingly and in a somewhat embarrassed manner offered an apology for having referred to the people as "Mormons," understanding, as he said, that this was somewhat of a nickname. I told him he was right to some extent; for the term "Mormons" had been applied to this people by their enemies, and perhaps rested upon the fact that a very prominent publication was forth in the early days of the Church, and before that time the Church was fully organized in fact, the fame of which book had spread abroad—the Book of Mormon—but I assured him that no member of this Church would feel as offended at him or anyone else for applying that term to the Church. As a matter of fact, we know that while given by those who did not wish us well it has come to be known as the common designation of this people, and today we are not ashamed of it. It has found its way in the dictionaries of the age, and we take no offense at it. It is better known by far than the official name of this organization, viz., Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

But as I talked with my friend, my mind went back to the record of instances of nicknames of old. I remembered how a few followers of Christ at Antioch had the epithet "Christians" thrust at them with all the bitterness and rancor that their enemies could attach to the word; and I remembered, too, how these same followers of the lowly Jesus had taken up that name and sanctified it, until today I know of but one greater honor than that attached to being called a Christian, and that greater one is being a Christian.

UNPOPULARITY ATTRIBUTED TO IGNORANCE.
This people—the "Mormon" people, if you please—are unpopular in the eyes of the world, and this is because they see to some extent the manifestation of the hand of God. They are pleased with their lot, and they are willing to do all they can to enlighten those who know little of the things of this unpopularity. I want to assure you, that I am associated with ignorance. I speak freely, for it has been my good fortune to travel amongst many nations and many ways of thinking, and I have found that the basis of the unpopularity of the Latter-day Saints is usually ignorance.

I do not care much what my friends think of me if I am sure that the more they know of me the better they will

blossoms and fine fruit, all of it bearing testimony to the industry of man and the goodness of God. I asked myself, is it right to say that this is nothing but the result of man's industry? It is not, for the fruit of the tree is a capricious exercise of God's favor? God's power was in operation before our fathers came to this once barren spot. If the grace of God only had been needed, this would have been a fruitless land instead of part of the Great Desert as which this region was famed. No; those beauties had been bought at the expense of exertion, and hard work—the sweat of the brow, and that of the heart; and that sweat fertilized the soil under the grace and blessing of God. I am just practical enough to believe that the Lord is willing to bless those who will try to bless themselves. I have heard a great deal more faith in my prayer that God will bless me the harvest if I go out and plow in the season thereof, and sow, and carefully tend my farm, than I would have to sit down idly and pray that God will send me a bumper. He will pay us well for our labor, but He expects us to work; and that that we do is reckoned by Him in a peculiar manner, not only in the number of acres, but in the actual amount of work as man may count it, but in the amount that we do as compared with what we could do. When I have done all that I can under the circumstances, I have faith in going to the Lord and asking Him to do the rest, whether that that I was able to do was relatively great or small. You remember the poor widow who came to the temple when she had cast in her mite, and when they had come a rich man, swarming along in his pride, dressed in rich robes, and there with a jingle and a tinkle that all might hear, and with ostentation that might seduce the eyes of the people, he cast in his mite. There stood out from one of the recesses of that edifice the widow, and she, when no one was looking at her, dropped her mite into the treasury. And she thought, when no one was looking at her, that she had done a great thing. But the Master was there and saw what she did, and turning to those who were with Him He said: "Of a true I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all; for all these have of their abundance cast in unto the offerings of God; but she of her penury hath cast in all she had, and she hath more than they all." And according to the amount, as men reckon, but according to the degree of her sincerity.

FAITH AND WORKS TO HEAL THE SICK.
One people are known as a peculiar people, and one of their practices has called forth many a comment. They believe in the scriptural instruction that when any be sick among them, let them call for the elders of the Church, who shall anoint the sick with oil and administer unto them by the power of the holy Priesthood; and they have confidence in the accompanying promise that the prayer of faith shall save the sick. For many years have been criticized by the ignorant, and oftentimes by the wilfully ignorant who have had the chance of knowing better, who say that we are opposed to medical treatment. You know that that is a falsehood. We look upon all skill possessed by men as God-given, upon all wisdom as of heavenly origin; and I do not believe that I ever intended that we should cast down by the side of one who is suffering, and pray in words without effort at relief. We are justified in doing what experience and skill may dictate. And true we pray the better for such work, and we do not believe in relying wholly on doctors, and had we the faith which it is our right to have, we would have less use for physicians. True also, and sadly true at that, man is weak, and because of his weakness he is apt to be deceived by the skill that he has, and to promise of God. The trained nurse and the skillful physician owe their ability to the Giver of all wisdom, and when they are called to minister to the afflicted they ought to act in a God-fearing spirit, realizing that without divine help their efforts would be fruitless. The belief in and practice of the laying on of hands for the sick, and the denunciation of medical skill, but for man's ability without faith in God we have no use. It is in this matter as in the work of the field, though I am a plant and an Apple may water, it is God alone who can give the increase. I believe that God intends us to do all we can do in the true spirit, and then rely upon Him to keep His promise, and do the rest. We are not superstitious enough to believe that if I were somewhere beyond the reach of any help or skill of man, my faith would go far enough to expect that I should do it all. Just as we have the means of helping myself within reach, I believe that the Lord expects me to make use of those means, acting in His fear and asking His blessing upon the effort. Many of us are apt to say that the Lord is in anything that takes place, if it appears to have been brought about by natural means. God deals by natural means. The laws of nature are His laws. We believe in God, and miracles, as we call them, are in accordance with these laws; oftentimes in accordance with laws with which we have become but little acquainted, it is true. We believe in accordance with natural laws. We feel sometimes that we have less to thank God for and more to thank man for when we see our wishes granted and the fulfillment of our hopes brought about through human instrumentality; about through human instrumentality; about through human instrumentality; about through human instrumentality.

PROPER SPIRIT OF TITHEPAYING.
I have listened to a great many testimonies that have been heard during the last few months of testimony meetings that have come to those who are tithepayers, and I want to add a personal testimony on that matter myself. First let me say that I never had much of an ambition to be a rich man; for I have seen many rich men who are kept so busy looking after their riches that they have no time to enjoy themselves, and who have such a burden upon their backs that they are always complaining. I have seen many who are so I never coveted riches; but there was one blessing that I did covet. I remember when a boy that once I allowed a bill to run up until it amounted to six dollars, but all of them were living, and I was not able to pay it. I was never owed sixty cents. Through my paying my tithes the Lord has enabled me to keep out of debt. Therefore I say that I am one of the richest men in this Church today. I am worth more than a cottage, for I cannot afford anything better and live within my means. Being free from the trammels of debt, I lift my head with the proudest and feel that I am a rich man. I have seen many who are so, and I feel to say, in the name of the living God, do your best to keep out of debt, my brethren and sisters, and everyone of you shall be rich. Do not let me hear any more of your complaining words. I cast no criticism upon those who incur honorable debts. There are honorable obligations, and I have no word of censure for those who incur them. But the man who runs in debt that he may live beyond his means, the man who will borrow from another when he has no assurance that he can pay him back, is a dishonorable man.

But this is not the only benefit that comes from tithepaying and from liberal dealing. It makes a man feel rich. It makes him spend his fifty cents—if that is all he has and it is proper to spend it—as a prince would spend his hundreds. A man is rich in proportion to his feeling of liberality. I was asking some help not long ago for a good cause. I do not like to carry subscription lists around. I do not do it if I can help it. I ask my brethren that it is his duty and not mine. But on this occasion I went around with a subscription list, and I called upon a brother who was busy at the time. By the way, he was generally busy at his desk, working from morning until night over his bank accounts and property affairs. I told him what was wanted, and immediately he commenced to tell me such a tale of woe, of rents and taxes, and that his income had been cut, and that he was suffering. I knew very well that that man could reckon a hundred dollars to every ten I owned, and yet he was so poor in spirit that he was suffering. He told me that he was suffering, and I pitied him from the bottom of my heart. I did not press the subscription matter, but I left a dime on his desk to help him. Why, if that man had the wealth of the Vanderbilts, I believe he would be such a suffering, narrow-minded soul that he would always be too poor to help another. I do not know whether he is here or not, if he is, I mean him who thinks it is his.

WEALTH OF THE SAINTS.
I love to listen to some of my old brethren and sisters, of the few that still remain of the generation so far away, who tell me of the scenes that were enacted here in the early days when they lived in mud huts and log cabins; when, if they held a meeting, each one was expected to bring with him a tale of suffering and sorrow, poor fellow, I pitied him from the bottom of my heart. I did not press the subscription matter, but I left a dime on his desk to help him. Why, if that man had the wealth of the Vanderbilts, I believe he would be such a suffering, narrow-minded soul that he would always be too poor to help another. I do not know whether he is here or not, if he is, I mean him who thinks it is his.

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A KINGDOM OF GIVING.

So I would encourage trust and confidence in God's grace. I have so much confidence in it that I am willing to stake everything I have on the risk of laboring as required to secure that blessing of grace, and that trust, and that confidence we are in those efforts the greater will be the blessing that will come unto us individually, and the greater will be the love that we have for our fellows. If this Church had not as one of its characteristics love for mankind, I do not believe I could accept it as the Church of the living God. I expect to see sacrifice for others; I expect this missionary labor to continue. I expect to see the Latter-day Saints willing to give, and to give liberally. We have heard a great deal during the past year or more concerning that peculiar establishment in our Church, the thing system. I was talking not long ago with some one of us who had been looking into the thing matter, and they expressed the wish that some such system as that had been introduced into their churches—a system which would establish equality in the giving which the Lord requires. You have heard personal testimonies of the blessings that have come unto the tithepayer. The Lord said He would give blessing unto those who would make no sacrifice unto Him. He would give them more than their storehouses could contain; and that has been a very attractive promise unto many. I take occasion to say that there will have to be some motive that is deeper, greater and more than that of money, that returns if we would be tithepayers at heart. I do not believe if I give a dollar on the assurance that I am going to get ten back that I am entitled to much praise; I think I have a pretty good blessing in my hand. I believe that kind of interest ought to satisfy the veriest Shylock amongst us. But if we give because the Lord requires us to give, we may expect the blessing of His grace and favor, and it will come in a way that will be suited unto us. Yet I have not seen that those who have been tithepayers from the first are very much poorer in this world's goods than those who have been too poor to help the poor. Why, the Lord treats us as we are—like children. Not long ago I saw a mother give a bag of sweet-meats to her child, and then ask the little one to give mamma one back. Do you think the mother would be angry if the child refused? I wanted to train her child in the art of giving. She knew what lesson the child had to learn. And so the Lord says to us, Here are the blessings of life, the material things of earth; now give unto me. It is but to be so. The man who has not learned to give is only half a man; he will never get very far along the road that leads into the kingdom, because the kingdom of God is a kingdom of giving. As long as a man suffers when he gives as if he were having a tooth drawn, depend upon it he is unfit for the kingdom of God; he will suffer agonies there day and night—it would be hell to him.

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there was no poor and He called it His dwelling-place? No; but He does not like the fact that there are poor where there ought not to be any; and there ought to be no poor among the Latter-day Saints. And I believe that if you would take a true census of this people you would find that there are more who have more people with bank accounts than we have of poor people without such. The poorest of the poor, to me, is the man who has a bank account that he dare not touch. He has what the necessities of the case to see a liberal soul and a liberal conscience. Some of you may have read in that travesty by one of our comic writers (ardon me if I refer to such). I say we are a liberal people, and we are not a few of the conventionalities which characterize some churches, a reference to a fanciful scene in which a man sitting by his bedside on some of his bad luck, saw a little imp sitting opposite him—a little, misshapen dwarf, idiotic in expression and wholly disagreeable in appearance. He marvels how the little fellow could see him, and he immediately commenced to dance around and cut as many antics as the goblins of old are said to have done. He tried to catch him, but immediately the little fellow was at the ceiling, dancing around as light as a hydrogen balloon. Finally, they got to talking together. Says the little dwarf, "Don't you know me? Why, I am your conscience. I used to be a good full grown man, but the devil has got his hands on me, and he has made me into a little imp sitting opposite you. You see I am growing old and wrinkled, bowed and shriveled, quite a poor sort of a fellow to look upon just now." You see, I believe that that is the man we are surprised; but having a chance to talk for once to his own conscience, he put a number of questions to him, and found that there was quite a community that had been formed of the consciences of his neighbors. He asked about this man's conscience and that man's conscience. One to whom he referred with considerable respect was described to him as being so small that he finally slept in a cigar box, and for whom he had little respect, was the thing of all the consciences of the neighborhood. I have oftentimes thought that if we could look into ourselves and see what we are, we would be surprised to find that as good a part of us as we are in proportion to our spiritual growth some of us would be little more than dwarfs. It is well that we do not know everything, and that we cannot see ourselves perhaps that as we are, and that we are not.

SEED OF LIBERALITY.
Let the seed of liberality that we sow be fertilized soon, Oh, I believe sometimes the penny that is dropped into the hand of the indigent one is comparable to a vital seed, because it is a seed that will grow, and produce a crop of pennies, and years and years afterwards you will find the product of that seed still living. A good seed that is done with the care of the farmer, is like a seed that is sown in the soil. It is like a seed that is dropped into the prepared soil. I have sometimes thought in my nightly dreamings, that when we wake up on the other side of the veil, we will find many a many a flower that has sprung up from the seed that we have dropped here, the dropping of which we have forgotten. But there is some seed that does not grow, or even if it does spring up it only lasts for a season. It has never been fertilized with the pollen of the living plant that gives it the power of eternal increase. And so some of our seeds, if we do not take care of them, or leave but had effects; while others will produce a crop from which other seed will be sown, and there will be no end to the descendants of that kind of seed. I have seen many a seed of that kind of charity work performed. Charity pure and undiluted, it must be remembered, consists in something more than the mere giving of so many dimes or dollars.

WORK WITH THE HEART.
Our life's work is sometimes compared to a painting that we are working out, and we are the artist. In that connection I am reminded of an incident told of Turner, the famous landscape painter. You may have heard of it; if so, I make no apology for repeating it. It is a good thing, and a good thing is worth repeating. This master of his art was asked on one occasion to pass his opinion upon a picture that had been painted by an amateur. There were many friends of the young painter present, and he spoke in the picture long and earnestly, until the suspense became painful, and one of the party pressed him for his opinion. "Well," said he, "the composition of the picture is very good, and the coloring is good, but I don't know who did it. He has studied the rules of composition. He has grouped his figures and his parts properly—done it well." He gazed again, again there was silence, until they asked him if he had said anything more. "Yes," the perspective is splendidly worked out. Evidently the artist has studied the best authorities on perspective." Once more he was silent as he gazed. "Well, is there anything else?" "Yes," the coloring is good and blended, and all the rules have been observed." Once more he waited till someone spoke up and said, "You say the perspective is good, the composition is good, the coloring is perfect, is it a good picture?" "No," said he, "it is not." "What is wrong with it?" "It lacks—it lacks—it lacks—that with a sweep of the hand that might have been mistaken for a meaningless gesture. Ah! he was not in the same. That was not the raving of an idiot. What was that? The touch of the master hand. The rules were sticking out from every inch of the canvases. You could read the titles of the books of perspective, and the rules of composition that he had studied. In the matter of coloring it lacked one thing—a little of the crimson of the heart's blood that would have given it life. Oh! these pictures that are painted with such care and the heart, they are poor things after all. The painting that lives is that into which the master has thrown his soul, that partakes of himself, that has an individuality all its own. Rules? The coloring is perfect, by rule and living our religion by rule. I believe in the ten commandments for those who need them; but I wish they were ancient history to us. I believe that the day that we come when you will never have to quote to a Latter-day Saint 'Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not lie. Thou shalt not bear false witness.' Remember how the Master said we could do that. The people used to be so careful of their reputations that they would do anything to keep them, and to which of these ten was the biggest

and greatest. They held their learned discussions in their synagogues, and they came to Him one day with the question, 'Master, which is the great commandment in the law?' Jesus answered, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' On these two commandments, He said, hang all the law which you are quarrelling over, and all the prophets about which you dispute. There was a philosophy in that remark. The man who loves his God with all his heart and with all his soul, and with all his mind, will never steal from his neighbor. No need of telling him not to steal. Do you think he would steal from himself? Well, some men would perhaps, they are so fond of stealing; but the average man would not. No need to tell him that he shall not bear false witness against his neighbor; he loves his neighbor too well. No need

to tell him that he shall not use the name of God in vain; he loves his God, whom he recognizes as his Father in very truth. Yes, I say again in this day, as of old, the man who has learned to love the Lord with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself, has no need of the Decalogue. There is a higher law than any one of the ten, for the simple reason that the whole is always greater than its parts. And he has learned to love his neighbor as himself, I say to you, as Christ said to the sincere Jew of old, you are not far from the kingdom of heaven. Amen.

Brethren and sisters, may that spirit of love for God, love for fellowmen, grow with us; for as they grow, we will grow, and as it increases in our hearts we will advance toward that destiny for which we pray. And if there be one amongst you who has learned to love the Lord his God as he ought to, and has learned to love his neighbor as himself, I say to you, as Christ said to the sincere Jew of old, you are not far from the kingdom of heaven. Amen.

Colonel W. J. Reed is the name and title of this colored man, who is one of only three of his race who ever studied in that college and received honors from any Catholic in the world. Reed was born in 1847, in this city. His father was J. W. Reed, an early settler in this city, and his mother was Julia Floyd, also a native of this city. When Reed was quite a young man he received an education in the public schools, and his father, being fairly well off in this world's goods, sent him to the Western University of Pennsylvania to complete his studies. Some time after he entered that school he embraced the Catholic religion and became so devoted to his new faith that his parents and family refused longer to educate him. He was a friend of the late Dr. Oldshoes, and often studied in his office. He did not work for him, as he had been supposed, but through his influence he was sent to St. Vincent's college, where he was graduated in a class of 400. Fifty of this took a competitive examination for a course of study at the Propaganda, and he was the successful student.

At the expense of the college and Catholic clergy of this country he was sent to Rome, where he spent five and one-half years studying theology, languages and sciences. Then an unfortunate stroke of paralysis compelled him to stop his studies. This, he says, was brought on by typhoid pneumonia, Roman fever and inflammation of the brain. With an attendant he was sent at the expense of the college on a trip around the world. He had only six months of work to complete his course and become an ordained priest of the

highest standing. His travels took him to Africa, Asia and to almost all of the principal cities of the world. This took two years or more, and he returned to this country, intending to go back to Rome and complete his work. A second stroke reduced him to the ranks, and caused him to give up his work until he became stronger. Since that time he has fallen lower and lower, until he has been compelled to blacken his position. He has reformed, however, and says he will not touch liquor again. He hopes to regain his lost position by diligent work.

After leaving the Propaganda he spent some time at the Grand seminary, Paris, and the Seminary of St. Louis, Munich, but found that his studies there could not be continued on account of his health. Reed was selected to make the Latin oration at the celebration of the jubilee of the holy father, the present pope, in 1887. He was the only American out of seventy-five who was successful in getting a degree, and was third in standing among the graduates. A German named Schaffer, and another from Newfoundland, Mr. Morris. He was master of ceremonies for four years at this college, and sang baritone in the vatican choir. Among the thirteen languages he reads in the city, speaks in English, German, Italian, Spanish, French, Flemish, Latin, Greek, Chaldean, Syriac and Hebrew.

After he returned to this country he secured a position as interpreter and assistant superintendent with the Peck Coke company at Mount Pleasant, Pa. He has done much work in the courts here, and entered a competitive examination for appointment as court interpreter, but Governor Hastings appointed a man named Franck, a German, A. B. Franck, and had the backing of that organization throughout the State. Mr. Franck had Senator Plinn's endorsement and backing. Since that time he has not been able to secure a position where his health would not be jeopardized, and has accepted his present position to keep himself from starvation. He is employed by Fred Voss in Diamond street, and is one of the three poorest in the city, speaking many languages and sciences. Then an unfortunate stroke of paralysis compelled him to stop his studies. This, he says, was brought on by typhoid pneumonia, Roman fever and inflammation of the brain. With an attendant he was sent at the expense of the college on a trip around the world. He had only six months of work to complete his course and become an ordained priest of the

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