

sions, and the world is beginning to acknowledge that Mormonism has passed that stage in its history when it can any longer be permitted to pass unnoticed, when men can any more afford to ignore it and overlook it. It is marching on to its triumph, to its victory, which has been decreed and destined from the beginning of time, from before the foundations of the world. But how was this work begun? A humble farmer's boy went out into the woods one day and asked God for a blessing. His mind was torn with doubt, with perplexity, with questionings as to which of all the religious creeds of Christendom was the true one. He was a seeker after truth, and this was the favor he asked of the Almighty—for he believed there was a God—and he believed that God would answer prayer; that he had but to put into practice the advice of the apostle, "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not and it shall be given him." Joseph Smith believed this; he had that living faith which God could not deny. True he was only a boy—he was only a little one—a tiny speck of mortality, one among millions and millions of God's creatures. But he was not satisfied with his spiritual condition; he desired to know more; and he believed that the Lord would give him what he sought. He did not believe, as the Christian world asserted, that the heavens were closed, that God no longer spake to man, but he believed in the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—He who never changes, who is "the same yesterday, today, and forever." He bowed in humility before that God, and that God answered his prayer.

This work began with that humble boy, and on the 6th of April, 1830, six humble persons met together and organized the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints—the germ and nucleus of a work before which the glory of the kingdoms of this world will pale as pales the starlight before the morn. This may seem boastful. This would appear presumptuous in the eyes of the world. They have so long been in the habit of leaving God out of the question, of putting Him away (for though many "draw near to Him with their lips, yet their hearts are far from Him") and in the political world especially it has become so fashionable to shut God out from all participation in human affairs, that it seems absurd to hold

such views as those which I have expressed. And I am sorry to say that this leaven of doubt, of uncertainty, of infidelity, is making inroads into this very work of which I speak. Hence we hear now and then an Elder asserting that God is in the great things but not in the small.

Is this the God of whom His Son Jesus testified when He sent His apostles forth to preach the Gospel, when He told them to take neither purse nor scrip, nor two coats, but to go forth trusting in God for their daily bread? Is He the Being of whose care and providence it is said: "The very hairs of your heads are numbered?" and "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father's notice?" Is He the God whom Jesus meant when he said: "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these?" "If, then, God so clothe the grass, which today is and tomorrow is cast into the oven, will He not also clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Is this a God who is not in the small things, a God who can "hear the young ravens when they cry;" a God whose ears are saluted with the shouts of armies and the hosannas of mighty multitudes, and yet can turn to hear the prayer of a little child?

I want to relate here an incident that happened to one who is near and dear to me—my mother. In her early childhood, her mother, on leaving the house one day, warned her not to meddle with the dishes on the table, "for," said she, "if you break one I shall have to whip you." Her mother was a woman who kept her word, whether she promised good or evil, whether it was a present or a penalty. She was in the habit of faithfully executing what she had spoken. When she had left the house, her daughter, possessed of that spirit of mischief to which children are so liable, did exactly the thing that her mother told her not to do, and by letting the table-leaf fall she broke several of the dishes. Now in the days of poverty of the people of this Church this was a heavier loss than perhaps many of us know how to appreciate. The little girl was terror-stricken; she knew her mother would whip her; she knew it because she had confidence in her mother's word, because her mother was a woman of honor who did not speak one thing and mean another.

But the child thought of her Father in heaven; of her eternal Parent, and she went to the bottom of the orchard and bowed down under an apple-tree and asked God—who rules the earth and holds in His hands the destinies of men and nations—to soften her mother's heart, that she might not whip her. She sprang up filled with joy, with peace, for the Holy Ghost had testified to her that the threat would not be fulfilled. Her mother returning and seeing what had happened took her child into another room for the purpose of lecturing her and then giving her the promised punishment. But she found that her arm was paralyzed, that her heart was melted, and she could no more lift her hand to strike the child than she would have raised a knife for the purpose of taking her daughter's life. Yet "God is not in the small things, only in the great." This anecdote was told by my mother's father, Heber C. Kimball, in the theological school in Kirtland, before the Prophet Joseph Smith and many of the leading Elders of Israel, and they wept like children; for the subject which had been up for consideration was "Faith in God, and of what does it consist?" Joseph, who had a heart as tender as a child's, wiping away the tears from his eyes, said: "Brethren, I could not tell you any more what faith is if I lectured here all night, than has been illustrated in that simple anecdote told by Brother Kimball. It is well timed; that is what I mean by faith." Yes, this is faith; the honest conviction of the humble, child-like heart, going to God, not with high-sounding words and swelling phrases, but asking Him in simple language for the desire of the soul. But the world despises such things, and, as I have said, they have nearly shut God out of the question.

The spirit which animates this world is the spirit of egotism, of selfishness, and a desire to claim the glory which belongs unto the Maker. It is the spirit which animated Nebuchadnezzar of old, when walking upon the walls of Babylon, viewing that magnificent city, with its hanging gardens, one of the wonders of the world, with its hundred brazen gates, with its lofty walls, so thick that several chariots could ride abreast along the top thereof—so splendid a city, so impregnable a fortress, that it seemed to laugh to scorn the power of every foe, and was called the "glory of the Chaldees' excellency"—Babylon the