

to be so now; for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness." He only did what He required others to do, and therefore He was baptized of John. He was buried in the water by one who had authority from God to baptize; and as He came up out of the water the heavens were opened, and the Holy Ghost, in the form of a dove, descended from the heavens upon Him, and a voice came out of the heavens, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Then Jesus went forth and called His disciples, and He taught them—what? Read His glorious sermon on the mount. They were to do good for evil; they were to sacrifice every craven appetite of their nature, every fallen inclination of their hearts; they were not to persecute others because they persecuted them; they were to pray for those who should despitefully use them; they were to seek to do good to all mankind, obey the commandments of God, and to do the things that Jesus did, and that He commanded.

This is the true Gospel. It is the power of God unto salvation. Will we receive it? If not, we will be rejected; or if we reject it in part, then will we be guilty of breaking the whole law, because we will not be qualified to enter into the glory of God or into the mansions that are prepared for the just until we are willing to receive the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and stand by it, whether we have any earthly reward or not.

While listening to the brethren this afternoon I was led to reflect upon some of our friends who have passed away. When we look back and think of President Young, Heber C. Kimball, Willard Richards, George A. Smith, Orson Pratt, Parley Pratt, President John Taylor, Erastus Snow, and the thousands of faithful, valiant Saints of God who passed through the persecutions in Ohio, in Missouri, and in Illinois, and were driven from their homes time and time and time again, and finally out into the wilderness, with no knowledge, except the promises of the Holy Spirit in their hearts, that they would ever find a resting place for their weary feet—driven from their homes, their kindred, and their friends, with the dimmest prospect in the world, so far as human knowledge or prescience was concerned, of ever reaching a haven of rest, but trudging across the plains with weary step, yet with unshaken confidence in God and unwavering faith in His word—when we look back and think of those scenes we cannot forget the faithful men and women who passed through them. They did not faint by the way; they did not backslide; they did not turn from the truth. The harder the trial, the more difficult the journey, the greater the obstacles, the more firm and determined they were. President Young, under the influence of the Spirit of God, led this people away from the densely settled portions of our country into this once bleak and desolate waste, where the Lord knew what He had in store for His people, but which none of us foresaw. I cannot believe that the whole truth, such as we see it today, ever dawned upon any of those who led us here, up to the time of their coming. I believe they built better than they knew. I believe they were led by the power of God, step by step, and were taught precept upon precept, line upon line. In this way He proved their integrity and their devotion. He proved them unto death; yes, and even beyond death; for death to many of them would have been sweet. It would have been peaceful, happy rest, compared with the toil and trouble they had to endure. Nevertheless the Lord brought us here. But He had to suffer the power of our enemies to be brought into requisition,

in order to get us here. If the Prophet Joseph Smith or President Brigham Young had called upon the people to leave their peaceful homes and their happy surroundings to come out into this desert, I do not believe he could have found one out of a hundred that would have been willing to sacrifice what they then enjoyed, with faith that they would better their condition or that they were fulfilling the purpose of the Almighty in doing so. They were all human; they were surrounded with many weaknesses and imperfections, and were too shortsighted to foresee that which God foresaw. Now we are here, and look at what has been accomplished. Indeed "what God hath wrought!" We have not done it; the Lord has done it. He has removed from the soil its barrenness, and has given to it fertility and to us prosperity on every hand. Will we appreciate all this as a gift of God to us, and will we use it right? Will we remember the Lord in the abundance of His gifts unto us? For He has not only made it a duty for us to have faith, and to repent, and to be baptized, and to keep ourselves pure and unspotted from the world, but He has made another little requirement of us, in order to test us and to prove us withal, to see whether we are willing to obey Him rather than to follow the inclinations of our own minds. He has required that one-tenth of our increase annually shall be given unto Him, as a tithe, for the work of the ministry, for the building of temples, for the spreading of the Gospel, for the gathering of the poor, and for the feeding of the widow and the orphan, the aged and the decrepit. We are to give one-tenth of that which we obtain annually into the storehouse of the Lord, that the Lord may have meat in His storehouse wherewith to accomplish His work on the earth. Will we do it? Will we obey the Lord? If we do not, we will suffer the consequences sooner or later. The Lord is independent of us. He has no favors to ask of us. Whatever He asks of us is designed for our favor and blessing, and not for His. He is not seeking benefits at our hands; but He is seeking obedience on our part to the laws and commandments which He has given us, that we may be benefited. If He requires our tithes and our offerings, it is that we may learn the principle of sacrifice, that we may not become covetous, or selfish, or sordid, or be wrapt up in our earthly possessions, but that we may be willing to impart freely of that which the Lord gives to us, for the accomplishment of His temporal work. If we fail in proving our integrity in these matters, we will fail in our stewardship, and God will require it at our hands.

May the Lord help us to do our duty in all things, is my prayer. Amen.

RICHEST SILVER MINES ON EARTH

Oruro, Bolivia, June 25, 1898.

Oruro is one of the great mining centers of Bolivia. There are rich deposits of silver and tin in the Andes all about it and the work goes on in the mines night and day. There are rich copper mines on the Desaguadero river, not far from here, and the whole country in fact, seems to be a bed of valuable minerals. In the Huanani (Wah-nah-ne) tin district there is a conical mountain, which has a network of tin veins, in some of which the pure ore has been followed down from the top of the mountain a distance of 600 feet. In the Avecaya district, near this the tin lodes are from one to three feet thick and now and then contain great masses of solid tin ore. Other veins are from six to eight feet wide in places, and some of the ore is so pure that it is shipped to Europe as it comes from the mines. Other ore is

crushed by means of rocking stones and is smelted on the spot in little blast furnaces and run into fifty-pound pigs. All of these tin mines are situated at least 14,000 feet above the sea.

Bolivia has perhaps the richest silver mines on earth. She has produced a vast amount of the silver now in the world, and did the price of silver rise she would again flood the markets with her product. There are today in the dumps of the abandoned mines of this country millions upon millions of ounces of silver which no machinery may some time reduce at a profit. The methods of mining have been wasteful in the extreme, and the high freight rates now prevent anything but the richest ores being touched. The tin and silver-bearing territory of Bolivia is about 1,500 miles long and 210 miles wide. It runs clear through the mountainous parts of the country from south to north and everywhere throughout it, at distances from fifteen to twenty miles apart, may be seen these abandoned mines, which were worked by the Spaniards. In 1848 the number of these mines was estimated at 10,000. Few such mines were exhausted. The Spaniards forced the Indians to labor in them, and they burrowed through the earth, taking out only the richest parts of the veins. The owners gave one-fifth of what they mined to the Spanish crown, and it is known that between the time of the coming of the Spaniards to Bolivia and the year 1800 the country produced more than three and one-third billion dollars in silver. From 1800 to 1825, when Bolivia secured her independence of Spain, sixty-seven million dollars were taken out of the mines, and up to the present it must be, I should say, a very low estimate to say that Bolivia has given the world the enormous amount of four billion dollars' worth of silver. The greater part of this metal came from the famous silver mountain of Potosi, the mines of which have produced more than three billion dollars' worth of silver. Today the Potosi mines are to a large extent exhausted, and the town, which had at one time more than 100,000 people, has now hardly one-fourth of that number.

At present Oruro is far greater as a mining center than Potosi. There are some very rich mines here, and one not far from the city has netted the present president of Bolivia a fortune. This mine is called the San Jose. It was, I am told, discovered by a Scotchman named Andrew Penny, who came out here years ago as a common mechanic. He was a drunken sot of a fellow and was by no means particular as to the character of his female friends. At least he married an Indian and was living with her when his mine began to produce fabulous amounts. It continued good and soon made him very wealthy. He invested some of his surplus in an estate in the old country and then died. By the Bolivian law his estate went to his wife and to his adopted son, who was a half-breed. The widow concluded to go to Scotland and see if she could not capture the estate there. She failed, but her lawyer, who seems to have been as little particular as was the old Scotchman, made the ancient Indian widow a proposal of marriage and came back with her to Bolivia to live. The old lady soon died, and the now president of Bolivia was the lawyer who settled the estate. He did this in such a way that for a consideration the Scotch lawyer husband withdrew, leaving the balance of the estate, including the mine, to the president and the adopted son. The president, I am told, now owns five-eighths of the mine, and he has from it an income of something like fifty thousand Bolivian dollars a week or more than fifty thousand of our dollars a month. The mine has ore in sight for a long time to come, and