

But here came a boy who had the audacity to assert that God, the universal Father, was a person, a living, breathing being, as was also His Son, Jesus Christ. True, Christendom had read this doctrine in the Scriptures for ages. For there it is expressly stated that man was created in God's image and that the Son is the express image of the Father. But the world had forgotten it and Joseph Smith had to re-annunciate the great truth, and did so, although derided and persecuted for it. The very fact that he announced that he had seen God was enough to turn the hatred and scorn of the whole world against him.

But why should this claim be presumptuous? Was it not possible, after all, that Joseph Smith was a much greater being than the world supposed him? How was it with the prophets anciently, and with the Savior Himself? They were all persecuted and hated in like manner. The apostles in whose honor great and magnificent cathedrals are now reared, were in their own generation killed as impostors and malefactors. The early Christians were thrown to wild beasts, dragged to death, crucified, stoned, sawn assunder, coated with tar and burnt as torches to light the gardens of imperial Rome. That was the treatment accorded them in their day, although they are now lauded and extolled by the descendants of their slayers, who declare that if they had lived in the days of their fathers, they would not have persecuted the prophets. I am not so sure about that, however.

There came the greatest prophet of all, the Only Begotten of the Father. Having laid aside His glory, having become, from king, a pauper, he walked over His own footstool, pleading with His own creatures to be recognized for what He was. How did they receive Him? Even John, His forerunner, did not at first positively know that He was the Son of God, but had to send messengers to ascertain from His own lips the nature of His mission. There was no halo around His head, no blazing sun or moon, such as we see in paintings. The evidences given to John were that the sick were being healed, devils cast out and to the poor the Gospel was preached. A few gathered round Jesus, recognizing Him as the Son of God, but to the great majority He was only the carpenter's son, and they hated Him and finally put Him to an ignominious death.

If the world did these things to the ancient Prophets, is it surprising that it should do the same to the modern Prophets? If they beheaded Paul and crucified Peter, why should they not shoot Joseph Smith to death? Human nature is the same in all ages. A fisherman then could not be received as an Apostle; a farmer's boy today could not possibly be a Prophet of God.

We are too prone to judge by outward appearances. Men are often estimated by what they possess of this world's goods. What would the answer have been two thousand years ago had the question been asked: Who is the greatest man in all the world? Augustus Caesar, the Roman Emperor, would doubtless have been the general reply. It would certainly not have been Jesus of Nazareth. And yet in

the body of that babe, who was born in a manger, was enshrined the spirit of a God. He came to save that great emperor, if he would be saved. Jesus was infinitely the greater though cast out and spit upon, and hung as one accursed upon the cross.

Today the wheel has turned. Many of those who were then first are now last, and many who were then last are now first. Jesus is now worshiped by millions, while Augustus has been reduced to his proper station and significance. Does this not foreshow what may still happen in the future? Is it not possible that the Christian world will at some time admit that Joseph Smith was at least the peer of Paul, of Peter, of Jeremiah and the prophets of old? He bore all the evidences of the divinity of his mission, preaching, prophesying, healing the sick, and, finally, sealing his testimony with his blood.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." Mormonism must be judged by its principles; Joseph Smith by the results of his teachings; not by what men say of him, nor even by his own weaknesses. Who pretends that he was perfect, that the Apostles today are perfect, that any mortal can be? Men may be servants of God and still have their failings. The Apostles of old had theirs.

Peter, that grand spirit, on one occasion, denied his Master; Paul was a persecutor before he became an Apostle, whose dying testimony is one of the most beautiful: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give at that day." Every man who ever lived in the flesh has had his weaknesses, but these are not the fruits by which the truth of their missions can be tested. A diamond may be hidden in dust, or covered with cobwebs.

We may not sit in judgment to decide who is high and who is low. This God has reserved for Himself. All will have to stand before His judgment seat, and be judged for what they are really worth, not for what men have said and thought of them. Not the "splendor of success," but "the purity of endeavor," and faithful perseverance in duty, will be the standard at that day.

The Apostle John says: "And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them and judgment was given unto them: and I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God, and which had not worshiped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands: and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years. But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished."

Think of it; kings and nobles rotting in the dust, while the martyrs whom they slew and persecuted are reigning with Christ.

May God bless us and help us to be humble and faithful; may we feel charity to our fellowmen, and preach to them not only by word, but by examples, the truth delivered unto us.

May we never imagine that we are the only children of God, but pray and

strive that all may be saved through the far-reaching influences and power of the Gospel of Christ.

The choir sang the anthem:

How beautiful upon the mountains.

Benediction was pronounced by Patriarch Richard Horne.

IN PANGUITCH STAKE.

Editor Deseret News:

Early in the morning of Friday, the 5th inst., I left Panguitch in a cart carrying the United States mail, in charge of Don Carlos Shirts, for the purpose of visiting the distant settlements of Caunonville, Henrieville and Escalante.

From Panguitch the road takes a course due east for one and a quarter miles until the mill is passed and the river crossed. Then we turn to the right and follow up the east bank of the south fork of the Sevier, passing several ranches on our way, until we near the place where the town of Hillsdale once flourished, turn to the left toward the mountains, and soon reach the mouth of Red canyon, through which our road takes a winding course until the tops of the mountains are reached about fifteen miles southeast of Panguitch. Then we descend gradually for nearly six miles until we cross the east Fork of the Sevier, nearly ten miles below where it rises in the forest-covered mountains to the southwest. We are here in the middle of a fine upper valley called the East Fork valley, and which at this time of the year is full of stock. Shepherders' camps are seen in every direction and tens of thousands of sheep are grazing within a radius of a few miles.

This is a very cold country in the winter and is often covered with snow to the depth of six feet or more, on level ground, the altitude being nearly 8000 feet.

To cross this tract of land in the dead of winter is often a most dangerous task, and for months at a time it is never attempted except by the mail carrier or those who of necessity are compelled to do so. To guide the traveler when the snow has obliterated all traces of wagon roads, poles are stuck in the ground at about the same distance from each other as telegraph poles. The tops of these are painted black in order to appear as different as possible to the white snow, but even with this aid, there is often danger of the traveler losing his direction in the blinding snowstorms which are very frequent here.

From the crossing of the East fork we travel about four miles to the rim of the basin or to a point known locally as the "dump" or "jump off," where the country suddenly "breaks off" and slopes toward the Colorado river, and where a most awe-inspiring view is had of the rough, broken, sandy and desolate country lying southward. At this particular point there is no mountain ridge or summit, not even a low ridge, to cross in order to get from the headwaters of the Sevier to those of the Pahreah, a tributary of the Colorado, but the level plain simply breaks off into a country that is as different from that lying on the north as anything could be.

Before we got very far down the