

only Church." But these gentlemen say, "Resolved, that the Mormon Church are not Christians." Why, it is the height of absurdity; it is nonsensical, only fit for children!

The reason why I have been attracted by your Church, and most likely why the head of your Church has honored me with the distinction and privilege to speak to you, is because your Church will at all times arrest the mind and the heart of a man whose heart burns with zeal for truth and who has got brain to think. I come into Salt Lake City, and everywhere I am surrounded by Mormons who tell me very flatly, "You have no authority; you have lost everything; we are the true Church." A man would commit a crime against his conscience, against his God, if he were not to stop and say to himself, "This is worth examining." I must investigate this. I cannot go from Salt Lake City back to New York and simply say, "I have been there and I heard something about the Mormons, and they have got some queer ideas in their heads." No; I must meet that Church face to face. I must know what it is. I must know upon what they rest their claims and pretensions. I do not say I am convinced of it. I say I am open for conviction. There is no truth upon earth which a man should not accept when proven; and there is no man upon earth who is too great to accept the truth, no matter whence it emanates.

Now, this Israel here in Utah—this new Israel, and this new Zion, there were many a man, many a Balaam, standing here to curse. Many indeed went out to curse, to scandalize, to criticize, with malicious motives. Far be it from me to utter a single word, either here in your presence or after I have left, which even you yourselves could object to from your own standpoint. Now, here is the point. A church that makes claim to unity, a church that makes claim to sanctity, a church that makes claim to possess the authority from Christ, may be a true church. Which one is it? You say it is your Church; I say it is mine. But this is not a place for debate. This is a place where I mean to show you that over and over again the Church of God was to be cursed, but was blessed. But her strength, her power was that she was one, that she had authority; that she had all the sacraments in her own possession. Even in the time of Israel, nobody could ever point the finger and say there was a heresy; nobody could say there was a false leader, a false prophet. If there was one, Israel knew it by the direction of God. If there was false testimony Israel knew by the revelation of God. If there was false living, Israel knew it by the direction of God. That, to my judgment and in my opinion, is a true Church of Christ. It is very marvelous indeed when a man goes out and mingles with the various Christian sects.

I have noticed a good many things which have impressed me very much. While lecturing on Thursday night to your students at one of your academies, in a little place called Ogden. I called their attention to a certain expression I heard; it is this: Language indicates something; it represents a certain institution. Now, since I have mingled with Mormons I have heard over and over again, "That man is an apostate." An apostate! Ah, yes. Why, no other modern church can use that language. A man may leave the First Presbyterian church to join the Fourth Presbyterian church; he may leave the Fourth Presbyterian church to join the First Baptist church; he may leave the First Baptist church to join the Lutheran church; but he is not an apostate, he may merely be a man who has crossed from one street into another. He can never be an apostate. What should he

apostatize from? You ask those very men who passed resolutions as to who is to be a Christian or who is not to be a Christian, who is to be regarded as one that worships Christ or not—ask those very men, "Have you the truth?" "Well, yes—part; the other part is with my neighbor." "Have you the truth?" "Well, yes, the essential truth we have." "Have you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?" There is absolute silence, unless a voice comes from one corner of the Alps, from Rome, and says, "I have the truth," and then it comes again from another corner of the world, in this new hemisphere—from Salt Lake City—where the head of your Church says, "We have the truth." Or, as the venerable head of the Church said to me, "If you have any truth that I have not got, let me see it, and I will take it." These are the two churches.

Now, it makes no difference who the Balaam will be that will come to curse, be assured as long as you pitch your tents by the direction of God, as long as you have got the Lawgiver, God, as long as you claim to have authority, as long as you claim to have the Priesthood, as long as you claim to have the sacraments, you may find a thousand enemies surrounding you and they will all have to pronounce a benediction upon you. As I go through the arch here from time to time since my sojourn here in your midst I recall many a time I have walked through the catacombs in Rome by the side of a guide with a torchlight in his hand, pointing out here and yonder, "there lies one man," and "there another," "there is the place where one of those who were slaughtered by the enemy of God is buried." As I go through this arch I feel that I am treading on a spot where your forefathers came in across the plains in order to pitch their tents in this modern Zion. I went out once purposely in the middle of the night, about 1 o'clock, when I was fatigued with writing. I took my overcoat and went out in the street, and passed by a little bit of an office. Stillness everywhere! There was a light in the office and it seemed to me as if it was a perpetual light burning in the temple of Vesta. I stood there gazing upward, and saying to myself, Here is a remarkable thing, a peculiar people. People came in here many a time to curse, many a time to condemn, and yet here they still live, here they still have got their tents, from here they are still proclaiming that they are the only true Church. That, my brethren, is your only strength in the world. In my crossing the ocean about sixteen times I have met with many an accident, remember many a time of shipwreck, and I recall one instance when we had to turn around the ship and go back thirty-six hours. The captain stood there wet to the skin; every officer at his post; he was trembling lest something serious should happen, and he turned to the man at the helm, "How is it there?" A voice came, strong, positive, determined, "All is right here." And so is the Church of God upon the earth. She is still upon the great ocean, shaken by every billow—by enemies, by misunderstandings. But the Great Captain cries back to the man at the helm—to those whom He left upon earth, whom He has appointed to guide His people, to His authorities, and He asks, "How is it there?" "All right here!" But alas! when I look around today in Protestant Christendom, I am almost tempted to say that the man who stands at the helm is a drunken, staggering sailor, with an unsteady hand, and he cannot make any response when this question comes to him.

I have in mind a very beautiful thing which is appropriate for your people. In The Talmud of Babylon. It pictures

where a young woman in the bloom of life sits at her table, and it seems as if all her occupation is nothing else but reading some letters. That woman loves a man dearly, as dear as her life, who has left and gone into a far country. She heard nothing from him month in and month out, year in and year out, and he returned. Upon his return he found his beloved one still waiting for him. She received him; she was loyal as ever, true as ever, steadfast as ever. He said to her, "My beloved one, how is it that for these many years I have been away from you; you heard nothing from me; you did not know whether I remained loyal and true to you, and yet you are loyal and true to me." "Ah!" said she, "while you were away, and I was sometimes in anguish, and sometimes doubt crept into my soul, I took your love letters, I read those love letters of yours, and I said to myself, the man who can write such letters is honest, is true, is loyal, he cannot lie, he will remain true as long as there is a breath left in him." And, says the Babylonian Talmud, in the last days God will say to His people, "O my people Israel, how was it? I have left you down on this earth, in the wilderness, in tribulation, often in agony, often in starvation, surrounded by enemies; how was it that you remained loyal, true and steadfast to me?" And Israel will answer and say, "O thou Most High, while we were away from you; while many a time affliction visited us; while many a blow fell upon us; while our hearts were often torn; while darkness often covered our habitations, in those days we read your love letters, we read your promises, and we said, 'A God that can thus speak to His people, a God that can make such promises as these, that God is true; His hand is not short to help; help will come sure; He will deliver His people from all anxiety.'" And so, my brethren, with the Church of God. Permit me to say that you, as a people, in your Church, when you are surrounded by enemies, when sometimes the hand of civil war is laid upon your head heavily, when sometimes you are misunderstood, when sometimes you suffer, then take the love letters of Him who has thus far guided your forefathers, who has thus far kept you, and be assured that a God who can thus speak, a God who can thus talk to His people, that God will remain true.

Let me say to you one word, in conclusion. You have heard the 24th chapter of Numbers read to you. Balaam came to curse, but Balaam did not curse—Balaam pronounced a benediction. The enemy who stands outside of the Church, that enemy will always be conquered. The enemy that attacks the Church from without, that enemy you need never fear. But go on and read the 25th chapter, and what do you find there. Right after the enemy was conquered and blessed Israel, Israel forgot his God and committed sin, and Jehovah brought pestilence upon His own people. The Church of God need never fear an enemy from without; but the enemy within your walls—he who walks with you side by side into your tabernacle or into your temple; he who makes the same profession; he who speaks the same language; he who pretends to have the same religion and to believe in the same revelation, and to be guided by the same authority, but whose heart is far from God and who lives an ungodly life, he is the worst enemy you have; and in due time, if you do not clear out your house from such people, God himself will smite you with pestilence.

It is a remarkable thing, my friends, that this Zion should not be seen. I say this in all sincerity, and I say it, I