

\$100,000, they would appropriate it for this history of the Western Hemisphere.

Discredit it as you will, we have it in genuineness and in truth, written by the ancient Prophets that lived upon this land, and revealed in modern times by the ministering of angels, and inspiration from the Almighty. It is in the world, and the world cannot get it out of the world. It is in the world in six or seven languages of Europe. It is as important in its history as the Bible, and it is just as interesting and as necessary for men to get an understanding of the ancient history of America, as it is for them to get an understanding of the history of Asia.

"But are the merits of history all that it is good for?" It is good in doctrine also. If two or more writers, one living in Asia, and the other in America, and contemporary, have the same doctrine revealed to them, and both bear record of the same plan of salvation, who is he that shall say that the record of one is of no worth?

Is it not a satisfaction to sit down and read, that a country far removed from Bible scenes, from that part of the stage on which figured the Patriarchs of old, with Moses and the Jewish Prophets, John the Baptist, Jesus Christ and the Apostles, was also the theater of revelation, prophecy, visions, angels, of the ministration of the doctrine of Christ, of the organization and government of his true Church; that there too were angels, that there too were Apostles, that there too was the word of God, that there too faith came by hearing, and salvation by faith! Shall we say that such things and such good news are worth nothing, when that very news corroborates the song of the heavenly hosts, when they declared to the shepherds of Judea, in joyful songs, that they brought glad tidings of great joy, that should be to all people! And

here comes a book informing us that these glad tidings were also to another hemisphere at the same time.

Now, stop a moment, and let us reason. Suppose yourself an angel of God at that time, full of benevolence, full of joy, full of a soul-inspiring hope, full of charity for poor, ignorant, perishing mortals, and you felt so full of poetry, and song, and gladness, that you could scarcely hold your peace. Suppose you had a bird's eye view of our little, dark, benighted world, by soaring above it, and in a moment you could light down upon any part of it. You come to Palestine, in Asia; that part of the globe is rolling under your feet; you visit it, and sing to the shepherds the glorious tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people: "for unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." The earth rolls on about half way round, you look down again with a bird's eye view, and you discover the Western Hemisphere, and it is full of people: I wonder whether your soul would still swell with the same glad tidings—or would your charity trove become exhausted? Would you not fly and declare these glad tidings to them also, and sing them a song of joy, and tell them what day the Savior was born, that would reach their case as well as the case of those who dwelt upon the continent of Asia? "Yes," you reply, "if I were an angel, and had liberty to tell these glad tidings, I would never tell them to one part of the earth and go to sleep there, while the other part rolled under my feet unnoticed."

Were those angels commissioned and endowed to bear glad tidings to ALL PEOPLE, that the Savior was born? I say that the choir of angels which sang that song, had full liberty, not only to tell the plan of salvation to chosen vessels of the Lord in one country, but also to another country—not only that the Savior