

a superior Being, who also created them.

Others will study astronomy, and they will tell us about the motion and velocity of the heavenly bodies and when eclipses of the sun or moon will take place. This is a beautiful study; but who gave these stars their revolutions, placed them in their present positions and controls them by his power, saying "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther!" Why the great God. But because men discover their distances and velocity, are they to be set down as profound philosophers whom everybody must admire, and almost worship.

A man invents the steam engine, and he and others immediately begin to expatiate and boast of his powers, his philosophy and the profundity of his intellectual acquirements. The Lord revealed it unto him, but he takes the glory to himself. Why, that power has always existed, but men were such big fools that they did not understand it. Electricity, too, always existed, but men did not know how to use it until recently. One man is an architect, and he comprehends the structure of buildings, the strength of materials, and how to adapt and place those materials so as to give strength, beauty, and symmetry to the buildings he erects. Others will study music, and others again various kinds of philosophy, and it is very good to understand these things; but when we get through what do they all amount to? What has become of the wisest philosopher, the most correct historian, the most formidable warrior, the greatest statesman or philosopher? All their wisdom and great discoveries amount to no more than feeble glimmerings of certain properties and operations of nature given by the great God in the organization of this earth, while they

themselves have returned to dust and become food for worms. Said one, whose conceptions of worldly greatness were very just, "When I am dead you will raise a tombstone over me, upon which you will write 'Here lies the great,'" said he, "If I could rise then, I would say, 'False marble where? Nothing but poor sordid dust lies there!'"

What is the history of all these things? Go back if you please to the pyramids of Egypt, and look at those magnificent structures raised by the ambitious living, in which to deposit the remains of the dead. Look at the greatest works ever executed by man, and what are they? Why the "cloud-clapped towers and the gorgeous palaces have dissolved," and the bodies of some of the greatest among men, who have been embalmed, and preserved for ages, are today being used for fuel in fire engines in order to move passenger trains on railroads. That is the end of all their greatness, philosophy, foresight, and intelligence. What does it all amount to if there is no hereafter? If there is nothing in those things with which we are associated and are grasping, there is certainly nothing in that which they have been seeking after. What difference will it make to me when my body is crumbling to dust and food for worms, whether mankind shall say I was a smart man or a fool? If there is no hereafter, the present is a matter of very little importance; and as one of old said, "let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die," for we are as the grass that withers and fades, and is cast into the oven, and there is no more of it.

I have as poor an idea of the world and its operations today as of any age that ever existed, on account of the wickedness, corruption, fraud, and iniquity everywhere prevalent;