

full.” Again—“*The children of thy elect sister greet thee.*” This ancient philosopher says they were both John’s wives. Paul says, “Mine answer to them that do examine me is this . . .

Have we not power to *lead about a sister, a wife, as well as other apostles*, and as the *brethren of the Lord, and Cephas*.” He, according to Celsus, had a numerous train of wives.

The grand reason of the burst of public sentiment in anathemas upon Christ and his disciples, causing his crucifixion, was evidently based upon polygamy, according to the testimony of the philosophers who rose in that age. A belief in the doctrine of a plurality of wives caused the persecution of Jesus and his followers. We might almost think they were “Mormons.”

But if you pass on in their history to seek for uniformity and beauty, you will find some grand flare-ups among them. Look, for instance, at Paul and Peter, disputing and quarrelling with each other; and Paul and Barnabas contending, and parting asunder with angry feelings. “When Peter came to Antioch,” says Paul, “I withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed,” etc. Paul does not gain much credit with the Mormons for taking this course. We know he had no right to rebuke Peter; but some man said he was like Almon Babbitt, *he wanted to boast of rebuking Peter*. He thought it was a feather in his cap because he coped with Peter and rebuked him. Had that affair come before a “Mormon” tribunal, they would have decided in favor of Peter and against Paul. We believe when Paul rebuked Peter, he had in him a spirit of rebellion, and was decidedly wrong in rebelling against the man who held the keys of the kingdom of God on the earth.

But I will proceed, and I wish you to understand that I am only just giving you a *rap* here and there; you

know spiritual rappings are quite common in this day.

If you will pass along in the days of the Apostles, after awhile you see them thrust into cauldrons of oil, crucified with their heads downwards, and persecuted in various ways until they became extinct. After awhile, you have the beauty, the sublimity of Catholicism. Look at the old mother, seated upon a scarlet-colored beast, boxing the ears of her daughters; and the Church of England in turn boxing the ears of the old mother, assisted by her other numerous offspring, and then mark the bitter contentions and bloody feuds among the children! O, have they not had a sublime time—a beautiful dish of suckertash. What a uniform course they have taken!

But are the inhabitants of the earth the only portion of nature that is not uniform? No.

Look at the bellowing earthquake, uprooting the mountains and precipitating them from their beds, and rending the rocks with violence, leaving the trembling earth in a state of horrible devastation; and then for men to teach me about the uniformity of nature’s course, and that man is the only being in nature that is uniform, is folly. Talk not to me about the uniformity of nature; where is it to be found upon this earth, among men, in the mountains, among the valleys, in the ocean, or among the streams that water the land.

Before you censure my views upon this subject, look at mother earth, at the ocean, at the rocks, at the planets that bespangle the blue vault of heaven; in short, at nature in all her works, which you will find stamped with the insignia of continual change. But pass on.

You look and you see the Church, as it were, driven from the earth; you see it left without a Prophet, without a Seer, without Apostles, and without the voice of inspira-