

term Latter Day Saint. I only need to say in reply to this question that there is not a church inside the whole religious arena but will admit that we are in the latter days. Therefore, if we are saints at all we are certainly not former day saints, but Latter Day Saints, so you see we are just about right so far as the name goes. "Gather my saints together unto me, those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice." It was then, it is now, a sacrifice to be a saint.

There Are Living Saints.

I know dozens of people in this audience that would like to be true Later Day Saints, but they lack the courage, they fear the persecution of the world. Hundreds of you believe that I am preaching the gospel, but you don't like to be called a Latter Day Saint. Thank God many of you have obeyed the gospel, and I am looking for the rest of you to come. There is a prevalent idea abroad that one should not be called a saint until after he is dead. My position is, that if he is not fit to be a saint while he is alive, lying in the ground a few weeks, months, or years, will not make him any better. This old idea of burial people at the stake to-day and cannonizing them three hundred years hence is played out. Dying does not make a man any better. A number of years ago I was preaching in a Canadian city when one of the papers took occasion to abuse Sir John A. Macdonald. He was described as a man guilty of almost everything that was bad. A few days later, Sir John A. died, and that same editor's page was crowded with good things, John A. being made to appear as one of the best of men. I met the editor one day, and in a chat I chanced to make this remark; I was not personally acquainted with Sir John A. Macdonald, but I know this—either you were a liar last week or you are this week. The idea of abusing people when they are alive and then saying good things about them when they are dead is absolutely disgusting. This world is cold and cruel enough without our adding to the measure, and it will not hurt us to be good to people while they are living. There is sorrow and misery enough in this world without our adding to it by an unkind word or an unkind act that we cannot recall. The old idea that you must wait until the coffin lid is closed to show your appreciation of a person should be relegated to the past. In the language of another, let me say:

Spare not your kisses for my dead cold brow,
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
The tenderness for which I sigh to-night.

I confess to you to-night that under this little picture I have drawn I feel ashamed of all the unkind words I have spoken, and would like to recall them. No man who spoke an unkind word a year ago, if he would acknowledge the promptings of his better self to-night, but would own up that he was sorry for it, no matter what satisfaction it gave him at the time; no matter what provocation on the part of the other person, in his better self he is sorry to-night for all past unkindness.

Reunion Beyond the Grave.

Now to my text: "Gather my saints together unto me, those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice." Where are the saints to be gathered. We don't have to go to the Bible for the hope of immortality, it has ebbed and flowed in the human soul ever since the lips of love have kissed the pulseless form of a loved one gone. You go to the red man of the forest. He believes in a happy hunting ground, where he will meet with his fathers, where the pale face shall neither mar nor make