

ripen, though the buckwheat would have ripened, perhaps, had it been properly taken care of; some other grains also would have come to maturity, so as to have assisted a small colony to live here; they, however, lived; how? Shall I say by faith? Yes, partially so; for had they not had faith, they certainly never would have come to this place: it is the faith of the Latter-day Saints that brought them here.

There is a very mysterious principle that abides with this people; it is a mystery, and one of the greatest mysteries to the inhabitants of the earth that have been made acquainted by history, or by personal knowledge, with this people. And what makes it more singular, say they, by all our calculations we cannot conceive of it; it is so mysterious that it absolutely amounts to a miracle. What is this great mystery? It is that these Latter-day Saints are of one heart, and of one mind.

To Saint and sinner, believer and unbeliever, I wish here to offer one word of advice and counsel, by revealing the mystery that abides with this people called Latter-day Saints; it is the Spirit of the living God that leads them; it is the Spirit of the Almighty that binds them together; it is the influence of the Holy Ghost that makes them love each other like little children; it is the spirit of Jesus Christ that makes them willing to lay down their lives for the cause of Truth; and it was that same Spirit that caused Joseph our martyred Prophet to lay down his life for the testimony of what the Lord revealed to him. This mystery, the great mystery of "Mormonism," is, that the Spirit of the Lord binds the hearts of the people together. Let the world look at it. This I say by way of exhortation, if you please. Let the inhabitants of the earth gaze upon this people, this wondrous people, for a magic power

attends them; something mysterious hangs around them. What is it? It is not magnetism; it is something more wonderful; those that are present this day may truly say it is wonderful in the extreme. Who gives me power, that "at the pointing of my finger," the hosts of Israel move, and at my request the inhabitants of this great Territory are displaced: at my command they are here? Who gives me that power? Let the world inquire. It is the God of heaven: it is the Spirit of the Holy Gospel; it is not of myself; it is the Lord Jesus Christ, trying to save the inhabitants of the earth.

The people are here; they endure. Did they bring their bread with them? No. Did they bring their meat with them? No. Did they bring that that sustained them until they raised it from the earth? They could not do it, for they were obliged to bring tools, ploughs, drag-chains, &c.; they were obliged to bring their wives and children in their wagons; five, and six, and eight, and in some wagons ten, people would get huddled together, to drive a thousand miles from all sustenance, and there plant themselves in the wilderness, where nothing met the eye but snowy peaks, and parched vales; and trust in the God of Israel to sustain them. Let the world ask the question—would the Methodists thus run the hazard of losing their lives for their religion? Would the Presbyterians, the Baptists, the Quakers, or their old mother, the Roman Catholic church, run the same risk? Would she venture thus in the wilderness? No. It is not very common to find a whole people on the earth, as in the case of the Latter-day Saints, who would do it; though single individuals might be found so enthusiastic as to sacrifice their lives, and run into a lion's den, in proof of their faith in their religion. But where are the tens of thou-