

of men who frequent our law shops, and every other wicked hole they can get into; can they discern the difference between those who love the law of God and those who despise it? No. The vilest sinner on the earth who will come with a bland countenance, using the airs that belong to the etiquette of the day, you receive as a very fine man, a beautiful gentleman. Do you not know that you need the Spirit of the Almighty to look through a man and discern what is in his heart, while his face smiles upon you and his words flow as smoothly as oil? If you had the power of God upon you, you might see the sword lurking within him, and that, if he had the power, he would plunge it in your heart and destroy you from the earth. I meet many such men in these streets, and in the houses round about.

Do you not know that Jesus told the truth when he said, "They that are not for us are against us?" A great many have our patronage and influence, benefit by our forbearance, and enrich themselves with our cash, but when that is gone, what shall we hear next? "Wipe them from the earth, put them out of existence and let the earth not be infested with them any longer, for they have no money, no influence for us now; they cannot patronize and promote us, therefore destroy them from the earth." That is the spirit of the devil which reigns in every man who is not a Saint at heart. This wicked principle may lay dormant, to all appearance, year after year, lurking in the flesh, until it increases to such a degree that the flesh has overcome the spirit of light which God implanted in them, when it exhibits itself, and then the cry is, "Destroy the Apostles of Jesus and every one of his true followers; root out that clan which will destroy us unless we destroy them; root them out, that we be no more pestered with them."

Suppose one of my brethren had a large family connection, had many brothers and sisters near and dear to him, as near his feelings as a child is to its father's or mother's, and that this blood connection, embracing all the friends he had upon earth, should, on a night so dark that they could not see one inch before their eyes, mount their horses, put spurs to them, and start at the top of their speed, on a road that neither they nor their horses had ever traveled one inch upon, would he not cry at the top of his voice, "Where are you going?" Would he not say, "You are riding in the dark and on a road which you do not know?" They might put spurs in their horses and reply, "We will perform the journey." You are the individuals I am referring to. Let anyone see people hastening to the brink of an awful precipice, hundreds of feet in depth, and before they are aware of it, about to leap into the abyss, what feelings would move the individual looking upon such a sight? Would he not wish to take them by the hair of their heads, if they would not stop, and save them if possible?

So I feel about you. I feel like taking men and women by the hair of their heads, figuratively speaking, and slinging them miles and miles, and like crying, stop, before you ruin yourselves! But I have not the power to do this; I can talk to you a little and can beseech you to stop your mad career, and can ask your Father in heaven to give you the light of His Spirit, and when you receive that you will find every word that I said last Sabbath to be true. There are men here, by the score, who do not know their right hands from their left, so far as the principle of justice is concerned. Does our High Council? No, for they will let men throw dust in their eyes, until you cannot find the hundredth millionth part of an ounce of common sense in them. You may