

unless you hurt yourselves. If we live our religion we shall prosper, and if we live in the neglect of our duty, and continue to do so, as many do, there will be tribulation and anguish here, and the chastening hand of the Almighty will be on this people, more so than it has ever been. If I could stand here and talk to you without advancing these ideas, I would endeavor to do so, and would be very much pleased if there was no occasion for rebuke. It would delight me to be able to preach all the time upon the glories of Zion, that Zion prospers, that we are all in the straight and narrow way, that all feel fully engaged in building up the kingdom of God, and that every man, woman, and child is doing right, but such is not the case. If I could prevail upon the people to so lay instruction to heart, that they would repent of their sins and refrain from them, that they would forsake their hardheartedness and follies, I should be thankful indeed.

I need not go into particulars in explaining the feelings of this people, for they are too well known. We see them exhibited in our temporal management, and in our transactions one with another. Some you see walking uprightly, and again you may see the honest suffering, and but few ready to extend the hand of charity to relieve them, while the dishonest who have followed this people, we will say, for the loaves and fishes, are begging, and their children also, from morning until night and hoarding up more than they can possibly consume. We see these different dispositions, yet we all are known under the appellation of Saints, we are all brethren and sisters in the Church of Christ.

There is a disposition in many of the brethren like this, "I want to consecrate all I have to the Church, and I will not reserve anything to myself." Very well, there are blank

deeds in the Office, fill one out, if you wish, but do as you please about it. "I really feel as though it would be a great privilege to give everything I possess to the Church." What have you got? "O, I have a five-acre lot." What is it worth? "Well, I don't know; it is full of saleratus and greasewood." Such characters are so loving and kind, and will say, "Now, brother Brigham, I feel better than I ever felt in my life, I feel happy that I am in the kingdom of God with all that I have; I have dedicated everything I have. Brother Brigham, do you think I can have a house and lot?" They do not talk so loud as I am now talking, they whisper in my ear: "Could you let me have a yoke of oxen, or a span of horses and a wagon, or twenty bushels of wheat," &c., &c.? If I were to hearken to one-third of such calls, these characters would drain our means to that degree, that the Church would never have the first sixpence, from this time forth to the day of judgment, with which to carry on this work. There is not one-third enough paid in tithing by this great people, to answer the calls of hypocrites and ungodly persons.

Are all hypocrites? No, but if you see honest persons, you see those who are ready to take hold and labor with their might, even though they have but one potato in a day; they will suffer rather than impoverish the Church.

I will relate a circumstance that transpired lately. I think it was last Tuesday or Wednesday night, as I was sitting in one of my houses, about nine o'clock in the evening, that a little boy, some nine or ten years of age, came along. As soon as he came to the door he began a story, but in such a manner that I could not understand him. I called him near to me, and desired him to relate his story again. He commenced by telling about his father's dying with the cholera on the