

like blessing, and not that we read of their enjoyment. We rejoice that our God lives, that Jesus Christ His Son lives, and that the gifts and blessings are bestowed upon us.

It is generally admitted that it is natural for parents to love their young children as well as the older ones, and if there be any difference, they will love the youngest ones a little the most, for they sometimes have to be more severe with the older ones.

But the world reverse this doctrine with regard to the Almighty, for they make God love Adam, Abraham, and the ancients, but when it comes down to the present time their wonderful, peace-making religion makes them rejoice that their older brethren and sisters had rich dinners and suppers, and that they had feasted on the good things of heaven, but that our father is so unmerciful in our day that we have to eat husks.

According to the doctrine of our religious friends, we have to rejoice that the ancients enjoyed the rich blessings of our Father, and that He will not give us anything but the history thereof. (President B. Young: And the chaff.)

Such a course is not as consistent as that of the devil, for he treats his first children in a certain way, and then he treats all the others in much the same way; he treats everybody about alike.

Have we not a right to receive those blessings that were enjoyed by our elder brethren? If the devil tempts and tries everybody, and if the young children have to be tried, why not the young be blest like the old children?

I am aware that the Latter-day Saints require a great deal of preaching, and some of that, too, on subjects very easy of comprehension; I will tell you what I said to one of our home missionaries a few days ago, and I said the same to one of the brethren

from Grantsville, when speaking to him about the petty wrangling there.

They wanted a new local President and a new local Bishop, they wanted this, that, and the other, and wished to know what we had to say. I remarked, if you wish to know what I have to say, I will tell you.

Said I, if an angel of God should come to that village, he would say to its inhabitants, "Repent and wash your bodies, repent and clean up your dooryards, repent and cleanse your outhouses," all of which I seriously think that they have very much need to do.

After they have actually cleansed themselves and commenced doing right, and have cleansed their locality, I presume that then an angel, or a man of God, might tell them what further to do.

I actually suppose that in the instructions which an angel of God would give, the very first lesson would be to teach cleanliness to the filthy, and then instruct them to keep themselves cleanly all the time. This is what our President is frequently teaching you; and yet you may go into some parts of this city, and you would actually think that Provo River affords no more water than would suffice for cleansing them.

I like a place constantly kept clean, and that must be so to satisfy me, I not only want the history of a people's being clean, and of their having cleansed up their dooryards, outbuildings, and grounds, but I want them to do it.

We have preached cleanliness at Fillmore, last winter; and when I went there lately I was pleased to see that they had made some little improvement.

But there is still by far too much carelessness in this matter, and some people seem to love to live amidst filth, and to snuff its nauseous and unhealthy odors, when it would be