

and teach, and no man tell him anything?

We have missionaries who go out to different parts of this Territory, and over the earth, gaining experience and information, but can we get them up here to tell us one single thing they know? No, unless you take them by the back of the neck, and the seat of their pantaloons and haul them in sight, making them squeal like a "possum cat," before you can get anything out of them.

We want you to impart what you know, if you have the light of God, or any information about heaven, earth, or hell. We want you to furnish your share to the fund of information, and not cry, all the day long, give, give, give, without imparting anything to the giver. We want the Twelve, when they are full of the Holy Ghost, to come up and bless us. And if any of you know how to make a good goose yoke, a hog yoke, a good jack-knife, or anything else that is valuable, do not put your hands on your mouths and cry mum.

If you know how to raise wheat, potatoes, or anything else, impart your knowledge, that the light in you may not be hid under a bushel. It is so with almost every person in the Church; if they have light they keep it under a bed, or under a bushel; they keep it locked up within their bosoms, and we cannot get it out.

If a man knows anything valuable, we want him to impart his knowledge. We want the President of the Seventies, brother Joseph Young, about us; we do not want him to go on the hill where Lorenzo lived, but we want him to live in the city near brother Brigham, because, if he does not, he will die. Some of brother Joseph's Council want to wander off, saying that brother Brigham says they may go. Why? Because they want to. If the light of God was in them, and the gift of the Holy Ghost, they

would know that their place is at headquarters. We want such men to come and be one with the Prophet, and believe and understand for themselves.

If you offend your brother, you have to make reconciliation. You might as well baptize a dog, as baptize a man or woman who will not make reconciliation for the offenses they have committed. Some women will say, "What is the difference, suppose I offend my husband, if I can only lie to brother Brigham, and tell him a first-rate tale, and make out that my husband is a poor curse? I will get as many blessings as I want from brother Brigham, and from others that I can make believe that I am a good woman."

I may not have used their words exactly, but those words portray their practices. That woman who offends her husband, if he has on him the power of the Priesthood and does right, I would not give a groat for all the blessings she will get from the Holy Ghost. You may as well baptize a dog, or a skunk, as such a woman, until she makes reconciliation with that man of God whom she has offended.

I sometimes talk about the old stereotyped edition of "Mormons." Is it that I do not love our old fathers in Israel? No, for I know their labors, toils, and anxiety, and I love them; but many of them feel that they have done enough. Men have to be rewarded according to their works; if a man ceases to work, there is no more blessings for him. He is lariatted out, as Orson Pratt lariatted out the Gods in his theory; his circle is as far as the string extends. My God is not lariatted out.

I do not want the old men to grow dull. Was father Adam dull in his old age, when he blessed his children, and predicted what would befall them down to the latest generation? Will