

that of a devil; and that is one reason why we are exhorting the people all the time to obtain the spirit of revelation, that they may know whether they are right themselves or not, and whether their neighbors are right or not; and that when truth is presented to them they can partake of it and receive it with a keen appetite, as food which their spirits rejoice in; and that when evil is presented they can detect it. But there are so many who profess to be Saints that live beneath their privileges, that it becomes a constant task on me and others to plead with the people to repent, to forsake their heart wanderings, and return to the Lord their God, and seek His face and favor, and never stop until they get the spirit of revelation within them, that they may know for themselves who are gentlemen and ladies, who are angels or devils; and know and understand the truth from error, light from darkness, and be able to detect every deception and every deceptive character. How long shall we labor? We will labor on until we are worn out.

I am exceedingly thankful that the excessive labors that have been upon me are not on me now as they have been. The spirit of reformation has taken hold on the people; it has kindled the fire of the Almighty in Mount Zion to burn out many of the ungodly that could not stand it, and they have fled. I feel happy; it is a rest to me. I feel as though I should endure yet for many years. But the labor that has been upon me in observing the groveling backwardness of many of the Latter-day Saints, to see where they were going, was indeed hard to be endured. It is not long since many of our Bishops and other leading men in this community could not tell a Saint from a devil. Do you not suppose that that danger is before me all the time? But within the last six months, comparatively a

hundred tons of care and anxiety have been removed from my shoulders; and I hope that this fire will continue to burn among this people until those poor, miserable curses—those poor, miserable gentlemen, shall all leave us. I pray that the fire of God may burn them out. I pray for this continually.

There are few men who, like myself, feel the burden of this; but take the mass of the community, and it is, "How do you do, Mr. Devil?" And for a pound of tea, or a pint of whiskey, it seems that many might be bought. And when a "Mormon" undertakes to sell goods here, many of the people think that he ought to give them away, or sell to them upon credit, which they never try to cancel. And if the "Mormon" merchant deals upon a business principle, the people will flock to the Gentile stores, where they will trust them. Why will they trust them? Because they know that they will get their pay. I know of men bearing the character of Latter-day Saints, who, because a "Mormon" dealer would not let his goods go out of the store without pay, or a good prospect of pay, would go to the Gentile stores and get trusted, and then say, "O what a good man that Gentile is!" while, at the same time, he is as full of hell as an egg is full of meat, and all he wants is a chance to spew it out. They will meet you with bland expressions, with soft silky hands, and velvet lips, and will blarney around you; but let a mob come, and they are ready to point out their victims here and there, and be glad to see us destroyed.

Those whom the Government sends here are a most miserable set; and, as a general thing, they do know enough to tell a decent lie. But this is not altogether to be wondered at, for they are under the same difficulty as we are sometimes: it is hard for them to tell a man who has got