

to; but, in the usual mode of storing it, you have got to stir it, move it, remove it, and turn it over, or it will spoil. It is just so with this people; they have had to be moved and removed from place to place, to prevent them from getting into dotage.

I would not be afraid to promise a man who is sixty years of age, if he will take the counsel of brother Brigham and his brethren, that he will renew his age. I have noticed that a man who has but one wife, and is inclined to that doctrine, soon begins to wither and dry up, while a man who goes into plurality looks fresh, young, and sprightly. Why is this? Because God loves that man, and because he honors His work and word. Some of you may not believe this; but I not only believe it—I also know it. For a man of God to be confined to one woman is small business; for it is as much as we can do now to keep up under the burdens we have to carry; and I do not know what we should do if we had only one wife apiece.

Let us go to work and cultivate the earth, and go into the fields, and bless the land, and dedicate and consecrate it to God; and then dedicate the seed, the implements, and the horses, and oxen. Do you suppose that that will have any effect? I know that it will. Nearly twenty years ago, I was in a place in England in which I felt very curious; but I did not know at the time what it meant. I went through a town called Chadburn, beyond Clithero. Before I went there, some persons told me that there was no use in my going, and asked me what I wanted to go to Chadburn for, saying it was the worst place in the country; for the sectarian priests had preached there faithfully thirty years without making any impression. Notwithstanding that, I went, and preached once, and baptized twenty-five persons, where the priests had not been able to do a thing.

I went through the streets of that town feeling as I never before felt in my life. My hair would rise on my head as I walked through the streets, and I did not then know what was the matter with me. I pulled off my hat, and felt that I wanted to pull off my shoes, and I did not know what to think of it.

When I returned, I mentioned the circumstance to brother Joseph, who said, "Did you not understand it? That is a place where some of the old Prophets traveled and dedicated that land, and their blessing fell upon you." Then try it, and see if it will not leave a blessing for us to dedicate our lands. If you think that it will not, never bring another bottle of oil and ask us to dedicate and consecrate it for the benefit of the sick. I know that we can bless the land, and that through our blessing it will be filled with the Spirit and power of God; and that, too, in great profusion, especially if we are filled with that Spirit ourselves. Some may call me enthusiastic; but I am no more so than the old Prophets were when they had the Spirit of God upon them.

Let us bless the land we cultivate and the fountains of water, and they will be blessed, and then men may drink of those waters, and they will fill them with the Spirit and power of God. Let us bless and dedicate the fountains of life that are in us, in our wives and children, and in everything else around us. Can the Spirit of God enter a stone, or one of those posts? Yes; and it can fill every pore as well as it can every pore in my body. Can it enter into my pores? Yes, even into my hair; and it can also enter my bones and quicken every limb, joint, and fiber.

Let us not dispose of any grain, only what is actually necessary. When it is actually necessary to part with any grain, let us put it into the right hands. If I have any to part with, I