

could think of, bade them farewell, and came away.

I will here mention one thing that brother Knight told me. He said that he had made an exploration from there to the point on the old California Road called the Beaver Dam, to find a way for a road, and had found a good chance for one. To make a road in the direction explored would only require the labor of ten men with teams for two days, and then this road will pass the Cotton Farm and intersect the present California Road at Coal Creek, by way of Harmony from Cotton Creek.

I came to Harmony and preached there, and then came on to Coal Creek and preached there, as has been my custom whenever I have traveled that way for several years past. At the last named place we waited on our train, which came in some two or three days subsequent to our arrival. I found the brethren there laboring to make iron. They were putting up the engine, and they confidently asserted that there would be iron made there, and that, too, of a quality that will meet the wants of the people.

From Coal Creek I passed over to Parowan and preached to the people there, and found the good Spirit among and with them.

We had no particular bad luck, that I know of, on the way, except that brother Rich's family were afflicted, and one of his children died. This was all the ill luck that befell us up to the time I left camp a week ago yesterday. When the mail overtook us, I got into the wagon and rode with the mail, which I supposed would be a slight relief from the mode of traveling which I had practiced while with the train. I traveled with the mail until I arrived

in this city, which was on last Wednesday evening; since which time I have been resting.

As I said when I arose, I do not feel like preaching; but I would simply ask you, as a part of Father's family, Does our courage increase? Does our valour increase, so that we can live for the truth—for our religion? It is a common thing with the world for them to be complimented for their bravery. And this matter of dying for the truth—dying for a man's opinions—is a common thing. Men have died for their opinions when those opinions were erroneous; but if it is truth that men die for, it is all the better. But it occurs to me that it is better for us to live our religion, and let the dying take care of itself; for I find that it is a very easy matter for an individual to die. Men can with much less faith and less trouble of life place themselves in a position to get killed than to so purify themselves, their actions, and by regulating themselves by the truth and actually to live their religion in the legitimate spirit of the Gospel.

This is what I consider to be the greatest, the noblest thing for the Saints to do. It is this that has brought all the joy to my mind—that has fixed the principles of the Gospel upon my mind; it is this that has brought all the blessings that I have realized since I embraced the Gospel; and it is this that enables me to enjoy the Spirit as I get along through the world: and I feel that it is good for me to continue to enjoy this Spirit. And that we may all be so happy and so blest as to keep this constantly and unceasingly in view, that we may be saved eternally in our Father's kingdom, is my prayer. Amen.