

generally denominated the King's English, fails to tell the extremes of folly, wickedness, corruption, and degradation that brought this war on. Tongue cannot tell it, the language we speak has not got words enough to describe it accurately. Friends and brothers are killing each other. It actually seems as though the vengeance of God was poured out upon them, and every time that either party suffer a defeat that party is filled with increased rage and vengeance, and they thirst for each other's blood. Such are the facts in the case.

The Prophet said the Lord was about to sweep the earth with the besom of destruction, and in that day the wicked would slay the wicked. I cannot tell how fast things will go, but I feel astonished when I see how the work has progressed since its commencement in the year 1830. You go into a corn field where the stalks grow too rapidly and you find them weak, and a very slight wind will break them down. You look at the progress of nations when they grow too rapidly, you will perceive that they immediately fall to pieces. It was so with the Mahomedan empire; it swelled in eighty years from a solitary wanderer to an empire constituting about a third part of the then inhabited globe. It is not so with us. This people is rising gradually. You can find men who have gone forth and baptized their hundreds, but few who have baptized their thousands, and if all the numbers that have been baptized into this Church since its first organization were added together I do not suppose that there would be less than a million, and but few of these have remained to the present time, the rest have built up cities for the Gentiles, and have populated such towns as St. Louis, San Francisco, and in fact almost all of the cities of California and the Western States. The rest

are still laboring to build up Zion, to spread abroad the fulness of the everlasting Gospel and to save all who will give heed to its teachings and the dictates of the Holy Spirit, while those who cannot "bear the sieve of vanity" are occasionally leaving the Church and going again to wallow in the wickedness of the world. There is now and then, one will go off and come back again, and they profess to be good brethren. They put me in mind of an anecdote. A wealthy parishioner sent his negro servant Jack to carry a sucking pig to his parson as a present for a Christmas roast, while on his way, Cuffy was called into a public house by one of his comrades to have a drink, and while quaffing his ale, some of his mischievous friends took the pig out of the basket and placed a puppy in its stead; Cuffy then went on his way and presented the basket to the parson, saying, "Sir, massa has sent you a present of a fine pig for a Christmas roast," the rev. gentleman pleased with the prospect of a fine dinner, looked in the basket, and exclaimed, "pig, you black rascal, it is a puppy; tell your master not to insult me by sending me a puppy." Cuffy, on his return home, called at the ale house for another glass, when his comrades slyly exchanged the pig for the puppy: when Jack got home, his master said, "what did the parson say for the fine present I sent him?" "Parson said the pig was a puppy, that you insult him to send him a puppy." "Bring the basket to me." He opened it, and exclaimed, "it is a pig, you black villain." Cuffy in astonishment, and unable to account for what he saw, cried out, "Massa, I believe he can be a pig or a puppy just as he likes." This is just the character of those men that act in this way, they can be pigs or puppies, Saints or apostates, just as they like, and I do feel that if such men will