

when I am in their midst, that I am in the midst of the people of God and my friends, whose faith is in common with, and whose desires to a great extent are the same as my own. I feel that I am in the midst of those who are praying to the same God, desiring the accomplishment of the same purposes and objects, and who are ever willing to lend their faith and prayers for the assistance of those who are called upon to officiate in the ministry, and who are not looking for a fault nor seeking to make one an offender for a word, but whose feelings are drawn out after the truth, and who desire to hear words that will be comforting, instructing and beneficial to us all. Why under these circumstances, one should feel embarrassed to rise up here is a little singular to me, and always has been. But it is so, unless he who speaks is filled with the Spirit of the Lord to such an extent that he cares for nothing but God and his approval.

I suppose that this embarrassment is, to some extent, owing to false notions—to pride, perhaps, and to feelings that are more or less common to us all, though not founded upon any correct principle. Why should we fear one another? Why should we fear to discharge the duties devolving upon us as the servants and people of God, under any circumstances or in any place? Why should we fear to stand up and speak the truth, although aware of our weakness and feeling our dependence on God? Have we not the promise that God will give us strength according to our day, and that he will help those who desire it to accomplish all the good that is in their hearts? God has made this promise, and it is our duty to go forward and engage in the work he requires of us, fearlessly and with a determination to carry it

out regardless of man. God being our helper.

I have felt this way when traveling in the world, perhaps more so than it would be possible for me to feel here; for when one is thrown upon his own resources, or I may say upon God for assistance, he realizes that he has but few friends; he lives nearer to God, exercises more faith, is more diligent in prayer, and is, therefore, more alive to the duties devolving upon him than when associating in the midst of his friends. I have often reflected why I should tremble and fear to stand before the Saints, the Prophet, or the Apostles, and let them hear my voice, or to give expression to my thoughts. Again, I have thought was there anything in me, any secret feelings that were not right, or that I feared were not right, and for expressing which I would be censured; and even were this the case, how foundationless is such a fear, for were there any thoughts and reflections within me not of God, or not true, why should I be fearful to express them where they might be corrected? Would it not be better to express them and have them corrected, than to harbor, cling to, and reason upon them until I convinced myself that they were right, when to have them corrected would perhaps prove a very great trial to me, if not my overthrow.

When I look at and think of myself I do not know that I now entertain or have ever entertained a thought which I would be ashamed of my friends or the servants of God knowing. I desire so to live continually that my thoughts and feelings may be right before God, that my heart may be pure and open to the influences and dictations of the Holy Spirit, that I may be led wholly by the truth, and in the path that leads to eternal life. These should