

by the Urim and Thummim. He sent forth His angel from heaven, clothed in brightness and glory, to chosen witnesses, commanding them to declare to all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people, that this precious book was a divine revelation. How great, then, is the importance of this work!

It was a very interesting period of my life, when but nineteen years of age, to visit the place where this Church was organized—the room of old father Whitmer—where the Lord spoke to His servant Joseph and others, as printed in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants. In that same room a revelation, through the prophet Joseph, was given to me, November 4th, 1830, which is also printed. That house will, no doubt, be celebrated for ages to come, as the one chosen by the Lord in which to make known the first elements of the organization of His Kingdom in the latter days.

But there are many wonderful things connected with this dispensation—not only in the manifestations of the Spirit of God to His servants, in the many revelations that were given to individuals, in healing the sick, in casting out devils, in restoring the blind to their sight, in making the deaf to hear, and in causing the lame man to leap as a hart—but what is still more wonderful, the gathering of the people from distant nations. It is a wonder to me to look upon the great sea of faces now before me in this bowery. Twenty years ago on the twenty-first day of July, I stood solitary and alone on this great city plot, near the place where now stands bishop Hunter's house, being the first man of the Latter-day Saints that ever stood on this ground: this was in the afternoon of the twenty-first day of July, 1847. Brother Erastus Snow entered the valley with me in the

afternoon. We traveled down to the southeast of the city. Br. Erastus lost his coat off his horse, and went back to hunt it up, and told me if I wanted to look over the country he would wait for me at the mouth of what we now call Emigration Canyon. I started from where we parted, and came up and stood on the bank of City Creek. I gazed on the surrounding scenery with peculiar feelings in my heart. I felt as though it was the place for which we had so long sought. Brother Brigham had requested me to proceed on and search out the road. Several of the brethren had been taken sick at Yellow Creek, and they appointed me and a small company to go on and see if we could find anything of Salt Lake Valley or a country suitable for a location. What did I see when I came into this valley? I saw some few green bushes on yonder bench, but saw but little life throughout the valley, except a certain insect that was afterwards called a cricket. I saw them cropping the few isolated bushes, and gnawing everything green around them. The land on yonder bench was all parched up, and the soil, as we went down still further, also dry and baked; but as we neared the waters we could see there was a little moisture round the banks. It was really a solitary place, and is well described by the prophet David in the 107th Psalm. He exclaims in this beautiful language: "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever. Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hands of the enemy; And gathered them out of the lands, from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south." But David describes the country to which this people were to be gathered. He calls it a dreary desolate land.