

themselves to the standard of the Gospel, they are content to descend to the level of the wicked and corrupt. Many of the Elders of Israel who have responsibilities resting upon them, with which they will find they cannot trifle with impunity, are taking this course all the time. What wonder, then, that the Spirit of the Lord is grieved? What wonder that the Latter-day Saints need to be preached to continually? It is no wonder to me when I contemplate the condition of the people of these valleys, and especially Salt Lake City, Ogden, and our cities contiguous to the railways.

What is to become of us, if we are to give way to every temptation, and ape every poor skunk that comes from the world? I mean those who do not regard themselves as gentlemen; I do not mean men who profess to be gentlemen and who carry out their professions, and there are many such in the world. I now have reference to that class who do not scruple to do any mean thing to serve their purposes or gratify their desires. Some of us, I regret to say, feel to follow their examples in our dealings, habits, and customs. What will God do with us? What are we worth? What will we come to? What will God Almighty make of us? What kind of an exaltation, glory and reward will we gain if this is the height of our ambition and the strength of our morality, integrity, and stamina in the cause of Jesus Christ? It will be said to such, "Depart from me, ye cursed, I never knew you." "What, Lord, never knew me? Why, I am Elder B—. I lived at Ogden, or Salt Lake City, and associated with Thy servant Brigham, with the Apostles, and with the Elders of the Church. I bore the Holy Priesthood; I have healed the sick by the laying on of hands;

I have cast out devils in Thy name, and you don't know me?" "No, I don't know you; depart from me, ye cursed." "Why?" "Because you are a hypocrite, a liar, a sophist, a poor, weak, miserable creature, who didn't live near to God and had not strength to overcome the follies and weaknesses of your own nature, but were ready and willing to fall right into the habits and follies of the people from the midst of whom you were gathered that you might escape their plagues and the destruction to which they were doomed."

I would not give much for a man that could not be a Latter-day Saint in one place as well as another. If a man cannot be a Latter-day Saint in the mountains, canyons and fields, or in the midst of strangers, as well as at home under the droppings of the sanctuary in the midst of his brethren, he has not got the pure metal in him, and the time will come when he will be tried and will fall, just as sure as he lives. I want to see men live their religion everywhere, and while performing every kind of labor. The idea is quite prevalent with a certain class of Latter-day Saints, that if they engage in mining they must adopt all the habits of the miner—they must swear a little, swagger a great deal, drink liquor, tea, and coffee, because they are in the mountains mining, as was the case at our drill to some extent. For the first two or three meals the tea or coffee was scarcely thought of; but before the camp broke up I noticed several good brethren who never missed having tea or coffee at their meals, and they endeavored to justify themselves because they were on a campaign. I enjoyed my cup of cold water while there, and had as good health as any of them. I don't believe that wrong is right anywhere. God has said it is wrong to take hot