

REWARDS ACCORDING TO WORKS—TITHING.

DISCOURSE BY PRESIDENT ORSON HYDE, DELIVERED IN THE 14TH WARD ASSEMBLY ROOMS, SALT LAKE CITY, SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 19, 1873.

REPORTED BY DAVID W. EVANS.

It is some time since I had the pleasure of meeting with the Saints in the Fourteenth Ward of Salt Lake City. I only regret, this afternoon, a severe cold that I have taken since I arrived in the city, which, I fear may disqualify me, at least in part, from doing justice to any subject that may engage my attention.

I discern but a small portion of the people of this ward collected together on the present occasion. I do not express myself thus with the idea of finding fault with them for their nonattendance at meeting. I only wonder how so many of you were enabled to come together at this time and I almost wonder how I got here myself without being stuck in the mud. However, we are here to wait upon the Lord, that we may renew our strength, and certainly in these times of wonders we have as much occasion for food adapted to our immortal spirits, to strengthen and invigorate them, as we have for food to nourish and strengthen the body. We may be more sensible of the want of food for the body than we are of the want of food for the mind, but still a lack of the latter preys upon the interior man as much as a lack of the former disqualifies us for the discharge of those arduous duties which pertain to our mortal organization.

I hardly know, my brethren and sisters what to speak to you about this afternoon. I have no sermon prepared, and I do not know that I should have prepared one if I had had time, for a discourse delivered by any individual that is not the outburst of inspiration by a higher power cannot be productive of any lasting good, though good moral principles may be set forth, and that too in an engaging and interesting point of light.

In the course of my life I have traveled over a considerable portion of the world, and have had opportunities to mark the different customs, fashions and styles of people, and not only people, but the different styles of architecture which prevail among them—every variety which the mind is capable of imagining, from the princely mansion down to the meanest hovel. I have found that all classes have some kind of shelter or home. It is rarely that I have met with one who has said to me, "I have no home, no shelter, nowhere to go." Even the insects and most of the wild animals have some kind of refuge, some place to flee to in the time of storm. Our Utes who roam over the mountains here have their wickiups, not very desirable to us, but they serve them a purpose—they shield, or at least partially shield,