

living, thinking, active agents; we have only been taught that they are dead!

Shall I speak my feelings, that I had on yesterday, while we were laying those Corner Stones of the Temple? Yes, I will utter them, if I can.

It was not with my eyes, not with the power of actual vision, but by my intellect, by the natural faculties inherent in man, by the exercise of my reason, upon known principles, or by the power of the Spirit, that it appeared to me that Joseph Smith, and his associate spirits, the Latter-day Saints, hovered about us on the brink of that foundation, and with them all the angels and spirits from the other world, that might be permitted, or that were not too busy elsewhere.

Why should I think so? In the first place, what else on this earth have they to be interested about? Where would their eyes be turned, in the wide earth, if not centered here? Where would their hearts and affections be, if they cast a look or a thought towards the dark speck in the heavens which we inhabit, unless to the people of these valleys and mountains? Are there others who have the keys for the redemption of the dead? Is anyone else preparing a sanctuary for the holy conversation and ministrations pertaining to *their* exaltation? No, verily. No other people have opened their hearts to conceive ideas so grand. No other people have their sympathies drawn out to such an extent towards the fathers.

No. If you go from this people, to hear the doctrines of others, you will hear the doleful sayings—*“As the tree falls, so it lyeth. As death leaves you, so judgment will find you. There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge in the grave, etc., etc. There is no change after death, but you are fixed, irretrievably fixed, for all eternity. The moment the breath leaves*

*the body, you must go to an extreme of heaven or of hell, there to rejoice with Peter on thrones of power in the presence of Jesus Christ in the third heavens, or, on the other hand, to roll in the flames of hell with murderers and devils.”* Such are the doctrines of our sectarian brethren, who profess to believe in Christ, but who know not the mysteries of godliness, and the boundless resources of eternal charity, and of that mercy which endureth forever.

It is here, that the spirit world would look with an intense interest, it is here that the nations of the dead, if I may so call them, would concentrate their hopes of ministration on the earth in their behalf. It is here that the countless millions of the spirit world would look for the ordinances of redemption, so far as they have been enlightened by the preaching of the Gospel, since the keys of the former dispensation were taken away from the earth.

Why? If they looked upon the earth at all, it would be upon those Corner Stones which we laid yesterday; if they listened at all, it would be to hear the sounds of voices and instruments, and the blending of sacred and martial music in honor of the commencement of a temple for the redemption of the dead. With what intensity of interest did they listen to the songs of Zion, and witness the feelings of their friends. They were glad to behold the glittering bayonets of the guards around the temple ground, and they longed for the day when there would be a thousand where there is now but one. They wish to see a strong people, gathered and united, in sufficient power to maintain a spot on earth where a baptismal font might be erected for the baptism for the dead.

It was here that all their expectations were centered. What cared they for all the golden palaces, marble