

out. Experience tells us that the most of the inhabitants of the earth wear out their bodies without wearing their minds at all, through the sufferings they endure from hard labor, with distress, poverty, and want. While on the other hand, a great portion of mankind wear out their bodies without laboring, only in anxiety. But when men are brought to labor entirely in the field of intelligence, there are few minds to be found possessing strength enough to bear all things; the mind becomes overcharged, and when this is the case, it begins to wear upon the body, which will sink for want of the proper exercises. This is the reason why I believe in and practice what I do. The question might be asked, Why not go into the canyons and get out wood, which would be good exercise enough? If you would know, come up to my house, you will soon find out. Were I to go to the canyons, the whole camp of Israel would follow me there; and they would not be there long before they would say, Come, brother Brigham, I want to talk with you; come, I will chop this wood. How many scores of times I have undertaken to work, since I came into this ministry! Scores and hundreds of times when my calling in the kingdom of God was less than it is now, have I endeavored to set myself to work, but seldom could have a chance to do so more than five minutes; someone would come along, "Give me the hoe, brother Brigham, I want to talk with you;" and so stop me, and no sooner stop me than he stops also. I have given it up, I do not intend to work any more at manual labor. I do not wrestle, or play the ball; all the exercise I do get is to dance a little, while my council room is from my office to this room, and from this room to my house again, into my sitting room, dining room, &c.

You will see the time, you will know what my labor is. I wish this

community to consider that I have feelings of a very acute nature. There is not a man or a woman, Saint or sinner, it mattereth not, that feels injured, and lays his or her complaints before me; but what it rests upon my feelings; but my faith is unyielding, and I intend to keep it so, as much as I can; my feelings sympathize so with the injured, that I am grieved and distressed, and my head aches, and large drops of cold sweat sit upon my brow, and no man or woman knows anything about my feelings, and I do not want them to know, for I calculate to kick off from my heels all that I cannot carry. I will carry all I should, but there is not a person in this community that can bring to mind or mention the time whenever I exhibited one particle of sorrow or trouble to them. I calculate to carry my own sorrows just as long as I live upon this earth; and when I go to the grave, I expect them all to go there, and sleep with me in eternal silence.

But to return to our party. I would just say, it was gotten up by the Legislature to enjoy ourselves. I have enjoyed myself first-rate: my heart is cheerful and full of gladness. I am in the midst of the Saints of the Most High, and my desire is, and I will say with all my heart, may God grant that the blessings, favors, and mercies, and kindness of our Father in heaven, may bring us to a sense of the obligations we owe to Him; and cheer, and cause joy and tranquility to reign in this community, that every heart may be bound up in the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, without having to feel the rod again. What is the use of it, when mercy and kindness are lavished upon the people of God, and to see them falter in their faith, see them grow cold towards the Lord their God, see them slacken their pace? Is it not grievous? Just look at it. Suppose you had all the