

nation, and spread, and continue to spread, until we revolutionize the whole earth. If you pass on to the third man, and inquire what he thinks of the "Mormons," he will say they are fools, duped and led astray by Joe Smith, who was a knave, a false Prophet, and a money digger. Why is all this? It is because there is a spirit in man. And when the Gospel of Jesus Christ is preached on the earth and the kingdom of God is established, there is also a spirit in these things, and an Almighty spirit too. When these two spirits come in contact one with the other, the spirit of the Gospel reflects light upon the spirit which God has placed in man, and wakes him up to a consciousness of his true state, which makes him afraid he will be condemned, for he perceives at once that "Mormonism" is true. "*Our craft is in danger,*" is the first thought that strikes the wicked and dishonest of mankind, when the light of truth shines upon them. Say they, "If these people called Latter-day Saints are correct in their views, the whole world must be wrong, and what will become of our time-honored institutions, and of our influence, which we have swayed successfully over the minds of the people for ages. *This Mormonism must be put down.*" So priest-craft presented a bold and extended front against the truth, and with this we have to contend, this is our deadliest foe.

Why should there be anymore excitement when a public officer is chastised in Utah for publicly insulting a loyal people, than there would be if a similar occurrence transpired in Oregon, Minnesota, or any other territory? *It is because we are Latter-day Saints.* And let me tell you the Devil has put the whole world on the watch against us. It is impossible for us to make the least move without exciting, if not all the world, at least a considerable portion of it. They are excited at what

we do, and, strange to relate, they are no less excited at what we do not do.

You will find that there will be cats and kittens leaping out of the bag continually. "*What can come next I wonder!*" I do not know; but this I know, the Lord Almighty will not suffer the Saints, neither the world, to slumber upon their oars. *The time is past for them to fold their hands, and say, "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands."* This people will never see that day, for the Lord will keep them on the alert all the time; they will continually have something to contend with to keep them from dropping to sleep, and it is no matter to me as to what means He may use to do it.

Inasmuch as we send brother Bernhisel back to Washington, I say to him, *Fear not their faces, nor their power,* for we are perfectly prepared to take all the nations of the earth on our back; they are there already, and we will round up our shoulders, and bear up the ponderous weight, carry the Gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth, gather Israel, redeem Zion, and continue our operations until we bind Satan, and the kingdoms of this world become the kingdom of our Lord and His Christ; and no power can hinder it.

I care not what may come, I will do the work the Lord has appointed unto me. You do the same, and fear not, for the Lord manages the helm of the ship of Zion; and on any other ship I do not wish to be. As I once said to Sidney Rigdon, our boat is an old snag boat, and has never been out of snag harbor, but it will root up the snags, run them down, split them up, and scatter them to the four winds. Our ship is the old ship of Zion. Nothing that runs foul of it can resist the shock and fire.

The hue and cry in the world about this people is—"What an awful set of people these Mormons are! Why,