

may not know as well; but I will explain what I mean, in the following words—I will do all the good I can, and all I know how to do, and I will shun every evil that I know to be an evil. You can all do that much. I will apply my heart to wisdom, and ask the Lord to impart it to me; and if I know but little, I will improve upon it, that tomorrow I may have more, and thus grow from day to day, in the knowledge of the truth, as Jesus Christ grew in stature and knowledge from a babe to manhood; and if I am not now capable of judging for myself, perhaps I shall be in another year. We are organized to progress in the scale of intelligence, and the least Saint by adhering strictly to the order of God, may attain to a full and complete salvation through the grace of God, by his own faithfulness.

I know how it was in Jackson County. There are families in this city that went to that county twenty-one or twenty-two years ago last fall, if I mistake not. I know what their feelings were. All their desire was to get into the town of Independence, Jackson County, where they expected to find all sin and iniquity dried up, heaven begun on earth, and an end to all their mortal griefs. That was the motive that prompted them to go there. Poor souls, how little they knew about salvation and its mode. I might have gone there too, but I wanted to thunder and roar out the Gospel to the nations. It burned in my bones like fire pent up, so I turned my back upon Jackson County to preach the Gospel of life to the people. Such were the feelings of those who went up to Jackson County, but I did not want to go there, nothing would satisfy me but to cry abroad in the world, what the Lord was doing in the latter days. After awhile this undercurrent began to work two ways; and they had more trouble in Independence than we had in York State; it came foaming, and

bellowing, and pressing upon them until they had to fly.

I wish to ask those persons who were driven from Jackson County, if they suffered as much in the actual driving as they would have done in the anticipation of it a year before it took place? You will all reply that, if you had known it a year beforehand, you would not have endured the thought. I wish to apply this both ways. You that have not passed through the trials, and persecutions, and drivings, with this people from the beginning, but have only read of them, or heard some of them related may think how awful they were to endure, and wonder that the Saints survived them at all. The thought of it makes your hearts sink within you, your brains reel, and your bodies tremble, and you are ready to exclaim, "I could not have endured it." I have been in the heat of it, and I never felt better in all my life; I never felt the peace and power of the Almighty more copiously poured upon me than in the keenest part of our trials. They appeared nothing to me. I hear people talk about their troubles, their sore privations, and the great sacrifices they have made for the Gospel's sake. It never was a sacrifice to me. Anything I can do or suffer in the cause of the Gospel, is only like dropping a pin into the sea; the blessings, gifts, powers, honor, joy, truth, salvation, glory, immortality, and eternal lives, as far outswell anything I can do in return for such precious gifts, as the great ocean exceeds in expansion, bulk, and weight, the pin that I drop into it. Had I had millions of wealth, and had I devoted it all to the building up of this people, and said, "Take it, and build temples, cities, and fortifications with it," and left myself penniless, would it have been a sacrifice? No, not to my feelings. Suppose I should be called to preach the Gospel until my head is