

white, and my limbs become weak with age, until I go down into my grave, and never see my family and friends again in the flesh, would it be a sacrifice? No, but one of the greatest blessings that could be conferred upon mortal man, to have the privilege of calling thousands, and perhaps millions, from darkness to light, from the power of Satan and unrighteousness to the principles of truth and righteousness in the living God.

I was as ready to pass through the scenes of mobbing and driving in Jackson County, as I was to pass through the troubles in Kirtland, Ohio; in Davis and Caldwell Counties, Missouri; in Illinois; and up to this place. And what of it? I have not known or seen a single sacrifice that this people have made. There has not been one such providence of the Almighty to this people, that was not calculated to sanctify the pure in heart, and enrich them with blessings instead of curses—enrich them not only with earthly blessings, but with crowns of glory, immortality, and eternal lives in the presence of God. Where, then, is the sacrifice this people have ever made? There is no such thing—they have only exchanged a worse condition for a better one, every time they have been moved—they have exchanged ignorance for knowledge, and inexperience for its opposite.

I want you to look at the Saints before they first gathered to be mobbed; they expected all sin to be at an end at the place of gathering. These were my own feelings, though I did not gather with them at that time. I had to go out and preach, lest my bones should consume within me. But I will tell you what I did do, I commenced to contract my business operations and dealings, and laid away my ledger, and notebooks, saying, "I shall never want you any more." I believe that those who want-

ed to be Saints indeed, should do everything to promote righteous principles and peace among men, and be perfectly of one heart and of one mind. I laid aside my old account books, because I expected we should be one family, each seeking to do his neighbor good, and all be engaged to do all the good possible. To carry out this principle faithfully, would crown the people of God with good to overflowing. It is easy for us to think how things should be, but the difficulty is, things are not always as we would like to have them. Though if the Saints at that time could have rightly judged of appearances, could have understood the aspect around them, it was clear that sorrow and trouble were impending. It was right they did not see the dark cloud that was ready to burst with violence upon their heads.

In the short speech of not more than five minutes, which I delivered in the old Bowery, when that judge publicly insulted this people, there were men and women in the congregation who suffered more in the anticipation of what might be the result of it in future, than the generality of this people have suffered in being actually mobbed. They could see, in imagination, all hell let loose upon us, themselves strung up, their ears cut off, their bowels torn out, and this whole people cut to pieces. After they had had time to think, they found themselves still alive and unhurt, to their great astonishment. They suffered as much as though they had been sent to the bottom of the bottomless pit. They suffered all this, because I told that corrupt man, that he ought to be kicked out of the territory for his insolence and barefaced presumption. I know this people have suffered more by the contemplation of trouble, than they have when actually passing through it.

As they have magnified future