

sonous; I do not like it. I admit that I occasionally find some who have not been baptized, in whom there is a stripe of honor and goodwill which I like; but I speak generally of those who knowingly persecute the people of God, who reject the truth; I do not love them. I am like the old Indian, "Though I will forgive and forget, I always remember." It is bred in my bones; I was raised up in the "Mormon" Church from my childhood; it is sweet to me, sweeter than the honey or the honeycomb; it is life and breath to me; it is eternal life, and I love it.

I do not like the person who sneers at "Mormonism," and I do not like those who associate with such; they are no brothers, no sisters, nor friends to me. I fellowship those who love the institutions of God—who love the servants of God, and the truth of God and the principles of righteousness. But that class that sneer at the principles of the Gospel, and the institutions of the kingdom of God, who like to associate with the wicked and ungodly, are not my brothers, they are not my sisters, nor friends, nor the friends of God. But the person who seeks to convert the sinner, and bring him to the truth; I like that disposition. What I am at is this—not that I feel any different towards those out of the Church than the rest of you; there are a great many of the brethren and sisters who are poor devils. All

Gentiles, in their eyes, are so good, so kind, so loving, so gentle, and so full of sympathy, that they cannot tell that there is any difference between them and the Latter-day Saints. Give me the man and the woman that can tell the difference between the devil and a Saint. Says one, "Most all of us can." I tell you, you cannot. I see people on my right and on my left who can dwell and associate with the ungodly, drink into their spirit, and fall into the same condemnation as they do. Take a man who is pure, he sees the corruption of the ungodly. I do not like it; it has no spirit of Zion in it.

Newcomers, you will find men called Saints who are "land-sharks of Utah." We have all kinds of men here, and we expect to have them; and if some of you who have been brought here by the Fund this year, are no better than many of those who were brought last season, you will whine; but for God's sake, when you feel like whining, bite your tongue; and if you do not like to do that, use brother H. Kimball's remedy—chew a piece of India rubber, and keep chewing it until you get the grunt out of you.

I do not wish to detain you. May the God of heaven bless you, and bless the Saints in every land and nation, that Israel may be gathered, and the Saints saved, which may God grant. Amen.