

the wall into the celestial world. I never shall come into the presence of my Father and God until I have received my resurrected body, neither will any other person; and I doubt whether *all* those who profess to be Saints will ever be gathered with the spirits of the just in the spiritual world; but they will be left where they attain to. The righteous are gathered to the spirit world to prepare for the resurrection of their bodies.

I do not know that I can talk any plainer. I am speaking as plain as I can to have you understand. I do not expect to be with you forever, neither will brother Brigham in these bodies; they are nearly worn out; they have stood a long and violent siege and will soon go the way of all the earth. Still we may live many years yet to assist in making permanent the foundations of Zion. There are thousands of good men in the earth who can act in the same capacity we do, after we have passed through the veil of death. God can qualify whom He pleases, and put in them the spirit of Joseph, and Brigham, and Heber.

Brethren, do keep the commandments of God and live your profession; and remember if you were as godly and as holy as the angels, the world would speak against you and seek your destruction. What has the world to do with you? Nothing, only as you associate with it and partake of its spirit. Upon the same principle has a man any power over a woman, any further than she will give him power to pollute herself and him too? Can the Gentiles turn me to unrighteousness any further than I permit them? I am an instrument in the hands of God, and it is not for me to dictate the power that works through me, but it is for Him to control me according to His good pleasure.

Does brother James' violin rise up and dictate him? No, it is perfectly pas-

sive, permitting him to play any tune he pleases upon it. Upon the same principle we should be like clay in the hands of the potter. It is not for the clay to dictate the potter but the potter dictates the clay, and molds, and fashions it according to his own pleasure. Just so God controls brother Brigham, and every other good man who is dictated by His Spirit.

Do you ever hear me get up here and say, "I am no preacher and you must not expect anything from me?" I am in the hands of God, and it is for Him to speak through me, or in other words play a tune on me to this people according to His own fancy. I am in the hands of the potter; and if I continue faithful, he will make me a vessel unto honor.

I wish you Elders to apply this illustration to yourselves—if you have anything to say, say it; and if you have not, be as quiet as the musical instrument without the performer.

When I went to England first, I had not much to say. We opened the door to that nation in great simplicity. Had I preached almighty discourses with more words than good sound doctrine, instead of opening the doors, I should have added another lock. The Lord appointed me to that work because I was willing to be the simplest.

After I had spoken they always thought there was something else behind the curtain. We preached three times in Vauxhall Road chapel, Preston. After the third meeting the priest feared the increasing greatness of our testimony and closed the door of his house against us. This was no sooner done than fifty doors were opened to us, and the people were all around us entreating us to preach in their houses.

If you will visit a stone quarry, you will find they use the simplest instruments to crack and remove the largest rocks; so the Lord uses the simplest