

want my brethren and sisters to understand that only those who are guilty are rebuked. Our rebukes do not touch the innocent, nor affect them one hair's breadth. When you use the whip the lash will, perhaps, hit a person who sits in the outer edge of the congregation, and one in this, and another in that part of the room. It is intended for them, and not for those it does not hit. You will not hear any man or woman, enter a complaint, or find any fault with brother Brigham, or brother Heber, except that person who is hit.

When you load your musket with buckshot, or coarse shot, and fire into a flock of ducks or geese, you never will see any flutter except the wounded. When you see a person flutter, you may know that is the character who is hit, and is the one who ought to be hit.

I was reflecting, yesterday, whether I had any articles left of all I had when I came into this Church, and I found that I had one chest which brother Brigham Young made and painted at my house, and my wife has a little tin trunk which her father gave her before she was married, and I have one earthen tea canister which I made about the time I was married. I think those are the only articles left of those I had when I came into this Church. What is the reason? I have been driven from my possessions, and robbed of the things which were given me by my father and mother, and of those given to my wife by her parents.

I reflect upon these things, and when I see sin working in our midst like the leaven in a measure of meal, I feel to rebuke it; and I would rather die in the valleys of the mountains than be driven again. I am against sin, and I am one with those who are against it. We are at war with it, and with the devil and with his works; and so is every good, honest, virtuous, holy Saint.

Will you sit down and go to sleep?

Will you rock yourselves in your easy chairs and see the leaven of iniquity working in our midst? (Voices, "No") Don't say no, and then do it. I have never injured any gentleman, by speaking in this congregation. None of my remarks have had reference to a true gentleman, but I have reference to those who take a course to pollute this people; they are the ones who deserve the lash.

There are men and women in our midst, and perhaps some who profess "Mormonism," who would take my life in a moment, if they dare, and the life of President Young. As for death, I do not trouble myself much about it. When the time comes for me to depart from this life and go into what we call eternity, to pass through the veil, it is, simply, to leave the body to rest awhile, and blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for their sleep shall be sweet unto them. Death is merely a sleep to the body, and all the fear I have concerning it is what arises from my traditions. I was taught in my youth that after death I had to go directly into the bowels of hell, and go down, down, down, because there is no bottom to it. I am not troubled about any such thing as that, for I never expect to see any worse hell than I have seen in this world. And those who do not the works of righteousness, and are not worthy to be gathered with the spirits of the Saints, will go into precisely such society, in the world of spirits, as they are now in.

The spirits of the Saints will be gathered in one, that is, of all who are worthy; and those who are not just will be left where they will be scourged, tormented, and afflicted, until they can bring their spirits into subjection and be like clay in the hands of the potter, that the potter may have power to mold and fashion them into any kind of vessel, as he is directed by the Master Potter.