

their forefathers and the inclinations of their own wicked hearts, and give way to temptation, little by little, until, by and by, they are ripe for destruction.

If I could take away the veil, and let you see how things really are, you would then know just as well as I know, and I know them just as well as any man on the face of the earth need to. I would not ask for a particle more knowledge upon that subject than I now have in my possession, were I capable of imparting it to this people, until we improve upon what knowledge we already possess. I know the condition of this people, I know what induces them to do as they do, I know the secret springs to their actions, how they are beset, the temptations and evils that are around them, and how liable they are to be drawn away, consequently, I tell you, brethren, that you need to have the thunders of the Almighty and the forked lightnings of truth sent upon you, to wake you up out of your lethargy.

Some may say, "Brother Brigham always chastises us." But what do I tell you? I say that if there are any Saints on earth they are here, if the kingdom of God is on the earth it is here, if Jesus is not known here, he is not known upon the earth, if his Father is not known here, He is not known upon the earth. What of all this? If we have this knowledge greater is the shame, unless we live to it, and greater will be our condemnation. The people should be preached to, but they need something besides smooth teaching. Comparatively speaking, they should have their ears cuffed and be roughly handled, be kicked outdoors, and then kicked in again. Most of the Elders who preach in this stand ought to be kicked out of it, and then kicked into it again, until they overhaul themselves and find out what is the matter with them.

The mass of the people are all asleep together, craving after the world, running after wickedness, desiring this, that, and the other, which is not for their good.

You hear many talk about having made sacrifices; if I had that word in my vocabulary I would blot it out. I have never yet made what I call sacrifices; in my experience I know nothing about making them. We are here in this wicked world, a world shrouded in darkness, principally led, directed, governed, and controlled, from first to last, by the power of our common foe—him who was opposed to Jesus Christ and to his kingdom—the son of the morning—the devil. Lucifer has almost the entire control over the whole earth, rules and governs the children of men and leads them on to destruction. He has millions and millions of agents; they are in every place, the air is full of them and the earth is full of them. You cannot go anywhere without finding some of them, unless it is among a few of the Saints who have faith to turn them out of their hearts and affections, out of their houses, and then out of their midst.

There are a few such places on the earth, but they are very few, compared with all the world beside. The world is drunk with its own folly, with its own wickedness.

I know that I spoke very harshly to you last Sabbath, but that does not hurt the oil and the wine; no, not one particle. There was not a Latter-day Saint then within hearing of my voice but that his soul shouted, "Amen, thank God, glory, hallelujah." You need such preaching as was that, from day to day, until the rubbish cleaving to you is swept away, until your minds are upon something beside the follies and vanities of the world. You have much to learn. Do you think I was too rash last Sunday? (Voices, no.) Even then I told you only a small