

plain, simple, natural philosophy, and our religion is based upon it.

I will now leave that subject and ask, will you lay a foundation for your future happiness?

Quite a number of men came here the first season besides the pioneers. Brother Frost was one of the pioneers, and probably one of the first who hammered iron in this region, since the days of the Nephites. He has traveled through the Territory north, south, east, and west, wherever he has been sent. He has also crossed the Pacific Ocean, and is again right here on hand—not dead yet. There are many others who have held on in the same way, who have not turned aside but have remained here, or gone where they have been sent.

As I was observing last Sabbath, such persons are the characters who are not generally known, throughout our community, as are the drunkards, and men who go to law; those are the men of notoriety, but the others are men of sense, men who mind their own business. Still, do not go to cutting off twigs before they ought to be cut off, but if they prefer it, let them go to California and put their gold and silver into the hands of the devil, for I ask no odds of them, and expect I could buy the whole of them, so far as property is concerned. However, be merciful to them. I say to those men and women who cannot stay here because famine threatens the land, because we are threatened with being distressed, and through fear that we shall all die, just go, won't you? For you are nothing but hindrances.

We have lifted you up, as we do poor horses that are down and cannot help themselves, and we have nursed you, year after year, and as soon as you could stand alone, you kick at your benefactors. As soon as you get a hundred dollars in money, and two or three yoke of cattle, you are ready to say, "I want to go to the devil

now," and say, go, but as the Lord Almighty lives, you will meet sore chastenings, and pass through much more sorrow than if you were to continue Saints, and remain with the Saints.

And after you are handled by the devil until you are willing to do as the Lord wishes you to, then you will be glad to come here and black the boots and shoes of such men as brother Frost, and will have to do the drudgery to all eternity, or as long as the faithful have a mind to keep you. The poor miserable curses—I call them so because they are cursed—will prowl around and serve the devil, will run back and forth, and go to California and to the States, and here and there, and at the same time pretend they wish to be Saints.

What will be done with such people? God Almighty will make them our servants. You had better stay here and die, if die it is. California is not the gathering place for the Saints; here is the gathering place, and here we will gather and stay until God says, "Go somewhere else."

If that is back to Jackson County, do not be scared, for as the Lord lives this people will go back and build a great temple there. Do not be frightened, because a few rotten, corrupt scoundrels in our midst cry out, "O, the troops are coming, and that will be the end of 'Mormonism,'" in order to deceive the weak-minded females.

Should you see little boys playing with pebbles and small sticks, and hear them say, "Get out of the way, we are going to build a great big structure, that we may climb to the sun, and pull it down," their words and conduct would be just as sensible as it is for the world to tell us that "Mormonism" is going to be destroyed. If we do right we need care no more about them than we do about mosquitoes, for this people will surely go back to Jackson County. How soon