

as anyone's; I will take out this helve and put in another, and grind the axe over a little, and nobody will know it; thank the Lord, I have an axe now."

Do you know that some people feel and act in that manner? I know they do. Some will find wood cut in the canyon and load it on their wagons, perhaps that which granddad, with his crippled limbs, had toiled hard to collect together; but that makes no difference, they pile it on, saying, "I believe I am blessed of the Lord, I am much favored of Him today," and come out rejoicing, having found a load of wood already cut. But what have they done? They have found loads of wood cut to their hands, and apparently have not reflected but what an angel had cut it expressly for them. This is a tradition and custom of the Mountains. Some of you may inquire whether I believe what I am talking about. Let me tell you what I have observed; two or three years ago I went up City Creek Canyon to show a man where he might get wood on shares, which I was having cut. I came to where my men were cutting wood and brush to clear out the road, and I told them to pile it so that my teamster could drive up and load it handily. Soon afterwards an old gentleman came along and, without any privilege from me, drove off the man to whom I had just engaged the wood and began to load it on his wagon. That individual was an old Saint, one who had been twenty years in this Church.

What is the feeling with some of the Yankees, English, Scotch, Irish, French, Germans, &c.? "We have come to Zion where all things are common." The devil has put this idea into the minds of some, and the devil, I was going to say, cannot take it away from them. They possess this feeling, and they are determined to have it so. With such the idea is,

"We are all children of one parent, we all belong to the household of faith, we are one family, and we will have it so, and will not be beat out of it."

This notion is partly right and partly wrong, and, as I have often said, people ought to know how to discern between the things that are of God and the things that are not of God. This is the spirit they receive in the first place—"Ye are one in Christ Jesus," and that is right, but are we one out of Christ Jesus? Many would like to have it so. You have come here from all quarters to be one family, yet if some of you come across a wagon wheel, you will appropriate it to your own use, asking no leave; or if you have no axe, you will get one from some part of the great family, and thank God for an axe; and if you come across piles of wood, that you have not labored to cut, you shout, "Thank God, hallelujah, I have found some wood ready cut to my hand." That is being one out of Christ.

Others will say, "Let us take down this fence, and turn our cattle into this meadow." You can find plenty of earth and pole fences purposely thrown down, and might hear the trespassers exclaim, "O, this is Father's land, let us enjoy it." Others will say, "Damn it, it is mine as well as yours." I will take some of the reputed best men now in this congregation, who, through carelessness and thoughtlessness, when they have done their forenoon's work on their five acre lots, turn out their cattle to feed, but at the same time are sure to keep them off from their own lots; and you will find their cattle in other people's oats, wheat, or grass, while they lay asleep. Yes, some of the would-be-thought best men in this congregation are sure to keep their cattle on their neighbor's lots, and off from their own, and should you pass along and