

never spoke a word of vulgarity here. Those who are vulgar receive my language as such, but the pure never received it so. To those who are pure, all things are pure; and to those who are vulgar, all things are vulgar.

I have not spoken vulgarly, but have spoken of the acts wherein some have degraded themselves in the eyes of heaven. God cannot abide with such persons, nor His angels, and the Holy Ghost will not dwell with them, when they are so corrupt. Some still continue in the corruption they were in while they mingled among the wicked in the world. Is it not time for all to quit it—to reform and break off from those things? Brothers Brigham, Heber, and Daniel do not do as you do. We have taken another course—a course of exaltation, and put out our lives and strength to usury, while some of you are throwing away your lives—spending your existence for nought—the axe is laid at the root of the tree—and you will be cut down by and by, except you forsake such evils.

“19 Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.” [St. Matthew’s Gospel, 7th chap.]

My feelings are that I may be like clay in the hands of the potter, or like a fiddle in the hands of the performer. I am not going to dictate God, but I feel to say, Father play through me in a manner that shall be for the salvation of this people. These are my feelings all the time and my prayer, and that should be the prayer of every man, and not get up here, as almost every man does, and say, “I am no preacher, I am not an eloquent man, I have not got silver lips,” and this and that. We know all this, and what do you want to tell of it here for? It is like a fiddle’s getting up

here to make an excuse for the fiddler. I would knock a fiddle into a cocked up hat, if it should undertake to dictate me, would not you, brother Smithies? Brother Smithies is our chorister and is a very modest man, but he would not permit the fiddle to dictate him. I do not like to hear the Twelve, the High Priests, the Seventies, the Bishops, nor any member in this Church and Kingdom who has got the Priesthood, get up here to make apologies.

While speaking of our sins, brother James said let us forsake them and turn over a new leaf, that is, throw the old one entirely overboard and commence a new life, as though we never had commenced. I will illustrate this idea by bringing up a figure. Suppose that you have an old scrapbook, in which you have written from your childhood all kinds of scribbling, pot hooks and hook pots, and marks of every kind and description, using it one year one end up, and then turning the other end up and writing down again, insomuch that the old scrapbook presents to view a miserable mess of confusion. Now, can you correct that book and put every character into line? You cannot correct it, except you entirely blot out the old marks, and commence afresh to write in it and keep it as it should be, so that you will not be ashamed for the angels to look upon it and be able to say, “It is well done.” You cannot correct the old book, for it has become a blot. What shall you do with it? If you do as you have been told, you will take the old scrapbook and tumble it overboard, or lay it aside and not undertake to look at it any more, and take a new blank book and fill it up anew, and learn to be men and women approved of God.

Brother Brigham says that if you will all quit your sins and follies and begin now to pursue a righteous