

Brother Jeter Clinton was one of the last named class. Brother Taylor sent him to Philadelphia, and when he got there, those who professed "Mormonism" were dead, dead, dead; they were withered and twice plucked up by the roots. Brother Clinton had not been there six months before the Church numbered a great many more than when he went there. The old members revived, and they began to baptize and to have calls from the country, and when he left he could probably have employed from ten to thirty Elders in his field of labor.

The secret of the difference is this, he felt for the kingdom, and when he went into his field of labor he did not say, "O, how lonesome I am, how I wish I had my family here; I really wish I was back in the valley; my spirits are cast down; how bad I do feel." When such persons endeavor to preach, their preaching is as dry as an old, dead, dried up, three years old mullen stalk; there is no more juice in them than there is in that.

Brother Alexander Robbins is a man of that description, and although he is naturally a good, kind and feeling man, one that I think much of, yet when he spoke from this stand at the last fall's Conference, he was as perfectly void of sap or juice as any one of those dry posts, and I reproved the spirit he seemed to manifest. He sat quietly down in New York with brother Taylor, until he became so dried up that he came home disbelieving in God, heaven, hell, angels, and religion. He has lost every particle of the knowledge and spirit that he formerly had.

When brother Clinton and others return, those who have laid aside self and labored, asking, "What can we do to win the souls of the children of men?" they are full of life, full of the good Spirit, full of animation; their countenances are bright and lively, and when you talk with them or hear them preach, you can glean

and gather truth, life and salvation from their lips, while others are as lifeless as leached ashes.

If we could spare some one or two hundred Elders like brother Clinton and others to go to Canada and the United States, we could gather scores and hundreds of thousands of good people from those regions. But reflect for a moment upon the difference in the conduct of our missionaries and the treatment they receive. In Texas some have been mobbed, and some have had no place to preach in. Brother Benjamin L. Clapp, who has lately returned from a mission there, could scarcely find a place to preach in, although others at the same time traveled and preached there, and many wished to hear them.

For another instance I will refer to my own Quorum. When we had started the work in England, brothers Heber, George A. and Woodruff went to London. It cost much faith, care, money, and diligence to establish the work in that place, and after they had baptized about thirty persons, they came to Manchester to attend a Conference. As soon as the Conference was over, brothers Woodruff and George A. went to London, and brother Kimball and I took a tour through the country, and held Conferences; and when we arrived in London I preached in the first meeting we held after our arrival, and how many do you think there were present to hear me? Thirty had been baptized, but brothers Kimball, Woodruff, and Geo. A., the man who owned the small room that we had hired, and, I think, two other persons, comprised the congregation. I preached as well as I could, though it was pretty hard work to pump when there was no water in the well. Brother Kimball and I stayed there eleven days, and when I left, the little meetinghouse was crowded to overflowing. What was the reason of this?