

I have spoken against brother Clapp's course in Texas; it sprang from a want of knowledge. I have also spoken against the course taken by brothers Woodruff and George A. in London; it proceeded from a want of tact and turn in those individuals to know how to win the people. When we found them in London, brother Woodruff was busily engaged in writing his history from morning until evening; and, if a sister called on him, he would say, "How do you do? Take a chair," and keep on writing and laboring to bring up the history of the Church and his own.

That was all right and well, in its place; but, if a sister asked a question, the answer would be, "Yes;" and if she asked another, "No;" and that was the sum of the conversation. If a brother came in, it would be the same. But brother Kimball would say, "Come, my friend, sit down; do not be in a hurry;" and he would begin and preach the Gospel in a plain, familiar manner, and make his hearers believe everything he said, and make them testify to its truth, whether they believed or not, asking them, "Now, ain't that so?" and they would say, "Yes." And he would make Scripture as he needed it, out of his own bible, and ask, "Now, ain't that so?" and the reply would be "Yes." He would say, "Now, you believe this? You see how plain the Gospel is? Come along now;" and he would lead them into the waters of baptism. The people would want to come to see him early in the morning, and stay with him until noon, and from that until night; and he would put his arm around their necks, and say, "Come, let us go down to the water."

Thousands of Elders go upon missions, and conduct themselves like a man by the name of Glover. He was preaching in Herefordshire, and we sent him to Bristol, about thirty miles distant, telling him to go there and

start the work. He would get up and preach a splendid discourse. He went to Bristol, and cried, "Mormonism," or the Gospel, and no person would listen to him. On the next morning he was back at Ledbury, and said, "I came out of Bristol, washed my feet against them, and sealed them all up to damnation." That is the way in which some of our Elders operate.

I know that when I have traveled with some of the Twelve, and one of them has asked for breakfast, dinner, supper, or lodging, we have been refused dozens of times. Now, you may think that I am going to boast a little; I will brag a little of my own tact and talent. When others would ask, we would often be refused a morsel of something to eat, and so we would go from house to house; but when I had the privilege of asking, I never was turned away—no, not a single time.

Would I go into the house and say to them, "I am a 'Mormon' Elder; will you feed me?" It was none of their business who I was. But when I asked, "Will you give me something to eat?" the reply was, invariably, "Yes." And we would sit, and talk, and sing, and make ourselves familiar and agreeable; and before our departure, after they had learned who we were, they would frequently ask, "Will you not stay and preach for us?" and proffer to gather in the members of their family and their neighbors; and the feeling would be, "Well, if this is 'Mormonism,' I will feed all the 'Mormon' Elders that come." Whereas, if I had said, "I am a 'Mormon' Elder; will you feed me?" the answer would often have been, "No: out of my house."

Now, if we could find the "right stripe" that could be spared from important duties here, we would send a good many Elders to the States.

I will relate another circumstance—one concerning an Elder who went