

privilege of schools and good education, to get up and tell how they shrink from addressing this people.

When I think of myself, I think just this—I have the grit in me, and I will do my duty anyhow. When I began to speak in public, I was about as destitute of language as a man could well be. But tell about being bashful, when a man has all the learning and words he can ask for! With scores and hundreds of thousands of words with which to convey one's ideas, and then tell about being bashful before a people! How I have had the headache, when I had ideas to lay before the people, and not words to express them; but I was so gritty that I always tried my best.

I do not like to hear men make excuses, although it is natural, and I put up with it. I wish they could see and understand that they have had advantages above many of their brethren—that they have been greatly blessed, and should never complain, but should stand up here and exercise themselves according to the best of their ability, and do all the good possible for them to do.

Brother Elias Smith, I can say, is a man possessed of as much judgment and discretion in his feelings as any man I know. He is filled with wisdom. He is filled with judgment and with counsel, if he would dare to let it out. I would like to hear his voice and the voices of others, and I would like to have them not complain much about getting up to speak before the public.

Often, when I stand up here, I have the feelings of a person that is unable to convey his ideas, because I have not the advantage of language. However, I do not very frequently complain of that, but I rise to do the best I can and to give the people the best I have for them at the time; and if it don't suit them they can go without it, for I am not responsible whether it suits them or not.

I rejoice in the words of brother Heber this day. He has spoken by the power of the Holy Ghost, and you are his witnesses. You may all witness to this; and his ideas are as rich, I may say, as the flowers of eternity, and his ideas and his words are congenial to my feelings and spirit. He told you here today that we never differ—that I say, "Go ahead, say what you please."

I look at the spirits and the principles of men, and try to behold what is in them; and if I can discover that they are right, I do not care one particle how they express their ideas, so that I can but understand them. I can say furthermore that you cannot, the best of you, beat brother Kimball's language. You may call up the college-bred man, and he cannot beat it.

Brother Heber and I never went to school until we got into "Mormonism:" that was the first of our schooling. We never had the opportunity of letters in our youth, but we had the privilege of picking up brush, chopping down trees, rolling logs, and working amongst the roots, and of getting our shins, feet, and toes bruised. The uncle of brother Merrell, who now sits in the congregation, made me the first hat that my father ever bought for me: and I was then about eleven years of age. I did not go bare-headed previous to that time, neither did I call on my father to buy me a five-dollar hat every few months, as some of my boys do. My sisters would make me what was called a Jo. Johnson cap for winter, and in summer I wore a straw hat which I frequently braided for myself. I learned to make bread, wash the dishes, milk the cows, and make butter; and can make butter, and can beat the most of the women in this community at house-keeping. Those are about all the advantages I gained in my youth. I know how to economize, for my father had to do it.