

living their religion, and serving their God. They will laugh at their calamities, and mock when their fear cometh.

We must die like the Irishman, and then we shall do well enough. An old parson was riding along one day, and met with an Irishman, and said, "Sir, have you made your peace with God?" Pat replied, "Faith, an I've never had a falling out." The parson seemed very much surprised at the answer, and very piously said, "You are lost, you are lost!" The Irishman very quaintly answered, "Faith, and how can I be lost right in the middle of a great big turnpike?" The moral which I wish to deduce from this is, that, if we have not had a falling out with our God, we are in the middle of the great turnpike. They may cut off our supplies of tobacco and tea. [Voice: What a pity!] Why, bless you, there are young men in Israel who would suffer far more, if deprived of their tobacco, than the ladies would if their ribbons had to be stripped off right in the public meeting; and therefore I advise them to go to work and plant tobacco, for if they were deprived of it, it would take away their peace and happiness, and they could not nasty and besmear everything within a mile of them; and when they wanted to come and get counsel, they would not be able to let out of their mouths a stench that would drive away a skunk.

I feel great pity for those young men, and I would like to discipline them as a certain lieutenant did the cabin boy on a steam packet. He said, "Boy, there is something the matter with your mouth," whereupon he ordered one of the sailors to bring him a pair of tongs, and ordered the

boy to open his mouth, and with the tongs took out a large quid of tobacco. He then called for some canvass and sand and scoured the boy's mouth out, and told him that when he got sick and needed that again, he was to call on him and he would give him another dose.

I consider it a disgrace to any young man under thirty-five years of age to use tobacco. [Voice: Forty is the age.] That is my age: I was thinking I was thirty-five.

Brethren and sisters, I am a Latter-day Saint, and I know that this is the people of God; I know that this people have the Priesthood, and that Brigham Young is as much an inspired man as was Moses or any other man that ever lived upon the earth.

This is my testimony, and I believe that if I were cut in pieces, though I never was killed, and of course don't know how it feels; but I do not believe that it would alter my testimony.

I am a good deal like the man in the old world, where they have but one wife. He was shaving, and at the same time having some unpleasant words with his wife: finally, he said he would cut his throat if she did not hold her noise. She replied, "Cut away; I am young and handsome." "I would, if I did not think it would hurt so damned bad." And I don't know but it would feel so very bad to be killed, that I am really afraid where there is any danger. But just so long as I think there is no danger, I shall go ahead.

Brethren and sisters, pardon me for detaining you so long; and may the Lord God of Israel bless you, and may He curse and damn every scoundrel that would bring misery and injury upon this innocent people. Amen.