destiny on the earth, to accomplish the
object for which we were created, to mag-
nify our calling, to honor our God, to
build up His kingdom, to redeem the
earth from the curse under which it
groans, to roll back the tide of corruption
that seems to have overspread the
universe, our opponents are engaged in
pursuits directly tending to dissolution
and destruction. Their lives, their views,
their objects are short, transient, and
evanescent. Ours are wide as the uni-
verse, extended as eternity, deep as the
foundations of the earth, and elevated as
the throne of God; receiving and impart-
ing blessings that are rich, glorious, and
eternal—blessings which effect us and
our posterity through endless ages that
are yet to come.

The contrast so striking, so vivid,
so manifest, is it to be wondered at,
when a person reflects upon these mat-
ters, that ten thousand thoughts should
crowd upon the mind and produce sensa-
tions that is impossible to fully express
with human language? Such, then, are
my sentiments, and such my feelings.

I have been for some length of time
past associated with the Gentiles. I have
been engaged in battling corruption, in-
quity, and the foul spirits that seem
to fill the atmosphere of what you may
term the lower regions, if you please; and
the Lord has been with me, His Spirit
has dwelt in my bosom, and I have felt
to shout, Hallelujah! and to praise the
name of the God of Israel, that He has
been pleased to make me a messenger of
salvation to the nations of the earth, to
communicate the rich blessings flowing
from the throne of God, and put me in
possession of truth that no power on this
or on the other side of hell can controvert
successfully.

In regard to the world, the El-
ders who have been out, as I have,
and as others have around me, know
something of its nature and spirit,
and the feelings by which the people
are governed and actuated. Our young
men and women, who have not come in
contact with it, can scarcely conceive of
the amount of iniquity, depravity, corrup-
tion, lying, deception, and abomination
of every kind that prevails in the Gentile
world.

Talk of honesty! It is a thing in the-
ory; and they will preach about it as loud
and as long as anybody. As a matter of
theory, it is honorable to be honest—to
be men of truth theoretically; but when
you come to put your finger upon it, you
cannot find it, it is like a shadow—it van-
ishes from your grasp.

Where are the men of truth—
nationally, socially, religiously, morally,
politically, or in any other way? Where
are the patriots? Where are the men
of God? I declare before you and high
heaven, I have not found them. Some-
times I have thought I had got my hand
upon them, but they slipped out of my
fingers.

I bless the God of Israel that I am per-
mitted to mingle with the Saints of the
Most High—to associate with men who,
when I meet them and ask them con-
cerning anything, I may expect to have
an honest and truthful answer—men in
whom there is some truth, some in-
tegrity, something to catch hold of, some-
thing you can rely upon.

To speak of men whom I have seen
dissatisfied, and who have gone back
to Babylon, I must say that I do not
very much admire their taste. If peo-
ple understood things as I do, and as I
have seen and experienced them, they
would thank God from the bottom of
their hearts that they are permitted to
have a name and a place among the peo-
ple of God in these valleys of the moun-
tains.

We have been engaged in publish-
ing a paper, which is generally known,
because it has been circulated here.
About my proceedings and acts, I