

destiny on the earth, to accomplish the object for which we were created, to magnify 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 universe, extended as eternity, deep as the foundations of the earth, and elevated as the throne of God; receiving and imparting 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 matters, that ten thousand thoughts should crowd upon the mind and produce sensations 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, iniquity, 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 Elders 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, corruption, lying, deception, and abomination of every kind that prevails in the Gentile world.

Talk of honesty! It is a thing in theory; 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 vanishes 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. Sometimes 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 permitted to mingle with the Saints of the Most High—to associate with men who, when I meet them and ask them concerning anything, I may expect to have an honest and truthful answer—men in whom there is some truth, some integrity, something to catch hold of, something 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 people 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 people of God in these valleys of the mountains.

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