

and the powers of darkness are let loose, and the spirit of evil is permitted to rage, and an evil influence is brought to bear on the Saints, and my life, with theirs, is put to the test; let it come, for we are the Saints of the most High God, and all is well, all is peace, all is right, and will be, both in time and in eternity.

But I do not want trials; I do not want to put a straw in anybody's way; and, if I know my own feelings, I do not want to hurt any man under the heavens, nor injure the hair of any person's head. I would like to do every man good. These are the feelings, the spirit which the Gospel has implanted in my bosom, and that the Spirit of God implants in the bosoms of my brethren. And if men will pursue an improper course, the evil, of course, must be on their own heads.

I used to think, if I were the Lord, I would not suffer people to be tried as they are; but I have changed my mind on that subject. Now I think I would, if I were the Lord, because it purges out the meanness and corruption that stick around the Saints, like flies around molasses.

We have met on the road a great many apostates. I do not want to say much about them. If they can be happy, all right; but they do not exhibit it. When a man deserts from the Gospel, from the ordinances, from the Priesthood and its authority, from the revelations of the Spirit of God, from the spirit of prophecy, from that sweet, calm influence that broods over the upright man in all his acts, he loses the blessing of God, and falls back into error; and, as the Scripture says, "The evil spirit that went out of him, returns again, bringing with him seven spirits more wicked than himself; and the last state of that man is worse than the first."

It has become proverbial, where apostate "Mormons" live, to say, "Oh,

he is only an apostate Mormon." They look upon them as ten times meaner than a "Mormon."

I happened to go into a barber's shop, one day, to get shaved. A man came in, and when he went out again, the enquiry was made, "Who is that man?" "Oh, he is only an apostate Mormon." Their mouths are full of cursing; and you will find them chewing tobacco and getting drunk, thinking that, by so doing, they will recommend themselves to the people; but they have not learned the art very well; they can't swear and degrade themselves so naturally as others, and the people find them out and repudiate them.

You that don't know him, have heard of Thomas B. Marsh, who was formerly the President of the Twelve Apostles, but who apostatized some years ago, in Missouri. He is on his way here, a poor, decrepit, broken down, old man. He has had a paralytic stroke—one of his arms hangs down. He is coming out here as an object of charity, destitute, without wife, child, or anything else. He has been an apostate some eighteen years. Most of you know his history. He has been all the time since then afraid of his life—afraid the "Mormons" would kill him; and he durst not let them know where he was.

In meeting with some of the apostates, he said to them, "You don't know what you are about; if you want to see the fruits of apostasy, look on me." I thought they could not look on a better example.

In relation to some of those other folks that left here—the Gladdenites and others—where are they? Some of them that contended most strenuously for Gladden have cast him off, and now have nothing to tie to. Where is their hope of salvation?

In regard to the spirit of the time, I do not know but that I have published my feelings. I would observe,