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 heav-
ens, 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 mo-
lasses.

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 influ-
ence 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 en-
quiry 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 peo-
ple; 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 Mis-
souri. He is on his way here, a poor, de-
crepit, 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 apos-
tates, 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 pub-
lished my feelings. I would observe,