

between the two places; and when he and his traveling companions had rested themselves and fed their horses, Woods told one of his teamsters, who was one of the wickedest men to be found in those two places, that he would treat him if he would say three of the wickedest words that he could think of. The man agreed that he would; and when he had the attention and eyes of the company fixed upon him, he shouted out "Onadaga Hollow, Thad. Woods, and Salt Point," remarking that those were three of the worst words that he could think of.

Brother Taylor says that language cannot express the conduct, the feelings, and the spirit that are upon the people in the States. Well, suppose you take up a labor and swear about them, what are the worst words that can be spoken? 'Nigger stealing,' Mobs or Vigilance Committees, and Rotten-hearted Administrators of a Government are three of the meanest and wickedest words that can be spoken. I expect that somebody will write that back to the States, as being treasonable, because spoken by a Latter-day Saint.

With regard to the present contention and strife, and to our position and situation, there are few things to be considered, and there is much labor to be performed. Let the Saints live their religion; let them have faith in God, do all the good they can to the household of faith and to everybody else, and trust in God for the result; for the world will not believe one truth about us. I tell you that the Government of the United States, and other governments that are acquainted with us, will not believe a single truth about us. What will they believe? Every lie that every poor, miserable, rotten-hearted curse can tell. What are we to do, under these circumstances? Live our religion. Are you going to contend against the United States? No. But when they come

here to take our lives solely for our religion, be ye also ready.

Do I expect to stand still, sit still, or lie still, and tamely let them take away my life? I have told you a great many times what I have to say about that. I do not profess to be so good a man as Joseph Smith was. I do not walk under their protection nor into their prisons, as he did. And though officers should pledge me their protection, as Governor Ford pledged protection to Joseph, I would not trust them any sooner than I would a wolf with my dinner; neither do I trust in a wicked judge, nor in any evil person. I trust in my God, and in honest men and women who have the power of the Almighty upon them. What will we do? Keep the wicked off as long as we can, preach righteousness to them, and teach them the way of salvation.

Some speak of the nations now on the earth forgetting God, they have not forgotten Him, for they have never remembered Him. They have not departed from His ways, for they never found them; they have not lost faith in Him, for they never had any. There are men sitting here who were brought up Christians, who were trained to believe in the sacred words of truth contained in the Old and New Testament. What were you taught by your priests, your fathers, mothers, and associates, with regard to God? How many anxious hours I have experienced in my youth, to know, see, and understand things as they were and as they are. Did I ever see a man who could instruct me in those matters, until I saw Joseph Smith? I never did. And after I had made a profession of religion, I would ask the most powerful preachers whether they knew anything about God—where He is located, where Heaven is, and, where Hell is, who is the Father, who is the Son, and what the distinction is between them, who is Michael the archangel, who is Gabriel, and so on.