

pioneers. It was pretty hard and laborious, I admit; but it was one of the pleasantest journeys I ever performed. Still there was a great deal of care and anxiety, especially on brother Brigham and those that helped him. Did we persevere? We did. We came here to the Valleys of the Mountains, and you have followed us.

Let me tell you, gentlemen, you have got to learn to be passive and be like clay in the hands of the potter, or be like a tallowed rag or wick before a hot fire: it becomes limber and passive, and you can tie it into a thousand knots, and it will not break.

Are you of that nature that you will not break and fly as though there were a hundred convulsions in you? You have got to come to that standard, as true as you ever become the true subjects and heirs of the kingdom of God. And let brother Brigham take a hundred men of that character, and I would give more for them than ten thousand people who are stiff in their own way; and he would take that hundred men and go into the mountains and whip out the world.

We read that one shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight. We read that in the Bible. You have always heard it from the days of your youth to the present time. Do you appreciate it?

We will refer to Gideon, the Prophet of God, when his host was so numerous that he went and made a selection of three hundred men to put all his enemies to flight. That is in the Bible. For heaven's sake, believe that, if you won't believe me.

There was Daniel, a servant of God, one who kept His commandments; he was valiant, and his friends said to him, "Daniel, put down the window, or they will see you praying." "I will pray with it open," he replied; and he opened his window and prayed, and told them all that he asked no odds

of them. "I will pray to my Father and God, who can preserve me in a den of lions, or in boiling hot oil, or in anything else, and He will sustain me while He will send you to hell, you poor devils." He had such confidence in his God.

Should not you have as much confidence in God as brother Brigham, Heber, or the Twelve Apostles have?—as much confidence in this vine as any branch that pertains to it? You should.

To gratify some who cry, "Oh, don't say anything, brother Heber—don't say anything, brother Brigham, to bring down the United States upon us," we have at times omitted printing some of the remarks that might offend the weak-stomached world, and we have made buttermilk and catnip tea to accommodate the tastes of our enemies; but the poor devils are not pleased after all. Would they come any quicker if we told them that they were poor, miserable, priest-ridden curses, who want a President in the chair that dare not speak for fear those hellhounds be on him?

God knew that Zachary Taylor would strike against us, and He sent him to hell. President Fillmore was the next man who came on the platform, and he did us good. God bless him! Then came President Pierce, and he did not strive to injure us. We hoped that the next after him would do us justice; but he has issued orders to send troops to kill brother Brigham and me, and to take the young women to the States.

The woman will be damned that will go: she shall dry up in the fountain of life, and be as though she never was. But there ain't any agoing—[Voices: "There are none that want to go!"]—unless they are whores. If the soldiers come here, those creatures will have the privilege of showing themselves and of becoming debauched.