

It did not stop here, but rolled throughout the United States, carrying the same desolation in its track. The faithful band of brethren left, then followed Brother Brigham up into a large open cave, where there was everything good to eat and drink that heart could desire. The shouts of hosannahs!—the songs of praise and thanksgiving to God for the deliverance wrought for them rent the air and made the mountains echo the praises of our God. From this cave they journeyed, I need not say where; but, suffice it to say, no opposition had any effect upon them. The power of God was with them, and His voice was in their camp.

There is much more to this vision which I deem unnecessary to write. But after it was all over, brother Farnsworth came to himself, standing in Parley Street on a beautiful sunshiny day. No covered wagons or excitement in town or about the temple. When he came to himself, he concluded that his exercises were of the Devil, from the fact that he saw neither Joseph nor Hyrum in all the scenes; but it was Brigham, brother Kimball, and the Twelve. Before these scenes began to really take place, Joseph and Hyrum were killed at Carthage, and consequently were not seen by brother Farnsworth.

I relate this from memory, being some months since I heard brother Farnsworth tell it at his residence in Pleasant Grove; but, in the main, it is as he told me, so far as I have related it. There are those here to whom brother Farnsworth told it more than twelve years ago, and they know whether I tell it as he did.

I have considerable confidence in this vision, for two reasons. First, brother Farnsworth is a correct man: his character is without spot or blemish. Secondly, this vision corresponds with a hundred and one other sacred things written in ancient and modern

times. And I may add a third reason—it has all been fulfilled to the very letter, so far as time would allow.

I am fully inclined to believe that all these sayings, both ancient and modern, must mean something; and God will defend a people who trust in him—a people whose prayers are ascending up into His ears day and night for protection and redress. He will steady His own ark without the aid of voluntary service, and will signify the fact in unmistakable terms to such as volunteer a crusade against him or his cause. Did not God create the heavens and the earth? Has he no rights? Must he have no voice in the affairs of this world, without being indicted, arraigned, and tried for treason?

If we cannot live by trusting in God, do we wish to live at all? What enlightened Latter-day Saint can see any charm in this world to chain or bind him here, when his hope and his trust are in Christ his Savior? To talk about a religion to a Latter-day Saint that has no living Prophet or Apostle in it—that has no living God in it, who can and will speak to his creature, man, in this day, is to talk to him of an egg without meat, a body without spirit, an eye without sight, or an ear without hearing. To make a Latter-day Saint, or even a Mormon, if his heart were ever touched with the fire of truth, into any kind of orthodox Christian, would require as much faith and skill as it ever did to turn water into wine, or to feed five thousand men, women, and children with five loaves and two fishes.

After apostatizing from this Church, some may join some of the sects for popularity's sake, or for the sake of making money or a living, and profess to believe all about the God without body, parts, or passions: but secretly they say, You are fools—you are in the dark—you worship, you know not what. Scores of apostates,