

[" Yes, Sir."]

I tell you we have got enough for you to do: we will call on you for another hitch by-and-by. Take care of your grain, and have all the sisters help to take care of it, and do not let the children waste it; for we do not want you to have enough scattered round to fat three hogs on the crumbs and pieces of bread that are around your door yards. Will you do that?

[President Young: "I guess they will."]

My discourse is rather eccentric. It is in detachments. [Voice: "That is the way they are building the big ship in London."] That is right, is it not, brother Carington?

[" Yes, Sir."]

But let us be attached together, and then we are one; let us yield up our will, and let it run into the tree or branch to which we are connected. Yield up your wills.

I will compare you to a drop of water; inasmuch as you are not willing to yield up, you cannot be one. Now, just let us all run into one drop, and let all the branches be connected to that one tree; and then will we not increase? We will.

Now, as to those enemies down here below, they are not going to trouble us: the brethren will have to go and help them in. Some of those baggage wagons are nearly to Bridger now, and they cannot get back. Their teams are failing fast, and the supposition is, they will have to hire our teams to help them in, but the soldiers will not come. There is nobody to molest them, but their minds are not quiet: they are scared almost to death; and the nearer those baggage wagons get here, the more they are afraid.

As to the army, one-fifth of them have deserted, and the others are making preparations to do so likewise. And as to old Harney, the old squaw-killer, they have made him stop to

aid the Governor of Kansas, and, it is likely, to kick up jack. But we do not care anything about it or them. Let us lay up our grain and prepare for the siege, for it will come.

We commenced last Sunday to declare that we are a free people, and we will be free from this day henceforth and forever; and we never will come under that yoke again. I tell you, as my soul lives, the bow-pin has dropped out of old Bright's bow, and the bow has dropped out, and the yoke is now on old Buchanan's neck.

Did you ever see a yoke of cattle, and see one get loose, and the off-ox swinging round the yoke and knocking everybody's shins? If you have, that is just the way with old Buchanan: he cannot do anything, but he will bruise somebody's shins, and they will be after him, and he never shall rest again—no, never, until the time comes for us to redeem him. And that is not all. All his coadjutors, his cabinet, and all his governors—yes, I will say from here, or from Dan to Jerusalem—they shall go over the dam: they never shall rest in peace till the Lord Almighty has scourged them until they are fully satisfied.

The Lord God is going to play with them, as he did with Pharaoh in Egypt; and let me tell you, there will not be much fighting for us to do, if we live our religion; but God will use them to accomplish his own works, as the monkey did the cat, when he took the cat's paw to pull the nut out of the fire. We will make monkeys of them, and we will make them crawl on all-fours, and they never will rest.

They have afflicted us ever since the day that Joseph got the plates. They have driven us five times and broken us up, and here we are. Have they ever repented? No, they have not. Have they afflicted us as many as seventy times seven? They have, speaking of it individually. Well, they are not yet punished as they will