

exhortation to you: I cannot preach any other.

If that takes place, I want to know what any power has to do with us? As we relax our power and live our religion—do you not see, as we relax, that the Devil will gain power upon us? Suppose, now, I was to take a rough-and-tumble with a man and wrestle with him: I wrestle a spell pretty valiantly, and almost gain power over my antagonist; I have almost gained power over him, and I begin to slack up to get a little breath: do you not see that that antagonist is bound to put me down if I slack up? Well, if you slack up your religion, living faithfully, praying, exhorting, and living to God, do you not see our antagonist is gaining power over us? But let me tell you, gentlemen, we will take it just as God dictates; and if he says rough-and-tumble, let us take it rough-and-tumble, and pitch them headlong where they belong.

Well, now, if you will do just as you are told, you will increase in knowledge ten thousand times faster than you will to pray six hours; and if you follow that course, you will not advance in your religion one-hundredth part so much as that man that will do just as he is told, no matter what.

If you are told to watch, watch. Can you pray when you are watching? I do: I pray all the time. Well, live your religion—that is, not *your* religion, but the religion of Jesus Christ, and serve your God. Cease all your contentions. Are there not contentions enough in the world? Are there not contentions enough with that army and with the devils in hell, without there being any with us? These things should subside: they should take an avalanche, like the snow. You know the snow will take a slide down the sides of the mountains. They call that an avalanche. I should call it a hell of a full of a fuss—

that is, it is a convulsion. Well, excuse me for that language.

Well, there are those troops over yonder. They are not here, are they? Well, some of you thought they were coming here, and several ran away, supposing they were coming. Well, I am glad of that, and I wish every other one that feels so would put off. We will help them. Brother Brigham has fulfilled his word: he said if he could find any man or woman that wanted to go, he would send them to that happy place. Well, he has sent Mrs. Mogo. No doubt she will die a happy death.

This great Mr. Johnson, the Commander of those troops has come, I suppose. Brother Grossbeck has come in with his company from the States. God gave him wisdom, and he is here, and he escaped those troops. Mr. Johnson says he is going to obey the President's orders, and says he will come in; but by the time he goes up and down Ham's Fork a few times, it will take away his strength. If you do not believe it, try some other Ham's Fork. I had as lieve sit on a bayonet as a fork. He has had a fever all the way, and will have a chill when he has lost his strength. He will have an all-killing chill. He will not come here. We have told you all the time they will not come. But he may attempt to come, and then he may not. That is just as God has a mind to.

I feel the Lord designs the thing should move along and no blood be shed, because I do not consider God is so anxious that we should be bloodthirsty men as some may be. God designs we should be pure men, holding the oracles of God in holy and pure vessels; but when it is necessary that blood should be shed, we should be as ready to do that as to eat an apple. That is my religion, and I feel that our platter is pretty near clean of some things, and we calculate to keep it clean from this time henceforth and