

been a great improvement in the midst of this people. A great many have confessed their sins; but much fewer have forsaken them. I would that all had forsaken their sins, their transgressions, their wickedness in every particular, and followed their iniquitous ways no longer; but such is not the fact: there has been more confessing than forsaking. This winter brings a new scene before us. Many of the brethren have been deprived of the privilege of laboring at home during the past fall: they have been in the cold and storms, and have but lately returned. For about two weeks past it has been, "Brother Brigham, may we have a dance in our Ward? Brother Brigham, may I get up a party for my Quorum?" Bishop Hunter will come and say, "Several Bishops have written to me to ask you whether their Wards may have a dance, or a few parties?" But I do not believe that there is a single Bishop, or President of a Stake, or President of any of the Seventies or of the High Priests, or any officer of this Church and kingdom, who has, during that time, asked me whether they could have the privilege of serving God with all their hearts.

In a word, here is the difficulty: Many of my brethren and sisters who are now before me believe, to this day, if they were to go into a room prepared for music and dancing, they have stepped aside from serving God, and are serving somebody else. I have answered all Bishops and all Presidents and all this people, with regard to their dancing, that I am willing that those who live their religion every day, hour, and minute of their lives to the glory of God shall dance all they wish to; but I have not yet given my consent for any other class to do so, and I want you all to understand it. If your minds have been wrought up by too much anxiety—if you have had wakeful hours when you

ought to have been asleep, in consequence of the threatened danger and troubles—if you have been afflicted in spirit, and your minds are worn down, which they can be, so long as they are connected with the body, which is apt to wear out, reasonable recreation may be beneficial. The mind, being inseparably connected with this body, becomes tired: I acknowledge that mine does. I sometimes feel that I have not a pound of strength left, just from sitting and thinking. You may judge whether there has been a labor upon me, when you reflect that I realize that God holds me responsible for the salvation and safety of this people. You hold me responsible, every one of you, as standing between you and God, to guide you safely—to dictate and direct the affairs of this Church and kingdom; and then you may judge whether my mind labors or not. My mind becomes tired, and so do your minds, if you are Saints.

The mind of a man who is wholly devoted to the Church and kingdom of God on the earth is powerfully exercised, and he feels all that I can, in proportion to his standing and calling. The minds of such men are exercised from morning until morning again, and they labor more unhealthily than a person does at mowing or chopping wood, and their minds become weary. What do they need? A little relaxation. If you want to dance and rest your minds, dance. But a man or woman that intends, when they go into a room prepared for music and dancing, to serve the Devil a little while, I would to God that they would go to California, where they may serve the Devil all they desire to.

I would rather have a hundred righteous men with whom to face all hell, and the world at its back, than to have all this great community, unless they serve the Lord.