

meeting, somewhat as follows—"Who preached tonight?" "The Bishop." "Who else?" "Oh, brother Clinton and brother Wheelock." And they seem to think that all the speakers talked so well that it would be hard to tell who talked the best.

Now, do you not see, my friends, that these boys—children I may call them—have got a relish for the Spirit and power of God? My little girls also go to meeting in their turns, and they will inquire of each other who preached. If the answer be that the Bishop preached, or any other man, the next question generally is, "Did he preach well?" "Oh yes," the reply is; "he talked first-rate;" and I find that they are filled with the spirit of animation and of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I have not heard them say "dance" the past winter.

I do not discard the practice of dancing; therefore do not misunderstand me; for "Mormonism," or the Gospel of Jesus Christ, embraces all that is good, and dancing is a scriptural precedent; and it is said that they should go forth in the last days in the dance. Well, upon, this principle, we believe in dancing, and a certain portion of it is useful to the limbs and to the joints, and to the spirits as well.

But notwithstanding all this, wherever there is too much of any one thing, it very naturally produces a reaction; and consequently, there is a suspension of dancing for the present.

If our children do not dance when they are young, the sprightliness, the vigor, and activity of youth are in a manner checked. My father, when I was a boy, would not allow me to give vent to the life and vigor that were in me; and now, if I were to give way to my feelings at times, I should dance too much.

[President H. C. Kimball: You would dance the bones out of joint, I suppose.]

It is not necessary that you should

dance the whole of this spirit out of you at once; for if you do, you will have none left, and consequently, no disposition to dance anymore. I thought last winter that the people would tire themselves dancing. When the "driftwood" was taken away, and the course was clear, they danced as if they were never going to stop.

I felt glad yesterday to hear what was said by brother Brigham and also by others who addressed us, and I felt so well that I could have danced. This is the way I feel a great deal of the time. As I observed, my father checked the stream of diversion in us, and would not allow his boys to dance at all; and probably that is the reason why I feel so much like it now.

It is natural for our children to love the Gospel, for religion is a natural thing—it is perfectly natural. You may take a child, and just as soon as you can put it in possession of doctrine, that child will love the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Only let it understand right from wrong, and there will be nothing but the Gospel in that child. If we set a proper example before our sons and daughters, the Gospel will be manifested through all their actions, and there will be no evil desire in them.

I want to know the bounds of my prerogatives in the Priesthood, and never want to go beyond those bounds.

[President B. Young: Shall I give them to you?]

Yes. I want to know them. It is better for a man to run a little behind the line than to have him go before it. I know there are some things that I can say and do, and there are things that brother Brigham can say and do that I cannot: it is not my prerogative.

Here are brother Brigham, brother Heber, and brother Wells, the First Presidency; then there are the Twelve; then right behind them come the Seventies and the High Priests—two