

a little north of the hot springs, with many of my brethren, among some scattered timber. I thought of sending to Captain Brown's, on the Weber River, to get some goats, which I had previously bought of him; but while I was conversing with the brethren, I thought the Prophet Joseph Smith came up to us, and I spoke to him. I thought I would send for my goats which I had purchased from Captain Brown, and brother Joseph started off to the north, and I thought very likely he would purchase the whole of brother Brown's stock; but I felt quite reconciled, if he did. I thought I stood there some time talking with the brethren, when I looked up towards the road on my right, and behold I saw brother Joseph returning, riding on a wagon without any box to it; but it had a bottom of boards, and on these boards there was a tent and other camping implements, &c., as though he had been on a journey of some length. He alighted from the wagon, and came to where we were standing. I looked, and saw, following the wagon, an almost innumerable flock of sheep of all kinds, sizes, colors, and descriptions, from the largest, finest sheep I ever saw, down to the ugly decrepit dwarf. The wool on the large ones, I thought, was as white as snow; then the next smaller ones had also nice fine wool on them, and some were black and white; others had coarse long wool upon them, approximating to hair; and so on, until they became a mixture of goats and sheep. I looked on the strange flock and wondered. While I was looking, I asked Joseph what in the world he was going to do with such a flock of sheep, and said to him, "Why, brother Joseph, you have got the most singular flock of sheep I ever saw: what are you going to do with them?" He looked up and smiled, as he did when he was living, and as though he was in reality with

me, and said, "*They are all good in their place.*" This is the dream.

So it is with this people. If you can only find the place for the goats, they answer the end for which they were made. I have always realized that a half-hearted "Mormon" is one of the meanest of human beings, for such are always ready to say, "How do you do, brother Devil?" and, "How do you do, brother Jesus?" or, "Brother Jesus, I want to make you acquainted with brother Devil." It is no trouble for them to turn unto Baal or unto Jesus; yet, at the same time, the Lord has a use for them. I have often heard men say they were convinced that "Mormonism" was true, and that they would cleave to it; but as for their hearts being converted, it is altogether another thing. Mobs never have done one thing against this people, but they could trace them, and have known all about it; for you will always find that the goats will run and lick salt with the sheep; and the Lord who made them has placed them in the world to serve his own purpose. When by these characters afflictions are brought upon the Saints, and they are bereft of all they possess, it is to make them more attached to the cause of truth, while their persecutors are hurled into oblivion, which is the last of them.

If gold is a sufficient inducement to lead men off to live in the midst of that society in California, after they know and understand the condition of it, it certainly proves that they love the things of this world better than they love Christ. You may say you are poor, and wish to accumulate something to help yourself and your family. "Are you starving to death for want of food?" "No." All of you have plenty to subsist upon. If those who go to California for gold were full of the Holy Ghost, they would clothe their wives and children with buckskin, and wear it themselves to the