

not understand them.” And they finally begin to complain, and find fault, and murmur; and so it goes on from one time to another, until they wonder if they could not get a better location in California. I have heard men murmur when they were surrounded with plenty, with peace, and the blessings of heaven. What is the cause of this? The cause is in themselves. Do you who have crossed the Plains this season expect to find the inhabitants of these valleys perfect? I think, from all accounts, you were ill prepared to associate with them, if you had found them perfect: there would have been room, at least, for a doubt whether you could have been admitted at all. The great fault lies in individuals not doing right themselves, but undertaking to make others do right, or to find fault with others for not doing right.

It is some time since I read the New Testament; but I believe, if I recollect rightly, there is a passage, somewhere in the Gospel according to St. Mark, which says, “So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed in the ground; And should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how. For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear. But when the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come.” Well, I met a man that in the days of Joseph Smith used to be a very great man, in his own eyes at least—very spirited in the Church—tremendously so; and he tells me that things are going wrong. “Why,” says he, “things are not now as they used to be.” We will admit it: things are entirely different to what they were twenty years ago. Did any of you ever raise Indian corn in your lives? If so, you remember, when it is six inches high, it is very

beautiful to the eye; it looks green and lovely; and it will grow very rapidly, if you will only keep the weeds out of it: it will grow so rapidly that you can almost see it growing from day to day, and it is a pleasure to cultivate it. Suppose a man should go into a cornfield when the corn is six, eight, or ten inches high, who had not been raised in a country where it was cultivated, but in some corner of the earth where it did not grow, and he had never seen such a plant before, and let him employ himself a few days in hoeing it and admiring its beauty—suppose by some means he becomes perfectly blind for two or three months, and then goes into the field after he has received his sight, he now beholds corn seven, eight, and ten feet high, with large ears upon it—he would exclaim, “What is this? Who has destroyed the beautiful plants that were here two months ago? What has become of them?” He is told it is the same corn. “Oh, it cannot be, for the corn is little stuff, and only grows eight or ten inches high, and very unlike this awkward stuff.”

This compares well with some of our “Mormons,” who are a little afflicted with the grunts: they do not know that the work of the Lord has been spreading rapidly, and growing stronger, and become more formidable than it was twenty years ago. There has been considerable advance since we used to gather around Joseph and Hyrum, in Kirtland, to keep the mob from killing them.

I remember on a certain occasion the brethren were called together to prepare to defend Joseph against the mob, who were coming to destroy him, if possible. Brother Cahoon was appointed captain of one of the largest companies, and it had ten men in it: it was the biggest company we could raise but one, and that contained fourteen men. Brother Cahoon gave us some advice: he advised us, if the mob