

am.” “Why,” said they, “you are not yet fifty years old.” No; he was only about thirty-one or thirty-two. “How is this shown?” says one. If I could really discover the principle that I could escape death, that would carry me over the gulf without dying, I should rejoice, for I hate to die; I hate to be laid in the ground to wither and perish.

Well, there is a principle of life. The Gospel is life, and the Savior is life; for says he, “I am the light and the life of the world.” It is now as it was of old—the people keep putting off every good thing: they of old put them off just as we now put off things to the future. “Why,” said Martha, speaking of her brother, “I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day.” But said Jesus unto her, “I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.”

Here is another thing with regard to the judgment. I know that a great many are postponing it, and thinking that the day of judgment is a long way off, and that it will not come in our day; but what says the Savior? “Now is the judgment of this world: now shall the prince of this world be cast out.” Then you need not look away off through the dark vista of unborn generations; for whom the servants of God shall judge, or, in other words, what they shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven. Then the wicked are at once bound up, and the judgment is truly gone forth; but the secrets thereof shall not be known until the books are opened and a fair balance sheet is exhibited. “Yes,” said Martha, “I know he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day.” But, said Jesus, “Did I not tell you that if you would believe, you should see the glory of God, and that he that liveth and believeth in me

shall never die?” This is an encouraging promise. “But,” says one, “Do you mean to say, by this, that this mortal tabernacle that is at present the tabernacle of the spirit shall not go to dust?” I do not say that. But I do not know that I can explain it any better than to say, I am clothed with my garments; but, suppose I should go into the other room and lay off some of them, should I not be the same creature that passed off into that room? Did I die in making the transition? No. And if you were to look into the other apartment, you would see Orson Hyde all alive, but his old clothes left and abandoned.

Brother Taylor said, the other day, that it was right to gather truth from every source. If the Devil has got truth, then it is right to secure it. [President Brigham Young: “What truth he has he has stolen.”] We have a right to gather up truth just on the same principle that the United States gather up property that is marked U. S. You know when they go through the land and find anything with U. S. on it, they take it. So likewise, when we find any truth with U, S, US on, we claim it as our own. It belongs to US. [Laughter.]

With regard to the operation of death, I do not know that I will exactly endorse the principle, but I will take up what Andrew Jackson Davis says. It is rather singular, and I don’t think it is very far from the truth. When the article I alluded to was first published, it took such hold upon me that I immediately published it in the *Guardian*. It was something like this: He stood by and saw a person depart this life; and as the spirit was leaving the body (you know death is nothing more than a separation of the body and spirit)—and while this was going on, Mr. Davis was in a state of clairvoyance, watching this individual depart. As the