

a better place. I do not know how long it will be, neither do I care: it does not trouble me one particle.

About two weeks previous to the death of brother Jedediah M. Grant, I dreamed that we were traveling, and we came to a beautiful stream of water. I thought I was going to cross it with him, and with the expectation and understanding that he would guard me across. He crossed the stream unobserved by me, and then I saw him running up the hill as fast as he could, and he got away from me and passed out of my sight. The stream kept rising and becoming more boisterous and apparently more dangerous; and so it continued till I awoke.

As for you Saints looking to the Government of the United States for quarters, I can tell you that you never will get any. Satan never will allow you any quarters, except he does it for the purpose of leading you into a worse snare; and therefore you need not look for anything of the kind. What! The Devil give the Saints any quarters? No, never: but if he has got the back pull upon us, he will hold us. We may whip and flog all we choose—if he has got a claim upon us, he won't give us any quarters. Would you, if you got the advantage? You all say no. Well, then, if you have got the advantage, keep it. And if you will let the Devil alone, he cannot do much. But I can tell you that you need not look for much from

this generation. They may yield to get a better hold of us, but I don't ask any odds of them; and I pray to my Father and God, saying, "O Lord, preserve thy servant; preserve me in thy truth, that I may never sin against thee, nor against thy faithful servants, nor against angels, that I may be a coworker and be subject to them and to the power of God."

I never saw the time that I was afraid of sickness, pain, or anguish. Still we are all liable to these things. I do not feel to boast. If I do, it is through mistake and a slip of the tongue. But I feel to bless the Presidency of this Church and the Priesthood generally, and all that believe on their words throughout the world. This work will roll on in spite of all opposition.

Go to work and take care of your grain; store up your wheat, so that the worms cannot get it. I have kept some wheat five years, and it is still good. Let us all take a course to preserve ourselves temporally and spiritually, and listen to what is said by the Priesthood.

I have heard that some of the brethren have found a great deal of fault with me for talking so much about wheat; but I can tell them that this won't put wheat in their bins, nor flour in their sacks.

God bless us all—root out the wicked from among us, that we may be one. Amen.