

"Brother Brigham, don't you sometimes sin?" If I do, it is none of your business; and the whole of you are not smart enough to catch me in a wrong. Look back at my life since I have been preaching the Gospel, and point out, if you can, the iniquity I have committed. "Have you not taken the name of God in vain?" Not the first time have I ever used the name of my Savior, or the name of a holy angel, or the name of the mother of Jesus, or the name of our Father in heaven with trifling feelings. "Have you not taken that which was not your own?" No; and I have not been able to get half of what is my own. I am going to have much more than I now have—not twice or thrice, but a hundredfold more. I never yet felt that I had license to commit a sin; and if I have not, who has?

Some may imagine that I am boasting: you may call it what you please. God has preserved my feet and tongue, and I am here today, though not so good as I ought to be; and you are not so good as you ought to be: there is a chance for us all to be much better. Where is there a boy in this community who has the right to disgrace his father by sin? Where is the daughter who has the right to disgrace her mother by defiling herself? Have you such a license, young women? Have you such a license, young men? If you cannot show your license to commit sin, we shall consider you impostors, and that you have no right and do not belong to our society. We will disfellowship all such men and women, whether old or young: they are already disfellowshipped in my feelings.

You newcomers are here expressly to mingle your faith with the faithful, and your acts with those who perform the acts of righteousness—to bring together to Zion, from every nation, kingdom, tongue, and people,

the good, and the strength, power, and wisdom of God that has been dispensed to the nations—to take hold with us who have been trying to purify ourselves and the people. It is your duty to take hold with us with your might to exalt righteousness. Look to God for grace to purify yourselves, instead of looking at your brethren. You who wish to be numbered with the wise virgins, keep your vessels full of oil; do not let it burn out, and lie down and sleep, thinking that you can get a supply of oil when you wake. Be careful that you are not caught with your vessels empty: keep them full, and your hearts full of the Holy Spirit. Cease not to do good. By so doing you will be numbered with the wise virgins.

This is the best country in the world for raising Saints, though many things will cause it to appear strange to you for a time. People here procure livelihoods differently, in many respects, from what you have been accustomed to in your native lands. Many of you have been used to receiving your wages at the end of the week—then only barely sufficient to provide for your wants during the coming week. How did you manage in cases of sickness, when you could not work? I presume some of you nearly starved. Here there as yet has been no starving. Some do not know what they will do here: you cannot starve to death, as many do in countries you have come from.

Find shelter for your families, and do not be in a panic, nor fret; and when a person meets you and says, "Brother, I want to hire a little help," perhaps you are a collier and never worked above ground, or a silk weaver and never worked at anything else, and you ask what he wants done. When he tells you, you may not know how to do it, but you can learn. If a person wants the silk