

were full of interest, full of good things, when I could see his face shine like an angel's: they were then sweet as a honey-comb.

Before I had made a profession of religion, I was thought to be an infidel by the Christians, because I could not believe their nonsense. The secret feeling of my heart was that I would be willing to crawl around the earth on my hands and knees, to see such a man as was Peter, Jeremiah, Moses, or any man that could tell me anything about God and heaven. But to talk with the priests was more unsatisfactory to me then than it now is to talk with lawyers. If possible, the priests were then even more ignorant upon certain points than men are now. Did they know the first thing pertaining to salvation? No: they could not even tell that it was necessary to be baptized for the remission of sins. No man could tell me that, until I saw Joseph Smith. No man could say that the ordinances of God should be obeyed, that the same doctrine taught by Jesus and his Apostles is the only doctrine to save the people. They were divided and subdivided—split into small fragments, and every man was for himself.

I am delighted when I feel and enjoy the presence and power of that instruction given by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost: our hearts are made glad. You believed the Gospel in your native countries and took up your line of march to this desolate wilderness. If I might so speak, you have sacrificed all you have on earth that is near and dear to you for the sake of the Gospel. What made you do this? The spirit of revelation, the Spirit of God, the power of God. Is it not lovely? I am proud of, I am delighted in my religion—in my God. And when I speak of those who have persecuted this people and sought diligently to destroy us, using every

endeavor and means they were master of to obliterate this people and kingdom from the earth, what do you suppose I think of them? I cannot speak it: language is too full of poverty, too obscure, too unmeaning for me to talk about it. Suppose you see two men in conversation, and one of them rises up to his Father and God with all deference, and, veiling his face, comes before him in all humility, while the other rises up and says, "Damn him, I am not afraid of him!" Which of the two would you love? And which of them would you hate? Both of them are his offspring; both of them live on his mercy, and are nourished and cherished by his bounty; and one says, "I am not afraid of him, but I will abuse his name and character, and deride his goodness!" And the other comes with his face veiled, saying, "I thank thee, Father, Lord of heaven and earth, for thy mercy is over me continually, to preserve me; and through thy goodness I am permitted to come into thy presence!" Which would you love the most? Language cannot express it.

When you contrast the religion that we believe with the religion that the world believes, with all their pomp, grandeur, wealth, and gaudy show, I look upon them with more disgust than I do upon the gates of hell—language cannot tell it. I am proud to say that I honor my God—that I love him—that I worship him; I am proud to call him my Father, while many are proud to deride and despise him. They are proud when they get together and curse and swear, damning and calling the name of Jehovah in vain, calling upon God to damn each other: they are proud that they have this audacity. They will sink into hell. I defy all the enemies of this work to think as diminutively of me as I do of them.