

the chickens, the ham, the butter, the cheese, &c., and puts them away; and when the clerk wants to know what has been brought in by such a brother, "O never mind," says the Bishop; "my wife will give an account of it;" and the wife forgets it. "Are such things done?" Yes, more or less, all the time. This example was set long ago, and some of the Bishops have followed it.

At the death of Joseph, when the Twelve returned to Nauvoo, to use a comparison, the horses were all harnessed and the people were in the big carriage, and where were they going? They did not know. Who would gather up the lines and guide the team? No man would step forward, until I did. There was not one of the Twelve with me when I went to meet Sidney Rigdon on the meeting ground. I went alone, and was ready alone to face and drive the dogs from the flock. When I got hold of the lines, and began to direct the team, I found tithing butter spoiled, potatoes rotted in the cellars, and pork spoiled in the barrels, while the brethren at work on the Temple would come to their labor without breakfast, and pork, butter, beef, &c., rotting under the feet of the Temple Committee. Said I, "Empty these barrels, or I will walk into your cellars and empty them for you: let these workmen have something to eat." "Oh," said the committee, "we are afraid there will not be enough to last a year." Then, if we starve, we starve together; and if we live, we live together. I ordered the wheat, the pork, the butter, &c., to be issued to the workmen. Too many of the Bishops here have taken pattern from those who have gone before. I have been to Bishops' houses when they had hams and eggs during months in the year, while our hands on the works were not able to get one; for the Bishops had eaten all the hams, every egg and

chicken, and all the butter. I will trace out those who conduct in this manner and expose them, unless they honestly report their transactions and strive to do right. Brethren, you may think that I am a little extravagant in my talk; but time will prove.

When a good, handsome cow has been turned in on tithing, she has been smuggled, and an old three-titted cow—one that would kick the tobacco out of the mouth of a man who went to milk her—would be turned into the General Tithing Office, instead of the good cow. If one hundred dollars in cash are paid into the hands of a Bishop, in many instances he will smuggle it, and turn into the General Tithing Office old, ringboned, spavined horses, instead of the money. I am inquiring after such conduct, and will continue until I cleanse the inside of the platter.

Brother Heber has been speaking about discipline. Elders in Israel, I am as willing and ready to be closely examined and scanned as I am to examine and scan you. Walk into my office, examine my books, and scan every act of my life. I am as ready to have it done as I am to search into your practices. You may say that you have not been dishonest, or, if you have been, that you were ignorantly so. I am glad, if such statements will prove to be correct. I never saw the day in this Church that I could consider it honest to take one cent of tithing and turn it out of its legitimate channel; but some of our smart men do not know as much as that, though they would seem to know more of the great things of the kingdom than I do. I want to instruct you in the little things. It is the little foxes that spoil the vine; it is the little acts of men that make up the sum of their lives and form their characters for eternity.

Some may think that I am rather too severe; but if you had the Pro-