

to? You have all the time seen what it has amounted to.

I can say, for my comfort and consolation, and for yours too, that we did build two temples, and commenced another. We completed a temple in Kirtland and in Nauvoo; and did not the bells of hell toll all the time we were building them? They did, every week and every day. For our consolation I will say, We are here and not there. You cannot ride from here to Carthage, in Hancock County, Illinois, before breakfast, if you try; and every one that now tries to come from Warsaw or Carthage to the headquarters of "Mormonism" will have to put more crackers in their pockets than they used to. What did they accomplish? They magnified the work of the Lord in the eyes of the nations. They are more afraid of our union than of any other power. They are afraid of the God that is within us. If that union and the power of God is with ten men, they fear that in them more than they fear a hundred thousand men that are not united. We are here, and I am satisfied.

In regard to the acts of this city in turning out teams, we shall send them this season to bring the poor across the Plains; and what will we do another season? Send a great many more. Will the way be hedged up by the wars and distress of nations? I neither know nor care. I am looking for the words of Joseph to be fulfilled. The time will come when men and women will be glad to catch what they can, roll up in a small bundle, and start for the mountains, without team or wagon. That day will shortly come. Hundreds of people in this house are my witnesses, who heard Joseph say, when asked whether we should ever have to leave Nauvoo, "The Saints will leave Nauvoo. I do not say they will be driven, as they were from

Jackson County, Missouri, and from that State; but they will leave here and go to the mountains. And the next time the Saints remove, or are caused to remove, they will be turned out of the frying pan, not into the fire, but into the middle of the floor." If this is not the middle of the floor, I do not know where you will find it. When we left Missouri, we were turned out of the frying pan into the fire; and the next time our enemies succeeded in their warring against us, they cast us into the middle of the floor. I think this is the middle of the floor. Can we look to the back side of it, or to the front side of it? I can look to the south and to the north, and it is a great way to the bed or to the table. I think we are in the middle of the floor. We are here, and not there. "Do you think there will be war, so that we cannot gather the Saints?" I do not know, nor do I care. They must come.

I want to say a few words to those of my brethren who are apt to prophesy evil. Some of the brethren are all the time foreseeing evil that the Saints are going to suffer, and saying that we are going to see harder times than ever before, and that the armies of the Un—hold on—the armies of the nations will yet gather against us. Let them gather: the Lord will perform his work. "But don't you think we shall be afflicted again?" What if we are? I am not sorry that the army came here. "What are you sorry for?" I am sorry to see so many foolish persons in our midst. If I possessed the influence over this people that it is my right to possess in the midst of the Latter-day Saints, I would have made our enemies pay well for what they bought. But to see the sisters run with butter, eggs, and chickens, and the brethren with their flour and wheat, to their enemies who came here to cut their throats, or else make them renounce