

spirit and actions of this community in the years 1849, 50, 51, and 52, in the way they trampled upon the blessings of God so bountifully bestowed upon them. Wheat was suffered to go to waste in a shameful manner. It was fed to horses, thrown to hogs, and trampled in the mud. I told them they would want bread, and they did. If it had not been for the kind hand of God in his merciful providences to us, we should have suffered much more than we did; our sufferings would have been extreme. The Lord has poured out his blessings on the atmosphere, on the water, and on the soil of this country. No other people but the people of the Saints could have sustained themselves here. If we abuse these choice blessings, the Lord will blast the fertilizing elements with his withering touch, and leave us desolate. Let us be thankful for what we have in possession, and use it exclusively for building up the kingdom of God, the establishment of Zion, and the triumph of righteousness and truth. Let every penny, every dollar, every sum of money, large or small, be devoted to this all-absorbing interest, as also every moment of time. These are matters with which we are all acquainted; they are not mysteries that are far beyond our comprehension.

Twenty-five, twenty-eight, and thirty years ago, our influence and national character were but small indeed. The image which now presents itself is still small, we admit; nevertheless it presents a bold front to the nations, and has become worthy of their notice. We are trying to be the image of those who live in heaven; we are trying to pattern after them, to look like them, to walk and talk like them, to deal like them, and build up the kingdom of heaven as they have done. I think that after a while we shall attain to the

very image and likeness of the children of God who have lived before us. This image will increase, and grow, and spread abroad, and still expand in its proportions, stretching to the right hand and to the left, struggling for room on all sides, in proportion as we are faithful and learn to appreciate the blessings we have already received.

Do we appreciate the blessings of this our mountain home, far removed from the war, blood, carnage, and death that are laying low in the dust thousands of our fellow creatures in the very streets where we have walked and in the cities and towns where we have lived? If we constantly live under a proper sense of the greatness of our blessings, the stone in the mountains will soon begin to attain colossal proportions and roll with crushing weight upon the toes of the "great image."

We have often heard it said by our Elders that all the heaven we shall ever have is the one we make for ourselves. How vast the meaning of this simple sentence! This one saying is a text worthy for all the holy beings in heaven and on earth to preach upon; it embraces a subject vast as eternity. We are exhorted to make our own heaven, our own paradise, our own Zion. How is this to be done? By hearkening diligently to the voice of the Spirit of the Lord that entices to righteousness, applauds truth, and exults continually in goodness. This Spirit is the companion of every faithful person! Listen to its whisperings, and pursue with alacrity the path it points out. In this way we may all grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth, and by so doing we shall honor the life we now possess, while by pursuing an opposite course we disgrace it. This life is worth as much to us as any life in the eternities of the Gods. In that helpless infant upon its