

of intelligence sparkling through those outward windows of the soul; and what a blessing it is to see the countenances of our friends radiant with delight. Our senses, if properly educated, are channels of endless felicity to us, but we can devote them to evil or to good. Let us devote all to the glory of God and the building up of his kingdom, for in this there is lasting joy.

Man is of the earth, earthy; but the Spirit is pure from heaven. This mortal existence must be prolonged by the use of food. Food that is good for the use of man is abundant in the elements, and God has endowed us with the ability to combine the elements, through the means of useful plants and animals, to supply ourselves with all we need. Should we refuse to avail ourselves of this means, hunger and nakedness must be our portion. Heaven will not perform the labor that it has designed us to perform. We must sow, reap, clean, and grind into flour our wheat, and make it into bread. Were we not to do this, we should go without bread until doomsday, and without clothing, if we wait for the Lord to make clothes for us. It is for us to search out the elements, learn how to combine them to make silk, wool, linen, cotton, and every other textile material that can be made into cloth, for the comfort and convenience of man.

When man is industrious and righteous, then is he happy. Sin blights all true happiness, and throws a deep gloom over man's whole existence. Let us be righteous, and then learn to make ourselves comfortable and joyful in the possession of creature comforts. Man is always happy when he is righteous. The Lord will not build our houses and temples, after he has given us the elements and taught us how to build comfortable houses, magnificent temples, and commodious places of

worship. Everything that is joyful, beautiful, glorious, comforting, consoling, lovely, pleasing to the eye, good to the taste, pleasant to the smell, and happifying in every respect is for the Saints.

Tight-laced religious professors of the present generation have a horror at the sound of a fiddle. There is no music in hell, for all good music belongs to heaven. Sweet harmonious sounds give exquisite joy to human beings capable of appreciating music. I delight in hearing harmonious tones made by the human voice, by musical instruments, and by both combined. Every sweet musical sound that can be made belongs to the Saints and is for the Saints. Every flower, shrub, and tree to beautify, and to gratify the taste and smell, and every sensation that gives to man joy and felicity are for the Saints who receive them from the Most High.

There are many of our aged brethren and sisters, who, through the traditions of their fathers and the requirements of a false religion, were never inside a ballroom or a theater until they became Latter-day Saints, and now they seem more anxious for this kind of amusement than are our children. This arises from the fact they have been starved for many years for that amusement which is designed to buoy up their spirits and make their bodies vigorous and strong, and tens of thousands have sunk into untimely graves for want of such exercises to the body and the mind. They require mutual nourishment to make them sound and healthy. Every faculty and power of both body and mind is a gift from God. Never say that means used to create and continue healthy action of body and mind are from hell. Such means never originated there. Hell is a great distance from us, and we can never arrive there, unless we