

person, nor do I delight to hear the name of the God I serve blasphemed; although I have not heard an oath for years from the mouth of any man; for, if they know that I am present, I believe they respect me enough to refrain from so low and vile a habit in my presence. It may be policy to have drinking saloons in our cities; but I have failed to see any good in it. Our returned missionaries say they do not like to see such institutions. You like to see them, no less than the Saints here do. We submit to this, some say through policy. When men come with ropes in their hands ready to noose our necks, we give them rope enough to hang themselves. I wish the returned Elders to understand, that they cannot hate wickedness anymore than the Saints at home do. Hear it, ye Elders of Israel, and ye mothers in Israel, and ye daughters of Israel, there is nothing but death, and hell, and the grave, outside of this Kingdom; but, inside the Kingdom of God, all things are for the faithful to inherit and enjoy, and for this purpose has he organized his Kingdom in the latter days, "That in the dispensation of the fulness of times he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth; even in him."

Men will continue to seek for, find, and dig gold and silver. I thank them for these services. They are getting out the ore in abundance, and casting it into cannon and mis-

siles of death, and their fine steel into weapons of destruction. This is all right. For, the Lord will have use for all this metal by and by; as the Prophet hath said, "And he shall judge among many people, and rebuke strong nations afar off; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." That time is not yet; but now, when looking to the East, the religionists on the right hand are praying: "O Lord God, we pray thee to direct the bullets, and the arrows, and the spears, and bayonets to the hearts of those infernal Yankees." Those on the left hand, while looking in the same direction, are praying: "O Lord, direct the lead, and cast iron, and steel, and every missile of death, direct to the hearts of those infernal slave owners." I know that we are but a handful of people—Jacob is small, but who can contend with the God of Jacob? He is "a man of war," and "the prince of peace," "I am that I am," no matter who, "I am fully able, to handle the nations of men just as I please." The Lord whom we serve, exalts and debases men and nations at his pleasure, making one great, and another small, bringing some into note, and burying others in the oblivion of forgetfulness, to subserve his purposes, and consummate his great designs.

May the Lord bless you, Amen.