

sels. Not but what we have some good folks where I live; at any rate, we have some good preachers among us occasionally. Only a few days ago we had brothers Musser and Stenhouse. They preached good things to us, and cheered and comforted our hearts. Some of the brethren remarked to me that “they preached splendidly, and really enjoyed the spirit of the gospel.” Said I, “Of course they did; they are from the fountain head—from the droppings of the sanctuary—and they possess the spirit of our President and Prophet and of the Apostles with whom they associate.” It is to be expected that men who come from the head here will have something new to tell to cheer the hearts of those who live isolated and far away. It proved to me, however, that we in Cache possess a little of the spirit enjoyed here, or we should not have received and been comforted by the teachings of our brethren. And we have come down to partake of the feeling and to share in the blessings of this great annual Conference, held by the Latter-day Saints in the tops of the mountains, in peace, and with none to molest or to make us afraid.

There is a little grumbling sometimes on the outside, a little showing me the teeth, but no biting, and no harm, done. The Saints are still living their religion—persevering, going ahead, striving to do the will of God, that they may eventually take the Kingdom; not the kingdoms of this world, for we do not want them. A great many men in the world are afraid that we are striving to take their kingdoms. We are not after the kingdoms of the world but it is the Kingdom of God—the

Kingdom of life and peace—that the Latter-day Saints are after, and we expect to have it.

Short sermons are the order of the day, and I do not wish to occupy the time. I am thankful to my brethren for the opportunity of bearing testimony to the truth. I have all the preaching I can attend to when I am at home—which is, wherever I am called to labor. I feel free and easy in talking anywhere, where I am required so to do. I feel free in the spirit of the gospel and in the midst of my brethren. This is the place I like to visit, and I would spend all my time here if duty did not call me elsewhere. Here in the mountains is our field of labor, and nowhere else, unless we are sent. If we receive a mission to the various nations of the earth, let us go and do the best we can. Until then let us take a course to be one: one in dollars and cents, one in obtaining woollen factories and machinery, one in keeping the Word of Wisdom, and in everything else that will tend to bring about good results and increase good feelings in the minds of the Saints. Unless we keep the commands of God we cannot attain to this. It is no use for anybody to say—“I shall be happy if I can have everything to gratify my taste.” It is perfect nonsense, and the individual who entertains such a notion is deceiving himself. Nothing short of the bread of life, that comes down from God out of heaven, can supply the wants and satisfy the feelings of the Latter-day Saints and those who love truth.

May God bless us, brethren and sisters, is my prayer, in the name of Jesus. Amen.