

apostatize (without having any allusion to what br. Hooper has said), I do not fear it, though, in reality, it is the only fear I ever had. I do not fear anything from God and holy angels, from the powers of darkness, nor from the powers of this world; the only things I ever feared were the discord, discontent, confusion, and apostasy in the midst of this people. Still, you and I are not going to apostatize, we will not apostatize. There are individuals among us who will, but they will be very few. Another thing that creates exceeding joy in my heart is, that when a person apostatizes from the truth, and becomes filled with darkness and unbelief, how anxious he is to get away from this poor, miserable, sterile, sage plain, where, as br. Hooper has said, the people have the privilege of getting up in the night to water their land. This is a matter of great joy to me, for it is one of the providences of God.

Speaking of the completion of this railroad, I am anxious to see it, and I say to the Congress of the United States, through our Delegate, to the Company, and to others, hurry up, hasten the work! We want to hear the iron horse puffing through this valley. What for? To bring our brethren and sisters here. "But," says one, "we shall not have any money." Yes, we shall, if you and I observe the Word of Wisdom, we shall have plenty of it. Now, let me extend that a little further than to tea, coffee, tobacco, and whiskey—that is, keep your flour here, and do not send it to Montana nor anywhere else, but keep it here and store it up, and your grain too. You flour speculators here, do you know what flour is worth a barrel in New York? It is worth twenty-two dollars. In my young days, when it reached ten or twelve dollars per barrel we thought

we were all going to starve to death. It is worth eighteen dollars on the frontiers and twenty at St. Louis. But, again, with regard to this railroad; when it is through, even in ordinary times it opens to us the market, and we are at the door of New York, right at the threshold of the emporium of the United States. We can send our butter, eggs, cheese, and fruits, and receive in return oysters, clams, cod fish, mackerel, oranges, and lemons. Let me say more to you—do up your peaches in the best style, for they will want them. Their fruit trees are failing in the east. Right in the very land where the Book of Mormon came forth, and was translated by Joseph, there has not been an apple grown for this dozen years without a worm in the center, as I have been told by men who live there. The worm is in the center of all there is there, and it will canker and eat them until they are consumed. Wherever this work has been, and the powers of darkness have succeeded in driving the Priesthood, I can tell you that desolation and ruin, the abomination of desolation will follow. But where the Saints cultivate the soil, the Lord will bless it and cause it to bring forth. Let us be fervent, then, in all our labors, in producing fruits, grains, vegetables, and everything necessary to sustain life, for by and by it will be said—"We must send to Zion, or starve to death." Do you believe it? I do not care whether anybody believes it or not, it makes no difference to me. I am a Yankee; I guess things, and very frequently guess right.

To the Latter-day Saints I say, live your religion. This is the cry all the time. Let us live our religion, be faithful, watchful, prayerful, keep the commandments of God, and observe His word. And now that we