

says it is an easy matter to be a Saint. So I say. And taking another view of it, again, it is a hard matter. This is true. It is not an easy thing to serve God and mammon. If the Saints comprehend what they have to do in order to establish Zion, and go to work with ready hands and willing hearts to accomplish the labor, they will find it a comparatively easy matter; but unless there is a unity of action on the part of those who are engaged in the work it is not very easily performed. When there is a great work to be accomplished, and there are but few hands to perform it, the burden weighs very heavily on those who are engaged in it. If we have a farm of six hundred acres to fence, and there is only one man engaged in getting the poles and lumber from the canyon, we find it a slow and tardy work; but if we have a hundred men engaged it is much easier and pleasanter; if a thousand, still more so. So it is in regard to establishing the kingdom of God in the hearts of the children of men. It is not a very hard matter to prevail on a person to put his treasure where his heart is. Our difficulty is in not understanding the principles of the kingdom of heaven sufficiently to enter into it with our whole hearts.

Many of our brethren who have come here when in their own land worked underground, and probably seldom saw the light of day, but spent year after year of their lives digging out coal. If you chanced to ask them, "Are you ever going to America?" the answer would invariably be, "Yes, I am going to Zion." If you asked the wife and children would they like to go to Zion, the reply would be, "Yes, with all our hearts. We would do anything to get there; if necessary we would be the slaves of those of our brethren

who have gone there if we could only go." Yet these same persons when they reach here are not satisfied. If you ask them if this is Zion, they will say, "I do not see much that looks like Zion." When they received the work perhaps their minds were open to see Zion in its beauty and glory; but when they come here and call this Zion they feel disappointed. They have not the least idea in relation to establishing this kingdom. They thought they were going to a Zion whose towers would reach the clouds, with streets paved with gold and the Tree of Life growing on every block. They say, "I do not like this place; I am not exactly suited with it." What do you want? "I do not know exactly what I want; I want something else; I do not like this place." The disposition of some of these murmurers reminds me of the children of some families I have seen while traveling in the world. It is something like this: "Darling, will you have a piece of bread and butter?" "No, ma'am, I don't want it." "But, my dear, shall I put some honey upon it?" "No, I don't like it." "Well, then, will you have a little mince pie, love?" "No, I can't eat it." This is about how the matter stands.

The Saints are full to overflowing with the words of eternal life, yet they do not know what to do with them; and when we come to preach, it seems as though the people were surfeited with much doctrine, persuasion and counsel, and they do not like it very well. This was evident by the many vacant seats this morning. There ought to be ten thousand persons at these meetings, both in the morning and afternoon. But how many do you see? The tabernacle not half filled. Why not come to meeting and fill all the seats. I do not like to see this lack of interest