

testing your natural philosophy? You could not have hit upon a better place. It is a fertile country, on the banks of the most magnificent stream in the United States—the Mississippi. Houses built, gardens made, fields enclosed and cultivated. You have wise men among you—the wisest, the *creme de la creme* of your society, yet with all this and the favorable circumstances under which your people commenced there, what have you done? Every time that I take up a paper of yours the cry from there is, ‘Send us means;’ ‘we want means;’ ‘we are in difficulty;’ ‘we want more money.’ This is their eternal cry, is it not?” “Yes.” “Now,” said I, “on the other hand, we left our farms, houses, gardens, fields, orchards, and everything we had, except what we took along in the shape of food, seeds, farming utensils, wagons, carts, and we wandered for from ten to fifteen hundred miles, with handcars, ox teams and any way we could, and settled, finally, among the red savages of the forest. We had no fields to go to and no houses built; when we went there it was a desert—a howling wilderness, and the natives with which we were surrounded were as savage as the country itself. Now then, what is the result? We have only been there a few years, but what are we doing? We are sending money to bring in our emigration; we are sending hundreds of thousands of dollars, and have expended half a million a year in teams to bring in our poor from the nations. But what of you wise men who know not God, and think you know better than He does, what are you doing—you philosophers, intelligent men and philanthropists, crying out eternally, ‘Send us help?’ Which is the best?” Said he, “Mr. Taylor, I have nothing to say.”

We care nothing about the opinions

of men, let them look upon us as they may. We can say as the old Apostle said, “We are living epistles, known and read of all men.” Judge us by our works. Do thieves, renegades, blacklegs, and corrupt men accomplish the work done here? Where are your Gentile associations? Here we have a magnificent city called Corinne, instituted by you gentlemen Gentiles here. What a magnificent place it is! It looks as if Tophet has been spewed out to people it with *honorable* American citizens! Yet these men will prate to us about morality, the poor miserable curses! O, shame, if thou hadst any blood in thy body, thou wouldst blush for very shame at the transactions of this world in which we live.

But we believe in God, and you Latter-day Saints, your religion is as true as it was ten, twenty, thirty, or eighteen hundred or six thousand years ago. It has not changed, and I do not think that it will. It is everlasting; it is eternal in its nature and its consequences, and, whether other men know what they are doing or not, we do. If others do not attend to eternity, we do; if others know nothing about God, we do, and we know where we are going and how we are going. God has pointed out to us the path, and we intend to walk in it, in spite of all the powers of earth and hell.

God has taught us the relationship that should exist between us and the eternal worlds. That is a thing that is very much found fault with. He has unveiled the future to us and told us that man is not made for here alone, and then to die and rot and be forgotten, or to sing himself away somewhere beyond the bounds of time and space where nobody ever was nor ever will be. We have been taught something different from that. We are aiming at eternal exaltation,