

Yes. Will more go? Yes, many more. It is a day of trial—a day wherein the Lord will try the hearts of the children of men; and he is taking a course now with individuals and with nations, to make them exhibit the very center of their hearts, as governments, as nations, as cities, as heads of families and as individuals, that he may reveal the secrets thereof, that they may be known to each other. Consequently you can see the necessity of every person living so as to have the Spirit of revelation.

Brother George A. Smith has been speaking about our little trials in Missouri. I do not wish to cast reflections on any person, but I do not acknowledge that I ever received persecution; my path has been so kind from the Lord I do not consider that I have suffered enough even to mention it. But when the words of Governor Lilburn W. Boggs were read by General Clark, with regard to our leaving the State or renouncing our religion, I sat close by him, although I was the very particular one they wanted to get and were inquiring for; but as kind Providence would have it they could not tell whether it was Brigham Young they were looking at or somebody else. No matter how this was done, they could not tell. But, standing close by General Clark, I heard him say, "You are the best and most orderly people in this State, and have done more to improve it in three years than we have in fifteen. You have showed us how to improve, how to raise fruit and wheat, how to make gardens, orchards and so on; and on these accounts we want you; but we have this to say to you, No more bishops, no more high councils, and as for your prophet," and he pointed down to where Joseph lay, right in the midst of the camp, "you will never see him again." Said I to

myself, "Maybe so and maybe not; but I do not believe a word of it." "And," continued he, "disperse, and become as we are." Do you want I should tell you what I thought? I do not think I will. I thought a kind of a bad thought, that is, it would be considered so by a very religious person, and especially if he was well stocked with self-righteousness; but I would as soon as not tell what I thought to those who have not much of this and are not very pious, and it was, "I will see you in hell first." Renounce my religion? "No, sir," said I, "it is my all, all I have on this earth. What is this world worth as it is now? Nothing. It is like a morning shadow; it is like the dew before the sun, like the grass before the scythe, or the flower before the pinching frosts of autumn. No, sir, I do not renounce my religion. I am looking beyond; my hope is beyond this vale of tears, and beyond the present life. I have another life to live, and it is eternal. The organization and intelligence God has given me are not to perish in nonentity; I have to live, and I calculate to take such a course that my life hereafter will be in a higher state of existence than the present." Said he, "Forsake your religion, and become as we are!" I had been round the country enough to know the practice of both priest and people. On Saturday they would get together and run horses, throw up coppers to see who would treat, get pretty drunk, and perhaps get up a good sound quarrel, and then the priest would step in half drunk, and with long face and sanctimonious drawl preach on the evils of intemperance and so on. "Become as you are? God forbid," said I. You are as low and degraded as possible, living here without schools, orchards or mills, like the brutes almost, in your little