

There is something humorous in a history that we have in relation to this personage. The priests of those days offered sacrifices to their gods, and, like the priests of these days, they were generally opposed to new revelation from God. Abraham's father had instructed him in the doctrines of these idols, and had sought to induce him to have faith in them and in their power, authority, and dominion, telling him what great personages they were. But Abraham, inspired by the Lord, went on a certain occasion into the temple of these gods and smote them right and left, upsetting and breaking them in pieces. His father came in and asked what he had been doing, what great sin this was that he had committed, why he was so sacrilegious in his feelings and so wicked as to seek to destroy these gods? Said he, "Father, I did not do anything to them, they quarreled among themselves and went to work fighting and knocked one another down, broke one another's heads and knocked off one another's arms and legs." "Oh," said his father, "my son do not tell me anything of that kind, for they are made of wood and they could not move or stir from their place nor knock one another down; it has been some other agency that has done it." "Why, father," said he, "would you worship a being that could not stir or move, that had hands and could not handle, that had legs and could not walk, a mouth that could not speak, and a head and it was of no use? Would you worship a being like that?" But nevertheless our history informs us that the priests were angry and stirred up his father against him. But the Lord inspired Abraham to leave there. The Bible tells us the Lord said to him: "Get thee up from thy father's house, from the land wherein thou wast born, and go up to a land

I will show unto thee, and which I will afterwards give unto thee for an inheritance." And we are told that "he went up, not knowing whither he went."

There is something very peculiar about this little history, so far as we have it in the Bible. I think I see this man of God rising up, after he had incurred the displeasure of the priests and his father, and had slain these gods, making preparations to leave his native country. I fancy I see some of his neighbors coming to him, and saying: "Abraham, where are you going?" "Oh," says he, "I do not know." "You don't know." "No." "Well, who told you to go?" "The Lord." "And you do not know where you are going?" "Oh, no," says he, "I am going to a land that he will show me, and that he has promised to give me and my seed after me for an inheritance; and I believe in God, and therefore I am starting." There was something very peculiar about it, almost as bad as us when we started to come off from Nauvoo: we hardly knew where we were going, but we could not have rest, peace or safety among the Christians, consequently we left them and started off to the Rocky Mountains, under the direction of God, hardly knowing whither we went, just as Abraham did, and I do not think we were any bigger fools than he, for he went just about as we did, not knowing whither he went.

Afterwards the Lord gave him a son, for when He was an old man, and his wife Sarah was seventy years old, they were childless, and at this advanced age the Lord gave them a son. There had been no event of that kind ever transpired before in the history of the Bible, and if it were the Bible they had to look at, it would have been of no use to them, for they could not get any instruc-