

to seek his home. I will venture to say that when you go from this assembly you will naturally seek your own abiding places. You may perhaps call in at a sick neighbor's; but your ultimate purpose is to retire to your own homes, and you are not content until you arrive there. The question with me is whether all people will not naturally seek the place designed and prepared for them on the other side of the veil—whether there does not exist a sympathy between the moral qualifications of the human heart and the character of that mansion which its owner is destined to occupy—a kind of attractive power that will lead each one to his respective abode. Brethren and sisters, we are all forming characters which will entitle us to the different styles of mansions in our Father's house. If I seek and do obtain a superior degree of intelligence—if I do labor to acquire purity of heart and uprightness of conduct in all things, no matter how high my standard, is there not a mansion, corresponding with the exertions which I make, that I am heir to and destined to inherit? I am inclined to the idea that this is so.

I have heard some say, "I would like to know what my condition and situation will be the other side of the grave." We are solving that problem in our present state of existence, we are determining the matter by our actions in everyday life. I recollect once, in my travels, standing on the deserts of Sahara, where I could view the wide expanse and motion of sand, filling the air as the drifting snows do the atmosphere here many times. I saw the sirocco fill the air with sand so that it was with difficulty we could open our eyes, without endangering our sight. I saw neither plant nor flower of any kind there, nor even a shrub on which

a camel could browse. There are places, I suppose, in the desert, where springs of water burst forth, that are green, breaking the monotony that reigns over that wide expanse, but I did not see them. And yet I considered, "You will drink every drop of moisture and every drop of dew that distils from heaven, and in return you send forth no plant or flower, ungrateful soil!" Come northward a little, or northwest, and land on the southern borders of Europe, say Italy, and there is a beautiful country, delightful fruits of a very fine grade grow there almost spontaneously; the weather or climate is adapted to almost everyone, but particularly to those who are natives of the country. Come further north, into Germany, for instance, or to England. There it is much colder; more hardy fruits grow there. Well, continue on northward to Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Lapland and indeed into the Arctic regions. What do we find there? Hardy races of men, adapted to the climate, and they seemingly prefer that as a resilience to any other portion of the earth. There is the Esquimaux dwelling in his habitation of ice—ice forming the walls of his dwelling. He is wrapped in the skins of animals, and he lives to a great extent on the blubber of whales. Would he like to exchange situations with the inhabitants of warmer countries? He has no disposition to emigrate, that seems to be the place he is attached to. All this, for aught I know, may reflect something of the climate of those regions that we may hereafter inhabit. I do not know but the very heavens reflect their existence upon earth. I do not know but that, in a shadowy form, the earth itself is a facsimile of the heavens.

Now, on another subject, what would you think, brethren and sisters,