

tion where there is an ear to hear, and a heart to receive; and we come as a part of the people of the republic of North America—to rejoice because the Lord has led us out of bondage, and placed us among the mountains, in this goodly valley.

Four years ago to-day, President Young, with the faithful pioneers, came into this valley by inspiration. The evil spirits, from the "departed damned" which had wandered here for ages, "grinned horribly a ghastly smile," and fled; the Utah, in his degradation, stalked into the canyon to stake his hunger on crickets: auspicious day! The destiny of the church was hid in this unmissioned recess, like a pearl in the sea; but when a prayer ascended up to the Recorder of heaven, the spell burst; the angels shouted, and we—well not the God forsaken, but the world-hated Morians, had a home prepared in the desert. Yes, a home prepared, a thousand miles from the confines of democracy or freedom on the east, and nearly a thousand miles from the suburbs of hell on the west. Yes! the valley of rest in the tops of the mountains, where, as Isaiah wisely predicted:—"No galley with oars, neither gallant ship shall pass by." Glory to God for his mercy; and thanks to the pioneers for fortitude.

And what has been done in four years? Let the public works bear testimony; then look to the east and the west, the north and the south, and behold the golden wheat fields smiling with abundance, and all this, too, where it rarely rains in summer. Success to irrigation and industry, what has been done can be, and what has not been done may be.

The valley teems with health and happiness, peace and joy, and like the star-spangled heavens after a storm, the Great Basin is sprinkled with the life glowing habitations of heaven's noblemen.

But this is not all; in the brief rise of this State, or as is now the case, Territory, to a place in the annals of the General Government, this Board of Regents, of which I have the honor to be a member, has been brought to being, to manage the efforts of the newly chartered University of Deseret, by the common consent of a generous, great-hearted people. And what is expected of this board? will they walk in the tracks of the Literati of the old world? Tie up the philosophy, wisdom, researches, classics, and learned labors of six thousand years in a silken money purse? Fiddle for the pope, and dance for the devil? Hold the king's stirrups, and kiss the emperor's foot? Grape the regions of light in black? Write upon the priest's robe, MYSTERY OF MYSTERIES? Motto the lawyer's mantle, and judge's ermine with "Great is Diana of the Ephesians?" Teach the Jew. HAW ELONEM YERAH? The poor Greek:—O SOPHOS MORIS? and give the learned doctor, a splendid diploma, written in these words: Oc-con-e-o-co-ge-co-co-cach-e-cach-e-co-dan-go? Then sell sheep skins at a fortune a piece,—wrap themselves up, (like silk-worms in their cocoons) in the cob-webs of fame, and leave a night caught world to FEEL their way to glory? No! no! God forbid that these messengers of light shall ever blast their reputations, by stealing the sights from dead men's eyes, to mystify the truth with.

This is the sum of the matter: Up for heaven; down for hell. Look over this fame spotted earth, carrying her eight or nine hun-

dred millions to the grave, generation after generation: and how many, through the improved philosophy, and approved philanthropy of the learned nobility, and the superior light, and tender clemency of the luxuriant clergy, have eaten of the fat of the land, partook of hidden manna, drank of the waters of life freely, and slid into power with the upper ten thousand, singing:

"Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed;  
Heavenly blessings without number,  
Gently fall upon thy head."  
NOT MANY. NOT MANY!

But what can this Board do? Do! yes, do! do good, and revolutionize the science of a purse proud generation. All the language, all the books, and all the philosophy of man, must fall with Babylon the great, and like a bubble bursting upon the water, leave no trace behind. Of what use, to the great mass of mankind, are the highest institutions of the civilized world? Of the same use that the net is to the spider, the gun to the hunter, and the fire to the stubble. The prisoners of time and eternity, whenever they come to a knowledge of the truth, will learn that bogus philosophy, bogus religion, and bogus hopes, stole their reputations in life, and left them in poverty, death, darkness and despair. In the like condition, now groan the inhabitants of the Luciferean reign: THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE, THE VOICE OF THE DEVIL!

Here then we stop, and turn to the University of Deseret for more light and better wisdom; beseeching this board, the Lord's anointed, the elders of Israel, and the whole church, with one consent, to pray the Lord, our heavenly Father, to send down some of the regents from the great University of Perfection, as he did to Noah, Moses, and others, to unfold unto his servants the principles of wisdom, philosophy and science, which are TRUTH—while His elders gather the earthly crumbs of science; themouldering specimens of art, the tarnished gems of fame, now buried among the tombs of fallen greatness, from the four quarters of the globe, that His people may prepare themselves for the great revelation and restitution of all things spoken by the mouths of all the holy prophets since the worlds began. We know there are pearls of great price, and diamonds of princely value among the rubbish, and cinder heaps of this world's glory. But what will all the precious things of time, the inventions of men, the records, from Japheth in the Ark, to Jonathan in Congress, embracing the wit and the git, the fashions and the folly, which so methodically, grammatically, and transcendently grace the libraries of the elite of nations really be worth to a saint, when our Father sends down his regents, the angels, from the grand library of Zion above, with a copy of the history of eternal lives; the records of worlds; the genealogy of the Gods; the philosophy of truth; the names of our spirits from the Lamb's Book of Life, and the songs of the sanctified? About then, the wisdom of the wise (of this world) will perish, and the understanding of the prudent be hid,—while the trump of God calls the kingdom to order for oral instruction. But I pause: the instruction of angels is too sweet for the air of the desert, yet.

Ho, earth, earth, bring in thy mites, that the combined knowledge of men may be used for suffering humanity while clothed in flesh;

to lighten the mind; to soften the heart; to brighten the eyes; to lengthen the life; to strengthen the body, and educate the spirit for eternity. And ye regents, and elders of Israel, bring the elements together; pile up the light wood of love; take a spark from under the altar, and kindle a holy fire; light the candles of the Lord, and illuminate the whole earth, for the wedding supper of the Lamb; make Deseret as famous as Eden: instead of the flaming sword to guard, hoist the ensign of truth on the lofty towers of her university to guide the meek of the last days, to the home of the blessed, the haven of peace, the Zion of God.

HERE let a nursery be sown with the seeds of understanding, that every family in the kingdom may transplant for themselves an orchard from the same; from the precious fruit of which, in a few years, the eyes of the world may be opened to see their nakedness, and kings shut their mouths; senators learn wisdom, and all flesh bow the head in humble reverence to these holy plants of renown. HERE let the filthy degraded Israelite of America, the poor Indian, come and unlearn his corruptions and errors; sip at the fountain of sense distilled from the flowers of Zion, till by its life-regenerating powers, he becomes white, delightsome, and holy. HERE let the Jehovah smitten Canaanite bow in humble submission to his superiors, and prepare himself for a mansion of glory when the black curse of disobedience shall have been chased from his skin by a glance from the Lord. HERE let the Turk and the heathen break off the shackles of ignorance, and clothe themselves with the garments of humanity while they partake of the tree of life. Here let the Asian from the blighted regions of righteousness, while the fig trees are leaving, come and be washed from the blood blotches of Juggernaut, or the death damps of Baal, that his eyes may be opened to see, and his heart softened to feel, "How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Here let emperors, autocrats, kings and courtiers, bankers and beggars, in flocks like pigeons, fly for refuge, when the wrath of God is poured out upon the wicked without measure, and taste how good the Lord is, exclaiming in ecstasy: "Our fathers have inherited lies and things wherein there was no profit." Here let the boasting United States, as they pass, like wild geese without a leader, to the "dreadful splendor" of golden California, with a printed revelation of their occupations, sticking out of their pockets: "MONTE: HARK FROM the Tombs!" suddenly stop, dash down their little "aquafortis jars" of death, for one taste from our great honey casks of eternal lives. Here let judges, officers, lawyers, and politicians sit like patience on a monument, and learn that laws were made for transgressors; that righteous men live as much above the law, as the sky is above the plains of the west or the quagmires of the east; that they may deeply reflect, that the desert, enjoyed with virtuous liberty, has more charms than the boasted "asylum of the oppressed" boiling over with slavery, and vomiting up the putrid dregs of debauchery, profanity, treachery, bribery—murder and treason not excepted; that they may lay their hands upon their mouths and groan over the degeneracy of the sons and daughters of the patriotic sires and discreet mothers of "76"—conceived in