

do so, as many do, there will be tribulation and anguish here, and the chastening hand of the Almighty will be on this people, more so than it has ever been. If I could stand here and talk to you without advancing these ideas, I would endeavor to do so, and would be very much pleased if there was no occasion for rebuke. It would delight me to be able to preach all the time upon the glories of Zion, that Zion prospers, that we are all in the straight and narrow way, that all feel fully engaged in building up the kingdom of God and that every man, woman and child is doing right, but such is not the case. If I could prevail upon the people to so lay instruction to heart that they would repent of their sins and refrain from them, that they would forsake their hard-heartedness and follies, I should be thankful indeed.

I need not go into particulars in explaining the feelings of this people, for they are too well known. We see them exhibited in our temporal management, and in our transactions one with another. Some you see walking uprightly, and again you may see the honest suffering and but few ready to extend the hand of charity to relieve them, while the dishonest who have followed this people, we will say, for the loaves and fishes, are begging, and their children also, from morning until night and hoarding up more than they can possibly consume. We see these different dispositions, yet we all are known under the appellation of Saints, we are all brethren and sisters in the Church of Christ.

There is a disposition in many of the brethren like this, 'I want to consecrate all I have to the church, and I will not reserve anything to myself.' Very well, there are blank deeds in the office, fill one out, if you wish, but do as you please about it. 'I really feel as though it would be a great privilege to give everything I possess to the church.' What have you got? 'O, I have a five acre lot.' What is it worth? 'Well, I don't know; it is full of saleratus and greasewood.' Such characters are so loving and kind, and will say, 'Now, br. Brigham, I feel better than I ever felt in my life, I feel happy that I am in the kingdom of God with all that I have; I have dedicated everything I have. Br. Brigham, do you think I can have a house and lot?' They do not talk so loud as I am now talking, they whisper in my ear: 'Could you let me have a yoke of oxen, or a span of horses and a wagon, or twenty bushels of wheat,' etc., etc? If I were to hearken to one third of such calls, these characters would drain our means to that degree that the church would never have the first shingle, from this time forth to the day of judgment, with which to carry on this work. There is not one-third enough paid in tithing by this great people, to answer the calls of hypocrites and ungodly persons.

Are all hypocrites? No, but if you see honest persons you see those who are ready to take hold and labor with their might, even though they have but one potato in a day; they will suffer rather than impoverish the church.

I will relate a circumstance that transpired lately. I think it was last Tuesday or Wednesday night, as I was sitting in one of my houses, about 9 o'clock in the evening, that a little boy, some 9 or 10 years of age, came along. As soon as he came to the door he began a story, but in such a manner that I could not understand him. I called him near to me and desired him to relate his story again. He commenced by telling about his father's dying with the cholera on the plains, that his mother was sick and had several children to take care of, and wound up by saying that his mother had not eaten anything since the morning of the day previous. I told my wife to give him some bread, remarking that if I could walk as I once could I would know the true situation of that family. Br. Wells was by and said, 'I can walk.' I then asked the boy where he lived; he replied, 'over yonder.' In what ward? He did not know. What is your name? 'David Jones.' What was your father's name? 'Jones.' Who are your neighbors? He did not know. Br. Wells started off in an easterly direction with him. The boy began to limp and complained of sore feet, and ere long sat down and began to cry loudly and raise the neighborhood. Bishop Woolley hearing the crying came up and, after trying to make him hush and start for his home, gave him a good spanking, and started him homeward. He at length mentioned the name of Bishop Perkins, and from that Bishop br. Wells learned that the name of the family was Meiklejohn, and that they lived in the 7th Ward. After much inquiry the boy's home was found, though he was determined not to go home, and it was soon discovered that he had a father (whose christian name is David) and mother living, both of whom had gone to bed; and a little sister, who waited on the opposite side of a street while the boy begged, was still out.

The parents of course said that the boy did very wrong, and that they had no idea of his conducting so, when the fact is the boy has been trained to lie from his childhood by his father and mother, and so has the girl. Scores of times would not amount to the number that these very children have been to my house, and we have given them flour, meal and bread which they have carried home.

On the same evening persons were overheard talking beneath some trees. One said, 'Sister, where did you get your flour to-day?' 'I got it at br. Brigham's.' 'I have some money, and shall have to buy some.'

'Don't buy one pound, but go to br. Brigham and tell him a good story, and you will get some flour. I have money but I will not pay one cent for my flour.'

I mention these facts to illustrate the spirit that is in a portion of this community. If you go into England, or into any of the old coun-

tries, you will see the same class of poor, guilty, miserable wretches begging for a living, and they carry on that business to such a degree, and in such a manner, that the rich and those who are in comfortable circumstances, aware of the rascality of many, often refrain from giving to any through fear of being imposed upon, and thereby the honest, innocent poor suffer. They would also suffer here if we were equally fearful of being imposed upon; but many who are unworthy are now aided, by those who are ever ready to assist the destitute, lest some honest poor should suffer; for this reason we withhold not from any.

If this loose course of begging is suffered to go on in this community, without a check's being put to it, but a few years would elapse before the honest might be permitted to starve to death in the streets; for those who have would say, we do not know but that you have your thousands at home, and we will not take the trouble to find out.

We have our arrangements for learning the condition of the people, and I will here make a few remarks concerning the Bishops. If they magnify their office and calling, they will know the circumstances of every family in their Wards. But with all our experience in regard to Bishops, especially those who have been in the Church so long and who know so much about the kingdom of God, they ought to know a little more about the families residing in their Wards and not quite so much about the kingdom, if they cannot understand both at the same time. I very well know that they have their own families to take care of, and that they are allowed nothing for their services. That is partly why we have been appointing some new Bishops. I want men to act as Bishops who are smart enough to take care of themselves and at the same time magnify their calling; and if we do not find them to be honest we mean to appoint other persons, and to continue so doing until that quorum is filled with honest men. I am sorry to say that we have proven a few Bishops dishonest. Perhaps some of the Bishops here, or of those who live in other parts of the Territory, will say, 'it comes very hard, br. Brigham, for you to make such a statement as that and not point out the dishonest person; the people may think that you mean me.' You are the very ones I mean, if your consciences accuse you, for if you are not guilty you care not for such a statement, as your consciences are clear and you are not accused, therefore I mean those who say, 'this is hard.'

Do you wish me to explain myself? I have proof ready to show that Bishops have taken in thousands of pounds of tithing which they have never reported to the general tithing office. We have documents to show that Bishops have taken in hundreds of bushels of wheat, and only a small portion of it has come into the general tithing office; they stole it to let their friends speculate upon. If any one is doubtful about this, will you not call on me to produce my proof before a proper tribunal? I should take pleasure in doing so, but we pass over such things in mercy to the people.

Will you repent of your sins, and go to and do that which you know you ought to do, without being commanded of the Lord and thus being compelled to do it, or be damned? Will you live so as to know the voice of the Good Shepherd when you hear it, or are you determined to live so as not know the difference between that voice and the voice of a stranger? In this I fear for the people. I have explained and commented upon these seemingly small items, though in reality they are of much importance.

Chemists who are familiar with analyzing matter inform you that the globe we inhabit is composed of small particles, so small that they cannot be seen with the unaided natural eye, and that one of these small particles may be divided into millions of parts, each part so minute as to be undiscernable by the aid of the finest microscopes. So the walk of man is made up of acts performed from day to day. It is the aggregate of the acts which I perform through life that makes up the conduct that will be exhibited in the day of judgment, and when the books are opened there will be the life which I have lived, for me to look upon, as also will be the acts of your lives for you too look upon. Do you not know that the building up of the kingdom of God, the gathering of Israel, is to be done by little acts? You breathe one breath at a time; each moment is set apart to its act, and each act to its moment. It is the moments and the little acts that make the sum of the life of man. Let every second, minute, hour and day we live be spent in doing that which we know to be right.

If you do not know what to do, in order to do right, come to me at any time and I will give you the word of the Lord on that point. But if you wish the word of the Lord on your nonsensical, foolish notions and traits, be pleased to keep away from me, for I know too much about such characters for them to pass before me unobserved. Mankind are weak and feeble, poor and needy; how destitute they are of true knowledge, how little they have when they have any at all. We have need to increase in knowledge and understanding, and to apply our hearts more to wisdom.

How necessary it is for us to live our religion so as to know ourselves better, and to know how to live better in accordance with the religion we have embraced. To know how to gather up the sons and daughters of Abraham, and to establish the kingdom of God on the earth, how necessary it is for you and I to live our religion, and not be slothful and negligent in fulfilling our duty.

The Book of Mormon, of Doctrine and Covenants, the Old and New Testaments all corroborate the fact that when you receive the Spirit that gives you light, intelligence, peace, joy

and comfort, that it is from God. But when you sisters, particularly in your family affairs, are tried and tempted, when parents and children have a spirit come upon them that irritates them, that causes them to have bad feelings, disagreeable, unhappy and miserable sensations, causing them to say, 'we wish it was some way else; we wish our circumstances were different; we are not happy; something or the other is always wrong; we wish to do just right, but we are very unhappy; I desire to tell you that your own conduct is the cause of all this.' 'But,' says one, 'I have done nothing wrong, nothing evil.' No matter whether you have or not, you have given way to a spirit of temptation. There is not that man or woman in this congregation, or on the face of the earth, that has the privilege of the Holy Gospel, and lives strictly to it, whom all hell can make unhappy. You cannot make the man, woman, or child unhappy, who possesses the Spirit of the living God; unhappiness is caused by some other spirit.

The spirit of contention divides families as we see some divided. We can hardly associate with some persons, for we have to walk in their midst like walking upon eggs. What is the matter? You do not know the spirit they are led by. Treat them kindly and, perhaps, by and by they will come to understanding. What would they do were they of one heart and mind? They would be like little children, would respect their superiors and honor their God and their religion. This they would do, if they understood things as they are. Be careful of them, and treat them kindly. Who is there that walks up to the line, and knows the will of God without being commanded? A great many do; but it is not all of this people who are doing as I have been counseling you. Still I will venture to say that there are as many wise ones as foolish. But many will have to separate from their own family connections, if they do not do better. Parents and children will have to separate, and husbands and wives, ere long. How long shall they live together? Until the Lord says, gather up the tares and prepare them for the burning. I am not going to undertake to separate the tares from the wheat, the sheep from the goats, but we will try to make you goats produce fleeces of wool instead of hair, and we will keep hammering at you with the word of God, which is quick and powerful, until you become sheep, if possible, that we may not have five foolish virgins in the company. Though in all this I do not expect to even desire to thwart the plans and sayings of Jesus Christ in the least.

Let us do all the good we can, extend the hand of benevolence to all, keep the commandments of God and live our religion, and after all there will be five foolish virgins, and if we are not careful we shall all be on the list of the foolish ones.

I dedicate myself, this congregation and the whole interest of the kingdom of God on the earth to our Father, to his son Jesus Christ and to the Holy Ghost, that we may be saved; and I pray that this may be our happy lot. Amen.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.—Dr. Hall, in the Journal of Health, gives an account of his own life, with the moral to be derived from it:—

Reader, I have seen a great deal and felt more, have talked, and traveled, and enjoyed, and suffered with all sorts of people; have wandered much and stayed at home more; have been on the sea, and in it, and under it; have been laughed at, shot at, quarrelled at, praised, blamed, abused; have been blown at, and blown up; have had much, and had little—so much as to enjoy nothing; so little that I would have enjoyed a crust of bread, because the ship went to the bottom with every thing in it, leaving me to float to a sand-bank; and then, again, I have wandered over the earth, and under it, and through it, its caves, and its dungeons and darkness, after stalagmites and stalactites, and specimens of black rocks and white ones, blue stones and gray; lived for months on desert islands, just for the purpose of picking up new shells on the beach, which the tide of night never failed to leave behind it; in those bygone days, when I had the three great requisites of an enjoying traveler, to wit: plenty of time, plenty of patience, and plenty of money; so if the coach turned over and smashed up, I could afford to wait until another could be had, or if the ship went to the bottom instead of to its destined port, 'twas just the same to me, because if I wasn't at one place I was at another, and there was always some strange rock to look at, some queer "dip" that set me calculating how many horse power it required to make that rock just turn up so, and all the million inquiries which geology, astronomy, conchology, and a dozen other dry names suggested, which not only had the effect to keep me from fretting, but kept me in an interested humor; well, in all these different situations, and as many more, I have found out, among others, three things:

1st. That a man out of money can't be happy.

2nd. That a man out of health can't be happy.

3rd. That a man without a wife can't be happy.

Therefore, I have come to the conclusion that the best way to be happy is to take care of your health, keep out of debt, and get a wife.

A VALUABLE MACHINE.—Mr. Simeon Marshall has now in operation at the Industrial Works, in Callowhill street, between Twentieth and Twenty-first, an improved and valuable patent machine for making shingles and heads for barrels. The timber is fed to the machine as cut from the log, in no required thickness or shape, and requiring only two hands to attend to it. The machine is framed and constructed entirely of iron, very compact and not liable to get out of order. The working part consists of three splitting and two shaving knives, a driver and guide pieces. The

shaving knives are connected at each end to reciprocating bars, being operated like a single lever, causing them to open and close at a proper time to give any desired taper to the shingle. A splitting knife is connected to the driver in such a manner that when a piece of wood is rived it drops upon a bed plate in front of the driver, and upon the return movement of the machine the piece is carried forward by the driver into the guide pieces, which direct its movements, while the shaving knife is shaping the wood into a shingle. The driver at the same time clearing the machine of all shavings. Both sides of the shingle are shaved at the same time, and so rapidly does the machine work that it will make 2000 perfect shingles per hour. The wood, after being made into shingles, is placed upon a table to a face wheel jointer, which trims the edges and butts the ends with a mechanical precision and exactness almost impossible to accomplish by hands. In working ill-grained timber two splitting knives are used, one taking it from the block in pieces of double thickness, and the other dividing such pieces directly in the centre. The advantages claimed for this machine by the inventors, are: that it produces the best article from ordinary timber without loss of material, and being so arranged that any thickness of shingle desired can be made. A number of these machines are now being constructed at the Industrial Works, under the supervision of Mr. Marshall of this city, to whom much is due for its present perfection, where those interested in this kind of machinery, or in the purchase of rights, can obtain particulars.—[Ex.]

SUPPORTING THE GOSPEL.—The Hard Shell Baptists seem to be furnishing a rich variety of amusing matters just now. A correspondent writes:—

'This sect (the Hard Shells) are in the habit of holding a yearly association in our vicinity, generally in a piece of woods near to a good spring. The brethren from abroad are quartered upon those in the neighborhood of the meeting; and these are required of course, to lay in a good supply of the creature comforts, and among them, as the most important, a plenty of whisky. A short time ago, such a place having been selected, the brethren near by were busy putting up benches, and making the place ready when brother Smith said:—

'Well, Brother Gobbin, what preparations have you made to home for the big association?'

'Why, I've laid in a barrel of flour or so, and a gallon of whisky.'

Brother Smith expressed great contempt at this preparation. 'A gallon of whisky for a big meetin.' Why, I've laid in a whole bar! and you're just as well able, Brother Gobbin, as I am, to support the Gospel.'—[Harpers Mag.]

BRINE A POISON.—M. Reybal, of the Veterinary School at Ayr, France, communicated to the Imperial Academy of Medicine, in May last, the results of investigations upon the poisonous properties acquired by brine, after a considerable length of time, in which pork or other meats had been salted or pickled. Although the nature of the poison is involved in considerable obscurity, its existence is clearly demonstrated. The poisonous properties are acquired in two or three months after the preparation of the brine, and its use then, mixed with food for any length of time, even although in small quantities, may produce death. A simple solution of salt in water, after the same length of time, does not produce the same effect. The poison acts as a local irritant, exciting violent intestinal congestion and inflammation. It likewise increases the secretion of the skin and kidneys, and exerts a direct effect upon the nervous system, giving rise to trembling, loss of sensation, convulsions, &c. Experiments were tried with it in the Veterinary School, upon horses, dogs and pigs. As brine is sometimes used a second time for pickling, and for other purposes, these facts should be remembered.—[Ex.]

DIGNITY OF LABOR.—The young man who leaves the farm-field for the merchant's desk, or the lawyer's or doctor's office, thinking to dignify or ennoble his toil, makes a sad mistake. He passes, by that step from independence to vassalage. He barters a natural for an artificial pursuit, and he must be a slave to the caprice of customers and the chicane of trade either to support himself or to acquire fortune. The more artificial a man's pursuit, the more debasing is it, morally and physically. To test it contrast the merchant's clerk and the plough-boy. The former may have the more exterior polish, but the latter, under his rough outside, possesses the true stamina. He is the freer, franker, happier and nobler man. Would that young men might judge of the dignity of labor by its usefulness and manliness, rather than by the superficial glosses it wears. Therefore, we never see a man's nobility in his kid gloves, and adornment, but in that sinewy arm, whose outstretched, browned by the sun, betoken a hardy, honest toil, or under whose farmer's or mechanic's vest a kingly heart may beat.—[Hunts Merchant's Magazine.]

ASTONISHING EFFECTS FROM THE WIND OF AN AVALANCHE.—One of the most remarkable phenomena attending the avalanche is the blast of air which accompanies it; and which, like what is called the wind of a cannon-ball, extends its destructive influence to a considerable distance on each side of the actual line taken by the falling mass. It has all the effects of a blast of gunpowder: sometimes forest trees, growing near the sides of the channel down which the snow passes, are uprooted and laid prostrate, without having been touched by it. In this way the village of Randa, Switzerland, lost many of its houses by the current of an avalanche which fell in 1720, blowing them to atoms, and scattering the materials like chaff. The east spire of the convent of Disentis was thrown down by the gust of an avalanche, which fell more than a quarter of a mile off.