

then shall our path be like that of the just, which shineth more and more to the perfect day, and the inhabitants of the land shall no more say I am sick.

Obedience, my brethren, is the summum bonum of our religion; it is the religion of the holy angels; it is the religion of the Gods. If we were disposed to theorise on obedience we might run on ad infinitum. Let us glance for a moment at the position and circumstances of the once meek and lowly Jesus, now exalted at the Father's right hand. One writer says, "he being a son learned obedience by things which he suffered." Then because he was a son, and as a proof that he was a son, he had to pass through an ordeal of suffering, where he might learn obedience and submission to discipline like the rest of the family. Another writer says, "he was obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, wherefore God hath highly exalted him, and hath given him a name which is above every name, and at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess to the glory of God the Father."

Here we see the exaltation of Christ, his eternal fame and renown in the universal kingdom of his Father, countless millions bowing before him in humble homage, and God the father eternally gloried, all resulting from filial obedience. This same lesson of obedience is taught throughout universal nature. Let us glance at the earth on which we tread. Behold the grass, every single feng and fibre of its roots exerts its absorbent powers to draw in the nutritious gases from the soil; and no sooner is the superincumbent snow melted away, than it sends forth its verdant blades covering the earth with living green. Do you ask what causes the grass to grow? We answer the obedience of its roots to the laws assigned them; let the roots be disobedient and the grass ceases to grow that very instant. The same is true of all the trees and shrubs and plants which adorn the face of nature with beauty and grandeur.

The food we eat, the raiment we wear, are all produced by this same principle of obedience. Even those ponderous orbs in the planetary system, are held in their circling course by obedience to the laws assigned them; only let disobedience occur, and a crash of worlds must inevitably follow.

Read the Desert News; this same lesson of obedience is taught there also; in every number, almost on every page this eternal principle may be found. My brethren, only let us serve the Lord our God in righteousness; obey the voice of his servant Brigham; be obedient and faithful in all the attributions of our office and calling; then shall we be counted worthy to wield the power of the priesthood, and God even our own God shall grant us his blessing.

But in the testimony given, there was an item about government; we said there was virtue enough in the Presidency to govern a world. What has government to do with our religion? We answer everything. Have we not spoken of obedience; and who ever heard of obedience where there was no government. The church of the living God is not only the "pillar and ground of the truth," but it is the grand repository and representation of the power and authority of God on the earth, hence "helps and governments" are among the gifts which the Spirit brought from the heavens and deposited in the churches. And the time is now at hand, when the men of this world will have to learn that the heavens do rule. The King, the Lord of hosts will appoint his own deputy governor on the earth; and to him shall the keys and powers of government be given. And these things must shortly come to pass. "He that hath ears to hear let him hear." Behold the kingdoms of this world are become like sheep having no shepherd, the spirit of government has departed from their rulers and wisdom has departed from their counsels.

More than twelve months ago, I read an article in the Desert News headed "the age of mediocrity;" who the writer of that article was I know not, but he certainly gave a very truthful picture of men and nations at the present time. And I will now venture to affirm, and risk my reputation upon the truth of it, that among all the nations of the earth at this present time, an executive cannot be found capable of governing the people in righteousness.

Let us look at home, and begin with the United States of America, that great and mighty republic, which has been the asylum of the clever and the brave of every nation for nearly an hundred years. From the days of General Washington to those of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, there has been a succession of master minds, of ruling spirits, who could control the minds of their fellow men; who could devise measures and obtain a majority to carry them; the citizens were secure in their peaceful abodes, and the rights of all were protected. But not so now, the giants are dead; the power is fled, and the pygmies are scrambling for the mastery, but they cannot obtain it, for Jack is as good as his master, and all is contention and strife.

During the recess of Congress, the Legislators harrangue the populace. In their inflammatory orations, they tell the people "it is no longer a question for the ballot box but the cartridge box." To arms! To arms! is the cry everywhere from the Atlantic to the Pacific excepting Utah—the angel of peace dwells there.

But says one, let us go to merry England, there is stability in father-land. We shall find power there. Then to merry England we will go, and what find we there? Why, from the days of Earl Chatham, who with his dying breath in the house of Peers, declaimed against the American war, and who at the close of his speech fell backwards into the arms of two noble Lords, who carried him to his bed where he soon expired. I say from the days of that eloquent nobleman down to Sir Robert Peel, England has been blessed with a succession of statesmen and patriots, who have had wisdom and power to extend their dominions from pole to pole, and keep the world in awe; moreover the people at home were happy and

prosperous, their manufacturers were esteemed as Lords and their merchants as Princes. But not so now. After the death of Sir Robert Peel, it was soon seen that the presiding genius had separated from their midst; discord and dissolution appeared in their cabinet, the ministers resigned, their successors could not be found, Lord Stanley was sent for to form a new government, he tried and failed, others were sent for, they tried and failed. And for fourteen days (if my memory serve aright) such a thing as a government could not be found to exist in the British Isles, merely because a few persons, sufficient to form a cabinet, could not be found of one mind on political measures. The former Premier was then requested to resume his office; he did so till successors could be found.

The Queen (God bless her) at length succeeded and got a new cabinet, which soon fell to pieces; she got another, it fell to pieces, she got another, it fell to pieces, and then the comedians on the stage, and ballad singers on the street, sarcastically sang "the Queen is a cabinet maker." And to this day, the same spirit of fluctuation and change still follows them; one would need to read the daily Times every morning to know who is Premier and who are the ministers of state.

Weakness, darkness and confusion still characterize the government, prosperity has forsaken their commerce, stagnation has seized upon their manufactures, poverty, starvation and death have enveloped the people.

Even that old time-honored constitution, venerable with age, which poets and patriots have extolled to the skies again and again, is at last beginning to totter and crack.

The peerage has been in accordance with the will of the people ever since the days of King John, when the barons extorted his royal signature to the Magna Charta. With one hand they laid hold of the people, and kept them back from republicanism; with the other hand they laid hold of the sovereign, and kept him back from despotism.

Thus was the balance of power between the sovereign lord and the sovereign people, vested in the peerage; and all the intelligent wished to have it so.

But now their glory has departed; wisdom and might have deserted them. They can no longer lead forth the fleets and armies of the Anglo-Saxon race to battle and to victory. They can no longer rule the nation in justice, and mercy, and truth. They are despised and rejected by a suffering, starving people; and who can tell how long the three estates of the realm will be preserved intact and entire?

But, says one, I see a storm is gathering here; let us fly to France, the elite of Europe are there; we shall be received with etiquette; we can regale ourselves with cogniac, and join in the pleasures of the dance and the farce.

Well, and what do we see in France? At the close of the last century it was a hereditary monarchy, descending in the male line of the ancient house of Bourbon; but the reigning family had grown so very old that all the blood, and brain and nerve had run out, and being no longer capable of governing, they decapitated their king, Louis XVI, and France became a republic.

But the French people, being green hands at republicanism, they got cheated out of it, and behold it changed to an empire, and in it was founded the Napoleon dynasty. The empire was partly strong and partly weak; and in a weak moment, the Emperor was caught, the empire smashed, and the hereditary monarchy restored.

But it was no go. The principle of government was lost, and the monarch knew not where to find it; in his fruitless searches for it, he wearied the people till they compelled him to abdicate.

And then, from Louis XVIII France became a nondescript; and from this heterogeneous character it changed to an elective monarchy, when the Duke of Orleans (alias Louis Philip) was called to the throne.

But Philip was a remnant of the old Bourbon stock, and like his predecessors, both hollow and dry, he had not wherewith to govern; Paris was soon in arms, and Philip fled to Britain for refuge. France was now a republic again, and the streets were made to ring with shouts of "vive la republica."

But as it was in the beginning, so it is now. A descendant of the Napoleon dynasty again cheated them out of their republic. Behold France is an empire, and Napoleon III declares France is tranquil.

The facetious Punch of London has given a very striking picture of the tranquility of France; he portrays a woman blindfolded that she cannot see, her mouth tied up that she cannot speak, her hands tied behind her that she cannot fight or scratch, her feet tied that she cannot run away, and a soldier in front to guard her with musket and bayonet; and underneath is written, "France is tranquil." This is somewhat humorous, but nevertheless true: it is a true and faithful picture of the tranquility of France at this hour.

I tell you the fires of another revolution are already kindled, the hearts of Frenchmen are already boiling with indignation; only let a pretext occur, and behold a headless emperor. The train is already laid, the match is prepared, and the eager hand is ready to give the fatal touch.

Oh, say you, there is likely to be an explosion here; let us go to Spain; we shall be safe beyond the Pyrenees; the Grandees will receive us courteously, and their wine is good.

And what do we find in Spain? Why, in the reign of Philip, contemporary with Queen Elizabeth, Spain was great, and proud, and wealthy; they possessed the Netherlands; they possessed the East Indies; and the wealthiest parts of Central and South America were theirs also: they had the keys and commerce of the world. Their fleets were powerful, their armies numerous and brave.

In their wealth and in their pride they sent

forth an armada to invade England: it was perhaps the greatest war preparation that had ever been seen in Western Europe. The Spanish armada is now familiar to every reader of history; it belongs to the golden age of Spain, and historians have delineated it in glowing colors.

And what is Spain now? Why, for the last two or three hundred years, she has been under the influence of a withering priestcraft, and regal misrule; her colonies have revolted; her commerce has departed; her power is broken, and her wealth is gone; she has withered away till nothing is left but pride, poverty, and weakness; a mere shell—a mere wreck; a pusillanimous sovereignty, a dilapidated government, and an imbecile people.

As for Portugal, it is almost too little to talk about; such a poor puny tiny affair, a good puff of wind would blow them all into the Atlantic. They were once an enterprising people, and held the maritime power; their flag was seen in every sea, and other nations paid their homage to it; their foreign possessions were rich and flourishing; and their power was felt at home and abroad. But Jesuitical misrule has for ever ruined them.

Not long ago the royal family of Portugal actually emigrated to America; they had golden dreams; they thought to retrieve their broken fortunes at one stroke. If you please, they founded the great Brazilian Empire, and Don Pedro was proclaimed the emperor.

This royal adventurer did not know that the prophet of God, in the Book of Mormon, had declared that no foreign king should reign in this land; but in a short time he found government impracticable, and was glad to escape with his life. He returned to Portugal to fight with his relative, for a faded crown and a rotten throne.

Returning up the Mediterranean we see Sardinia, Naples, the two Sicilies, all fluctuating as the wind, and weak as water. The king of the two Sicilies has such a powerful and effective government, that during the great exhibition in London, he durst not let a single one of his subjects go to the world's fair. The sea coast was guarded night and day, lest an adventurer should escape, catch the disease called liberty, and then spread the infection among the people.

Passing through the Archipelago, we see Greece, and King Otho kept on his throne by British bayonets.

Sailing up the Danubian we see Turkey, and every body knows how the Sultan and the Czar have been grinning at each other lately.

Turkey is sustained by her allies; France and England have to prop her up, or she would tumble down and fall to rise no more.

From the Black Sea we ascend the Danube; here is Austria, a very respectable empire, the remains of the old German empire. They are bound by the treaty of Vienna to assist the allies in defending Turkey. But they are bound by their own preservation to mind their own business; they have trouble enough at home; the throne is insecure; the people are disaffected; if they sent an army to the Crimea, Hungary would revolt, others would follow the example; and when they returned, they would find themselves minus two-thirds of the empire. The emperor and his army must needs stay at home to keep their own empire from being dismembered.

Traveling westward we come to Prussia, which gradually merged into a kingdom from the ancient Teutonic knights on the shores of the Baltic. Frederick the Great was a powerful king, wise and prosperous. Minister Steine understood the art of government. The Prussians became great; their generals were heroes, and their armies victorious; the people were happy, and science flourished among them.

But, alas! for Frederick William, and alas! for his ministers; wisdom has departed from their counsels; fearfulness hath taken hold of them; they are at their wits end, and there is none to guide them.

Shortly after Louis Philip had been driven out of France, some French rebels came to Berlin and created a fuss in the streets; the king, mistaking it for an insurrection, caused the military to fire on the people; this caused an actual riot, and many were killed. The next day the people assembled before the palace, and compelled his majesty to come out and take his hat off to them. He was expected to have delivered a royal speech to them; but instead of that, he talked like a sawney and cried like a baby; and after certain apologies, silly and futile, they mutually agreed to be better friends in future. Poor old fellow, he can do nothing now, but say his prayers and drink champagne.

What shall we say of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and all the little folks in Central Germany and the Netherlands? We can say nothing, except that it is difficult to know, whether the sovereigns rule the people, or the people rule the sovereigns. Government there is none. Dissolution, distraction and sorrow are pictured in every state; they are like a troubled sea which cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt.

Concerning the autocrat of all the Russias, we need say very little; he holds the lives and the property of his subjects in his own hands; he can take them away at pleasure; he can send them to Siberia or to the grave when he pleases, and no man dare say, what dost thou. There is no liberty; consequently no civilized government.

Bless me, what a picture! Here is a world of nations in servile chains, or in tumultuous riot; darkness, despair and destruction hang over them; contention and strife are amongst them; and there is none to govern them; for peace is taken away, and forever hid from their eyes. Woe, woe, woe, unto the world by reason of darkness.

Let us now return to our mountain home. I remember a passage in the Desert News; it was during the editorship of Dr. Willard Richards. I always admired his writing; there was a peculiar charm in his compositions—such classic beauty and sweetness in it, that it was perfect poetry and music to me.

In the number to which I refer, there was a whole column of doleful intelligence from the surrounding nations; war in one place, insurrection in another, assassination in another, riot in another, murder in another, commercial panic in another, and so on, till the heart grew sick with reading of such calamitous events, but there was one bright gem at the bottom, one cheering little sentence containing these words, "All is peace in Utah."

And why is there peace in Utah? because there is government, the legitimate government of God is there.

I remember when the unjust Judges deserted their posts in Utah, and returned to Washington with lying reports, the news crossed the Atlantic with lightning speed, and appeared in the public prints throughout the British Isles; the cry was, Oh, that Brigham Young! he is omnipresent, he pervades every house, every workshop, every kanyon, every ball, every dance—wherever a human being can be seen, there his power is felt.

Then, said I, there is government there, that is the place for me; nothing dark can be perpetrated there; everything that is said and done, is seen and known; and the honest are safely protected, by an effective and all-seeing government. And government means protection to honest and loyal citizens; not merely protection against a foreign foe, but against the theft and fraud of evil doers.

What effect has this upon the operations of manufactures and commerce? Much every way. The anxiety of plodding industrious people is, for their sons to acquire a knowledge of some mechanical art; this being done their anxiety is at an end; by their talents and industry they can earn an honest livelihood; and in a thriving community their motto is, "We live by our labor."

But the merchant and the capitalist require for their sons a business where capital may be employed; they expect a profitable business as a matter of course, but their great anxiety is, and their motto is, a "safe investment." If they loose their capital they loose their all; therefore their first and last concern is, to invest their capital where it will be perfectly safe.

Now I ask what investment can be safe in a world of nations plunged in the whirlpool of war and strife, where neither thrones nor cabinets are safe, where political changes incessantly occur. One nation changes its commercial policy, another changes its tariff, enterprise is defeated, and a fortune is lost in a single speculation.

At this present time the commercial world is in the utmost consternation, and the money market is in sackcloth. Capitalists entertain the most fearful apprehensions of the future; they dare not embark in any enterprise, least they should loose their capital and beggar their children.

The universal cry now is, where will my capital be safe? I answer, in Utah's peaceful vales. There you may invest any amount of it, and the investment is safe—perfectly safe. What is the security? I answer, the stability of the government—an unchangeable priesthood revealed from the heavens. But are you not open to the incursions of the natives and the aggressions of a foreign foe? Yes, but they can do us no harm. The Lord, by the mouth of the Prophet Joseph, told us years ago that the saints should vacate Nauvoo—many should die and others should suffer great hardships, but they should emigrate across the trackless desert and become a great and mighty nation in the midst of the Rocky Mountains. And this prophecy, published in the Desert News, has gone forth unto all lands, even to the ends of the earth.

Who cares then, for the foaming rage of furious mortals? The Most High shall hold them in derision, and his who sitteth in the circle of the heavens shall laugh them to scorn. Nothing can arrest our onward progress; we are bound to prosper and become a great and mighty nation in the midst of the Rocky Mountains. If I had a hundred thousand pounds, I would bring it to the President, and say, "Sire, this is my earthly all; if you approve, let it be invested in the 'Iron works.'" Or if I understood the manipulation of magnetic ores, I would throw myself into the iron works, and there I would toil till the iron was brought forth in this pig, in the bar, in the sheet, and in the steel.

When we make our own edged tools from our own steel; when every artisan is well supplied with tools and instruments of every kind, all of our own make, then will agricultural implements come forth cheap and good, then will manufactures rise and commerce roll along, then shall we have an influx of capitalists from every quarter, they shall we rise into affluence and greatness, like the pointed arrow from the elastic bow. Only let us serve God and God will serve us, let us sustain the priesthood and the priesthood will sustain us, let us honor the government and all will be right.

My brethren, these are my views and feelings. I did not think of occupying so much time when I rose up, but these things have come to my mind, and they have come forth in their native simplicity.

I love the work of God, I feel that we are brethren and sisters in very deed: I have an interest in the common salvation, and desire to sustain the government and authorities of this church and kingdom.

Let us remember, that as we make it, so we have it. If we live like men, we shall have a home—if we live like angels, we shall have a paradise—if we live like Gods, we shall have a heaven—but if we live like devils, we shall have a hell.

Then let us be faithful in all things and we shall answer the end of our being.

I pray God to give us his blessing, and prepare us for his future will, that we may go forth and do it, and eventually stand in his presence, I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ: Amen.