

go and look for themselves. Get the statistics, and then you will know with regard to the facts in the case.

Now suppose we say we will take the means we are spending for tea and coffee, liquor and tobacco, and useless articles in dressing, and we will give this to the poor, we would soon have a wealthy purse. Who has given anything this season? How many of you have given the first five dollars this season to bring the poor to Zion? If there is a man or woman in this house that has given anything for this purpose, do me the favor to hold up your hand? (One or two hands were held up.) I have given a very little, just a trifle. Sometimes I give a thousand, sometimes two thousand, mostly two thousand, and that is but a trifle. I suppose many would say, "Why, that is no more for you than five dollars for me." Well, perhaps it is not. I have nothing but what the Lord gave me, that is certain; and if he wanted the whole of it, for the gathering of the poor this year, he is just as welcome to it as I am to eat with you when you invite me to your houses. But one thing I can say of a truth, I have not been in a hurry, I have taken things moderately, kindly, calmly, and have "kept my dish right side up."

Well now, you who want to give a little to help the poor, please hand it over to Bishop Herrick. Bishop Herrick, will you please get the bishops together, and request them to ask every ward in this county to give something for the gathering of the poor, and see who will assist in this good work?

If we will not be in a hurry, and will pray in our families, pray in secret, attend our meetings, be patient and live so that the Spirit of the Lord will dwell within us, and witness to God every day of our lives, by faithful obedience to his requirements, that we are his, I will say we are bound to get the wealth of the world. We read in this good book (the Bible) that "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." Everything belongs to him, and he is going to give it to his Saints; and all our concern and care should be, to be sure that we are Saints. Then it is all right, it is by a deed of warranty—a warranty deed, and he will warrant and defend it, if we will serve him, and be satisfied with his providences, turning neither to the right nor to the left, but serving him with an undivided heart all the days of our lives. If it pleases him, and he wishes us to travel and preach, go to the right or to the left, to the east or to the west, to the north or to the south, to live here or live there, to do this or to do that, to have little or much and be perfectly satisfied and contented, his blessings will be secured to us by a warranty deed, and he will warrant and defend it.

If we are not Saints it is a great pity. We have the experience of those who lived before us, we have the testimony of the fathers, we have the sayings of Jesus and his apostles, and we can peruse them and can exercise faith in the name of Jesus, and be guided by the Spirit of the Lord by which these testimonies were given; and we can know whether we are Saints or whether we are not. It has been proclaimed that there is a great difference between us and the Christian world. There is. Is the difference because we believe in another religion? By no means. The difference arises from the fact that we believe this Bible, wide open, from Genesis to Revelations. They believe it, sealed up, never to be opened again to the human family. They believe it shut, we believe it open; they believe it in silence, we believe it proclaimed on the house top; and when we scan the Bible and the feelings of the Christian world, we find that it is, as has been proclaimed here—there probably never was a day on the face of the earth when infidelity reigned more completely in the hearts of the children of men than it does now. We, as Christians, believe in God, in Christ and in his atonement, in repentance and obedience, and in receiving the Spirit; but what are the facts in the case? We are persecuted, our names are cast out as evil, we have the world arrayed against us. And who are at the head of this? The Christians. You go to a real infidel—one brought up to disbelieve in, and pay no attention to, this book as the word of God, and we receive little persecution from him; none whatever in comparison with what we receive from those who profess to believe it. Where are their witness and testimony that they are right and that we are wrong? We have the Scriptures to testify to the right and righteousness of the cause we have espoused. They shut up the Bible, say they are Christians, and cry, "False prophets, false teachers, delusion, delusion, heresy, outcasts, kill them if you can not get rid of them without, they must leave, we cannot endure them any longer!"

Where is their proof, where is our proof? What criterion shall we go by? We have the Scriptures, we have the prophets, Jesus and the apostles; we have the revelations of the Spirit of God to ourselves; we have the truth within our hearts, and all this is proof to us of the validity of the faith that we have embraced; and if it is correct, and the Bible is correct; if it is true, and the Lord has spoken through his servants, they must be wrong, and their own mouths shall judge them in the latter days; and if they are to be judged by the Saints or by the Almighty you will find the secret, and that will be out of their own mouths they will be judged. We have the testimony of all this for ourselves.

How are you going to know whether this work is true, whether the Bible is true, whether Joseph was a prophet, whether Jesus was the Savior, and his apostles were correct in their teachings? There is no way for you and me to know these things but by the Spirit of God; and if we live so as to enjoy the light of that Spirit, the light of revelation, it will be in us like a well of water springing up to everlasting life. If we do not live thus, we are in the dark as well as they.

All religion is a mystery. Do we know this? Certainly. I have an experience in this, and so have the elder members of this community: we have lived with the Christians. What have been the declaration and the sayings of the wisest of the wise among them? Is God a personage of tabernacle? "I know not." Does God dwell anywhere, is he a local being, or is he a traveling being? "I know not." Does he possess a body, parts and passions? "I know not." What of his Son Jesus? What of the evil? Acknowledge there is evil in the world—that character that fell from heaven—the Son of the Morning, has he a located place where he dwells? "I know not." That is the answer. What do you understand by the Scriptures? "We do not know what to understand, they are a mystery, and beyond our comprehension, we can not comprehend them. We are students of divinity, but the Scriptures are a mystery to us." I recollect once, in my early career, well nigh forty years ago, conversing, about two hours, with a cousin of mine, who had finished his studies to be a priest. As I left him he said to me, "Cousin Brigham, I have learned more divinity from your mouth to-day than I have learned in my four years' study. You have told me things that I know are in the Scriptures, and I know they are correct, for I feel in my heart and can testify to the truth of them; but," said he, "they are not in the books, neither in the mouths and hearts of our teachers, our preceptors do not understand them, and I have learned more divinity from you in two hours than in all my life before." This is their experience. Have they knowledge? Go after it, and you will find an aching void, a shadow instead of a substance, words, which are wind, instead of realities.

We would take the world of mankind by the hand and lead them to life and salvation, if they would let us. It was said in my office, a few days ago, by a party of railroad men, while conversing with me about us as a people, "President Young, you are not known, your people are not known; we shall know you better hereafter, and they need not publish about you as they have, or, if they do, we shall know better than to believe them. Why do they publish such things? We are glad to become acquainted with you." I replied, "For over forty years I have been striving with all my might, in my weak capacity, and with my limited knowledge, to make the world acquainted with us and our doctrines. There are also thousands and thousands of elders who have traversed this earth over, without purse or scrip, trying to get people to learn who the Latter-day Saints are, and what they believe in, and why have you not known us? The Bible, Book of Mormon, and the Book of Doctrine and Covenants are published to the world with other works, giving to the whole reading world the principles we are proclaiming. Why are we not known? I will tell you why: the liars are industrious and, according to the old saying, a lie will creep through a keyhole and travel leagues and leagues while truth is getting up, wiping her eyes and putting her shoes on. That is the reason, and you believe lies instead of truth. And," said I, "from this time henceforth, when you read an article about the people of Utah, read it candidly and honestly, and the Spirit will tell you whether it is true or a lie; and believe the truth about us."

I will say, again, brethren and sisters, do not be in a hurry. Brethren, if you want to get rich, live so as to enjoy the Spirit of the Lord. You will then know exactly what to do in all matters. You want the spirit of wisdom in all your business transactions, and just as much in farming as anything else. We want the Spirit of the Lord from the least chore of labor that we perform, to the highest spiritual duty devolving upon the highest man in the kingdom of God. We want the Spirit of the Lord to guide and direct us through this world, to teach us in spiritual things, and in temporal things, that we may learn how to gain to ourselves the riches of eternity, and secure to ourselves eternal lives.

God bless you, Amen.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.—One of the best men, one of the most capable civil engineers—the man who really pointed the way of the Union Pacific over the Rocky Mountains,—and who, by the way, for twenty years has been one of the stiffest Democrats in existence, is Samuel B. Reed. We had great pleasure in meeting this gentleman Sunday evening last at Cairo, where he is engaged in building a hundred miles of railroad from near Cairo to make a direct line to New Orleans. Mr. Reed is in good health, and said from his observations in the South, he is ready to go straight for Greeley, and "would walk a thousand miles afoot to vote for him, if necessary."—*Omaha Herald, May 29.*

#### AGRICULTURAL.

**TO SUBDUCE A KICKING HORSE.**—Take a half-inch rope that has been stretched until it cannot be stretched any more, tie around the horse about six inches back of the pad and belly-band of the harness. Insert a short stick and twist it up nearly as tight as the rope will bear without breaking, and tie the stick so that it will stay. Tie the horse in a stall where there is room behind him to wield a long lash-whip, and then whip him around the hind legs very severely. At the second or third blow he will generally kick with both feet with all his might. If he has been in the habit of kicking in the harness, drive him with the rope on two weeks, or until he quits making any threats. Some will kick once or twice with one foot, and bob up and threaten for several days. They should be tickled, or teased, or have a basket thrown under them, or a tin pail tied to one hind foot, to make them try it, several times every day. After being driven a half hour they will shrink, so that the rope should be tightened.

I have never tried horses older than six or seven; think it might fail on an old mare that had the habit deeply rooted. A horse that rears and plunges to throw its rider it stops very quickly.—*Peter Dubois, in Country Gentleman.*

**MUSHROOMS FOR THE MILLION.**—Too few know how to produce this luxury cheaply. D. T. Fish says: "In any place—back shed, floor or hot house, cellar, stable, garret—where a temperature of 50 or 60 degrees can be maintained, mushrooms may be grown. We have heard of a Belgian cook who grew them in his old shoes, and assuredly they can be grown very well in four or six-inch pots, pans, boxes, or even in a cracked tea pot. They can be grown in the tops and bottoms of old casks. A barrel is sawn crosswise into two pieces, each forming a tub. Holes are made in the bottom of each, and a thin layer of good soil is spread over them inside. They are then filled with good, well-prepared stable manure, just like that used in ordinary mushroom beds, the different layers of manure in each tub being well pressed down. When the tub is half filled, six or seven good pieces of spawn are placed on the surface, and the remainder is filled up with manure, which is well pressed down, the operation being completed by giving to the heap the form of a dome. The tubs thus prepared are placed in a perfectly dark part of the cellar, and eight or ten days afterwards the manure is taken off until the spawn is visible, in order to see whether it has commenced to vegetate and develop little filaments. If the spawn has spread, the surface must be covered with soil, care being taken to use only that which is fresh and properly prepared. In this or any similar way there should be no difficulty in growing mushrooms; the boxes or tubs could be filled anywhere, and then carried into spare cellars, etc. In this manner objections against steaming manure might, in many cases, be got over."

"There is one immense advantage in growing mushrooms in portable and small pots, boxes, tubs or cask bottoms. When the manure gets cooled down, and the crop gets checked for the lack of warmth, these portable contrivances, with their freight of young mushrooms, may be plunged bodily into warmer media, such as a sweet bed of fermenting manure. Crops can likewise be safely hastened or retarded by ranges of temperature from 65 to 45 degrees. Thus they may be brought forth from the cellars and placed in forcing-houses at work, or plant stoves, in cases of emergency. Even the cook might grow his own mushrooms in pots on his kitchen shelves or under his tubs, and when they come with too great a rush, remove them to the cold meat larder, to take a quiet nap till wanted. By plunging the pots or pans in a genial medium, I have found that the fermenting material inside the pots may be almost dispensed with. The spawn runs best in a little sweet horse manure, that is, manure that has had its grossness sweated out of it by ten days' or a fortnight's gentle fermentation, and four or six turnings upside down and inside out. Place a handful of this in a pot or a pan, with one or more pieces of spawn, according to the size of the pot; fill with soil and plunge in a bottom heat of say 55 or 60 degrees, and in five or six weeks a crop of mushrooms will be gathered. Should the heat fail, renew with fresh manure and replunge. By this method a uniform temperature may be provided for the mushrooms through the whole period of growth.

"Finally, I never could discover any

difference between mushrooms grown in the dark and those grown in the light, and therefore the latter is by no means essential. Indeed, dry, warm cellars are among the best situations for mushrooms. Good spawn is the one thing essential."—*Rural New Yorker.*

**HORACE GREELEY**, in his "Essay on Farming," says that the only way to effectually destroy "widows' weeds," which seem to thrive in some kinds of soil, is for the husbandman to say, "Wilt thou?" They generally wilt.

**TO CURE A KICKING COLT.**—Fasten a cord to the end of his tail, pass it between his legs and fasten to the lower part of the collar; draw tight, and your colt will not lift a foot to kick.—*Wm. Bassett, Oakland County, Mich.*

**FERTILIZING CORN.**—Here is a hint of some value to corn-growers:

"An intelligent and reliable farmer, who has been for many years making experiments with corn, has discovered an importance and value in replanted corn which is quite novel and worthy of publication. We have always thought replanted corn of little consequence; he replants whether it is needed or not—or rather he plants two or three weeks after crops are planted, about every fifteenth row each way. He says if the weather becomes dry during the filling time, the silk and tassel both become dry and dead. In this condition, if it should become seasonable, the silk revives and renews, but the tassel does not recover. Thus for the want of pollen, the new silk is unable to fill the office for which it was designed. The pollen from the replanted corn is then ready to supply the silk, and the filling is completed. He says nearly all the abortive ears, so common to the corn crop, are caused by want of pollen, and that he has known ears to double their size in the second filling."

**WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?**—The following is among recent Salt Lake dispatches in the *Alta California*—

"Life, liberty and property are perfectly secure, and submission to the law absolute."

Now what does all that mean? We have a distinct recollection of reading in the dispatches a few weeks ago most dreadful statements of hasty self-arming and streets-running-down-with-blood predictions in and concerning this same handsome and peaceful city of ours. Now the same sky is over our heads, the same soil under our feet, but the political and moral outlook how changed! All is serene and everything perfectly secure. Surely the Millennium must be at hand, and the swords be under conversion into ploughshares and the spears into pruning hooks. The lamb is no longer afraid of the lion, nor the sheep averse to fraternizing with the wolf. Peace reigns on the Jordan, and let every heart rejoice.

**MORE REPUDIATION.**—Still they come! The following was received this morning:

MALAD CITY, Idaho, May 26th, 1872.  
*Editor Deseret News.*

Dear Sir: I find my name attached to a petition, which was published in your paper of May 15th, a copy of which was kindly sent me by my friends from home. I did sign my name to a blank paper, last March, merely taking the word of the person who presented it, and did not see the petition at all until I read it in your paper. I was surprised and mortified beyond description to see my name published in connection with said petition. It is untrue and bitter in the extreme, and I wish to withdraw my name, for if I had read it my name never would have appeared in connection with anything so much against my feelings. This will be a lesson to me never to again take the word of any one as to what I sign in the future. Respectfully,  
MARY WRIGHT.

**MR. E. COOK, HEIR TO A LEGACY!**—The following is a copy of a letter received a day or two since by President Brigham Young:

GURNEY ROAD, Stratford, Essex,  
England, May 10, 1872.

Sir:—About thirty years ago Mr. Edward Cook left England to join the Mormons in America. A small legacy is left to him in England, and if now in existence you will greatly oblige and facilitate business if you will kindly inform me whether such a person is known to you, and if he be dead when he died. If Mr. Cook be living he would be over eighty years of age.

I am, sir,  
Your obedient servant,  
GEORGE ROBINSON.

If this meet the eye of the Mr. Cook inquired for, or of any of his descendants, the sooner they make themselves known the sooner the legacy may be secured.