

of God. I know that the inquiry is often made, 'what shall we do with such men?' I say chastise them. I have reprimanded some of the brethren severely and made them first rate men; it brought them to their senses. You may chastise them or take any judicious course to bring them to their senses, that they may know whether they wish to be saints or not.

If we continue to sin, if we continue to neglect our duty and disobey counsel, the light afflictions which have visited us in these mountains are but as a drop to a bucketful, when compared with what awaits us.

What a pity it is that men, who do not know how to govern themselves in the kingdom of God, do not know enough to observe the counsel of those who do know. A pity it is that men and women of mature age, but who have not got a fair stock of good sense, do not know how to control and apply what they do know. Such persons do not know enough to sit still and hear from others, but they must always be indulging in their own gabble; their tongues are like a flutter wheel in rapid motion, and their chatter flows in a continual stream. We have men here who will come into this stand and preach you and I perfectly blind, figuratively speaking, and when they are through they do not know themselves from a side of sole leather, with regard to the things of God; they are all gab. What a pity it is!

I used to think, until I was forty-five years of age, that I had not knowledge, sense, or ability enough to enable me to associate with the men of the world, until I learned that the inhabitants of the earth were groveling in darkness and ignorance, and that their professed knowledge contained but few correct principles, that they were a set of automatons on the stage of life, following the maxim, 'as the old cock crows, so crows the young.' All the learned crow one tune, say one prayer and mainly act just alike. The learned world, so called, is a great mass of ignorance. I was once conversing with a worldly philosopher concerning the elements, and he told me how many there were. I informed him that we were both ignorant on that subject, but that I knew enough to know that there was a vast number of elements which philosophers had not yet been able to classify and determine. I asked him if he would clearly and fully define the nature and properties of the element called light, remarking, you can philosophise, you understand chemistry, astronomy and many other sciences, now will you please inform me what puts the light in that candle? He replied, 'I cannot.'—He could not explain the nature and properties of the light produced by the burning of cotton yarn in tallow. I said to him, do not talk to me any more about philosophy, and your great learning and knowledge, when you cannot give me the least idea of the properties of light.

So it is with the world's philosophy. All the learning and knowledge upon the face of the earth cannot of themselves make or produce a spear of grass, or the smallest leaf upon a tree. Do you know where they come from and what produces them? I know their origin and mode of production, and so do you, though you may not in your reflections have fully carried out the ideas connected with that subject. I will give you one item which pertains to what I call natural, true philosophy; and if a philosopher of the day could understand it and explain it to the world, learned institutions would send him sheep skins conferring praise and titles.

I will bring to your minds what I have formerly stated with regard to the spirit's entering the body. Our bodies are composed of visible, tangible matter, as you all understand, you also know that they are born into this world. They then begin to partake of the elements adapted to their organization and growth, increase to manhood, become old, decay and pass again into the dust. Now in the first place, though I have explained this many times, what we call death is the operation of life inherent in the matter of which the body is composed, and which causes the decomposition after the spirit has left the body. Were that not the fact the body, from which has fled the spirit, would remain to all eternity just as it was when the spirit left it, and would not decay.

What is commonly called death does not destroy the body, it only causes a separation of spirit and body, but the principle of life inherent in the native elements of which the body is composed still continues with the particles of that body and causes it to decay, to dissolve itself into the elements of which it was composed, and all of which continue to have life. When the spirit given to man leaves the body, the tabernacle begins to decompose, is that death? No, death only separates the spirit and body, and a principle of life still operates in the untenanted tabernacle, but in a different way and producing different effects from those observed while it was tenanted by the spirit. There is not a particle of element which is not filled with life, and all space is filled with element; there is no such thing as empty space, though some philosophers contend that there is.

Life in various proportions, combinations, conditions, etc., fills all matter. Is there life in a tree when it ceases to put forth leaves? You see it standing upright, and when it ceases to bear leaves and fruit you say it is dead, but that is a mistake. It still has life, but that life operates upon the tree in another way, and continues to operate until it resolves it to the native elements. It is life in another condition that begins to operate upon man, upon animal, upon vegetation and upon minerals when we see the change termed dissolution. There is life in the material of the fleshly tabernacle independent of the spirit given of God to undergo this probation. There is life in all matter, throughout the vast extent of all the eternities; it is in the rock, the sand, the dust, in water, air, the gases, and, in short, in every description and organization of matter, whether it be solid, liquid, or gaseous, particle operating with particle.

I have heard some philosophers argue that because no body could move without displacing

other matter, therefore there must be empty space. That reasoning is nonsense to me, because eternity is, was, and will continue to be full of matter and life. We put a ship in motion on the water, and have we created an empty space? No, we have only changed the position of matter. Men and animals move upon the earth, birds and fishes cleave the elements they are organized to operate in, but do they leave a track of empty space? No, for all eternity is full of matter and life. True, element is capable of contraction and expansion, but that does not by any means imply empty space. You see life in human beings and in the growing vegetation, and when that spirit of life departs, another condition of life at once begins to operate upon the organization which remains. By way of illustration I will quote one passage from the book of Job, who in his afflictions was visited by several friends, and after he had concluded that they were all miserable comforters he exclaimed, 'though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.' To make this passage clearer to your comprehension I will paraphrase it, though my spirit leave my body, and though worms destroy its present organization, yet in the morning of the resurrection I shall behold the face of my Saviour in this same tabernacle; that is my understanding of the idea so briefly expressed by Job. If you wish to know how the quoted passage reads, see Job, 19 chap. 26 v. King James' translation.

I have formerly spoken about the spirits overcoming the flesh; the body, or flesh, is what the devil has power over. God gave Lucifer power, influence, mastery, and rule, to a certain extent, to control the life pertaining to the elements composing the body, and the spirit which God places in the body becomes intimately connected with it, and is of course more or less affected by it.

Now let some of our philosophers tell us how much empty space there is, and where it is, in all the eternities that exist, or in other words, where life is not. The term death is often used to accommodate the understandings of the people, but they are in darkness upon this subject.

The spirit leaves a body, and then that body begins to pass away by another system of life. I might enlarge upon the death pertaining to this time and the death that will be hereafter, but it is all upon the same principle, it is plain, simple, natural philosophy, and our religion is based upon it.

I will now leave that subject and ask, will you lay a foundation for your future happiness?

Quite a number of men came here the first season besides the pioneers. Br. Frost was one of the pioneers, and probably one of the first who hammered iron in this region since the days of the Nephites. He has traveled through the Territory north, south, east, and west, wherever he has been sent. He has also crossed the Pacific ocean, and is again right here on hand, not dead yet. There are many others who have held on in the same way, who have not turned aside but have remained here, or gone where they have been sent.

As I was observing last Sabbath, such persons are the characters who are not so generally known throughout our community as are the drunkards, and men who go to law, those are the men of notoriety, but the others are men of sense, men who mind their own business. Still, do not go to cutting off twigs before they ought to be cut off, but if they prefer it, let them go to California and put their gold and silver into the hands of the devil, for I ask no odds of them, and expect I could buy the whole of them, so far as property is concerned. However, be merciful to them. I say to those men and women who cannot stay here because famine threatens the land, because we are threatened with being distressed, and through fear that we shall all die, just go, wont you? for you are nothing but hinderances.

We have lifted you up, as we do poor horses that are down, and cannot help themselves, and we have nursed you year after year, and as soon as you can stand alone you kick at your benefactors. As soon as you get a hundred dollars in money, and two or three yoke of cattle, you are ready to say, 'I want to go to the devil now,' and I say, go, but, as the Lord Almighty lives, you will meet sore chastenings, and pass through much more sorrow than if you were to continue saints, and remain with the saints.

And after you are handled by the devil until you are willing to do as the Lord wishes you to, then you will be glad to come here and black the boots and shoes of such men as Br. Frost, and will have to do the drudgery to all eternity, or as long as the faithful have a mind to keep you. The poor miserable curses, I call them so because they are cursed, will prow around and serve the devil, will run back and forth, and go to California and to the states, and here and there, and at the same time pretend they wish to be saints.

What will be done with such people? God Almighty will make them our servants. You had better stay here and die, if die it is. California is not the gathering place for the saints; here is the gathering place, and here we will gather and stay until God says, 'go somewhere else.'

If that is back to Jackson County do not be scared, for as the Lord lives this people will go back and build a great temple there. Do not be frightened because a few rotten, corrupt scoundrels in our midst cry out, 'O, the troops are coming and that will be the end of 'Mormonism,' in order to deceive the weak-minded females.

Should you see little boys playing with pebbles and small sticks, and hear them say, 'get out of the way we are going to build a great, big structure, that we may climb to the sun and pull it down,' their words and conduct would be just as sensible as it is for the world to tell us that 'Mormonism' is going to be destroyed. If we do right we need care no more about them than we do about mosquitoes, for this people will surely go back to Jackson County. How soon that may be, or when it may be, I do not care; but that is not now the gathering place for this people.

You will find a great many 'Mormons' who have lived in the States ever since they were driven from Missouri, and who still have a wish to be 'Mormons,' but they mingle with the world, and

some have joined the Methodists, some the Baptists, etc., so as to be on hand when this people go back to Jackson County. Then they expect to walk into Zion; but when that day comes they will be only far enough advanced to black the shoes of the faithful, dig trenches, hew wood, and draw water, and perform such other labors as may be required of them, while the saints dictate the affairs of this kingdom. They think that they are going to slip in with the crowd, but they will find themselves mistaken, for if any one presents them saying 'let this or that man in,' I will reply, 'he stayed in Missouri all the time that the saints were in the wilderness.' I should want to baptize such characters, and then send them to preach to the spirits in prison. After they have been there a long time, we will then send them to make our farms, attend to our gardens, to our horses and stables, and to do all the drudgery. They may complain and say, 'really Br. Joseph, we have been good saints all the time,' and Joseph will reply, 'come here and let me annoy your eyes,' then he will touch their eyes, and they will turn round and exclaim, 'let us be door keepers, or do anything else, that we may stay with you. Now we have eyes to see, ears to hear, and a heart to understand; we see that we have been fools.'

They will labor under the guidance and dictation of the elders who have been faithful.—Joseph and his faithful brethren will be at the gate, and the unfaithful cannot pass. They think that Jesus will be there, and that if he is there they will have the privilege of seeing him, and that they may gain an entrance, but if they have the privilege of seeing Joseph Smith's coat tail they may think themselves well off. If the Father, the Son, and the holy angels are there, they will only attend to the general oversight of affairs, and the faithful of this people will have the privilege of determining who is worthy of admission.

This is my philosophy with regard to the duties of the saints.

Now if philosophers will point out where empty space is, I will pay them for their trouble, because all the wicked will be running to me to know where it is, that they may be where God does not dwell, for they will want the rocks and mountains to fall on them to hide them from his presence. I could make money by directing poor devils where empty space is. May God bless you. Amen.

[From the New York Times.]

### A Sad Hour in the Tombs.

When he was born of whom we have now to speak, there was lamentation in the parsonage at—, a sweet English village, in the Lake District, embosomed among hills which there they term mountains.—Skiddaw, not unknown to fame on this side of the Atlantic, being of the number. His father was the respected pastor of the village. His mother, on the sad morning when she gave him, new born, to her husband, folded her hands upon her breast and went her way to God.

He grew as befitted the son of such a father, amid the amenities of life a well-tutored and apt boy. The stripling was tall, well formed and handsome. He was the beautiful young Apollo of the neighborhood, beloved by young and old, and well deserving their love. His father had pride in him, for he and that marble tomb-stone in the church-yard were all that were left to the old man in this world.

First at Harrow, and afterwards at Oxford, the youth gained among the tutors and his fellow class-mates, the renown of a promising, and even of a brilliant scholar. His acquaintance with the Dead Languages was superior to that of any collegian of his years, while to the other usual studies of his college, he added French, German, Italian and Spanish, which he learned to read with ease and speak with fluency. His father received flattering accounts of him. The old man, lonely among the hills, was proud in his loneliness. He had a son of whom he was not ashamed.

The choice of a profession being offered him, the successful aspirant for college honors decided upon studying Medicine. His natural bent was to that science. Perhaps his father would have been more pleased with another choice—the Ministry was a holy vocation.—But he yielded his consent without the least manifestation of disappointment, and the young man sat himself down to resolute study, under a surgeon of great repute.

He was well endowed, indeed, by Nature, for his new preceptor expressed his astonishment at the rapidity and exactness with which he mastered the difficult branches of his art. For him was prophesied a splendid career. His name would rank hereafter with the benefactors of humanity. Perhaps the world would talk of him, as of a Hunter, a Jenner, or a Blumenbach. The old man was indeed very proud among the hills.

Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and subsequently of the College of Physicians, and appointed to a post of importance and emolument in—Hospital, in point of rank and usefulness, the first in London. To this performance he had reached at the age of twenty-eight years, besides having traveled on the Continent, and studied some time in the Medical Schools of Paris.

There was some talk, too, that his father would see another child before he died, and that he hoped soon to press his lips upon the forehead of his son's young wife. Poor old man, so happy, tho' alone at thy fireside, all goes well with thee. She awaits thee yonder, and has awaited thee these many years; but thou must first, thou sayest, set a grandchild upon thy knee, and wonder whether the angels in Heaven have knowledge of what passes upon earth.

Nay, die rather first, old man. Thou art aged and thy sands are nearly run out. Make haste to die, that thou mayest not find thy grave with a sad heart. But she is taken away from the evil to come. There is comfort in that thought.

At his age the old man did not think that he should have to journey to London, where he had been but once since his own college days. But he arrives at the Babylon at a late hour one night, and seeks a hotel for rest, while the drunkards bawl through the streets. So hoarse and disguised with liquor was the voice of one roysterer, that he did not recognize it. Wornied as he was, he might not have slept at all, or would have slept less sound, if he had.

His son was not at home, nor at the hospital, they said, the next morning. They did not know where he was. But he would come? Perhaps certainly, but he was uncertain in his hours.—They pitied and spared the old man.

From the small wine-glass to the brimmed brandy-goblet, repeatedly filled at an early hour in the day, our A. M. Oxoniensis, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, of the College of Physicians, and Resident Physician at—Hospital, had hurried so soon. The story is soon told. Rumors of the sort, tho' far weaker than the reality, had reached his father. When the old man was brought to his bedside, by one who discovered him, through the agency of a dissolute associate, he was insensible, exhausted by the effects of mania a potu. When he was able to recognize his father, and tell the sad tale, he confessed that he had been a secret drinker for many years; that the habit had been growing on him since he left college, where, indeed, it was first formed. But he would reform; yes—yes, he would reform. The old man returned to his villagers partially comforted, but many an eye noticed that he had grown much older, in appearance, during that short absence in London.

Older, and his white locks whiter, and his step tremulous and uncertain. He could not preach now, nor pray, as he was wont. His curate must take his place wholly. He would sit in a pew, only as a lay worshipper.

It is a very cold January morning, when he again leaves his parsonage for another journey to London. It is a long journey of fifteen hours. When he reaches the Hotel, his limbs fail, and they have to put him to bed, like an infant. And the next day, as he seems more helpless, they ask him for directions, and send for his son.—They fear to communicate the tidings, but as they have only strangers' sympathy for him, they do so, without preparation.

His son is in prison. Not committed for crime, oh no, but for violence, under the influence of intoxication. That is all; but he speaks no more the old man. Is there room beneath that marble grave-stone for another tenant? Do we know them, our dear ones, when we join them above?

Reputation gone, and remorse preying on him, what shall he now do? There is a world elsewhere. As an Englishman, it is natural he should seek English territory. Aided by his friends with a large sum of money, a ship bears him to Canada, where he will indeed reform, and repent with many tears. Her, who should have been his wife, he has left behind. He will send for her and wed her, when happier days arrive.

But the happier days do not arrive. There is brandy in Canada, and he cannot resist it. He must again be a fugitive, most of his money spent. He reaches Boston, and for nearly a year seems to reform. He gathers friends around him, and gets into good practice. If he drinks now, it is secretly done, and nobody—or he thinks so—is the wiser.

They imprison people in Boston for street drunkenness, and one morning, when restored to sense, he found himself incarcerated.

In the Fall of 1854, he came to New York. His money was gone, and his friends refused to remit him any more from England. For some time he kept afloat, just drifting on the surface of decent society, not yet submerged. The least eddy would upset his frail shallop, and that eddy soon came.

When stronger men might have braved a whirlpool, he sank helpless. Insane, in his desire for drink, and having no means to procure it, he robbed a drunken companion of his watch, and pledged it.

We saw him two weeks since in the Tombs, and spent a sad hour with him, gleaning this history. Reader, it is not fiction, but very stern truth. He pleaded guilty last week, before the City Judge, at the Court of Sessions, and is now undergoing punishment. His name we withhold, though the records of the Court will furnish it to the too curious. What moral we can derive from his history and his misery, let us derive.

QUESTIONS.—Are the minutes relating to an affair of honor always drawn up by the second?

How does pig-iron ballast affect a ship when caught in a violent sou'-wester?

If General Simpson were to scale the walls of Sebastopol alone, could the act be regarded as a general assault?

If a man were to rob the Queen of England of five shillings, would he not be liable to trial for treason for depriving Her Majesty of her crown?

Should the Russians carry the war into the Polish territory, and take up a position on the banks of the river But, would it not be necessary for the allies to attack them, and make them flee away?—[Ex.]

What men want is not talent, it is purpose: in other words, not the power to achieve, but will to labor.