Address

Delivered by Eliza R. Snow, Jan. 9, 1855, at a Social Party in Lorenzo Snow's Hall, G. S. L. City.

My Brothers and Sisters, I'm happy to be Where the atmosphere's pure- where the spirit is free-

Where clear rays from the light of Eternity shine— Where reflections from Intellect's luminous mine Brightly beam from each eye—in each countenance glow—

Where pure currents of thought unobstructedly

Where sweet singers and players rich off'rings im-

To form telegraph lines from the head to the heart.

Hosanna to God: Let his praises abound Till the world, to his honour, with shouts will resound;

And with acts that imply more than language can speak,

All that look for salvation, his favour will seek.

With pure hearts and clean hands we can never
do wrong,

And we'll praise him in music, in dance, and in song: In whatever we do, either pastime or toil, For the welfare of Zion we aim all the while.

Tis our theme—our ambition—our wealth and our home—

Our bright centre of hopes in the glories to come.

Like rich clusters of grapes on a desolate plain, Or cool streams on the desert, is what we obtain From the presence of God when his Spirit unbinds, And with holy inspirings, gives scope to our minds. And our minds must expand, and our hearts be enlarg'd,

Or with "line upon line," they will be overcharg'd: Small vessels, when fill'd, can but little contain — All that each can receive, we are sure to obtain.

But the eye hath not seen, and the ear hath not heard,

Nor hath enter'd the heart, what the Lord has prepar'd

In the heavens, for the Saints, who their faithfulness prove,

And in keeping his statutes exhibit their love.

Yet sweet foretastes flow down, like refreshings of
dew

On our pilgrimage here, to encourage us through.

Lo! the powers of the earth are beginning to shake,

And the great day of vengeance is ready to break!
A slaughter field Babylon soon will become,
For the Gentiles are urging their own fearful doom—

And the sinners in Zion will meet their reward, For the judgments begin at the House of the Lord.

Revolution's wide trumpet is sounding its blast— Change is treading on change, and Time's chariot rolls fast.

The earth's tide of creation has ebb'd itself low— There will be no more ebbing—henceforward, 'twill flow.

Restitution's tall Era, with us has commenc'd, And the truths of salvation are widely dispens'd— The grand gath'ring of Israel, proclaim'd far and near,

And a few from all nations are gather'd up here.

And how blest are the Saints who're permitted to

To these Valleys of peace-to this mountainous home,

Where no wolf and no tiger can lawlessly prowl,
And no night-lurking dog with impunity howl—
Where the finger of God, through the Priesthood,
directs,

And his all-seeing eye, through his Prophet, pro-

Truth will spread forth its conquests till th' nations abroad

Will bow down and acknowledge the kingdom of God.

In eternal progression we're taught to believe,
But we all have to labour for what we receive.
With no service perform'd, no reward is obtain'd—
Where no warfares are wag'd, are no victories gain'd.
We must work, and continue our work all the day—
If we tire out at noon we shall forfeit the pay:
If perchance we should wear out, we take the next

And with more refin'd matter our labours resume, Under superintendence of those who preside, In the bright spirit land, o'er the Saints that have died.

Father Adam, our God, let all Israel extol,
And Jesus, our Brother, who died for us all:
All the praise is imperfect, we now can bestow—
Our expression is weak, and our language too low:
But when Zion that dwells on a planet in light,
With the Zion perfected on earth, shall unite;
Sweet, rich, high-sounding anthems, all heaven will
inspire,

As the pure language flows from the lips of the

For the Gentlies are urging their own tearth doom—	
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