

power to bring rain upon the crops in these valleys, I would not do it. Why? Because it would throw many of you into lazy slothful, idle habits, and every Gentile that came through here would covet your farms, and would say, "This is the finest country we ever saw, how rich you are, how your cattle thrive upon the hills, your grain grows almost without labor in cultivating the earth."

They would soon begin to desire your inheritances, those houses and this city, and it would be but a few years before we would have to leave, or contend with them. As it is now, there is no people that would live here, except the Latter-day Saints, and they are decidedly the best people upon the earth, even though I sometimes chastise them, and what I say is true, for a few deserve chastising.

I do not believe that the city of Enoch made greater advancement, in the same period of time, than this people have done in the twenty-six years of their career, which is saying a great deal for them. Who else would live here? Nobody. Put Gentiles here and tell them that they had to be confined here, and they would consider themselves in a worse prison than a penitentiary.

Do some of the brethren murmur a little, and say if it were not for "Mormonism," they would do thus and so? What of that? Is there any other people who would do as well as you do? No, not another.

When I find fault with the people for not hearkening to counsel, it is because I want them to live so as speedily to obtain the reward of righteousness, and not have to wait so long for it.

This is a good people, though there are some in our midst who do not do right. Plant the Gentiles here, and you would soon see cutting throats and hear the sharp crack of the rifle at the water sects. There would be

far more fighting for water than there is among the "Mormons" though some of them steal it now.

Many of the brethren feel as I do; if I had my crops growing and somebody should come along and steal my water, I should say, you will raise grain, will you not? Well, go ahead, for we shall get it, if you raise it.

Here sits a man I can now look upon who says I am a greater despot than the Emperor of Russia. Maybe I am, for should I see the poor suffering, I could knock open flour barrels better than Alexander II, and give the contents to the poor with a better heart than he could.

Who in the wide world could live here more peaceably than we do? Nobody; and I thank God for hard times. Do you suppose that the Gentiles want this country? No; they say, "It is a Godforsaken country," and I say, hallelujah, for it is the very country I prefer, a country where nobody else will live but those who are willing to keep the commandments of God.

I wish to be tyrannical enough, if that is the proper term, to make you good men and good women. Go to with your might this year, and see if we cannot prepare for another. This is a great Saint raising country; we have seen wheat grow here almost spontaneously, and there could not be a better Saint raising country.

If a person is honest before God and has more than he needs for his own use, and does not covet it, he will make a distribution to those who have not, and there need not any person go without necessary food. I know that there are many here who have given out much flour, and they have by no means suffered on account of their liberality. There is a man sitting on the stand who says that his wife scraped the bottom of the flour barrel, and on the next morning has gone to scrape again, to give out more to the poor, and found it half full. She