

too often a perfect waste and destruction under my own nose, because I cannot find time to look after my private affairs.

I have asked myself, Shall I go and attend to my own business, or let it go? And I have replied, I will let it go to hell backwards rather than neglect my public duties. I will not neglect my public duties, if my property all goes to destruction—if we do not have a drop of milk from this time henceforth and forever. During the past winter, my large family have had three cows, and they have done me six times more good than ever the thirteen did. I prevailed upon one or two of my women to do the milking for the first time, whereas heretofore I have had to hire Jim, and Jack, and Peter Gimblet to do the milking, and they would often pound a cow until she would not give down her milk, and would kick her half to death, and then half milk her, and ruin everything about me. Three cows now do us more good than fifty would have done four years ago, under the old plan.

I expect that all persons who will not try to help and take care of themselves the best they can, will see the time when they will wish they had done so; yet I would like to turn away the evil day from them, if I can possibly do it, by correct teaching and example. All persons that will not try to take care of themselves, will see a day of sorrow, and will regret the waste of time misspent in this life.

When I labored, I did the milking and feeding most of the time, and fed the pig, and attended to all the outdoor chores; though, at the same time, if I was absent, I had a wife, after I came into this Church, who was always ready to feed pigs, milk and feed cows, and work in the garden, or do anything that should be done, so far as she was able. Wives, go into the garden and raise the salad and numerous other articles within

your judgment and strength. Who hindered you from making a little vinegar last year? People are frequently running round and asking, "Where can I buy some vinegar?" When I was keeping a house, if my neighbors had a million hogsheads of vinegar, I had no need to buy a spoonful of it, for I would make a plenty for my own use, and would have eggs, butter, and pork, of my own producing, and manage to secure beef, and salt it away nicely, and we had all the essentials for comfortable diet.

Will the people continue to live? Many of them will merely manage to stay, just as a family did in Illinois. During a conference held in their neighborhood, we would sit down at the table, in the center of which was a great big milk-pan piled full of lean beef, and sour bread to eat with it. After awhile, a plate of butter would be brought on, quite white, and full of buttermilk; and those articles comprised our dinner. When Sunday morning came, we had the rarity. In the mean time, I found out who owned the farm, the sheep, the horses, the cows, the oxen, the turkeys, the geese, the fowls, and the fine orchards. They were all owned by Esquire Walker. On Sunday morning, we sat down to the meat and bread, as usual, and clean butter was on the table that time, if I recollect rightly; but there was one plate with something upon it that I had not deciphered. I looked at it carefully, and by and by I concluded that it faintly resembled a pie. Sister Walker came along, saying, "Brother Young, there is some pie; it is peach pie; do eat some." It was made of dough rolled out into a thin cake, and put on a plate, with a thin streak of poor, refuse, fuzzy peaches that had been merely halved, and the pits taken out; and then another thick tough crust put over them. I took a piece, and said to brother Kimball, What is this? at the same time giving him