

while you live, to advance the world in its present state; it is full of wickedness and violence; no regard is paid to the prophets, nor the prophesyings of the prophets, nor to Jesus nor his sayings, nor the word of the Lord that was given anciently, nor to that given in our day. They have gone astray, and they are building up themselves, and they are promoting sin and iniquity upon the earth; and," said he, "it is the word and commandment of the Lord to his servants that they shall never do another day's work, nor spend another dollar to build up a Gentile city or nation."

Now, if anyone is disposed to ask whether Brother Brigham has ever, since then, worked a day, or half a day, or an hour, to build up a Gentile city or the Gentile world, he will most emphatically tell the Latter-day Saints that he never has.

I could illustrate by circumstances, and could relate if I were disposed to give them to you, the providences of God, and how favorable they are to those who walk humbly before him. In the summer of 1833, in July, Brother Joseph gave the word of the Lord to the Elders, as I have been telling you. I returned east; and in September Brother Kimball and I went up together with our little families. When we arrived in Kirtland, if any man that ever did gather with the Saints was any poorer than I was—it was because he had nothing. I had something and I had nothing; if he had less than I had, I do not know what it could be. I had two children to take care of—that was all. I was a widower. "Brother Brigham, had you any shoes?" No; not a shoe to my foot, except a pair of borrowed boots. I had no winter clothing, except a homemade coat that I had had three or four years. "Any panta-

loons?" No. "What did you do? Did you go without?" No; I borrowed a pair to wear till I could get another pair. I had traveled and preached and given away every dollar of my property. I was worth a little property when I started to preach; but I was something like Bunyan—it was "life, life, eternal life," with me, everything else was secondary. I had traveled and preached until I had nothing left to gather with; but Joseph said: "come up;" and I went up the best I could, hiring Brother Kimball to take my two little children and myself and carry us up to Kirtland. In those days provisions and clothing were as dear as they are now in this place; and a mechanic in that country who got a dollar a day and boarded himself was considered rather an extra man. A dollar a day! And my brethren when they have three or five dollars a day, and have worked a year, will be sure to come out four or five or six hundred dollars in debt if they can get it. We did not live so in that country; we never used anything more than our means. When I reached Kirtland I went to work as soon as the word was that I could work and not preach. I knew that I could get plenty; for I knew how; I always could gather around me and make property.

There were some thirty or forty Elders gathered to Kirtland that fall; but there was only one mechanic in the entire number whom I knew that did not go to Cleveland and the neighboring towns to work during the winter—for the simple reason, that they thought they could not get one day's work and get their pay for it, in the place Joseph was trying to build up—and that exception was your humble servant. I made up my mind that I would stay in Kirtland, and work if I never got a farthing