

makes a dog of him at once; and there are probably men in this room whose liquor costs them forty, fifty, or a hundred dollars a year. Madmen! Shame on such Elders in Israel! Tobacco is bad enough; its excessive use will shorten a man's life about ten years, but whiskey degrades him far lower than the brutes. "O," a man will say, "the Bishop drinks a little, and if it is good for him it must be good for me." Says the little boy, "Dad chews tobacco, and if it is good for dad it is for me." Suppose, brethren, that we make a general reformation in these things. Says one, "I drink only home-made liquor." For my part I do not care what kind you drink, nor where it comes from, I want all men in Israel to let it alone.

I was proud the other day at a little notice of the "Mormons" that I was reading. It said that if you saw a man drunk in Salt Lake City, it was invariably a "Gentile." It is a good deal so, but a great many of our brethren are on the road to ruin through drink, if not in this city in other places. Men think they need it, but they do not. There is something about whiskey like tobacco—it makes its own appetite. You drink one glass, and when the time for it comes around you want another, and by and by you cannot do without it. I have seen strong men in Israel nervous and trembling like children because their hour for drink had gone by. Such men die a shame and disgrace. Let us stamp it under our feet, and have nothing more to do with it. When a person is sick, weak, and feeble, spirits, probably, may be advantageously used to wash his body, but the practice now is to wash the inside of the body. Away with such nonsense, and shame on the Elders of Israel that are found patronizing it. The curse of the

Almighty will rest on the men and the money that established this business in Israel, as sure as the God of Israel reigns. Of all the varied avocations in life, I should consider the superintendence of a liquor shop the most degrading.

But I want to come back to our oneness in wintering our stock and sheep. We will suppose that in Salt Lake City the practice of sending abroad for their goods, hats, caps, boots, shoes, and clothing becomes quite general among the people, while in the little county of Davis the Bishop and the people put their mites together and establish a woollen factory, attend to the cultivation of flax, and take care of the sheep, and do everything they can to live on home products, even to the wearing of straw hats and banners of their own manufacture. What would be the result? The result would be that while the people of Salt Lake City would be living from hand to mouth, the people of Davis County would, in a few years, be able to buy the Territory. If, as a Territory, we adopted this policy, we would soon have, not only money enough to buy our land, but anything on the face of the earth that is necessary for our enjoyment, and for the accomplishment of the great work in which we are engaged.

A few years ago, you know, the counsel given to Israel was to put our grain in our bins, and not to sell unless we could obtain a fair remunerative price for it. Had that counsel been adhered to what would have been the result? There would have been no scarcity of bread, and our grain would have commanded any price in reason that we might have asked for it. A great many kept the counsel given, but we were not united in the matter. One would undersell another, until large quantities of our grain have gone into the hands of