

because it was a beautiful place, for when we arrived it was inhabited by Digger Indians, wolves, bears and coyotes—a desolate, arid plain, a howling wilderness. That was the position in which we found the country. And to get here we had to make the roads and build the bridges, and when we got here we did not have orchards and vineyards, and beautiful pleasant places ready for us, we had to make them. We had to roll up our sleeves and take our teams and go into the canyons and drag down the logs, and saw our boards by hand. I have sawed many a one by hand and George Q. Cannon has assisted me. "What," say some, "do you ministers saw?" Yes, we ministers saw and we work, and I would be ashamed to be dependent upon anybody but myself for a living. I hope that God will ever preserve me from that, and I shall feel grateful to my Heavenly Father if he will always enable me to obtain my own. I remember being over in Tooele a number of years ago, and a party said to me, "Brother Taylor, I wish you would come here and preach." "Well," said I, "I am here, am I not?" "Yes, but we would like you to come again." Said I, "Perhaps I will, when I get ready." "Well, but if you will come here, we will make you up something, we will get you some chickens, a little flour and some pork," and I do not now remember what else. Said I, "I am very much obliged to you, very much indeed, for your proffered kindness, but I always prefer to dig my own potatoes, and I would just as soon plant them as not, and then dig them." These are my sentiments, and also those of my brethren. Here is Brother Woodruff; he has traveled hundreds and thousand of miles, as I have, and he generally digs his own

potatoes and he knows how to plant them, and on these points, for diligent labor, I will set him against any man in this Territory.

We did not come here then, for anything of that kind. There were no houses here when Brother Woodruff and I first came here, and before we had any we had to make them. Before we had any gardens we had to make them; before there were any flowers we had to plant them, and we had to plant the seeds before any trees grew. I have got trees in my orchard now that grew from seeds planted by my first wife, which she brought from the East when I came here. People come here now, and many of them say, "You have a very beautiful city here." Yes, our city is well enough. "And you have a very pleasant place, and nice streams of water." Yes, but we had to make the ditches for them to run in, they did not run as they now do when we first came, we have had to do everything that has been done.

Well, what do you gather together for? What is your object? Just precisely what the Prophet told of thousands of years ago. You know that Brother Pratt was talking about fleeing "as doves to the windows," and while I was listening to him I was very much interested, and thought we had been fulfilling the words of the Prophets. I think that some of our folks, both young and old, sometimes forget "the pit whence they were dug, and the rock whence they were hewn;" and I think they spend a great deal of their time in frivolity and nonsense. This is not the case generally, and I do not care, this evening, to make accusations; for I delight to see that many are engaged in Sunday Schools, and in acts of benevolence and kindness and many of our young brethren and sisters are engaged in labors of a similar kind.