

Late in the fall I saw one man working among his corn; he had a large crop, more than a single man could take care of. I saw he was going to let it go to waste; I said to him, "Brother, let the brethren and sisters help you to husk your corn, to gather it and put it safely away, for so much it will benefit them and help you." "O," he replied, "I have nothing to spare, I can take care of it myself." I saw it wasting, and said to him, "Brother, get your corn husked immediately, and let the brethren do it, and pay them with a portion of it." He replied, "I cannot spare a bit of it." I have no question of it at all in my mind, but three-fourths of his corn went into the mud, and was trampled down by the cattle; and women and children went without bread in consequence of it. That man had no judgment, he knew not what to do with the blessings the Lord had bestowed upon him.

Were I to ask the question, how much wheat or anything else a man must have to justify him in letting it go to waste, it would be hard to answer; figures are inadequate to give the amount. *Never let anything go to waste.* Be prudent, *save everything*, and what you get more than you can take care of yourselves, ask your neighbors to help you. There are scores and hundreds of men in this house, if the question were asked them if they considered their grain a burden and a drudge to them, when they had plenty last year and the year before, that would answer in the affirmative, and were ready to part with it for next to nothing. How do they feel now, when their granaries are empty? If they had a few thousand bushels to spare now, would they not consider it a blessing? They would. Why? Because it would bring the gold and silver. But pause for a moment, and suppose you had millions of bushels to sell, and could sell it for twenty dollars per

bushel, or for a million dollars per bushel, no matter what amount, so that you sell all your wheat, and transport it out of the country, and you are left with nothing more than a pile of gold, what good would it do you? You could not eat it, drink it, wear it, or carry it off where you could have something to eat. The time will come that gold will hold no comparison in value to a bushel of wheat. Gold is not to be compared with it in value. Why would it be precious to you now? Simply because you could get gold for it? Gold is good for nothing, only as men value it. It is no better than a piece of iron, a piece of limestone, or a piece of sandstone, and it is not half so good as the soil from which we raise our wheat, and other necessities of life. The children of men love it, they lust after it, are greedy for it, and are ready to destroy themselves, and those around them, over whom they have any influence, to gain it.

When this people are blessed so much that they consider their blessings a burden and a drudge to them, you may always calculate on a cricket war, a grasshopper war, a drought, too much rain, or something else to make the scales preponderate the other way. This people have been blessed too much, so that they have not known what to do with their blessings.

What do we hear from the inhabitants of the different settlements? The cry is—"I do not wish to live out yonder, for there is no chance to speculate and trade with the emigrants." Have you plenty to eat? Have you plenty of wheat, fowls, butter, cheese, and calves? Are you not raising stock in abundance for flesh meat of different kinds? What use is gold when you get enough to eat, drink, and wear without it? What is the matter? "Why, we are away off, and cannot get rich all at once." You are lusting after that which you do not know what to do with, for few men