

they make themselves comfortable. They can soon obtain plenty of the best kind of pay for their labor, such as bread—the staff of life, butter, cheese and vegetables. When a man gets these things, without the fancy nicknacks, he does well.

Suppose we pick up a company of these poor Saints in England, whose faces are pale, and who can scarcely tread their way through the streets for want of the staff of life; you may see them bowed down from very weakness, with their arms across their stomachs, going to and from their work; the greater part of them not enabled to get a bit of meat more than once a month; and upon an average only about one tablespoonful of meal per day, for each person in a family, without butter or cheese, by working 16 hours out of the 24; and when they go to their work and return from it, they need a staff in their hands to lean upon. We bring 200 of them here; instead of their being obliged to work for two or three pence per day, they can get a dollar and a dollar and a half per day. With one day's wages they can purchase flour and meat and vegetables enough to last a moderately sized family one week.

They have not been here long when they may be seen swelling in the streets with an air of perfect independence. Ask one of these men if he will pay you for bringing him here; and he will reply, "I don't know you, sir." You ask another if he will work for you, for bringing him out to this place; and he will appear quite astonished, saying, "What have I had from you?" Another will say, "If I work for you, what will you give me? Can you give me some adobies? For I am going to build a fine house, or if you have any money to pay me, it will answer as well."

How does such language and ingratitude make the benefactor of that

person feel? Why, his heart sinks within him. I can find thousands of just such men and women in this territory. When they are brought to this place, they do not know their benefactors, who saved them from death, but they are a head and shoulders above them, when they meet them in the streets.

Do you know the conclusion that is natural to man, when he is treated in such a manner by his fellow man? It is, "I wish I had left you in your own country." I wish so too. I say, let such persons starve to death, and die Christians, instead of being brought here to live and commit the sin of ingratitude, and die and go to hell; for while they remained in their poverty, they were used to the daily practice of praying for deliverance; and I say it is better for them to die praying, and go into eternity praying, and the Almighty to have bowels of compassion and mercy towards them, than for them to come here, and lose the Spirit of God through ingratitude, and go into eternity swearing.

I can pick up hundreds of men who have passed by their benefactors, and if they should speak to them, would turn round and say, "I really don't know you." Or if they do, they will speak everything against them their tongues can utter, or can be allowed to; and they will swear falsely about them—about the very men who have saved them from starvation and death.

I frequently refer to facts that come under my own observation. When I came into this Valley, we had notes amounting to \$30,000 against brethren we had assisted, which no person will pay one cent for. We have helped men, women, and children from England, to over the amount of \$30,000. Except one individual, and that is a man by the name of Thomas Green, who lives in Utah, and one young woman, who came from Eng-