

part of those who have come across the plains this season, will no doubt attend this Conference; though, perhaps, a few of them may be necessarily absent, and a few have gone to other settlements.

I will comprise the text in a few words, though not exactly as it reads in the Bible, and will put it in the form of a question. My brethren, you who have been helped to this place by the Perpetual Emigration Fund—*Will you do to your brethren as you would have, or wish, them to do by you in like circumstances?*

Can you call to mind the time, when you have seen others emigrating to America—being helped away from poverty and distress? Can you recollect the days and weeks when at work, when walking abroad, and when at meetings, that your hearts have been full, and lifted to the Lord, in earnest supplication, to incline the hearts of your brethren in Zion to put forth their hands, and help you away from that country where hundreds and thousands are turned out of employment, in consequence of their embracing the Gospel—thus depriving them of labor, and consequently the necessary food for themselves and families?

Can you who have arrived here this fall, or who arrived one, two, and three years ago, think how you felt when you heard that a company was established, and means were being provided, to help the poor to this place? If you can, call to mind now the feelings you had then, and ask yourselves if you are willing to do to your brethren who are now in that country, as you wished to be done unto by those who emigrated before you; or whether you will do as many have done after they have arrived here.

Many brought here in former years by the Perpetual Emigrating Fund have wanted the highest wages for their labor, when they could not do half the amount of work that a man

can do who has been here a few years. They have wanted to make themselves rich, or at least very comfortable, before they could think of paying their passage here. They must have a good house, and a fine garden; and by the time they have got that, they think they really need a farm.

They will say to themselves, “I must raise grain, for it is becoming dear, and there will be a high-priced market opened here for it by and by; grain is going to be in good demand, and I must have a farm; I must get poles to fence it; I must have my oxen; and I shall not pay what I owe the Perpetual Emigrating Fund yet. I want, at least, time to fence my farm, and I want so many cows that I can have a carriage to ride to my farm to see how my servants are getting on; and I must have horses,” etc., etc.

With a very few exceptions, no man has put forth his hand to pay the debts he owes the P. E. Fund.

I now ask you if you are willing to do what you have wanted others to do by you? Let the first thing you attend to be to pay the debt you owe the Fund. Do you say, “Well, shall we not get us a house?” No; live in your tents, or go into the woods, and bring down bushes and make bough houses as the Indians do, and say you will be satisfied with that until you have paid the debt you owe the poor. You do not owe it to me, nor to these my brethren; we have plenty. We have houses; we have enough to sustain ourselves. You do not owe it to any individual here, but you owe it to the poor who wish to come here; the debt is due to them alone. If you refuse to do this, would you not shut up the bowels of your compassion against the poor?

Be careful, brethren, that your eyes