

are given to us of God. Suppose the Lord should give to me the gift of tongues, it would be the gift of God. On the other hand, suppose He should give me a loaf of bread when I am hungry, which shall I prize the most? It is all the gift of God. Then with regard to self-preservation being the first law of nature. When our brethren have a good crop given to them by the hand of Providence, coupled with their own industry, they are anxious to sell it. They want to buy many things, and press it into market, and sell it for comparatively half its value, so crazy are they to sell it.

They are like some men, when they get a few dimes in their pockets it burns them as it were, and they must spend their money, because they cannot rest until it is spent; taking comfort from the idea, "O well, we will get along the best way we can;" and when they have spent the last dime they are hard up sure enough. This is the case with many of our friends whose labors the Lord has blessed, and richly repaid them for their toil by a bounteous harvest, and now they are anxious to get rid of it.

When we descend to the matter of dollars and cents, it is also spiritual; God made the metal of which they are made; He put it in the earth. We came down so, to accommodate ourselves to the understandings of all, for I told you I should talk about things you know, and not about things that you cannot comprehend. I will venture to say, when I talk about dollars and cents, you will all understand me. For instance, you sell your hay at ten dollars per ton, your wheat at a dollar and a half per bushel, and all your other products in the same ratio to the stranger, or anybody else that will buy it from you, you are so anxious to get rid of it. But by and by, when your poor brethren come in, and have not means to buy that which they must subsist upon, but are under the

necessity by days' work first to earn capital before they can buy the farmer's produce—by the time they get means, the price is raised from fifty to one hundred percent.

Your own brethren, who stand by you in summer and in winter, in adversity and in prosperity; your own brethren, who roam the world over to bring recruits to strengthen your forces, and make your defenses still more invulnerable; when they come fainting from the field of their labors, you make them pay an hundred percent more for your produce than the stranger that passes through your country. Is that right? Will God bless an order of things of that kind? Try it, and if you don't dwindle into monkeys, you will dwindle into something more hideous still.

What is to be done? Shall not the stranger be fed? Most certainly. Where rests the difficulty then? If you will only sell to your poor brethren next spring at the same price you will now sell to the stranger, there is no difficulty—I have nothing more to say, but I will be perfectly quiet upon this matter. If you will not do this, raise the price to the stranger, to the same standard you will exact from your poor brethren next spring. If you will do this, you will do right.

This is the common salvation that I wanted to speak to you upon. The scales of justice should be hung upon an even balance. Who are the best able to pay? Your poor brethren, who have hardly a pittance left when they arrive here—who have nothing to bless and comfort their souls and bodies with, or those who come backed up with resources inexhaustible?

Says one, "Do you calculate to go upon the principle that he who has the most shall pay the most?" No; but he shall pay just as much in the fore part of the year, as those do in the latter part of it. I do not see any injustice in this. You now sell your