

kingdom of God. If those who are going to sell their grain to speculators this year will rise up and tell us who they are, I will hold up my hands for them to be forthwith severed from this Church, to be delivered over to the buffetings of Satan.

Some who are unacquainted with me may say, "Brother Brigham, don't you speculate?" Yes, I am the greatest speculator in the world, and one of the greatest misers, for I am seeking after eternal riches. "But, don't you speculate on your flour? You have fine mills." Ask those who recollect to a few years ago, when wheat was tramped under foot by man and beast. I then had a hired man who said he wanted to get a little money; I told him that I did not want to sell flour to the Gentiles in order to get it. He replied, "If you are willing, I would like to sell them a little, for they are from my country." He did so, to the value of ninety-three dollars. I do not think that besides that amount, I have ever received fifty-cents in cash for flour sold from my mills, though I have had emigrants come, in a scarce time, and offer me fifty and seventy-five dollars for a hundred pounds. I said to them, you may plead until you are as gray as a rat, and you will not get flour from me for your money, but if you will stay and help us through harvest, and go to work like good men, we will pay you the same as we pay our brethren, and then you may go to California, or anywhere you please; but as to your getting one pound of flour from my bin for money, you cannot do it, and they never have so far as I recollect. It all goes to feed those men and women who work; those are the ones who eat my flour.

If I cannot get rich only upon the principle of oppressing my brethren, and depriving them of the comforts of life, I say, may God grant that I may never have another farthing upon

earth. I do not want it upon such terms, and if I ever should, I hope the Lord will keep it from me.

I told you the other day what makes me rich, it is the labor of those whom I feed and clothe; still I do not feel that I have a dollar in the world that is my own, it is the Lord's and he has made me a steward over it; and if I can know where the Lord is pleased to have it appropriated, there it shall go. The covetousness of some of this people has grieved me, and it has caused my spirit to weep and mourn to observe their greediness, their cheating and lying, their scheming in every possible way to wring a picayune out of this man, or that woman. I can put my finger upon owners of little shops in this city, who will lie to you for half an hour on a stretch, who will, if you send a child to their shops to buy a yard of ribbon that is worth ten cents, charge the child fifteen or twenty cents for it, but if I go to purchase the same article I can have it for ten cents. I know what goods are worth, but let an ignorant person go to those places and they will cheat him. I can put my hands upon traders now before me, who are guilty of such conduct.

It grieves me to see men who have believed the Gospel, forsaken the land of their nativity for the sake of life and salvation, endured all they have in coming here, and then, for a paltry sum of money, sacrifice their salvation. Such men cannot be saved in the celestial kingdom of God; they may receive their endowments, but they will do them no good; they may read over their Patriarchal blessings every day, but they will do them no good. No man or woman can receive life everlasting, only upon the principle of strict obedience to the requirements of the celestial law of heaven; no man can inherit such a blessing upon unholy principles.

Men must be honest, they must