

Plains, that his mother was sick and had several children to take care of, and wound up by saying, that his mother had not eaten anything since the morning of the day previous. I told my wife to give him some bread, remarking that if I could walk as I once could I would know the true situation of that family. Brother Wells was by and said, "I can walk," I then asked the boy where he lived; he replied, "Over yonder." In what Ward? He did not know. What is your name? "David Jones." What was your father's name? "Jones." Who are your neighbors? He did not know. Brother Wells started off in an easterly direction with him. The boy began to limp and complained of sore feet, and ere long sat down and began to cry loudly and raise the neighborhood. Bishop Woolley hearing the crying came up, and, after trying to make him hush and start for his home, gave him a good spanking, and started him homeward. He at length mentioned the name of Bishop Perkins, and, from that Bishop, brother Wells learned that the name of the family was Meiklejohn, and that they lived in the Seventh Ward. After much inquiry the boy's home was found, though he was determined not to go home, and it was soon discovered that he had a father (whose Christian name is David) and mother living, both of whom had gone to bed, and a little sister, who waited on the opposite side of a street while the boy who begged, was still out.

The parents of course said the boy did very wrong, and that they had no idea of his conducting himself so, when the fact is the boy has been trained to lie from his childhood by his father and mother, and so has the girl. Scores of times would not amount to the number that these very children have been to my house, and we have given them flour, meal, and bread which they have carried home.

On the same evening, persons were overheard talking beneath some trees. One said, "Sister, where did you get your flour today?" "I got it at brother Brigham's." "I have some money, and shall have to buy some."

"Don't buy one pound, but go to brother Brigham and tell him a good story, and you will get some flour. I have money, but I will not pay one cent for my flour."

I mention these facts to illustrate the spirit that is in a portion of this community. If you go into England, or into any of the old countries, you will see the same class of poor, guilty, miserable wretches begging for a living, and they carry on that business to such a degree, and in such a manner, that the rich and those who are in comfortable circumstances, aware of the rascality of many, often refrain from given to any through fear of being imposed upon, and thereby the honest, innocent poor suffer. They would also suffer here if we were equally fearful of being imposed upon; but many who are unworthy are now aided, by those who are ever ready to assist the destitute, lest some honest poor should suffer; for this reason we withhold not from any.

If this loose course of begging is suffered to go on in this community, without a check being put to it, but a few years would elapse before the honest might be permitted to starve to death in the streets; for those who have would say, "We do not know but that you have your thousands at home, and we will not take the trouble to find out."

We have our arrangements for learning the condition of the people, and I will here make a few remarks concerning the Bishops. If they magnify their office and calling, they will know the circumstances of every family in their Wards. But with all our experience in regard to Bishops, es-