

a wink. "Why, brother Young," replied Mrs. Walker, "It is peach pie." I remarked, "Brother Kimball, I never saw the like before in my life; did you?" "Never." I went into the orchard, where they had been making brandy out of the best peaches for three or four weeks. Could they be put into a pie? No; but they must use the little, nasty, withered up ones.

I have related that circumstance to show you how much they knew about living. That family had plenty of fowls, cattle, and milk; and if they had known how to manage their abundance, they could have had every comfort of life served up in the richest and best style. They could also have made hundreds of pounds of maple sugar, which is the best of sweetening; for they had a sugar orchard on the farm. Yet, when I was there, they had a house with five or seven beds in one room; and when you walked across the floor, the planks would go clatter-to-bang. And when they wanted to see in the day time, they had to open the door, or draw up to the fireplace, and benefit by the light that came down the chimney. I asked Esquire Walker why he did not put a good floor in his house, and put in windows. He replied, "I have been thinking I would, for several years. Friend Young, I have a good deal of money and property on hand, and I think of going to Nauvoo, to invest several thousand dollars." I state this to show you that many people do not know what to do with what they have.

You may see some little girls around the streets here with their mothers' skirts on, or their sun bonnets, and with their aprons full of dirt. Your husbands buy you calico, but you do not know what to do with it. It is to be carefully worn until the last thread is worn out, and then put into the rag bag to make paper with.

Some men do not know what to do with their means. You may take the

poorest mechanic here, and one who has nothing but bread to eat, and you may see him paying half a dollar or a dollar for a meal of victuals at the Globe. You may see the barber shops crowded with our poor mechanics, who pay from three to five dollars a quarter for being shaved. I bought a razor, when I began to shave, that cost thirty-seven and a half cents, and used it for fifteen years. Some black their boots, so that they will not last more than two or three months. I keep my boots well oiled, wear them two or three years, and then give them to the poor.

Nearly all who grumble about their poor scanty fare, would be rich if they would do as I do. Take care of your articles of food, of your clothing, of your boots, and hats, and you will have plenty; and let the women take care of what is taken into the house. If you do not go to now and prepare for the day of trouble, you will be sorry, and will lament and mourn.

I now want to tell you the feelings of several in this community: "I do not want to build a good house, because I shall have to move away by and by; our enemies will come and possess it. I do not want to lay up corn, because our enemies will come and take it from me." If this people will do as they are told, will live their religion, walk humbly before their God, and deal justly with each other, we will make you one promise, in the name of Israel's God, that you will never be driven from the mountains. And instead of mobs coming here to break open your granaries, they will come to this people, bringing their gold, and their silver, and their fine things, and plead with them for something to eat.

I told you last Sabbath, that if this people had not stepped forward to help the poor last fall, you would have seen harder times in 1857 than you did in 1855 and 1856.