

make these sterile plains your adopted home, to live here in the mountains, forming new associations with those who are entire strangers to you—those, perhaps, of other countries and other tongues? Are you satisfied with all this? If you are, it is evidence to you, so far as it goes, that you are accepted of the Lord. It is evidence to you that you have chosen the good part. It should be satisfactory evidence that you are in the path of life, if you love God and your brethren with all your hearts. You may see, or think you see, a thousand faults in your brethren; yet they are organized as you are; they are flesh of your flesh, bone of your bone; they are of your Father who is in heaven: we are all his children, and should be satisfied with each other as far as possible. The main difficulty in the hearts of those who are dissatisfied is, they are not satisfied with themselves.

How many have moved here this spring, I know not. Some have gone to Carson Valley, and a great many have come here. And, as I told the brethren last night, a part did not seem to care much, if at all, which way they went, and had written on their wagons, “To Carson or Cache Valley, we don’t care a d—n which.” Are such satisfied with themselves? No, nor with anything nor anybody around them.

I will say to you, my brethren, those of you who are from the Eastern States, and from England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, or any other part of the north of Europe, that you have a far better country here than you had in your native land. You have a beautiful valley, though some of you, perhaps, are discouraged. Perhaps some will not live here because they have to irrigate the ground, or because they have to go into the mountains after wood. There are many throughout the valleys who were raised where it

was much more difficult to get wood in winter than it is here. I have known farmers obliged to cut down their orchards for fuel, because they could not haul wood a mile, on account of deep snow. The house in which I was born was so covered with snow, one winter, before I was two years old, that there was no way to get out only by cutting steps and beating a path to the surface. Almost every year the snow would cover the ground from four to six feet deep; and often, when a crust formed on the snow, stone walls and high fences were no impediment to sleighing in any direction.

Some may feel a little discouraged because their cattle will not live here without being fed more or less during winters. How many are there in the mountains of Europe that would be thankful for a privilege to go out to the sides of these mountains and make little gardens by packing soil from the bottoms? Thousands in the old country obtain their living in that way. My brethren and sisters from Italy, for instance, are my witnesses that many in that country would be glad to get a few square rods of rock on which to pack soil from the low lands and make gardens, and to gather feed from the bottoms to keep a cow through the winter.

Though many have moved here this spring with but limited supplies of provision, how many do you think I could count in this congregation who go hungry day by day? Do you think there is even one person who has not as much as he can eat, at least as often as once a day? These are temporal things, but over which the Devil causes many to stumble. Go to your native lands in foreign countries, many of you, and ask men there who are thirty years old, and probably women too, “How often in your lives have you had all you wanted to eat?” “Never.” You