

friends what an amount of property they have got. But with all this bombast and vain show, we do not really possess anything. A man says, "I came into Cache Valley two years ago, I got forty of acres land, and I have raised a good deal of wheat by very hard labor, and that wheat is mine." You ploughed the ground and watered it; but who made the seed grow that you threw into the ground? The Lord. Then it is his: he let you have a little of it, to see what you would do with it. Have you a right to abuse the Lord's means which he permits you to use? No. But, as a member in the kingdom of God in the last days, you have a right to use it for the advancement of that kingdom, and the triumph of righteousness, and for doing good in every possible way.

I have heard men say that they have a right to do wrong. In one sense, a man has such a right; and, in another sense, he has no such right. We possess, in reality, very little; and that little the Lord has given us, and that is the power of choice. We may choose to do good, and, if we do good, we get the reward of good; we may also choose to do evil and reap the penalty. A man may knock another down because he has a right to, and have to pay a fine of fifty dollars because he is obliged to. I deny that a man has a right to make thieves of his children and prostitute his family. If he does this, the Lord is justified in cursing him, and he will be obliged to endure it. This power of choice goes a great way. A young man says, I have a notion to go on the road and work for the Gentiles, carry the mail, or anything else. All right. But your friend suggests that it would be better for you to make a farm, build you a house, raise some flax, etc. "But I have a right to work for the Gentiles, if I choose, and I am going to." You

go and build them up with your labor. This young man comes home after a while, he sports a cigar in his mouth among his comrades, he has made thirty dollars per month, he has a few dollars in money in his pocket; it has seemed to come easy, and his soul is contaminated with wickedness. In a little while his money is gone, and he has nothing. Then he must go again among the Gentiles and make a raise. I hope the "Mormon" girls know how to measure such fellows. A sensible girl would much rather marry a young man, dressed in homespun, who will stay at home and mind his business, and never suffer a cigar to come near his mouth, but seek with all his might in every respect to be a good, faithful Latter-day Saint.

Speaking of cigar smoking makes me think of an anecdote of a sick man and his doctor. The doctor asked him how many cigars he smoked in a day; the answer was, Six. That is too much; you must quit smoking. You will allow me to smoke a little. Yes, you may smoke two a day to begin with, and finally quit altogether. The next day the doctor called to see his patient, and found him smoking a cigar two feet long. What are you doing, inquired the doctor? Just doing as you told me; I went down to the cigar maker and got two made two feet long, and they answer first rate.

When a man begins to adopt Gentile habits, a cigar two feet long is only a patching to the extravagance he will become addicted to.

I see in this valley large fields fenced out. In some places, there have been four or five acres ploughed; in some, ten acres: pass on a little further, and there are a few acres more. How is this, brother Maughan? Men enclose more than they can cultivate, water, and improve, and a very large