

portion must necessarily be vacant, for it was difficult to get water on it. Many acres of grain perish, and the grasshoppers devoured much that remained from the drought. I advise you, brethren, to stop this scattering method of cultivation, and gather your farms together, and make fields well fenced, plough, and put in your grain well, and give it a sufficient amount of water, and you will have three times as much wheat as you got in the start of your settlements in this valley.

President Young is acknowledged by us all the master builder in Zion or, if you please, the master workman. If the master workman walks in among the timber laid out here for your big Tabernacle as the grand architect, planning and assorting the different sticks of timber for certain places and purposes, he does not expect to meet with opposition from the material out of which he designs to make a temple of worship. He comes to a stick of timber, and says, I will make a post of this; and the stick rises up in the dignity of its strength and will not be made a post, but will be a sleeper, and so on with all the timbers of the building: they are not subject to the will of the master builder. Will not this comparison represent a large portion of this people? The master builder points to the South and says, Go and raise cotton; but many reply, It is no cotton country; it is the most wretched, barren, Godforsaken country in the world. This is not submitting to the will of the master builder.

This puts me in mind of Jefferson Thompson, now a Brigadier-General in the secession army in Missouri. After he had been in this country, his comrades got around and inquired, Well, Mr. Thompson, how do you like that country? Any good land there? He replied, It is the most Godforsaken country in all creation.

How did you find the Mormons living there? How do they live? Why, they raise plenty of wheat, and the best wheat I ever saw in my life. Can they raise anything else? Yes. The finest potatoes (I never saw finer), and every kind of garden stuff, and very good corn. Any fruit? They are beginning to raise some fine peaches and other kinds of fruits. But you said it was the most desolate, barren, Godforsaken country in creation: how is it, then, that they can raise such good stuff? Well I cannot account for it in any way, only it is a damned Mormon miracle!

That is the correct idea: the Lord is doing it. I have learned that in the county of Harrison, Western Virginia, they have not raised ten bushels of apples, peaches, plums, or a pint of strawberries in the whole country, although I dare say there are a thousand orchards in it, and their crops have failed; their glory has departed. The Lord blesses the land in proportion as they are willing to do good. Last year, the word of the Lord came to this people, Send down two hundred teams and bring home the Saints. The teams were sent down. Some said we could not do without them at home; if so many teams went, we could not raise crops sufficient. But there has not been such a crop in all the Territory as was raised this year. The very sending of the teams seemed to be the assurance of the bountiful blessings of God on our crops. As the President remarked this forenoon, we say all we have is upon the altar: but let it begin to burn, and they begin straightway to pull it off. We are all united in our faith; but when the word comes, Brother, you have a good farm here; but the interests of Zion seem to require you should go to Santa Clara to raise cotton. But, says he, it is no cotton country, and he is awfully discouraged. What does it