while you live, to advance the world in its present state; it is full of wickedness and violence; no regard is paid to the prophets, nor the prophesings of the prophets, nor to Jesus nor his sayings, nor the word of the Lord that was given anciently, nor to that given in our day. They have gone astray, and they are building up themselves, and they are promoting sin and iniquity upon the earth; and," said he, "it is the word and commandment of the Lord to his servants that they shall never do another day's work, nor spend another dollar to build up a Gentile city or nation."

Now, if anyone is disposed to ask whether Brother Brigham has ever, since then, worked a day, or half a day, or an hour, to build up a Gentile city or the Gentile world, he will most emphatically tell the Latter-day Saints that he never has.

I could illustrate by circumstances, and could relate if I were disposed to give them to you, the providences of God, and how favorable they are to those who walk humbly before him. In the summer of 1833, in July, Brother Joseph gave the word of the Lord to the Elders, as I have been telling you. I returned east; and in September Brother Kimball and I went up together with our little families. When we arrived in Kirtland, if any man that ever did gather with the Saints was any poorer than I was—it was because he had nothing. I had something and I had nothing; if he had less than I had, I do not know what it could be. I had two children to take care of—that was all. I was a widower. "Brother Brigham, had you any shoes?" No; not a shoe to my foot, except a pair of borrowed boots. I had no winter clothing, except a homemade coat that I had had three or four years. "Any panta-