

home very forcibly the contrast between preaching to the Saints and preaching to the world.

In my early missions, when preaching in the Southern States—Arkansas, Tennessee, and Kentucky—I have waded swamps and rivers and have walked seventy miles or more without eating. In those days we counted it a blessing to go into a place where there was a Latter-day Saint. I went once 150 miles to see one; and when I got there he had apostatized, and tried to kill me. Then, after traveling seventy-two miles without food, I sat down to eat my meal with a Missouri mobocrat, and he damning and cursing me all the time. That is the nature of the Southern people—they would invite you to eat with them if they were going to cut your throat. In those days we might travel hundreds and hundreds of miles and you could not find a Latter-day Saint, but now, thank God, we have the privilege of traveling hundreds and hundreds of miles where we can find but little else. I regard this as a great blessing.

Our missionaries are going abroad under different circumstances from what we went. We had no Zion, no Utah, no body of Saints to give us any assistance. We were commanded to go without purse or scrip, and we had to do it. We trusted in the Lord, and he fed us. We found friends, built up churches, and gathered out the honest and meek of the earth. Times have changed since then. These brethren are going to the nations of the earth where starvation stares many of the people in the face, and where it is hard for millions to obtain the necessities of life. The people here are wealthy, and it is no more than right that we should impart of our substance to help those who are going on missions. I hope the brethren and sisters will help lib-

erally, and will impart sufficient to send the brethren to their several fields of labor.

I rejoice in the gospel of Christ; I rejoice in the principles that have been revealed for our salvation, exaltation, and glory. I rejoice in the establishment of the work in these mountains, and in our southern settlements. As has been already said, the Lord has blessed our brethren there. It is a miracle to see those settlements when we consider what the country was such a short time since. The city of St. George is second to none in the Territory unless it be Great Salt City; and I doubt the latter being equal to St. George, when we take into consideration the population of the two places. They have better buildings and improvements there, according to numbers, than we have here. At Toquerville, too, they are laying fine foundations for stone and brick buildings, and they are improving all through the southern settlements. The soil there is so sandy that it looks as if it would require two men to hold it together long enough for a hill of corn to grow. Like the waves of the sea, it is ever on the move. It contains, too, a good deal of mineral which destroys the vegetation and everything with which it comes in contact. Some of the brethren have spent as much as two thousand dollars to render an acre of land productive; now they have fine gardens and vineyards growing, and, strange to say, though the country naturally looks like a desolate, barren, sandy, unfruitful desert, still the cattle are fat, all kinds of stock look well, and everything was green and flourishing in the settlements as we passed through them. The whole of that mission at its commencement presented a most forbidding aspect, and really had so many discouraging features that men