

Who was there on that mission, I mean among the missionaries, that had a coat or cloak that I didn't pay for? I transacted the business myself, and we paid every dime. We got money from the brethren and sisters and paid them up. Besides doing this, we fed family after family; and I never allowed myself to go down to the printing office without putting my hand in the drawer and taking out as many coppers as I could hold, so that I might throw them to beggars without being stopped by them on the road. Did we borrow that which we did not pay? No. Did we beg? No. The brethren and sisters, and especially the sisters, would urge us to come and eat with them. I would try to beg off; but that would not do, it would hurt their feelings, we must go and eat their food, while they would starve to procure it. I was always ashamed of this; but I invariably had a sixpence to give them. How much had I given to me? One sister, who now lives in Payson, gave me a sovereign and a pair of stockings; and when I came away a hatter, by the name of Miller, sent two hats by me to my little boys. The sisters, when I first went to Liverpool, made a little contribution and got me a pair of pantaloons. I was not in the habit of begging, but I said to them, "When my trousers are a little ridiculous, I guess you will know it, won't you?" and they gave me a pair of pantaloons, otherwise I do not think I received one farthing. I might have received a shilling or two from others, but I do not recollect. When we left we sent over a shipload of the brethren and sisters, a good many of whose fares we paid. When I went into Liverpool I do not think I could have got trusted a sixpence if I had gone into every store and shop in the place. When we came away a certain Captain wanted to

bring us over, and said he, "Are you ready?" "No." "How long must I wait for you?" "Eight days;" and they tied up one of the finest vessels in the harbor of Liverpool in order to bring us over. I thought, this was a miracle, don't you? I am sure there are some sisters now here who came with us in that vessel. I received that as a miracle. It was the hand of God. Was it our ability? No. Is it our ability that has accomplished what we see here in building up a colony in the wilderness? Is it the doings of man? No. To be sure we assist in it, and we do as we are directed. But God is our Captain; he is our master. He is the "ONE MAN" that we serve. In him is our light, in him is our life; in him is our hope, and we serve him with an undivided heart, or we should do so.

What do you suppose I think when I hear people say, "O, see what the Mormons have done in the mountains. It is Brigham Young. What a head he has got! What power he has got! How well he controls the people!" The people are ignorant of our true character. It is the Lord that has done this. It is not any one man or set of men; only as we are led and guided by the spirit of truth. It is the oneness, wisdom, power, knowledge and providences of God; and all that we can say is, we are his servants and handmaids, and let us serve him with an undivided heart.

Let us gather the poor. Look up your sixpences, dimes, and dollars. Just think what your feelings would be, if your children had to go to bed tonight crying for bread and you had none to give them! Think of it, families, you who profess to be Saints! Fathers, think of getting up in the morning and not a mouthful to feed your families with. I have seen them totter along, although it was good times when I was there to what it