

world's goods, but the rich in faith, who are the heirs of the kingdom. Poverty has been one of the greatest blessings that could be conferred upon us. If we had been rich we might have gone to the devil long ago. But being poor we had to hold on to the kingdom of God, or nothing. Many men, when they get wealthy, apostatize, because they love their money more than the Almighty. When we love the Almighty more than we love money, or anything else, then perhaps he will entrust us with riches, but may the Lord keep us from becoming rich, if riches would tempt us to forsake the truth, and hinder us from serving him and keeping his commandments. Poverty is a great blessing, if in our poverty we learn to serve God. And riches are also a great blessing if we make a good use of them. When the time comes that the Saints can be entrusted with riches, the Lord will give them all they need, for they all belong to the Almighty. I am blessed with a Rich name, but I have been through poverty myself, and I know how it feels. I trust I have gained some good by my experience. Have I anything to complain of? Certainly not. I have no fault to find with the providences of God, who doeth all things well.

Soon after my return from a mission to England, I was called to Bear Lake Valley to superintend the settlement of the Saints in this country. I felt that it was right that I should come here, not because I could live better here than any other place, but because this was my place and field of labor. And there is one good thing we should all learn, that is, always to be contented where the Lord has placed us. But I want to be in a better country says one. Well, I think you will get into a better

country by and by, but I would recommend you not to be in too great a hurry. I don't want to dictate the people too much, but I am willing to counsel you for your good, if you are willing to take my counsel, all right, you will be blessed in your obedience. I would like to pour out blessings upon the Saints. There are many things that occur to my mind that I cannot say to you, but that which the spirit dictates that I will communicate. I have nothing in my heart but the best of feelings towards the Saints.

Some people think I am a poor financier! Perhaps I am. There are some persons who are such good financiers that they take all the wool and part of the hide with it. Now I would not like to be a financier in that way. And if I don't fleece anyone, and take an advantage of those with whom I deal, I shall have nothing to regret, and shall enjoy a clear conscience; but if I do these things it will have a bad effect in this world and worse in the next. Perhaps those who are so closely to the injury of their neighbors will not feel so well about it in the next world. If they have deceived and taken advantage of us in our necessities, they will not feel so well about it, if they should meet us in the other world. I could tell a story. I think I will do so. I could mention names. You understand that when a man dies and leaves this world, he don't take his family with him, but they are left to the care and protection of others. A certain good man died and left a large family. A near relative took charge of the family and removed them to a certain town, built a grist mill, from which the family was supplied with the necessary bread. He built the first mill in that town, and it was a blessing to the people as well as to the family