

this feeling ought not to take possession of us too much, because if we indulge it too much we are liable to become darkened in our mind measurably, and lose the spirit of the Gospel. But when we are called and sent out to labor, either to preach the Gospel in foreign countries, or to gather the poor from distant lands, or sent to locate in any distant place with a view of helping to establish towns and villages and settlements, and building up and organizing and helping to maintain good order and wholesome government, and to extend the spirit of the Gospel—when we are called upon to assist in establishing these new settlements, it is right that we should respond; it is as legitimate labor as any other branch of labor in building the Church and Kingdom of God upon the earth. But we ought to guard against a restless spirit of changing locality merely for its own sake, and moving to and fro in search of something better. This restless feeling is not good, nor will it tend as a rule to happiness and permanent good and prosperity to those who possess it. We are not all alike. Some become attached to whatever place they call their home; wherever they labor and build up a home they gather around them the comforts of life, and feel settled in that place, and attached to their surroundings; while others seem hard to settle down and make any place seem like home for any length of time. To me this spirit has always appeared strange, so contrary to my nature and disposition. Notwithstanding, as has been remarked, I travel among the people as much as, or more than any of my brethren of the Apostles of late years—perhaps for the last twenty years—still my home has been in St. George. Having had the care of

the churches in the southern part of the Territory, to a great extent, I have been obliged to travel a great deal; but this has been from a sense of duty, and not because I have felt tired of home and wanted to move about from place to place. And I may add, that in all my travels, the thought of seeking a new or better place for myself or family has never entered my heart, no matter how many good places I may find; it is for others and not myself; it is to search out places where we can plant colonies of Latter-day Saints, where the sons and daughters of the Saints who are growing up in the older settlements, and who desire soon to spread out where they can make homes and form new settlements, where we can plant nurseries of Latter-day Saints. But it is not, as I said, to seek locations for myself or for my own family, only such portions of them as ought to go out and begin to operate for themselves, and make themselves homes. I am not one of that shifting sort of men. The lot that was assigned to me in Salt Lake City at the time the pioneers entered Salt Lake Valley, I retained until I was sent to St. George, and then I transferred it back to Pres. Young from whom I received it. I have never felt to change since I located in St. George; and if I had been located upon a barren rock, I would have packed soil enough to make a beautiful home of it. And, by the way, I believe the home I have made has cost me as much labor as if I had hauled the earth on to it. I have had to manufacture a great deal of what is now there; and so I may say it has been so with the greater part of our town and “Dixie” County. Naturally to look at it, it was a very forbidding country when we first settled there. We were not allured