

Would it not look well? I will tell you it would look like Joseph's coat.

You need not laugh about it: it was no dishonor to him. They put it on him, thinking, probably, that it was a disgrace to him; but it was not: it was only fulfilling the word which was predicted of him. Would it be a disgrace to you? No. That woman who will take that course honors herself, her husband, and this people, and sets an example that is worthy of imitation.

Take those pieces and keep at work until you make a full garment of them, and then let us go to work as a people, as far as we have it in our power, and raise sheep, instead of killing and destroying them. Raise flax. I have not heard much of this flax raising. There has been a great deal of flax raised to procure seed to make linseed oil, but there has been none made; and there is, if it has not been disposed of, some three or four hundred bushels of flax seed in the Tithing Store. I have never heard of much being raised for any other purpose but for the seed. Perhaps some persons have dressed a little, but I have not heard much about it.

Brother Lorin Farr came up to see me a few evenings ago, and he said he had raised a crop of flax. It was not thought to be much; but he went to work with his men and gathered it and rotted it, and he has dressed it, and has got over one hundred pounds of beautiful flax, as good flax as he ever saw in the States, and good lint on it, better than he ever knew there.

How much will that hundred pounds of flax make when dressed? It will make about 125 yards of good cloth. A pound will make more than a yard.

After the flax is dressed and swungled, a woman takes it and hetchels it, and takes out the coarsest of the tow; then she hetchels it again, and gets another quality, not quite so

coarse; then she hetchels it the third time, and that is fine. She will take that and make fine, beautiful linen, nice enough for any man to wear for the bosom of his shirt; and the rest she makes into tablecloths, towels, shirts, and good dresses, handsome enough for any lady.

When I married my wife, she was a spinner of both wool and flax, and wore woolen dresses for winter and linen for summer, and never put on a calico dress except to go to meeting, nor fine shoes. She would wear her coarse shoes until she got to the meetinghouse, and then she would change her shoes.

You may laugh at it, but I have seen it hundreds of times with as good women as you have got and as good women as ever lived. That is novel to a great many people, but I have seen these things.

I am telling some of these simple things, if you have a mind to call them so; or you may call them simple things that are seen in the latter days, that no person knows anything about—mysteries. That is a mystery that I have seen with my own eyes, and so have many who are in this congregation.

Women would come from Victor, a distance of three miles, to the town of Mendon, New York, where I lived; and I have seen them walk barefooted, until they came near where I lived, and then they would put on their white stockings and shoes to go into meeting; and when they came out of meeting and had passed off a little out of sight, they would pull off their shoes and stockings and go home barefooted, for the purpose of saving their fine shoes and the stockings which they had spun and knit out of flax. I am telling what I have seen and what I know.

A good many women are now in this Church who were brought up in that manner, and never were