

is not a man in the Territory of Utah that can compete with them in this thing. They have done it all the day long, as far as their calling would admit. Are they still doing it? Yes.

I see men and women before me clothed in fine apparel. I am glad of it; but I should feel far better to see them clad in cloth of domestic manufacture—that is, in homespun.

The gold and silver that found its way here has gone. This community were not sufficiently wise to buy those articles only which were necessary to make them and their posterity comfortable, and lay a foundation to make themselves independent; but they squandered their means in purchasing fine goods to gratify the fancy of women, and their money passed swiftly through their hands to the merchants, who have taken it along with them to the States; and I am glad of it, because this people are destined to learn a lesson by it that they could not otherwise learn.

The gold is gone; the sheep and flax in sufficient numbers and quantity are not here, and our enemies are between us and the States. The prospect now is fair for our obeying the commandments of God that he gave through brother Joseph with respect to manufacturing our own clothing and the adorning of our own bodies. The people will profit by the lesson.

If we, as a people, will follow out the teachings the Lord has revealed to us through his servants, he will preserve us and be our great Benefactor in days to come as in days gone by, and we shall not be allowed to suffer more than we can bear.

Let me say to all of you, Just take care of what you have got and preserve it. I see the sisters passing along the streets, even in muddy weather, with their dresses of silk and satin dragging in the mud. They could cut off from four to six inches from the skirt, and make their chil-

dren a dress of what they wear out and waste on the ground; and if they have no earthly use for it themselves, perhaps some of their neighbors would be glad of it.

It does not become me, however, to correct the errors of the people here. Brother Kimball says it is the Bishop's office. I thank him for this information, for I did not know it before. If you have good clothes, do not drag them in the mud, but save everything you have against a stormy day. Let this people make their own clothes and take care of what the Lord has put into our possession.

Instead of only eight thousand sheep, there ought to have been eight millions. If all men had used the exertion that some few have, there would have been sheep enough to have clothed this whole people from year to year, asking no odds of Uncle Sam or anybody else. Flax can be grown here. I have not raised any flax, but I expect to have some spun and wove.

Were it not for home manufactures, I should expect to go without clothing. President Kimball says there are now about three hundred bushels of flaxseed in the Tithing Store.

Prepare yourselves also to raise sugar cane, and from that your sweetening, or make up your minds to go without; and if you have got a leaky roof, try to get it fixed.

If our enemies—I do not mean those few out yonder—a swarm of long-billed mosquitoes could eat them up at a supper spell—I mean the whole United States and the whole world—if they should come upon us, they cannot prevail, for they are fighting against the kingdom of God and warring against the Saints of the Most High. The combined nations of the earth will try to destroy the man child and obliterate the truth from the earth; but as the Lord of Hosts lives, they cannot do it; and