

I know how to build a meetinghouse—how to place the first and last stone and piece of board, and how to put on the first and last touch of paint. I know how to build a mill and put the machinery in it, and I intend to keep improving as long as I live. There are mechanical branches that I do not understand, but I am constantly trying to learn. Should I live—and I would not then be a very old man—to hear the command, "Return and build the Center Stake of Zion," I intend to know how to build it.

You may say, "If you know all about it, there is no necessity for our learning anything concerning it." We cannot be in every place; and though we could, every man, woman, and child should improve as rapidly as possible. Parents should know how to teach their children, women should learn to make the most beautiful cloth, and men should become skilled in raising sheep, and in the improvement of all kinds of stock, and in making all kinds of useful machinery. It is said we are yet young. True; but we ought to, at least, make a beginning. Not one woman in ten, that I ever saw, thoroughly understands keeping a house.

Why do not women learn to be housekeepers? They may reply—"Brother Brigham, if you will teach us, we will keep our houses according to your instructions." I could go into your houses and tell you item by item. Your husbands may furnish fine furniture and glass and chinaware, and some of you suffer your children to mar and break it. Give children such playthings as they cannot break, and with which they cannot hurt themselves. Were I now to go into one of your houses, perhaps I should hear the mistress inquiring for the dishcloth; but Sal does not know where it is: the last she saw of

it little Abraham or Joe was playing with it outdoors. Where is the milk pail? Turned bottomside up on the hogpen.

What I say of housewives will fully apply to farmers and mechanics. I labored many years as a mechanic, and in the darkest night I could put my hand upon any tool I used. You may call this boasting, but it is not. It is merely mentioning the order in which I kept my shop. When a farmer has done with his ploughs, he should put them under shelter until they are again wanted. When harness is taken off, it should be so hung up that you can go at any time of night and find it, or a saddle, bridle, saddle blanket, or any other trapping, and be ready at once, without a hostile Indian's being able to see you, or being made aware of your preparations, through your being obliged to take a light to hunt scattered articles.

We have been toiling and delving at home, and now you see us enjoying ourselves, without one word of discord. A week ago today we passed this settlement, with several men, women, children, horses, mules, and vehicles; and I ask the company whether a single person has been found out of his place? We have traveled in order and peace, notwithstanding our dispensing with a formal organization. "Where is the captain of the company?" I do not know, unless I am he. We have traveled in the order in which persons joined us, and I do not think a rash word has been spoken by any man, woman, or child since we left Great Salt Lake City. What does this prove? That when the law of God is written on the hearts of a people, every person will know his place. It proves that we are improving.

Law is for the disobedient and lawless. When a people are made free in Christ, and come to understanding, they will know that there