

have not planted in their gardens a single fruit tree. The Lord wishes us to know how to provide for ourselves all things necessary for our comfort in bread, fruit, and clothing.

Sisters, do you know how to make woolen cloth, linen cloth, or cotton cloth? Probably a few of you do. Almost any female can knit a stocking, for this seems to be their employment when they sit down to rest. Children are taught to knit, but the majority never progress any further than this in the art of manufacturing. In addition to this, needlework is generally understood by the female portion of the community, but as a general thing what do they know about making cloth? Very little. They need to be taught; yet they know as much about these matters as the children of Israel did. They also need to be taught, when their husbands bring into the house a hundred weight of flour, not to throw it out of the door; and when they make bread of it to make it light, palatable, and healthy, instead of making cakes as indigestible as a whetstone, that when your husbands come from work and your children from school they may have bread to eat that will sit easy on their stomachs. Many husbands are made sick and many children are sent to an untimely grave through eating badly prepared food, the result of ignorance or carelessness.

This is the place to become acquainted with this knowledge. It is for the husband to learn how to gather around his family the comforts of life, how to control his passions and temper, and how to command the respect, not only of his family but of all his brethren, sisters and friends. It is the calling of the wife and mother to know what to do with everything that is brought into the house, laboring to make her home desirable to her husband and children,

making herself an Eve in the midst of a little paradise of her own creating, securing her husband's love and confidence, and tying her offspring to herself, with a love that is stronger than death, for an everlasting inheritance. There is a saying that a wife so disposed can throw out of the window with a teaspoon more than her husband can throw into the door with a shovel. I am sorry to say that this is too much the case. A good housewife disposes of her cooking utensils, dusters, towels, floorcloths, barrels, buckets, etc., in a neat, cleanly, and labor-saving manner. A good mechanic has a place for every tool, and when he has done using a tool it is returned to its place as by magic, without any apparent effort. I have watched our mechanics here, and, take them first and last, their ways, if not strewed to strangers, are strewed to nonsense. A good farmer takes care of his implements of husbandry. Instead of leaving them scattered all over the farm, they are carefully gathered together, properly cleaned and greased to defend them from rust, and put in a safe place until they are wanted.

There are very few of our farmers that know how to prepare the ground and plant the seed in a way to secure a ready germination and quick growth. I told my farmers this spring how to prepare the ground for sugar cane, and to plant the seed three-fourths of an inch deep. I waited ten days for the plants to show themselves, when I found the seed was put away six inches below the surface, and I thought well laid away from the frost of the winter of 1862–3. It is now beginning to show itself, five weeks since it was planted.

I would that people knew more than they do about these important matters, but we are where we can be taught. Will the people be taught? Will they cheerfully receive instruc-