

direct the energies of the Saints, and where they see a man who is inclined to spread out and sow some forty or fifty acres of wheat, I want them to tell such men to go to work and build good houses. Tell the blacksmiths to go to blacksmithing, the carpenter to his trade, and every other mechanic to his business, and do not let us be as we have been heretofore. When a man has wanted anything doing by a mechanic it has been almost impossible to get it done. For instance, I would go to a blacksmith's shop and say I want a horse shod, "Oh," says the smith, "I can't, I must go and cut my grain, or I must go and irrigate it," and there are perhaps half-a-dozen men that are in this manner cut short of their labor, by one man refusing to work at his trade, and all men being determined to be farmers. Then I say let the blacksmith attend to his blacksmithing and let him charge a reasonable price for his labor, and not, as has been the custom, charge three or four prices. Let the joiner do likewise, working constantly at that which will most conduce to the building up of Zion, and let the farmer raise the grain. Where you find a man who has plenty of grain to serve him from three to five years, and plenty of teams and wagons too, tell him to go to work and build for his family a comfortable dwelling house, and point out to him that he is in this way finding employment for the mechanics, making his family comfortable and building up Zion. Teach each man to work at his trade and calling, and let the farmer take hold with his might of that which is his profession, but have a little time to breathe and rest. As it is now, we go into the garden and we work like Sam Hill, leaving no time for rest. "By-the-by that means me," but I must hew to the line, no matter who is hit. (A voice: Never mind yourself, just go ahead.)

Now then for the flax. Have we got it on hand that we can make our own ropes? No, only a very little in comparison to the demand. We have a rope factory, and we have hemp growing in our county, and we have made many attempts to raise flax, and we do raise a little but we never use it. It is either left in the sun till the coat is burnt off, or we allow it to be trampled down in the yard by the cattle. In this country we cannot rot the flax in the dews, we must put it into water, a shallow pond is the most suitable, so far as I understand the matter. Now, it is better for each of us to raise about ten acres of wheat, and then devote the rest of our time to the flax and hemp. I was raised to wear a tow frock, but the tow would wear off in a short time. If we would raise some and devote a little time to the proper culture of it, attend to each department in its season, the rotting, the hetcheling and the spinning and weaving we should be much better off than we now are. But no, it takes us the whole time, and it seems that we must devote the entire season to raise and take care of our grain, and especially the wheat. The time has now come for us to classify our labor and change our policy. I believe I have said as much as is necessary on these subjects, as I wish to say a few things concerning the times and seasons.

Now concerning the times and seasons in which we live. The Lord says by the mouth of Isaiah, "Thus saith thy Lord the Lord, and thy God that pleadeth the cause of his people, Behold, I have taken out of thine hand the cup of trembling, even the dregs of the cup of my fury; thou shalt no more drink it again: But I will put it into the hand of them that afflict thee; which have said to thy soul, Bow down, that we may go over: and thou hast laid thy body as the