

There they sit. What work is there about that that a woman cannot do? She can write as well as a man, and spell as well as a man, and better, and I leave it to every man and woman of learning if the girls are not quicker and more apt at learning in school than the boys. It is only occasionally that a boy is met with who will keep up with the girls in learning reading, writing, spelling and grammar; as a general thing the girls will go ahead of the boys in these branches, and yet we are told they are not capable of doing these light kinds of work, such as I have mentioned. Shame on the boys, and shame on the great big, fat lazy men! Let these women go to work; and let those who have children teach them to handle the needle and sew, to make lace, to raise silkworms and the mulberry tree, to pick the leaves and feed the worms, and then to wind and weave the silk, that they may make themselves good, nice silk dresses. I saw a very pretty piece of silk made into a garment in St. George, that a woman had made from the silkworms. She tended them, reeled their silk, wove it and made some beautiful cloth. This is far better than teasing the husband or father to get you fine dresses and then drag them after you in the street. Learn some good, solid sense. Learn how to raise silk, how to make the silk into dresses, and make it as neat and beautiful as you possibly can. Then another thing—may I say it? Girls, learn to comb your hair in the morning, and fix up your head dress. “Well, but, pa will not buy me a chignon.” Well, then, fix your own hair, that is all you ought to have. Wash your face nice and clean, and your neck, and comb your hair neat and nice; put on your dress comely, and make it look neat and nice. I do not

mean protruding out behind like a two-bushel basket. And when you come down stairs look as if you were wide awake, and not as if your eyes needed a dish of water to wash them clear and clean. Young ladies, learn to be neat and nice. Do not dress after the fashions of Babylon, but after the fashions of the Saints. Suppose that a female angel were to come into your house and you had the privilege of seeing her, how would she be dressed? Do you think she would have a great, big peck measure of flax done up like hair on the back of the head? Nothing of the kind. Would she have a dress dragging two or three yards behind? Nothing of the kind. Would she have on a great, big—what is it you call it? A Grecian or Dutch—Well, no matter what you call it, you know what I mean. Do you think she would have on anything of that kind? Not at all. No person in the world would expect to see an angel dressed in such a giddy, frivolous, nonsensical style. She would be neat and nice, her countenance full of glory, brilliant, bright, and perfectly beautiful, and in every act her gracefulness would charm the heart of every beholder. There is nothing needless about her. None of my sisters believe that these useless, foolish fashions are followed in heaven. Well, then, pattern after good and heavenly things, and let the beauty of your garments be the workmanship of your own hands, that which adorns your bodies.

Now, sisters, will you go to work and help us to get up our school books? Whether you do or do not belong to the Relief Societies, we want you to join in and help us, and save your rags to make paper, and then go and set type and make the books. You who feel like doing this, hold