

There were two or three horsemen along, and some men were riding with him upon a few boards placed loosely upon the running gears of a wagon, upon which were also a tent and camp utensils. I wished to talk with him, but he did not seem inclined to conversation, and it occurred to me that he was going to Captain James Brown's to buy all his goats.

I had been promised ten or a dozen of them, but I thought that he was going to buy every one, and that I should not get a single goat to put with my sheep, and I laughed in my sleep.

Pretty soon he came back, with a large flock of sheep and goats following the wagon, and as I looked upon them I saw some sheep that were white, pure, and clean, and as large as a two-year-old cow, with wool from ten to twenty inches in length, as fine as silk and as white as the driven snow.

With them were all lesser sizes down to the smallest goat or sheep I ever saw, and all mixed up together. I saw some sheep with hair like that of goats, and goats of all colors, red, black, white, &c., mixed with the sheep; and their sizes, colors, and quality of fleeces, seemed to be almost innumerable.

I remarked to Joseph that he had got the strangest flock I ever saw, and looked at him slyly and laughed, and asked him what he was going to do with them. He looked at me in his usual shrewd manner and replied, "They are all good in their places."

On awaking I at once understood the dream, and I then said, go to California, or where you please, for goats are as good in their places as sheep, until the time for them to mingle is over. And in striving to guide and improve the flock we sometimes have to cry out, shoo, and at other times to draw them nigh by calling, sheep, sheep.

We are trying to train the flock, and to turn the goats into sheep, and the spotted, ring-streaked and speckled into beautiful white, and how shall we succeed? Perhaps we shall see rather a curious flock at last, but we will do the best we can.

Sometimes I rise up here and really feel to storm at some who are in this community, for their conduct is awful, it is outrageous. I presume I could come here this afternoon and eat bread and drink of the cup, in the name of Israel's God, with men who would go straight from the communion and steal my property.

Let us consider this point a little, for this matter has been through me, round me, over me, and under me; I have turned it inside out and round about and looked at it, and then I have turned it over again. Brother Fullmer has just alluded to the rails disappearing from fences. Are not your fences taken? Is not your clothing taken when it is hung out to dry? And is not wood taken from your woodpiles? How many have to lock up their wood, or lose it? Taking property without leave from the owner is what I call stealing, but many who practice that do not so understand it.

Even if I had to work by the day for bread, wood, clothing, and comforts for myself and family, and should then without authority go and take wood from brother Joseph's woodpile, were he living here and President of the Church, my judgment, what I know of right and wrong, the traditions of my fathers, and the teachings of my parents and of the neighbors where I was brought up would all confirm me in the belief that I was stealing. Do all persons feel so? No, they do not.

During two or three of the past winters, except the last, I have no question but that women and children carried from one to three cords of