

Lake and in the regions round about. Why do you not do it? Tell about listening to brother Brigham! You look today as though you were listening to his counsel.

Many of the sisters presume to judge us. Say they, There is brother Kimball; his women have all got store bonnets, and ribbons, and laces, and this, that, and the other thing, brooches, jewelry, and feather beds sowed under their arms. Ain't we just as good as they? Yes, if you do as well as they do.

I won't say anything about anybody else's family, only my own. Are you listening to brother Brigham's counsel? Some of you say, I am willing to listen to him. Well, listen to him, and listen to him forever. I am under the necessity of laying out of my substance, and every dime I have got, and that I can get, that I would lay up for a little sugar, a little of this, and a little of that, that we actually need, a little butter and lard, that we grow in our midst; but instead of that, I have to pay every dime I can get for morocco shoes, for my women to wear to meeting; and they will wear out a pair while once going to meeting. [Voice: "Don't you wish they earned them themselves?"] Yes, I pray that you may have to earn them with your own fingers, or go without them. I pray that prayer, and I know it will come to pass.

I am defending brother Brigham here, and that by the Holy Ghost and the dictation of the counsel he received from the Father, and the Son, and the old Patriarchs, and Prophets. You may go home, and say, Brother Kimball is hard. Go and say it as quick as you please. I ask no odds of any such people. I am independent of you; I know his feelings, I will preach his word, and the word of God that came through him; and that is all that will save you.

Do you want such things to cease?

I just know it ain't right. We ought to make our own leather, and we can make as good as can be made in the States: but no, we must have some States leather. We can make as good things here as can be made by any other people; but you want foreign fixings.

We have our Spanish fixings—a pair of spurs that will weigh seven pounds, ringing and gingling as though all hell was coming. Why don't you put them away? I want you to make an ox goad with a spike in the end of it, and ram that into your horse, and get this instead of spurs, and destroy a horse at once. I cannot keep a decent horse, neither can brother Brigham, or any other man; for the boys will kill them. Let them rest: they are as good as we are in their sphere of action; they honor their calling, and we do not, when we abuse them: they have the same life in them that you have, and we should not hurt them. It hurts them to whip them, as bad as it does you; and when they are drawing as though their daylights would fly out of them, you must whip, whip, whip. Is there religion in that? No; it is an abuse of God's creation that he has created for us.

I do not think that many ever suppose that animals are going to be resurrected. When God touched Elijah's eyes, and he looked on the mountain, he saw chariots and horses, and men by thousands and millions. Where did they come from? There is nothing on this earth but what came from heaven, and it grew and was created before it grew on this earth: the Bible says so.

We grow peaches here, and they are created, and we send them to Sanpete. Don't they grow before they are sent? Yes, and everything that is upon this earth grew before it came here; it was transported from heaven to earth.