

Territory. I have a large cocoonery that I built twelve or fourteen years ago. I have given the use of that—a building about 20 x 110 feet, and I have given the use of the mulberry trees, and the fruit is good. A great many people are fond of the fruit; it is healthy for children.

When you feel disposed to make a little money, go into the raising of silk, which is one of the easiest branches of business that was ever followed. There is no other work the women can do that will yield the same amount of profit. This is a matter that I wish you to hearken to. Will you bless yourselves, and do good to yourselves? We have plenty of weavers who can take the silk and know how to manufacture it; and they will give you all you could reasonably ask for it.

Now let the beauty of your adorning be the work of your hands. Will you not, Presidents, ask your Societies to enter into this agreement, and go to work and make what you want to wear. Then we will appeal to the brethren and say, "Come, let us wear the headdresses that our wives and our sisters can make;" and it would be very healthy for the men if they would wear straw hats winter and summer. We would not see so many bald heads as we now see around here. Straw hats are perfectly healthy to wear. I have worn them through winter; and the only objection I have to them is that they are a little too tight and close. Let the sisters go to work and make these things.

Now, sisters, I plead with you to stop these fashions. They are nonsense. Brother Carrington has given you a fine detail of them. They are miserable looking. I dare not tell you how they look to me, and how the vanity looks that is in the minds of the people. How long is

it since my family said to me of hoops, "They are so nice and comely; how would we look if we were to take those hoops off? Why we should look like the town pump. Would you not be ashamed of us?" I *am* ashamed. I am ashamed to see the tight clothes—to see the shape of the ladies. How long is it since the sleeves were so loose that you go into a store, and the gentleman says, "Are you not going to buy a pair of sleeves?" "O, if I buy a pair of sleeves I shall have to have a new dress." "O, I will give you a dress." Eighteen yards in the sleeves, and three yards in the dress! These foolish fashions, what good do they do? I have asked my sisters what they would think if a lady who lives in heaven should pay them a visit. Would she come with these large sleeves on—a mutton leg sleeve, with dress pulled right out in front of her? Now, it is pinned back here. It is very unwise. It is nonsense and uncomely. It is the best looking of anything in the world when brother Carrington sees his wife in her new calico dress. "You look just as you did when I courted you." Now there is another fashion. You see a girl with her hair clipped off in the front of her head, she looks as though she had just come out of a lunatic asylum. The hair is for an ornament. You can love a woman with a comely dress on of her own make, just as well as though she had on a dress that cost five thousand pounds.

We do not seem to realize that we have to give an account of the days we spend in folly, and that we will be found wanting if we spend our time foolishly. When you come to the wheat and the fine flour, to the gold and the silver and the precious stones, the Lord owns them. But what have we? Our time. Spend it as you will. Time is given to you;