

I used to think there was a good deal of intelligence among the world, but I have sought for it so long I have given up all hopes of ever finding it there. Some philosophers came to visit me in France, and while conversing, I had to laugh a little at them for the word philosophy is about every tenth word they speak. One of them, a Jesuit priest, who had come in the Church, a well educated man, was a little annoyed in his feelings at some of my remarks, on their philosophy. I asked them if any of them had ever asked me one question that I could not answer. They answered in the negative. But, said I, I can ask you fifty that you cannot answer.

Speaking of philosophy, I must tell another little story, for I was almost buried up in it while I was in Paris. I was walking about one day in the *Jardin des Plantes*—a splendid garden. There they had a sort of exceedingly light cake; it was so thin and light that you could blow it away, and you could eat all day of it, and never be satisfied. Somebody asked me what the name of that was. I said, I don't know the proper name, but in the absence of one, I can give it a name—I will call it philosophy, or fried froth, which you like. It is so light you can blow it away, eat it all day, and at night be as far from being satisfied as when you began.

There are a great many false principles in the world, and as I said before, whether you examine their religion, their philosophy, their politics, or their national policy, you will find it a mess of complete baby work, there is nothing substantial about it, nothing to take hold of. There is no place that I have found under the whole heavens where there is true intelligence, but in the land of Zion.

I will risk our Elders among the world, if they will only brush up their ideas a little. I will take any of you rough looking fellows, put you in a

tailor's shop a little, and start you out like gentlemen, as large as life. I tell you there is a great difference between our people and others. Many others have a nice little finish on them; they may be compared to scrimped up dandies; but everything is on the outside, and nothing in the inside.

Our folks who are operating round here in the canyons, and on the land, are listening to the servants of God, and studying principles of eternal truth; they are like young rough colts, with plenty of bone, sinew, and nerve in them; all they want is rubbing down a little, and they will come out first rate. I believe in the polish, and a little of everything else, you know I am a Frenchman now.

I have found that all intelligence is good, and there is a good deal in the world, mixed up with all their follies. It is good for the Elders to become acquainted with the languages, for they may have to go abroad, and should be able to talk to the people, and not look like fools. I care not how much intelligence you have got, if you cannot exhibit it you look like an ignoramus. Suppose a Frenchman should come upon this stand to deliver a lecture upon Botany, Astronomy, or any other science, and could not speak a word of English, how much wiser would you be? You may say, I thought the Lord would give us the gift of tongues. He won't if we are too indolent to study them. I never ask the Lord to do a thing I could do for myself. We should be acquainted with all things, should obtain intelligence both by faith and by study. We are instructed to gather it out of the best books, and become acquainted with governments, nations, and laws. The Elders of this Church have need to study these things, that when they go to the nations, they may not wish to return home before they have accomplished a good work.

When I was in Hamburg, there were