

I profess, which gives me to know something about the matter, by revelation for myself, I would not have anything to do with religion at all. I would worship God the best way I knew how, and act justly and honorably with my neighbor; which I believe thousands of that class of men called Infidels do at the present day. But I never would submit to be gulled with the nonsense that exists in the world, under the name of religion.

What is it, then, that we believe in? We believe in the restoration of all things. We believe that God has spoken from the heavens. If I did not believe He had, I would not be here. We believe that angels have appeared, that the heavens have been opened. We believe in eternal principles, in an eternal Gospel, an eternal Priesthood, in eternal communications and associations. Everything associated with the Gospel that we believe in is eternal. If it were not so, I would want nothing to do with it. I do not want to make a profession, and worship a God because this one, that one, or the other one does it, and I not know whether I am right, and those whom I imitate not know, anymore than myself, whether they are right or wrong.

I profess to know for myself, and if I did not know for myself, I would have nothing to do with it. Acting upon this principle, I associated myself with the Latter-day Saints. I preach that doctrine which I verily believe with my whole soul. I believe in its principles, because there is something intelligent about it. For instance—if I am an eternal being, I want something that is calculated to satisfy the capacious desires of that eternal mind. If I am a being that came into the world yesterday, and leaves it again to morrow, I might as well have one religion as another, or none at all; "let us eat and drink; for tomorrow we die." If I am an eternal being, I

want to know something about that eternity with which I am associated. I want to know something about God, the devil, heaven, and hell. If hell is a place of misery, and heaven a place of happiness, I want to know how to escape the one, and obtain the other. If I cannot know something about these things which are to come in the eternal world, I have no religion, I would not have any, I would not give a straw for it. It would be too low and groveling a consideration for a man of intelligence, in the absence of this knowledge. If there is a God, I want a religion that supplies some means of certain and tangible communication with Him. If there is a heaven, I want to know what sort of a place it is. If there are angels, I want to know their nature, and their occupation, and of what they are composed. If I am an eternal being, I want to know what I am to do when I get through with time; whether I shall plant corn and hoe it, or be engaged in some other employment. I do not want any person to tell me about a heaven that is "beyond the bounds of time and space," a place that no person can possibly know anything about, or ever reach, if they did. I do not wish any person to frighten me nearly to death, by telling me about a hell where sinners are roasted upon gridirons, and tossed up by devils upon pitchforks, and other sharp pointed instruments. These notions are traditionary, and have come from the old mother church.

I have a Catholic book containing pictures of devils roasting sinners on gridirons, tossing them about with pitchforks; of snakes and dragons devouring them, &c.; which I have brought with me from the old country. The Protestants are indebted to the Catholics for all this blessed information, and all the glory associated with it, and I suppose the Catholics are indebted to some of the ancient painters