

hear them preach year after year, What did I learn? Nothing. I would as lief go into a swamp at midnight to learn how to paint a picture and then define its colors when there is neither moon nor stars visible and profound darkness prevails, as to go to the religious world to learn about God, heaven, hell or the faith of a Christian. But they can explain our duty as rational, moral beings, and that is good, excellent as far as it goes.

This has been my experience in the Christian world, and I want our children to go and hear all there is to hear, for the whole sum of it will be wound up as I once heard one of the finest speakers America has ever produced say, when speaking on the soul of man. After laboring long on the subject, he straightened himself up—he was a fine looking man—and said he, "My brethren and sisters, I must come to the conclusion that the soul of man is an immaterial substance." Said I, "Bah!" There was no more sense in his discourse than in the bleating of a sheep or the grunting of a pig. I palliated the facts partially, however, so far as he was concerned, by attributing my lack of comprehension to my own ignorance. This reminds me that I once heard Mr. Lansing preach a most elaborate discourse. It was in the morning, and when the meeting was dismissed and the people had come out, Deacon Brown says to Deacon Taylor, "What a sermon we have had!" Deacon Taylor says, "Yes, yes!" Deacon Brown says, "That is one of the most profound discourses I ever heard Mr. Lansing deliver;" and so they continued talking until one of them said at last, "I did not understand a word of it." The other Deacon replied, "Neither did I." Their verdict was a just one, for the discourse consisted of fine, beautiful

words and nothing else, I saw and heard nothing to give me the least clue to anything pertaining to God, heaven, or the designs of the Creator with regard to the earth and its inhabitants. But as I did not understand a word of it, I supposed that was on account of my ignorance, until I heard the Deacons say that they did not, and then I concluded that I knew as much as they did. For this reason I say, go and learn all they know. Their catechisms are good; but if you come to the things of God I will be bound that we have children who, if they dare open their mouths and converse, would place them in water they could not fathom. Yet I say, go and see and hear them and learn what they know, then you can discriminate and discern, and will be able to understand why the Lord called upon Joseph Smith to come out and declare his will, and why he bestowed upon Joseph the Priesthood and its keys and powers. You will then learn, my little boys and girls, that the world of mankind scarcely know anything about the Bible. Ask them concerning the character of the Savior and they will expatiate and expound hour after hour, but they will tell absolutely nothing. I presume that there are sisters here who have asked ministers what a certain Scripture meant, and in reply they have talked, talked, talked, and wound up by saying, "Great is the mystery of godliness: God manifest in the flesh. Sister, I cannot tell you." Have you ever heard sisters and children ask questions of this kind? Yes, and so have I many times, but they have failed to obtain one particle of knowledge from their religious teachers. Why? Because they did not possess it. They did not know that Jesus was the express image of his Father, although they had read it in the Bible; they did not know