

knew? No, I simply told them something that Joseph Smith told me. We have a great many ignorant, learned fools; but when you meet sensible, intelligent men, as these were, they will acknowledge principle when it is presented to them. But many men have not the understanding to do it. Talking about saving themselves, who among the philosophers can save themselves? Who knows anything of God or heaven? They know a very little of the earth whereon we dwell, much less do they know of things pertaining to the heavens or of God or of eternity. And let me tell them furthermore, that no man knoweth the things of God, save by the spirit of God—or, to use the text as it is given: "For what man knoweth the things of man, save by the spirit of man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God." And they cannot get that spirit without first obeying the first principles of the Gospel of Christ. Talk about their intelligence, it is a curious sort of intelligence to me. What do they do when they have to grapple with the sting of death, and when it stares them in the face? Why, they take a leap in the dark. And this darkness is the end of all their philosophy and all their science. And the little they do know in divining the laws of God is only with regard to some very few of the fundamental principles of those laws that God has planted everywhere throughout the universe and I do not therefore have that reverence for their theories, notions and vagaries, nor do I attach that importance to their intelligence that some people do.

I remember on a certain occasion, while in Paris, France, (I have

referred to this subject before, but it will not hurt to repeat it again) quite a number of professed philosophers called on me and presented so many foolish, dreamy, intangible, mysterious, incomprehensible ideas and visionary theories, that I thought of all the ignoramuses I ever met with, they beat all. They have a certain kind of bread in that city, a kind of light cake, which they make there. It is so light that you could blow it away with a breath, and you might eat all day of it and not be satisfied. A brother who was there visiting me asked if I knew the name of that bread. I said I did not know the French name for it, but could give it a name. What name would you give it, he asked? Well, I said, you may call it philosophy or fried froth, just as you please.

Professor Huxley, in visiting Niagara Falls, made some remarks which I remember were published and copied extensively in the papers, to the effect that here was another evidence afforded of the many thousands or millions of years (I forget the number now) that it had taken to wash away the rocks below these falls. And this evidence was advanced in support of geological ideas. I thought to myself; yes, professor Huxley is a very learned man. I wonder if he knew that rock was once in a friable, plastic condition, when, by the force of the watery element the soft stratum might be disintegrated, excavated and removed by the washing process in perhaps a very few days. We have seen large gaps washed away out of some of our ditches in a few hours. Such are common occurrences here. If a change were to take place in the elements comprising such washouts, which might very easily