PART 2 DESERET EVENING NEWS. 9 TO 12

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1896. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

REMARKS

Made at the Juab Stake Conference, Nephi, Saturday Afternoon, November 2nd, 1895, by

ELDER BRIGHAM YOUNG.

[REPORTED BY ARTHUR WINTER.]

I believe I had the pleasure of meeting with the people here at their last conference, and I am thankful for this opportunity of saying a few words now. I trust that the people feel a desire in their hearts to sustain me. I am quite sure they sustained President George Q. Cannon when he was speaking this morning; for I enjoyed his remarks very much indeed; and it others felt the same as myself, their hearts were touched and they felt they had received instruction such as would benefit them in the future. It is the little things that tell—the constant dropping of the water that wears the solid rock. We are not capable of retaining a great deal of instruction at one time. More was said this morning than it would be possible for me to remember, though every idea that was advanced was familiar, no doubt, to all of us. As it is written, it is here a little and there a little, line upon line and precept upon precept; a little in this conference, a little in another conference. Thus it is that we gain an experience which makes us men after God's own heart. We cannot be that in a day, nor in a month, nor in a year. It is the growth of a lifetime. It is not only the child and the youth that is instructed; but it is the man in his full vigor and in his old age that is instructed and comes to a perfection of that knowledge requisite to bring him into the presence of His Father. We do not all learn alike. Some comprehend a great deal more than others. We do not advance in the same ratio in the knowledge of God. But God does not require impossibilities of His children. That that is possible and reasonable and right He does require of us, but not impossibilities. Still we are slow to learn. We are dull scholars at best. The Holy Spirit, however, brings a man toward and nearer to His God. But it is by constant labor that this Holy Spirit becomes the companion of man. I have marveled sometimes in far-off lands—in Germany possibly or in Switzerland, surrounded by strangers; I have awoke in the middle of the night and, seeking the Lord, I have found that He was not absent. It has been so throughout my life. It has made no difference where I was or what my surroundings, God was always present. And more abundantly is He present with the Latter-day Saints where they are gathered together as they are in these mountains, because there are many that are united. He is not in the presence of those who are pulling apart, who are dissatisfied, who grumble and complain, and who find fault with God and His organization. He is not with men of this class. They do not awake in the night and find Him present. He will not be in the spirit of perfect harmony rests in the heart of the creature—harmony with the organization that God has instituted, not with some other organization—then the Spirit of God flows freely to the individual. This is your experience as well as mine. His eyes are never closed. He is constantly watching over His people, by His Spirit and by His messengers.

What manner of people, therefore, ought we to be? Now, I do not speak unto those who have no obligation resting upon them; but I speak unto that class of men and women who have gathered out of Babylon and have taken upon themselves the name of Christ, and of whom it may be said "by the water ye keep the commandment, by the Spirit ye are justified, and by the blood ye are sanctified." You who listen to my voice have rendered obedience to those principles which were taught by Adam to his posterity. When Adam taught them unto his sons and daughters, they were new to this earth, so far as I know. It was in the morning of creation. The same principles were taught by Enoch afterwards, and those who listened to his voice and were one with him in the holy city, were translated. Why? Because they obeyed those principles. When they went down into the waters of baptism, obedient to the commandment of God, they received that covenant and acted upon that law. It was not by disregarding the ordinance of baptism that the people of the City of Enoch were saved. So it is with us. By observing this ordinance, in the exercise of that agency which God has given unto us, we flow to the heavens that we are obedient to that commandment of God, and we are thus far justified. Can a person who has not been baptized come to you and instruct you in the things which God has revealed in this ordinance of burial with Christ? Is there a man living who has not received this principle that can come to this people and enlighten their minds in relation to being buried to water for the remission of sins and coming forth out of the water in the likeness of the resurrection of Christ? No, not one of all the hosts of the sons and daughters of our Father can come and enlighten your minds in relation to this principle; for they know it not. It is by the water that we obey the commandment, and testify before God, angels and men that we are obedient to that which our Father has required of us. I testify that we are that people that have shown to our Father that we do obey the commandment, because we have entered into the waters of baptism. We have entered in at the door, by which we can approach the throne of grace in the direct road that leads to it. In no other way can we approach Him only through this straight and narrow way of obedience to this commandment.

Brethren and sisters, is this your situation? Are you a people that have shown your obedience through receiving and acting upon this principle? If you are, and are walking on this road to heaven, then by the Spirit you are justified. How can a man be justified by the Spirit? I can give you my views in relation to this. We are justified by the Spirit because we have entered in at the door. The Spirit of God,—who has seen it? I have not. But I have felt it. What is it like? Is it in the form of a personage? The Spirit of God, according to my understanding, is not a personage of tabernacle. But it is a spirit—the spirit of life. If you could see every living thing by the spirit that is in man, you would see it full of the Spirit of God. It is in man, it is in beast, it is in the vegetation; in fact, it is in all that God has created. It is in all, and through all, and everything exists by it. If it were not for this spirit, death would step in. But it is life. Now, when men and women take upon themselves the responsibility of baptism, they are then in a way to receive the imposition of hands for the reception of that spirit. It comes upon them and abides with them, through the laying on of hands, and it operates on the spirit in them. Now, what is it given us for? The spirit, by which we are justified, and which leads us into all truth, is given to us for the grand purpose of our exaltation in the presence of our Father. The Latter-day Saint that has had faith, that has repented of his sins, and been baptized, has this Holy Spirit conferred upon him for the purpose of guiding his feet, controlling his tongue, controlling his body, controlling the passions of the body, controlling the spirit that is in the body, controlling the whole creature; and he can no more lay this Spirit aside than he can lay aside the baptism that he has acted upon, or than he can lay aside faith and repentance; because the spirit is what justifies the creature. This spirit is given to the Latter-day Saints that they may be justified.

Now, if I have not cultivated that spirit, then I am going backward. Instead of having the spirit administering in solidly fixed in me, I am letting it go until perchance I deny the baptism that God has permitted me to receive, and the repentance I have passed through, and the faith that has entered into my heart. I am either advancing with that spirit in my heart, or I am retrograding until I throw overboard everything I have done and deny the faith. This is the situation, as I understand it, though men do not believe it altogether. But my experience of nearly fifty years teaches me that I am either advancing toward my Father and toward His salvation, or I am retracing the steps that I have made. I am not standing still. There is no such thing in this Church. We are either in the light or in the darkness. When the sun sets in the west, gradually darkness steals upon us from the east until we are enveloped with it. The sun has not deserted the earth; but it has gone from us. While it is setting to us it is rising to somebody in another part of the earth. But when our minds become dark, how great is that darkness! I have seen darkness steal over the minds of persons, and yet some of them will say they never felt better in the Church in their lives. Dissect the life of such an individual. I say to him, "You never felt better in your life in the Church?" "No." "Do you pay your tithing, brother?" "Oh! no, I have stopped that." "Do you pray in your family?" "No, I do not pray in my family." "Do you attend to your secret prayers?" "No." "And never felt better in your life?" "No, never felt better." "Now, I know from my experience that a man cannot feel well in the Gospel unless he attends to these things. How do you feel toward the Presidency of the Church? How do you feel toward the Twelve? How do you feel toward the Presidency of the Stake? How do you feel toward your Bishop? How do you feel toward your teachers? How are you toward your neighbor?" "Well, I don't consider anybody around here fit to associate with, and really I am not very comfortable in the presence of the President of the Stake." "What is the matter? Do you differ with him?" "Yes, he don't preach the right kind of doctrine to suit me—but I never felt better in the Church in my life." Now, as strange as this may seem, a man said that to me practically not more than three weeks ago. That man told me he was not doing the things I have mentioned, and yet he said he never felt better in his life. Is that encouraging the Spirit of God in his heart that will justify him before his Maker? I say, no; he will never be justified by the Spirit of God while he lives in that darkness that he has seemed to allow himself to get into. I know the spirit by which he said he never felt better in his life. I have seen it; and it is a snare and a delusion. But I try to love my neighbor as myself. I have sought earnestly, in prayer and fasting, for the Spirit of the Lord; but I feel sometimes like I am so poor in spirit and so weak in determination, and as if when I would do good evil is present with me, that if the Lord did not help me I would fall forever. What is that kind of spirit in a man? It is the spirit that prompted the publican when he said, "God be merciful unto me a sinner;" while the Pharisee, in the pride of his heart, thanked God that he was not as other men. It is the humble, lowly spirit that wins in this Church. Men may hold their heads as high as they please; men may be arrogant, full of vanity and of lies; men may be wealthy and ride in fine carriages; but if the spirit of humility is not there, then the Spirit of God does not reign there. It will not do for me, after having received the ordinances of the Church, to see how little of the Spirit of God I can get along with and still be held in fellowship. If a man cultivates a bad spirit, it will, like the measles, come out on him sooner or later, and he will show his true colors. But we who have entered into covenant and have determined in our hearts to serve the Lord, are justified by the Spirit if it is in our possession, and we keep it there, determined that no act of ours shall grieve that tender plant which may be just springing into life within us, or it may have been there for many years, until it becomes a fixed inhabitant of the heart and never leaves the creature to wander from his Maker. I know that by experience. This Spirit must be in men and women like a well of water springing up into everlasting life. It must shine through their eyes and be manifest in every act, because it must become paramount to all other spirits, if they would serve God with undivided hearts.

If these things abound in us, then are we servants and handmaidens of the Lord, and by the blood we are sanctified. I cannot but think of that sacrifice that was made for me. Christ came on the earth to offer himself up as a sacrifice. He knew the agony He would have to endure; He knew the terrible death that was to be inflicted upon Him; yet He offered himself up. For whom? For himself? Nor for every man and woman, no matter what their color or their nationality. He died for all men. When I reflect upon His innocent blood that was shed for me, and know that thus far in my life I have conformed to His will and served Him to the best of my ability, according to the light I have had, (the time was when I did not have much) I am not at this day going to lose that Spirit and allow it to get beyond my grasp, if God will help me to keep it within my breast. I cannot do without it. I was writing a letter the other day, in which I stated that I was staying with President Woodruff, not that I believed my presence was necessary for his welfare, but I could not do without him. I cannot live without the Priesthood, because I cannot have the spirit in me that will guide me in the things that pertain to the knowledge that my leader receives. It never comes to me; it comes to my leader. The comfort that is necessary for the creature and for my family, that spirit is in me constantly, if I live for it; but that which is beyond my jurisdiction and rule must come to my leader and be given to me by the mouthpiece of God. Those are the things in the law of the Lord about having the spirit within us to guide us, and it is an absolute necessity that we do have it; but I tell you there will nothing come to the body of this Church only as it passes down from the Almighty through His organized Priesthood. I cannot break off my priest and become a law unto myself; but I can have all the revelation that is needed to guide me and my family individually. We are told that Christ will come and appear in the eyes of all. Do you not suppose that the Priesthood will conference at Latter-day Saints when He shall appear and at least give us time to dress. I think we will have plenty of time to put our shoes on. The Latter-day Saints that are living according to the light and intelligence of the Spirit of God, will hardly find it time to put on the wedding garment, and they will not go out naked into His presence, nor will He take them unawares. True, the day nor the hour no man knoweth; but the Latter-day Saints, through the channel of the Priesthood, shall know all that is necessary for their salvation. God gave himself for us, to bring us into the position where this obedience and this justification might be wholly efficacious in our behalf. It could not be without it. One is not perfect without the other, any more than this body is perfect without all its members. All these things are given expressly for a perfect unity in the heart of the creature; and beside that, man is given his agency that he may receive them from the liberal hand of God or reject them. It is within my province to reject all these things, if I desire to do so. But I have not the result of that agency; that is beyond my control. My heart is given me, and it beats without any volition on my part. God has removed that from me. But it is there for a wise purpose. It is there to receive the Spirit of God. I am here to acknowledge the goodness of God and His sacrifice, with all the power that I have. I am here with my agency to benefit by the innocent blood that was shed for the transgression of Adam, which placed me again in the presence of my Father. The blood has sanctified this people, and I know it. I know that the prophets and apostles and saints that have passed behind the veil bloom upon this people, and they say, "What more could God do for you than He has done?" There is no love that surpasseth that love which causes a man to lay down his life for his friend, and God has done that. Our Elder Brother has given his life, and His blood sanctifieth us to our eternal salvation in the kingdom of God. This is what has been done for this people. What shall we do with the blessings that we have already received? Will we from this time forth keep the commandment? Will we be justified by the Spirit? Will we be sanctified by the blood? Will we say in our hearts, "With the help of God, I will honor that which my Father has given me; I will honor my brothers and sisters; I will seek to love my neighbor as myself; I will seek to do good unto all men, and I will not allow the passions which men exhibit in the world to take possession of me and cause me to grieve the spirit, that I may stand justified before God when He comes to make up His jewels?" God bless you. Amen.

MORE OF MEXICO.

Stevenson Rebelds and Tells of Some New Scenes.

PALOMAS, Mexico, Custom House,
December 24th, 1895.

To the Editor:

Having concluded our mission to Jaurez, on the 17th day of December, instant, Patriarch William R. R. Stowell and his fat team and carriage took us a ride through the town and to his grist mill, which is much admired by the Mexicans especially. We had the pleasure of meeting four of the dignitaries of the Casa Grandes, one of the neighboring places, which looks more like an adobe town, than anything else, where about 2,000 Mexicans reside. Senora Jose Terrevoz the post master could talk English, and interpreted for the other three, namely, Secretary, Juan, Hidalgo, Judge Sebastian Garcia, and Gotro-dis-Considra. After a pleasant interview they said the Mormons had built up the country, which was progression, and they liked it very much. It looked good to have them kneel down in family prayer.

Leaving Juarez for Dublan, eighteen miles, we passed Casa Grandes, on the same river that runs past Juarez. There is a large scope of most excellent land, well watered. Piles of shucked corn are to be seen. The fodder is almost invariably stacked up on high sheds, where the animals, mostly horses, cannot steal it. With the facilities of this people, what a beautiful country could be made with proper system and cultivation! The sermons being preached by example to the natives has a telling effect, and already wire fences and other improvements are being resorted to by the native Mexicans. Many old terraces were pointed out by Philip Cordon, a passenger in our carriage, who is an Italian by birth. He remarked that in Italy they carry soil and put it on just such terraces as these and raise potatoes and rye. These terraces are made by placing stones in semi rows across little ravines, one above the other here and there, and on the sides of the hills, very numerously all over the country, to secure the rain, and on these terraces on which the soil and water is caught to raise something to sustain life. These old terraces look as old as the cases which I described heretofore. The more I see of this country the more is my mind led out to the past history of the Aztec race.

After our pleasant journey to Dublan a large, full house listened to a lecture by E. Stevenson, on the early rise of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints—to be continued on the following day, as well as a Seventies' meeting. We slept at Doctors Laguna's, at (George, Lake), the Mexicans call him. While several visitors came in, surrounding the fire place with glaring pitch pine, the sad tale of the murder of Elder Christopher Hilby Heaton—came up and it was told that just before going out where the barrel of molasses was hid away by the Mexicans, he, with others attended evening prayer, in which he uttered these words, "O Lord, thou knowest we intended to do no wrong, but say this that we are about to do tonight, result in good for Thy Saints, that the power of the land may be turned from their stealing and evil ways and turn to obey the laws of the land." The officers sent to capture the thieves did not put in their appearance until late, but they were followed up and captured.

On the 18th instant we held three meetings at Dublan, in the evening following we held a Seventies' meeting and a sociable, preparatory to leaving early next morning on a long drive of about sixty miles to Diaz, Elder Philip Hirest volunteering to convey me over the journey.

A few words about this long ride over this wonderful country and journey of sixty miles unmeasured. After leaving Dublan, there is no sign of civilization on the way only an open country, or great just being slowly developed, until we come to a little mining, mud-walled town, called after the name of a very extensive mine, Corralitos, which has been worked constantly for at least 150 years, and is becoming more valuable with late development. Its output is mostly silver, just below arriving at the mud town, we passed Batanco, an old ruined pile. No one can tell its age, but the officers at Casa Grandes, tell me that it is 400 years old or more; and now the crude smelting dump found hereabouts is being looked after as being valuable. It is here, at this ruin where the death of the sewing machine man took place, which makes it all the more desolate. If some of the spirits were to detail their experience of past centuries at this mining camp of from 200 to 300 years ago, no doubt wonderful tales would be unveiled. At all events what is already known of these ruins, makes the travelers feel the influence that exists, and causes him to pore on with solemn thoughts of what a wicked world we live in, and how much reform is required to bring back the lovely Garden of Eden time.

In about two miles we entered the new town on the river amid great cottonwood trees; the landscape is diversified all around,—and but the poor humanity, little ones and all, with the Mexican cantonment surrounds, or sort of leaning, crawn round their poorly clad bodies, and their crowded huts is a sad sight. Out on the county side is the mill by day are groups, one of which is a sight, equaling any exhibition which would demand twenty-five cents in New York very readily: poorly clad men and women, some peeling wood, and others carding it with hand cards, then some were spinning with hand rimmed wheels, not near so large as our other time spinning wheel minus the wheel head; but the spindle straight was used without the rapid motion added by the yankee patent head. The home on which they do their weaving, are something like our hand looms, only more primitive. To see this work going on on the sidewalk in the sunshine, and the children sunning themselves against the walls, reminded me of our dirt roofed houses of that, our pioneer square, Utah, where a person was standing in the rain storm, who was asked what he was doing out in the storm. Why sir, I came out of my house home to get out of the heaven rain. So we very much these natives came out of their huts to get the light and warmth of the beautiful sunshine of this season of the year, for with the exception of the cool nights it is delightful.

Passing along we came into the Antelope hills, where at a distance a herd of antelopes were feeding on the foot hills, four miles from Alencion, which we pass in the evening shades and arrive at Diaz at 8 o'clock p. m.

On Saturday and Sunday rest and read, met, we held conference at Diaz. Elder Lyman and party arrived from Samora in good time and had a successful trip. The meeting house here is capacious, and divided into three parts. Elders Lyman, Irvine, Eyring, Pratt and Stevenson took parts in eight meetings. On Sunday morning about 450 persons were in attendance, 250 of which were Sunday school children. Every person, children and all, desired to shake hands with us as they passed out from the meeting.

Only five persons who ever saw the Prophet Joseph were to be found at this conference.

In the evening the house was crowded to hear a lecture on the mission of Joseph Smith the Prophet, by Elder E. Stevenson. This being the night of the Prophet's 90th birthday, made the lecture all the more appropriate. The crowded house listened with st ent attention to the numerous evidences scriptorally adduced, as well as the living witnesses to sustain the divine mission of Joseph Smith, one of the greatest Prophet's that ever graced the earth.

This concludes our mission to Old Mexico, and, so far, in Arizona and New Mexico, having held about seventy meetings, including council meetings and Seventies' meetings, and the complete organization and setting in order of the Mexican mission. The mission gives the only stake in Old Mexico, or the Juarez Stake of Zion. Besides the high council and Bishops of wards and the seventy-seven quorums of Seventies, three patriarchs were ordained by Elder F. M. Lyman, assisted by other authority. Five Priesthood. One of them was A. F. McDonald of Juarez. The other two were James A. Little and W. D. Johnson, father of the Bishop of Diaz. There was also a patriarch ordained at St. Johns, Arizona. Wilford Farr was the man thus blessed.

On the 23rd inst. our party of F. M. Lyman, A. Jess, Edward Stevenson and Henry T. Mathews as teamster, started for Deming, 200 miles, in a rain storm at noon p. m. We camped on Rock Grance (Big Health in English) It was moonlight when we camped, the storm having cleared away. Our journey was about thirty miles. After our door prayer room services we slept in peace to pursue our journey on Sabbath to reach the Mexican custom house, forty miles from Deming. Elder Lyman and I slept in a covered wagon, the others in a store room on a bed made on the floor. Thus we spent the Christmas Eve; and on the 25th we took our Christmas breakfast in Mexico and our dinner in the United States, by camp fire, and only hope all had as warm an holiday, or less happy men than we enjoyed in the line of cary. It will not soon be forgotten by us. We put up at the Park Hotel. Elder Stevenson was very quiet but was healed by the power of faith. Here at Deming, on the 26th inst., Elder Lyman bade us adieu, after our very interesting missionary labors, to wend his way homeward via Montana, Colo. On the following day Elder E. Stevenson took the train and the rest of the party drive to Lordsburg, Cala., crossing the New Mexico line into California, there to remain awaiting the train for the Gila river to Thatcher, St. Joseph's lake of Zion.

To all my friends and the DESERET NEWS I wish a very happy new year (may it be a happy one) prosperity, happiness and good will to all, with health and long life, and Utah a free State that will never cease to honor the stars and stripes. EDWARD STEVENSON.

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