

REMARKS

By Pres. J. M. Grant, Bowery, Sunday Forenoon, October 12, 1856.

[REPORTED BY J. V. LONG.]

I am glad this morning to hear from br. Daniel Spencer, and to learn that he feels that the Lord has blessed the people in this land, as well as in the land where he has been sojourning for a time.

I do not and have not felt that I need a mission to a foreign land for the purpose of causing me to understand myself, or to fill me with the Holy Ghost, or to prepare me to be useful in this land; neither have I felt I needed to go to the United States or any other part of the world to put on the gospel armor. I feel it to be necessary that I should wear that armor here, and if I ever have had it on I feel that I have had it on in this land; and I do not deem it necessary for many men to cross the ocean to get the Holy Ghost, or to enjoy the power of God. If they will do the will of God in this land, they will see their situation and be filled with his power from the crown of their heads to the soles of their feet; I believe that if the Saints were to have more religion in their own homes they would be better off.

Were I thirsty and could go to a spring or lake whose water was pure and clear as crystal, even the best that could be found, I should have no occasion for going to another and more distant place to procure water. And if I should find ice there, should I say it was too much trouble to break it? No, but I should labor to break that ice; and the thicker the ice, the more persevering I should labor, until I got some of the water of the crystal fountain.

While paying attention to the prayers of some persons in their family devotions, I sometimes notice that they often stop praying without breaking through the darkness and obtaining the Holy Spirit. If I found that it was necessary to pray three hours I would keep praying for that length of time, or until I got the Spirit, unless I remembered that I had neglected a special duty, when I would go and attend to that duty; after which I should want to return and pray until I got the Holy Ghost; I would keep praying until I broke the ice and obtained the Holy Ghost.

Some think that they have already labored enough to obtain heaven. Such persons put me in mind of Sydney Rigdon, who said that he had suffered enough to obtain salvation. He said that the sufferings of Jesus Christ were light in comparison with what he had endured, and he would be damned to hell if he would suffer any more.

I notice that some who gather here think they have already suffered enough, and feel like saying, 'I will be damned to hell if I will suffer any more.'

Many of those who have come with handcarts think that they have done wonders, therefore they want every hat hoisted in deference to them, and every meal bag gratuitously opened; and they want everybody to feed, clothe and lodge them and find them everything they need, because they have dragged a hand-cart across the plains.

You deserve credit for what you have done, but I make this observation that you may know that you have not yet got into the harbor of eternal life; and that you may not think that you have not anything to do now that you have come here; for, unless you keep on the armor, you will be overcome.

We want people that have come here with their gospel armor on to keep it on, that they may shed abroad the light of God and the gift of the Holy Ghost. We have given the same instructions to Elders that have returned, and we want every class of men and women in this Church to keep on the gospel armor.

I want to say to every institution in our midst, whether the talent they have is under the supervision of eight, ten, or twelve men, we wish you to manifest that you have the Holy Ghost for your guidance, and then to go to work and convert Great Salt Lake City. I want you to try your skill and the power of God upon this city, and exert yourselves thro' your Wards, under the direction of the Bishops, that you may be the means of filling the people with the Holy Ghost, and in order that you may have power and discretion to act wisely, see that you have the light of heaven in your own hearts.

Many talk of their visions, revelations and mighty works; but we have to have minds and men that think, and have wisdom in all their ways. It is for us to occupy our minds and direct our labors in the proper channel, and to use our talents and intellects as the head shall direct.

There is a drouth, and has been; the people have felt too much like putting their temporal affairs first, and then attending to the spiritual at their leisure.

So much do many act upon this principal that their intellectual faculties become dark, they do not get into the light of the Lord Jesus Christ and of the gift of the Holy Ghost, of the light of eternity; but their temporal matters are first and foremost. If they have a gewgaw, they take great pleasure in going round to exhibit it; and they will borrow beads, rings, watches and all kinds of gewgaws to gratify the pride of their hearts. Such hearts are not right before God, and such conduct must be done away from among the Latter Day Saints.

I will now mention another thing; some will ask you three dollars a day for common labor, and others will not lift a pick, shovel, or ax, short of two dollars a day; and they have left the best situations in the Territory and have gone to Provo and other places, because they could get but \$1.50 a day. They are our hand cart men who are acting so. This proves that

they came here for the loaves and fishes.— They will tell you that they have learned to draw the hand carts, and now they expect the highest wages.

I want to notify all saints, whether they came with hand carts, horses, mules, or oxen, wagons, carriages, or wheelbarrows, that in this land we wish you to keep the commandments of God, and when you have food, raiment and shelter, be satisfied and don't be greedy.— Do not expect to get as many comforts around you the first year, as men have got in many years by hard labor and toil. Remember that some of us came here in 1847, with scarcely anything, and we have had to toil, assiduously to accumulate what we have. Do not you the first year, month, or week, covet everything that you see; do not covet every man's house and business, but seek the blessings of the Lord God of Israel, and bring up your temporal matters in their place and season.

I will explain what I mean by place and season. Go to different parts of the Territory and advance the people in their religion, make them humble and faithful so that the Spirit of the Lord shall govern them, till all shall be sweetened in their minds and be united as one, till they shall see eye to eye and hear ear to ear, and if they do not keep up their temporal affairs, they will fall right back. A man that advances in spiritual and in temporal matters at the same time, minding to keep the spiritual first, will not let the temporal lead him; he will not place his heart upon his farm, his horses, or any possession that he has. He will place his desires in heaven, and will anchor his hope in that eternal soil; and his temporal affairs will come up as he advances in the knowledge of God.

The temporal will keep pace as the spiritual advances. I do not believe that a man who is full of the Holy Ghost is going to live contentedly in a hog pen, in filth and in dirt, when it is in his power to prevent it. Go through our city and you will find some who are living in dirt and degradation; some who like dirt, who like to have their cow in the house and their chickens in the buttery; who like to have the pigs and children near enough for them to feed together; and their children are as naughty and filthy as they can be. And yet such persons think they have the Spirit and power of God! This is one reason why so many people die, while journeying to this place; it is because the Holy Ghost is sick of them.

If you want the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves clean. I know that some think, when they get here, "O, we are in Zion, everything is right; there is no use in washing our children or combing their hair." I want you to understand that we wish you to be clean outside as well as inside; we want you to be clean and pure; to be good natured and possessed of every qualification requisite in a saint of God; to have everything that can bring the light and gift of God among you.

I want the people to be pure in their words, in their deeds, in their spirits, and to be diligent in their prayers. I want men that come in from Europe, and from different parts of the United States, to purify themselves and go to with their might to work righteousness. I want the returned missionaries to know that if they have been out preaching the gospel, we also want them to go to work now they have come home.

I want every one to understand that we have plenty of grunners, plenty of those who are made up of whining. Yes, we have more of those instruments to play upon than we have any use for.

We want you all to keep the light of our God. And we want to see the spirit of reformation in the people; we wish them to have it in practice in their houses; not only to talk about it, but to practice upon it.

The difficulty is, that we cannot get the people to practice; they will listen as to a fine sermon, and we can get to them work in the canyons and in the fields, and to do many other things; but there are too many who like intoxicating drinks, tobacco, filth, dirt and meanness. Some like to break the Sabbath, to brand another's ox, which they find on the range, and to occasionally steal a little; there are some here who will steal, when they have an opportunity.

I wish to inform the new-comers that if they want to find the finest and best men in the world, they are here; and if they want to find the meanest, most pusillanimous curses that the world can produce, we have them here. We have here some of the most miserable curses that ever the Almighty frowned upon, for it takes an apostate 'Mormon' to be a mean devil.

We want you to have eyes to see; we do not want you to see merely what is in the books you have read, in your mathematics and your philosophy, but want you to have in you the Holy Ghost, to be full of the Spirit of the Lord Jesus.

We have Elders who are fine speakers, fine orators, and who wish to talk very properly, after the manner of the world. They did so in Europe, and they want to do so here; they want to preach those old sermons over, those that they have been accustomed to preach in the old world. But we want Elders to get up and preach as the Holy Ghost shall dictate; we do not want any of your long, prosy sermons; we prefer the word of life by the power of the Spirit.

I desire to see men reform in their acts, and not say, 'let our neighbors be converted,' but let them say, in the name of Israel's God, 'the reformation shall be carried into our houses, to our children, and we will take it home with us and will gird on our armor and go ahead in the cause of God,' for this is what we are sent here for.

May God grant that you may all strive to work righteousness, in the name of Jesus.— Amen.

How does man differ from the brute creation? He walks uprightly but he doesn't act so.

[From The Aillon, Liverpool.]

Lungs Brass, Esq., M.P.

BY Y. Z.

Behold our newly-fledged senator, Lungs Brass, Esq., now M.P. for the borough of Gullnoodle, transplanted, with all his blushing honors thick upon him, to that mighty Babylon or Babel of modern times, London, the metropolis of the world. Determined to make an appearance there for the sake of Mrs. Brass and the Misses Brass, he, like a good husband and father, took, at a Californian rent, a splendid mansion in Belgravia. And having himself been elected a member of the Reform Club, he prepared for his first parliamentary campaign, determined to make a figure and create a sensation in two worlds, that of fashion and politics, at the same time.

But this cannot be done with a hop, skip and a jump in big London. It is not to be taken by storm. It is positively a peopled desert of selfishness and indifference in which new comers and greenhorns from the country may wander about, unknown and uncared for, until they perish miserably. It is more levelling than radicalism ever dreamed of in its wildest flights of social macadamization. We may truly say that, lost in its wilderness of streets, everybody is nobody and nobody is anybody. It has taken the shine out of and broken the heart of many a provincial magnifico and potentate, who has been stopped at once by the tremendous barriers of 'Who's who?'—which are averted at the entrance of the countless cliques and coteries which are the component parts of its huge 'Vanity Fair' when put together.

To some, indeed, it has been the occupation of a whole life before they could make a lodgment even in the outskirts of any of these cliques and coteries which border upon the awful and mysterious grandeur of 'the upper ten thousand.'

We may not wonder, then, that our friend Brass had some disappointments, and rebuffs, and rubs, and scrubs to endure in this new world into which he had found his way. He quickly discovered that in more things than one 'the course of true love never does run smooth.'

He arrived in town full of, and burning, and blazing, and boiling over with zeal. It was like being transported from Africa to Nova Zembla, or from the tropics to the poles. He found himself, as it were, at once in a university in which every man had graduated under that great professor of politics, Talleyrand, whose earnest advice to his aspiring friends always was, 'Above all things, never have too much zeal.'

He was especially astonished at the apathy and indifference about national affairs which prevailed at the Reform Club. His previous notion, adopted in virtuous innocence and ignorance, was that he should find an everlasting tornado of patriotism blowing within the walls of that holy temple of liberty. Its peace was not disturbed by a zephyr. The cookery was admirable, and nobody seemed to care about anything else. Visiting it morning, noon and night, in vain he looked for some sympathizing spirits to respond to his high-flown and full-blown enthusiasm. It was trying to extract sunbeams from cucumbers, or to convert sawdust into deal boards. Some yawned at his warm apostrophes, some smiled, some laughed outright. More than one apostate radical told him to consult time and place, and not 'try on' his hustings stuff and rubbish there.

When he inquired for the men who had so often sworn to die for their country upon the floor of the House of Commons, he was informed that they had all evaporated. Some were in small places, and running as quietly as lambs in ministerial harness. Some were negotiating for patronage for themselves, or their brothers, or their sons, or their sons-in-law, or their cousins, or for some branch, near or distant, of their families.

In short, if the truth must be admitted, he soon found out that the whole of the illustrious men, the hope and anchor of their country, with whom he intended to act and co-operate, had either sold themselves, or were about to sell themselves—and most of them at miserably small prices, although, perhaps, much more than their worth.

There was not a single one of them left who had yet to ask permission to take the name of 'Judas Iscariot,' in addition to his other names and titles. All this was very bad and very disheartening. It nearly paralyzed and petrified our hero; but he had pluck in him. It had carried him through many an ordeal and struggle to the point which he occupied, and he was not the man to let it fail him now.

Without, therefore, listening to the advice of those who would fain have dissuaded him from making any such effort which might awaken attention to their own systematic shortcomings, he was in his place in the house every night, waiting and watching for an opportunity to uncork his boiling indignation, by a strong appeal in behalf of the country.

It came, and he eagerly seized upon it. Some liberal measure was under discussion. Its enemies were fierce and loud and earnest. Its friends were lukewarm and cold, supporting it formally, but quite willing, if not anxious, to be beaten. They had drowled and dawdled through the debate, and sent everybody either to dinner or to sleep, when Brass, who had the whole subject at his fingers' ends, and felt that his time was come, that, indeed, it was now or never with him, suddenly started on his legs, and, catching the Speaker's eye, rushed into the fray with an earnestness and freshness which took the house fairly by surprise.

As the whisper, 'new member,' spread, and the rumor of what he was doing was carried in all directions, the diners came flocking in, and the sleepers were roused to give attention to the ambitious spirit who was so fearlessly addressing them. It was done well. His heart was in his work, and he, therefore, touched the hearts of others. Even ex-liberals, who had degenerated into shams, were galvanized into the recollection of their old principles, and loudly cheered the dashing orator, while political opponents listened with respectful attention under the magic spell of the phrase, already mentioned, 'new member.'

It is, as, perhaps, some of our readers may not know, a good and venerable custom ever, and, we hope, ever to be, observed by the House of Commons, that a new member shall have a fair, and full, and impartial, and respectful hearing when he makes his first speech. It is, we think, a very amiable practice. It is, at the same time, a very useful and convenient one for the house itself. It is thus enabled to take the gauge and measure of the new aspirant to its favor. By encouraging him to develop himself and his powers and capacity to the uttermost, it finds out whether he is a man of any calibre of mind, or a mere wind-bag, 'all sound and fury,' an embryo statesman, or only an unmitigated bore.

Woe unto the hopes of the man who falls in this ordeal and turning point of his career! If he be a man of high family and strong connexion or a millionaire, he may be allowed to try again and again until something comes out of him. But if, on the other hand, he be a simple nobody, one of the common herd, he will be a very lucky fellow if he is ever permitted to have a second trial. A first failure is with most men a wreck for ever.

Take an instance of either kind. Had Lord John Russell not been a titled scion of the race of Bedford, he would never have made a second speech in the House of Commons. The handle to his name at first won toleration for him as the bore of years, and then floated him forward to the mediocrity which he at last achieved.

And then there is the case of Mr. Disraeli. Of iron nerve and a determined spirit, he would not submit to the original verdict of the house. He felt with Sheridan that 'he had it in him,' and with Sheridan he resolved to 'make it come out of him.' He persevered, and is the brilliant man he is. But he is a rare parliamentary phoenix thus to revive out of his ashes. He is one of our exceptions. The general rule is that the spirits, crushed at the opening of their parliamentary career, are crushed for ever.

A FRIGHTFUL INHABITANT OF THE AFRICAN WOODS.—The most formidable of all animals in the woods of Africa is the famous but recently discovered, Troglodytes Gorilla, called in the language of the Gabun, Njema. It belongs to the orang outang or chimpanzee family, but is larger and much more powerful than any other known species.

It is impossible to give a correct idea, either of the hideousness of its looks, or the amazing muscular power which it possesses. Its intensely black face not only reveals features greatly exaggerated, but the whole countenance is but one expression of savage ferocity.

Large eyeballs, a cress of long hair, which falls over the forehead when it is angry, a mouth of immense capacity, revealing a set of terrible teeth, and large protruding ears, altogether make it one of the most frightful animals in the world. It is not surprising that the natives are afraid to encounter them even when armed.

The skeleton of one presented to the Natural History Society of Boston, is supposed to be five feet and a half high, and with its flesh, thick skin and the long shaggy hair with which it is covered, it must have been nearly four feet across the shoulders.

The natives say it is ferocious, and invariably gives battle when it meets a single person. It is said they will wrest a musket from the hands of a man and crush the barrel between their jaws, and there is nothing, judging from the muscles of the jaws, or the size of their teeth, that renders such a thing improbable.

THE CURAN IGNIS FATUUS.—The cocoy queen beetle is about one inch and a quarter in length, and, what is wonderful to relate, she carries by her side, just above her waist two brilliant lamps, which she lights up at pleasure with the solar phosphorus furnished her by nature.

These little lamps do not flash and glimmer like that of the fire-fly, but give as steady a light as that of the gas-light, exhibiting two perfect spheres, as large as a minute pearl, which afford light enough in the darkest night to enable one to read small print by them. On carrying her into a dark closet in the daytime, she immediately illuminates her lamps, and immediately extinguishes them on coming again into the light.

"Fellow sinners," said a preacher, "if you were told that by going to the top of those stairs yonder, (pointing to a rickety pair at one end of the church) you might secure your eternal salvation. I really believe hardly any of you would try it. But let any man proclaim that there were a hundred dollars up there for you, and I'd be bound there'd be such a getting up stairs as you never did see."

STONE CUTTING.—A recent French invention, by M. Chivalier, for cutting stone, which is very ingenious and simple, is thus described: He causes a wire to run at a high velocity over the surface to be bisected, and by dropping on it a mixture of mud and water, the operation is readily completed. The hardest granites yield quickly to this process at the rate of one square foot per hour, with one-horse power.