

REMARKS

By President Brigham Young, Tabernacle, a.m. of Sunday, May 29, 1859.

[REPORTED BY G. D. WATT.]

I have been very much interested in the remarks by br. Z. Snow, and wish to impress upon the minds of all that in our capacity and organization, without the aid of a superior influence upon the mind, and that directly from the fountain of wisdom, mankind are very liable to what the apostle calls vain philosophy. Depending solely upon human reasoning leads many into vain and serious errors, and self-imbued and self-argued notions are often so tenaciously riveted upon the mind that it is almost impossible for another to convince his fellow man of their erroneousness. To be correct in our reasonings, in our doctrines, in faith towards God, and clear in our understandings of his plan of salvation, nothing short of divine revelation can convince of, and fasten upon the understanding, the truth that God has revealed from heaven for the salvation of his children.

I repeat that I have been highly interested with the remarks by Judge Snow. We have formerly heard him speak many times in this building, and those of you who have been acquainted with him can judge of the effect of his late mission to Australia, to which he referred. I will judge, for one, that it has been worth worlds to him; and all present, who enjoy the spirit of revelation, can readily discern that the philosophy and doctrine just advanced by him are excellent.

When men are in the habit of philosophizing upon every point, only relying upon what we call human reason, they are constantly liable to error. But place a man in a situation where he is obliged or compelled, in order to sustain himself, to have faith in the name of Jesus Christ, and it brings him to a point where he will know for himself; and happy are those who pass through trials, if they maintain their integrity and their faith to their calling.

As was observed here last Sabbath, all intelligence is the gift of God, whatever use is made of it. All valuable inventions and works of mechanism are produced by a spirit that flows from the fountain of intelligence, and no excellent and magnanimous work can be produced without that spirit.

Men are apt to stray from the truth—are apt to imbibe false notions, principles, and ideas—if they do not cling closely to that fountain of intelligence, and acknowledge the hand of God in all things. This principle every person should watch closely and be very careful that they never imbibe any notion, doctrine, or idea that causes selfishness in their hearts, but let their hearts be open to conviction, to receive light and intelligence through every manifestation from above, that they may rightly discern between things that are of God and those that are not of him.

Many, in their acts, seem closely to agree with the expression in holy writ, that "God is not in all their thoughts." We might readily conclude that many, though they use the name of the Supreme Being more frequently than any other name on earth or in heaven, never carefully reflect upon the character of that Being. He is the fountain of all intelligence, and without the power of the Holy Ghost shed forth in the hearts of the people they are liable to be led astray.

As has been told you frequently, with regard to the proof of the truth of a man's religion, it is not his faithfulness to it, it is not his close observance of it, nor the sacrifices he makes for it, but it is that intelligence which leads men from earth to heaven, which opens the gates of heaven and reveals to the children of men heavenly things to lift their minds and affections above the things of this earth and cause them to view it and its inhabitants in their proper light.

The children of men are in ignorance and darkness, with their superstitions, prepossessed notions, feelings, education, and traditions. Look at them as they are, placed here for the express purpose of proving themselves before their God. Darkness and sin were permitted to come on to this earth. Man partook of the forbidden fruit in accordance with a plan devised from eternity, that mankind might be brought in contact with the principles and powers of darkness, that they might know the bitter and the sweet, the good and the evil, and be able to discern between light and darkness, to enable them to receive light continually. Christ is the light of the world and lighteth every man that cometh into it. No son or daughter of Adam ever lived on the earth, or ever will, but has had or will have the light of Christ within them.

What do many parents virtually say to their children? That to believe in revealed religion is nonsense. How frequently we have heard prayers offered in public "that God would make one in their midst—that the Holy Ghost would rest upon them while they endeavored to worship the Lord Almighty—and as soon as the prayers were over, endeavor to prove that the Holy Ghost is not given in our days as anciently, that the spirit of revelation is not on the earth—is not among the children of men." What inconsistency! God is here; his influence fills immensity. He has his messengers throughout all the works of his hands. He watches every one of his creatures; their acts, their affections and thoughts are all known to him, for his intelligence and power fill immensity. Not that his person does, but his Spirit does; and he is here teaching, guiding and directing the nations of the earth, notwithstanding their darkness, ignorance, and weakness, and he will make the wrath of man praise him. Why then should we not acknowledge his hand in all things? Why not believe in revelation? Why not acknowledge that God whom we profess to serve? Why not seek unto him for counsel? It should be in the hearts of all to seek unto the Lord with all their might and affections, and so live as to have him guide them that they may never fall—that they may attain the goal they are anticipating.

All people desire to be happy. You cannot find an individual that does not wish comfort and ease. You can obtain happiness in no other way than by unreservedly submitting yourselves to your God. Let him lead us through paths of affliction and cause suffering and trouble to come upon us, still there is that consolation, and comfort within that the world cannot give nor take away. That is the only solid comfort there is in this life. Men cannot enjoy comfort and satisfaction in the accumulation of wealth. Wealth never was the source of happiness to any person; it cannot be—it is not in the nature of things—for contentment exists only in the mind. In the mind there is happiness—in the mind there is glory. Place a man in extreme poverty, and let him possess the sweet, benign influences of the Spirit of the Lord, and you will find a happy man and a cheerful countenance; while the man who does not possess the Spirit of heaven, though he may possess all this world can afford besides, he is almost constantly in sorrow and trouble.

Brethren and sisters, it is your privilege to enjoy the Spirit of revelation as much as any person or people that ever lived on the face of this earth. As it was observed here last Sabbath; you see men and women fall and depart from their God and religion, but does God first forsake them? No, they forsake their God; they take such a course that the Spirit of the Lord cannot dwell with them, consequently they are left in darkness and uncertainty and do not know what truth is. How can you know what truth is?—You can only know by the Spirit of revelation. This knowledge is not obtained in any other way.

How can you know the latter-day work to be true? You can know it only by the Spirit of revelation direct from heaven. How can people prove that it is not true, in any other way than by the revelations of Jesus? Can you hear of any person's railing about its being untrue and convincing a congregation that it is untrue by the Spirit of revelation? No, all arguments, conversations, sermons, discourses and lectures delivered against it are delivered in darkness—are not delivered in the Spirit of the Great God who organized the latter-day work. What proved this work true to you in England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, France, the United States, &c? Was it not the Spirit of revelation that rested upon you? Then why should you lose the Spirit?—You should add to it day by day; you should add as the Lord gives—a little here and a little there, and treasure up truth in your faith and understanding until you become perfect before the Lord and are prepared to receive the further things of the kingdom of God.

You must have the Spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ to bring you to the knowledge of the truth and teach you things as they are. Let every man and woman, without exception, obtain that Spirit through an exemplary life; and if they do not adhere to the Spirit of revelation that is felt by all who are partakers of this work, they will fear and fall, for the prophet has said that the Lord would work a great work and a wonder in the last days, that the report thereof would make all nations tremble and fill them with fear.

Is it darkness? No. Is it ignorance? No. Is it weakness? No. What is it? It is light, intelligence, the power of God that makes the wicked tremble and wish 'Mormonism' out of the way. If it were a false doctrine, or a false theory, the devil would not endeavor to disturb it, wicked men would not fear it, heaven would not smile upon it, nor give a revelation to any man or woman to believe it, and we should have poor success; and heaven forbid that we should have success or gain influence upon any other principle but the revelations of Jesus Christ.

May God open your eyes and the eyes of every honest person, that we may see things as they are and secure for ourselves that eternal rest we are looking for. Amen.

NEVER DO TOO MUCH AT A TIME.—Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in a lecture recently delivered in England, gave the following history of his literary habits:

"Many persons following me so much engaged in active life, and as much about the world as if I had never been a student, have said to me, 'When do you get time to write all your books? How on earth do you contrive to do so much work?' I shall surprise you by the answer I make. The answer is this: 'I contrive to do so much by never doing too much at a time.' A man to get through work well, must not overwork himself; or, if he do too much to-day, the reaction of fatigue will come, and he will be obliged to do too little to-morrow. Now since I began really and earnestly to study, which was not till I had left college, and was actually in the world, I may perhaps say that I have gone through as large a course of general reading as most men of my time. I have traveled much, and I have seen much; I have mixed much in politics, and the various business of life; and in addition to all this, I have published somewhere about sixty volumes, some upon subjects requiring much research. And what time do you think, as a general rule, I have devoted to study—to reading and writing? Not more than three hours a day; and when Parliament is sitting, not always that. But then, during those hours, I have given my whole attention to what I was about."

MANNERS MAKE THE MAN.—Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law touches us but here and there, now and then; manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarise or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe. They give our lives their whole form and color. According to their quality they aid or destroy morals.

THE INSPECTORS OF THE RHODE ISLAND STATE Prison report that not less than 579 persons had been imprisoned for debt in that State during the past year.

My Idea of a Man.

Why do people deary a masculine blush? I don't know. I immediately love the man who blushes. I am sure that he is unshackled; that he has not a set of meaningless, cut and dried compliments on hand for every bonnet he meets; that he has not learned to sniff at the Bible, or the Sabbath, or prate transcendently about 'affinities,' or any other corruption under a new-fangled name. I know that his love would be worth having; that he will not be ashamed of liking home, or his baby, or laughed out of staying in it in preference to any other place. I know that when he stops at a hotel, his first business will not be to hold a private conference with the cook to tell him how he likes an omelette made. I know that in his conversation he will not pride himself upon the small topperies of talk, in the way of pronunciation and newly coined words, to show how well he is posted up in dictionary matters. I know that he will not be closeted two-thirds of his time with his tailor; or think it fine to be continually quoting some dead-and-gone book, known only to some resurrectionist of scarce authors. I know he will not sit in grim-starched stulteness in a car, when a woman old enough to be his mother, is standing wearily in front of him, awaying to and fro with the motion of the vehicle. In short, I know that he is not a petrification; that there's human nature in him, and plenty of it; that he is not like an animal under an exhausted receiver, having form only—in whom there is no spring, nor elasticity, nor breath of life.

A fool, hey? No, sir—not necessarily a fool either. The fool is he who, not yet at life's meridian, has exhausted it and himself: who thinks every man 'green' who has not taken his diploma in wickedness. For whom existence is as weary as a thrice-told tale. Who has crowded four score years into twenty, or less, and has nothing left for it but to sneer at the healthy, simple, pure, fresh joys which may never come again to his vitiated palate.—[Fanny Fern.]

NO HARDSHIPS.—The gallant, the accomplished, and more than all that, the good Major Popham, who departed this life not long ago on the verge of a hundred, the last surviving member of the family of Washington, of whom he was an aid-de-camp, once made a remark to us which struck us with great force, and which we shall never forget. "People talk," said he, "of the hardships of the revolutionary war. Sir, there were no hardships in it. There was an excitement, an enthusiasm attending on the cause in which we were engaged, which kept up our spirits, and actually made toil and privation a pleasure." "But, Major, you had hard work and hard fare, and hard fighting." That's all true, but no hardship. *Studio fallente laborem*, you know, Horace says; (the Major, a true gentleman of the old school, was great at quoting the ancients, and seldom failed to put a brilliant classical point on a fine observation); *the interest beguiled the toil*. No years of my life fled away more quickly and pleasantly."

There was deep philosophy in those words. We were young when we heard them. But sometimes a fine practical remark plants the germ of a great truth in the mind, which grows, unfolds and ripens with advancing years and extending experience. It was so with these words of the Major. What we have seen of men and of the world convinces us that one of the first conditions of enjoying life is to have something to do, something great enough to rouse the mind and noble enough to satisfy the heart, and then to give our mind and heart, our thought and toil and affections to it; to labor for it. In the fine words of Robert Hall, "with an ardor bordering on enthusiasm;" (and no matter if, now and then, it projects a little over the border), or, as a yet greater sage expresses it, to "do it with our might."

Happily for ourselves, most of us are compelled to labor. The stern mandate of necessity delivers us from the misery of idleness. But even those who are not so compelled may surely find a higher necessity in the noble impulses of patriotism or philanthropy.

We are not now called upon like the brave old soldier we were speaking of, to serve our country with the sword, to trace our patriotic path with the blood of our lacerated feet, or to leave our bones to bleach on the battle-fields of liberty. That phase of heroism has achieved its end (honor to the memory of those who represented it!) and passed away. But another has succeeded, not the less real and effective because more pacific. Many nations have achieved liberty. Few have preserved it. That is the work now devolving on American citizens. That is the type of heroism which befits our age.

A MAN OF PLEASURE.—The most pitiable wretch on earth is a man of pleasure;—a man who has nothing to do, or at least, does nothing but enjoy himself and take life easy. That ease is the rust of the soul which dims its bright surface and corrodes its very substance. The most unhappy men we have ever known were those whom wealth (unfortunately for their own comfort) exempted from the necessity of working for themselves, and who were too sordid to enjoy the divine pleasure of working for others. One of this class, who had almost princely riches, and spent thousands annually on fine and fast horses, and the like, said to an intimate friend, "I am a wretched man. My life is aimless." Another of the same class declared that, often when he had met a funeral, he had wished in his soul that he could change places with the dead man in the coffin.

AFFECTATION is to be always distinguished from hypocrisy, as being the art of counterfeiting those qualities which we might with innocence and safety be known to want. Hypocrisy is the necessary burden of villainy; affectation, part of the chosen trappings of folly.

Chamois Hunters.

While scanning the rocks carefully I discovered two brown figures, at first hardly discernible from the crags down which they were scrambling, and evidently laden with something heavy. This I soon made out with the glass to be a chamois, its horns hooked through the sinews of the hind legs for convenience in carrying.

Barailler now rejoined us, and we presently came up with the two men, who proved to be chasseurs of great renown, one in especial, Sismondi by name, whose exploits are chronicled by all the mountaineers of this district. His intelligence, manly face, and wiry rather than muscular frame, showed the daring, light-limbed cragsman. His companion was of a different stamp, thickset and sinister looking, and kept dogged silence. Their dress—coarse brown home-spun and woven woollen, with stockings and shorts of the same, and leathern skull cap—assimilated so well in color with the rocks, that it was not easy to distinguish them at a distance. Each carried a double grooved rifle slung across his shoulders, of the rudest and plainest make, and very short in the barrel, but the thick blood-stains which smeared their dress told of the good service they had done, and of many a chamois and marmot killed and brought down on their backs from the mountain heights.

After depositing the chamois at the chales, they returned once more to the mountains, and, as our way lay together for some distance, I had a long chat with Sismondi, whom I found as simple and modest as he was intelligent. His whole life was spent in the chase, and there was not one of the craggy fastnesses around us which he had not scaled again and again in quest of chamois and marmot.

I have rarely seen mountain rocks piled one on another in more fantastic contortions and wild confusion than the splintered peaks of Mont Faroma—the central point of the range—and I could not discover ledges enough for footing for a goat. Yet Sismondi pointed out many places on the pathless cliffs where he had met with perilous adventures in climbing down, with chamois on his back, and which seemed almost incredible, though they were told in the simple and convincing words of truth.

When the chamois and marmot season is over—which lasts from July to the end of November—they followed smaller game, such as hares, blackgame, foxes, &c., until the green herbage left by the melting snow afforded fresh food to bring the chamois into condition, after feeding all winter on the long-bearded lichens of the pine forests. He confessed, indeed, that, though chamois found a ready sale at Aosta, there was but little profit after all the perils and hardships of the chase. But the passion for the excitement of the chamois-hunter's life is such that they could not endure the ennui of the valley and regular life.

A modern writer (Ruskin), who speaks of what he has seen and felt, has well said, "the spirit of the hills is action, that of the lowlands repose," and every real mountaineer will feel the truth of this, and acknowledge the force of that strange charm which is constantly impelling to fresh adventure, and bracing the nerves to the most daring feats, rendering the monotony of life in the plains, by contrast, dull and oppressive.—[The Italian Valleys of the Pennine Alps.]

PROMPT.—Ex Governor Boutwell told the following at a recent educational convention in Pittsfield:

"A Yankee schoolmaster went over from Massachusetts into York State, last fall, and engaged a school. He was told that there was one family of unruly boys who had turned the last teacher out of doors and would try the same on him. The new master resolved to begin with a firm hand, and establish his authority at the outset. On the first day of school all went on smoothly; none of the rebellious family—the Litchfields—were there. The next day the same. On the third day, a stout young fellow of eighteen or nineteen appeared, and when the teacher asked his name, to record it, he learned it was Litchfield. 'Ah, your name is Litchfield? Just step out here.' And bringing the young man into the middle of the floor, he commenced whaling him with all his might, until the frightened youth fled for his life.

"There," said the triumphant pedagogue, "I understand those Litchfields threaten to turn me out of doors, but we'll see who is master here!"

"The boys laughed, and seemed to enjoy it so much, that the excited hero of the birch demanded an explanation, and found to his dismay that he had flogged the wrong youth—a very inoffensive lad of a highly respectable family, whose name had led to a mistake. The schoolmaster thought 'a stitch in time would save nine,' but, unfortunately, he took it in the wrong place."

INTEMPERATE DUCKS.—The vicinity of Heyworth, in this county, is somewhat celebrated for the immense number of ducks which congregate there every spring. A gentleman who lives there informs us that he and his neighbors have lived on duck flesh so long that they have some fear of becoming web-footed. A man named Ben Taffe, fatigued himself so much by loading his gun and killing ducks with fine shot, that he concluded to see if he could not kill them with coarse whiskey. With that object in view he came to this city and bought a gallon of what is known by hard drinkers as "sure death 'round the corner." He took it home and soaked a lot of corn in it, and left the corn lying around loose. The ducks swallowed the corn without tasting the whiskey, and the consequence was that they became dead drunk in a few minutes. They did not recover from their first drunk until Mr. Taffe twisted their heads from their bodies. About fifty of them were victimized in less than an hour.—[Bloomington Pantagraph.]