

and millions of their inhabitants sent to desolation in a moment.

God's works are perfect. If you examine vegetation, how beautiful that is. Who is there that can imitate it? We can see some painters who have managed to make rough daubs in imitation. One of the greatest feats that a painter ever did, was to paint a curtain so perfectly as to deceive another painter so, that he went forward to draw it aside to exhibit a picture behind it. There are millions of curtains in the works of nature, which spring forth from the works of God by that light which is in them, which is imparted to them by the great Eloheim.

We see men who are considered very talented, whose names are handed down to posterity as great sculptors or painters. Their works are among the ancient ruins, and are exhibited as specimens of artistic skill, that men may see how intelligent their forefathers were. And what is it which they had wisdom to make? Something like a man, or a beast. But break off an arm or a leg, and you discover that it is but a lifeless piece of matter, though the outlines may be true to nature; and in this alone consist the beauty and skill of the artist. But there is no life in them, and they fall far short of perfection, beauty, and symmetry, as it is seen in the human system, or that of any other animal. Look upon a man, he is a perfect being, he is perfect inside and outside. If you remove the skin, the perfect covering of the human form, the nerves, muscles, arteries, veins, and everything necessary for this peculiar system, are there found in perfect harmony, and in every way adapted to make complete a living, moving machine. Not only so, but he is an intelligent being, capable of reflecting and acting. We profess to know a great deal, but what of our philosophy? Who is there can tell me by what power I lift my right arm? If that cannot be told, what do we

know? How far short, then, are we of that intelligence that governs the universe, and regulates all the works of nature. I look at the bones of the mammoth, and they tell me of something that was. I can gaze upon an elephant, as it now is, a mighty, ponderous moving machine, with strength and energy. Who planned and contrived these mighty beings? I look again at the animalculae, a thousand of which can float in a drop of water, and I see, by means of a powerful glass, the veins, muscles, and everything that is perfect to constitute a living, moving creature, invisible to the naked eye. He who organized the one, regulates the other. Man is an intelligent being, but how far does his intelligence fall short of that which regulates the world! He cannot even govern himself, he never was able to do it, and never will be able until he receives that wisdom and intelligence which comes from God. If every man can obtain intelligence of that kind, and from that source, which governs the world, and keeps in order all the planetary systems, and adapts every fish, fowl, and insect to its own peculiar position in the world, and supplies all its wants; if he can receive it from God, as his instructor, he is then able to govern himself, possessing intelligence which he now knows nothing about; and intelligence which indeed is worthy of God and man. If I cannot have a portion of that intelligence and that wisdom, if the great Eloheim cannot impart a portion of that spirit to me, and teach me the same lessons that He understands, I want nothing to do with a system of theology at all.

I believe in obtaining from Him, intelligence to enable me to comprehend all the works of God, to comprehend all the purposes of God. And if I cannot know something of these, I am altogether in the background, and shall not be able to comprehend