

use it. We can make a cambric needle; and we can make the steam engine and vessel to carry it. We can direct the lightning, and make it our servant, after Franklin showed us how; and the philosophers of the day are as dependent on his discoveries as we are. We have all the improvements that have been made in the arts and sciences, and know how to use them to our advantage. We can make boots and shoes for the sturdy, plodding agriculturist in the field, and for the delicate lady in the parlor, and we know how to make the leather as well as others do. We can read the Bible and understand it, and our lexicographers can make dictionaries. Wherein, then, are we more ignorant than others? We have good mechanics, good philosophers, good astronomers, good mathematicians, good architects, good theologians, good historians, good orators, good statesmen, good school-teachers, and we can make a good prayer and preach a good sermon. I heard a very sensible prayer the other day at camp Wasatch. In the prayer were these words—that “the militia might be enabled to keep their guns bright and their powder dry.” We know how to make cloth, how to make it into garments, and wear it; we know how to provide for ourselves, how to protect ourselves, and we ask nobody to help us but God our heavenly Father. Then, wherein are we so woefully ignorant as some people make us out to be? We know how to build houses, and can make the furniture to furnish them; we know how to plant gardens, set out orchards, and plant vineyards. We know how to raise all kinds of vegetables, fruit, and grain, and everything else that will flourish in this latitude. Wherein are we ignorant?

We may not be able to get out a

great burst of words, which mean nothing, as many of the preachers and reverend divines abroad can. They speculate a great deal about walking the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, and about going into the presence of God to sing psalms forevermore, but when they are asked seriously where they are going when they leave this earth, they are unable to tell you. If you ask them what they are going to do in the next existence, when the labors of this world are ended, they are still in the dark. You may ask them where God lives, and they do not know—they say in heaven; but where is heaven? They do not know. If you ask them what He looks like, still they do not know. Some have gone so far as to say that He dwells beyond the bounds of time and space, and is seated on a topless throne, being Himself without body, parts, and passions. Numerous are the wild speculations of religionists regarding God and His habitation. We can instruct the world on these matters; wherein are we ignorant? We know and read history; we understand the geography of the world, the manners, customs, and laws of nations. Our astronomers describe to us the geography of the heavens, measure the distances between the earth and the sun, moon, and planets. We have learning to speculate on all these works of God, and revelation unfolding reliable knowledge on many of the wonders of the heavens. Now, wherein are we more ignorant than other people? Is it because we believe the Bible, which declares that man is made in the likeness and image of God, that He has ears to hear our prayers, eyes to see His handiwork, a stretched-out arm to defend His people, and to make bare to punish the wicked nations of the earth? Wherein are we ignorant?