

holy Catholic Church." You have a right to belong to what Church you please. Another may say he believes in and worships a white dog, for he has lived with the nations who have a tradition teaching them to do so. It is all right; you are as welcome to worship a white dog as the God I do, if it is your wish. I am perfectly willing you should serve the kind of a god you choose, or no god at all; and that you should enjoy all that is for you to enjoy.

There are some things, however, I am not willing you should do. For instance, I am not willing you should steal the money out of my pocket, and then cry, "Bad dog;" and get somebody to kill me. I am not willing you should enter my house to defile my bed, or endeavor to bring death upon an innocent people. I am not willing you should drive me and my brethren from our houses and farms, as has been the case in former times. There are scores of thousands, I may say hundreds of thousands, of acres of land in the United States, for which we have paid money, but which we cannot possess. I am not willing you should drive your cattle into my corn field, which has been done before my eyes, by men who have thought, "You are only poor damned Mormons anyhow, and we'll tread you down." I am willing every man should worship God as he pleases, and be happy. But the measure that has been meted to this people, will be measured to that people; and it will be heaped up, pressed down, and running over; and then as much again thrown in; all this good measure I am willing they should have when the Lord will. I shall not exult in the miseries that will come upon them, but weep over them; whereas I have seen a mob with their rifles pointed at me by hundreds, and could not be moved to tears, but I felt like Daniel of old, "*I will worship my God, and pray with my windows open, if my life*

*should be the penalty.*" I would not be afraid if the whole artillery of the United States, with the best engineers that could be raised to manage it, were arrayed against me for righteousness' sake, knowing that the God of heaven, in whom I trust, would not suffer a ball to touch me, if it was His will that I should yet live. This I have felt time and time again.

I do not desire to harass the feelings of the people by reiterating the past, but if you want these things buried up, treat us like men and human beings, and they will be forgotten, but if you still want to probe us with the hot iron of persecution, probe on.

We came here ourselves, unassisted by any power, but that of God, and walked through the Indian tribes as independent as I am this day. We dug our way through the canyons, and made the roads to this place; while at the same time five hundred of our most energetic men were fighting the battles of the United States in Mexico.

When our women and children were left on the banks of the Missouri, in a helpless condition, I said to one of the United States officers, who had been threatening those who were left behind—"While I am gone to find a home for my family, if you meddle with them, or insult them in the least, by the Gods of Eternity I will be on your track." And had their threats been executed, I would have slain them, even though I should have had to go into the heart of Washington city to do it. Says he, "Mr. Young, you talk strangely." "Well," I said, "let my family alone;" for they wanted to persuade them back to the other side of the river, to afflict them still more.

Five hundred of our best men were then in the United States' army, traversing the sandy deserts and scorching plains of the South, without shoes to their feet, or clothes to cover them.