

pierced him. He said, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

Jesus knew the turpitude of the human heart and the wickedness that those individuals were capable of; and knowing this, he said, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

I do not know of a better spirit than that which Stephen manifested when he said, "Father, lay not this sin to their charge." He knew their ignorance as well as their wickedness. He saw the heavens opened, and beheld what their end would be.

Do you think he had any envy towards his murderers then? No, he felt very different from this. I have as great an abhorrence to their iniquities as any other man; and in case the providence of God should call me to stand forth in defense of the truth with the sword and the musket, I probably should feel as resolute in that case as I should on the side of Stephen, when praying God to forgive them.

My father was a native of America—of a New England State. He was a soldier of the revolution, and fought in defense of his country—fought for freedom. He maintained this spirit, and he died a Latter-day Saint. He had the mortification, however, before his death, to be forced to leave his home for the sake of his religion; and had he survived a little longer, he would have been driven from that land altogether, as we his sons have been, and would have been called upon to find his way through the trackless desert to these mountains.

We have come out here and moored the shattered relics that our enemies had not destroyed. We wandered—where, we knew not, any more than Abraham did, only as we were led by that mysterious influence that led the Patriarchs of old. As that influence brooded over them, so did it brood over the pioneers that left Winter

Quarters in the spring of 1847, and crossed the plains, the deserts, the streams, and moored themselves in these peaceful vales. Since we have been thus driven far from the land of civilization—far from the ashes of our patriotic fathers, why cannot our persecutors console themselves and say, "They have gone," and now the voice of liberty, the voice of philanthropy, the voice of generosity would say, "Let the 'Mormons' go and rest in peace: they are far away from us; they cannot do us any harm?"

[President H. C. Kimball: They won't do it, Joseph.]

As Saints, we have assembled together with our wives and little ones, and we have ploughed and sown and raised our own bread, and our grain is increasing. God Almighty has touched the soil and has brooded over it as over the waters at the beginning. And, lo! No sooner have we obtained this land, planted our orchards and gardens, than our enemies want to drive us again.

[President H. C. Kimball: Do you pray for them, Joseph?]

Yes, I pray for them just as the Spirit dictates, which is something like the following—O Lord, bless all our brethren in the States and everywhere else throughout the world; and bless all that bless them, and curse all our enemies and waste them away.

We have the spirit of '76; we are patriots, and we are true to our cause. We have to be persecuted and driven. This is what we expect, for brother Brigham told the story this morning. This is the kingdom that Daniel spoke of.

Did the world ever persecute the Methodists or the Presbyterians as they have the Latter-day Saints? No, nor the Quakers either, not in my remembrance.

This people have been baptized for many of their dead friends; and you remember that it is said in the Scrip-