

They next drove us from our homes in Nauvoo. I remember the circumstances, although at the time I was but a lad. I also remember my thoughts on the day the mob besieged the City of Nauvoo. My widowed mother had been compelled a day or two previously to take her children and ferry them, in an open flat boat across the Mississippi River into Iowa, where we camped under the trees and listened to the bombardment of the city. We had left our comfortable home with all the furniture remaining in the house, together with all our earthly possessions, with no hope or thought of ever seeing them again; and I well remember the feelings I had when we made our camp on the Iowa side of the river. They were not feelings of regret, sorrow or disappointment, but of gratitude to God, that we had the shelter of even the trees and the broad bosom of the "father of waters" to protect us from those who sought our lives; I felt to thank God that we still possessed our lives and freedom, and that there was at least some prospect of the homeless widow and her family of little ones, helpless as they were, to hide themselves somewhere in the wilderness from those who sought their destruction, even though it should be among the wild, so-called savage, native tribes of the desert, but who have proved themselves more humane and Christlike than the so-called Christian and more civilized persecutors of the Saints.

After the expulsion of the Saints from Nauvoo, and from the State of Illinois, our enemies thought surely the "Mormons" are now broken up, and that this would be the last of "Mormonism." But it is strange how hard we are to kill; it would seem that we object to being killed:

there is something dreadful in the thought of being destroyed—annihilated. We naturally recoil from such a doom and seek to preserve and perpetuate our existence. The fact is, we think we have a right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," so long as we do not interfere with the rights of others; we therefore most decidedly object to being demolished; we do not like nor do we intend to be destroyed. Not that we presume to be able to defend ourselves unaided by divine power, against our numerous and unrelenting foes; but knowing in whom we trust, and the nature of the work in which we are engaged, we are not slow to believe, neither are we afraid to openly maintain that we were born to live and to uphold truth, to defend virtue, to establish righteousness, and to stand by the right, and by the help of God we intend to fill the measure of our creation.

Let us follow the wanderings of the Latter-day Saints across the plains to these mountain valleys, and look at our condition today compared with our condition in Illinois, Missouri, Ohio, or New York, or compared with our condition at any period of our existence as a church. What do we see today? We see the promises of God made on certain conditions fulfilled; and that is an evidence to me that the majority of the people have complied with the conditions, although many may not have done as they should have done. We have prevailed thus far, in accordance with the word of God. And what of the future? So far as the ultimatum of this work is concerned, there is no man in Israel who has a spark of the inspiration of the Almighty in his heart who does not know just as well as he knows that God lives or that he