

body. Public opinion followed him to the bench of the heathen judge who, being above the prejudices of the age, washed his hands of innocent blood and said: "I find no guilt in this man." But the self-righteous Jew—the hypocritical Scribe and Pharisee—cried out, "Crucify Him!" "Crucify Him!" "His blood be on us, and our children." Public opinion has caused rivers of human blood to flow; sacrificing, it is said, sixty millions of lives during the reign of the inquisition. Who can think of the dark and cruel work of those days and years of religious superstition and bigotry without a shudder of horror?

In the museum at the City of Mexico I have gazed upon the mummied forms of men and women who lost their lives under the pressure of the religious public opinion that fed flames, and instituted racks, in that land.

Public opinion, backed by persecution, drove our fathers across the deep, and planted the Pilgrims upon Plymouth Rock, ready to perish if needs be for God and liberty. Had they been of the class predominating today in our National legislature, a free government on this land would have been unknown to the present generation. But they were noble, self-sacrificing men who, loving liberty better than life, could neither cringe to the dictates of kingly power nor bow to the behest of priestly authority. Hence, that conscience might be free and God worshipped accordingly, they braved the dangers of the sea in search of a land of freedom, a home for the oppressed. And here, upon the choice land of Joseph, still persecuted and hated, the survivors prospered and grew and became strong under the blessings of God, until

their noble hearts and generous brains produced thoughts and actions that led to one of the grandest and most successful efforts, in the interest of human freedom, the world has ever known. How strange, how unreasonable it seems that the children of those noble ones, should ever become oppressors. Thus attesting the truthfulness of the saying: "The oppressed of today may become the oppressors of tomorrow."

Persecution, prompted by religious bigots, and urged forward by public opinion incited to deeds of violence, and sacrificed in a cool, premeditated and bloody manner the Prophet Joseph and the patriarch Hyrum Smith, at Carthage in the free and sovereign State of Illinois. Unappeased with the blood of martyrs, it devastated cities, villages and farms, pillaged homes, killed defenseless women and children, and finally drove us as a people into these mountains. I remember as a child, the pains and sorrows of those days of destitution when the aged and the young together walked weary miles with blistered feet in the hot sands that formed a part of the wilderness which stretched out between the so-called civilization and the place of peace and rest, so much desired by our people. Heat and cold, hunger and thirst, were each and all forgotten in the intense desire to be free from the cruel persecution of our enemies. We asked for neither riches nor fame, but around the camp fires at night the people were inspired with but one prayer during the weary days of that long journey—it was for peace and rest—freedom to worship God without being molested, without being persecuted by cruel, relentless enemies. For the enjoyment of these blessings we were willing to forego the comforts of life,