

with my family, and left it to seek that protection among the Red Indians, that we could not find among the people who lived in this boasted land of the free and home of the brave, this vaunted asylum of the oppressed. We were protected here among the Indians, and I felt perfectly safe among them. I would as soon go among the Red men today who traverse these mountains, as I would anywhere else, and feel myself just as safe.

I speak of these things to show some of the feelings that have been exhibited. Well, says one, didn't you feel angry? Oh, no, not particularly so. I felt it was all right. It was a part of the program. I needed education and other people needed it, and it was necessary we should be placed in a position that we could have it. We did not feel very unhappy. We felt quite comfortable. What! When you left your homes? Yes. I felt as easy as I ever felt in my life. I felt at least that I should be safe from the hands of bloodthirsty men and mobocrats, and that I should be put in a position that I could protect myself better than I could there, and others felt a good deal the same way. I remember we used to sing a song something like this:

"On the way to California,
In the spring we'll take our journey,
Far above Arkansas fountains,
Pass between the Rocky Mountains."
(Laughter.)

That is the way we used to sing. I remember a little boy of mine—he was then, though he is not a little boy now, for it is about 39 years ago, used to sing this, and all the boys around. He met his grandfather one day, who calling him by name, said: "Joseph, you won't sing that when you leave your home and

go out yonder." "Oh, yes, grandfather," said he, "I will sing that then." Finally, we got outside. By and by his grandfather came along, and he ran out to meet him. We were then camped out in about a foot of snow. He ran towards his grandfather and began to sing:

"On the way to California," etc.

"There," said he, "grandfather, I can sing that now." Well, I speak of these things to show some of the incidents I have passed through. We came out here and we found this country a desert, covered generally with sagebrush, and a few scattered Indians straggling around. We had to commence to build our houses, for there were none here when we came; and since then the wilderness and the solitary places have blossomed as the rose, and the desert has been made glad, as foretold in the Scriptures. We feel that we are kind of half comfortable in these valleys of the mountains, but the devil is not dead yet. (Laughter.) We did not think he would be; we have a work to perform; and we purpose, by the help of the Almighty, to accomplish that work. We don't expect to be disappointed in it either, and we don't anticipate that it will be overturned. We believe that God lives in the heavens and manipulates the nations of the earth, and woe to them that fight against Zion! I tell them in the name of God that He will fight against them. (Amen.)

This is my testimony in relation to these matters. People may think they are very smart in persecuting the Saints, but by and by they will find they are on the wrong side of the question, and many of them will find it out when it is too late. They will find it out when the harvest is past and the summer is ended, and they