

him! Crucify him! Away with him! The "Mormons" are not fit to live! Let the race be exterminated! With the exception of now and then a Joseph of Arimathea, this was the popular cry. Will the nation be broken? It has fallen upon this stone to all intents and purposes. The signs in the heavens and upon the earth, the political feuds or factions, the seditious tendency of the people, were never more portentous over Jerusalem, previous to its destruction, than they are now over the United States of America. Who so blind as not to see it?

This picture is held up as a mirror to reflect the condition and fate of any and every other nation or people that slays the Lord's anointed—that persecutes his people—that sends its armies to corrupt, annoy, or lay waste the heritage of God. I have no apologies to make. I tell you that God Almighty sits upon the throne of his kingdom. He has decreed its onward march, and it will march onward; and the power to stay it exists not on the earth. We were driven out into this wilderness, and here we are. Our friends will find us here, and our foes also. They made us cross the Mississippi pretty lively. They pressed us and pricked us with their bayonets. Was there any mercy shown to the sick, aged, or infirm—to women and children? No. The fever of frenzy and rage had dried up the fountain of compassion in their hearts. We had to fly, and to what place Heaven only knew. The timid wife, the tender daughter, the widowed mother and her children were forced into the flatboat like so many cattle or swine. By casting an eye back to their once pleasant and peaceful habitations, they could mark the lurid flame and smoke curling up to heaven from the crumbling walls of their desolated homes. One widowed lady, while seeking her little boy among

the mob on the margin of the river, was cursed and damned because she was not sooner aboard of the boat. When she found her child, she went aboard, and, turning round and looking them full in the face, said to her persecutors—"You shall yet dearly pay for all this." I dined with that same lady not ten days since, and she told me that she should live to see her prediction fulfilled. I said, God grant it. Jesus says—"With the same measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." God will not speak to them much more by Prophets, for they have persecuted and slain them. But he will speak unto them yet more. It will be, however, by the voice of thunder, by the voice of lightnings, by the voice of whirlwinds, tempests, and tornadoes—by the voice of hail, fire, flood, and famine—by the voice of hostile forces in deadly combat—by the wailings of widows and orphans—by pestilence and decrease of both man and beast. The horrors of the scenes will be lighted up by the incendiary's torch. In this way will God make requisition for the blood of his anointed, and for the cruelty practiced upon his people. With these arguments will God plead his cause at the nation's bar until the builders seek the stone which they have rejected, even present revelation, and place it at the head of the corner. This will be the Lord's doings, and it will be marvelous in our eyes. The Supreme Creator of all, the Almighty Sovereign of the universe will assert his rights and maintain them, and reign King of nations as he now does King of Saints. The power that attempts to check his designs will be ground to powder.

The present aspirants to presidential honors in the nation appear to be in good heart and firm in faith that they shall triumph. They seem to spare no labor or effort; they lack no zeal, and are full of hope, full of