

are now destroying each other, but who were once united in taking from us our homes and possessions, and winked at the shedding of the blood of our best men, and who have taken the lives of our brethren and sisters, of our fathers and mothers, of our wives and children. The tottering grayhaired sire excited no commiseration in their breasts, neither did the aged grandmother whom they deprived of her children—her last prop and stay, except her God, and left her to fall into the grave without a relation to speak an encouraging word in her dying moments. Our history records hundreds of such cases in consequence of the persecutions, mobbings, and drivings to which this people have been exposed. Infants, the youth, and the middle-aged have dropped into untimely graves by hundreds. They have taken our lives from the earth and swallowed up our substance, and forsooth we feel very much to pity them in their present condition. I will inform sympathizers, that if the fountain of pity and commiseration keeps pace with the increasing calamities that will come upon our enemies, where they only have yielded drops, rivers will flow, for the press is only just beginning to come down upon the ungodly—they can only just begin to feel its pressure; but there is a weight hanging over them that is ponderous in its crushing and desolating force. Would I lift it off from them if I had the power? No, but I would let it crush the guilty, ungodly wretches—the priest in the pulpit, the judge on the bench, the governor, and the rulers, and would let the common people go free.

After a long struggle we expect to be able to redeem Zion, to establish the Center Stake thereof, and from thence spread abroad in the vastness of our increasing numbers, and in the greatness of our power and infinitude of our wealth, build hundreds and

thousands of cities and magnificent temples to the name and honor of our God; and we will enter those temples and officiate for our forefathers and our relatives who have died without a knowledge of the Gospel, and for those ignorant thousands who are paid for killing each other in the present war, and we will give them a salvation—All who have not sinned against the Holy Ghost, or shed innocent blood or consented thereto. The priests have riveted their fetters and chains around the millions, and they more or less influence every political man in our Government, to ridicule and fight against God and every holy principle that comes from heaven. If these fetters were broken asunder, and every man and every family permitted to judge for themselves, hundreds of thousands would embrace the Gospel as soon as they could have the privilege of hearing it, receive their ordinations and endowments, and be ready to go forth and hasten the work of building Temples wherein to officiate for those who had not in their lives the privilege of going into a Temple to receive their washings and anointings. Were it not for priestcraft and political-craft, I am satisfied that scores of thousands on this continent would now embrace the Gospel.

I would like to see the footsteps of the Almighty (and they are now beginning to be visible) in his going forth to cut off the bitter branches; and by-and-by the stone cut out of the mountain will begin to roll, and if it does not soon crush some of the toes of the great image, I am mistaken. From present appearances I think the toes will be pretty well mutilated before the stone reaches them. I pray for this constantly, for I would be glad to see the inhabitants of the earth have the privilege of believing the Gospel for themselves, and not any more be bound by the blighting