

hands, that she could scarcely be made to believe that I had done them all myself. I discovered then, that making and mending clothes especially the latter, has a fascination for me, and creates within me an interest which no other work that I have ever tried can give.

The cook was so delighted with what I had done for her that she not only paid me handsomely, but showed my work to Mrs. B. and all her friends, and recommended me so highly that I never need to ask for work again. I have had all I could do ever since. I began teaching Lol, for I needed her help, so much work was brought to me. Then other girls came in, and even married women, to learn of me, and work with me.

Mrs. B. had to engage a man to do her cooking, and her former cook has been with me and done my cooking ever since. We have seventeen girls employed here regularly now; they take turns in cooking lessons with the cook, and in learning to make and repair all kinds of wearing apparel for women and children. You see they all seem happy, they are usefully employed, paid according to their diligence and faithfulness but not over-worked. I never worry, or feel discouraged, so they are not depressed on my account. I am in my natural element. And now, you can see, can you not, Laura, that it is the infinite goodness of God, and not my superior judgement that has placed me here!" "But how is it you keep your house, did you not have to part with it?" asked my aunt. "No," said mother, "things were not quite so bad as Dennis had thought; when everything was straightened up, we paid all our debts and had our home left." "And does Lol follow right along with you?" asked aunt.

"Lol learned easily to do my kind of work, but did not like it. So I advised her to look about and find out what she did like. She did mending and tended baby to pay for music lessons for awhile, and then taught music. But she is preparing for something else now." They both looked at me, and then at each other.

I felt my face grow very red, and was glad someone was ringing the door bell, for it gave me an opportunity of leaving the room.

When I saw who it was, I was still more glad I did not interrupt my mother and aunt by taking—well, never mind his name—my visitor in to see them just then. For I wanted to tell him what a heroine my mother had really been, and that I had not known it until that day. We went into another room, by ourselves, where we could watch the setting sun and talk without being disturbed. And when he referred to an important occasion which he had for some time thought should take place very soon. I told him that as my aunt might not remain long with us, and I should like to have her present, I would give way to his persuasions, and not ask again for more time, even though my father was still away, and I was only nineteen.

MARY GRACE.

PIONEER RECOLLECTIONS.

It is comforting to the surviving Pioneers and to the descendants of the others, to see that their labors are receiving just, not to say generous recognition. For weary years they toiled on, their pressing necessities admitting of

little or no rest, and no prospect in sight of their efforts, and the sufferings and privations they endured, ever being recognized and appreciated by the world generally. There was little of a nature to encourage those struggling in the solitude of desolation. True, a few endowed with prophetic vision above their fellows, occasionally peered into the future, and spoke encouraging words of the final result of the labors then being performed. But such words could not always satisfy craving stomachs, or impart rest to weary limbs. The date of the pleasant outcome was always more or less uncertain, and not a few supposed it to be beyond mortal life, when earthly appreciation might not be specially valuable.

Success usually commands respect. But had failure and consequent disaster attended the efforts of those settling Great Salt Lake valley, what a fearful responsibility would have rested upon the leaders in the movement, and how easily all would have fully comprehended the folly of such an undertaking. Thousands fully believe that heavenly inspiration guided the settlement of this intermountain region, and, if so, how much the leaders in it are to be revered. But it is thought that pluck, worldly wisdom and good luck accomplished it all, what a sublime combination in inception and result, especially considering the condition of the Mormon people at the time.

It is no easy matter, when hungry, to enthuse over a tedious job. Yet, during the first two years of Utah's settlement, but little murmuring was indulged in—not a tithe in proportion to population, as after food became plentiful. Possibly many feared to murmur, lest the Lord might leave them to natural consequences, and they all perish. Whatever the cause, it is doubtful whether in the history of the world, so little murmuring in proportion to numbers was at any other time indulged in.

The writer yet has vivid recollections of the journey from Eastern Illinois to the Missouri River, in 1846, and to Great Salt Lake valley, in 1847. His father's family crossed the Missouri river a few miles above Nauvoo soon after the battle that resulted in driving the remaining Mormons out of that place. How well it is remembered seeing the groups of distressed human beings, scattered along the roads in Iowa, who had been driven out of Nauvoo. Though but a boy, my sympathies were much aroused by what I saw and heard of the destitution and sufferings of these poor exiles, the thought of which, at this late day, even produces an aching of the heart and a moistening of the eye. How they pulled through the winter, goodness only knows; and I have often thought I would like to see some of them and learn how they fared. Possibly kind-hearted people gave them employment and sustenance.

In journeying to the Rocky Mountains the following summer, there were numbers of women with families depending upon them for management, some of whose husbands were in the Mormon Battalion in the military service of their country; others were with the vanguard of the Pioneers, and some had gone over the dark river. Nobler specimens of womanhood would be hard to find. Leading a family day by day, week after week, and through many weary months in a dragging undertak-

ing, with nothing but womanly fortitude and faith in God, upon which to rely for sustaining strength, requires womanly character of the highest order. Blessings upon the heads of all those noble mothers in Israel.

About once a week, especially in the fore part of the journey, a halt was made. Blacksmith Lambson and aids set the loose wagon tires, the women did the accumulated wash, religious services were held, more or less visiting of acquaintances in different companies or camps was indulged in, and a general time of recuperation was had.

Notwithstanding the poverty of the people, no companies crossing the Plains have ever presented a neater appearance. This may seem to be a positive assertion, but my knowledge of such matters generally and of those companies particularly, warrants me, I think, in making it. The clothing was of serviceable material, adapted to the requirements of working people, but was kept unusually clean under the circumstances, unavoidable dust of travel, etc., and no ridiculous patching is remembered. Anything attempting to represent those companies otherwise than stated above, would be a gross caricature. Though most of those people were in poverty, they were always respectable in appearance and conduct. An oath would not be heard from one month's end to that of another.

It seemed strange how well animals worked the first time hitched in. A boy yoked up a large heifer one morning, put her on the lead of the team, and the creature worked as if she had been accustomed to it. I don't remember an instance of trouble with an unbroken animal during the entire journey, and many of them were pressed into service. Families, especially the children, became much attached to their working animals. But the sad part of it was, that at the journey's end the more thrifty pets, and generally the favorites, getting into better condition than the rest, had to be butchered first, to furnish food for their friends. I remember sorrowful scenes on such occasions; and one man, even, said it seemed almost like murder, when he was compelled to kill an ox.

Some oxen would allow boys to ride on their backs, which often was a great convenience in crossing creeks, sloughs, etc., and at times in saving the boys' bare feet. In my mind's eye I yet see the big barefooted boy, with two or more yoke going to work, perched upon the back of a hindmost ox, cracking his whip and "gee-hawing" old "Buck," as occasion required. In those days boys experts in handling and caring for oxen thought newly arrived Englishmen very cruel, on account of the manner they, in their lack of knowledge of such matters, treated oxen. When an Englishman learned how and did handle and care for oxen properly the boys said he "was civilized and almost as good as an American."

How very hungry the growing boy (and no doubt the growing girl also) became! Years after, the writer's father reproachfully referred to a time, when in plowing for their first crop raised in Utah, a skeleton was disturbed. It so affected father that he unhitched the team and suspended farming operations for the remainder of the day. A vision crossed his mind, during which he got the impression that the skeleton was of an individual of distinction. In speak-