

and God says "It is enough: come up hither," that we may go to Him feeling that we have done our duty to the best of our ability, and now the reward has come—thank God for it. Amen.

WENT ARMED TO CHURCH.

Parowan, the first settlement established south of Utah county, was founded by Apostle George A. Smith in January, 1851, with about a hundred persons, mostly men. President Young first visited the settlement May 11th, 1851, with a large party; and on the night previous to his arrival snow fell to the depth of six inches, but soon melted. The improvements and labors of the settlers having been inspected during the day, a general meeting was held in the evening in the large log schoolhouse.

At this meeting the place was called Parowan, its Indian name. A field had been enclosed, very much too large for the needs of the people, and on President Young being asked his opinion about it, he made one of his characteristic, pithy remarks. Said he, "Well, brethren, I think you have a long reach, but a mighty short catch." This was subsequently found true, for the field was reduced in size three times in following years, and even then was too large.

The whole of Center Creek was turned into the field, but the ground was perfectly dry to an unknown depth, and the water soon soaked away in the ditches. It being apparent that the crops must dry up, a canal was made to convey the waters of Red Creek into the field, hoping thus to save the crops. This canal was only about four miles long, and carried all the waters of Red Creek, but not a drop of it ever reached the field—it all soaked away in the canal on its way, though running into the canal constantly for months. This will give an idea of the excessive dryness of the soil, which apparently had not been watered since the flood. Much of the grain was thus killed for want of water.

The fort was built around the sides of a large square, the spaces between dwellings being filled in by log palisades twelve feet high set closely together in line. A large corral in the center held the cattle and horses securely at night. For several years the place was patrolled all night by a guard in military style, and a man kept watch by day from an elevated point; the cowherd having also an armed guard with it by day, each man doing duty in turn. No one went outside the fort to hunt stock, get wood or to work in the field without arms, this being strictly enjoined by President Smith, who said, "It is better to carry a gun twenty years and never need it, than to want one two minutes and not have it." Any frontiersman can appreciate the wisdom of such a rule, the observance of which contributed greatly to the safety of the settlers.

When a man went to work in the field, for instance, he looked carefully around to see if an Indian was in sight, concealed his rifle in the brush, and then went to work, keeping keen watch all day, and being careful to be near his gun if a man came in sight.

At night men slept with a loaded rifle at their bedside, with powder, horn and bullet pouch ready at hand; and during one summer every man went to meeting on Sundays fully armed and equipped

for war. This was to prevent Indians from entering houses while people were absent and taking arms and ammunition left at home. And all this watchfulness was necessary, for many times bloodshed was narrowly averted in a time of what was to all appearance profound peace. In addition to these labors much time was spent in exploration or upon Indian service, and houses must be built, roads made in the canyons, water ditches and fences made, crops planted and harvested—and all this needed to be done at once.

Settlers lived for six months at a time without tasting meat, except an occasional jack rabbit or a prairie dog, for no one could afford to kill a work ox or a cow; and sugar, tea, or groceries of any kind were not to be had. An unvarying diet of milk, butter and bread, with a few vegetables, was the rule—seldom varied from. Jacob Hoffhines had a large coffee mill, and every evening a crowd of men stood around it with a little wheat or corn, each waiting his turn to grind his little grist so he might have some supper.

The women made molasses from beets, corn stalks, parsnips or other things, and when chokecherries, and serviceberries got ripe made cakes for picnics and parties which were considered quite stylish. There was but little style in dress, however, for when clothes wore out people were glad to dress in buckskins; and moccasins were far better to wear than to go in bare feet.

The nearest store was in Salt Lake City, and as it was unsafe to travel the road alone because of Indians, a man had to wait until fifteen or twenty persons wanted to make the trip, that number being necessary for safety. On these journeys a careful night guard was always kept to protect the camp and prevent the loss of team animals. And as such a trip, with cattle, usually required six weeks going and returning, a journey to Salt Lake City was an event of no little importance.

But with all these drawbacks the people were happy. They were but lately freed from mobs and persecution, and were trying to live as Saints. There was but little work, if any, for lawyers or doctors, judges or juries. For several years the writer was sheriff of Iron county without once being required to act officially, and consequently during four years official service never received a single dollar as fee or salary.

In the fall of 1851 Cedar City and Fort Johnson were established, and a regimental organization was effected. George A. Smith was elected colonel; James A. Little, lieutenant colonel; Matthew Carruthers, major; John L. Smith, adjutant; and James H. Martineau, sergeant major. The latter was also the first county clerk of Iron county, and clerk of the first territorial election. Chapman Duncan was the first probate judge, and Tarlton Lewis the first Bishop. When President George A. Smith returned to Salt Lake City, Elisha H. Groves was appointed to preside, succeeded later by Elder John C. L. Smith, and after his death in December, 1854, by William H. Dame. The first marriage in the county was that of Robert H. Gillespie and Phebe Dart. Gillespie was subsequently killed by Indians. The first death was that of an aged man—Dr. William A. Morse, killed accidentally by his cattle as he was unhitching them from his wagon. He was a good, faithful Latter-day Saint.

A branch council of health was organized February 19th, 1853, with about forty members, of which John C. L. Smith was president and J. H. Martineau secretary.

On March 1st, 1853, ten young men in Parowan met and organized one of the first Mutual Improvement societies in the Territory, James H. Martineau being elected to preside. It continued in successful operation several years, and was later followed by the formation of the Parowan Dramatic association, which presented plays for five or six years with considerable success.

J. H. MARTINEAU.
TUSCON, Arizona, July 23rd, 1896.

WITH A MORMON MISSIONARY.

MONROE, Monroe Co., Ala.,
July 20th, 1896.

With mingled feelings of joy and thanksgiving I address you a few lines. Joy, in my labors as a messenger to proclaim the Gospel of our Lord and Savior; and thanksgiving to my Heavenly Father that my life has been preserved and that God is so merciful to me in answering my prayers, has made it possible for me to come here, and in my weak way show the people the great plan of life and salvation. In the South Alabama conference, the Lord watches over his Elders and leads them to the honest in heart, and provides friends for them; that they do not want for anything if they are faithful in doing their duty and keeping the commandments of God.

I left my home in Provo, Utah, on the 15th of May, 1896, arrived in my field of labor the 22nd of May, and was assigned to labor with Elder Ira Call, whom I found to be a very pleasant and genial companion, ever ready to put his whole mind and strength to work in the great cause of truth and always laboring to bring to a knowledge of the same, all that he can find to converse with or preach to.

We started out on our labors with neither purse or scrip, and have been entirely dependent upon the hospitality of the people; and I can now bear my testimony to you that we have not wanted for a thing. We have been entertained by the best people of the county where we have been laboring, and have had access to homes where money would not get us in. We have been able to reach all classes of people, the judges, doctors, lawyers, merchants, ministers, professors and the farmer, who is by no means the least of all these.

One day when Elder Call and I were traveling on the way to Mount Pleasant, a small town in the southern part of Monroe county, we were lost and knew not which way to go. The sun could not be seen for the heavy clouds which threatened a heavy storm in the immediate future. We had nothing to give us direction; the road had become so faint that there remained but a few tracks and these led us into the more thickly timbered region where the few tracks divided and left us with no road at all; all there was for us to do was to take off through the woods which of course we did. We had gone but a short distance when we came to a corn field and there we saw a man, who on seeing us immediately left his work and came to meet us with outstretched hand, and greeting us with a hearty welcome