

who came up, as it were to "the great feast at Jerusalem," along miry and dusty roads, with an ox team, spending days in transit, and camping with friends in settlement after settlement, bringing their bedding along, then finding room in our dooryard for the team wherever it might be procured! Just think of the hearty greetings we had, the warm welcome we gave, the all-round visiting, the modest fare, the rush to meeting, this or that; maybe a dance, or the Theater allured us all, old folks, married folks and the babies! What a jolly time, to be sure!

Our country cousins used to think we in town had all the news although mail facilities (which meant letters newspapers, magazines or books,) were indefinite, and looked for only when they arrived. But the isolation of this city was as nothing to that known of our visitors in the settlements, who had probably come one or two hundred miles, and were more hungry for converse, reading and news than we in the center, who had what little was available. Who cannot recall the talks so long drawn out, of things at home, things in our adopted country, and things in Utah whose destiny ran parallel with our own! How often "beyond the wee sma' hours" we talked, and talked and talked; of our own efforts and progress, the projects of the authorities, the plots of our enemies; all about our city lots, our house, our fruit trees, our farm, our trade or business, our friends "way back," how to help them out; the news of their start, on the way, going to meet them, their arrival; our pride in all this, in their appreciation of a water melon, a ripe peach, a grand potato; how with bounding pulse we led them to the Tabernacle, pointed out the Prophet, the authorities, our city of magnificent distances, the pure air, good water and fertile soil; with what fondness we talked of Zion, its mighty bulwarks, its rare resources, its phenomenal growth, its predicted glory! We were younger then, our work was play; our eyes knew no tears save those of joy, and every thought and dream was of the marvelous work which had drawn us from home and kindred, from native land and old associations, to redeem the desert, and make it vastly more attractive and resplendent than it is as yet!

How we look back lingeringly and lovingly to those old parties which memory has surrounded with a halo of unfading glory! The gatherings with our leaders whose presence sanctified the Social Hall; their dignified abandon, the way they revelled in the peace, security and association of their friends after the dark and stormy days of fanatical persecution and prospective death; the calm of rest, the undisturbed serenity, the rejuvenation of body and spirit consequent on this; how it made their travel and responsibility of settling a great people, of founding a nation, seem insignificant by contrast, for it was indeed an undisturbed labor of Godlike love!

Our friends sometimes journeyed many a mile to attend such gatherings as is here alluded to, and many a little episode occurred which had its amusing side. One such is remembered, where a friend and wife from south came up to a party in the selfsame hall.

It was some twenty miles or more to travel by ox team, with a grist to leave at a midway mill, which seemed quite a diplomatic stroke. The party was crowded and kept up late of necessity, but when the morning of return dawned, they "bright and early" were on the way. The grist was got and still the jog kept up. The wife had taken her nap ere this and before the noonday hour. But as the heat increased the weary husband invited the wakeful wife to drive awhile; the silence, heat and dust speedily affected the ready driver until she too fell asleep; and it was only with the setting sun that they awoke, to find the undriven team laid down as yoked in the middle of the road, and quietly chewing the cud, yet many miles from home.

Such things gave a pleasant tinge to the more exacting duties of this primitive life, for it is hardly possible to realize now how fully and heartily men's souls went out then in the varied lines of salvation and necessity, to colonization, to the creation of suggestive industries, to gathering the poor, to missionary duty, and calls innumerable besides; how they struggled and toiled, were worn out and died, though their works remain, until from Idaho to Arizona, from Nevada to Colorado, from Canada to Mexico, the imprint of the Pioneers and their associates is like the everlasting hills which can never—no never—be removed or swept away.

When it came to business, this city was the undisputed center for supplies. Conference time (April and October) was looked forward to by all visitors. Winter goods and spring goods had each their appropriate season, and to wait for these opportunities of seeing and buying was a general rule. Merchants "had a high old time" of it—weighting, cutting, packing, ran into late hours; meals were irregular, customers were crowding, goods became piled up, for straightening was out of the question until the doors were closed; and for two or three weeks after Conference adjourned, recuperation seemed impossible, particularly as in the fall goods were rolling in from the East, until approaching winter and Christmas holidays were half supplied. Then in the later fifties California had to be the market, and the Southern deserts became familiar as they never could be in the drought and heat of summer.

Then to think of the prices! How did the buyer pay for a handle and axe (which everybody needed) three to five dollar; spade or shovel, five dollars; a plough, seventy-five dollars; to secure which many a man and his wife lay awake at night, wondering what a little butter, a few eggs, some fruit, dried hops or corn, half a dozen sacks of oats or barley would do towards it; probably a little money had by hook or crook, (i. e. by truck or trade) was hoarded for the same great opportunity!

Children needed shoes; the wife a dress; the man a pair of boots, some nails or 8x10 glass for the little cabin; a scythe, cradle or hoe for use in the garden or farm! What a struggle it was, what a fight; but how earnestly and bravely and perseveringly man toiled and woman endured! Then what an infinitude of blessing fol-

lowed, how after a while the log cabin gave way to the brick, the old bake-skillet to the stove, the calico dress to one for Sundays of a higher grade! How the trees grew and the flowers began to bloom, and the stock to increase! How a growing family added to the labor and to the resources of the family! How while the outer was improved, the inner of the home kept pace, and wall paper, then curtains and carpet (rag may-be) made a cozy room or two! Until by and by the railroad whistle echoed among the mountains from five hundred miles away, and Z. C. M. I. became a possibility and a success! The people needed it, understood it, gave it patronage! It dominated the market, saved millions to the people, found an opening for their surplus, and pioneered the way to increased home manufacture in obedience to the spirit which prompted its organization and constituted its essential life.

Today the thousands of Israel gather to Conference as of old, but the ox team has vanished from our thoroughfares. They spend but little time with friends. This great social feature of the past is dying out. Visitors come one day and return quickly, or arriving in the morning they go home at night. Even the authorities of States and towns afar off, hurry back to duty and responsibility, not being amenable so fully to President Young's counsel as in days gone by: "Stay and enjoy yourselves, brethren, we want to talk, to hear how you feel;" "You farmers, don't get excited, the Lord will take care of your crops; keep cool, don't get in a hurry. Conference will last a week, and there will be many a meeting after that!" Those were palmy days. The authorities rejoiced, the people were made glad, the merchants had a harvest, salvation—social, religious, mental and financial—joined hands as would hardly be deemed compatible with this era of rush and speculation, these times of divided interest and unrest! The masses may come here to be spiritually fed; they need not come to trade. Every town, every village has its store and supply of goods. The Capitol may have magnitude, larger stock, grander buildings, more of the evidence of wealth and stability, and there may be considerable dependence after all. It is the same spiritually; the presiding authorities travel, the local brethren have had a long and rare experience, they have learned to bear "the burthen of the word of the Lord," and even our General Conference may yet shrivel as the mercantile interests have done by becoming more decidedly local. For Stake conferences, settlement conferences may yet supply the desired mental and spiritual pabulum, as the home store ministers to the needs of the great majority.

The people are growing. The signs of the times are increasing. Change is in the air, and in the nature of things. Utah and her populace—the Latter-day Saints—can discern in the heavens and on the earth their increasing influence and power; for truth must triumph, and all who are devoted to it will share in that "coming consummation so devoutly to be wished!"

PARIS, April 2.—Prof. Brown Sequard, the inventor of the supposed elixir of life, died here today.