

the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither." And further he said, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

As I understand, here is exemplified the principle that should underlie all the faith, the hope, the charity, the love, the labor, the desire of all mankind—that they will serve God, no matter what may befall them. Though they suffer imprisonment, though they suffer persecution, though they suffer poverty, though God should try them to the very core, and put them to the utmost test to prove their integrity, they should say like Job, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither; the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Thus magnify God, love Him with all thy heart, might, mind and strength; then love our neighbor as ourselves; that when trials come we may endure them and not complain, but wait until God shall develop His purposes. Then we will see that there is no love like that of God for His suffering children; there is no mercy so broad, no purpose so grand, and great and noble as the purpose of God concerning His children. If we will do this, we will learn this eventually and we will bless God with all our hearts; which may God grant, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

Written for this Paper.

A MODERN MOSES

[CONTINUED.]

SALT LAKE CITY, Dec. 1st, 1893.

The Pioneers camped the first night in the valley on a small grass plat by the side of City Creek, near or on the ground where the Templeton hotel stands. From there they moved to what is now known as the Old Fort block or Pioneer Square. Here they built their houses, joining each other with the backs out, so as to form the fort. As completed, this fort was made some of logs, others of adobes. The roof was covered with earth. The floors were earth as well. Into these the people moved with all they had. It was said that the bed bug moved in also.

How would you young people like to live in one of those houses? Well, you do not need to. It was enough for your parents to have to. As these Pioneers lived and built, so did most of the people live and build in making most of their settlements. As the people arrived in Utah they were distributed into the different settlements. Those that had kindred already here the incoming ones would go to; others that had none would go where the forts were weakest. All the settlements seemed to be built almost simultaneously, not one at the expense of the other.

To give President Young's travels among his people would fill a large book. We can only give a few. He would set a day, invite those that he wanted with him, and start on that day, rain or shine. A truly few would go with him as guards. The settlements would be advised by mail that he would be there at a certain time—and he was there. The people would turn out en masse to greet him; if there was music, the band at the head of a cavalry column would

meet him. The people would greet him with songs when he entered the town or fort. There would be people ready to take him and his company to their houses where man and horse were provided with the best in the land.

After the meal, the meeting house was sought to hear him, Heber C. Kimball, George A. Smith, Wilford Woodruff, George Q. Cannon, Joseph F. Smith, with many others, discourse on what should be done in this life to be saved in the other. These talks to the people were mostly practical—how to build, how to sow, and how to reap. The people always felt well paid—and such a hand-shaking, when those old Pioneers met, was a great sight, with remarks, "I am so glad to see you, Brother Brigham! Haven't seen you since I met you at Winter Quarters," etc. Joy would be in every face.

After meeting, hitch up, go to the next place—to witness the same scene, and to hear the blessings that acquaintances showered on each other was refreshing to behold. Indeed it was a pleasure trip to be with him. He would travel forty to fifty miles and preach from two to three sermons a day.

These trips he made up to his death. In the evening, if there was no meeting, there was nothing that pleased him so well as to have some old tried friends come to see him and remind him of some hard times they had had together, or refer to some funny occurrence in their travels. On one of his trips he invited an old friend, a doctor. When asked what he brought him along for, the President laughed and said the doctor was a good hand to make soup. When they arrived at Chicken Creek it was a little high to ford. Ephraim Hanks stripped some of his clothing off and proceeded to carry the people across. When he got in the middle of the stream with the doctor, both went down under the water. The doctor waded out, looking like a drowned rat. All laughed, but none so hearty as President Young. When the doctor ran up to him, saying, "Brother Brigham, he did that on purpose," the latter said, "Why of course he did; don't you know Eph Hanks said that he had stepped on a rock?" There never was a rock in the creek at that place.

President Young was foremost in everything. To him is to be given credit for the many shade trees that we now enjoy in Salt Lake City. He brought the locust seed from the states, and planted that forest in the park. From there they were transplanted to the sidewalks. Everywhere you look you see his works. Roads had to be built throughout the valley, also to the timber in the canyons. Lumber had to be sawed, by hand first, then by the saw mills that had to be hauled from the states. It cost money and labor to do all this. He built the grist mill which now stands in the park, a monument to his industry.

While speaking of him as a leader, we do not forget that there were a host of wheel-horses that pulled with him. What a grand, brave people all these old timers were! There was nothing impossible with them. While these settlements had to be made, and forts built, there were others out preaching, still others going back each succeeding year to bring those up that wanted to come. The Temple was started, the rock had to be hauled on wagons twenty miles;

the labor of this was immense. One, two or three rocks was a load for an ox team, of from two to four yoke of cattle, each taking from three to five days to make the trip—the men camping out all the time, rain or shine. These rocks had to be cut on all sides. The labor of cutting can be glanced at only. It took a good cutter to dress one square foot a day. When you look at that structure it seems nothing short of a miracle that it was ever built, under all the adverse circumstances that the people had to encounter. Yet it stands there a monument to Brigham Young and his people. There are three other temples, namely, the Logan, the St. George and the Manti, that were built the same way.

While all this labor was going on there would come from California reports of rich gold strikes in the mines, accounts of the wonderful climate—how easy it was to get rich there; but, nothing daunted, the masses of the people went on toiling and building as though there was no gold wanted. Some of course went and formed some of California's best citizens and some got wealthy. This is not to be wondered at with the training of industry and economy of Brigham Young that they had. Many of those that remained here grew rich as well, besides helping to do all that was done.

I have traveled some among the human family, have read history, sacred and profane, but nowhere have I seen, or read of, so good a people as these. When you take all their labors, with their good works into account, there has never existed the like on earth!

President Young's Indian policy was the same as William Penn's—always kind and positive with them. There were some Indian wars, but they were of short duration. We were with President Young when he and Col. Irish, the superintendent of Indian affairs, went to make a treaty with the Indians at Spanish Fork. It was just after Black Hawk had been on the warpath in Sanpete. The Indians were all gathered together. Col. Irish made them a speech, told them that he wanted them to move on the Uintah reservation and told them what he would do for them.

Kanosh got up and made a great speech. He said, in part: "If we do go to this reservation how long will we be there before we are wanted to move on? And how do we know whether all these promises will be fulfilled? There sits a man (pointing to Brigham Young) that we will believe. He has never lied to us. Let him say whether all these fine promises will be fulfilled, then I and my people will be ready to go."

President Young vouched for Col. Irish. Black Hawk was so mad that he took to bleeding at the nose—so much so that it was feared by some that he would die. By others it was hoped that he would; but he lived and went to Uintah reservation. That was the last war that he engaged in. Utah has had less Indian troubles than any other territory, just on account of the kind treatment of the reds by the people.

The great exodus of 1857 showed the power and determination of Brigham Young. This was the time that Johnston's army was sent to Utah on the strength of a lot of misrepresentations made by some of the government officials then here that the Mormons were in rebellion. He called his leading men together. They soon decided to move