

ship in their own way without molestation. Faith was the basis of their pioneer movement also. But they were practical. When they reached the new world they immediately set to work to clear off the timber and make the land productive. They had no faith that God would bring them food across the ocean while they worshipped him in freedom. They knew that freedom to worship was useless without productive soil.

The French were rovers. They loved the wilds, the lakes and streams. Towns, commonwealths and civilization were no part of their program. But the English and Dutch began at once to develop successfully, to acquire houses, build villages, make civil and religious laws and to go forward as if they had come to stay. The civilization of North America is the logical outgrowth of the work of the Pioneers of Massachusetts Bay. The despotism of their intolerance has long been cited against them, but it should be remembered that it required men and women capable of that fanaticism to deliberately cut all ties and sail three thousand miles away for a land where they might exercise their religion in their own way. They would have no more interference. Their will would be law.

But fanaticism belongs to no one creed, sect or time. It is always possible. The appearance of a new sect at any time with signs of growth in it will excite fanaticism. Even social and political reforms bring it to the surface. For instance, when the anti-slavery movement was started in 1828, the entire Christian church of the country denounced it. But the most remarkable ebullition of fanaticism to modern times was directed against Mormonism. It met with terrible opposition and yet it was based upon the same Bible that upheld every church in existence. The people of the new sect were, however, as devoted to their faith as had been the Puritans. They had come to stay. But within two years it was apparent they too must find a home where they could worship without molestation. For that purpose they sent out their first pioneers and Far West was founded in the border state, or then border ruffian state, of Missouri. The Mormons moved there and at once began to show signs of increased prosperity. But Missouri was a slave state and these Mormons were "Yanks." The anti-slavery agitation had its nest in New England. The Missourians turned their guns upon the Mormons. Again pioneers went out and found a home in Illinois. Nauvoo rose like magic and in a few years the thrifty Mormons had become the envy of idle, aimless people. Again the mob spirit rose. Lovejoy had been killed at Alton and there was murder in the air for everything new. Then Joseph Smith said he would go to the mountains and establish a home where only savage Indians, howling coyotes and uncoovered rattlesnakes lived. On the eve of his departure he was killed by the mob.

Brigham became the leader and the third band of pioneers went out to find a home. They rested at Council Bluffs and immediately the new exodus and exile began. All through the

winter of 1845-6 the robbed, hunted Mormons were crossing the Mississippi. The begonia from Nauvoo was one long heartrending woe, and many an unmarked grave in Iowa became the home of some poor Mormon forced out sick unto death, but dragging himself away from Nauvoo to escape murder.

Then came the fourth and last outgoing of the pioneers, in the spring of 1847, when Brigham and his band set out in prairie schooners to sail the trackless desert in search of a spot so far away that the old mob would for years to come be an impossibility. On the 24th of July, after a voyage of a thousand miles, the pioneers entered the valley, and Zion had been found.

The mountains were here as now. High upon the Wasatch range were patches of snow, as we see them now. Ensign Peak was in place as it is today. Over in the west gleamed the salt lakes on earth, as it is yet. But the soil upon which these new-comers must live, how dry and arid! No green fields, no forest groves, no productive farms, not a dwelling in all the expanse. A land it was as barren as were the shores of Massachusetts Bay in 1860. But now the volume, efface the records, stand back in that eventful July day of 1847, and tell me if you can what will be in 1897!

Here were a few men and women with iron-wands on the way, far from supplies, nothing here and the land a desert. Wipe out the faith which held those men and women as an expanding unit and in a few months the group would have scattered and disappeared. But they came not for riches nor for fame. They believed themselves commissioned by God to carry the Gospel over the world and yet they came to a desert to do the work. Tried by all canons of criticism they must have been put down as deluded people who would simply starve and leave their bones bleaching in the sun to tell the world in later years of their fate. What saved them? Their faith and their leader. Faith in their religion, trust in their chosen director. For years and years the sufferings of the Mormons in gathering here; their privations here; their hopeful, unremitting toil; their inviolable grin-and-bear-it persistence are a story not often told of men and women. But they gained little by little, year by year until their prosperity again aroused cupidity and hate, and again they were threatened with expulsion. But their leader said to the world, "No mob shall ever again drive this people! Our women and children will take to the mountains and we will die in our tracks and over our bodies our burning houses shall fall in ruin before we will surrender what we have won from the desert! He would have been unworthy to lead had he said less.

He went steadily on with his work of colonizing the thousands who were gathering from far. In twenty years he peopled Utah, and far into Idaho, over into Wyoming, and away south into Arizona he had seen his people winning grandly forward as tillers of the soil, and then he was gathered to his fathers and passed, loved and revered by the hosts who had profited by his counsel, as few men have been in this world. He had won a sublime victory against untold odds and the

prosperity of Utah, as a sister star in the galaxy of states, is the best monument to his name.

Of course, it must not be forgotten that other than Mormon energy has added to the prosperity and glory of Utah. Particularly is this true of the mining industry. But that was successful because Brigham held his own people back from mad rush after gold and made them an agricultural class. His idea was that all prosperity is based primarily upon productiveness of soil; that a prosperous people without a home supply of food is impossible. Today the United States owes to Utah for its most successful colonies and they are due to the wisdom and foresight of Brigham Young. Utah was made by colonization. She has half a million farms and nearly all are under irrigation. Yet in 1847 irrigation was unknown to the United States. It is a Mormon evolution in American farming and almost every farmer in Utah is now or has been a Mormon. It may be claimed, therefore, without exciting jealousy that the success of Utah reflects the glory of its great colonizer, and this success must be set down, in any fair estimate, as the outgrowth of a deep faith and zeal that have been religious and industrial, ethical and practical at the same time. Without the faith the people could not have held together to do the hard, hard work necessary to change this vast inter-mountain country from barrenness to prosperity; and without the firm hand and directing will of a leader recognized as the incarnation of that faith its fires would have become ashes, and the semi-centennial would not have been what it is. But it should be more than a mere show. It should, in part at least, be a deeply reverential thankfulness in memory of the men and women who toiled early and late, endured untold hardship and privation and won homes and prosperity for those of the present who were fortunate enough not to be living in those times that tried the souls of the toilers as they never were tried before. Anything less would be gross ingratitude for and cruel forgetfulness of the measureless benefits conferred upon their descendants by the heroes and heroines of the early Utah years who are passing, passing, passing away, but whose memories, to their children and their children's children, should evermore smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

CHARLES ELLIS.

The accidental discharge of a shotgun in the hands of Nicholas Reinecker caused the death Tuesday of his friend, Edward Louis, at Alameda, California. Louis had been camping for some weeks near Sunol with Reinecker, N. Beckman and O. F. Westphal, together with their families, as was his custom each year. At the time of the accident Louis was sitting on some boxes in camp, while Reinecker sat near him cleaning a shotgun. There was a defective cartridge in the gun, and while trying to extract it it was discharged in some way, the entire charge striking Louis at close range in the hip and bowels. Reinecker's little boy and both Mrs. Louis and Mrs. Reinecker were eyewitnesses of the occurrence.