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A SONG OF CHANCES.

I sang in the sun the whole day long,
I sang in the sun a merry song.
I would not believe in grief or wrong;
I sang in the sun the whole day long.

I sat in the dark and moaned all night,
I had lost my faith in truth and right,
And I had no hope of coming light;
I sat in the dark and moaned all night.

And yet at dawn in my heart I heard
Once more the voice of a singing bird,
But memory hushed it with a word.
So my lips ne'er echoed what I heard.

And now I am neither sad nor gay;
I have learned at last that night and day,
Sunshine and shadows, pass away;
So now I am neither sad nor gay.

E. C. WHITE.

In April Lippincott's.

THE SALMON RIVER INDIAN MISSION.

It was in the year 1855 that President Brigham Young first sent a company of about twenty missionaries to the Salmon River country, which lies well to the north of Idaho. Their mission was to try and civilize the Bannock and Shoshone Indians. As was, and is, usual with our people, the call was obeyed in the face of obstacles. A four hundred miles march through sagebrush, with small provisions, dismal, desolate prospects, and with the tedious locomotion of cattle was, to say the least, not very agreeable. But thus they went, with Elder Thomas S. Smith of Farmington appointed president.

Some of the missionaries returned to their homes in Utah in the autumn of the same year and went back to the mission in the following spring, accompanied by fresh recruits, numbering in all forty men. Among those called the second year was Elder Thomas Day, now a veteran residing in Circleville, Piute County, Utah. From him the writer has received the following sketch, given from memory, as his memoranda and journals were destroyed in the general conflagration at the Muddy in 1868. This man, while expecting to be sent on a mission to England, his native land, was surprised at the April conference of 1856 to hear his name called in connection with the northern Indian mission. Going home from conference he was accosted with: "Well, well, Brother Day, are you in-

tending to respond to this call? If it were I, I would refuse to go." "Go? Why, yes, if it takes my head off!" was the earnest reply. Go? Yes; but how? The same authority that bade him go, while recognizing the good that he might do to those wretched children of God, the poor Indians, had not forgotten the need of the poor missionary. Each man was required to take with him three bushels of wheat, three hundred pounds of flour, and all kinds of seeds that could be cultivated in a northern clime. This was no small matter. In the previous year, that terrible scourge, the grasshoppers, had destroyed the crops all over the country. People lived on roots and such few things as had grown late in the season. Children cried for bread, gaunt men went to their labor on small rations, suffering women with the self-sacrifice characteristic of mothers were known to suckle their babes with blood instead of milk. Brother Day's family had about ten pounds of flour in the house. Where should the missionary allotment be obtained and how should the dear wife and child exist while the husband was absent indefinitely? Ah! how often have those questions been asked in anguish by the "Mormon" missionary and his lonely, destitute family! But the Lord is good to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works."

* * * He openeth His hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing." The Latter-day Saints have always had an intense desire to serve God truly, practically, and well. They believe that this can best be done by discharging their duty faithfully and fearlessly, trusting in His promises with an undoubting faith. And have they trusted in vain? Ask the hundreds who have practically tested the promises of the Father with honest, faithful hearts. In this regard Brother Day's case was no exception.

Money was not then so scarce as flour, groceries and all the necessities and comforts of civilized life. Gold hunters en route to California were glad to pay almost any price for needed articles. Brother Day purchased groceries and dry-goods and hoped to find opportunities for exchanging them for the needed flour and wheat. The 15th of April, the day of departure, had arrived, the sad farewell of wife had been taken, and he was starting with his companion, Joseph Harker, filled with a yearning hope for the welfare of the

dear ones, which absorbed all fear or apprehension for himself. Before he had emerged from his own Ward (the Seventeenth) he was hailed by a friend who desired to know something of his situation. The information was given: Ten pounds of flour in his home and for himself—hope. With a bright smile the friend replied: "Go in peace! I shall see that your family does not want." The journey was pursued through the northern settlements, thoroughly canvassing everywhere for the three hundred pounds of flour and three bushels of wheat required, which were at last obtained at Willard. There were five missionaries who started from Salt Lake at this time, whose names were Thomas Day, Thomas Corless, John Priest, James Walker and Joseph Harker. Others from surrounding settlements joined them at Brigham City.

For sixty miles after leaving Salt Lake City the country was settled by white people. Beyond that stretch a wild, uninhabited country, covered with sagebrush. Rivers, creeks, a lake, rough mountains, dotted with cedars and pines, lent a fascination to the journey. On arriving at Snake River, it required three days for the company to ferry across. But in time they arrived at their destination, Fort Lemhi, which had been erected in the previous year. It was a small square fort, built of upright logs, with log cabins inside and a well in the centre. On the north, rising abruptly just behind the little fort, was the majestic, pine-laden Bitter Root mountain, and just to the south and west flowed the clear, beautiful stream called the Salmon River. To the south extended a lovely valley, of oblong shape, dotted with the farms of the missionaries, and the cottonwoods and undergrowth incident to a well-watered, naturally fertile country.

The Bannocks and Shoshones who inhabited this region were very friendly to the missionaries and quite a number were baptized. Visits were frequently received from them as well as from the Nez Perces, who inhabited the country to the north-west. These tribes were intelligent, industrious and of fine physique. They lived by fishing and hunting and were experts in these pursuits. One Indian of fine proportions, intelligent, honest and kind-hearted, was known as Long Tom. Elder Day was one day lying in the shade of the cottonwoods on the