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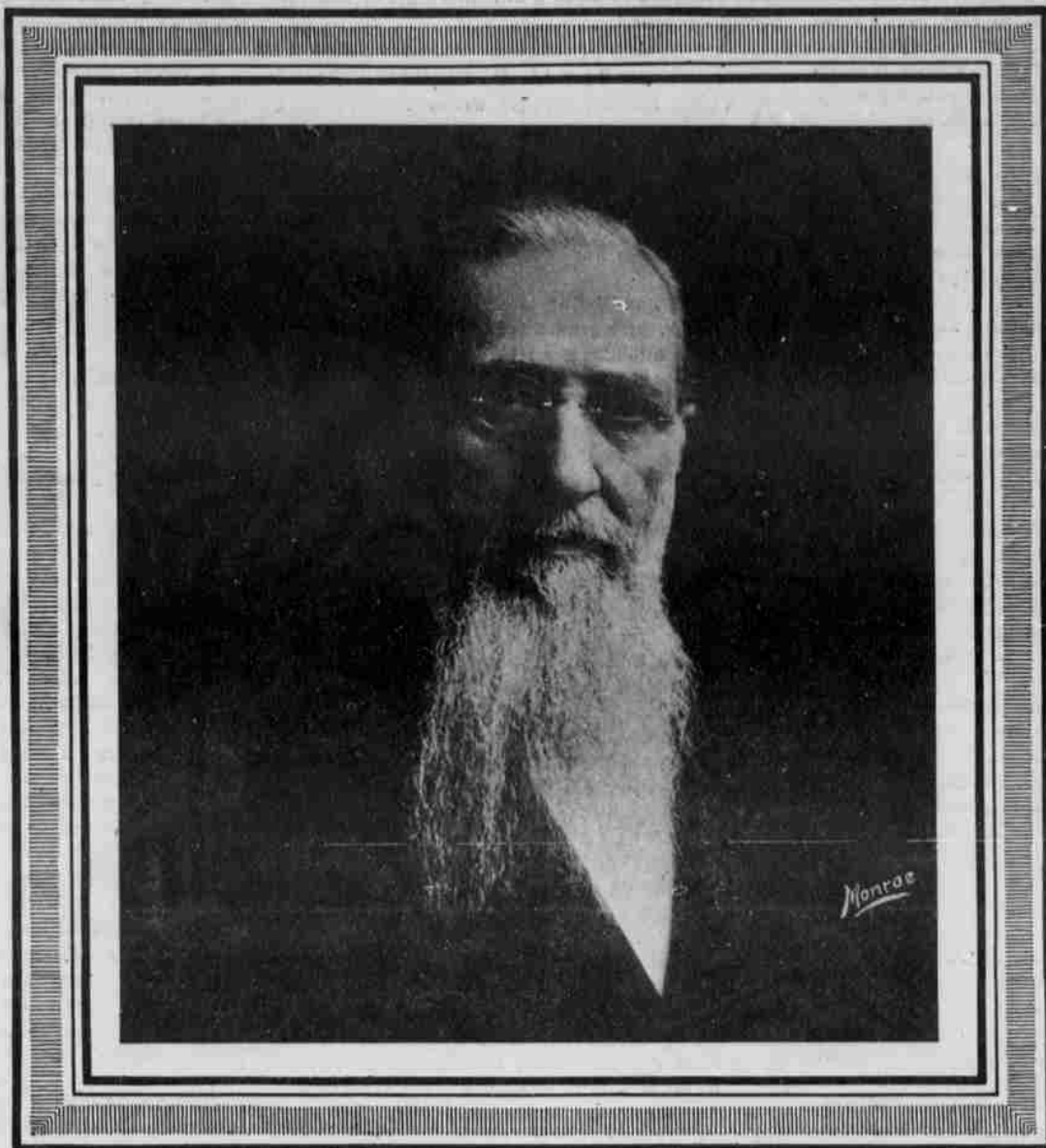
The Pioneers

By C. C. Goodwin

IT is good to see the saints bring their children in to conference. We wonder if many of them stop to tell their children the beautiful story of the evolution that the full history pictures, since the day that the first weary company came down the eastern mountains and halted here.

That was Salt Lake's first moving picture; there has been none like it since. Contemplating it the temple, the hotels, theatres, churches, hospitals, great business houses and stately homes; the temples to Religion, to Learning, to Industry, to Justice and Mercy all vanish away; the roar of business becomes still; the silence which the desert broods comes back; gardens vanish, the flowers all fade; there is nothing as now seen save the surrounding mountains; the lake shimmering in the distance, the sun shining down from above, and the desolation that wrapped all this region 'round like a burial robe. Even the branches on the few stunted trees hung drooping like funeral plumes, while the sigh of the breeze coming down from the hills or up from the lake was as mournful as is the requiem chanted on the shores of the Styx.

The way a state is carved out of a wilderness and rounded into form is always an interesting theme. The way the first stakes of civilization were driven in Utah was dramatic enough to be set to words for the stage. In their penury and distress, the first act of the Utah pioneers was to sink upon the earth;



A MORE kindly and benevolent man has seldom held an exalted ecclesiastical position in these latter days than President Joseph F. Smith of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Passing down the seventy-seventh year of the highway of life, and living with broad tolerance of the affairs of men he stands a commanding influence in his state. To his people he is the great spiritual leader. To men at large he is a man of wide sympathies, great business acumen and a born leader of the great institution of which he is the head.

One, who has known him for two generations, says of him: "Once stern and unrelenting, he has mellowed as the years go on, until he sees but the good in humanity and forgives men their trespasses."

His early life was of great hardship, surviving as he did many adventures and many soul-rending experiences that try the hearts of men.

He is the son of Hyrum Smith, second patriarch of the church and brother of the Prophet Joseph Smith. He was born November 13, 1838, at Far West, Missouri. He came into the world at the beginning of the early troubles of his people. His mother fled with him from Nauvoo, Illinois.

At the age of eight years he drove an ox team across the desert. He reached Salt Lake with his mother September 23, 1848. For the next six years he endured terrible hardships in common with the pioneers. In the year 1854 he was called on a mission to the Sandwich Islands, returning to Utah in 1858. He went on a mission to Great Britain in 1860, returning in 1863. He returned to the Sandwich Islands in 1864 and afterwards was employed in the office of the church historian.

He was in charge of the endowment house after the death of President Young until it was closed. On July 1, 1866, he was ordained as an apostle.

(Continued on Page 6.)

not in prayer for help, not in lamentation and despair but in a glad Praise Service and in thanks to the Power that had led them through the waste and over the transfixed billions of the everlasting hills to a place of rest.

Then their work began. They were not dreaming of fortunes.

The struggle before them was to live and that struggle continued almost without abatement to the end. Often only the barest necessities were vouchsafed; few comforts, no luxuries. In that rough friction their youth was worn away; the men surrendered their ambitions, the women folded fond dreams and a thousand innocent longing in their hearts and drew the silence of self-sacrifice and self-abnegation over them forever.

But then a miracle commenced. The desert began to transfer the wrinkles and the sadness from its sombre face to theirs, while in turn it began to absorb the splendor of their youth, and to cause it to be reflected in flowers and fruits and golden grain and vines in which the birds made their nests and filled all the soft air with their songs.

Later still, as though touched with pity, the irresponsive mountains began to swing back their adamant doors revealing the treasures within, where they had remained secreted, waiting until the time should be ripe for the coming of progress and enlightenment.

The over-wearied eyes of those Pioneers have mostly all closed; their hands, gnarled by labor, are nearly all folded, but the miracle is still being performed. More and more