

after we came before a score of men in the valleys ever believed that an apple, peach, or plum could be grown here, and when the few men who had the faith and the determination to set an example began to produce their peaches, plums, and apples, and exhibit them, many opened their eyes with astonishment. Who on the face of the earth would think that at an altitude of four thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and in latitude nearly forty-one, and near the southern limit of the isothermal line, such nicely flavored, delicate fruit could be raised!

We came to this land because it was so desert, desolate, and Godforsaken that no mortal upon earth ever would covet it; but as Colonel Fremont reported that at the mouth of Bear River, in the early part of August, his thermometer stood at 29 degrees Fah., three degrees below freezing point, which would kill grain, fruit, or vegetables, our enemies said, "You Mormons may go there and welcome," chuckling to each other over what seemed to them our annihilation. We had been driven several times; our homes had been devastated both in Missouri and Illinois; we had been robbed of everything, and some came here with the little that they gathered up from the smoking ruins of their habitations. The priests sent compliments to each other rejoicing that those "Mormons" (who had been making the people acquainted with the principles of the Gospel by teaching them that the Bible meant what it said) had gone into the heart of a desert, never more to be heard of, for the Indians would destroy and grim want would consume them. The newspapers recorded the joy and gratification felt at the utter end of "Mormonism." Governor Thomas Ford wrote as follows in the title page of his History of Illinois—"An account of the rise, pro-

gress, and FALL of Mormonism." Notwithstanding, however, the many drawbacks and difficulties encountered in the shape of drouth, crickets, grasshoppers, and the cold, sterile climate, the Spirit of the Lord was hovering over the Great Basin; as linguists tell us the Spirit of the Lord brooded over the face of the waters anciently, so it brooded over the Great Basin and the climate became genial and soft. I never was at the crossing of the Sevier River in summer, for seven years after our settlements in Iron County had been established, without experiencing frost; and now the Sevier valley produces luxuriant fields of grain and vegetables in the season thereof, in every place where the water has been taken out from the mouth of that river to the head of it, nearly nine thousand feet above the level of the sea. Who has done this? God and the Saints have done it! The Saints have had faith and walked over the land with the Holy Priesthood upon them and blessed and dedicated it to the Lord, and have labored according to the counsels of God, and the work has been accomplished.

To have told the Mountaineers ten years ago that grain could be raised in the upper valleys of the Weber, where they encountered heavy frosts every month in summer, would have incurred their ridicule; but the genial influence of the Spirit of the Almighty has softened the rigor of the climate, and the flourishing counties of Morgan and Summit are the result.

In 1853, an expedition went out from Provo City after some Indians that had stolen stock. They went up the Provo River and encamped near where the city of Heber now stands, in the middle of summer. On their return they reported to me that they were nearly frozen, and that much of the wild vegetation was killed by the severity of the weather, and that it