

from the active ministry in the old country. No one knew me here, and no one seemed to care to know me. I occupied no position; nobody bade me welcome; I was a stranger in the midst of a strange land. I began to feel a little blue. I had to wonder within myself whether gathering had made any difference in my feelings or faith, and it was only upon reflection I discovered that from a life of comparative activity I had been brought into a condition where I was comparatively dormant; my faculties were unexercised, and instead of being sought unto, had to seek counsel from those who presided over the Ward. Conditions were reversed, circumstances were changed, and it was only reflection that led me to comprehend this fact. After I had been here a little while, I had to look for something to do. I was not sure that I would find the employment to which I had been accustomed. I had been used to standing behind a counter and attending to business of that kind in the old world, but when I came to Salt Lake City there was hardly a counter in it. I could find no occupation of that character. I therefore went to work as a carpenter, in order to sustain myself and family, and become a useful member of society. This was a new experience. It brought with it its trials. When Saturday night came I was not sure as to the kind of wages I would receive. I would likely be paid in something; it might be in something I had made myself—the product of my own hands; it might be in something I did not want. These were the old days of “barter and swap” in the midst of Israel. When we wanted a candle we had to melt a piece of fat in a saucer, stick a piece of rag in the center, and by this

means light ourselves to labor, or to bed. When we wanted a fire we had to get a little wood—there was no coal—and go to work and chop it, and instead of a fireplace, we had to make the fire on the hearth, in stooping to which my wife would almost break her back in attending to the necessities of domestic life. These were in their way trials. They gave us new thoughts, new feelings, they brought momentarily strange conclusions; we began to inquire whether the Zion we had reached was worthy of the ideas we had cherished in regard to it. We met with many trials. If we had to trade in any way, we came in contact with those who were disposed to take advantage. We were “green” in our way, so to speak; we were not acquainted with this order of things, and there was more or less friction until we became used to the ways and methods which belong to a new country. The old land is the product of thousands of years in the history of the past; this was a new land, it was but of yesterday, and had all the newness that pertained to infancy. Yet I must say that even at that time, after a little acquaintance, social life was very warm. People used to visit each other with great freedom. There was no vast amount of style; there was nobody able “to put it on.” When we visited we were satisfied to enjoy our molasses and bread and squash pie, and with these we thought we feasted almost upon the food that the Gods were wont to eat, or upon angels’ food. We enjoyed these things, until by and by we began to increase in means and to build up our homes.

When we look back upon these primitive times, we see how little really the human family can get along with. How many things we