

## "If"—But if not.

BY W. W. PHELPS.

If you want to learn in youth  
What will benefit in age,  
Go and study sacred truth  
Like a sage;  
But if not—  
Sit ye down and read a novel—  
Yes, and what?  
Oh a little time to revel  
In the folly of the devil—  
CHORUS—Singing merrily, merrily,  
Upon the rolling deep;  
When the wind begins to blow,  
Like the butt-rifle—“we go?”  
But the tempest comes,  
And we all find homes,  
In the bottom—y—  
Crying—“HERE WE DIE!”

If you want to learn in life,  
What will make salvation sure—  
Read the prophets—shun all strife—  
God is pure;  
But if not—  
Burn your candle—read a novel—  
All's forgot—  
Save the open road to evil,  
In the mischief of the devil—  
CHORUS—Singing merrily, merrily, &c.

If you want to do what's right,  
Lest thy neighbor may as “me,”—  
Revelation gives that light—  
True and free;  
But if not—  
Spend your money for a novel—  
Wish—my lot?—  
Where the fancies seem so civil  
As they dance to please the devil—  
CHORUS—Singing merrily, merrily, &c.

If you want to live in peace,  
And enjoy life's recompense  
With the elements increase  
Common sense;  
But if not—  
Blast your pen in a novel,  
Like a sot,  
Where the passions learn to revel  
On the neck-nacks of the devil,  
CHORUS—Singing merrily, merrily, &c.

## Friendship.

BY ZINA D. YOUNG.

I love that living friendship  
That cometh from above;  
'Tis like a refining fire,  
And fills the soul with love.

There is no place for envy,  
No intercourse the brain;  
The vanity of selfishness,  
By it is quickly slain.

True friendship is of God—  
The attribute is love;  
A step towards perfection—  
Its emblem is the dove.

These friends O Lord do give me,  
Who love what I most love—  
The purest of all friendship  
That cometh from above.

'Tis this that makes our Eden—  
'Tis this that makes us free;  
To live to our religion,  
And love eternally.

G. S. L. City, June 8, 1856.

[From Ballou's Pictorial.]

## Mrs. Chester's Reformation.

BY AGNES LESLIE.

“Here's another of those invitations to boredom. I declare, if it wasn't at the Daltons, I wouldn't go; but I am too intimate to refuse there.” And young Mrs. Ben. Chester tossed the offending missive into the card basket, with a disdainful curl of her lip.

“I thought you liked company,” remarked her husband, looking up over his paper at the pretty figure of his wife.

“So I do like company; but I don't want to be obliged to seek it in crowded parties. Why, it is getting worse and worse. Just think of the Danas last week; I never saw anything like it—such a jam! Who wants to be packed in a hot room that way? And what supper tables! Besides being enormously expensive, I think it is decidedly bad taste. One would imagine our best society were nothing but a set of gourmands.”

“Well, they are not much more,” said Mr. Chester, with a satirical smile. “How we talk of our best society. A more perfect assemblage of ignoramus and knaves never lived, than half of our rich men's sons. I was talking with a young man the other day, a carpenter by trade, (a fine, intelligent fellow he was too) and I was struck with the extent of his information; he could put to shame the whole platoon of Danas and Howards.”

“La, it wouldn't take much to do that. But about these parties; it's getting so expensive to receive one's friends, even in a small way, that people of moderate means don't receive at all.—Now at that whist party a week or two ago, which Mrs. Schuyler Clayton gave—not over twenty present, and a hot supper, with all the belongings! Did you notice the table?—baked turkey and ice cream, and wines, &c. I think it is abominable to place wines before young men, especially in these days of reform! I saw those young ninnies, Tom and Jack Dana, almost force Allick Frazer to drink.”

“Did he?”

“No, sensible fellow. I wasn't near enough to hear what he said, but he cut them up awfully, I know by the way they colored and bit their lips. I was glad to see Bell Norris give Allick an approving nod; they all think so much of Bell—not because she is the truest little gold guinea that ever bore the stamp of humanity, but because she's got money. Money! I think it is vulgar to make such a show of money. It is not the aim now to get the pleasantest people together, but to spend the most money, and make the greatest show out of that money.”

“Why, how unfashionable you are, Mrs. Chester,” said her husband smilingly.

“Unfashionable or not, I'll tell you what I'm going to do, Ben; so put your paper down and

listen. Everybody knows that I can give what is called splendid parties, if I choose; but I'm not going to so choose any more. I was thinking of it the other day. Here am I making a great outcry against society, and I am helping to make it worse by doing the very same things I rail against; and I thought to myself, I was the one to adopt a different way, because of our position. It's just as it is in Bell's case; we've got money, and are counted one of the old families—though I couldn't for the life of me trace my ancestors back two centuries. It's about time, according to fashionable calculations, for me to receive my friends—to gather together the dear five hundred hypocrites, and surfeit them with dainties. I shall issue my cards for a reasonable few, specifying the hour of departure as well as arrival. I'm not going to have them stay till daylight. Then I shall have one room for dancing, another for music, another for whist, chess, backgammon, etc. The library I shall throw open, and hang the walls with those last pictures Frank brought me, and in suitable positions, group the rarest bits of sculpture, antiquities and curiosities. I will have the glass subdued, and a centre-table wheeled up in the corner under the shaded drop-light, covered with engravings, the best new books, foreign and home magazines and papers. Then, they can do what they please. Quiet men, who don't dance, nor play games, can study the “Gidde” on the wall, or the marble silence underneath, or they may read the papers, or glance over the books; while the polking part can have the field to themselves down stairs, and whirl round as frantically as they please, without danger of treading on some barley Uncle John's gouty toes. I shall dress very simply myself, with no costly jewels and ruinous laces. But here comes my *chef d'œuvre* of feminine audacity. What is called the supper-room, I intend to leave open throughout the evening, with the understanding that they can help themselves when they like. And the supper shall consist of hot coffee, tea and lemonade. What do you think of my plan?”

“I think you are a spunky little woman, Mrs. Ben. Chester, and right, too. It is people in our own position who must effect a reform, if reform is to be. It is ruining the country, this foolish, useless extravagance. Our young men are becoming brainless fops, our young women bedizened dolls. I was thinking yesterday, as I sat watching our Henry playing party with the little Grays, that I would emigrate before he was spoiled. I don't want to see him staggering home from midnight revels, nor hear him call me the “governor,” while he spends my money to pamper his vitiated tastes. But I conclude it is better to stay and face the danger, as you have suggested, and add our mite to the spirit of reform. Let me suggest one thing, however. At the commencement of the winter season again, I think it would be well to have an evening set apart, as they do abroad (say once a fortnight) to receive your acquaintances, without refreshments, because the lightest might eventually degenerate into suppers, and then the soul of the thing would be gone.”

“Do you think they would be kept up with spirit?” inquired Mrs. Chester.

“I have no doubt of it. There are more people than we have any idea of, who would be glad to receive their friends, if they could do it in a moderate way. People like the Jenningses and Verres, for instance; one don't see their bright, intelligent faces half so often as one would wish—and why? Because they can't afford to go; they know there must come a day of reckoning, and that day would far exceed their income. So they stay away; and thus society is getting to be, not a congregation of all the wit, talent and genius the city affords, but a collection of the moneyed classes. In this way though we may make considerable talk about the former incalculable qualities, the mere base metal reigns supreme after all, and the pure gold is left. Just see what positions of responsibility are occupied by men of better filled pockets than brains!”

“Bravo! bravo!” exclaimed Mrs. Chester, clapping her two rosy palms together, as he concluded. “Ben, let's you and I go round and lecture. Wouldn't we startle up some of these sleepy fashionable?”

“You'll startle them up enough, if you carry out your projected plan, Lou, no danger of that.”

The invitations were issued for that day week, and it somehow transpired, as such things will, that the Chesters were about to astonish the gay world with something altogether new, though they were far from suspecting the nature of their surprise. Something splendid was looked for. Mrs. Chester was one of those fortunate mortals, who stood on a pedestal which no breath of fashion could shake; and it was, therefore, with perfect ease and self-possession she met her guests at the early hour named, in a spotless robe of pure white tulle, ornamented with knots of ribbon, and a few natural flowers in her hair. She had been true to her project, and invited only a reasonable few; the majority were that kind of persons who needed the lesson—rich and purse-proud millionaires—with just enough sprinkling of sense and talent to raise it from the flat dead sea of mere fashion. A few remarks from the first named class will give an inkling of what they expected.

“I like this exclusiveness,” said Tom Dana to his cousin Cornelia, as they were riding along in the luxurious carriage. “It's decidedly stylish and aristocratic. I hate your great smashes, where a fellow has to push his way to the supper table, and then find all the delicacies gone. I understand Chester has a new French cook, and I suppose we shall have a grand feast. Frank Ashford has just returned from the east, too, and I shouldn't be surprised if this affair was to be in oriental style. I heard him telling Allick Frazer something about the way they did things there, the other night at the—House.”

“O, I dare say; the Chesters can afford almost anything,” was the reply.

How they were surprised—how, indeed, was every one surprised, as they took in the simple arrangement. Young men, like Danas and Howards, secretly grumbled.

“There must be some champagne coming by and by,” suggested one of them. But in waiting for wine which never came, they were fain to console themselves with a cup of coffee—and most delicious coffee they confessed it to be, whether concocted by foreign or native cook.—Mrs. Chester's brother, Frank, Bel Norris, and one or two gentlemen friends of her husband's, were the only ones initiated, besides themselves, and they set the example of doing what they pleased. Bel and Frank strolling into the dining room, where they ate a sandwich, drank their coffee and chatted, while the gentlemen friends of the host opened the way into the library. Others soon followed, and the quiet men and women to whom Mrs. Chester referred, found their true orbit and inwardly blessed the hostess for the provision. Whoever came there seemed to take the spirit of the place; for they talked low, moved quietly and laughed gently, even in conversation. Some talked about the pictures and statues in the mellow light of the farthest corner of the large apartment, some read in the last magazine or paper at the centre table; while down stairs a few pieces were played for those that liked it, while the dancing was more decorously done than it usually was, for the young men were surer footed, and surer headed.

There was scarcely a person who in the course of the evening did not speak of the new arrangement. To one such conversation Mrs. Chester was an auditor. She was sitting in the conservatory, screened from observation by a luxuriant oleander and orange tree, when a group entered, and one of the number, whom she recognized as Clinton Howard, said in his affected way:

“Well, this may be a new style, but I must say it's a style I don't like. When a man comes at this hour without his supper, he expects something quite out of the ordinary way. Champagne at least. It's a deuced poor fashion, and I hope it won't last long.”

“Fie! Mr. Howard,” returned a beflouced, bejewelled damsel. “I'm glad there isn't any wine; I shouldn't let you drink it if there was;” with which pretty threat the young lady cast a very tender glance upon the young gentleman.

“That sounded very ultra, Miss Augusta. I hope you're not one of these strong-minded women. Ladies don't know about these things, and they shouldn't meddle with gentlemen's rights.”

Miss Augusta was terribly fluttered that he should think she had been bordering on such unfashionable ground as women's rights, and it was quite affecting to hear her deny the hard impeachment, and contradict herself generally. She evidently succeeded in impressing her companion with her real meaning, for he condescended to cut her remarks short with this gallant speech:

“Well, you needn't say any more about it, Augusta, you probably meant well;” a speech which Mrs. Schuyler Clayton, who had been flirting with a lieutenant of the navy, misunderstood as applying to the hostess, and with her usual volubility she said:

“Why, Mr. Howard, how very much behind the times you are, to talk of Mrs. Chester's meaning well. Of course she knows about these things—a family like theirs are always aware of any new feature in society; and Frank had just come home, and this, I suppose, the manner of receiving guests abroad. I think it is decidedly stylish. I have thought for some time that I should introduce a new way myself;” with which very important conclusion the lady turned to resume her flirtation, scarcely waiting to hear Mr. Howard's explanation, or his assertion, “it was a deuced disagreeable fashion, and he hoped it wouldn't last long.”

“And I hope it will,” said a new comer, who had been loitering in the entrance to look at some azaleas. “It was no less a person than the heiress, Bel Norris. I hope it will. Didn't you know, Mr. Clinton Howard, she went on, seating herself opposite him, and waving her fan with nonchalant ease, that driving fast horses, drinking wine, and frequenting billiard rooms, and other haunts of vice, were rowdy characteristics, and that true gentlemen are men of the simplest habits? People are finding out that it's very poor taste to pay their guests the compliment of supposing they are capable of enjoyment only through the palate.”

Mr. Clinton Howard colored up exceedingly red, and uttered something about the ladies carrying the day. He did not wait for her to say more this time, however, for suddenly remembering an engagement for the next dance, he took himself off with his party. It was then Mrs. Chester emerged from her hiding-place, and as she met Bel's look of gleeful surprise, the merriment which had been suppressed all the evening, burst forth, and the two gaily talked over the result of the venture and the aim of the venture itself. They were not aware that they had an unseen auditor, and it was with no little surprise, as they sat conversing very seriously, after the first laugh had subsided, that they perceived a gentleman approach from within. It was Schuyler Clayton, whose wife, formerly an obscure girl of a poor family, was now one of the most extravagant, purse-proud women of her circle. He came forward, and seating himself beside the hostess, with a smile on his fine face, which was meant to be careless, but which nevertheless, was very sad and earnest, he said: “My dear Mrs. Chester, I want to thank you for what you have done to-night. You have given a new, safer, and healthier turn to the fashionable tide. It is an example I wish every woman would follow for duty's sake, as you have performed it for that; but the majority would sacrifice for fashion what they would not for domestic happiness and security; and because Mrs. Chester has advocated simplicity in her dress and action, we shall have simplicity for the style;” and then in a fervent, excited tone, as if his feelings had overmastered his reserve, he concluded earnestly: “Mrs. Chester, you have saved me from ruin. Another expensive party would have accomplished it. I would there were more women like yourself and friend. God bless you both!”—and without

trusting himself to say any more, he hastily left the apartment.

But Schuyler Clayton was only one case in a thousand, as many perplexed men of business could have told her. Young Clayton was a man who valued domestic quiet, and, like hundreds of others, bought it at a dear price, thinking from day to day that there would be a turn for the better; but it was a continual struggle—a ceaseless buffeting with the blinding, beating waves of folly. He had remonstrated with his wife—he had told her the state of his affairs—yet all in vain. “Men always talk so,” she would say. “Pa used to. It's strange how they manage to get along if they are so pushed.” She was one of those women with whom it is of no use to reason, and often and bitterly her husband had cursed his madness in marrying nothing but a pretty face. It made no difference if he refused her money—his credit was good, and to sustain that credit, and keep from the world his home misery, he quietly paid the long startling bills which were handed to him; but the perpetual strain was making itself felt at last—that dread alternative—bankruptcy, was before him, unless some retrenchment was made immediately. Once again he appealed to his wife; he might as well have talked to the winds. With her usual disbelief and wicked indifference to his wishes, she had just made out a party list, and was only delaying the preparations until after the Chesters' had come off, in order that she might have the latest style—little dreaming how unostentatious that style would prove.—But with the same spirit of toadyism which had influenced her at school, she accepted its simplicity in the manner we have seen, and determined to follow as closely as possible a fashion introduced by so illustrious a person as Mrs. Ben. Chester. As her husband had bitterly said, “for fashion such people would sacrifice what they would not for domestic security and happiness.” Many business men blessed our heroine for her fashion that season, as its effects enabled them to ride safely through the commercial storms.

## GIBRALTER MISSION.

BY ELDER EDWARD STEVENSON.

LETTER NO. 9.

28.—Elder Obray called on me, being on his way from the Malta mission to Zion. He has proved a hero in establishing the gospel on the island of Malta, and truly I was happy to see one that had been laboring under circumstances like myself, being duly prepared to sympathize with him, as he goes home to Zion to be recompensed for his labors. More than 8 months have passed since my arrival and only two have been baptized; and should I desire to portray the scenery I have passed, I will confess my architectural powers inadequate; although I am quite satisfied, for after much toil several are convinced, having had dreams of the truth of my mission.

One dream I will relate:—A highway was seen cast up which was strait and narrow, dark and dreary in the distance, and quite impaired, but at the beginning it was light and beautiful and was repaired, and people began to press their way on the beautiful highway, which looked delightful, and a voice was heard saying, “This is the light and the way, walk therein.”

The man who dreamt this had been investigating for some time, and the night previous to the dream his wife was opposing and endeavoring to dissuade him.

The way was opened by dreams and various ways to establish the gospel in this part of the world, as a witness of the speedy coming of the Son of man, although I have not yet been permitted to preach the first gospel sermon, though I have often importuned.

Nov. 15.—As this is a day set apart for horse racing on the straits, general attention is called, and some of the soldiers and officers are permitted to pass out. I took this favorable opportunity to pass around to the back of the rock and baptize privately a sergeant.

19th.—As the rainy weather hindered the races, they begin again to-day; according to previous arrangement, met corporal McDonald at the back of the rock to baptize him.

23d.—Some of our christian ministers have obtained a good supply of tracts containing some of the pious falsehoods of false prophets, which have become an old story. They are freely distributed with a long and dying groan, but here as well as in other places they die with a groan, with the sensible and honest community. Class leaders and many of the over pious are exhorting and forbidding their members to receive me into their houses. The consequence has been in some instances, I have had to stand out of doors and teach those in the house until I obtained influence to be invited in.

Every means possible was used to interfere with my spreading the gospel, but like smothered fire, it began to burst forth in spite of all their combined powers.

Dec. 4.—Called to see Mr. Smith, a particular friend of my father's, who lies dangerously ill.—About six months since he turned me from his house, after having torn up some of our works, and forbidden his family reading any of them; although his wife privately read the Book of Mormon through, and was believing. While rejecting me and refusing to hear the scriptures explained, I told him he should feel the hand of the Lord to his sorrow. Learning that I had come he asked me into his room. Placing his hand in mine, he said he was glad to hear of my prosperity, and if the Lord would raise him up, he would would serve him better. I told him if this was his determination, the Lord was able to restore as he was to take away. In a few days he was up and about the house.

I visited him again, and before leaving he proved quite hostile, and wished me to leave the place and go home to my family. One or two days after this his remains were carried to the burying-ground.