

Song of the Bank.

NOT BY THE PRESIDENT.

Work, work, work!
And stand at the desk all day;
Work, work, work!
And bid an adieu to all play.
Work, and be constantly driven;
Wear the flesh from your bones and your face;
The outsiders think banking is heaven,
But it is more like the opposite place.

Count, count, and write!
Count money all day long;
And on taking your balance at night
Have your cash come provokingly wrong.
Then look till you're nervous and cross,
And hunt till you almost fear
You must charge it to 'profit and loss,'
And at last find it on the cashier.

Post, and compare, and post!
Post, and compare, and check!
And work till you are almost
Of your former self a wreck.
Post, and check, and compare!
Check, and compare and foot,
Till you are driven almost to despair
By the work which upon you is put.

Ledger, and Journal, and Cash,
And Blotter and Register too,
And the whole of that blue-edged trash
Which it takes so long to write through;
I wish they could all be turn'd back
To rags, real dirty and rank,
And be stuff'd down the mouth of that jack—
Ass who first invented a bank!

Sign, sign, sign!
And in nervous agony writhe,
Till you're forced at length to resign
By that bony old chap with a scythe.
Would you be a good banker? then work,
And commit neither error nor fault;
Spend your days at a desk like a clerk,
And be lain after death in a vault.

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[Boston Statesman.]

REMARKS

By Elder Joseph A. Young, Bowery, Sunday
Afternoon, July 19, 1857.

(REPORTED BY J. V. LONG.)

Brethren and sisters, I feel more like hearing my brethren speak than speaking myself, but you know we must do that which is right in order to obtain the happiness which each one thinks necessary for himself to enjoy. I feel blest all the time in my religion, and in serving God and seeking to keep his commandments. I do not know whether I feel blest in long faces or not, because I do not try them. Groaning and crying because God is so good is foreign to my nature, but when I feel the Spirit of the Lord upon me in a greater degree than usual I laugh, sing, and if I feel like it I dance, or do any thing to give vent to my joy.

I have a privilege which but few of my brethren enjoy, of associating daily with those who preside over us, and I endeavor to gain knowledge by what I hear in the principles of salvation. I have been thinking more particularly this afternoon about the simple things of 'Mormonism' which br. Fullmer has spoken of. It is an old text of mine, and I have taken pleasure in preaching upon this subject. If we will look we will find that very few of our past actions have been great, but we will learn that ninety nine hundredths of them have been small.

If we wait, and do not serve God till we can see some great thing to do, perhaps we may have to wait a long time. The whole of our experience would go to show that we could only serve him one hundredth part of the time, but if we serve him in the small things we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that we have served him constantly. I never could pick out but about three days in a year that I did any thing peculiarly great, and I do not know that I can think of so many as that; I can think of some times when I have not served the Lord as faithfully as I might have done, and I can also think of others when I have wished that I had been strictly adhering to counsel instead of following my own worldly inclinations.

This kind of halfway fashion of serving the Lord is not a very comfortable position to be in; it places us on the fence ready to jump either way. As father has said, it is with some people 'good Lord and good devil,' we want to be friends with you both, for we don't know whose hands we shall fall into.

Pres. Young told us some things that there might be a prospect of coming to pass. The day may come when we will be called to sacrifice every thing we have got and to draw our swords and fight for our lives, and for those we love dearer than our lives.

Do the brethren want to fight? No they do not, but they want to live in peace, and all we have ever asked is for them to let us alone, but would they do this? No they would not. I look upon this country and this Territory as our home; our brethren have suffered and fought for it, the Lord suffered our enemies to drive us here. It is good to have a place that we can say it is our home, it is good to live where we can say we are using that which the Lord has given unto us. If this land is our own, if the Lord has

given it unto us, if our brethren have fought for it; it is then only ours on the condition that we are worthy of it.

The Lord can bestow blessings and he can take them back again, he can give and bring back into his hands. He does not say when he gives a blessing, take this and go to the devil with it if you please, but he says I have given it you to keep on condition of your faithfulness to my law. This is the way the Lord gives blessings to us, we can retain them, and retain liberty on the same conditions as we obtain them by obedience, serving God and keeping his commandments.

There are in our midst apostates and wicked men, and I will tell you what there is more, there are those who would destroy this people if they could, and I will say a little further still, they cannot do it, nor will they ever have the power to cut us off from this land unless we cut ourselves off by iniquity. The Lord is able to sustain us, and he will do this providing we are faithful. We can each of us think of the time when we were a mere handful in the City of Nauvoo, and when nearly half of the people were as black and rotten hearted as hell, and they were seeking to destroy the servants of God, but the Lord delivered them out of their hands.

What do you suppose they would do with us here? It is a considerable distance farther to haul provisions than it was in Nauvoo, and if he could deliver us out of their hands, and out of the hands of the armed fiends of Missouri, what can he do with us here? He can just do enough to give satan all the work he wants to perform, work that will take him longer than his life time to accomplish. But if we refuse to serve God, and to live in the light that the Almighty has given us, then woe be unto us.

The Lord has blest us, and has made bare his arm until we can see it visibly manifest. He has given us his Spirit, and if we deny that we deny him and thereby commit the greatest of sins. I will tell you as I before remarked my religion does not teach me to sigh and groan, or do anything but that which is natural.

We have scarcely heard a principle of the gospel but we have wondered why we have not seen that before, it is so with many things in this kingdom. I have had things presented to my mind, and when I have seen them they appeared so simple that the only conclusion I could come to was that my puffed up ideas of the Almighty were such as to prevent me from seeing those truths before. The sin and corruption which have been born into the world have tended to obscure the natural senses which God has given us.

I do not care what the words may be that comes from the Lord's anointed I intend to comply with them. I do not know how long I may feel so, but I know that the principle is for us on which to obtain salvation is to do as we are told. If we look at this for a moment we will find that in it is comprehended the whole sermon, or in other words it is the principle we have to learn before we can obtain salvation, because the Lord will then tell us when he wants us to do anything to save and to bless us.

There are thousands of the 'boys' in these valleys of the mountains who, if the word were to go forth, no matter what the work might be, they will go forth and fulfil it just as soon as they would lie down and go to sleep. (Pres. B. Young: Yes, if it were to dig down mountains.)

I am naturally tolerably sweet tempered but I do get righteously angry when I see the lies that are published by men who have been here, been kindly treated and shared our hospitality, and then go away and write and print the basest lies about us. I believe that when the Lord wants any thing done he will give us the word, and we will be on hand to carry it out. May the Lord ever inspire us to do his will: Amen.

The Two Wives:—Or, True and False Economy.

The tea things were removed, the children had gone to bed, and Charles Lighte, throwing down his newspaper, seated himself on the sofa beside his wife. A hand slid into his own, thinner and less delicate than when, long ago, it had first met his; but the same confiding, loving hand. And out of the fullness of her heart the good wife spoke: "I have been thinking, Charles, as I watched this bright firelight flickering over this comfortable room, how happily we live; how much we ought to do for others in return for the blessings that are daily heaped upon our heads."

"Yes, Carrie, but these blessings are earned by daily work; you women sit at home by your comfortable fires, and little think, how your husbands and fathers are toiling mean-time to procure the shelter, and fuel, and food for which you are so grateful to Providence."

An arch smile lighted the still pretty face, as the wife answered, "Ah, and you husbands and fathers enter the orderly house, and eat the well cooked, punctual meals and play with the neat, well dressed and well-disciplined children, and enjoy the evening comfort and repose, without realizing how your wife, with head, and hand, and heart, must have toiled to bring about all these quiet results. I might easily give you practical proofs of what I have asserted; but I delight in having you think of home as a place for enjoyment and repose, a warm, sunny harbor after the storms and chills of the world outside; therefore, I take my own rest at the time you take yours."

Is not this better than to be always keeping before you, by help of a little management, the conviction that I am a weary victim? Our interests are mutual, and I feel that the knowledge I am resting, adds to your repose."

Mr. Lighte's face glowed with pleasure at his wife's candid, simple, confiding words; she sympathized with and understood him—she only in the great wide world! How good, and true, and gentle she had always been! Thus he thought as they both sat dreaming by the fireside.

Mrs. Lighte awoke first from her reverie; she

was not accustomed to waste time in dreams: "Charles, while I think of it, for I forgot this morning, the white sugar is all out. (They had been married a great while, and the transition from sentiment to household wants was natural for her.) We must have another barrel."

This brought Charles Lighte back to the purpose for which he had thrown aside his newspaper: "Don't you think, Carrie, that now we have so many children, and they are all young, we might use brown sugar instead of white?"

"What shall I do for company? and besides, children have as sensitive palates as we. I recollect well, how, in my childhood, I disliked coarse, cheap food."

"And now your family are all epicures."

"What! gluttons?"

"Oh, no; but if meat is an hour too old, or bread a trifle done, or eggs in the least altered, or pudding is heavy, nothing will do but you must procure a substitute; the things are not really bad; many would eat on for the sake of economy."

"Is there no good result from my epicurianism?"

"Yes; I am willing to own that no man in the city has more nutritious and palatable food on his table than I; but, Carrie, the times are hard, and we must begin to economize."

Now I understand; you have been talking with Mr. Murke; I thought you meant to dissolve your copartnership in the spring; that man will spoil you with his meanness."

"I cannot afford to dissolve yet; my family expenses are too heavy. And besides, I am not sure, but what you call meanness in Murke, is, after all, commendable foresight. Do you not remember what a spendthrift he was in his first wife's day?"

"No, Charles; I remember that when we were lovers, we used to admire his generous, disinterested conduct. I do not know a man in Boston whose position was more truly enviable than his at the time of which we speak."

"What! besieged by high and low for help, never sure of a moment at his own command!—Do you call it enviable to be at every one's beck and call? Was a poor family burnt out, or somebody's fifth cousin to be buried, or a returning prodigal to make peace with his family, or a lunatic taken to the hospital, or a city improvement made, no one could accomplish the object so well as Murke."

"And his pleasure lay in his duty; how his honest face would glow with delight as, in his boyish way, he walked up and down our parlor, relating the success of some benevolent scheme. What a pity he could not have died then, the rough exterior would have fallen away from a strong yet gentle soul, as beautiful and radiant as any angel that ever entered heaven."

"But, Carrie, you little enthusiast, what would have happened to his wife and children? Had William Murke died ten years ago, they might have been in the poor-house, for he had not saved a penny then; now they will all inherit handsome fortunes."

"Oh, Charles, you cannot be in earnest; the world has not so blinded you but you must feel that the wealth in his purse is a poor compensation for the wealth that is fast dying out of his soul. Think what a cheerless home—think how his children are neglected, how ignorant they are allowed to remain of all the courtesies and amenities of life, and what little scarecrows in appearance!"

"Scandal! Carrie, scandal!"

"Truth! But a truth as bad as scandal.—That second wife is to be his ruin yet, mark my prophecy. She has retrenched until she has scraped all the beauty, and polish, and gilding—all the treasure and worth out of his house, and poured them into his money-bags. Is that an advantage? Is money better than the money's worth? Miserly people worship the symbol, and forget or neglect the truth it symbolizes."

"You are too hard upon Mrs. Murke; she brought her husband fifteen thousand dollars, and had a right to demand that he should add his share to the family fund. She is saving for his children."

"Of what advantage will money be, when they do not know to use and enjoy it. Wealth only lifts vulgarity and ignorance upon a pedestal, where they shall be a surer mark for ridicule and contempt. But, Charles, let us leave the Murkes to manage their own way; and tell me what you think of sending the children to dancing-school; they are quite old enough, and if you do not feel able to afford the expense, I can do very well without the silk dress you promised me this autumn."

"I am tired of those old dresses you have turned so many times; you must have the silk; and as for the children, pray what real need is there for their learning to dance?"

"It is a pleasant accomplishment; it makes them graceful and gentle; prepares them in short for the society in which we hope they will maintain an honorable place."

"How ambitious you are! but have your way, I will trust a mother's instinct against all reasoning."

The ghosts of Mr. and Mrs. Murke had been allayed; but only for one evening; day after day they returned to perplex and weary, but never vanquish good little Mrs. Lighte. It was,

"Carrie, Murke has taken a house far up on the neck; the rent is cheaper, but that's not the best; he assures me that by moving to so inaccessible a place, he is rid of scores of relatives and friends who formerly made a convenience of his house, almost converting it into a hotel. Now the next house to Murke's is unoccupied; had we not better remove thither?"

"A mile from our children's school, and our church, and your store? Why not go up in the backwoods at once, if we are to exclude ourselves from society? I wonder if Mrs. Murke ever happened to read what the Bible says about 'entertaining strangers,' how often we meet these junctions, 'be courteous,' 'be hospitable,' 'given

to hospitality,' 'entertaining the saints,' 'ministering unto others' necessities.' Let us remain where we are, my husband; and while we have a crust of bread, let us share with our friends."

So Mr. Lighte went whistling to his store, thanking the Providence that had given him a wise help meet.

But the ghost returned.

"How sober you are, Carrie!"

"To tell the truth, my teeth have ached for a fortnight, and I am half worn out with pain."

"Why did you not tell me earlier? Pray go to a dentist immediately."

"I knew this would be the first thought with you; and dentists claim such exorbitant prices, I could not bear to add one of Dr. Bemis's bills to our expenses; but I will walk as far as his office with you this very afternoon."

"That's right; yet Carrie, now I remember, Murke recommended a Mr. Huddle, who fills teeth for just half what Bemis charges."

"Is that all he told you?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Huddle filled Mrs. Murke's teeth so badly that in three years they had half broken out, and the other half were blackened with decay; even after this, their eldest daughter was sent to the same person, and her fine teeth will be sacrificed in consequence."

"But Huddle is making a beautiful set of false teeth for Mrs. Murke."

"You'll see if they are not always breaking, and set in such brassy gold that they will fill her mouth with canker."

"Ah, I yield; you are foresighted!" and the husband and wife departed on their way to Br. Bemis's office.

Yet the ghosts tracked them home again.

"Carrie, Mrs. Murke has sent away her servant, and her board and wages and waste are subtracted at once from the family expenses; do you not think that we might do the same?"

"No, my dear. I am constantly and fully occupied already."

"I know that, but Murke says you can get worlds of work out of children; keep Ellen at home from school awhile; the rest from school awhile; the rest from study will do her good.—Ned can wait upon you and set tables; and the little ones also may gradually be drawn into harness."

"My children are not colts!" Mrs. Lighte had never addressed her husband with so much asperity before. "It is but little they could do at best, and why compel them to this? Are we not too sure that in after life care and toil will enter; and well for them, poor things, if it do not make up the whole sum of their lives!"

"Let us prepare them for it, then, by early teaching."

"Yes, by the teaching of example; we shall never make them industrious men and women by disgusting them with work in their childhood; let us accustom them to a cheerful, orderly household, to palatable food, and decent clothing; they will not readily submit to a change in after years. Let us make our children remember home as a pleasant place, not as a theatre of exactions, mortifications and querulous complaints."

The ghosts came once more, and the children, siding with their mother, this time the influence of the Murkes was vanquished and annihilated.

"Carrie, Murke and I have been comparing expenses, and it frightens me to find my own triple the amount of his; we must retrench."

"In what way? I am ready."

"In a hundred ways; our house is too large, our fires are too bright, our table is too luxurious, our children dress too well, we have too much company, our pew at church is too expensive; the Murkes have a pew close to the door, they hear quite as well, and pay only half the tax that is required for ours; they close two thirds of their house, and thus are rid of the expense of heating it."

"Wait a minute! their water pipes have frozen, and flooded it three times this winter; the expense of repairing cost more than several tons of coal."

"That was only an accident. Murke covers his fires with ashes, and the coal burns half as long again in consequence."

"Yes, and their sitting-room is like Greenland."

"Cool rooms make children hardy."

"Oh, father," broke in a little voice, "don't heat our room with ashes and water—don't. Coming home from school the other day I should have cried with cold, but I kept thinking of our good bright fire."

"Yes," outspoke another, "and last week I called Willie Murke in here to warm his hands, he looked so cold as he was running by; and he stared as if he never saw a parlor before, and asked me if we always kept our piano unlocked, and lived in the front room, and had silver spoons on the table, and other plates for pudding. He said that he wished that he had a mother like mine. Why, you can see sparkles of ice on the inside of Mr. Murke's hall door all winter long."

"Hush, children, don't interrupt when your mother and I are talking. The butcher calls here, Carrie, twice a week; and Murke says they use salted and dried meat, which they procure at wholesale and pickle themselves."

"Do you like pork very much?" whispered Lizzie Lighte, pulling her mother's sleeve.

"And Mrs. Murke doesn't use butter nor pork for frying griddle cakes; a little dry salt, they assured me, will answer every purpose."

"I know one thing, I'm glad mother doesn't have griddles greased with salt," ventured Lizzie. "Then these potatoes, small and poor as they are, cost over a cent apiece. Murke substitutes Indian dumplings."

"Boiled in water, I suppose, palatable! Give me another piece of chicken, Charles, if you please," was Mrs. Lighte's only reply.

"What do they make instead of sweet potatoes?" asked Lizzie, who was very fond of the latter delicacy.

Mrs. Lighte looked smilingly for her husband's answer.