

ver es, on the subject of tithing, and bore his testimony that every principle advanced by the authorities is for our good; said that we have thousands of children coming to us every year that are in need of our teaching. We should live more spiritually minded and do more work in the temples.

Elder Herman Campbell in an interesting way reviewed the history of the forefathers of the American Indians and reported his labors among that people. Said he was sorry to see infidelity creeping in among the youth.

Counselor Samuel Francis said we are not here to do our own will. Bore testimony that this work in which the Latter-day Saints are engaged requires and deserves our very best efforts. We want to bury envy, malice, etc. It is possible to do so.

Elder C. D. Fjeldsted held a special meeting with the 35th quorum of Seventies and also spoke in conference. He said it was a great privilege to belong to this Church, reminded the Saints of some of the things promised to the Lord in the dedicatory prayer in regard to this land when the Pioneers came here; showed that there were conditions for us to comply with to fulfil our part, and assured us that the Lord would do His part.

Elder M. W. Merrill congratulated the people on their surroundings. In 1854 he visited this valley and because of the blessings of the Lord there was a change; for then this valley had the reputation of not being fit for farmers because of frost every night in the year. He set forth that the people are more wealthy through having been liberal in tithes, offerings and donations. Difficulties should be adjudicated. We were told how we could obtain genealogies by being a believing and a worthy people. Saints enjoyed more of the spirit of the Gospel because they were more attendant to their duties when they received the Gospel in the world. We should set our houses in order and train our children; said he was afraid a great many are careless about children.

Elder W. H. Rich, of the Stake presidency, spoke on the fulfillment of the prophecy of Isaiah in regard to the gathering of the people together, and testified that the Gospel is again restored to the earth, and that others can gain this testimony.

Elder John Henry Smith spoke on the evidences we have of a supreme Being; contrasted the difference between breaking the commandment about graven images and the rearing of monuments in commemoration of the fame and deeds of great men. A high tribute was paid to President Brigham Young and reasons given why we should build a monument to commemorate what he was instrumental in accomplishing. In connection with our duty on fast day, we were warned not to let the voice of one of our Heavenly Father's children ascend to him in a cry for bread. We were reminded of our duties in civil government in regard to the Constitution of the State of Utah. The speaker bore his testimony relative to the Savior, the latter-day work and prophets in our day.

Elder Octave Uresback was another to testify that the happiest days

of his life are those he spent in preaching the Gospel abroad without, uree or scrip. The missionary labor in Switzerland is in a prosperous condition; related instances of how miraculously means was provided for him, and spoke in favor of supporting the missionaries.

Elder Heber J. Grant said the Latter-day Saints are the happiest people, especially so during the missionary part of our lives. Spoke on infidelity, and in a pleasant way showed how absurd it is; compared the life of a tree with the knowing that the Gospel is true; we know some things are true by physical evidences; so, also, we know other things are true because of spiritual evidences. It is easy to cultivate a spirit of belief, or we could cultivate a spirit of doubt; it is the natural inclination of an infidel to doubt.

Elder Merrill, again speaking, encouraged the setting out of trees, laying up of grain against a time of scarcity. Also Elder John Henry Smith made a few closing remarks advising marriage on the part of the young, and commending what had been said. We should beautify Zion, for it is to be the joy of all the earth.

C. R. CLARK, Clerk.

"JOYS OF THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER."

O, who with a true heart does not love the home of their birth?

Those who have been born on a farm and have spent their childhood there, have to my mind, the most beautiful memories of all. They remember the sweet fragrant air, the sparkling river where they have often spent an hour or two in a "glorious swim;" the broad meadows of sweet smelling hay; the far-reaching fields of golden grain; and above all, they remember the happy freedom of their childhood, and long for those things again.

Widely different is the memory of those born in the city. They remember the rooms where the sunlight was shut out, either by trees or adjoining houses; the noise, the smoke and the heat.

Some people are heard to express themselves that farm life is disgusting and tame! Let me say that to me city life is disgusting and more tame, for I have experienced it and hence give my version of it.

Some city girls there are who think they cannot live without the balls, theaters and a great many other things that I will put under the name of "dissipation." What would the city girls do for balls in the country? Let me tell you what the country girl does, and likes better, too. Come and see her take a dog up on his hind legs and dance the polka with him to the music of his barks. In many cases he is a better partner than most young men of the city; and besides he does not smell of tobacco, perfume and wine. Then she does not have to be hampered with corsets, trains, ruffles, furbelows, etc.

And theaters and concerts? Why! it is the finest concert in the world, to get a harmonica and a dog and cat, take them out on a door step, and they immediately begin to sing an accompaniment to you. O! this music is sweeter and more freely given than all

the long studied and high priced concert of the city.

And conquests? Why! there is no place in all the world where more conquests are made than on the farm. Be kind to a dumb animal, and he becomes your devoted slave. Who would like a greater conquest than that? Not I, for one.

What is there so sweet as going for a dive in the crystal waters of the river? The girl in the city has to make or buy one of the latest bathing suits; hunt up some one to take care of her; stand around the streets for some time, waiting for a carriage or car; during which waiting time, she either loses her temper or her coolness, and when she steps upon the car with her bundles, she is either mad enough to tip the car over, or is streaming with sweat, and wishing there wasn't any thing in the world by the name of "clothes." Then when she gets to the seaside and goes into the water, she screams the first thing and, before she knows it, she goes headlong into the water and gets her eyes, ears and nose full of salt, enough to put her in a barrel to keep for pork. Now, on the other side the farmer's daughter just snatches some old dress from the wall, walks to the river and goes through the huckleberry bushes, which prick of course, but not so hard as the city girl's conscience. When she has got her "old rag" on, she jumps into the air off the river bank, kicks, and down she goes with a shout. Pretty soon she raises her head, which glitters in the sunlight, and swims down the stream.

Then she comes back, looking for all the world like a freshly opened flower, covered with dew. And she doesn't have to paint her face and curl her hair on a hot iron, before she goes back to gladden the heart of her娘. To see the soft, mild eyes of the cows bent upon the girl with such dumb appealing love, would make anyone long to be in her place.

And who does not envy her graceful pose and perfect health as she sits so majestically upon her pony, galloping over the road? The pony himself appears proud of his graceful rider and gives extra grace to his own movements when he carries her. This girl gets the milk part of her robust health from the pure, sweet milk from the cows, and the butter that she makes with her own fair hands, and the sweet, fresh air, which she inhales with a joyous sense of her free life. Does the city girl enjoy any of this? I answer emphatically, "No!"

Everybody knows of the perils and temptations of the city. But the farm has none of these. The farmer's daughter is free from the unwelcome attentions of young men, for whom she cares naught, and the perils and dangers of the ball-room. Here is where she can keep to herself and let her brilliancy shine on those about her, that precious jewel, her reputation. Turn which way she will she finds loving eyes upon her. Even the lazy pigs grunt and run to meet her when she comes near. If the girl is discontented with her life, and longs to see great things, then let her go out into the world and she will come back homelick and glad to appreciate the true joys of farm life, after having