

My Bankrupt Bill.

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BY E. R. SNOW.

Some "self-styled" critics have pronounced it weak
Of one's own self to freely write or speak;
I court no critic's censure; yet I will
Write of myself and my late bankrupt bill:
That I'd no money, was no fault or crime,
But I contracted debts—without a dime;
Which I acknowledge frankly should not be,
And I'll henceforth avoid insolvency.

In this as well as ev'ry other land
Some entertainments call for cash in hand;
If empty handed I perchance to be,
The law of circumstance demands of me
To unreluctantly the card resign
To one whose funds are less cashier'd than mine.
And by the bye, to all I fain would say,
Create no bills when you've no means to pay;
To live within our income thus, will spare
Us many a fest'ring thought and servile care.
To our young friends I'll give a key whereby
All future wants and wishes to supply—
Control yourselves, your passions all restrain,
Learn to want nothing which you can't obtain,
Then ask no odds of circumstances—be
Faithful in duties and in feelings free;
Thus you'll create your heav'n's where'er you dwell:
Want to—and can't, you know, is Mormon hell.

'Neath the perverted sceptre Mammon wields,
Virtue and truth to gold's base influence yields:
Men are respected if in gold they're wealthy
Whether they gained it honestly or stealthily.
Not so in Zion—works and godly fear
Preponderate o'er filthy lucre here;
Unyielding virtue—firm integrity—
Love for the Priesthood—careful industry—
In the true intent of heav'n will pass for more
Than all on earth that's coined from glittering ore.

The Saints may sometimes suffer want, 'tis sure,
But yet, a real Saint is never poor—
One in whose soul the holy fire of God,
The light of Truth is fully shed abroad:
What tho' he cannot claim one foot of land,
Nor yet one dime of currency command?—
Altho' no gold and silver, he has got
A costly pearl the purse-proud world has not.
That heavenly foretaste of a glorious rest,
The peace of God abiding in the breast,
With power the gift of endless lives to gain—
Henceforth our own identity retain—
Is wealth, and wealth which holds a promise rife
With ev'ry comfort that pertains to life.
That very gold the gentiles madly crave
Will yet our streets, the streets of Zion pave.

Among the Saints, is gold and silver wealth?
We might as well call food and clothing health;
Brain, bone and sinew here are prov'd to be
Both capital and lawful currency.

In Babylon, where money is the test,
Who has the most is honor'd as the best;
Or rather, he who vainly seems to have,
And thus he's honor'd most who's most a knave:
How it is elsewhere, matters not; with us—
Worth is not reckoned by the weight of purse.
Show me a Saint that's poor, and once for all
I'll show you one that is no Saint at all;
He may be moneyless—who has not been?
That, here, is neither poverty or sin.
Leanness of soul, and meagreness of thought,
An empty barrenness of mind, is what
I should call poverty: and even worse
Than Mammon's votaries think an empty purse.

Mothink I hear one softly whisper, "Hush—
To say you have no money makes me blush."
I have no money—blush again—to me
That kind of blush bespeaks degeneracy;
Crime, wickedness and folly bring disgrace—
For these should blushes mantle o'er the face:
I could name many things that figure worse
In life, than total absence of the purse.

I boast of wealth and richer streams than flow
From the most fruitful sources here below;
Mine is not wealth that stimulates with pride,
'Tis wealth that will eternally abide:
If I in faithfulness and patience wait,
I'll hold an heirship in a God's estate;
And even now, I'm richer, woe'n thier far
Than those who dip in Mammon's coffers are.

My Father's rich—I am his lawful child—
Not one by sily, fond caressing spoil'd,
I've through bereavement, not indulgence, grown
In strength, tho' woman never stands alone.

Who are my friends? Your worthy selves, I trust,
Whom I esteem wise, noble, good and just:
As such, each one I estimate a treasure;
In friendship, then, I'm rich in ample measure.

Who are my kindred? All the truly good,
Who've in the holy covenants faithful stood;
My kindred then, are all of royal line,
They each can claim an origin divine.

Who is my brother? Israel's Holy One—
Pertaining to the flesh, God's only Son;
He holds the birthright in eternity,
Through him the heirship is conferred on me.

And who is my Father? Is he wise and great,
And well possess'd of rich and large estate?
Who is my Father? Does he dwell below?
Is he a worldly potentate? O no:
All earthly things must perish—crowns will rust,
While thrones and monarchs moulder into dust—
Who is my Father? ENDLESS is his name,
He is th'ETERNAL GOD—the Great I AM.

Prov'd or not prov'd, this axiom is sure,
A real Saint of God is never poor.

Thought and Reading.

Native energies of thought are developed in few persons to any great extent. The whole life, from boyhood to age, of what are called the educated, is surrounded by formulas and methods, which too often crush, pervert, or enfeeble the minds they are intended to develop and strengthen. Few men of education are marked by such individuality of character and power of action as many of those to whom the iron gates of the temples of knowledge have been barred.

A course of culture which is merely external, which seeks to run the mind into foreign molds, which fills the memory with a mass of information that encumbers the free exercise of reason, which pays more attention to facts than to faculties, which pours knowledge into the mind without involving its latent powers—fails in making a man educated—fails, even, in its own purpose, of fixing learning in the memory.

How many of those who have received what is called a "liberal" education are liberally endowed with knowledge? How many of them are able to turn what information they possess to a good account? A vast number of physicians, clergymen, and lawyers are created every year by colleges; but how many are indorsed as good by those they are sent to aid?

Indeed, every individual who is educated at all, must, to a great extent, educate himself. He must either co-operate with his instructors, or strenuously labor without foreign aid. If the taste for knowledge is keen, and the will to obtain it strong, all impediments will vanish into thin air. This taste and this will are all that are desired. Hundreds of names can be mentioned in illustration of the fact. Men have risen from the lowest ranks of life, and achieved a proud elevation over the rich and the titled, by possessing this energy of purpose in the pursuit of knowledge. Obstacles which seemed insurmountable to more indolent men, they have grappled with and conquered. Hunger and thirst, whether of the mind or the palate, can only be allayed by the possession of their objects.

Let a youth or a man once realize that he is an immortal soul, that God's whole universe is without him, and that its marvels are open to his view; that whatever may be his talent, there are a thousand ministers all around him to develop and furnish it with food; that knowledge is of priceless value, and worthy of all the exertion and self-denial it may cost, and he will indulge in no languid babble about the hardness of his lot, and envy no person who has larger means and less energy.

Courage, then, courage of mind, courage of heart, is necessary to the man who desires the rich treasures of a cultured intellect. He must wrestle, like an athlete, with all difficulties; he must trample under foot all sensual desires which would woo him from the rough road to the primrose path. He must have a high ideal before him; he must love knowledge for itself; as well as for its useful applications. He will find that the proper direction and control of his animal nature, the education of his conscience and religious sentiments, will insensibly blend with the acquisition of knowledge. He will see that those soft and effeminate pleasures which enfeeble the body, also relax the mind, and make it indifferent, careless, and easily satisfied with mediocre attainments; and he will see that the intellect is never so clear, never darts upon truth with more unerring sagacity, never is capable of such unremitted exertion, as when it is under the guidance of a moral purpose, and is impressed by a sense of responsibility to God. Moral, intellectual, and physical education are so closely connected, that it is difficult to separate them even for the convenience of classification.

In our own day the means of education have been multiplied until they have become within the reach of all earnest minds. No person will despise their aid. None but intellects of gigantic strength and grasp can afford to dispense with them. A dwarf behind a steam-engine may remove mountains; but no dwarf can he himself down with a pick-axe; and he must be a Titan that hurls them abroad with his arms. Few are Titans of this sort. No one who truly estimates the reach of his powers, will neglect the vast mines of thought and knowledge contained in good books. In them he will find steam-engines without number, to aid him in the task of "removing mountains." And now let us rapidly refer to some topics relating to reading.

We of this age are especially favored in the article of books, not only in those which have been produced by the great minds of former ages, but in such as the intense mental action given to the people by the facility of publication, continually spreads before us. The press groans, and in some cases the reader likewise, beneath the weight of new publications. Rare, indeed, are our means for diffusing the results of intellectual labor.

A man thinks a thought to-day, and to-morrow it is whisked all over the length and breadth of the country, on the very wings of the wind. Much trash, to be sure, finds an articulate voice, and many hearers; but we may hope that no small amount of sterling thought is added to the intellectual treasures of the world. Each opinion, however erroneous, each system, however novel, has its utterance, and experience as much justice from the world as the passions and prejudices of men will allow.

Books are born, fret their time upon the stage, languish, decay, and die; but the real thought they contain is immortal: it does not perish with the moss of verbiage, paper, and calf-skin which envelop, and, perhaps, conceal it, but is reproduced in other works, either in its original purity, or in a form adapted to the advancing intelligence of the world.

As no atom of matter perishes, so no particle of thought ever loses its being. Plato, Seneca, Cicero, Bacon, Newton, Milton—allowing that their works be not generally read by the mass of mankind, yet the great ideas they originated still hold their sway over the minds of men, and

are reproduced now in elementary books on morals, education and literature. Peter Parley and Mrs. Trimmer may be on the title page, but a greater than they is in the text. Who reads Bacon's "Novum Organum," Newton's "Principia," or La Place's "Mechanique Celeste"? None certainly but scholars. But the results of these great works are found in common school books.

Books are registers of what has been thought and done in former ages. Five thousand years of sad experience have rolled over the generations of men, and of these we have records more or less authentic. The thoughts, actions, joys, sorrows, mistakes, triumphs, virtues, and crimes of mankind, the rise, progress, and decline of states, the physical, intellectual, and moral progress of the race, the successive changes through which society has passed in its onward march to civilization, and the good or bad opinions and deeds which have forwarded or checked the progressive nature of man—all lie before us in books with almost skeleton exactness. With this pyramid of experience looming up above the clouds of Time, and almost commanding our attention, how singular it is that we are not wiser and better!

Every noble idea which has been originated in former times is the intellectual heritage of every descendant of Adam; hundreds of great minds have tasked their power to the utmost to give the knowledge we possess of the material world, of duty, of government, and of human nature; and it is not paradoxical to assert, that any person of moderate abilities can make himself wiser than the wisest men of antiquity. And yet opinions on government, morals, religion are still rife among us, although their operation in former times has been fruitful in nothing but contention, misery and crime.

Men still elevate passion over principle, altho' it is written in the great book of a thousand years' experience, and with the very tears of angels, that the gilded baits which vice tenders to her votaries are

"But Dead Sea fruit which tempts the eye,
But turns to ashes on the lip."

From all past generations there comes one long, everlasting wail about the unsatisfactoriness of worldly objects, and yet how many, in the words of Pitt, still make the "counting-house their temple, the ledger their Bible, and money their God." We must learn to profit by what we read, or the Past has been of no use to us.

Good books inflame literary ambition; create a desire in the mind to produce;

"A drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

Let not the student, therefore, in his zeal to develop his own mind, lose the power of learning from the minds of others. Let him be neither a copyist nor a dogmatist; but a patient seeker after truth, with faculties alive to what is true, in whatever form and from whatever source it may come. The subject of our essay is so vast, that it would be impossible, limited as we are for room, to enter upon the many topics related to it, enticing as they are from their wealth of suggestiveness. The subject, indeed, is so broad in itself, and has so many relations to all the duties and professions of life, that a short article can merely give a few hints on some of its numerous departments.

Whatever affects the moral, religious, intellectual, or physical condition of a human being, from his birth to his death; whatever tends to make him a good or a bad man, a dunce or a student, must be considered part of his education. Some sort of culture he will receive—let him look to it that it is of the right kind. Let him resist all bad influences; let him assiduously cultivate all good. If he is educated passively by outward means, his education may lead him to the work-house or the gallows; if his mind be trained to act for itself, if there be a quenchless thirst in him for knowledge and virtue, his education will redound to his own honor, and be a benefit to his race. Whether he is to be a drone or a laborer, a curse or a benefactor, rests with himself. Let him feel the weight of his responsibility, and know that, whether he be surrounded by advantages or hemmed in by untoward circumstances, that he can not escape the duty of self-training, through thought and reading.—[Young American's Magazine.]

The two Counselors; or, I Can't and I'll Try.

I once knew a fine, active little boy called Edward. All full of life and joy he was, and as clever as little boy could be. Every body loved him, and hoped he would become a good, wise, and useful man. He however, nearly missed it, and so disappointed his friends. And this was the way it happened.

He had, like other boys, two little counselors, who were ever ready to give him advice and counsel. These counselors were by no means friendly to each other, and the advice of the one was always directly opposed to that of the other, so that Edward could not be on good terms with both at the same time. Their names were "I'll Try," and "I Can't." If any thing was to be done, both were ever at Edward's ear, each trying to persuade him to adopt the course which he marked out.

"I'll Try" would reason the case something in this way: "Come, try, try; there is nothing in the world like trying. Why, you can do almost any thing if you will only try. Come, be a man, and don't sneak off, and run away like a coward, when any thing is to be done."

Then "I Can't" would hit the other elbow, and say: "Now, it is too hard; you can't do it, and what is the use of trying? It is too bad to ask so much of a little boy like you. I would contrive some way to get rid of it."

Edward sometimes followed the counsels of the one, and sometimes those of the other. But "I'll Try" always set him hard at work; and though

when the task was done, and he was reaping the rich reward of his labor, he was ready to thank his kind adviser, yet as the counsels of "I Can't" always flattered his indolence and love of ease, he was often strongly inclined to yield to them.

The more he did so the more indisposed was he to yield to the better counsels of "I'll Try." At length "I Can't" gained such an ascendancy over him that he was always at his side; and poor "I'll Try" could hardly get near enough to whisper a single word in his ear.

This was rather discouraging, and "I'll Try" sat down and held a consultation with himself what had best be done in such a case.

"That cowardly, lazy fellow, 'I Can't,'" said he, "has the whole ground. Edward has quite cast me off, who would be his friend, and make a man of him, while he listens only to that fellow, who will prove his ruin."

"Really, if my name was not 'I'll Try,' and if it were not a shame for me, of all folks in the world, to say, 'I can't,' I should be tempted to give him up. But, no; this will never do for me. I will watch my opportunity, and see what I can do for him."

But "I'll Try" was obliged to wait some time for such an opportunity; for "I Can't" was now prime counselor. If there was a hard lesson to be learned, "I Can't" would begin to whisper: "You can't get that lesson; don't try; get excused from going to school to-day."

If a hard problem in arithmetic was to be worked out, "I Can't" would say, "Come, carry it to such a boy; he will show you how it is done.—You can not find it out yourself; it will take you half a day."

But though "I Can't" was always trying to persuade Edward that to follow his advice would save him much trouble, yet somehow it would turn out in the end that he found himself involved in trouble by means of following his advice.

To give an instance: That ordeal of every scholar, examination day, came, and Edward, who had permitted "I Can't" to be at his elbow all the term, found himself ill prepared for such an event.

His dear father and mother were there to witness his failure; and though they did not reproach him, their sad countenances went to his heart, and he retired to his room to conceal his shame and mortification.

"I Can't," who knew it had been all his work took himself off; "I'll Try" said to himself: "Now is my time to see what I can do for him." So he came up to Edward, and told him very plainly that all his troubles proceeded from following the evil counsels of "I Can't."

"You know very well," said he, "if you had followed my advice you might have come off with honor instead of disgrace to-day. You know you can get a lesson as well as any boy in school, if you try. But don't hang down your head, and look so sheepish about it. It is not too late yet to make something. If you will only dismiss that false friend of yours, and take me in his stead, I will promise to make a man of you yet."

Edward knew very well that all which "I'll Try" had said was true, and he nobly resolved to make a bargain with him on the spot, to be his friend and counselor for the rest of his life; and he ever afterward heeded his counsels.

If any duty was to be performed, "I'll Try" was ever ready to whisper in his ear words of encouragement; and so he went on—each day, by the performance of present duty, gaining strength to perform some noble work on the morrow.

In short, "I'll Try" fulfilled his promise to make a man of him; and he is now a man, respected and beloved. To every call of duty and benevolence he sends back the cheerful, manly response, "I'll try."

It would be impossible for me to tell you how much good he has done in the world, unless I could tell you of every heart that has been cheered by a kind word from him, every sorrow that has been relieved by his active benevolence, and every mind upon which his commanding intellect and generous heart exert a happy influence.

Now, before I bid good-bye to the little audience that have listened to my story, I wish to whisper one word in the ear of my little friend who thinks himself somewhat like little Edward and his counselor.

These two counselors have both tried to make friends with you, have they not? Now, if you wish to be a blessing to the world, take my advice. Say to that idle fellow "I Can't," I will have nothing to do with you, but invite "I'll Try" to be your bosom friend.

If there is a lesson to be learned or a task to be done, a fault to be corrected or a virtue to be secured; if the Word of God points out a duty, or conscience says, "This is the way, walk ye in it," let "I'll Try" whisper to you words of courage and hope, inspire your heart with noble resolutions, and fill your life with worthy deeds.—[Lamp of Love.]

RAILROADS IN THE UNITED STATES.—It is stated that in 1828 there were but three miles of railway in the United States, in 1829 it increased to 23 miles, in 1830 to 41 miles, in 1840 to 1,197 miles, and now in 1886 it reaches 23,242 miles. We have in addition probably 2,000 miles of double track, making all more than 25,000 miles of iron way, or a length more than sufficient to encircle the globe at the equator. Within ten years the length has been quadrupled, and since 1850 alone, trebled. There are now at least 6,000 miles in process of construction that will be in use before the end of the year 1887. Valuing the completed railroads at \$30,000 per mile, the capital now invested in this interest amounts to \$697,260,000.

☞ Honesty and interest, like virtue and heaven, can never be separately pursued.

☞ How can we expect others to keep our secrets, if we do not keep them ourselves?

☞ The jealous man poisons his own banquet, and then eats it.