

a list, showing what each quorum had paid to the general seventies' fund.

Seymour B. Young referred to the law-makers of the land, and said we have everything to hope for but nothing to fear. God controls all laws, and if we are living so as to have the Spirit of the Lord with us, we have the majority on our side. Our Heavenly Father is greater than all our enemies. He asked what improvement had been made in the last three months among the people of Zion? We had promised to observe the law of chastity, to be honest and truthful, to be faithful, to love each other and to keep the commandments of God. Were we doing it? These are vital and important questions, and must be observed as there is no stand still with the Latter-day Saints; we must either advance or retrocede.

The choir sang an anthem, and Conference was adjourned for three months with benediction by Patriarch Alma Porter.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LIFE IN THE "HUB."

"Wandering Ute" Relates his Experience and Observations in Boston, and Expresses Himself on the subject of Music and Musicians.

N. E. CONSERVATORY,
BOSTON, Nov. 8th, 1885.

Editor Deseret News:

The romantic plan of "To be continued in our next" would I fear lose its intended effect if the appearance of that "next" were delayed as my present continuation of the "Ute's" adventures have been. But as I am very eager to make the best of my wanderings, I may be pardoned for not having troubled you with this before now. I left off at seeing my future place of study,

THE NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY.

The building itself is a very large eight-story brick structure, originally intended for a magnificent hotel. It contains many hundred rooms, which are now used as study rooms; also apartments for 500 young ladies who attend the school. It faces a square set out into trees, flowers and grass. Another such square adjoins this one; then on the other side are the college grounds. All these make the locality pleasant and healthy. On entering I find the place swarming with young ladies and men, most of whom carry a music roll, violin case, or some other musical indicator; and about one third of the number wear glasses, indicating I suppose that music is a difficult thing to see into. I soon arrange things for the future so that my studies are superintended by three leading professors (by the way, not so-called here as the name is considered too common,) my wants in the way of daily food supplied by a very amiable Scotch lady, and a room wherein to sleep, study, practice, and make myself at home in general, with a kind hearted Irish host; and hostess, all within a block of the conservatory.

MY GENERAL IMPRESSION

of my school-mates is a favorable one. I find here a much more respectable crowd of young people than I see in my wanderings around the streets, for which I am glad, as it is creditable to the profession. The young men are orderly, fairly intelligent and very earnest in their studies. A small sprinkling of the genus dude may be seen in the company. The young ladies are all nice and beyond my powers of criticism. Among them may be found the delicate damsels with little squeally voices, who live in the hope of electrifying thousands of people with the power of the same, simply because they have been trained; others with powerful raspy voices, which none but a genius of a voice-trainer ever could smoothe, glory in the hope of entrancing the world with their sweet tones.

OH, HAPPY DREAMS!

Oh, sad disappointing time of awaking, when school days are over and a cruel public won't appreciate!

Then one here and there, only a few who may see all their expectations realized. I will not say, "I thank Thee that I am not as one of these," but I will say, I am thankful that my path through life has been one which has to a great extent taught me to expect reverses and to indulge in hopes only as an aid to stimulate me to action, contenting myself as much as my nature will let me with the result of doing my best, let that result be what it may.

As we become better acquainted with each other as fellow students, boarders, etc., the question naturally comes up, "Where do you come from Mr. —?" "Salt Lake City, Utah." This answer is invariably followed by a sort of surprised, half-concealed, horrified glance. Not infrequently a slight pause in the conversation occurs, but generally ends with a more or less delicate question about the

"WICKED MORMONS."

not wishing, however, to hurt my feelings by ever hinting that I may be one; and when I tell them what a good, honorable, moral set of people these "horrid Mormons" are, the surprise is generally augmented, till it reaches a climax at the point when they find I am pleased to let them look at me as a very un-

worthy specimen of a "Mormon" boy—grown old. I have not as yet experienced anything but becoming courtesy, though as a result, which fact also speaks well for them (in my way of thinking). In return for all this courtesy, I have attended quite a number of their churches, where I generally find very good singing (if well paid for; if not, the reverse) at sermon gotten up with great pains to suit and please the people, no pains being spared to touch the sentiment and feeling when wishing to make a point. In some instances Tenneyson and other poets are freely introduced alongside of Christ, Paul, and other Saints. Then the death scene of the loved ones is a powerful means of reaching the heart, and tears so brought are apparently taken as a sure sign that the Good Shepherd has turned the sinners from the error of their ways, (and what is more important, perhaps, endeared the speaker to those specially touched). I am naturally sentimental myself, and have had cause to wipe my eyes without the aid of an onion in a theatre, but it takes something other than eloquence and sentiment to feed my spiritual appetite. So I would come away about as empty as when I entered were it not that

THE CONTRAST

is forever serving to show me the superiority of a religion revealed of God, to that patched together from a little select Scripture by man.

Perhaps the most novel sort of so-called religion I have seen here is the "Salvation Army." They get an indifferent cornet player to play some sort of semi-religious marching tunes in which three or four lusty, rather untuneful voices join, and they march through the streets; the number of small boys so attracted soon make quite a throng; women are sometimes also among the number, then they stop once in a while and preach. No doubt their intentions are good, but their mode is so peculiar as to make it somewhat ineffective, excepting in arousing curiosity.

The two great enticing means of winning people to the church here are eloquence from the pulpit and music from the chorists and organ. Money procures both, quality especially being governed by the amount. One small church alone is said to pay \$20,000 yearly for its music; true it is most excellent. The pastor is certainly paid correspondingly well, yet

HIS TEXT

the Sabbath I attended was, "I am among you as one that erreveth," and he did not hesitate to compare himself with the Master who spake these words, (that is in the matter of serving.) I could not wish to hear such singing or preaching at home. But I do wish to hear such excellence in our singing, with devotion substituted in the place of show. "But," says one, "it is unreasonable to expect the possibility of getting as good singing at home without this sum, as they could with it." To admit this would be to admit that the love of money is stronger than the love of God among singers, and I will not do that when speaking of the Latter-day Saints. I know that where they can afford to get one here for the former, we could get ten for the latter there, could they only see the necessity and feel that it was their duty.

While on the subject let me add that I regret very much that our own musicians in general do not pay more attention to

SACRED MUSIC

of a high order; by this I do not mean showy music, but that with sublime soul in it, that lifts one above all trifling things and makes him feel more pleasure in the lofty, majestic thought than he ever dreamed of while being tickled by trifles. Such music may be simple or difficult; neither one nor the other trait should stand in the way of our rendering them in "spirit and in truth;" if simple, let us learn to render them with that simplicity and earnestness that comes from feeling what we are singing; if difficult, let us overcome the difficulties by practice, till we can grasp the noble thoughts with the ease and intelligent, earnest feeling that we would the simple music. The grade of difficulty of sacred music should have no bearing on the question. The meaning, character and soul of it when mastered should be the only considerations.

I realize this would involve earnest labor, not of one man or a dozen, but of the hundreds who have this to do, and all others who realize the real importance of song in worship. All realize the necessity of some sort of singing, but all do not realize the difference between "some sort" and singing with true feeling and understanding of what they are singing. I do not anticipate hearing such an orchestra at home as the Boston Symphony Orchestra, nor such a perfect singer as Nevada (who will, before many weeks, charm you with her sweet voice) for a long time to come; but I cannot see any reasonable cause why we should not have as good choral singing as may be found anywhere in the world in a few years, if we try, as we have growing up around us the very material necessary.

Children need music within their comprehension. People grown to maturity should have music containing thoughts corresponding with their advancement in ability to think and feel.

I did not intend this as a lecture in the interest of music at home, but what is most in our thoughts will force itself to the front. Let me close it by appealing to all, to aid those who are

at present laboring to this end, with at least their hearty approval and encouragement.

The more I become acquainted with musicians here, the higher is my estimation of the natural talents of Utah's rising musicians as vocalists, composers, and instrumentalists; it is the technical part that is wanting.

The more I see of the world the more I realize what a blessed people live in Utah's vales, and the more glad I am, that being a wanderer at all I am a WANDERING UTE.

LETTER FROM A MISSIONARY.

From a letter written to Brother David Spillsbury, of Toquerville, by Elder Robert Marshall, now laboring as a missionary in Ireland, we are permitted to make the following extracts. It is dated Half Town, Parkgate, County Antrim, November 5th:

Your highly interesting and brotherly letter with greenback dollar enclosed, came sassy to hand, for which I pray my Heavenly Father you may be abundantly blessed. I have now labored about seventeen months without either purse or scrip, and under these circumstances you may well imagine that a dollar to "buy postage stamps" is not at all an unwelcome visitor. I have ever been most careful never to ask money from any quarter whatever, but when the Lord himself puts it into the heart of any brother or sister to give me a little money without any mendicancy on my part, I joyfully thank God for the same, and I trust I am not altogether ungrateful to the generous donor.

The receipt of your letter thrilled my heart with the greatest pleasure, for it told me that I am not entirely forgotten in the business and bustle of the dear old town of Toquerville, and that there are still some warm hearts there that appreciate my labors and pray for my continued success. With my heart's fondest feelings I earnestly reciprocate your prayers, and heartily return your fraternal good wishes. May the Lord bless you and make you all as truly happy as I could desire, and if you are ever blessed to that extent and degree, then you, my Brethren and Sisters of Toquerville, will be greatly to be envied indeed.

It has indeed been my constant boast in the lofty mansion, the lowly cottage, the attentive audience, and the howling mob that I have left my wife and daughter among a people who for purity of conduct, devotion to justice, and attachment to the highest principles of honor are unsurpassed by the people of any age or nation that ever dwelt beneath the heavens and that no power on earth and no inducements of wealth could ever have compelled or influenced me to abandon them to the mercy of a corrupt horde of licentious religious impostors such as the Latter-day Saints are represented to be by a false and a godless world. Nay, I should rather have had my head severed from my body than to have yielded the beloved ones of my heart to the care and control of any such wretches. Yea, and I had rather been buried in the utmost depths of the ocean than to have come forth to destroy my fellow countrymen by propagating among them a foul satanic fraud. There are surely few among mankind who will take so much trouble and sacrifice and hardship for so base an object, especially with poverty staring them in the face and bitter persecution confronting them on every hand.

Some will indeed make great efforts and sacrifices to rescue their friends from sorrow and destruction, but what man will face every hardship to deceive and destroy the companions of his early childhood, and what man will engage in such an undertaking at the bidding of a set of debauched, religious impostors, and that without fee or reward?

I knew, however, as well as I knew that the heavens were above my head that the great work in which I was engaged was the work of God, and that Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, John Taylor and the general leaders of the Church were the servants of the living God, and as pure, upright and honorable men as ever graced the footstool of God. This knowledge and the Spirit of God in my heart alone impelled me to come forth on my mission at the dictation of the Holy Priesthood, and this knowledge and the Holy Spirit alone enable me with fortitude to endure the poverty, persecution and scorn that beset my path as without purse and scrip I wander among mankind an humble advocate of truth and righteousness, and defender of the kingdom of heaven. May the Lord enable me in my weakness to do my duty effectively, and rescue many souls from superstition and thralldom, and bring them into the glorious light and liberty of the true Gospel of God.

Permit me, here, my beloved brother, to most heartily congratulate you and all the Spillsbury family upon the distinguished honor conferred upon you by your excellent brother Alma, in his enduring imprisonment for the heavenly principle of patriarchal marriage. What greater honor, or what prouder eminence could be bestowed upon an individual than to be counted worthy to suffer affliction, persecution and imprisonment for a principle that furnished the world with heaven's highest nobility, a principle that created the twelve tribes of Israel and brought Prophets and Apostles on the earth, and that is to clothe Mount Zion with the undefiled one hundred and forty and four thousand from all the tribes of Israel; yea, and that even gave a Vir-

gin Mary, and a Jesus Christ to the world, and sent down to mankind the pure polygamous blood that "cleanseth from all sin."

How the excessively pious and highly refined American judges, brilliant lawyers and learned theologues can so far descend from their exalted dignity and deep sense of moral rectitude as to bring themselves to wash in the "sin cleansing fountain" of polygamous blood is a puzzle too deep for ordinary comprehension. When going down into the "crimson flood" that descended from polygamous veins their contemptible beetle faced hypocrisy, revolting sycophancy, and inward consciousness of utter worthlessness must be something for the pen of a Burns to describe or the pencil of a Hogarth to portray. They would wash in the blood, and sing of the blood, and boast of the blood, and then condemn and slander the channel through which it flowed!! Bah! the devil must be a most respectable, consistent old gentleman, when compared with these loutish Pharisees these crawling, time-serving sycophants of the bench the pulpit and the bar. Where these "graceless zealots" and ungrateful hypocrites basely condemn and persecute polygamy which gave to the world both Jesus and His blood, then will may the serpent bite the bosom that warms it, the dog, the hand that feeds it and the vicious child, the breasts that give it suck.

Verily it is a most fortunate circumstance that in the golden days of Abraham, Jacob, Gideon, David and Solomon the United States laws, Legislators and crusading judges did not exist else these fine old polygamous gentlemen the leaders of heaven's highest society and the admiration of ages would have been tried and condemned and consigned to filthy dungeons, solitary cells and torturing sweating boxes, with shaved heads, prison fare and prison uniforms, and instead of reigning as they do among heaven's peerless nobility would have been thrust into prison-companionship with drunkards, libertines, debauchees, thieves and cutthroats. Yea, and thus would the grand polygamous chain of the Nazarene's descent have been ruthlessly snapped asunder by the furious hand of the United States officers, and the great world would have been left without a Jesus Christ and without the blood that cleanseth from all sin."

Verily it was well for heaven, and well for the world and bad for hell that the United States authorities were ordained to come forth and play their "fantastic tricks" at a later period of the earth's history. As it is, however, they now persecute, condemn and imprison the polygamists who are unfortunately within the reach of their power, but the grand polygamists of heaven who are beyond their authority they sycophantically cannonize and deify.

What noble, magnanimous, cringing, crawling slaves these holy Christian persecutors make! What they cannot persecute they will almost worship and adore! Save me from the nauseous sycophants the loathsome hypocrites!

Job, the servant of God, once emphatically affirmed that "not one" can "take a clean thing from an unclean," but if this remarkable statement be the truth of God, how in the name of common sense, has it so happened that we have a clean Messiah from an unclean polygamy? Do not the sacred Scriptures distinctly trace the ancestry of Jesus to Solomon? And had not Solomon one thousand women, wives and concubines, besides being himself the son of Bathsheba, one of the polygamous wives of David? And is it not still more clearly evident from these same Scriptures that Mary, the mother of Jesus was a true descendant of Jacob, who held converse with God and angels and had intercourse with four "living and undivorced wives." How then, I ask again, if polygamy is unclean has an impure fountain sent forth a pure stream, a corrupt tree produced good fruit, and an unclean polygamy given to the world a clean Savior, and a precious blood clean enough to "cleanse a world from sin?" Yes, how indeed, can these things be?

To satisfactorily explain this perplexing puzzle, I freely confess far surpasses my limited capabilities, and I, therefore, with due devotional deference, humbly submit its consideration to the attention of the United States illustrious judges, lawyers and legislators, fully realizing as I do, that in the "multitude of counselors there is wisdom" and all the more so since it would evidently appear that walking in the footsteps of the scarlet-clothed lady of Babylon, it has become, in their turn, their heaven-appointed province and prerogative to keep and dictate the faith and conscience of mankind.

In this fine and beautiful land of the shamrock our dearly imprisoned brethren are constantly upborne in the prayers and fondly enshrined in the hearts of all our faithful young Irish Saints. The United States legislators and judges may as well attempt to clothe the celestial heavens with the vile blackness of Hades as to undertake to degrade and dishonor the noble spirits of Zion so cruelly and unjustly confined in their foul dungeons. Every indignity and every suffering inflicted by the dark-souled persecutors of that nation shall but clothe the memory of those persecutors with eternal infamy and abhorrence and cover the hallowed names of Zion's persecuted worthies with a fame and a glory that shall be as imperishable as the great "White throne of the Eternal."

O, thou proud and boastful Republic—thou great "whited sepulchre,"

among the nations of the world, strong is thy power and marvellous thy might; but God, the God of Israel is greater and mightier than thou, and shall have thee in derision and "laugh at thy calamities and mock when thy fear cometh." Thou has proudly lifted thy head on high and raised the wine cup of Babylon to thy lips and drunk of the blood of the Saints of the Most High and the blood of innocence is on thy skirts and the groans of oppression and the helpless cries of the pining captive are heard in thy dungeons and have ascended on high to the ears of the Lord of Hosts, and God shall remember thine iniquities and visit thy transgressions, and as Babylon's abominations have been thine, and Babylon's inebriate joys thy delight, so shall Babylon's judgments come upon thee and thou shalt be brought down into the dust and made to drink till thou art drunk with thine own blood. Sorrow and mourning shall resound in thy streets, and earthquake and fire shall lay desolate thy habitations, and the memory of thy pride, thy crimes and thy fall, being perpetuated on history's page, shall become a burning disgrace to our age and a foul stench in the nostrils of all future generations.

Heaven bless with immortal renown our illustrious, persecuted brethren! They have nobly braved the persecutor's fury, and fearlessly maintained their integrity, their honor and their covenants. God was first in their thoughts, their wives and children were dearer than life, and Zion and righteousness were enshrined in their hearts. Such men dignify their species and make us proud that we are part of mankind. May the angels of God illumine their prison with light and love and make their beds softer than the down of swan and their food sweet as that of seraphs. Yea, and heaven bless our equally illustrious and equally faithful sisters of Zion who bravely suffer for their sakes. They have stood undaunted in the presence of the enemy when masculine cowards have disgracefully fawned and cringed and crawled. Eternal exaltation and honor be theirs; for they are worthy; for their noble hearts are as free from fear as their tongues are from the knowledge of how to betray. May their sorrows be turned into delights and their tears into jewels that with increasing heavenly splendor will sparkle and dazzle in their crowns of glory when eternity shall roll upon eternity. To have the right to possess such women in the limitless hereafter might well make the rudest revellings of corrupt judges sweeter than the music of the spheres and the filthiest dungeons more to be desired than palaces of pearl.

"ROUGH ON RATS."

Cleares out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists. 1

Marshal Serrano Dominguez, Duke de la Torre, a well known Spanish general, is dead.

HEART PAINS.

Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." 1

SUMMONS.

In the Probate Court in and for Salt Lake County, Utah Territory.

John W. Burroughs, Plaintiff,

vs.
Helen A. Burroughs, Defendant.

The People of the Territory of Utah send Greeting:

To Helen A. Burroughs, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED TO appear in an action brought against you, by the above named Plaintiff, in the Probate Court of the County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days.

This action is brought to obtain a decree from this Court dissolving the marriage contract existing between said plaintiff and you on the ground of impotency.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to this Court for the relief prayed for and cost of suit.

Witness the Hon. Elias A. Smith, Judge, and the seal of the Probate Court of Salt Lake County,

[SEAL.] Territory of Utah, this 29th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five.

JOHN C. CUTLER, Clerk.
w41 30d

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