

Samuel Peterson and Henry Willis were both of the same age, and had learned their trade of the same man. They were but a few months past their twenty-first year, and were machinists by trade. Mr. Lot Merrill, their employer, was a staunch business man, understanding every branch of the trade, and enjoying the confidence of the community.

He was wealthy and influential, and his word to all who knew him, as a legal bond. When Samuel and Henry were twenty-one, Mr. Merrill had made them a very advantageous offer. He would pay them a dollar a day for the next year; give them all further necessary instruction; and, at the expiration of that time, if they proved efficient, he would do still better by them.

'You have been my apprentices, boys,' he said, 'and while you remain steady and industrious I will give you employment in preference to all others who are no better than you are. I will always give preference to those who have learned the trade of me. And more than this, I may have some opportunities to let you do job work, where you may make as much as you can.'

So the young men went to work, and for awhile they were both content. Five months thus passed away, and every Saturday night they received their six dollars each.

Some three miles below Mr. Merrill's shop, and on the same stream, there stood a building which had been originally put up for a cloth factory, but none of the machinery, except the water-wheel, and a few shafts, had ever been put in. A new company had bought the establishment, and were busy in putting in machinery.

They were going to make a machine shop of it. One bright spring morning the good people saw flaming placards posted up at the street corners, and in the principal stores, announcing that Crafts, Cumfry & Co. had opened a new machine shop, where 'all kinds of work pertaining to their profession could be done cheaper, better, and with more despatch, than at any other place in the country.'

A few days after this a man called at Samuel Peterson's boarding place, announcing himself as Mr. Crafts, of the firm of Crafts, Cumfry & Co., and asked the young man to come and work for him, offering to pay him one dollar and a quarter per day. Samuel told him he would give him an answer the next day.

This was at noon; so in the afternoon, when he returned to the shop, he went into the counting-room and told Mr. Merrill of the offer.

'Well,' said the old machinist, 'I have no claim on your services after you have given me a week's notice, and I wish you to do in this as you think best. I cannot afford to pay you more than I now do; only I can assure you that you shall have some jobs to do this summer. You know the advantages you have here.'

You are sure of your pay; of a permanent place while I live; of as much improvement in the business as you have a mind to grasp; and of increased pay when you shall have become more proficient. Of this new company I know nothing, except that to you they are like 'a bird in the bush.'

Yet I will venture one word of advice, for I know how apt young men, just commencing in life, are to be led away by dazzling offers. Before you make any change in your business be sure you are going to better yourself. If you are satisfied on this point, then go ahead.'

Samuel Peterson bowed his head, and poked the floor with his feet a few moments, and when he looked up his face had thrown off every shade of doubt.

'I shall remain with you,' he said, 'for I know what will be my fortune here, and it is as much as I have any cause to hope for.'

Mr. Merrill was much pleased with the youth's decision, and he plainly said so. Shortly after this, Henry Willis came in; and he also went to the counting-room. He remained there half an hour, and then came out and joined his companion.

'Sam,' said he, with an air of importance, 'I've had a new offer.'

'So have I,' returned Samuel.

'Crafts, Cumfry & Co., want me.'

'So they want me.'

'Ah? But they offer me a dollar and twenty-five cents a day.'

'So they did me.'

'And have you spoken to the old man about it?'

'Yes.'

'And did he come to terms?'

'What do you mean?'

'Why—did he offer to pay you the extra quarter?'

'No.'

'Then we'll both work together. The old man won't budge an inch. I offered to stay, if he'd pay me as much as Crafts offered, but he wouldn't do it; so I just told him I should leave. What did you tell him?'

'Why—I'll tell ye, Henry: I have concluded to stay where I am.'

'What? Not stay here and work for a dollar a day when you can have a dollar and a quarter there?'

'But that ain't the thing, Henry. If that place was equal in every other respect with this—or if it was even an old and stable establishment, and I could be assured of permanent work there, the case might be different. But what inducement is there now? We know nothing of these men—whether they are responsible or not, or whether they are even honest.'

They offer us a dollar and a quarter a day now, and we may stay with them six years and get no more. But we know that when we are worth it, we shall receive more than that from Mr. Merrill. I have thought just enough of this to feel assured that I shall be best off here.'

'But I ain't a going to work here for twenty-five cents less a day than I can have elsewhere, Sam—not by a long shot. What's the use?'

'Well, Henry, I won't advise you, for you are as

old as I am; but yet I think you'll take a foolish step if you leave your old place. Here we have the advantage of extending our knowledge of our business, which we could not have in any other place; and we also know just what to depend upon.'

We have here a plain, straight business path opened to us, and we know we shall do well in it if our health is spared; and we know, too, that we are receiving all our labor is actually worth. I mean in two months, to be able to make and fit and finish a vault door, with locks and all; and in a year I hope to be able to build a steam-engine. No, Henry—I won't leave this place for any such situation as the one we are speaking of.'

'Well, Sam—you can do as you please, but I shall quit at the end of the week, and go at work for the new concern. I can't afford to lose this offer. Let's see—twenty-five cents a day. Now between this and next new year's there'll be—let's see; three—four—eight months; and that'll be—thirteen and nine—twenty-two weeks. That'll be one hundred and thirty-two days—just thirty-three dollars. Now if we should—you know, Sam, what we've been talking about?'

'Yes—I know.'

'Well, if we conclude to be married next new year, those thirty-three dollars will be worth something, eh?'

'Why, yes; but then I look beyond that. If I had no more of life to look for than up to next January, I might run the risk of some change, but as it is, I think I'm better off as I am. At all events, I am contented here, and so were you till this new offer came up. We both felt we were receiving all that we ought to receive, and our ambition was, to merit more. If we remain here we shall surely gain all we deserve, and what we do deserve we shall surely receive.'

'O, that all sounds very well, but I say—take the best you can get.'

'So do I,' returned Samuel; and here the conversation ended.

Several times during the week young Willis approached his companion on the subject, trying to get him to go and work for the new firm, but without effect.

'I see,' said Peterson, at the last conversation, 'you are getting a spice of excitement into your system. You will one of these days love change for the mere sake of change. You'll be like Tom Packard—one of the best fellows living, but see how he manages. He loves change—change has become necessary to him.'

Let him have the best business in the world, and he'd leave it for the first new thing that might turn up. Last year he was making money in the express business. He owned four good horses clear, and was doing well. But as soon as Baseom went to him and opened his plan for that new bowling-alley, Tom went right into it.

He wanted something new, and he had it; and now, after losing all he had of money, he's going to peddling. Next he'll be driving a coach, and he always contrives to leave a good business as soon as something else is offered.'

However, the week came round, and Henry Willis left his old employer and went at work for Crafts, Cumfry, & Co., and Mr. Merrill put a new hand in his place, advancing one of the elder apprentices, and taking a new one. Samuel Peterson worked on with renewed energy. He had determined to merit the confidence of his employer, and prove himself worthy of the advancement he aimed at. He often met Henry, and the latter never failed to congratulate himself on the excellent place he had obtained. Samuel was glad to hear it.

Some time in August—near the first of the month—Mr. Merrill called Peterson into his room.

'Samuel,' said he, 'I have received an offer to put an iron vault, with double doors, into the Merchants' Bank—the inner door to be triple plated, with the middle plate of cast steel. Here is a minute draft of what they want, so far as form and size is concerned. You may take this, and go up and look at the place where the vault is to be placed; and then you can let me know if you feel competent to do it.'

The youth thanked his employer, and, then, with a strangely fluttering heart, he took the plan and withdrew. He looked it over, and then went up to the bank, where he received all the information he desired; and that evening he informed Mr. Merrill that he could do it.

'Very well,' returned the master. 'And now you shall have my proposition. I am to receive twelve hundred dollars for the safety vault. About three hundred of that must go for the locks, and some for other matters beside stock. I will give you two hundred and twenty dollars to make it, and you may take such help as you need by paying them the same as I am paying them.—For instance: If you use Jones, I shall deduct two dollars for every day you use him—and for Smith I should deduct only a dollar. You understand. But you will say nothing of this to the hands.'

Some further conversation was held on the subject, and then Samuel was ready for his job. On the following morning he went at it. He kept Smith at work with him nearly all the time, and most of the time he had others to help him. He made all his own plans and draughts, and every bit of the head-work, and in every case the work fitted to a hair.

The door was a splendid specimen of workmanship—in fact, both of them were. The outer door, which was of polished iron, was made with stiles, rails and panels, and when it was done not a seam or mark could be detected where the joints were, nor could the heads of the bolts be seen. It was placed in the counting-room on exhibition while the rest of the vault was under way.

At length the work was completed, and the vault set up. Samuel superintended the masons while they set it, and not until it was ready to put the papers into did he give up the keys. He sat down with Mr. Merrill after the work was done,

and reckoned up the result of his job. He had worked on the vault forty-seven days.

He had had Smith to help him forty-two days, at one dollar per day; Gurney, twenty days, at one dollar and twenty-five cents per day, and Jones, eight days, at two dollars per day. Then there were five dollars to pay for trucking. This added up amounted to eighty-eight dollars, leaving a balance in his favor of one hundred and thirty-two dollars.

'Well, Samuel, you've made a pretty good speculation,' said Mr. Merrill, after this result had been arrived at.

'And—how much am I to receive?' asked the youth, tremulously.

'Why, here it is, in black and white. I offered you two hundred and twenty dollars to do the job, and you've done it. You've made a hundred and thirty-two dollars—about two dollars and five-sixths per day. But you are not the only one who has done this. Jones has had several jobs of the kind, and Gurney has had three.'

The idea is simply here: In mechanics, as in the more intellectual professions, the labor of a capable mind is worth more than the mere labor of physical organs, for one mind may find work for a hundred hands, while without that mind they would be idle. Now perhaps you do not estimate your own abilities high enough. There are ten men in my employ who have had all the advantages that you have had, but somehow they never had a faculty of learning anything but the mere mechanical part.

There are men here who have been in my shop fourteen years, and have been faithful and industrious, and yet they could not have made that vault door. With some one else to draw the plans, and give them the dimensions of each particular part, they could have performed the mere work.

So you see that in this job you have only received a fair pay for your services, for you have done the work of one good artisan besides doing all the headwork. Henry Willis might have done the same had he remained here, for he possessed an excellent mechanical judgment and taste.'

'I cannot express all my gratitude, sir,' uttered Samuel, with a brilliant eye.

'O,' returned the employer, with a smile, 'I am as much benefited as you are, and whatever may be my desire for your good, I at the same time have a selfish inducement for these things, for this very ability of my workmen is of incalculable benefit to me.'

Now by giving my faithful hands an opportunity to make something by such jobs, they are far more anxious to qualify themselves for the work; and when people know that I have a number of workmen, either one of whom is capable of taking an important work and carrying it through to completion, they will surely bring their best work here.

So you see how much I gain by it. And now, if it will not shock your feelings too much, I will tell you something new: Mr. Archer, the president of the Farmer's Bank, spoke with me yesterday, and wished me to let the same man, who built the new vault for the Merchants' Bank, build one for him. Perhaps I might not deem it just to let you have another job so soon; but I shall give it to you and Gurney, and let you share the profits.'

From that time Samuel Peterson was one of the best men in the shop. But he had only his dollar per day during the remainder of the year.

One afternoon, after winter had come, and the wind blew cold and cheerless, Henry Willis entered Mr. Merrill's counting-room, with a sad, downcast look. He wished to know if Mr. Merrill could give him employment.

'Have you left Crafts & Co.?' asked the old machinist.

'They have burst up, sir,' the young man replied. 'Mr. Cumfry gave us notice that the company could do no more work.'

'But have you not lost any of your wages, Henry?'

'Not much, sir,' the youth answered, gazing down upon the floor. 'Cumfry settled up with us last night. He was owing me twenty-two dollars. He offered me twelve to settle, or I might wait and get my pay with the outside creditors; so I took the twelve dollars and gave him a receipt.'

'I am sorry you have lost your place, but I have no room for another workman now. My shop is full. Only let me advise you to secure a good place as soon as possible; and when you once find it hang on to it as long as you can.'

The first of January came and Henry had obtained a situation in a blacksmith's shop, at one dollar per day; but the fond hope he had cherished could not be realized. Samuel Peterson on that day became a happy husband. He had explained the whole plan to his employer, and on hearing it, Mr. Merrill advised him to follow it out.

In the spring Henry Willis had an offer to go into a new place, and he took up with it. Near the same time Samuel Peterson had his wages raised to one dollar and fifty cents per day, and the extra pay was the more grateful because Mr. Merrill assured him that he was truly worth the price.

And since that time several years have passed away. Samuel Peterson is still with Mr. Merrill, receiving twenty-two cents per hour for his usual labor, and having many jobs on which he cleared his five dollars per day. He owns a snug little cottage, and he calculates to lay up three hundred dollars per year. He has a wife who helps him well in all his laudable undertakings.

In the meantime, Henry Willis has been tossed about the country—now with work, and now without—always continuing to earn money enough to pay his rent and keep his family in food and clothing. And this propensity for change has become a habit which must cling to him through life. After he has worked a month in one place he becomes uneasy and restless, and the first man who comes along and proposes something new is sure to be listened to.

Now does not the reader call to mind just such cases? They are plenty in our country, and many of the human wrecks which we meet along the rough shore of business have become stranded upon this very shoal. Let our youth steer their life-barks clear of it. Beware of allowing the spirit of discontent to find its way into your bosoms. It is a very homely saying, but yet one of useful application, and may be heeded with profit by those who are commencing business in life: 'Let well enough alone.'

#### ACCOUNT OF HIS MISSION,

By Elder Millen Atwood, Tabernacle, Nov. 16, 1856.

[REPORTED BY GEO. D. WATT.]

Brethren and Sisters: I am truly thankful for this privilege, after the length of time that I have been absent. I am thankful that the Lord has brought me safely home, to meet you here in this Tabernacle. I have never addressed so large a congregation, and I feel somewhat embarrassed in attempting to speak to so large an audience.

I started on my mission without purse or scrip, leaving with my family every farthing I possessed. I arrived safely in Liverpool, with the brethren who went with me, through the mercy and blessing of God.

Prest Joseph Young blessed me before I left, and said it should be told me, when I arrived in England, where I should labor; and so it was, for wherever they told me to go, there I went. He said the light of the Spirit should be with me to enlighten my mind, and the hearts of the people should be made to rejoice; I claimed and enjoyed those blessings. I have lacked nothing during my absence, neither food, raiment nor friends, nor money when I needed it.

We met with a little opposition, and that was all right and good for us. I always tried to tell the things I knew and had learned by experience, and those I could tell with all confidence. I preached to the world, as Jesus did, that if they would repent and be baptized, they should be saved; but if not, they should be damned. What I said, I said plainly; and I will venture to say there is not a man or woman in England can say that I talked in language they could not understand.

I did not coax, flatter, nor make promises above that which the gospel guaranteed through their faithfulness. I have had the honor of leading some into the waters of baptism, and, as br. Willie said, I believe they will stand. I let the big things alone; I was not sent to preach them. But where they set me to labor I went to work and labored in a manner to satisfy myself, and did the best I could.

I have never regretted being sent on the mission from which I have just returned, for it has learned me a lesson worth more than all the gold and silver I could have earned in the valley during the length of time I have been gone; yea, more than all the property I could have acquired during ten times as many years. No man has property enough to buy my experience.

I never realized so sensibly the position that br. Brigham and his brethren occupy, as I have while I have been gone, because I have felt a little of it resting upon me. I could see the weaknesses of the people and I had to bear with them, as our brethren, the First Presidency, have to bear with us. I feel more determined now than ever to do right all the day long, and to help with my might to build up this kingdom.

I did not go to England for gold or silver, but to preach the gospel and gather the poor. We started home with a goodly number on board the ship Thornton, and they were of the class that br. Brigham wrote for when stating, 'if they have not a sixpence in the world, they are the ones to bring here.' The people that came from where I was laboring were perfectly destitute; we had to buy everything for them, even to their tin cups and spoons. And let me tell you, the fare they had on the plains was a feast to them.

They never regretted having to leave their homes, and they are not insensible of the liberality which has been extended to them by the people of these valleys. They have prayed and fasted day after day, and night after night, that they might have the privilege of uniting with their brethren and sisters in these mountains. Many bore testimony to the gentiles that the day would come, although their heads were silvered o'er with age, when they should see br. Brigham in the Valleys of the Mountains. They had borne that testimony so long that it had become like 'sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal' to the wicked around them, who said that their way never would be opened. But the Lord opened the way in a manner they looked not for, and they were willing to draw a hand cart, or to take a bundle on their shoulders, or to come in any other way that might be counseled in order to enjoy the blessings you enjoy this day.

If you could hear the prayers, and see the tears for the privilege of enjoying what you do this day, you never would feel that you have done too much in assisting them.

I will here say, to those who have come from England and been in these valleys some time, that it seems to your friends that are still there as though you have forgotten them, and the promises you made to them at the last shaking of the hand. But when br. Brigham offered his property so liberally, and the word came that they should gather from England, it ran like fire in dry stubble and the hearts of the poor Saints leapt with joy and gladness; they could hardly contain themselves.

Will they be willing to pull a hand cart? Yes. I felt it; and I felt that it was the right way, and that it would gather more people than any other that had been adopted; and I have never, since I have been in this church, seen the Scriptures so forcibly fulfilled, as I have seen them this season.

With all their wagons and animals they have scarcely brought one blind or lame man to these