## IDLE DREAMING.

BY GASKELL.

How much of idle dreaming
Mix we with life's many cares,
With blessings rich and teeming,
How we gather oft its tares.
On! ever on! we're moving,
Seeking joy that's e'er ahead,
Making light of life and loving
Till we're numbered with the dead.

How vain we are of beauty,
How proud we are of fame;
Station-seeking, more than duty,
Rearing up a worldly name.
Mingling much of false pretension,
With our daily intercourse;
Seeking more our power's extension
Than the justice of our course.

Is the day ahead e'er coming,
When we'll see as we are seen?
When we'll cease our idle roaming,
And be what we might have been?
Or will glamor e'er surround us,
To our spirits' sore distress,
Our own success confound us
When we find it cannot bless?

## PERSECUTION.

BY GASKELL.

There has never been a time in the history of mankind when some persons, or peoples, were not undergoing persecution. There are always some of us self-sufficient, wise men, or women, who consider our duty, or mission, or life work, is to regulate the affairs of others. And how industriously we work at it, and how thankful they should feel for our deep solicitude and wise supervision. How eager we are to force our way into the confidences of friends, to become acquainted with their failings and imperfections and to volunteer counsel for their benefit. We are so officiously disinterested that we retain but little of our superabundant wisdom for our own guidance. Like it was with the pious deacon, the time of service is occupied in parcelling out the sermon to meet the wants of other members of the congregation, passing by ourselves entirely. We retain little, or nothing, for ourselves, as our obliquity of vision is of such a character, that we can distinguish the wants and imperfections all around, but never, by any singularity of chance, taking within its scope, ourselves.

How really grateful society should be for such labors and how unjust to us it is, when like the boomerang in unpracticed hands, our counsel returns to us and morally knocks us over. Should not an apothesis of unprecedented magnificence be accorded us—we who have worn ourselves out in carrying the burthens of others? Like an Atlas, we have borne the cares of a world, if not the world itself, upon our shoulders, and the cynical Dean Swift must certainly have been slandering mankind—our kind at least—when he said "I never knew a person who could not bear the misfortunes of others, with a properly Christian resignation."

There is, however, a slight difference as to where a person is when an earthquake happens. If within the circle of its influence, when a Lisbon or a Caracas is overthrown we may expect a shaking up if nothing worse. There is likewise a difference as to which end of a switch a boy happens to be, when it is in violent motion. One end will certainly cause a tingling sensation more than the other and if it was possible to instantly reverse the magnetic poles, how suddenly its motion would cease. How beneficially sad a process could be applied morally and intellectually to ourselves, and how much light would be let into dark places and how many cobwebs would be swept away from the befogged intellects of mankind.

But then life cannot all be either tragedy, or melo-drama, or comedy; it is rather a mingling of all. We must give as well as take. If we weigh others we must be willing to be weighed; if they are found wanting, is it not possible we may lack a little to bring us up to the proper standard? We are not all Boanerges, whatever claims we may make and there is a possibility that our vaporing may be thrown away, or dried up, by the aridity of our surroundings; more, perhaps, because we fail to fructify our own fields, than because of the desert-like nature of those of others.

But such thoughts are rank heresy to most of us; his holiness, the Pope, can think no wrong, and do no wrong, and we are all popes to our own shortcomings; but let a John Robinson do anything to assail our prejudice, or our sense of right and how soon we pounce upon him. A John Robinson has not wealth, nor social position, nor a host of friends and we are valiant in assailing him; while a Mortimer or a DeLacy may do the same thing and pass on and we say nothing. Well, it is perhaps good that such things shall be, for we might get ourselves else into the predicament of the unfortunate Irishman, who caught a Tartar and had to call upon his friends to help him let go.

There is a great difference between the burthen of Christian, in his progress through this world to the next, and that of Sinbad, the sailor, when the old man of the sea got astride of his shoulders and he could not shake him off, though we are too apt to mistake one for the other. The former is gotten rid of by a change in ourselves only, and a repentance and a turn to godliness and maintaining a correct living; but the latter can only be escaped by a change in the nature of the burthen itself. Sinbad had to get the old fellow drunk, before he could get rid of him; and, likewise many of us are ridden by our hobbies and maintain our follies, until they sting us just as potently as the old man's heels did Sinbad, when beating the devil's tattoo on his ribs.

Hope is a good anchor, but to be of service it must be formed rightly and have good anchoring ground for it to be of much use to us. We well remember a good many years ago, being in a boat, anchored on the west side of Church Island, in about four feet of water. It was a goodly sized boat we were in and our anchor was heavy enough had it been made in the right shape, to have held us in all weathers. It had, however, been made in a blacksmith shop by those who knew but little how an anchor should be made, and when we cast it over it did not fall in the right way to hold. As the weather was mild and lovely we did not pay much attention to it then, but by and by a storm came upon us directly shoreward and our anchor commenced dragging and the boat got nearer and nearer to the line of huge boulders that abruptly terminated on the edge of the lake. Of course there was no particular danger to life or limb, but there was danger to the boat, and to save her two of us jumped overboard and commenced wading out to the anchor to put it right. By watching our chances and allowing the breakers to pass over us in their furious course shoreward, we accomplished our task and the boat rode out the balance of the storm in safety. But it will not do to depend upon anchoring in shoal water at all times—sometimes great seas of trouble are around us and hope's anchor should be of right material and make, as there is likelihood of being a great moral shipwreck. It is not in all waters and on all coasts we can jump overboard and point our anchor right for holding; nor is it at all times that our hopes can be of service to us. The wise ones of the earth do not wait for a time of trouble to prepare means to meet it properly; but in time of calm, when reason and judgment are at their best; no more than we should wait for a time of rain to mend a leaky roof. But unfortunately, most of us learn only by the things we suffer, and when we do suffer, just as we may expect and deserve, we are apt to go about whining at the superior blessings of others and our own evil fortune. But there is one consolation even for the weary and afflicted—we will all get through the world somehow or other. A trifling, weak-kneed person was one day complaining to a friend, that for his part "he did'nt know how he was ever to get along in life, nor could he see how he was ever to get through the world." For his consolation his friend answered that, "he need not borrow trouble on that account—he was bound to get through somehow—as he had never heard of anyone stopping by the way." But when we think of it, there are some more agreeable ways than others of getting through the world, and those ways are of en of our own seeking. But bless us, who'd think of going to the top of Ensign Peak for a drink of water, though many of us are as foolish as Thompson's colt was said to be, which always swam the river to get a drink of water at the slough beyond.

But do not we act just as foolishly sometimes? There are flowers and fruits to be gathered along the pathway of every life, but some of us are so eager to seize the flowers that we grasp the thorn too and find the pain more than counter-balance the pleasure; or we gorge ourselves upon the fruit until it turns us deadly sick and we look upon it ever afterwardwith abhorrence. When will we learn moderation towards ourselves and others? When will we cease to persecute others for their unbelief in our virtue, and practice what we preach? Many of us, alas! are too much like what the cynical individual said Church of England ministers were: "Like guide posts: they point the way for others to go, but never travel it themselves." Not that we believe what he said entirely, for there are good and bad among all denominations; but it may point a moral if it does not adorn a tale—the tail end of this essay.



# TRUSTEES' SALE.

WHEREAS, PETER HANSEN, ON THE 8th day of January, 1878, executed and delivered to Paramore Little, a Promissory Note of that date for the sum of eight hundred and ten ($810) dollars, due one year from date, with interest at the rate of one and one-fourth (1¼) per cent. per month from date till paid; and at the same time the said Peter Hansen executed and delivered a Deed of the real property hereinafter described to A. Roundy and James T. Little, in trust, however, to secure the payment of said note and interest; said real property so conveyed is described as follows, to-wit: Part of the west half of the northeast quarter, and a part of the east half of the northwest quarter of Section twenty-four (24) Township two (2) South of Range one (1) West of the Salt Lake Meridian; further described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at the southeast corner of the northeast quarter of the northwest quarter of said Section (24) twenty-four, and running west fifteen chains, sixty-two links (15.62ch.), thence North 6° 15' West, two chains eighty-one links (2.86ch.), thence North 1° East twelve chains, eighty-four links (12.84ch.) more or less to centre of large water ditch; thence South 74° East, along centre of said water ditch, twenty-six chains fifty-two links (26.52ch.) to west line of Utah Southern Railroad; thence south along the west line of said Railroad, being thirty-three feet west of centre of track eight chains, ninety three links (8.93ch.), thence North 88¼° West nine chains, fifty links (9.50ch.); thence North sixty-seven (67) links to corner and point of beginning. Also commencing at a point on the east side of said Utah Southern Railroad ten chains and fifty links (10.50ch.) East of the corner of the initial point of the track above mentioned, and running North along said East line thirty-three feet East of centre of said Railroad track, seven chains and eighty-five links (7.85ch.); thence South 74° East, along centre of large water ditch, thirteen chains and forty-five links (13.45ch.); thence South 34½° West ten chains and thirty links (10.30ch.) thence South two chains and forty-five links (2.45ch.); thence North 88° 45' seven chains and forty-five links (7.45ch.), more or less, to East line of said Railroad; thence North along said East line of said Railroad, seven chains and sixty-eight links (7.68ch.) to point of beginning, containing in all forty-eight (48) acres, more or less; together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining, reserving and excepting twenty (20) acres of said land as particularly described in a deed executed by Peter Hansen to Hans Larsen, January 7th, 1878.

Whereas it is provided in said deed that in case said note and interest should not be well and truly paid according to the tenor thereof then said trustees are authorized to sell said premises and property, or any part thereof, at public vendue to the highest bidder for cash, at the south door of the County Court House, in Salt Lake City, first giving twenty days' public notice of the time, terms and place of said sale and of the property to be sold, by advertisement in some newspaper printed in the English language and published in Salt Lake City, and upon such sale make, execute and deliver to the purchasers of such property a good and sufficient deed in fee simple, and,

Whereas, Said note was not nor has it been paid, nor the interest on the same, nor any part thereof, except the sum of one hundred and nine dollars and seventy cents, ($109.70,) and there is now due on the same the said principal sum of eight hundred and ten dollars and interest on that sum at the rate of one and a quarter per cent per month, less what has been paid as aforesaid.

Wherefore, pursuant to the power in us vested under said deed of trust, and for the purpose of paying said note and interest, and at the request of the holder thereof, on the twenty-second day of July, 1880, at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, at the south door of the County Court House, in Salt Lake City, We will sell at public vendue, to the highest bidder, for cash, all of the said property so conveyed and so held in trust and as herein described.

A. ROUNDY,
JAMES T. LITTLE,
Trustees.
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