

"ONLY A GIRL."

BY MRS. A. E. N. R.

Close the door carefully, muffle the tread,
Drop the white curtains 'round the white bed;
A pale mother's sleeping, aye give her rest,
See the fresh rosebud upon her white breast.
She has struggled with pain, she has wrestled with death;
Her's is the victory! let not a breath
Awaken her slumber; hark! there's a tread,
Nearer and nearer approaching the bed;
Manly his bearing—yea, noble his mien;
Lowly he bends the fair sleepers between;
Lifts the frail floweret with womanly care,
Breathlessly gazing, his lips part in prayer!
No! there's a chill in the ambient air.
Each word falls distinctly and painfully slow,
Curdling and freezing the blood in its flow;
"It's only a girl!—a hush as of death
For the moment suspended each listener's breath—
In the pause—the pale sleeper uplifted her eyes—
"I must have been dreaming," she said with surprise.
"I thought that a cold hand of iron touched my heart;
While hard, cruel words, like a poisonous dart,
Pierced my soul to the core; I sprang for my babe!
'It's only a girl!' were the words I heard said,
And Elmer! Oh, Elmer! that voice was like thine;
That hand—angels spare me!—once warmly clasped
mine,

As you called me more precious than ruby or pearl,
And yet, it was when I was only a girl!
If a girl is thus dear, then the mother and wife
To every true man is as dear as his life!
She clasped her cold hands o'er her hot, throbbing brow—
The blood had all rushed to that citadel now;
Then her words, quick and scathing, burned into the
soul!

Emotion swayed reason beyond her control—
'It's only a girl!'—O man in thy strength,
Know that God measures souls by their depth, not their
length;

The streamlet may wind over miles of fair earth,
Yet bear on its bosom no proud ship of worth;
A man may hold kingdoms, and nations control:
What is that to the birth of one beautiful soul?
The germ in your strong arms, unfolded with care,
May, like Harriet Hosmer or Rosa Bonheur,
Move the world by their art, or fill it to rest
With poesy's magic, the balm of the blest.
The mission of motherhood! Man, do you dare
With sneers stain this sanctum sanctorum of prayer?
This Holy of Holies—this mightiest dower?
Dare to scoff at the sex in which lies this power?
Ah, where were the Monarch, the Duke, and the Earl,
Had not each a mother—once "only a girl!"
And whence came thy being, and all the proud van
You marshaled in battle—yes, every man?
The magnet that led them through storm and through
strife,

Was a mother, a sister, a sweetheart, or wife,
Each closely enshrined in his heart like a pearl;
And yet each fair image was "only a girl!"
It was only a girl that Delti chose
To incarnate the Christ; the story in prose
Sweeps down through the ages like stars through the
night,
To illumine the world with its God-given light.
'Twas only frail woman that wept at the tomb,
And talked with the angels when Jesus had gone;
And woman that bore the glad tidings to man
That Christ, the Beloved, had risen again.
Go to the reeking battle-fields of yore
And read the records, writ in human gore,
Of woman's valor, mercy, courage, love,
And point me to one name that's carved above
The name of woman in such deeds as these,
And I will pray to Heaven, on bended knees,
That every child henceforth may be a boy;
That every father's heart may leap with joy.
But ere in scorn you breathe "only a girl!"
Look, lest you cast aside the greater pearl.

—SELECTED.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN NAUVOO.

BY HELEN MAR WHITNEY.

These who have grown up in these valleys,
and have here pratised the principle of cele-

tial marriage, have become accustomed to it,
and having but little opposition to contend
with, can have very little idea of the trial it
was to those who first entered the school. They
had to lean upon the arm of the Almighty,
and in the face of persecution, sorrow and
death, took up the cross and bore it heroically
for the sake of future generations, looking be-
yond this life for their reward. They under-
stood it to be a principle instituted solely for
the purpose of saving and exalting the human
family, not only the living, but those who had
died without a knowledge of the true plan of
salvation. It was considered a sacred and
holy duty, and the honest in heart who entered
into it did it in the fear of God.

What other motive than real faith and a
firm conviction of the truth of this principle
could have induced them to accept and prac-
tice a doctrine so opposite to their traditions
and the rigid training received from their sec-
tarian parents and ancestors? Who would
wish to become objects of derision, to have
their friends and associates turn the cold shoul-
der, and be subjected to the sneers and scoffs of
persons prejudiced by the extravagant tales
spread by certain ones who, while professing
friendship and faith in the principle, were two-
faced and treacherous to their brethren and
sisters; the latter, though virtuous and modest
in their demeanor, and their motives as noble
and pure as were those of Ruth and Naomi,
had to silently bear the title of *lewd* women.

We may read the history of martyrs and
mighty conquerors, and of many great and
good men and women, but that of the noble
women and fair daughters of Zion, whose faith
in the promises of Israel's God enabled them
to triumph over self and obey His higher law,
and assist His servants to establish it upon the
earth, though buried in the past, I feel sure
there was kept by the angels an account of
their works which will yet be found in the
records of Eternity, written in letters of *Gold*.

The Prophet said that the practice of this
principle would be the hardest trial the Saints
would ever have to test their faith. It was
not his work, but that of the Almighty, and he
said it would cause the damnation of all who en-
tered into it with *impure* motives, and none
who acted unrighteously could stand, the trial
would be so great; and there would be but
few men who would be capable of being *saviors*
upon Mount Zion.

He taught the principle to his wife, Emma,
who humbly received it and gave to him three
young women to wife, who had been living
with her in her family, and had been like
adopted daughters. Until she lost the spirit
and her heart became hardened, they lived
happily together. They respected and loved
her as though she had been their mother, and
might have remained with her afterwards had
they been willing to have severed the ties be-
tween themselves and the Prophet; but choos-
ing to remain true their covenants, which they
considered binding here and hereafter, they
preferred to leave the Mansion.

Emma deceived her children and denied to
every one that the Prophet had ever received
a revelation on Celestial marriage, or had ever
practised it, although she had heard the reve-
lation and was an eye witness to the marriage
of the three wives above mentioned. Besides,
he told her of every one that had been sealed
to him.

Some of those who apostatized from the
Church, and knew more than she did about
the practice of Polygamy, also denied it; but
there are too many of the Prophet's wives still
living in Utah—as well as hundreds of other
witnesses—who can testify to the hypocrisy of
those men who, like William Marks, apostat-
ized because they could not manage matters
pertaining to the Church as they desired, and
who afterwards volunteered their services to

help Emma Smith, she having, according to
her own acknowledgment, founded the Joseph-
ite church to revenge herself upon Brigham
Young.

How little the world who hate and persecute
the Latter-day Saints know of the impelling
motive which induced them to accept and carry
out the principles taught by Joseph Smith, the
great Prophet of the latter days.

It seems a little strange, too, so greatly de-
spised and hated as "Mormonism" is, that many
of its principles, revealed through the illiterate
boy, Joseph Smith, and taught for fifty years
or more by the Church (doctrines for which
our people have been persecuted and driven,
and many besides the Prophet and Patriarch
slain for advocating) are now being proclaimed
by sectarian ministers, who are applauded for
thus advancing some new idea, never before
thought of. Such blindness is certainly deplor-
able.

My father was often called a Prophet, and
years ago in Nauvoo I heard him predict that
it would yet become a law of this nation that
men should marry a plurality of wives.

The Prophet Joseph was heard to say that
in consequence of wars and disasters, men
would become so scarce that when one was
seen it would be said of him, "There goes a
man."

The following we read in Isaiah: "Thy men
shall fall by the sword, and thy mighty in the
war. And her gates shall lament and mourn:
and she being desolate, shall sit upon the
ground. And in that day seven women shall
take hold of one man saying: We will eat our
own bread and wear our own apparel, only let
us be called by thy name, to take away our
reproach."

If "coming events cast their shadows before,"
we certainly have no cause to doubt the speedy
fulfilment of this prediction. The first great
commandment given by the Creator has nearly
become obsolete among professed Christians,
who set themselves up as our judges, and as-
sume to be followers of the meek and lowly
Jesus, but instead, have departed from His
precepts, choosing only such portions of the
Scriptures as happen to suit their own ideas,
and ignoring the rest; while the Latter-day
Saints, whom they call heretics, accept it en-
tirely, and believe it to be their duty to obey
every requirement of the Gospel held forth by
our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Instead
of spiritualizing it, we believe it means exactly
what it says in both the Old and the New Testa-
ments. As other sects have already followed
in the footsteps of the "Mormons" in certain
of their doctrines, we need not be surprised to
eventually hear of their advocating and legal-
izing *Polygamy*.

Great exertions have been made by them to
enlighten the minds of the awfully ignorant
and depraved "Mormons," who have, *rightly*
appreciated the same and also realize how
much more interest they have taken in our be-
half since they found that instead of perish-
ing, as they had hoped we would, we were still
living and increasing in wealth, power and in-
fluence, away off here in the valleys of the
Rocky Mountains. They send their Bible
agents for the purpose, as we suppose, of con-
vincing us of our errors by the Scriptures, for
which we are thankful, as we are more than
anxious that the rising generation in Zion
should understand the Scriptures, as our doc-
trine is founded upon that sacred record.

To be continued.

Dr. J. G. Holland, editor of *Scribner's
Monthly Magazine*, and author of "Bitter
Sweet," "Kathrina," and many other beautiful
and tender poems, died suddenly at his resi-
dence in New York City, on Thursday, October
13, and was buried the following Sunday, at
Springfield, Mass.