

LET BYGONES BE BYGONES.

Let bygones be bygones; if bygones were clouded  
By aught that occasioned a pang of regret,  
Oh, let them in darkest oblivion be shrouded;  
'Tis wise and 'tis kind to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones, and good be extracted  
From ill over which it is folly to fret;  
The wisest of mortals have foolishly acted—  
The kindest are those who forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; oh, cherish no longer  
The thought that the sun of affection has set;  
Eclipsed for a moment, its rays will be stronger,  
If you, like a Christian, forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; your heart will be lighter,  
When kindness of yours with reception has met;  
The flame of your love will be purer and brighter,  
If, Godlike, you strive to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; oh, purge out the leaven  
Of malice, and try an example to set,  
To others, who, praying the mercy of heaven,  
Are sadly, too slow to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; remember how deeply  
To heaven's forbearance we all are in debt;  
They value God's infinite goodness too cheaply,  
Who heed not the precept, "Forgive and forget."  
—Chambers' Journal.

A LEAF FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CONTINUED.

This feast lasted three days, during which time all in the vicinity of Kirtland who would come were invited, and entertained as courteously and generously as if they had been able to extend hospitality instead of receiving it. The Prophet Joseph and his two Counselors being present each day, talking, blessing, and comforting the poor, by words of encouragement and their most welcome presence; some are now living who were present at that Feast, and many have passed behind the veil. The Prophet Joseph often referred to this particular Feast, during his lifetime, and testified of the great blessing he felt in associating with the meek and humble ones whom the Lord has said "He delights to own and bless." He often said to me that it was preferable and far superior to the elegant and select parties he afterwards attended, and afforded him much more genuine satisfaction; and to me it was "a feast of fat things indeed; a season of rejoicing never to be forgotten. The Temple in Kirtland, being rebuilt and dedicated, the word of the Lord to the Saints was to build up Missouri, and the Saints repaired thither as fast as circumstances would permit.

Great manifestations of power were witnessed in the Kirtland Temple; it used oftentimes to seem as though it was illuminated, and many and powerful were the manifestations to those who were humble and participated in the ordinances bestowed upon the faithful Saints in that house. The first patriarchal blessing meeting over which Joseph Smith, Sen., presided was one of the most striking and noticeable features of that particular period of time. In this meeting I received the gift of singing inspirationally, and the first Song of Zion ever given in the pure language was sung by me then, and interpreted by Parley P. Pratt, and written down; of which I have preserved the original copy. It describes the manner in which the ancient patriarchs blessed their families, and gives some account of "Adam ondi Ahman."

In ancient days there lived a man;  
Amidst a pleasant garden,  
Where lovely flowers immortal bloom'd,  
And shed around a rich perfume;  
Behold, his name was Adam.  
One of the nobles of the Earth,  
Had mighty power in blessing;

Received the Priesthood, and went forth  
And blessed his seed, and gave the earth  
Blessings for their possession.

He sealed them for eternal life,  
And all their generations,  
Who should obey the Gospel plan,  
Down to the latest years of man;  
A multitude of nations.

Isaac and Jacob, they in turn  
Had power to bless their children;  
Hence, Jacob by his faith did learn,  
And gave directions for his bones  
To be conveyed to Canaan.

By the same spirit, Joseph gave  
A great and mighty blessing  
To Ephraim, and Manasseh, too;  
Whereby their seed were carried through  
Long travels, though distressing.

By that same faith they built a ship,  
And crossed the mighty ocean,  
Obtain'd the choicest land of Earth,  
Foretold the great Messiah's birth,  
And all the great commotion.

The Holy Priesthood long remain'd  
In all its power and glory,  
Until the Priests of God were slain,  
Their records hid from wicked men  
Within the hill Cumorah.  
Their remnants sank in sorrow down,  
Became a loathsome people,  
To misery and sorrow doom'd,  
Their pleasant fields o'erspread with gloom,  
Ruled by a Gentile nation.

But now the Priesthood is restored,  
And we partake its blessings;  
Our parents and our children dear  
With Joseph's remnants have a share  
To latest generations.

As Adam blest his family  
In Adam ondi Ahman,  
So shall our aged father bless  
His seed who dwell in righteousness  
Upon the land of Zion.

The Prophet Joseph promised me that I should never lose this gift if I would be wise in using it; and his words have been verified.

My husband's partner in business had been sent up to Jackson Co., Missouri, and had opened a branch business there; and according to the best of my recollection about 1837, the Prophet Joseph called upon my husband to go up to Far West to preside; we set about making preparations for removal. My friends, who knew what delicate health I had, and how unaccustomed I was to any hardships, inconvenience, or privation, looked upon it as almost certain death for me to go into the wilderness, or what seemed little better than a desert, or wilderness among Indians. My friends tried to prevail on me to stay until my husband should go and prepare a comfortable place for me and my children; but I had unbounded faith in the promises of Joseph, that I should be able to go in safety, and my trust in God was firm and unshrinking. I bade adieu to my beloved home, where I had anticipated spending all my life, and where everything had been arranged according to my own ideas of taste and beauty; to my dear friends, and my kind and ever true Aunt Sarah, who had been a mother indeed to me and mine. I felt a tender yearning towards her, and had desired with all my heart to bring her into the faith of the Everlasting Gospel, but had never been even successful enough to get her to believe, in the least; she looked upon me as one bereft of my senses; this was the hardest trial to me of all—to leave one so true, and faithful and devoted, as she had ever proved herself to me and mine, alone, without children to comfort her; but I believed I was serving my Heavenly Father and the best interests of all my friends by so doing. My children were so imbued with the spirit of the Gospel, that although

they were disappointed in their hopes and expectations in regard to obtaining a superior education such as we had sought to stimulate them to obtain, previous to our embracing the latter-day work; yet they accepted this change in their worldly circumstances without a murmur. They were devotedly attached to Joseph, and were never weary of praying for him; and their faith seemed perfect. In their innocence and trust they believed truly the Lord would hear and answer them, and they firmly trusted in all the promises and blessings pronounced upon them. With the earnest confidence and assurance of these little children, I felt I could meet all opposition, and trusting in my Heavenly Father come off victorious.

To be continued.

IMPROPER TREATMENT OF INFANTS.

A gentleman of much experience and sound judgment remarks; that many a little grave is filled from no other cause than the imprudent and unreasonable manner in which a tender but ignorant mother treats her child.

She goes with it to the table, where all kinds of food are prepared; baby coos and catches at her knife, or spoon, with its tiny fingers, and if the mother herself does not think of it, some one else imagines that baby wants a taste of pie or pudding, or something else, and mother, or auntie having no realizing sense of how small a particle of rich food may distress the little stomach not accustomed to it, keeps giving it a little of first one dainty article and then another, till presently baby begins to fret, and then it wants a spoonful of tea or coffee and gets it; and then cries and worries, and mama "can't tell what ails it!" Then it must have some camphor or panacea, and be jolted and trotted and shaken, until its flesh is so sore it cannot be moved or touched without experiencing pain; so it screams and moans until, doubtless, it becomes an immaculate martyr, victimized by medicines for cold, consumption, lung fever, &c., while the sole cause of its suffering and death might justly be attributed to its swallowing a very small amount of food, too rich or too strenuous for the little unprepared stomach to digest. And yet the poor, stricken mother feels that she has done all in her power to save the life of her precious darling, when, she is at last, compelled to lay it away out of sight. Study human nature, mothers, a proper understanding of it is invaluable.

LULA.

Extract from a letter of one of the Directors of the Eastern Counties Railway, England, to Mrs. Hannah T. King:

"You speak of your new locomotive of thirty-two tons; ours now are more than double that! In the early times, an engine weighing twenty tons was considered absurd, and impossible to run! George Stephenson, the inventor, was laughed at, before a committee of the House of Commons, for daring to hint, that a locomotive might be worked at fifteen miles an hour; now, it is worked on the lines at sixty miles an hour, with a heavy train behind it! A frightful speed, you would think, if you could stand and see it pass."

Few are sufficiently wise to prefer consare which is useful; to praise which is treacherous.