

AUTUMN LEAVES

TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

BY PAULINE B. DYKES.

Let us gather up the jewels
 That are strewn along our way;
 Let us work while there is sunshine,—
 Let us gather while we may;
 For the night is fast approaching,
 And the day is nearly done.
 Let us hold fast all the treasures
 We along our way have won.

Let us not, with idle fingers,
 Wait until the cool of day,
 For the darkness then approaches
 And we can not see the way.
 Let us labor for the Master,—
 Help each other all we can.
 Let it not be said of any
 That we come with empty hand.

Let us gather rarest jewels
 For our "royal diadems,"
 That our crowns may sparkle brightly,
 Set with many precious gems.
 Then we'll stand before the Master,
 And with joy we'll greet the blest;—
 Hear "Well done, thou faithful servant,
 Enter thy eternal rest."



LET US SHAKE OFF THE COALS FROM OUR GARMENTS.

ORIGIN OF THE HYMN THAT IS SUCH A GENERAL FAVORITE.

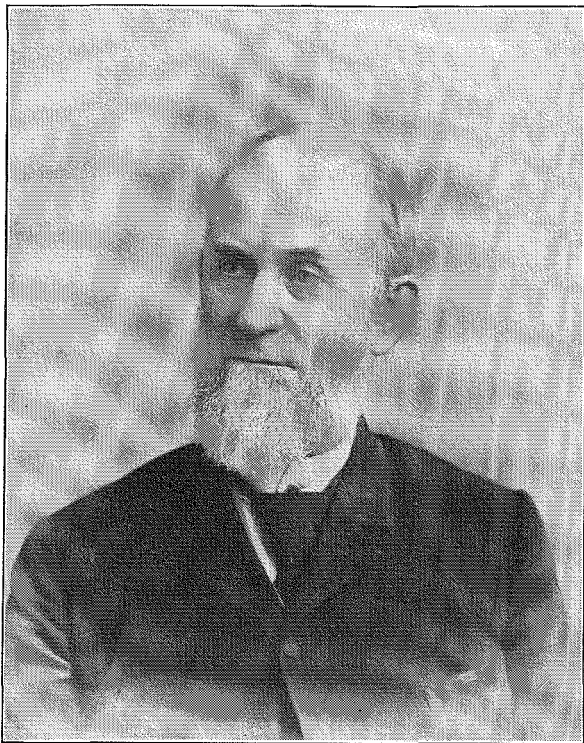
BY W. W. BLAIR.

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—In almost every prayer service the Saints sing the old hymn known by the title given above, or as "The pebble has dropped in the water." Thousands of hearts have been touched by its spiritual fervor. Few perhaps to-day know how the hymn came to be written. The account of the incidents leading up to and surrounding its origin as given below is from the pen of W. W. Blair, as it appeared in the *Saints' Herald*, February 15, 1864.)

BROTHER SHEEN: I must tell you something more of the good time we had last October, in visiting around with Brothers Joseph, Alexander, and David Smith, and Bro. William Davis. I think the incidents which I shall relate will be duly appreciated by the Saints.

On Friday, October 16, I accompanied the brethren to Gallands Grove. We stopped at the house of Bro. Alexander McCord. That night Joseph had a remarkable night vision, which he told in the morning. He said: "I saw in my dream a woman, whom I was to receive into my charge, and under my watchcare and counsel, and she was almost wild, having been held captive a long season by barbarians, who had degraded and dishonored her. She was nearly naked. The clothes that were upon her were tattered and torn, and very filthy withal, and her whole appearance was that of extreme wretchedness. In her pitiable condition, she looked with distrust upon all around her, especially on me, apparently fearing lest I, too,

would abuse and disgrace her. My heart was deeply moved with her deplorable condition. I ordered that she be washed, her hair combed, and that suitable apparel be given her, including clean underclothes. My request having been complied with, I now saw her again. But how changed, how entirely different from what I



W. W. BLAIR.

saw her last. Her garments now were of spotless purity, her eye beamed with joy and delight, her fears and misgivings were entirely banished, and she expressed her unbounded gratitude to me, as her friend and benefactor, while she clasped her arms around my neck, and imprinted upon my cheek a multitude of kisses, with all the tender affection of a mother."

I said when I heard it, that the dream or vision was of the Lord, and that the woman was the church, her captors a corrupt ministry, her wild, ragged, dirty condition, represented her sinful, demoralized state, her distrust represents what is being said by many of the Saints in Europe and America, that is, that by and by Joseph will lead into the same corrupt doctrines and practices as Brigham Young, Strang, and others. The clothing in clean apparel, represents the redeeming of the Saints by righteousness, the balance is easily understood. How plain this points out Joseph's mission, and what *will* be done. . . .

From Gallands Grove we proceeded on to Bluff City, to Glenwood, and thence to Plum Hollow, eight miles north of Sidney. David,



DAVID H. SMITH.

Through whom the hymn was given.

Who for the past ten days had been sorely afflicted with a sore throat, now began to feel like himself. He "tuned his pipes," and with his brethren, and Bro. Elijah Gaylord's and Noah Green's families, who are sweet singers, sang the songs of Zion, many of them his own composition, till we all forgot the sorrowful world without, and felt that paradise was well nigh regained, and we were made to rejoice in the blessedness of our heavenly prospects, and present joys. May the Lord minister many such happy seasons to his Saints. From here we went to Manti, and here is a cluster of the "true vine." Our venerable Bro. Wheeler Baldwin, whose head is whitened by nearly eighty summers past, presides over this people with ability and discretion. . . .

At Manti we had a joyous time. In one of the evening prayer meetings Brother Joseph

spoke in prophecy, relative to the work the Lord had lately begun in that place; immediately upon this David arose in the congregation, and in the Spirit of the Lord, sang the two first verses of the following beautiful hymn, which he afterward wrote down:

Tune: "Fading Flowers."

"Let us shake off the coals from our garments,
And arise in the strength of the Lord;
Let us break off the yoke of our bondage,
And be free in the joy of the word;
For the pebble hath dropped in the water,
And the waves circle round with the shock;
Shall we anchor our bark in the center,
Or drift out and be wrecked on the rock?

"Let us waken our songs in the morning,
And let them at noontide resound;
The evening will find us rejoicing,
While the law in our hearts will be found;
For the Lord is remembering Zion,
And bringing her comfort once more;
Shall we anchor our bark in the center,
Or drift out and be wrecked on the shore.

"Thank the Lord for the plan he hath given,
That will render us pure as a child,

That will turn this cold earth into heaven,
 With his Spirit so holy and mild;
 And the hope of a portion in Zion,
 Shall cheer us till trials are o'er;
 Let us anchor our barks in the center
 And be safe from the rocks on the shore."

The congregation seemed spellbound; as with eagerness they listened to catch the heaven-inspired song, as it fell from his lips in all its richness and power. Every soul was thrilled, and every heart melted under the sweet, peaceful influences of the Holy Spirit, which attended and bore witness to the word. Our visit was, to all, I trust, a feast of fat things, the mention of which, in times long to come, will awaken many happy, joyous recollections.

On Monday, the 26th, Joseph, David and Brother Davis started for Nauvoo, (Alexander staying with me.) They returned with the blessings and prayers of the Saints, many of whom, at conference, saw for the first time, all the living sons of the martyred prophet.



MARY DESMOND.

BY AMATEUR.

Chapter 9.

REMORSE.

When love, unsheathed, has lost its poise,
 And face to face with crime it stands,
 The life endowed with hopes and joys,
 Breaks all the fetters of love's bands!

RETURNING consciousness brings back the dark picture to Mary's mind and hastily glancing around to see that none was present beside the two of them, she turned to Marie and said: "It is too awful to be true! It can not be true!"

"To what do you refer, my dear?" said Marie.

"Have you not read it? The terribleness of it! I feel as though I am guilty of it all."

Here the poor girl gave way to violent sobs.

"This will never do, Mary," said Marie. "You know we are expecting Mr. Vaughn this morning and the train will soon be due. So dry up your tears, there's a dear, and be prepared to meet him. But I must see what it is that has so distressed you. It must indeed be awful."

Turning to the headlines, which in this account had the names of both of the actors, Marie threw up her hands in horror, and turning to Mary said, "O, you poor, poor girl! No wonder that you feel as you do."

"Burn the paper, Marie! but no, that will not do, as Mr. Rhineheart will be certain to ask for it, and what excuse can we offer for its disappearance? Better clip the account out. That will be best. And yet what good will it do, for it will be in all the morning papers and everyone will know of it and my name be coupled with the whole matter! Oh, I wish I were dead!"