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Do Right and Fear Not.

BY E. R. S.

Let those who would be Saints indeed
Fear not what others do;
But each to each one's self take heed,
And righteousness pursue.

What though the storm-clouds gather dark?
Look up and trust in God:
To keep your eye upon the mark,
Hold fast the "iron rod."

Fear not the darkness of the night,
But move with careful tread
Till morning breaks and azure light
The canopy o'erspreads.

Sell not your birth-right for a mess
Of pottage, nor betray
Your holy covenants for a kiss:
'Tis now a proving day.

The wheat has clear'd the threshing floor—
The sieve is shaking now;
And when the sifting time is o'er,
Will glory wreath your brow.

And Zion's furnace, too, will burn,
That when the chaff shall fly,
The dross will be consum'd in turn,
The gold to purify.

In His own time God will remove
Whatever now offends;
When He chastises, 'tis in love,
To all who prove His friends.

Maintain the freedom you have won—
Virtue is liberty:
Take not the yoke of bondage on—
THE PURE IN HEART ARE FREE.

G. S. L. CITY, Sep. 17, 1858.

THE MAGIC OF WORDS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Peter Crandall was not an ill-natured, capricious, or fault-finding man, and yet the home of Peter Crandall was not a happy home. Very little sunshine streamed in across the threshold. Was it his wife's fault? A visitor, who saw her in her usual mood, might, if his conclusions were made from first impressions, lean to this opinion. She inclined to fretfulness and impatience; and often scolded the children when her husband could see little in them to blame.

The Crandalls were poor. Mr. Crandall was a mechanic, and earned only mechanic's wages. Mrs. Crandall was the mother of five children, the oldest of them thirteen years old; but their narrow income left nothing to spare for the hire of a domestic, so all the work fell upon her—she was toil-worn and toil-weary at the dying of each day; and the same, although not to an equal extent, might be said of her husband. He had more strength for his work, and therefore could endure greater fatigue. He had the advantage, too, which was a most important one—of freedom from causes of nervous excitement, and the inevitable exhaustion that followed. He labored on at one kind of work, uninterrupted all day long; while she was subject to perpetual and annoying interruptions, incident to her position of mother and housekeeper.

Between Peter Crandall and his wife there did not seem to exist much affection. They never spoke loving words, nor manifested, except on rare occasions, any pleasure at meeting, or any mutual interest. The little courtesies of life were something unknown in their cheerless dwelling. Rude, boisterous, quarrelsome, the children grew up, bringing discord into the house that was uncomfortable enough without that disagreeable inmate. The mother scolded and punished in anger; but saw no good result of her discipline. The father sometimes scolded in concert, but always felt an unpleasant sensation afterward, as if he had been doing something wrong.

And so the years went on, and the sunbeams came not across the threshold into their dwelling. Occasionally Mr. Crandall obtained a brief glance into some other homes, and as the pleasant vision passed, a sigh would disturb his bosom. Light and warmth were there.

Something was wrong in his own home; that he had felt for a great while—and he did not wholly blame his wife. But the exact location of the wrong he could never clearly perceive. In the beginning it was different. Then there was warmth in the heart and sunshine in the face of his wife. But it was in his memory, marked day after day as a dial records

the advancing shadow, how the brightness of her face diminished steadily, until all was eclipsed. Ah! if he had dreamed of the cause! But Mr. Crandall was not a man who looked inward upon his own life—not a man who considered his actions in their effect upon others. He was, moreover, a silent, undemonstrative man, rarely expressing his feelings. He gave few outward signs by which any one could read his heart. Here lay the origin of the trouble at home—the beginning of the eclipse that left his little world in almost total darkness, when it should have been broad noonday. It was enough for Mrs. Crandall, in the earlier years of their wedded life, to know that her husband loved her. Her heart asked for no more. She wanted loving looks and loving words also; and for lack of these, its green things withered, and its blossoms faded. Having told her in the beginning that he loved her; having afterwards married her in proof of his declaration; and having ever since worked daily for the sustaining of his home, and keeping her as far above want as it was possible for him to do, Mr. Crandall saw no reason why he should be all the time passing compliments. He couldn't do it. It wasn't in him. He would have felt ashamed of it as a weakness.

And so, almost from the beginning, he failed to give those little outward signs of affection—those pleasant tokens of kindness so grateful to all. When his wife said, as was often the case during the first year that succeeded their marriage, "Thank you, Peter," and smiled gratefully in return for some little act of kindness—or expressed pleasure when he came home from his work at evening, drawing her arm around his neck and kissing him—or told him how lonesome she felt all day, and what a light his coming brought into their little home, Peter Crandall felt a glow of pleasure in his heart. But it did not come within the range of his imagination—dull at best—to conceive that like words from him would be to the spirit of his wife like dew to the thirsty ground. And so he never expressed pleasure at meeting; but rather affected, from a kind of false pride, a certain coldness, as though it were a lack of manliness to act differently. No matter how many little attentions his wife might show him—no matter what she prepared for his return, nor with what dainty skill she cooked the evening or noonday meals, he never praised, and rarely gave even the meagre reward of expressed gratification. But if things went wrong—if the coffee was bad, or the bread sour, or the meat burnt in cooking, he was sure to speak out; and not always in over choice words.

As Mrs. Crandall began to fail in outward signs of affection, Peter perceived their withdrawal as the gradual failing of sunshine, when clouds gather over the sky in filmy veils that deepen into obscuring curtains. But the cause was to him a mystery. He felt as of old to his wife, and worked for her as cheerfully as in the beginning. The home feeling was as strong as ever; and, after withdrawing from the outer world, when the night-shadows fell, he had not the beginning of a desire to go abroad from his humble sanctuary shorn, as it was, of a chief attraction—the smiles, and loving tones, and words of his changing wife.

From this inauspicious beginning went on, steadily, the unhappy change. The coming of children, which, on their advent, was like the falling down upon them of sunbeams through suddenly rifted clouds, increased instead of diminishing the unpleasant aspect of things in the house of Peter Crandall. If the mother's heart had been cheerful and strong—if her husband had not shut out the light it needed to keep its green things unwithered and its flowers in bloom—this would not have been so. The cheerful spirit would have given life to the body—would have filled every nerve with vital force, and every muscle with strength for daily toil. But the children proved more a burden than a comfort. There was in their home, so little sunshine, that few green things flourished in their hearts; and the opening of a flower was of rare occurrence. But thorns to wound and weeds to offend were there, and hourly they seemed to gain a ranker growth.

How it was in the home of Peter Crandall will be clear to every one now. There are, around us, thousands and thousands of such homes, all the chambers of which are made dark and cheerless, for lack of the "small, sweet courtesies of life, so cheaply given, and so magical in their effect."

One day Peter Crandall was sent by his employers, to do some work in the house of a customer. This work happened to be in the family sitting room, in which were four children with their mother. The lady spoke to him politely when he came in; and the children treated him respectfully. He had been at work only a little while, when his attention was attracted by a request from the mother to one of the children to go up stairs and bring her some article she named. We say request; for this was the form of words uttered. The child went instantly.

"Thank you, dear," said the mother.

Crandall turned and looked at the child. Her countenance was tranquil and happy.

"Jane, I will take those scissors, if you please."

Crandall looked again. It was the mother who had spoken. One of the children was sitting on the floor, busily engaged in cutting out pictures. But she started up instantly and brought the scissors to her mother.

"Thank you, dear," was the mother's acknowledgment of the service, as in the former case.

"Will you want them long?" asked the child.

"No, dear, only a few minutes. Then you shall have them again."

The child stood patiently by her mother's side until the scissors were out of service, and then received them.

"Thank you," she said, as she took them from her mother's hand, and then danced back, singing, to her place on the floor, where the pictures lay.

All this struck Crandall as beautiful, and he sighed as the harsher image of his own home intruded itself. While yet at work, the husband and father came home. His presence was hailed with delight. Every child had something to show or tell him, and he entered into the feelings of each, praising their little achievements, and approving wherever there seemed a chance for words of approbation. It was the same towards his wife. She spoke of some direction she had given to Crandall.

"That was right," he answered, adding "how thoughtful you are."

A pleasant smile went over the wife's countenance.

"You forgot your pocket handkerchief this morning," said the latter, handing a white linen handkerchief to her husband.

"So I did. Thank you, dear." And he received the handkerchief with as polite acknowledgment in manner as in words.

Many other little instances of home courtesies were observed by Crandall, who left the house when his work was completed, with a new impression of life stamped upon his consciousness. The image of that pleasant home was fixed on his mind like a thing of beauty. He had dreamed, faintly, of such homes—or read of them in book; but the reality was now before him. The husband and father, whose presence had brightened that home, he knew in a general way as a thriving man of business, who came frequently to the establishment where he worked. His face wore generally, a grave aspect, a little sour, he had thought. He had not given him credit for much kindness of feeling; and was therefore the more impressed by what he had seen.

The sweet, musical way in which "Thank you, dear," had been said, reciprocally, by mother and children, many times, and on all occasions of services rendered, no matter how small, had found an echo in his mind, where it was continually repeated, until "Thank you, dear," as he mused at his work, came almost to his lips in vocal utterance.

When Crandall went home at nightfall, he was still dreaming over the picture in his mind and the words, "Thank you, dear," were still echoing there in a kind of low music. He was very much subdued in feelings, almost sad; and there was an air of languor about him as he came into the room where his wife was at work getting supper ready, that she observed as something unusual.

"Jane take your father's coat and hang it up," said Mrs. Crandall to her eldest daughter.

The girl obeyed, but there was no affection in her manner, and she moved in a listless sort of way, towards her father, and reached out her hand for his coat. Mr. Crandall gave her the garment, saying, "Thank you, dear."

The words were spontaneous, not of design; and spoken with a tender utterance. He was but repeating the tones that were still sounding in his memory.

What instant life seemed to quicken through the child's frame! She gave one glance of surprise into her father's face, and then stepped away with the coat like one well pleased to render a service.

Mr. Crandall was surprised at himself; and for an instant, half ashamed of what he had done, as if it were a weakness.

"Will you have a glass of water?" asked Jane, coming back to her father.

"If you please."

Mr. Crandall wondered at his own reply almost as much as his wife and children wondered. A cold, abrupt "yes" or "no" was his accustomed answer to nearly all questions.

With what light feet did Jane trip from the room. In a twinkling she was back with a cool glass of water for her father, who, as he received it from her hand, said, "Thank you."

To the child, all unaccustomed to such an acknowledgment for any service, these two little words were felt to be a sweet reward.

The father's altered manner and way of speaking was perceived by the children as well as by their mother; and, as if by magic, the whole sphere of their lives seemed changed.

"Shall I bring down your slippers?" asked Jane, returning to her father.

"Yes, that's a good girl," he answered, "my feet are aching in these heavy boots."

As Jane left the room with a springing step, Mr. Crandall commenced drawing off his boots. They were no sooner laid upon the floor, than two little fellows caught hold of them, each desirous of an approving word as a reward for service rendered their tired father.

"I'll put one in the closet, and John the other."

"What brave little men!" exclaimed Mr. Crandall, really pleased at heart, and manifesting his pleasure in the tones of his voice. "I'm a thousand times obliged to you."

Jane returned with the slippers in a few moments, and stooping down drew them upon her father's feet. When she rose up, with cheeks glowing, and eyes dancing in a new light, Mr. Crandall thought her face looked really beautiful.

"Thank you, dear." The words came now really from his heart.

Mrs. Crandall looked and listened, wonderingly, while a strange glow pervaded her bosom. What could be the meaning of all this?—In a quiet, pleased way, the children gathered around their father, one climbing upon his knee.

"What have you been doing all day, Jimmy?" asked Mr. Crandall of the child.

"Playing," was the simple answer.

"Have you been a good boy?"

"Not all the time," answered the child.

"I'm sorry; Jimmy must try and be a good boy all the time. What have you been playing?"

"Oh, everything. Horses and dogs, and turning up Jack, as mother says."

Mr. Crandall laughed out at the reply, saying:

"You turned up Jack mostly, I suppose?"

"Well, I guess I did."

Mr. Crandall laughed again. The spirit of good nature was transferred into every heart. Even Mrs. Crandall, usually in a fretted state of mind, felt its genial influence.

"Jimmy's been a right good boy to-day," said she, in an approving voice. "His turning up Jack hasn't amounted to much."

Mrs. Crandall was moving busily about all this time, preparing supper. Jane, who never willingly gave her mother any assistance, and who was rarely called upon because she grumbled whenever asked to do anything, now said, "Mother, can't I help you?"

"Yes, dear." That "dear" which had fallen so unexpectedly from the lips of her husband had been echoing in the mind of Mrs. Crandall ever since, and now it came into utterance quite as spontaneously as in the case of her husband. "Yes, dear, you may finish setting the table, while I dish up the supper."

Wondering almost as much at herself as at her husband, Mrs. Crandall, after seeing Jane move with a pleased alacrity about the table, went into the kitchen, and soon all was ready. Quite enough to satisfy that appetite had Mrs. Crandall prepared; but her thoughts turned upon something else—something that would give her the opportunity to ask him if she should not get it for his supper. "Yes, dear." How she was longing for the words uttered in the gentle, loving way they had a little while before been spoken—but for her ears alone. At last she turned from the fire, and going to the door of the room said very kindly:

"Shall I boil you a couple of fresh eggs for your supper, Peter?"

"Yes, dear, if you please."

How the wife's poor heart, which, for years had lain almost dead in her bosom, leaped with a joyous impulse! What a light flashed over her countenance, making it beautiful as of old, in the face of her husband. "Yes, dear, if you please." Not even in the voice of Grisi or Lind would her ears have found such sweet music.

At the supper table Peter Crandall praised the coffee and the fried potatoes, and said the eggs were just what he wanted. Mrs. Crandall looked happy, and was happy. With the vanishing of their father's usual silence, and their mother's sour looks and fretful tones, the children's spirits, changing like the chameleon, and taking the hue of things around them, rose into new, better and happier states. Contentment ceased; and there was something like an emulation of kind offices among them, instead of a selfish grasping of whatever the heart desired.

Suddenly the eyes of Mr. Crandall opened. Even while he was wondering at the magical change, produced by a few kind words, a full revelation of the truth came to his mind. A new leaf in the book of his life was turned.

Though turned once in the right direction, Peter Crandall pondered this new fact in his inner life history—the magic of kind words—and going back to the very beginning, reviewed his own conduct towards his wife and in his family, almost day by day, up to the evening when by the power of almost a single word, the whole scene changed, and quite as suddenly as we see it, sometimes, in a pantomime. He saw his error—saw and felt how unjust he