

[For the Deseret News.]

THE PRODIGAL.

He went with the step of the fearless forth,
He turned from the light that shone
On the bright, warm hearth of his boyhood's home,
To walk in his pride alone.
The song was hushed on his sister's lip,
And his brother's voice was low;
But he loosed the arms of his clinging love,
And turned in his pride to go.

"Away! there is peace in the dear home hall,
Such quiet and holy rest,
But oh, for a strife with the storms of life,
A bark on the wild wave's breast!"
Away! he hath taken each soft warm hand—
Bright tears on his bowed head fell—
And now for a look at the old play haunts,
And the half choked word "farewell."

In the lighted hall of mirth,
Mid the revelry to-night;
With a lip so proudly formed,
And an eye so strangely bright;
Stands the master of the feast,
And the wine cup's purple dye,
Flashes o'er the jeweled hand,
That is holding it so high.

"Drink! drink! for the wine is strong,
And the heart of man is weak;
It will send each coward pulse
Warm and glowing to the cheek."
Alas, when the dregs alone,
Of that sparkling cup remain!
Alas! for the slave of wine,
And the lip strong waters stain.

For the lowest haunt of vice,
Where the wretched meet, to cling
To the serpent that hath crushed
Out their manhood with its sting;
Bows a form in squalid rags,
That the meanest might despise;
With the tremor haunted frame,
And the fever-lighted eyes.

And—"Oh whither shall I go?"
That last, wild, despairing cry;
Wakes an echo in his soul
That can never, never die.
"It would be so sweet to hear
Once again my mother speak,
And my sister's pure, sweet lip,
Would it shudder from my cheek?"

"Are the early flowers as bright,
As they were in days of yore?
When my spirit stole the robes
That the morning sunbeams wore.
It would be so sweet to look
Once again upon them all,
Ere they fold my weary heart
In the shadows of the pall."

Home—home! with the bowed and the chastened
To his boyhood's home again; [heart,
With his wasted form and its load of guilt,
And memories dark with pain.
Joy, joy! he hath knelt, and his father's hand
Hath trembled upon his hair;
And the deep, wild joy, of his mother's soul,
Is breathed in her sobbing prayer.
But oh, alas! for the bitterest drop,
Still left in the cup of woe;
Alas! for memories that remain,
And the pain that will not go;
And, alas! for his spirit-eyes
So dark with their blinding tears;
Looked wearily back to the past, and wept
Over his wasted years.

S. E. CARMICHAEL.

A Confessional Prayer for the Preservation of the American States.

Many forms of confessions and intercessions have been prepared within the last three or four months to suit the religious predilections of the various sects of Christians in the different sections of the disrupted North American States, but we have seen none containing more truth, nor confessing more heinous national sins than the following, by the Rev. Dr. W. A. Scott, of San Francisco. It occurs to us, however, that it is a little too late for the times:

Almighty God, the only Lord of the Universe, we know that Thou rulest in the heavens and over the whole earth. Thou art the ever blessed Creator of heaven and earth, and all that in them is. Thou hast prepared Thy throne in the heavens; Thy kingdom ruleth over all. Promotion cometh neither from the East nor from the West, neither from the North nor from the South. But God is Judge: He putteth down one, and setteth up another. Thou, O Lord, givest kings and rulers, and Thou takest them away; now in mercy, and now in wrath. Thou art the only living and true God, plenteous in mercy and blessed forevermore. The nations of the earth are as nothing in Thy sight. We and all the peoples of the world are in thy hands, as clay is in the hands of the potter. Thou hast an undisputed sovereignty over us. But there is forgiveness with Thee, that Thou mayest be feared.

We, therefore, Thy unworthy servants, do humbly submit ourselves to Thee as our God and the Supreme Ruler over all things. We adore Thee as the God of our Fathers. We pray to Thee as our God and the God of our children in covenant forever. We bless Thee for all Thy goodness hitherto vouchsafed to us as a people; for Thy blessing upon our fathers whom Thou didst bring to this continent

and protect in our national infancy. We praise Thy great name for all the favors Thou didst bestow upon them. We praise Thee for their courage and heroism in suffering and in battle, for their wisdom and prudence in counsel and for their patriotism and piety. We bless Thee that Thou hast hitherto gone forth with our bannered hosts and led our fleets, and covered them with Thy shield in the day of peril.

And now, O Lord God, Thou art still our God, though we have sinned—have greatly sinned against Thee. We are altogether unworthy of Thy great goodness. It is by Thine unmerited mercy that we are not already consumed. To Thy name be all the praise and all the glory. Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thy name be the praise for all that our fathers have done that was noble and excellent. It is by Thy right hand we have been exalted to the very spire and pinnacle of glory. We have not deserved even the crumbs that fall from our tables. We have done wickedly in Thy sight. We have transgressed Thy holy laws. We have not deserved even the crumbs that fall from our tables. We have done wickedly in Thy sight. We have transgressed Thy holy laws. We have, like Cain, hated our brother. And in very many ways we have gone astray. Nor is there any help or soundness in ourselves. Our wise men are weak. We have offered sacrifices where Thou requirest obedience. We have neglected plain duties in trying to be wise above what is written. We have undertaken to lead rather than follow Thy providence. We have run before we were sent. We have made ourselves a proverb in the earth by reason of our pride and vanity, self-conceit, and boastings of great things. We have glorified our fathers and glorified ourselves, and have forgotten Thee. Alas! O Lord God, our fine gold is dim. We are a rebellious people.

But, O, do Thou have mercy upon us. Cast us not clean out of Thy sight. For Thy great name's sake; for Thy Church's sake, have mercy upon us. Forgive our sins. Blot out all our transgressions, through the merits of Thy beloved Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. Restore unto us, we beseech Thee, the light of Thy countenance. May righteousness and peace be the ornaments of our times. Bless all that are in authority in all these American States. Endow our Representatives with knowledge and our Senators with wisdom. Preside over both Houses of Congress, and in all Conventions, Committees and Assemblies of the people or of their representatives; overrule all the goings forth of our fleets and armies for Thy glory in the peace and prosperity of these great American States. Sit Thou at the right hand of our Governors and of the President and Vice President. Bless the Heads of Departments and our army and navy. Raise up able men, wise men and prudent men who may discern the signs of the times, and have wisdom and courage to do all those things which shall make for peace. May all our rulers be men after Thy own heart.

Drive away the threatening clouds of war. Restore brotherly love between the people of all our States. O Lord God of our fathers, look down in great mercy upon our beloved country, and save us from all insurrections, animosities and blood-shedding. Deal not with us after our sins, nor reward us according to our iniquities. But stay the progress of discord, and let mercy triumph over judgment. We acknowledge that we deserve to be blotted out from among the nations of the earth for our many sins. We acknowledge that Thou orderest the destinies of nations no less than of individuals, and that we deserve nothing but rebuke from Thee, but O Lord God of our fathers and the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy upon us now in this our day of shame and peril. And for the sake of Thy people and of Thine Holy Church, be pleased to grant us true repentance for all our sins. Be pleased, O Lord, so to overrule all things, that all sections of our country may be restored to peace, and that in union and love we may all again be bound together as well in affection as in interest. And grant to preserve our institutions in their purity and vigor to the latest ages. Do Thou so overrule all our national affairs as to promote the kingdom of Thy dear Son, throughout all our country, and establish Thy kingdom of righteousness, joy and peace in the Holy Ghost in all the earth as it is in heaven, for Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory for ever and ever. Amen.

The Temperance War.

The following amusing announcement has been published in a paper devoted to the advocacy of the Maine liquor law in England:

More volunteers wanted for the Belhaven and Westbarns Total Abstinence and Main Law Royal Artillery, to assist in carrying on the siege and destroying the city and fortress of Se-drunkopol, situated on the shores of the Black Sea of Intemperance, in which 60,000 of Her Majesty's subjects die every year, through the cruel treatment inflicted on them by the Czar of all the Alcoholians. The fort of Se-drunkopol has hitherto been considered impregnable. It is at present commanded by the following generals: The Grand Duke Brandy-off, Prince Rumin-off, Generals Whisky-off, Porter-off, and Beer-off. It is proposed to bombard Fort St. Moderation with shell and red hot shot. Fort Drunkard-Maker is to be stormed and carried at the point of the Maine Law bayonet. The storming party will be led by General Patriotism and General Progress.

The Spinning Jenny.

Hargreaves was not an Apollo, but short and broad, and more like a Dutch skipper than the god of the silver bow; neither were his curls like Jupiter's "ambrosial," and all that, but short, thick, black, stubborn. So not much headway have we made yet in finding a hero for our poetry, but we will not give up yet. One night—perhaps it was 1764 and perhaps later—James Hargreaves went down to an inn called the "Pack horse," for a little ale with a friend. Now there was a girl there—James was married already, so there is no poetry here—a girl named Charlotte Marsden, who was a spinner, and almost always at the wheel. There chanced to be at the "Horse" that night, a gay young Manchester chap, delighting in the flowery name of Harry Garland—have we found our hero do you think?—and now, to go on by the book. "Harry had seated himself beside Charlotte Marsden, where she was spinning at the further end of the kitchen." Some who knew the lofty spirit of Charlotte, offered to wager with Garland that he could not kiss her. The forward youth attempted the rash act without hesitation, upon which she called him an impudent moth, and rising indignantly overturned her spinning wheel. It fell backward. The spindle, which before had been horizontal, the point towards the maiden's left hand, stood upright.

The wheel, which had been upright, and turned by her right hand, (its band turned the spindle) was now horizontal. It continued to revolve in that position and to turn the spindle. In a moment, a thought—an inspiration of thought—fixed the eyes of Hargreaves upon it, while Garland pursued the inglorious Charlotte out of the apartment. The company followed urged him to the renewal of his rudeness, which the more he tried to succeed, the more he seemed to be baffled and humiliated. In their absence, James Hargreaves turned the wheel with his right hand, it still lying as it fell, and drawing the roving of the cotton with his left, saw that the spindle made as good a thread standing vertically as it had done horizontally. "Then why," aspiration of thought suggested, "should not many spindles, all standing upright, be moved by a band crossing them from the wheel, like this single spindle, each with a bobbin on it, and a roving of cotton attached, and something like the finger and thumb which now takes hold of the one roving, to lay hold of them all, and draw them backward from the spindle into attenuated threads? Why should not many spindles be moved, and threads be spun, by the same wheel and band which now spin one?"

Hearing the company return, James Hargreaves lifted the wheel to its feet, placed the roving in its right place, and said: "Sit thee down, Charlotte; let me see thee spin; who can tell what may come of this?" Then after a pause and a reflection that he should retain his ideas as secrets of his own at present, he continued:

"Thou may be his wife; more unlikely things have happened; it will be a fine thing to be lady of all old Bill Garland will leave some day."

"Wife, indeed!" interjected the vexed maiden; "the moth! Wife, indeed! Who would be a wife to it?"

"Well," said James, "be that as it may; but I maun go whoam; my wife thinks whoam the best place for me, and I think so myself."

So Hargreaves went home, and a neighbor's boy going by, two or three hours later, observed a light in the window. They were plain people thereaway, and a little inquisitive, though not Yankees, and so the boy crept up to the window and looked in. There stood our James Hargreaves, the weaver motionless.

Suddenly he dropped on his knees, and rolled on the floor, at full length. He lay with his face towards the floor, and made lines and circles thereupon with the end of a burnt stick. He took hold of a bristly hair with one hand, and rubbed his forehead and nose with the other and the blackened stick. Then he sat upon the chair, and placed his head between his hands, his elbows on his knees, and gazed intently on the floor. Then he sprang to his feet, and replied to some feeble question of his wife, (who had not risen since the day she gave birth to a little stranger) by a loud assurance that he had it; and taking her in his sturdy arms, he lifted her out, and held her over the black drawing on the floor. These he explained, and she joined in a small, happy, hopeful laugh, with his high toned assurance that she should never again "play," and his loom stand for want of weft. She asked some questions, which he answered, after seating her in her arm-chair, by laying her spinning wheel on its back, the horizontal spindle standing vertically, while he made the wheel revolve, and drew a roving of cotton from the spindle into an attenuated thread.

"Our fortune is made when that is made," he said, speaking of the drawing on the floor.

"What will you call it?" asked his wife.

"Call it? Why, we can call it after thyself, Jenny. They called thee 'Spinning Jenny' afore I had thee, because thou beat every lass in Stone Moor at the wheel. What if we call it 'Spinning Jenny'?"

And so the Spinning Jenny—Spinning Jenny the second—was born and named that night; and wrapped up in the poetry.—[Chicago Journal.]

—Judge Low, of the Land Court, St. Louis, has decided that a paper, published in the interest of a religious sect, is not a newspaper, and that legal notices published in such journals are null and void.

The Tomb of Rachel.

The valley or rather the dry plain of Rephidim, stretches for miles without offering any other shelter to the sunburned traveler than a modest and simple Turkish coffee-house, where the Arabs of the desert sometimes assemble, but which the pilgrim takes care to avoid. A little further on are the ruins of the village of Rama, whose site nothing but a few broken fragments of walls and heaps of stones are left to indicate. In this plain and near the deserted village is the tomb of Rachel. It is one of those spots where the inanimate objects around seem to attest most forcibly the truth of the traditions which hallow them. All around is solitude; there is not even a palm or a cypress to be seen; not a single tree covers with its shade the simple mausoleum where repose the ashes of the mother of Israel; and yet this spot awakens more associations, excites more interest than the most costly monuments on which the luxury of the arts is squandered. The traveler passes carelessly by the tombs of Zachariah and Absalom in the valley of Jehosephat, he hardly looks at the sepulchre of the kings in the plain of Jeremiah, but at the sight of the tomb of Rachel, fancy carries him back to the cradle of the nations of the East, and recalls to him the power of the beauty which softened her lover's long term of servitude and exile, and he blesses the memory of that tender and faithful companion whose affections so often soothed the manifold cares and sorrows of the patriarch.

The Turks have decorated with much splendor the burial places of most of the personages of the Old Testament. A mosque rises over the tombs of David and Solomon. Another vast antique temple covers the grotto of Macphelah at Hebron, and the neighborhood is wholly inviolable ground. The grotto, whose gloomy entrance is alone perceptible, is in the center of the building, into which none but true believers are admitted. Within the last two hundred years, but two Europeans are known to have succeeded in obtaining entrance, by corrupting the guards, and that not without running the greatest danger. The last was an Italian Count, who, by means of large bribes, obtained permission to enter the mosque.

The valley wherein is situated the Hebron of the ancients, is often traveled by pilgrims and travelers, but the penalty of death denounced against every Christian who shall dare to enter the mosque, is sufficient to repress the curiosity the fame of the place excites. The grotto, we are told by the Turks, is spacious, cut out of solid rock, and the burial places of the ancient patriarchs are yet visible in it.

But the tribute of reverence paid by the followers of Mahomet to the tomb of Rachel produces a far deeper impression than the sight of marble pillars or costly ceilings.—Their eager desire to be buried near her remains is especially remarkable. The environs of her humble mausoleum are covered with Mussulman tombs. It is not merely for her greatness, purity or sanctity that the Turks honor Rachel, but rather for her domestic virtues. She was a devoted wife, a tender parent, the mother of a warlike people—such are her titles to the respect of the Mahometans.

Should a Jew appear while a funeral procession was slowly crossing the plain of Rephidim, moving toward the sepulcher, bearing the remains of some beloved object to rest in this hallowed place, he would be driven away with blows and curses by the very worshippers that are kneeling reverently by the tomb of one of his ancestors, so fallen is that unhappy people, who cannot even approach the places filled with the renown of their former greatness.

"OLD PUT" FRIGHTENED.—It is generally supposed that Israel Putnam, of Revolutionary memory, was a pretty brave man. The stories that have been related of him about his descent into the wolf's den, of his escape from the British down the stone stairs at Horseneck, and his duel with the British officer, sitting upon a keg of onion seed, which was supposed to be powder, are well remembered. A correspondent of the Norwick Courier, however, says that "Old Put," brave as he was, got thoroughly frightened once in his life. It was in this wise:

"It is very generally known that a rattlesnake that has been recently killed, and without disparting any part, will, on being lifted by the tail, record in such manner as to strike its head against the hand. When Putnam was alive and lived in Pomfret, some one caught a rattlesnake, and gave an opportunity to all that came up to test their courage, but none stood the test on first trial, as they saw the head slowly rising, and before it touched the hand, they were sure to let it drop quick. Soon Putnam was seen to approach, and every one thought that he would not flinch, as his courage was well known. Being invited to try it, after suspiciously eyeing the reptile, he took hold and raised it steadily, slowly, but no sooner had its weight fairly left the ground than up came the head and down dropped the snake! A little discomfited by the laughter which followed the natural impulse that forced him to quit his hold, he again seized the tail, and held on till its head simply touched his hand, when he dropped it again, like a red hot iron, amidst the loud guffaws of the spectators. Probably his courage never had a severer test than it had on that occasion. Such is the story current among the old men of Pomfret and the adjoining towns."