

# THE EVENING NEWS.

Saturday, June 18, 1875.

## Original Poetry.

### LINES.

ADMITTED TO A DEAR COVEN IN ENGLAND.  
This glorious Sabbath morning calmly down—  
The sunlight gives to earth a happy look;  
The dewdrops sparkle on the fresh, green leaves  
Like blades of grass and tiny rings of pearl;  
The rosebud has her loveliest dress put on  
As if in honor of this halo'd day;  
The busy break that runs before our gate,  
Breaks the breathless hours of thankfulness and peace;  
And here the lambs obey, bright and gay;  
Sing out their gladness, pure and wild and sweet;  
All nature smiles and thronging beings send  
A thrill of joy and gratitude just now—  
Of joy and gratitude that I am here;  
With love for Him who hath ordained it so.  
Here in my quiet, humble Utah home,  
I found new friends and new affections formed;  
A heart—eyes, hearts that beat in unison;  
And kindly gave me place I share their joys  
And for their sorrows weeped; or had grantees;  
We are in joy and sorrow, in health and sickness;  
Blessed we are like unto the gates of God;  
But trials come in as to all flesh;  
To us it was that home for which we live;  
For, though our present home is very good,  
And though we much delight to call it home,  
We live each day, or humbly strive to live,  
For more exalted, higher, nobler, better still;  
If there could only see as I have seen,  
Believe as I believe, as I have been.

Soon would the ocean, brevity, be crow'd by thee,  
And thou wouldst soon enjoy the moments I live,  
And deem't to be a saint and here;  
But I'm content, believing no sin.  
There's scarcely anything would give a charm  
To share thy young and ardent nature here;  
For life so changed from all we find it there,  
Could be sweet without some purpose high,  
Some short, released than more worthy gain.  
Here, every day, the beginner's born  
And every eve the loving heart brings in;  
And as each time more young and robust boys  
And cheerful, chattering, rosy girls are seen,  
With cups and buckets hurrying to the yards  
(who did you think I am? I am one of them).  
And each day one sees many the rest  
The act of taking charge I'm learning too,  
And how to cook, and many other things;  
One change, however, is better now with ease  
You see, my sense of art is wholly changed;  
And yet, though happy and contented here,  
My heart still yearns to thee and other friends,  
And dear old England, my native home!  
Yet never to return, nor far from thine;  
I would not change these rural marts and scenes  
For all the wealth of civilization;  
It is not splendor, wealth or worldly fame  
That satisfies, perchance with earthly joys,  
Than the simple, peaceful, quiet scene where  
I have often sat around the fire,  
And that its boundaries my guardian seem,  
And constantly draws near to bless me still;  
Though there are many hardships to endure,  
And many crosses in my way of life  
To feel the hope of happiness sure;

When I have fully earned that great reward:  
To serve my God with all my might and mind  
And dwell among the Saints of latter-days,  
Is all I ask and all my heart desire.

Yours ever truly, the beginner's born  
In behalf of Mrs. S. P. G.

### SUBSTITUTION.

[CONTINUED.]  
It must have been the law of contraries that made Charlotte Astley give up her whole heart and soul to this young man, and threw her being into him with an intense devotion which was but faintly returned by his more subtle nature. He was called, handsomely by superficial observers; but those of more penetration saw in the translucent lines of his mouth a want of firm purpose and energy—an inability which a close examination was sure to justify. He was gay and pleasure-loving, and had no law but the impulse of the moment; but his disposition was kind and his manner commanding, and the vivid imagination of his lady-love glorified all defects, and superimposed his good qualities with those of her own deepest and most tender nature. So we cannot wonder at her if, as she made her overestimate, she felt that she was almost dangerous, if not actually dangerous.

She had been somewhat afraid of the effects of the news of her engagement on her grandfather, whom ill-health had made rather morbid and despondent. It had been a matter of serious consideration with her what she should do if he died while his son was away, which she felt to be impossible, for the Redmond blood had quantum suff., of iron in it, and her mother's own marriage had been made in defiance of his wishes. With her customary good sense and strength of principle, Charlotte laid her plans beforehand,

"I don't think there is much danger."

"Happy confidence!" thought her lover's constancy, "however, was not brought to the top, for the current ran smoothly enough. Charlotte, who had a genius for thinking, chose the moment when she knew her grandfather's opinion was to her, to open the important secret to him."

It was just after breakfast, and before they had left the sunny dining-room, with its great bay-window looking toward the south, filled with green-house plants in luxuriant growth. The fragrant aroma of Mysore was still floating through the room, and mingled most agreeably with the perfume of geraniums and monthly roses, heliotrope, and the various magnolias.

Then Charlotte set his grandfather just at the angle where he would have the sunlight over his shoulders and the blaze of the fire at his feet; brought him one of his very best Havanas and a taper, and finally, when he reached out his hand for the morning paper, which generally formed her crowning attraction, she put it playfully behind his back, and then, without saying a word, she said, "I have something a great deal more important to tell you."

Kneeling on a footstool beside him, and laying her head on his shoulder, she told him how little—ever—her soft, warm hand stung meanwhile the whitened one she held, and pleading eloquently as her tongue did, for his permission to do as she would.

"I suppose it would have to come sometime or other, Charlotte," said he, sighing; "but I didn't think it would be soon." And he looked particularly dismal and disconsolate.

"But it hasn't come all at once, Papa," said she, laughing, and calling him by the pet-name she knew best—like best, "and it didn't come for a great, great while. It's in the same kind of way that I feel about the sun; it affects you, and what harm will it do for me to love Mr. Clark and like to have him come better than any one else, and have something pleasant to think about all the time? He shall be your son if you want him, and it will be so much nicer than having only one child to plague you. We shall keep each other in order. Don't you see, finally, but he must not see very plainly, but he does not notice it. Perhaps he felt how well he had been in his previous experience; perhaps as he grew older his self-will lost something of its original strength, and he discovered that others had a right to themselves."

Events, the engagement was acknowledged, and Randolph was received at the house on the footing of an accepted lover.

To be continued.

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