

Woman.

Proud man may climb ambition's height
And seek to win the meed of fame;
Yes, he may feel his heart beat light
When glory beams around his name;
But not for these does woman seek,
Far humbler her ambition's show;
At home she reigns a sovereign meek—
A woman lives for love alone.

Still in her daily duty moves,
With thoughtful brow and steadfast mind;
She proves her faith in him she loves,
By gentle smiles and accents kind;
The praise of one dear voice alone
Is all she claims— withhold it not,
Oh, ye to whom her heart hath flown,
For 'tis the sun that lights her lot.

If cold neglect or anger strange
Should prove her portion, yet the ray
Of her pure love will never change,
Tho' hope and health, and bliss decay;
By patient smiles and kinder tone
The trait gently she recalls,
Or if perchance reproach is shown
'Tis in the tear that silent falls.

Woman hath faults and weakness too,
But stronger man, oh! blame them not;
Believe me, her affection true
Thro' changeable life shall cheer thy lot.
Home-ties, home love, let none disdain;
More dear than wealth or fame could prove,
They o'er the heart triumphant reign,
And all are blest in woman's love.

[From Godley's Lady's Book.]

Snow-Flakes.

BY MRS. MARY E. NEALY.

It is a day such as one seldom sees in a whole lifetime; and on such a day I love to gather up the broken links of the past, and, holding them up in the broad mirror of experience, commune with my inner life, and ask my soul if I myself have not helped to strain apart some chords which have well-nigh rent my very heart-strings ere they broke forever. Such retrospection is useless, I know, and yet, on such a day as this, I cannot help it. I even take pleasure in stirring up from the depths of my heart every incident, however trivial, which, in a lifelong craving for sympathy, has stirred its hidden waves.

These are few, and far too trifling to attract the notice of any who live only an outer life in this busy, bustling world. A simple word of kindness, in my childhood's days, which the pure instincts of a child felt, came from the heart—even the 'God bless you' of an old negro who I knew did wish God to bless me; and, in later years, when contact with the world rendered sympathy so very dear when I saw so little that was really pure and good, the most trifling token of sympathy from a mind I esteemed, and a soul I knew understood me, became a memory and a 'joy forever' to my heart. A half hour's conversation, or even an approving glance from a soul-lit eye, is treasured up forever.

But already I have digressed. I am watching the snow-flakes as they float like sinless spirits through the air, and sink to earth at last; and they seem to me like the pure ones of this world. Some float waveringly about as if searching for kindred spirits to shield and support them in their brief life-journey; some come straight down, as the pure bud of infancy not yet unfolded falls quicker to earth than the expanded form of the mature rose, and are not so easily attracted by surrounding objects from a straight path.

Yet each and all of them must fall, and their starry forms melt into nothingness to our eyes.— Even so must the dearest ties of earth melt away, one by one, from our hearts. And happy for us if we ourselves are taken ere the last link be severed. Alone! Oh, my Father, let me never be left all alone! My path has been lonely in its early morning—grant that its noon and evening be not so, else that it have no noon, no evening!

Snow-flakes! How many can I call to mind now with that pure, deep pleasure of the heart which is the chief delight of memory! I remember, when very young, sitting by a window where lay a 'little white pillow' of the feathery-looking stars, and wondering if God had formed them in such beautiful shape just for his own pleasure, or because he could not make anything that was not beautiful. I noticed the perfect regularity of those tiny forms, and wondered I had never heard any one speak of them.

How very beautiful they were! Some like the little snowdrop flower itself, some like the 'single white rose, some like the daisy, some like the stars above us—all circular and all different. And I wondered why God has shaped them in so many different forms of beauty, and I had never heard their praise.

And the frost upon the window-pane. This is not a snow-flake, but it is very near one. I have watched the varied forms there for hours at a time, always, of course, when no one noticed me; for how could I bear the laugh of derision for being so 'simple' and 'foolish,' spending 'so much time looking at nothing but the frost?' Whenever I was caught at such 'foolishness,' down came all my fairy castles and palaces, my tall cliffs crowned with majestic pines, my little brooks fringed by the feathery ferns, and a thousand other beautiful visions which had arisen before me on those frost-od panes.

Why is it that every germ of poetry is thus crushed and trampled upon the moment it appears in a child's nature? Can any reflecting person, even though it be a child, notice the different forms of creation, and ask why they are so beautiful, without being brought, as it were, right before the Author of all this beauty?

Is it not a far better and more pleasing mode of

teaching our children of the power, the wisdom, and the goodness of God, than all the dry book-lore in the world? Why, then, not encourage them to look with a curious and inquisitive eye on the leaves of the forest, the flowers of the field, the snow and the frost, the dark cloud that foretells the thunderstorm, the rainbow that follows so glorious after it, and all, both the simplest and grandest of nature's beauties, and impress them, in this manner, with the majesty and beneficence of their Creator?

I always think of God when looking at the snow, particularly when it spreads in a broad, white sheet all over the earth as far as the eye can reach, like the pure mantle of white thrown round the form of some fair nun, a symbol of the blameless life she has vowed to live. Alas, the white robe of snow soon melts beneath the sunbeams, even as the fair mantle of innocence is too often sullied by the scorching breath of slander!

I remember, in my earliest schooldays, I used often to lie down and leave a print of my form in a pure, white bed of snow. I knew nothing then of the graceful costume of ancient Greece, nor of the beauties of statuary. I remember those snow-prints now, with the minutest folds showing with such grace and beauty, as resembling both. Then I only knew my form looked far prettier in the snow than did the original.

I never liked snow-balling. I was not so boisterous as some young girls are. But I was in my element when near an orchard or wood, and one of those light, adhesive snows would fall, covering the myriad boughs with an apparent covering of swan's-down, yet with weight sufficient to bend them downward with the utmost grace and beauty. This sight always seemed enchantment itself to me. I 'stayed all night' with a neighbor, once, and just such a snow as this fell before morning.

Next day, our neighbor took me home. I was sorry the road was so short, for I was a fairy princess, in imagination, as we rode along, spirited away by a prince of the blood of the kingdom of Elf-land. The fairies soon discovered my flight, and started some of their highest officials to intercept my flight; but the snow on the earth was so deep they could not wade through it for their lives, and the snow from their once favorite tress fell upon and blinded them, so that they were obliged to retreat as quickly as possible.

'Aha!' thought I, 'right thankful I feel to this beautiful snow, for now I can remain with my prince forever.' Just then a dog barked. I raised my head; we were out of the fairy wood, with its millions of snow-wreaths. Just before us stood an old brown house, and I never again saw my sister fairies or my Elf-in prince, except, maybe, in a dream. But perhaps you will insinuate that I dreamed then. Well, be it as you will.

Another remembrance; but
'A change has come o'er the spirit of my dream.'

* * * * *
'The days of youth are fled,
And my woman's heart should be wed'

to romance no more. But nature can never be entirely conquered. That was a glorious winter, the winter of 1850. And many a time during that winter did I find myself gazing on the frosty window-pane, as of yore, and yet not as of yore; for I was a woman now, and not so much afraid of being caught. Again my castle walls, with the gallant chivalry and their 'lady-loves,' my forests and streams, arose before me; but it was not of the frost I meant this time to be.

Did you ever rise in the winter and see 'he sun gilding with his beams the ice-covered branches of a forest?—more beautiful than the most brilliant gas-light on earth's brightest jewels, and looking as if God had decked those countless sprays in diamonds to atone for the loss of their many-colored autumn leaves. Well, that winter I was greeted by a sight like this every morning for a week at a time, and it always seemed new. I could look for some distance up the course of a small stream, near our home, which was seldom frozen.

Its clear, dimpling waves while it seemed as if the order of nature had indeed been reversed, and that, swallowing up the green garniture of summer, the earth had thrown out, instead, upon the trees thus robbed, all her brightest jewels to atone for the theft. Every rose and lilac-bush, even the dry blades of grass, were decorated thus profusely. And then I could enjoy it in all its fullness, with none to sneer at or chide my 'foolishness.' Oh, that was indeed a bright and beautiful winter! one that will ever loom up a bright spot in memory's waste.

A few years have fled since then, and brought some changes. The dark wing of death has swept, in the interval, over our home, taking the brightest link from our household band, and leaving a void which will only be filled in 'the beautiful above.' And now, to-day (the day the Savior of the world came down), I sit at my window, and watch the snow-flakes, and think of the past, till my heart swells with its memories, and my eyes fill to overflowing, thinking over joys that will never come again, yet thankful, oh, how thankful, for what remains!

This is my wedding-day. Thirteen years ago—how long it seems, and yet how short! Long enough to dispel all the dreams of romance, if they could be dispelled, for I know that in some natures they will last as long as life itself; and yet short when a lifetime is measured by it. Thirteen years ago, this blessed Christmas, I, a very young, very inexperienced, but not a very giddy nor thoughtless girl, entered upon life in earnest.

And have my dreams been realized? Not all, of course, for whose have been? And yet, taken as a whole, more than realized. I am far better satisfied with life now than I then was; and therefore I am thankful. Should I not be so? And to-day, as I watch the flakes falling, and hear my children, especially my little pet, Ada, prattling around me, just as she used to who is gone, long ago, to 'the far-off silent land,' I look on the past

with resignation, even with thankfulness, and to the unknown future, with a hope so strong that it amounts to faith, that blessings will still be scattered at intervals over my path, until, my brief journey past, I shall drop, like those pure white flakes, calmly and peacefully, though not so stainless, into my grave; and afterwards, even as the snow, be drawn up to

'Yon blue home
Within the Savior's fold,'

and there, surrounded by those I love, will never know sorrow, nor death, nor parting again.

[From the Mormon.]

Europe.

42 ISLINGTON, LIVERPOOL, }
Nov. 26, 1856. }

PRES. JOHN TAYLOR—Dear Brother:—In accordance with my promise when I had the pleasure of seeing you in New York on our route to England, I take up my pen to communicate with you.

I arrived at Liverpool, in company with President Pratt and the missionaries that left with us destined for Europe, on the 13th of July, all well. We were very kindly welcomed to these shores by President F. D. Richards and the brethren laboring with him in the office. Since my arrival in England I have traveled and preached through many of the Conferences in England and Wales. The Saints generally speaking are doing their utmost to spread the truth and to live their religion. At present there are not a great many coming into the Church; but anticipate great good will result in the in-gathering of many honest hearted souls, as soon as President Pratt's gigantic measures for circulating the printed Word among the people composing the British nation are permanently set in order throughout the various Conferences.

In some Branches of the Church the spirit of apostasy is more or less felt; and those who do not live in the light of the Holy Spirit leave and become miserable. In Manchester they are having lively times, and have had for some three months past, in consequence of some apostate spirits that have come out publicly and lectured against the doctrines of the Church and the characters of individuals that have labored faithfully in the ministry in these lands. The principal actor among these apostates is a man by the name of Hawthornthwaite, formerly an Elder in the Church, but who, I am informed, has been disaffected for some time past.

At the suggestion of President Pratt, Bro. Little and myself spent last Sunday at Manchester. Lectures were announced by placards to be delivered; but in consequence of the mob that had collected for the purpose of breaking up our meetings, we had but little chance of informing the people on the principles of our holy religion.— Many intelligent persons were disgusted with the proceedings of the mob that compose an anti-Mormon society recently established in Manchester; in fact some of their own clan expressed their feelings of shame at the conduct of their associates. In the evening several respectable men called at our lodgings and inquired the cause of the excitement that prevailed at the meetings, and also wished to be enlightened upon the doctrines of the Church and our location in the west. In conjunction with br. Little, I answered their enquiries to their entire satisfaction; they left us, much pleased with the interview. I have no doubt that through this excitement much good will yet result.

The Saints generally in this country are very anxious to get away to the land of Zion. I have been preaching the necessity of their saving all their surplus means which they may have on hand after their payments are made to the Church and their domestic expenses are liquidated. I believe that by their handing their pence over weekly to a treasurer appointed to receive the same in the respective Branches, that a great amount of means can be accumulated together to assist the honest poor from these lands. The people seem to take hold of this matter with deep interest.

I do not anticipate a large emigration from this country the coming season; the heavy liabilities of the P. E. Fund Co. will prevent any assistance being rendered, except what is absolutely necessary.

I have been endeavoring to effect sales of property donated by various persons in Utah to the P. E. Fund, but have only been successful in two or three instances. The wealthiest portion of the Saints have emigrated, and those who are left, that have means, have not sufficient faith to lay hold of this matter. I presume they will yet be glad to be permitted to do something towards the deliverance of God's people, but their positions must of necessity be materially changed; they will then if they have any of the love of the gospel dwelling in their hearts, esteem it a privilege to assist in building up Zion.— It does really seem hard for some men with a few dimes to maintain their position when they attain to one in this kingdom.

Since my arrival in this country I have visited the Scandinavian Mission, in company with Elder John Kay. We left Hull, per steamer Saxonia, for Hamburg, on the 7th of September, and arrived via Kiel and Korsoer, at Copenhagen on the 10th of September. We were very kindly received by Prest. Hector C. Haight, brs. Widerberg and Thomassen, who are associated with him in conjunction with President Gilenquist, who has the presidency of the Copenhagen Conference. President Haight enjoys richly the spirit of his mission, and has the full faith and confidence of the Saints. We spent about six weeks, and traveled through the most of the Conferences in that Mission, visited Sweden and Jutland, and had many happy seasons with the Danish Saints.

The Saints composing the Scandinavian Mission are not of the wealthiest portion of the community, but they are rich in faith and ready and willing to do all they can to further the interests of the Kingdom. The Elders are under much

restraint in preaching the gospel, are often cast into prison, whipped and scourged; but, notwithstanding this, they are determined, under all circumstances, to call upon their countrymen to repent of their sins and be reconciled to God thro' obedience to His laws.

Br. Taylor, the work is onward, onward, onward, in those nations, and I say God speed it, until every honest hearted soul is convinced of the truth, and gathered to the chambers of Israel. I anticipate there will be a ship load of Saints leaving that mission for Utah the coming season.

Since my return from Scandinavia I have spent some of my time visiting a few Conferences in England, and have had a very agreeable visit with brs. Daniels, Evans and Ashby, the presidency of the Welsh Mission. Things look well in Wales, and these brethren are faithful to the trust reposed in them. Br. Daniels is busy translating Prest. Pratt's new series of tracts into the Welsh language; and all are sanguine that, with the blessing of the Lord, the time has come for many again in these lands to obey and serve those holy laws which God has revealed through his servant Joseph in this dispensation.

I anticipate leaving Liverpool on Friday for Belfast, Ireland, accompanied by br. W. G. Young, to spend a few days with br. John Scott. I shall afterwards proceed to Scotland and visit some of the Scottish Churches.

In conclusion, I will say that it affords me considerable joy and satisfaction to peruse your valuable paper. It certainly reflects great credit on its worthy editor. My prayers ascend continually in your behalf for the choicest of Heaven's blessings to rest upon you and the power of your holy Apostleship to enable you to combat successfully the enemies to the truth.

Presidents Pratt and Little, in conjunction with the brethren laboring in this office, join me in warmest love to you and those associated with you. Faithfully I remain, your friend and brother in the Kingdom of God,

E. T. BENSON.

[From the Millennial Star, November 29.]

Release of Elders in Great Britain, and Appointments for 1857.

As the present year is drawing to a close, it becomes our pleasing duty to release from their labors, a number of the brethren who have long and faithfully labored in the ministry in these lands with the privilege of going home to Zion, and to make such changes among those who are to remain, as the Spirit within us may seem to dictate.

The following Elders are released, with the privilege of going home:

James A. Little, Charles R. Dana, James P. Park, William G. Young, Henry Lunt, John C. Hall, Jesse B. Martin, Lorenzo D. Rudd, George W. Thurston, Albert P. Tyler, William G. Walker, Israel Evans, Benjamin Ashby, Thomas Hodgkinson, Thomas H. Latay, Oliver G. Workman, David B. Dille, James Carrigan, Matthias Cowley, John M. Browne, John Pym, Jesse Griffin, Thomas Harris, Francis Kirby.

Elder John A. Ray is appointed to succeed Elder James A. Little, on his departure for Utah, as second Counselor to President O. Pratt, and also in the editorial department of the office.

Elder William Miller is appointed first Counselor, and James Taylor second Counselor to Elder Daniel Daniels, President of the Welsh Mission.

Elder James Ure is appointed to succeed Elder Park, as Pastor of the Conferences in Scotland.

William J. Smith is appointed to succeed Elder Lunt, as Pastor of the Newcastle-on-Tyne, Durham, and Carlisle Conferences.

Elder Lorenzo H. Hatch is appointed to succeed Elder Young, as Pastor of the Sheffield, Bradford, Hull and Lincolnshire Conferences.

Elder Miles Romney is appointed to succeed Elder Dana, as Pastor of the Manchester, Liverpool and Preston Conferences.

Elder Thomas W. Russell is appointed to succeed Elder Dille, as Pastor of the Cheltenham, Worcestershire and Herefordshire Conferences.

Elder Thomas R. King is appointed to succeed Elder Carrigan, as Pastor of the Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire and Leicestershire Conferences.

Elder Elijah E. Holden is appointed to succeed Elder Hall, as Pastor of the Southampton and Dorsetshire Conferences.

Elder Robert F. Neslen is appointed to succeed Elder Martin, as Pastor of the South Wiltshire and Land's End Conferences.

Elder Jacob Gibson is appointed to succeed Elder Pym, as President of the Glasgow Conference.

Elder Joseph Chalmers is appointed to succeed Elder Edward Reed, as President of the Kilmarnock Conference.

Elder Reid is appointed to succeed Elder Chalmers, as President of the Dundee Conference.

Elder James Bond is appointed to succeed John Croston, as President of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Conference.

Elder Thomas Wallace is appointed to succeed Elder Workman, as President of the Durham Conference.

Elder William Smith is appointed to succeed Elder Thomas Smith, as President of the Carlisle Conference.

Elder Peter Robison is appointed to succeed Elder Francis Kirby, as President of the Sheffield Conference.

Elder Isaac Fox is appointed to succeed Elder Rudd, as President of the Bradford Conference.

Elder James Taylor, now laboring as Traveling Elder in the Sheffield Conference, is appointed to succeed Elder Joseph Burrows, as President of the Lincolnshire Conference.

Elder James Bunting is appointed to succeed Elder Wm. G. Noble, as President of the Manchester Conference.

Elder James Beck is appointed to succeed Elder James Craig, as President of the Preston Conference.

Elder Isaac Higbee is appointed to succeed Elder Griffin, as President of the Derbyshire Conference.

Elder John Sanderson is appointed to succeed Elder James Bond, as President of the Leicestershire Conference.

Elder Burrows is appointed to succeed Elder Thurston, as President of the Staffordshire Conference.

Elder William Pace is appointed to succeed Elder Tyler, as President of the Shropshire Conference.

Elder Noble is appointed to succeed Elder Smith, as President of the Warwickshire Conference.

Elder Jesse Hobson is appointed to succeed Elder Latay, as President of the Worcestershire Conference.

Elder George Taylor is appointed to succeed Elder Neslen, as President of the Cheltenham Conference.

Elder Thomas Smith is appointed to succeed Elder Russell, as President of the Herefordshire Conference.

Elder Edwin Scott is appointed to succeed Elder Cowley, as President of the Norwich Conference.

Elders James Craig and John Croston are appointed to labor in Ireland, under the Presidency of Elder John Scott.

The above named releases and appointments will take effect on the first day of January, 1857, with the exception made in the case of Elders Little and Ray.