

Poetry.

BE A WOMAN.

Of I've heard a gentle mother,
As the twilight hours began,
Pleading with a son on duty,
Urging him to be a man.
But unto her blue-eyed daughter,
Though with love's words quite as ready,
Points she out the other duty—
"Strive, my dear, to be a lady."

What's a lady? Is it something
Made of hoops, and silks, and airs,
Used to decorate the parlor,
Like the fancy rings and chairs?
Is it one that wastes on novels
Every feeling that is human?
If 'tis this to be a lady,
'Tis not this to be a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter
Speak of something higher far,
Than to be mere fashion's lady—
"Woman" is the brightest star.
If ye, in your strong affection,
Urge your son to be a true man,
Urge your daughter no less strongly
To arise and be a woman.

Yes, a woman—brightest model
Of that high and perfect beauty,
Where the mind, and soul, and body
Blend to work out life's great duty.
Be a woman—naught is higher
On the gilded list of fame,
On the catalogue of virtue
There's no brighter, holier name.
Be a woman—on to duty,
Raise the world from all that's low,
Place high in the social heaven
Virtue's fair and radiant bow!
Lend thy influence to each effort
That shall raise our nature human;
Be not fashion's gilded lady,
Be a brave, whole-souled, true woman.

A DREAM.

The following dream was had by a lady of this city, about thirty years of age, and the wife of one of our most respectable citizens. Her name is withheld from motives of delicacy, but her veracity is unquestioned. We publish the dream for the gratification of many who will pursue it with interest, promising that it is no revelation, nor is it to be received as principle for the guidance of the Saints in their belief on such matters. It is the privilege of the Saints to have dreams and visions for edification, comfort, instruction and warning; but the Lord does not make known matters of doctrine and principle for the guidance of His Church through the members thereof; He has an appointed and ordained channel through which such knowledge is imparted.

We make these comments not by way of throwing discredit on the dream, but that the Saints may at all times seek the Holy Spirit to understand and know when true principle is communicated. They should possess sufficient of the Spirit to know whether this dream is true or not; or the parts of it that are true, and those which are not; if part is correct and part incorrect. If consolation or benefit is afforded to any one by reading it, all well; no person receives harm thereby.

Feb. 17, 1867.

I dreamed I was at home sick, and sitting in an arm chair, surrounded by my husband, mother, children and friends. I was told, or rather felt, I was going to die; and after confiding the care of my children especially to my mother,—she agreeing in accordance with my urgent solicitation to come and live with them—and bidding good bye and pressing hands with those present, I felt sensibly the first approach of death, by a feeling of coldness and numbness commencing at my feet and thence to my body until it reached the region of my heart; whereupon I became speechless, and felt as though I was approaching the unconscious state of sleep. My head involuntarily dropped back in the chair.

At the return to consciousness, which was instantaneous, I found myself standing by the body from which I had just emerged, in a stooping posture, ex-

periencing a sort of crampness in the breast and back, together with a feeling of general exhaustion. On looking up I discovered a female standing beside me in the attitude of one waiting, having her hand upon the chair, and attired in white flowing apparel. She at once introduced herself to me as my attendant, and invited me, when I was ready, to follow her. I enquired as to the cause of the peculiar feeling before referred to, and received in answer the following, which were her very words: "Oh, every one feels that just after leaving the body, it is but momentary;" accompanied with a smile which indicated that she had often answered such questions before.

While she was speaking I stood upright, and the feeling of crampness had already passed away. I then expressed a willingness to accompany her. She asked if I did not want to look at my body once more before leaving. I replied I did not, and felt an instinctive shudder at the thought of my body, and assured her I was but too glad to leave it. We then passed out at the door walking. I felt a delightful sense of lightness, as though I could raise myself from the ground by a simple effort of the will. After proceeding through the gateway to the street, we glided somewhat rapidly along down the State road, southward, out of the city, until we reached a very large round building, built entirely of white marble, supported by heavy white marble columns, and having but one entrance, which consisted simply of an opening between two of the columns, with a flight of steps leading to the interior. The marble of which this building was composed was not purely white, but had a yellow tinge, as though time worn. On reaching the entrance my companion informed me that I needed her attendance no longer. After directing me to ascend the steps and enter the building, my attendant turned and left me. On entering the building I saw a man sitting nearly in the centre of the room at a large desk, directly under a peculiar canopy. Upon the desk was an exceedingly large book, having the appearance of a mammoth ledger. Four or five men were in a group near the desk, engaged in conversation with this personage, whom we will call the Director. I observed that the place had an air of business, and was free from ornament. At this point I awoke, and remained so about an hour, meditating upon what I had seen.

When I again fell asleep and resumed the dream, I was still in the same place, and saw the same persons engaged as before described, none of whom up to this time had noticed me. The Director looked towards me and said, "Welcome, sister." He was still engaged with those around him, all of whom were individuals whom I recognized as having seen before, but could not say when or where. They were dressed in the ordinary manner, one having a suit of grey homespun on. The Director, however, was dressed in the robes of the Priesthood. While he was engaged in conversation with those men, I had time to examine the interior of the hall, and discovered that the spaces between the columns—about twelve in all—were entirely open, so that I could see at once through and beyond them. Stationed at each of the pillars to the left, that separated these openings, were men who acted as guides. I ascertained this by seeing the Director point towards these men, and directing each of the men around him to go some to one man some to another, and hearing him say, "There is your guide—go there."

Through the first opening to my left were clouds of great density and blackness, the darkest I ever saw, and they seemed to be so near that they could be reached by the hand. The second opening to the left revealed dark threatening clouds, but not quite so black as the first. All the other openings to the left presented a dark atmosphere, thick and murky, becoming gradually less dismal as they were removed from the first.

I turned to the right, where a far different picture met my gaze. Through all of these openings I saw the pure azure of heaven, clear and bright. Through the first space to my right I saw a city indescribably fair and beautiful, enveloped as it were in a thin mist of gold, and exquisitely beautiful; clouds of roseate hue were visible in the distance. The city was dotted with temples having lofty spires, and other buildings, combining in architectural designs more beauties than I had ever

conceived it possible to exist, all of purest whiteness. Strains of lovely music floated on the atmosphere, that was more heavenly in its influence, and spoke more to the heart, than any music I had ever heard; it seemed to come from a legion of musicians. The space between the third and fourth columns to my right, almost directly behind and to the right of the desk, was filled up by a massive iron door, grained like oak, (the only door in the hall), before which a sentinel dressed like the Director was pacing to and fro.

I was so enraptured by the sight of the city and the sound of the music, that for a time I was insensible of what was transpiring around me, from which I was aroused by the voice of the Director saying, "Sister, that is the Celestial City," looking as he spoke toward the city I had seen. He then asked my name. I stepped toward the desk, and replied in a language I had never spoken before, which greatly surprised me. He, however, understood it. After glancing rapidly over the index, he at once turned to the latter end of the book, which by its great weight made a loud noise as it fell open on the desk. He read very rapidly what was on the open page before him, and while thus engaged I stood trembling with anxiety, fearing I should not be assigned a place in the celestial city, although I had no apprehensions of being consigned to any of the dismal places to my left; but I felt as though I had not properly appreciated the blessings I had enjoyed, and remembered with astonishing vividness every time I had given expression to angry feelings and used improper words, every instance of my having corrected my children in anger; in a word, I recollected with great distinctness every folly and weakness of which I had been guilty since my marriage, a period of about ten years; but strange to say, nothing before that time.

My anxiety was soon relieved by watching his countenance, which soon assumed a pleasant look. He rose and revealed a tall form, with a heavenly countenance abounding with masculine beauty. His eyes were grey, and beaming with expression. Taking me by the hand, he said, "Sister, you are one of the privileged few who are to go to that celestial city," (pointing to the city I had seen), and having read my thoughts, added, "but you are not satisfied with yourself are you?" I replied, "No, sir, I am not." He continued, shall I tell you one grand secret?—'Tis true you have not been wicked, but you have sometimes neglected your prayers, while in the body, and that gave the adversary a strong hold over you; but our heavenly Father when He sees His children err is grieved; He is sad, but when He sees them show a spirit of repentance, and a desire to do right, He takes them under His protecting arm; He forgives; He forgets; He is full of mercy; He is full of charity; He is more merciful and charitable to us than we are to each other; and with your children is waiting anxiously to receive you."

"Oh, then," I exclaimed in an ecstasy of delight, "let me go to my children!" "Not yet," said he, "not yet; You cannot leave the earth until your body is buried; take my advice and return to your home, for it is not long you will remain, and, moreover, before you can go to the celestial city you must go into that room (pointing to the door) and change your dress."

Then for the first time I looked to see how I was attired. I ascertained I had had on a robe of exquisite whiteness. I remembered that during my illness I wore earrings, and felt my ears, to find out if I had them still; but I had not. I then examined my dress carefully to see if there were any pins, hooks and eyes, or buttons about it, but found none of those things, strings being used instead. My hair next drew my attention. I found it free from hair pins, combs or net of any kind; but instead of hanging loosely on my shoulders, the ends were nicely curled under in waves, and it was glossy and soft as the finest silk. I then looked at my hands and found them almost transparent, having a pink look similar to the natural hand when held between the eyes and a strong light; and yet my sense of touch seemed as real as ever. On the whole I was extremely gratified with my appearance, and thought it could not be improved.

The Director again reading my thoughts, told me that when I entered that room I should exchange my robe for one of dazzling whiteness, before

leaving for the celestial city; and added, "You cannot come here then." Before proceeding further, I will state that I had been in the hall but a short time; in addition to the guides stationed by the columns on the left of the hall, and the sentinel at the door, there were other persons, men and women, sauntering about the place and going in and out, who were rather shabbily dressed in the ordinary mode. One poor woman I noticed particularly; she was seated on a low stool at the left of the desk; her arms were crossed on her breast, and she held her head downwards and appeared to be in great distress, and apparently oblivious to all that was going on. I understood intuitively that she was prevented by some act of hers from joining her children in the celestial city. From the moment I heard the joyful words that assigned me to the celestial city, some of these persons commenced to annoy me in various ways; some would sneer contemptuously upon me; some would grin in my face in a semi-idiotic manner; others made ugly grimaces at me; and one, a female, insultingly pulled my dress from behind. This alarmed me, and I inquired of the Director what it all meant, who replied, "they are only poor, weak, envious creatures, and can do you no harm."

I then departed from the hall and glided with increased rapidity through this city to my home therein. On entering the parlor I saw an assemblage of relatives and friends, who were listening to the funeral ceremony which had been going on for some time. I stepped up to the head of the coffin, and saw my body therein as distinctly as I ever saw a corpse in my life. The coffin was covered with black velvet and lined with white satin. On gazing upon what had been once myself, I again instinctively shuddered at the sight, and felt a sensation of loathing come upon me, and felt deeply grateful that I had escaped from its cold, clayey prison-house. My husband was sitting with his head downward, and resting on one hand apparently absorbed in thought. My mother was almost overcome with grief. My children were also present, but strange to say I felt no particular anxiety about them; feeling doubly assured that they would be well taken care of, and grateful to find that my mother had remembered her promise. Pres. Brigham Young was preaching the funeral sermon. I heard him say I was far happier than those who were left; and that there was no cause for regretting my death. I thought I would have given anything if I could have only told them how happy I felt; and earnestly did I desire to communicate something that would stimulate them to increased diligence and faithfulness, but I had not the power to do so. Instead of following the procession to the grave, I went before it there, and remained standing at the head of the grave, watching the coffin being placed in the pine box, and until the last shovelful of dirt was thrown upon it. During all this time, and in fact until I returned to the marble building, I saw a number of spirits similar to those I saw there, some of whom followed me wherever I went. I had got accustomed to them, and realizing fully the truth of what the Director told me, did not fear them in the least.

The funeral over, and not wishing to return home on account of the grief I knew I should witness, without the power of alleviating it and the consequent pain it would cause me, I thought I would like to visit for the last time some of the familiar places where I had so often been. I entered the Theatre; it was crowded; I almost forgot for the moment that I was but a spirit. I was as usual followed by one of my spiritual followers, a woman, who took her seat beside me in the Parquette. We were unobserved, although I recognized many familiar faces there. Miss Alexander was dancing. I felt too sad however to remain, for I desired earnestly to be able to say something to those around me, to impress upon their minds the meager news of earthly enjoyments as compared with those higher and purer ones I had even then experienced. I next proceeded to Main street, where I saw a much greater number of spirits—for such I shall now have to call them—and mostly men too, than in other parts of the city, some of whom I had seen before. They paid no more attention to me, nor I to them, than is customary with mortals under such circumstances; and there was all the variety of age, rank, dress, manner, speed in walking, &c., as seen ordinarily.