

MISCELLANEOUS.

EMILY, OR THE GOLDEN BRIDAL ROBE

[L. L. G. R.]

CHAPTER II.

"The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Lo, Zion's standard is unfurled!
The dawning of a brighter day,
Majestic rises on the world."

Thus softly sang Mrs. Annie Loche, a cook in merry England, as she prepared her holiday puddings and geese, and spread and cut bread and butter for breakfast.

"It's a pretty, cheerful song you are singing, Mrs. Loche; you did not hear me knocking, I suppose," said a young woman at her elbow.

"Why, bless you, no! Anything the matter, Miss Carnes, that you come to the kitchen so early?" asked the cook.

"Nothing, only little Alice didn't rest well in the night, and she is sleeping this morning; I thought best not to disturb her, so came to ask you not to send her porridge up until half past eight."

"All right, Miss Carnes; can't you sit down a minute, as your baby is asleep and does not need you? I have often thought I should like to speak with you on a particular subject, you seem so friendly towards me."

Miss Carnes took the proffered seat, and said, "Why shouldn't we be friendly, Mrs. Loche? We both need friendship from some source, do we not? You appear, like myself, to be alone in the world."

"So I was, Miss Carnes, until I found new friends, and good ones; the kindest and truest I have ever known. I never feel alone now. I should like to introduce you to some of those good friends of mine."

"Thank you, Mrs. Loche, I should like to meet any of your friends. If they are as pleasant as yourself, I am sure I should be pleased with them."

"Will you go with me this evening, and see some of them? There will be a lot of them gathered not very far from here; will you, can you go with me?" asked Mrs. Loche with much animation.

"I think I might," replied Miss Carnes, "but what is the occasion?"

"Well, it is Christmas eve, you know," said Mrs. Loche, "and one of my friends, a wise and great-minded man, is going to talk about our Savior's life, and kindred subjects; I know you would like to hear him."

"Oh! I'm afraid not, Mrs. Loche," exclaimed the young woman. "I don't care to listen to any minister I ever heard talk."

"But you never heard this one; you might like him. He is not like our ministers here; he has something new to tell; or it sounds new, although it is the very same Gospel that our Savior taught when He was on the earth."

"Does he tell something new, Mrs. Loche?" and Miss Carnes started up from the chair, and grasped the hand of the astonished cook. "Something new in the way of religion! It may be what I am waiting for—I will go with you this evening, Mrs. Loche; and now I must go back to the nursery." And with that the governess and nurse hastened to her morning duties.

Towards noon the post brought a letter for Miss Carnes. She put the children in a way to amuse themselves, and went to the window to read the following:

"My Dear Miss E.—It will be one year day after tomorrow since you went away. Now I must tell you the happenings. Your window garden still flourishes, but not so well as when

you were here to look to it; I can't spend so much time on it as you did. The dean and Miss Cristo never ceased to console each other, and she never put on anything but black till the '19 of November.' Then she wore grey and a single spray of white rose-buds, and rode with the dean over to the vicarage to see his cousin, the old vicar. Your maid, Tilly, says the day appointed this time is New Year's instead of Christmas, when Miss Cristo will wear her 'royal purple.' After that, can't you come home to us? I know they would all be glad to welcome you back, and none more than your 'school boy.' CHARLEY."

Miss Carnes folded her letter and put it carefully away, saying to herself, "I will wait until all is over; then I will write to her, and learn how I should be received."

The evening came and Mrs. Loche and Miss Carnes went forth to see and hear the friend or friends of the former. There was a large gathering for a small hall, and the "wise and great minded man" Mrs. Loche had spoken of, who discoursed on "the life of the Savior and kindred subjects," was Apostle Orson Pratt, from America.

He showed the necessity for the atonement wrought out by Jesus Christ; and later, the necessity for the restoration of the Gospel in these latter days, as it had been taken from among men because of the hardness of their hearts. He then made a striking illustration of the similarity between the life and death of the Savior and those of Joseph Smith, the latter day Prophet; and closed with a powerful testimony to the fact that the keys and power of the Holy Priesthood were again delivered to men upon earth, for the salvation of God's children, as in ancient time.

"How did you like my friend's talk?" asked Mrs. Loche of Miss Carnes, as they walked home together.

"I more than liked it; I was convinced of its truth," replied Miss Carnes. "If you are willing, Mrs. Loche, we will be more than friends from this time on; we will be sisters, as I heard you address some of your friends this evening."

"Will we?" cried Mrs. Loche joyfully. "Then, my dear Miss Carnes, you will be baptized!"

"I shall, just as soon as there is an opportunity," replied Miss Carnes with great decision. "The keys that gentleman spoke of and explained so fully are what I have been listening to hear about ever since the death of my father, eleven years ago."

On the morning of the glad New Year, 1849, Mrs. Loche had the privilege of escorting her young friend to the water's edge, where the Elders were in readiness to receive them, with others who came for the like purpose of being baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

"What name?" asked the Elder of Mrs. Loche.

"Ellen Carnes," said that lady.

"No!" replied her companion, "Emily Cristo."

After the baptisms and confirmations, which were all attended to at the time instead of the latter being deferred, as they went home Mrs. Loche said:

"I thought your name was Ellen Carnes?"

"So it has been to you, and must be still; at least for a time," responded her friend.

Emily never returned to her Aunt Catharine's home. At the same hour in which she was taking upon herself the responsibility of a Latter-day Saint, her aunt was pledging the marriage vows with Dean Campbell. This

she learned afterward, in correspondence with Charley, and her aunt also. She tried to teach them both the beautiful new lessons she was learning and rejoicing in. Charley accepted of her testimony and became convinced of its truth after a time; but her aunt never would harken to her explanations, much to her grief.

The dawning of the New Year, 1850, found Emily in Utah. She accepted a home in the family of a widow named Wilbur, where she was very happy, because she could be very useful.

Sister Wilbur had eight children, and as they lived too far from a settlement to have the younger ones attend any of the small schools that were taught at that early day, Emily took delight in teaching them all at home. In the evening all would sit around the fire and sing songs and hymns, and Emily would teach them lessons she had learned in the old world, while the mother sewed or patched, in which Emily would also join when the lessons would permit. The Wilbur girls would be knitting stockings or darning them, and the boys would perhaps be shelling corn for hominy, mending a pair of shoes or braiding a buckskin whip-lash.

The latter task had just been completed one evening, by Alvin, the eldest son, when the lessons were also finished. All hands arose to prepare for bed, and were about to kneel in their regular family prayer, when, by some unpremeditated movement of the hand Alvin brought the whiplash sharply across Emily's shoulders. She dropped the book she was still holding, and uttered a slight cry of pain and astonishment. Alvin, who was blest with a large, warm, manly heart, but was always bashful before girls, forgot his bashfulness then, in the sudden regret that seized him for his carelessness, and dropping the whip, caught Emily in his arms, and actually kissed her upturned, startled face two or three times, in his anxiety to make good his well meant apology.

True, Emily was no longer a child; she was twenty-five now, and Alvin was twenty-seven. But that did not hinder her being moved to tears by such an unlooked for episode.

There was a sort of consternation fell upon the whole household. Sister Wilbur was first to break the spell and collect her senses. She took Emily from her son's embrace into her own, and said caressingly, "Don't mind it, dear, Alvin would not have done that on purpose for anything." And then putting her mouth to Emily's ear, she whispered, "Good will come of that accident; you see if it does not."

Sister Wilbur was right. The ice once broken, a loving and happy courtship went steadily and rapidly on between Alvin and Emily. He possessed the instinctive tenderness and kind, sympathetic nature which she required to make life sweet and satisfactory to her; and her soul responded joyfully to all the fond and endearing messages it gained from his.

Their marriage took place in the summer, and was a very perfect one.

Twenty years of happy wedded life, notwithstanding all the difficulties met with in Utah's early days, had passed for them, when Alvin was asked by the authorities of the Church to take a mission to England. He cheerfully responded, and, as might be expected, he visited the old home of his wife in her native land. Letters of introduction written by Emily's own hand, informed her aunt and the dean, both of whom were still living, what relationship Elder Wilbur bore to them. But they were very coolly polite to him, nothing more. He was not offered the slightest encouragement to refer in any way to the religion which had taken Emily to America. And when he would