





## The Blessings of Care.

Dear friends if you find any leisure to spare,  
Let us sit down awhile & converse upon care;  
Ye ponder discreetly that word & its use,  
And then see how often it meets with abuse.

2.

The gospel of Mother which we freely share,  
Was treasured & kept in deep sorrow & care;  
No careless disciple could ever bestow,  
The gift of salvation or cause it to flow.

3.

And can we as children of Mother Ann Lee,  
Preserve it for others unspotted, think ye?  
Unless thro' unceasing devotion and care,  
We plant it in patience & watch it with care.

4.

Come brethren & sisters God's word let us heed,  
And root out forever the vile serpents seed,  
Not vainly pretending the gospel we prize,  
When the heart is a cage for deception & lies.

5.

It is time to awake & jointly prepare  
To build up the truth with a spirit of care;  
And first at the physical let us begin,  
Since we have grown careless in most everything.

6.

Have care for good order & rise with the bell,  
For a goodly beginning inclines to end well;  
And those who're determin'd old slug to dethrone,  
Had better commence before he's half grown.

7.

Have care for the body which nature has given,  
In which to prepare the immortal for heaven.  
Keep it clean & in order for this will insure  
The love of all others who seek to live pure.

8.

For often unwittingly we do offend  
By some filthy habit our very best friend;  
For instance the custom of blowing the nose,  
Then wiping the fingers on parts of the clothe,  
Or keeping the teeth so foul & unclean,  
As to sadly disgust those by whom they are seen.

Since sluts nor yet slovens in heaven have share,  
 Let us banish such spirits with labor & care;  
 For neatness & purity are closely allied,  
 And both ornamented the heavenly Bride

10.

Have care for thy stomach nor feed to excess,  
 For more than sufficient will injure its peace;  
 By breeding distempers & what is still worse  
 A glutton is stupid ill natured and cross.

11.

Have a care too to eat at the regular time,  
 Not fasting then feasting just as we incline:  
 For those who prize health & esteem what is right,  
 Will curb a disorderly wrong appetite.

12.

Be mannerly too at the table & prove  
 By wholesome deportment good order & love  
 That not self alone, we desire most refreshed,  
 Nay rather let others partake of the best.

13.

Keep elbows & feet just exactly in place,

And stare not your neighbor too much in the face;  
But let kind attention from one to the other  
Bespeak such believers as honor their Mother.

14.

Have a special care too in season to come,  
Thou save hurrying in when the last bell has rung;  
For this brings confusion nor does it here stop,  
But robs gospel order of one needful prop.

15.

Have care for thy raiment nor needlessly soil  
Nor rend any garment in mischief or broil;  
Remember thro' labor it must be repaired,  
Which had we been careful might all have been spared.

16.

Have care for thy dwelling & enter therein,  
Like spirits made free from the fetters of sin;  
Nor mar thy apartment by rough clownish ways,  
Which surely deserve neither blessing nor praise.

17.

Of tools have a care which are needed in soil,  
And those which are borrow'd don't recklessly spoil;

But return such in season with thanks to the friend,  
Who did with due kindness the instrument lend.

18.

Have care for thy language nor let it contain  
The harsh words of anger contention or shame;  
Nor yet foolish by-words which no people use,  
Save such as all care for their character lose.

19.

Have care not to err because others do,  
But heed the small voice when it whispers "be true"  
Opea follow the light which illumines the soul,  
And the power of evil shall lose its controll.

20.

Have care for transgressions & humbly confess  
Thy sins unto God before witnesses;  
Take off every cover, each evil molest,  
Tell the fact as it is & then let it rest.  
Beware that we lie not to men or to God,  
Lest conscience upbraid us with her chastening rod.

21.

Have care for the thoughts nor let foul desires

Kindle up in the soul their unhallowed fires:  
For first in the feelings the heart we defile,  
And then comes the action, the mouth full of quills.

22.

Have care in Gods worship to move in the gift,  
By active devotion give each soul a lift,  
Not stand idly gazing like one without heart,  
But every true member take their equal part.  
Thus prove to beholders by your sweet accord,  
That ye are the people who worship the Lord.

23

Have care for your guardian spirits of light,  
That with no false influence you may unite;  
For such will bear record of our inner life,  
As Gods silent watchmen whatever the strife.

24

Have care for the brother peculiar or odd,  
Nor treat with derision the least child of God;  
Have care for thy sister, and if she be true,  
Strengthen such in the path ye are called to pursue.

25.

Respect for Gods spirit wherever it may be,



Will add to your blessing, just try it and see,  
Deformed or diseased tho' the vessel appear,  
The wisest of potters to them may be near.

26.

Have care for thy Elders nor heedlessly grieve,  
Those hearts ever ready thy woes to relieve,  
Remember in sorrow they toil for thy good,  
And without their blessing thou hast none from God.

27.

Then care for the things that tend to thy peace,  
And care in the love of the truth to increase;  
Whatever thy station thy calling or fare,  
At all times & places the word is Take Care.

28.

Have care to obey this and to others do,  
What most ye desire should be done unto you.  
Think kindly, speak wisely to friend & to foe,  
Let the stream of true charity never cease to flow.

29.

Have care for the spirit the immortal mind  
And to its advancement let us not be blind  
Or deaf to its calls, but as children of Mother,

Let us feel constant care for ourselves & each other.

30.

Have care for the sorrows which others may feel,  
The diamond of sympathy do not conceal  
'Tis better than slander, then let us beware  
We rob not another of comforts so rare,  
By with-holding from any the spirit of love,  
Nay let us with care in humility move;  
For he who doth care for the sparrow so small,  
That not e'en the least meath his notice can fall,  
In justice full measure will meet us again,  
Such as we here meet to our fellow men.

31.

Let precept example with wisdom & care;  
Be ever the theme of our every day prayer.  
While duty calls loudly, O let us prepare  
Our souls for the mansions of order & care.  
Remembering bright numbers will care for us still,  
While we are united in doing God's will.

32.

Let each resolution be strengthened by prayer,  
Our covenant renewed our lives we will square;

With this for our Motto henceforth all agree,  
The true burden bearers of care we will be.

33.

Have care for the souls of those far abroad,  
Who know not the path leading homeward to God  
Take care that we judge not bright specks there may be,  
Many fathoms below what our vision can see.  
Our card for each step, this inscription doth bear  
In all that ye do watch & pray<sup>ye</sup> Take — Care.

34.

If we're consecrated and all that we have,  
Wise stewards in Gods holy house let us live.  
Use all things with prudence, for nought is our own,  
Save what is possess'd by the members as one.

Canterbury B<sup>m</sup> Family.

1840.

# A Reply:

By Phoebe Ann Smith to her Cousin Lydia Whipple.

1.

You say I'm a fool to live like a nun,  
Shut up and secluded from fashion & fun;  
Where minds can't develop, I will have no rule,  
I think in all wisdom you must be the fool  
Who blend in the fashion of sin lust & pride,  
Where every new rival is goading your side;  
Go on in your reveling with parties & balls,  
You never can tempt me beyond Zion's walls.

2.

Our business is formal, I like it the best,  
When labor is ended we have time to rest,  
We go to our rooms so cozy and nice,  
I would not change with you for gold of no price.  
Here the fire is burning the lamp is all lit,  
We've nothing to do but sit down & knit,  
No baby to cry, No husband to scold,  
Ah half of our blessings can never be told.

I think it all bondage a baby to trotte,  
To jog at the cradle or bend at the cot,  
If money is plenty and fortune does smile  
By all thats uncertain twill last but awhile.  
The tight knot of love is soon growing loose,  
So a slave to mans lust you must suffer abuse.  
Your children may cry with hunger & cold,  
While we have a plenty in Dions rich fold.

We are free as the Zepher thats fanning the grove,  
We have all the sweets of affection and love;  
As brethren and sisters unitedly one,  
Out living all taste for wild fashion & fun.  
With every kind feeling I bid you farewell,  
And hope you may never hear sorrows touch knell.  
But when you have done with natures dear school,  
Then tell me dear cousin who has proved the fool.

## Aunt Hetty's Soleas of Matrimony.

Now girls said aunt Hetty, put down your embroidery and worsted work, do something sensible, and stop building air-castles and talking of lovers and honey moons; it makes me sick, its perfectly antimonial. Love is a farce - matrimony is a humbug. Husbands are domestic Napoleons, Heroes, Alexanders, sighing for other hearts to conquer after they are sure of yours. The honey moon is as short-lived as a lucifer match; after that you may wear your wedding dress at the wash tub, and your night cap to meeting and your husband wouldn't know it. You may pick up your own pocket-handkerchief, help yourself to a chair, and split your gown across the back reaching over the table to get a piece of butter, while he is laying in his breakfast as if it

was the last meal he should eat this side of Jordan. When he gets thro' he will aid your digestion (while you are sipping your first cup of coffee) by inquiring what you'll have for dinner, whether the cold lamb was all ate yesterday, if the charcoal is out, and what you gave for the last green tea you bought.

Then he gets up from the table, lights his cigar with the last evenings paper, that you have not had a chance to read; gives two or three whiffs of smoke, sure to give you a headache for the forenoon, and just as his coat tail is vanishing thro' the door apologizes for not doing "that errand" for you yesterday - thinks it doubtful if he can to day - so pressed with business. Hear of him at Curletts at eleven o'clock taking an ice cream with some ladies, while you are at home lining his old coat sleeves. Children by the cars all day, can't get out to take the air,

feel as crazy as a fly in a drum.

Husband comes home at night, nod  
how d'ye do, Fan, boxes Charley's ears,  
stands little Fanny up in the corner  
sits down in the easiest chair him-  
self in the warmest corner, puts his feet  
up over the grate shutting out all the  
fire, while the baby's little pug nose  
grows blue with the cold; reads the  
news papers all to himself, solaces  
his inner man with a hot cup of tea,  
and just as you are laboring under  
the hallucination that he'll ask you  
to take a mouthful of fresh air with  
him, he puts on his dressing gown  
and slippers, and begins to reckon up  
the family expences! After which he  
lies down on the sofa, and you keep  
time with your needle, while he snores  
till nine o'clock. Next morning ask  
him to leave you "a little money"  
He looks at you as if to be sure that



you are in your right mind, draws  
a sigh long enough and strong enough to  
inflate a pair of bellows, and asks you  
"what you want of it, and if half-a-dollar  
wont do." Gracious King! as if all those  
little shoes and stockings and pinafores,  
and petticoats can be had for half-a-dollar!  
O girls! set your affections on cats, poodles, par-  
rots or lap-dogs - but let matrimony alone.  
Its the hardest way on earth of getting a living.  
You never know when your work is done up.  
Think of carrying eight or nine children thro'  
the measles, chicken pox, rash mumps & scar-  
let fever, some of em twice over; it makes my  
sides ache to think of it. O you may save  
and scrimp, and twist and turn & dig  
and delve and economize and die, and  
your husband will marry again, take  
what you've saved to dress his second  
wife with, and she'll take your portrait  
for a fire board, and — but whats  
the use of talking? Ill warrent every

one of you'll try it first chance you get. There's a sort of bewitchment about it, somehow. I wish one half of the world warnt fools & tother half idiots, I do, O dear.

Pittsburg Sat. Visiter.

O Man! how little do you know of womans trials. No burden of skirts to smother and trip you at every step; no ridiculous custom to conform to, as a constant tax upon your freedom; free to come and go when & where you like, and without danger of sarcastic comment, ricticule or appearance of imprudence; capable of a quick transition from the appearance of a beggar to a gentleman, simply by a change of linen and a little polish paste; ready at a moments warning to answer to thy souls highest satisfaction, the utmost demand for recreation

and pleasure. No baby to tax your patience; no worrying children to renovate and dress all with your own hands; no little shoes to hunt up from under dark bureaus; no curls to entangle and adjust; no home duties to care for; no thousand and one little duties to perform - to tire you out and unfit you for your journey. What do you know about such things?

I would just like to be Supreme Ruler for one year. Would'nt I unpantaloön you? Would'nt I skirt you to your hearts content? Would'nt I give you enough of woman's experience to last you thro'out eternity? Would'nt I make you go down upon your narrow bones and pray to the God of Bloomer & Hoop to save you? That I would.

A Keerful Shepherd.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mormanism is still in practical operation amongst us. On last Friday a tall raw boned saint with a complexion very strongly resembling that of boiled tripe, arrived here from Pittsburg with a couple of wives, but deeming his flock too small to start Salt Lake ward with, held forth as follows to an admiring audience, at a house over the canal, with a view to the perfection of the material necessary to the completion of his domestic felicity.

His text was,

"Men is skerece & weemen is plenty."

"Brothers and sistern: pertickler the sistern. I want to say a few words to you about mormanism.

Not for my own sake, but for yours. for men is skerece, & weemen is plenty. Mormanism is built on that high

Mormanism is built on that high  
old principle which says that it  
aint good for man to be alone, and  
a mighty sight worse for a woman.  
Therefore if a man feel good with a little  
company, a good deal of it ought to make  
him feel an awful sight better.

The first principles of Mormanism  
is, that woman are a good thing, and the  
second principle is that you cant have  
too much of a good thing. Woman is  
tenderer than man, and is necessary  
to smooth down the roughness of his  
character; and as a man has a good  
many rough places in his natur, he  
ought not to give one woman too much  
to do, but set each one to work smooth-  
ing some partickler pint.

Dont think I'm over anxious for you  
to jine us, for I aint. I'm not speaking  
for my good but for yours. — for men  
is skeerce but wemen is plenty.

I said wemen was tenderer than man,

but you needn't feel stuck up about it,  
for she ought to be. She was made so a  
purpose. But how was she made so?  
Where did she git it from? Why she was  
created out of the side-bone of a man, &  
the side-bone of a man, is like the side  
bone of a turkey, - the tenderest part of him.  
Therefore as a woman has three side-bones  
and a man only one, of course she is  
three times tenderer as a man, & is  
in duty bound, to repay that tender-  
ness of which she robbed him. And  
how did she rob him of his side-bone?  
Why, exactly as she robs his pockets now  
a days of his loose change. - She took  
advantage of him when he was asleep.  
But as woman is more tenderer than  
man, man is more forgivener than  
woman; therefore I wont say any thing  
more about the side-bone or the small  
change, but invite you all to jine my  
train, for I'm a big shepherd out our way  
and fare sumptuously, every day on purple

and fine linen. When I first landed on the shores of the great Salt Lake, I wasn't rich in weemen - I had but one poor old yoe, but men is sheerce & weemen is plenty, and like a keerful shepherd, I began to increase my flock. Weemen heard of us and of our lovin ways, and they kept a pourin in. They came from the North, & they came from the South, they came from the East and they came from the West, they came from Europe they came from Aishey, and a few of em came from Affrikey. And from bein' the miserable owner of one old yoe, I became the joyful shepherd of a mighty flock, with a right smart sparklin of lambs, friskier and fatter than any body else's and I've still got room for a few more. And as I said before, I'm not talkin partickler for my benefit, but for yourn - for men is sheerce & weemen is plenty. Still I'd a lettle rather you'd go along with me, than not perlickeler, you fat one with a caliker sun bonnet. Do besitate, but take

the chance while you can get it, & I'll  
make you the 'bell yoe' of the flock. I'll lead  
I'll lead you thro' the green pastures & the  
high graze, & show you where you can ca-  
per in the sun shine, and lay down in  
pleasant places, and as you are in pretty  
good condition already, in course of time  
you shall be the fattest. Jine in, jine in  
jine in my train, for men is scarce  
& weemen is plenty."

This appeal was irresistable. At the  
last account the fat woman with the  
caliber sunbounet had "jined in" and  
two or three others were on the fence with  
a decided leaning toward the "Keerful Shepherd."



**PAGE(S)  
MISSING**

Hold not your head too high my friend  
For did you never know  
The heaviest heads of wheat will bend  
The stalk on which they grow  
While those diseased by rust or blight  
Rise proudly from their beds  
And like you think a form upright  
Denotes a well filled head

But tis not so the loveliest flowers  
Bloom nearest to the ground  
And these refreshed by vernal showers  
Shed their perfume around  
While those that proudly rear their head  
And glory for a day  
Are torn by wind from out their bed  
Or blown like chaff away.

The well informed and studious man  
Intent on learning's track  
Can't find the time the lofer can

To brace his shoulders back.  
Then boast not, you can hold your head  
As high as ere you ~~choose~~  
Who could not hold a head erect  
That weighs as light yours?

21

