

# WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

The Rights of the Women of Zion, and the Rights of the Women of all Nations.

VOL. 11.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, JUNE 1, 1882.

No. 1.

## APPRECIATION.

To MRS. E. B. WELLS:

The Editor, the Preacher and the Poet,  
Must heroes be indeed;  
Must dare to help the right must aim to know it;  
Must make the truth their creed.  
Must speak their mind, must many wrongs decrie;  
Must weigh their words most true,  
Must hit the mark, must hoist the banners high,  
Of truth and justice too.  
On freedom's heights—must kindle beacon fires—  
That all the light may see,  
Must thrill humanity, with such desires,  
That all may nobler be.  
No'er, must they lower truth's colors in dismay  
Or wear a mean disguise;  
No'er, must they shun the thickest of the fray,  
For there, their mission lies.  
Princes, and presidents, and kings endeavor—  
To guide the helm of State;  
The editors, the bards, the preachers ever—  
Bear up the social weight.  
And whoso'er defends an outcast people—  
Makes all the world his foe;  
And more than human strength he needs, to equal  
The power he must oppose.  
But every ordeal hath its compensation,  
The cross must win the crown;  
And all are working out their own salvation,  
Who help the trampled down.  
The soul who would be greater than his brother,  
Servant of all must be;  
Must o'er rejoice, to benefit another—  
By his ability.  
And happy must they be, or man or woman—  
Blest with the mind, the might—  
The love! to lift up souls from cares so human—  
To help, whate'er is right.  
Such is your lot; to cheer and comfort others;  
Nor should you have to ask—  
The staunch support, of sisters or of brothers—  
To aid your needful task.  
Is it not fit, that those who toil to bless us—  
Who, like the working bee—  
For others gather up, the sweets most precious,  
Should have our sympathy?  
Many a mortal, bowed with care to sadness—  
Unequal oft would prove—  
To useful effort, but for thanks and gladness—  
Received from friends they love.  
And this is our desire, to cheer your spirit;  
To yield you honor too;  
To show appreciation unto merit,  
For this 'tis right to do.  
To help us all, has been your true endeavor,  
Sacred you've held your trust,  
And hence, we hope you will be strengthen'd ever,  
To aid the cause most just.  
And may you still, "the Mighty One" rely on,  
To guide and crown your aim,  
And still may many honest hearts in Zion—  
Have cause to bless your name.

EMILY HILL WOODMANSEK.

## A REPRESENTATIVE WOMAN.

MARY ISABELLA HORNE.

Mrs. Horne's early married life was serene and happy. The young couple were well-mated and worked together harmoniously, the wife performing the duties of a young farmer's wife, just starting out in life, without considering it a burden; no doubt love lightened labor, for she had not been accustomed to milking, and the various duties of a farm-house, but she sought with a good will to make her home a

pleasant one to her husband and to work for their mutual interest.

Only about one month of their wedded life had passed, when they heard a rumor that a man professing to be sent of God to preach to the people, would hold a meeting about a mile distant. Mr. and Mrs. Horne decided to attend this meeting, and there they first heard the sound of the everlasting Gospel, its sacred truths proclaimed by Elder Orson Pratt; they were pleased with his sermon, but little knew what would follow, how the whole course of their lives would be changed by receiving this great light. Another meeting was appointed at which Elder Orson Pratt stated that his brother, Elder Parley P. Pratt, would preach as business called him away. Mrs. Horne invited her father and he consented to go; when the time came he not only fulfilled his promise to attend, but took all his family with him. Mrs. Horne was greatly impressed, and being conversant with the Bible could well appreciate the arguments Elder Pratt used. He told them that an angel had appeared to Joseph Smith and restored the Gospel in its fulness. Mrs. Horne's father was delighted with the glad tidings and immediately left the Methodist Church and attended the Mormon meetings altogether, and, in short, himself and family were all baptized. It created quite a commotion among the Methodists, and every argument possible was used by the ministers and class-leaders to dissuade him and other members of the family from accepting "the delusion." Mrs. Horne was baptized in July, 1836, by Elder Orson Hyde, and ever afterwards her house was a home for the Elders and a place where meetings were held.

Mrs. Horne's first children were twins, a girl and a boy; the latter only lived a few hours. We mention this as an instance, which will be referred to again in connection with others of a similar nature.

In the latter part of the Summer of 1837, she first saw the Prophet Joseph, also Sidney Rigdon and Thomas B. Marsh. Mrs. Horne possesses a great degree of reverence for that which is sacred, and when she beheld the Prophet she rejoiced as women of old did, thanking God for the privilege and that the desire of her girlish heart, to associate with prophets and apostles, was gratified. She says, "On shaking hands with Joseph Smith I received the Holy Spirit in such great abundance that I felt it thrill my whole system from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet. I had never beheld so lovely a countenance; nobility and goodness were in every feature. My husband and I accompanied the brethren in their visits to the different branches of the Church then existing in Canada."

The testimony Mrs. Horne has given here concerning her feelings when she first met Joseph Smith, has been corroborated by hundreds of others, who have solemnly declared that they never had such peculiar emotions when meeting any other person, as they experienced on meeting the Prophet and shaking hands with him. This may be looked upon as a testimony that he was called of God and endowed with superior power.

The Saints who had gathered to Kirtland were about moving to Missouri; and in the Spring of 1838, in the month of March, while the weather was cold and disagreeable, Mr. and Mrs. Horne bade farewell to their home, where they had expected to remain permanent-

ly, and with a small company of Saints started for the land of Zion, the gathering place for the people of God. The roads were very bad at this season of the year and consequently the young husband walked most of the time, Mrs. Horne driving the team herself. Their faith never wavered, but increased day by day.

At Huntsville, about one hundred miles from Far West, the little company of emigrants stopped for a few months. At this place there were several families of the Saints. Mrs. Horne was here introduced to the parents of the Prophet, Father and Mother Smith. Father Smith was the Patriarch of the Church, and under his hands Mrs. Horne received a patriarchal blessing, which gave her much comfort, although he told her, that she would have to pass through distressing scenes of affliction, sickness, sorrow and tribulation; but gave her a promise that the Lord would bring her safely through; which she says has been verily fulfilled. At this place, Huntsville, on the 24th of July, shortly after having completed this long journey in a wagon, and driving her own team much of the way, Mrs. Horne had a son born to her. Her circumstances and surroundings were very different to what she had anticipated in bearing a family, but her courage was equal to the emergency, her heart was brave and her faith in God was strong and enduring.

To be Continued.

## SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN NAUVOO.

BY HELEN MAR WHITNEY.

I will now begin where I left off. My father, Brigham Young, George A. Smith and Amasa Lyman were on missions preaching in the southern part of Illinois. The following extracts are from a letter written by my mother, to father; it is dated: Nauvoo, Oct. 16th, 1842.

She says: "We still enjoy a comfortable degree of health, though in the midst of sickness and death. Sister Winchester told me she saw four coffins carried by her house yesterday, in one wagon—there are more or less buried every day. Almost every family on the disputed land are sick with a fever. Helen watched last night where there were seven in one family all sick—the woman nigh unto death. \* \* \* \*"

"Sister Marinda Hyde is sick with chills and fever. Brother Joseph and Emma were sick when Bro. Brigham left. Emma was brought down nigh unto death; Bro. Joseph despaired of her life, he mourned over her and refused to be comforted. But the Lord has spared her life and she is now able to ride out. Joseph was obliged to leave her before she was able to sit up. He has left the place. I don't know where he is, but suffice it to say they hear from him occasionally, and all is well. \* \* \*"

"You mentioned my meeting you on your return home. I shall be happy to do so if circumstances will admit. \* \* \*"

"Our good friend S. (Sarah, father's other wife) is as ever, and we are one. You said I must tell you all my feelings; but if I were to tell you that I sometimes felt tempted and tried and feel as though my burden was greater than I could bear, it would only be a source of sorrow to you, and the Lord knows that I do not wish to add one sorrow to your heart, for be assured, my dear Heber, that I do not love you any the less for what has transpired,