

**LITTLE GENTILE: A DESERET  
ROMANCE OF  
CAPTIVE AND EXILE IN  
THE "NEW JERUSALEM"**

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Little Gentile: A Deseret Romance of Captive and Exile in the "New Jerusalem" by Emily H. Moore

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**EMILY H. MOORE**

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A  
DESERET ROMANCE  
OF  
CAPTIVE AND EXILE  
IN THE  
"NEW JERUSALEM."  
BY  
MIGNONETTE.

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*"And Israel shall be a proverb and a by-word unto all people."*

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1879.

To Emma.

921844

## LITTLE GENTILE.

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“Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,  
Thinks what ne'er *was*, nor *is*, nor ne'er shall be.”  
Wrote England's gifted son, poetic Pope,  
Who thus denied his sincerest hope.  
Thus man, ill-fated, in gravitation's chains,  
Ever strives to soar beyond his allotted range.

Readers, no rare exotic flowers to offer you have I;  
Only wild blooms gathered 'neath a sullen sky.  
I've roamed in distant woodlands, in sequestered dells,  
To pluck the drooping *ferns*, and tiny, sweet bluebells.  
Brooklets murmured a rebuke, birds twitted me of  
stealing;  
But, heeding not, I hurried on, my motive still con-  
cealing.

I have sprays of *hawthorne*, sweetbrier, and *thistle*, too,  
*Roses*, *laurel* and *myrtle*, and leaves of *mistletoe*,  
 And a sheaf of *lilies*, *leopard lilies*, from the plain,  
 Gaudy in their gold and garnet, sparkling with the rain.

"All these I give my readers, trusting that each wit  
 Will judge with the same spirit that the author writ."

*"Why mourn I not for thee*

*And with the southern clouds contend in tears."*

"Come, Isaline, and hear from stricken heart  
 A tale of grief that bids you soon depart  
 From home and friends.

Fear not, I pray,

For every night there surely dawns a day;  
 And we all must learn, either soon or late,  
 To bear with fortitude the stern decrees of fate.

Come closer to me, child. Our mutual woe  
 Makes doubly dear the treasure that most go;  
 For, Isaline, the unhappy hour has come  
 When you must leave the old ancestral home.



Our old estate in one brief day is gone,  
And *we*, my love, are penniless and alone.

Your cousin, Annabel, so prostrated by the shock,  
Is sick abed, and will not endure the mock  
Of pitying friends. *Poor Annabel* loves you so,  
It seems almost a sin to let you go.

But '*there is a destiny that shapes our ends,*'  
And Isaline will never want for friends ;  
Tho' some prove false, like inconstant Ray,  
Who quite unexpectedly has gone away ;  
But ere he went, the mercenary dastard wrote  
An adieu to *Annabel*—a meagre little note.  
*You* pity her, your eyes with tears are dim.  
Don't worry, child ; she does n't care for him.

The avaricious coward, when he heard of our ill luck,  
*Vamosed* at once, and had not e'en the pluck  
To call on us. I bade her give him up forever,  
And with such *worthlessness* e'en *acquaintanceship*  
dissever.

*You* go, like Ruth of old, 'mong harvesters to glean,  
And triumph yet will bless our lovely Isaline.  
My dear, be patient. Will you not hear me through?  
The last hour, may be, your aunt can talk with you.  
How time does fly! Your carriage comes at noon,  
And you scarcely seem to heed our separation soon.

My plan is this: I have a sincere friend  
In the far west, and *you* to *her* I'll send.  
An intruding guest with *her* you cannot be.  
She invites you, love; her letter here you see.

I this hour foresaw, and in silence did prepare  
A home for you, whilst battling with despair.  
*You* are better off to-day than Annabel and me.  
*Home* and *friends* await you, whil'st on life's sea  
We're doomed to drift, happy to find a little cot  
In some secluded place where we can be forgot.

Here is a purse prepared for present needs;  
And hear, *too soon*, the prancing feet of steeds!

Your trunks are packed, and there is nought to do.  
Oh, Isaline, my child, unto yourself be true,  
Then false to none you cannot be.

Here is a ray  
Of Heaven's own light ; 'twill guide your way.  
And should other sorrows unto you be given,  
Brighter still will burn *this Holy Lamp of Heaven.*"

No more she said ; the *coup de main* was made.  
The long-planned *role* successfully had been played.  
Some crystal tears, expelled from laughing eyes,  
Corroborated with as many sobs and sighs.

The schemer watched the carriage roll away,  
And said, "'Tis done, and I've *now* no part to play,  
But be, my own dear self, mistress of Winsor House,  
Since I've fortunately caught the intruding mouse.  
The old estate is *hers*, not *ours*. But, hush!  
The balmy zephyrs may have ears, and rush  
To tell this dark intrigue.

*But she is gone,*  
And *poor Annabel* and I are really alone.