

**THE SHEAF OF A  
GLENER. POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649432622

The Sheaf of a Gleaner. Poems by Reba Beebe Pratt

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**REBA BEEBE PRATT**

**THE SHEAF OF A  
GLEANER. POEMS**





THE SHEAF OF A GLEANER.



POEMS

BY

REBA BEEBE PRATT.



NIL DESPERANDUM.



SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH:  
JOS. HYRUM PARRY & Co., PUBLISHERS.

1886.

FAIR

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
**304292B**

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## SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

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REBA BEEBE PRATT was born April 1st, 1856, in Polk City, Polk County, Iowa, fifteen miles north of the capital, Des Moines. Her parents were George Beebe and Hester Ann Rogers Beebe; she was descended by her mother from John Rogers, the martyr of Smithfield, England; she also inherited French, Scotch and Irish blood, but for all that is fully an American by birth and principle.

Her parents were members of the "Mormon" Church; when driven from Nauvoo they stopped in Iowa for the winter, but remained several years.

It has been said of Reba, "she came in the meridian of time," for, like Edward E. Hale, she had the good luck to be born in the middle of a large family.

In the spring of 1859, she crossed the plains with her parents on a visit to Utah; they returned to Iowa the next year and did not locate permanently in Utah until 1876. She still remembers incidents of that journey.

Her father's house was the home of the Elders. In every way possible he helped to advance the cause of the Gospel; Reba was early taught its principles, and December 4th, 1869, was baptised by Elder Moroni L. Pratt. On the 23rd of December, 1869, her eldest brother died after a lingering illness; that was the first grief she had known.

The location of her home was all that could be desired, in the wild woods around there grew almost every variety of fruit and nuts in abundance; her heart delighted in nature and she passed many happy hours gathering wild flowers and specimens of shells and stones along the banks of the clear streams of water. In winter there was coasting, and sleighing, and skating, and all the sports that the season affords. When the snow lay too deep for walking to school, her father would take a large sleigh, and placing them all snugly in with a liberal sized basket of dough-nuts, mince-pies and other good things that make one hungry to think of, and taking in the children on the way, off to school they merrily would go, returning in the same manner in the evening. In one heart at least, those memories of the old home will always remain fresh and tender.

Reba was industrious and ambitious; learning to sew and read before five years of age, when she was sent to an elderly maiden's school, her earliest recollections of which are mingled with the sound of the fife and the drum. The soldiers were drilling for the war of the Rebellion. She has a distinct remembrance of the return of the boys in "tattered blue," and of the grief of parents and friends for those who never came back.

She early showed a fondness for literary pursuits, although her first attempt at reciting was a failure, she having forgotten whether the subject of her little piece was a cat or a dog. The subject of her first written poetry was the occasion of her being lost, with others, when blackberrying in the woods. She was then eight years of age.

She was very desirous of learning, making rapid progress in her classes, her favorite studies being com-