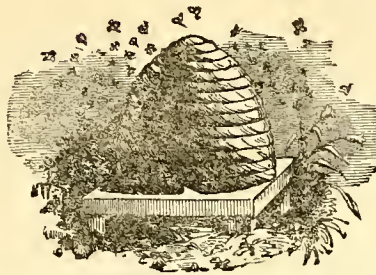


JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

"BUT WITH ALL THY GETTING
GET UNDERSTANDING."



THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE
WITHOUT LABOR.

VOL 2.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 15, 1867.

NO. 20.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

NEAR a small village called Sydenham, a few miles to the south of the vast City of London, stands the beautiful building shown in our engraving. It is called the Crystal Palace. Well may it be called a palace, for few of the monarchs of earth can boast such a lovely dwelling place.

The reason why it is called Crystal is because it is built almost entirely of glass, except the frame work, which is of iron; and the glass shining in the sun gives it an air of beauty and enchantment, reminding those who see it of some of the fanciful castles spoken of in fairy tales.

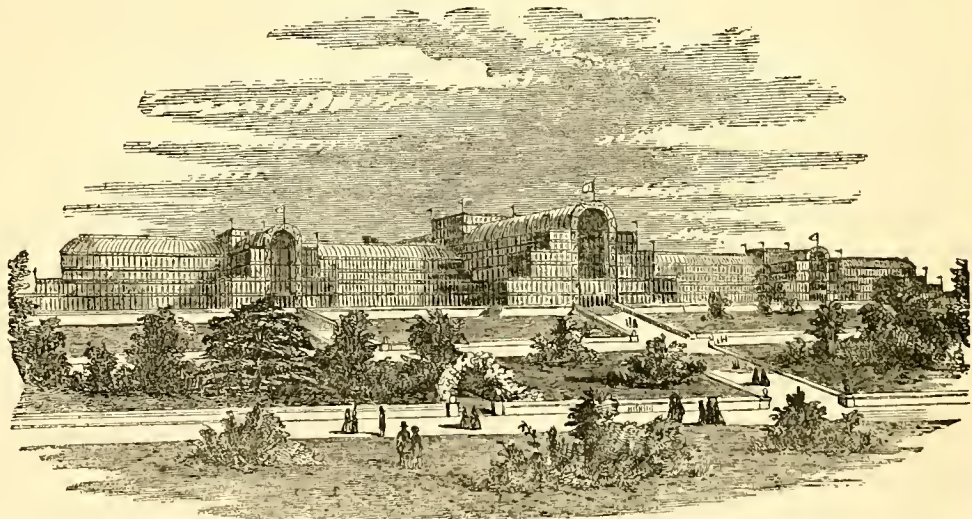
If we could take our little friends by the hand, we would lead them into the building and explain to them the vast treasures of nature and art contained therein. Such of course we cannot do. But we will for a moment suppose we are there, beneath the roofs of its lofty nave, with the privilege to go where we will. On one side we can visit most of the nations of the earth in their own homes. For here are exact models of the dwellings of men who have past away hundreds of years ago. We can take a glimpse at the house of one of the rulers of the world, who dwelt in Rome, when Rome was in its power. We can

peep into the chamber of a resident of Pompeii, before Vesuvius engulfed that ill-fated city in its sea of burning lava. We can visit the Assyrian, the Egyptian, the Greek and the Moor in their own houses and notice their peculiar styles of architecture. All beautiful, but all different, and can learn in a few moments' time, better than we could from the study of a hundred books, the way men have built their houses from the age of Abraham to the day we live in. Further on, towering up to the lofty roof, we gaze with surprise on the exact models of the colossal figures that stood at the entrance of the Egyptian temples, and cast their shadows on the Nile, in the days when the Lord, through Moses, turned its waters into blood.

This palace is indeed a grand teacher, from which we can learn, by direct contact with men's own works, of the arts, the sciences, the learning, the civilization and the glory of mankind. We may view the savage of Australia or Southern

Africa, just as he roams midst his desert sands, and compare his face, his form and his attainments, with the appearance, the works and the achievements of the mightiest men who have dwelt amidst civilization. Nor are the works of man alone exhibited; for we are surrounded with the bright colors and sweet scents of the flowers of the tropics, and can wander amongst groves of palms, orange trees and others that grow in those warm climates, and almost fancy that instead of being in foggy, damp England we have taken a journey to either India.

Outside the palace are beautiful gardens and pleasure grounds, where vast fountains, throwing up immense bodies of



water, and cascades falling in the midst of flower beds and fine statuary, add beauty and diversity to the view. All that men can do has been done to make it lovely and attractive to the lover of nature and the student of mankind.

The following is a short description of the building and its size. It consists of a nave with two side aisles, two main galleries, two wings and three transepts, the length of the nave being 1608 feet. The central transept is 384 feet long; the two side ones 312 feet. The width of the nave is 72 feet, and its height 110 feet. The centre transept is 174 feet high. The Gardens and Park occupy 200 acres. The fountains and waterworks are the most remarkable in the world. When the whole systems of fountains is displayed, no less than 11,788 jets are in operation, throwing 120,000 gallons of water per minute. Some of the columns of water being thrown to a height of 280 feet, or four times as high, from the ground, as the top of the roof of the new Tabernacle.

G. R.

THE MORNING HOUR.

"WHAT does this mean, mamma?" asked Emily, looking up from the book she had been reading,—“The morning hour has gold in its mouth.” It is not true, is it.”

“Quite true, my daughter, though not just as you may at first think.”

“But I have never seen it, dear mother.”

“No, you do not rise early enough. It is gone before eight o'clock comes.”

“Then may I get up real early to-morrow morning, just as soon as it is light, and try to find out what it means for myself? I would rather find it out than have you tell me.”

“Yes, Emily, you are quite old enough to begin early rising.”

“Thank you, mamma, but it will seem such a long time till morning. I wish it were night now.”

“Don't wish the hours away, dear, there is gold in every one of them if you will look closely.”

“Ah, I think you have given me the key to the riddle now,” laughed Emily. “I will try to be patient, and to-morrow will tell whether I am right.”

When Emily awoke next morning from the sound, sweet sleep of childhood, the birds were singing so loudly and cheerily that she wondered she could ever have slept amid so much music. She sprang from her bed, dressed herself quietly, so as not to wake little Charlie, who slept with her, and went to the window. She knew, of course, that she would not really see gold, but she was curious to know why the morning hour was so much better than any other.

How still and pure was the scene upon which she looked! Nothing awake save the birds; the stars and moon just beginning to fade out from the sky, and the east tinged with a flush, warm, yet soft as that of a freshly opened rose. As she watched, the clouds waxed brighter and brighter, till the sky seemed aflame with their crimson banners, then grew fainter as they rose, while waves of light, like molten gold, breaking over them, showed that the sun was not far behind.

The lambs began to stir on the hillsides,—the cattle to low in the fields,—Robin answered Blue-Bird from the elm tree,—Blue-Bird called to Lark in the air,—Lark on his way to the sun, dropped a note to Oriole of the golden robe, and Oriole warbled it to Starling of the crimson wing, who, in company with some dozens of his fellows in the meadow, was repeating all the songs he had ever heard.

The dew glittered on leaf and bush, the gossamer lay, in sheets of silver, on the grass, and the mist rose lightly from the breast of the river, tangling its filmy folds among the willow branches, then about their tops, then floating up, up, till it became a cloud, looking as soft and pure against the blue sky as if it had never touched the earth.

“How beautiful!” thought Emily, “and I have missed all this every day, for all these mornings must have been just as lovely while I lay foolishly sleeping them away. How all creatures seem first to give thanks and praise to God for keeping them through the dark, still night, and then to go busily and cheerfully to work. I am sure mamma would say, ‘Here is a lesson for my Emily,’ and I will try to heed it.”

So she said her prayer, not forgetting to thank God for the fresh glorious morning.

Next she sought her work-basket. What an array presented itself as she raised the lid; bits of thread and cotton; handfuls of knotted silk skeins; an apron unhemmed; an embroidery pattern just commenced, its worsted wound around the knitting-needles of a stocking long ago begun.

A sad prospect, but her heart was full of thankfulness, and these words of the Psalmist had set themselves to the tune of her thoughts, “early in the morning will I praise Thee, O Lord,”

and filled up the time with sweet repetitions, so that she did not heed the moments, and what had at first seemed so hard was soon finished, and her work-box in order before the breakfast bell rang.

“Any gold this morning, my daughter?” asked her mother, when prayers were over and they were seated about the table.

“Some grains, mamma,” was the cheerful answer, “and among them, this, that I am ready for breakfast with you, which I so often miss. I declare I feel ashamed to think how idle I have been!”

“You needed the sleep when you were younger and not very strong, but now I think with you, that it is time for a change.”

“So Emily is going to be my robin after this,” said her father, smiling. “I think her affairs will soon begin to prosper, like those of the man who saw the white sparrow.”

“A story, papa, please tell it me,” cried the little girl, in delight at this pleasant prospect, for she was very fond of stories.

“It is a long time since I read it, but I may recall enough to show you the moral.”

“What does that mean, papa? Please tell me?”

“It means the lesson the story teaches. Have you found a moral for your sentence, ‘the morning hour has gold in its mouth?’”

“O, yes, that is plain; it is so fresh and bright, and we gain so much time for work or study by early rising.”

“Very well, my dear; now for the story. ‘The old man who dwelt at Froudon was very wealthy. He had many servants, and his large estate was kept in perfect order, but the dim rooms of the great house were seldom opened, for his son was abroad and the poor man led a lonely life, for all his riches. He never had any company unless, as the aged housekeeper declared, the dark, old pictures came down from their frames and talked with him. She was sure when she went in one night, before the lamps were lighted, that she had seen the figure of an old lady, that hung nearest the fire-place, settling hastily back into its place with a flutter of its wide cap frill, but the butler said it was only the glimmer of the firelight that deceived her.

“By and by he died, and after a year the son came home. What a change for Froudon! The rooms were opened and filled with gay company, and in the evenings blazed with light, while the grim old pictures seemed to shrink farther back in their frames with anger. New servants, to whom the young man trusted every care, replaced the old ones, and things went fast to waste; debts and trouble springing up as if by magic. But none of his many friends warned the heir, for they liked too well to help spend his money. At last came one whom he had known abroad and who soon saw the state of affairs.

“‘Frantz,’ said he, one day, ‘things are going wrong with you.’

“‘Very true,’ was the answer, ‘but how can I help it?’”

“‘You must see the white sparrow. After that all will be right.’

“‘And where does he keep himself?’ laughed Frantz. ‘He must be a wise bird, truly, if he can help me.’

“‘There is but one way. You must rise at dawn and go all over your estate every morning until you find him.’

“Frantz thanked his friend, who was leaving him, and promised to do so. Next morning he began his search, but though he looked closely no bird appeared. But he found things all left at loose ends about the place; so he resolved to see what the servants were about. They were not expecting him, for he was seldom out till noon; and everywhere he found mischief. The butler was stealing his best wine, the housekeeper flirting with the coachman, while her maids were gossiping in the dairy; the overseer taking the house-maid to ride in his master's carriage; the men idling in the fields, except one who was digging

faithfully at a ditch, whistling gaily as he worked. Him Frantz chose for his overseer; the rest left Frondon that day. You may be sure Frantz never again slept away the mornings, or failed to see for himself that his place was cared for; nor did he ever cease to be grateful to the true friend who had taken so kind a way to show him his folly. So Frondon came again to be as thriving as in his father's time, though never quite so gloomy."

As Emily tripped away to school after her morning work was done, she began to think of some dark days she had known. Perhaps you have seen such times—mornings when you come down stairs, cross and hurried, and put the whole house under a cloud; when every one seems tiresome and everything goes wrong; and so the days drag on through all their heavy hours, heavy for your own fault, for God gave them to you to be happy in. Now, thinking of them, she wondered how they had happened; everything made her feel so happy, from the bird on the bough to the clean-looking grass-blades, with their plentiful jewelry of dew. So sped the day, and at night, almost as soon as the robins had sung themselves to sleep on the low oak bows, she sought her room. When little Charlie's sleepy head was nestled on its pillow, Emily looked out and up at the sky. How happy she felt! The very stars seemed to her to twinkle approval and to say,

"You have been a good girl to-day, my child; a very good girl."

"I wonder if they really do know," thought she; "and if the holy angels are around us now. They know I have tried to be good, and God knows too; and he will never forget. Oh, how happy I am!"

And kneeling by her soft white bed, Emily poured out her thanks to Him who gives us all our good gifts, and prayed that He would help her to gather the pure gold of every morning hour and let it sparkle over all the days, making them fair as this one which she had found so rich and sweet.—*The Children's Hour.*

LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON.

Taken from a little work—THE ROCKET—published by the American Tract Society.

CHAPTER II.—MENDING AND MAKING—LITTLE BOB.

GEORGE'S cottage showed the bent of his tastes. It was like an old curiosity shop; full of models of engines, complete or in parts, hanging and standing round; for busy as he had need to be eking out his means by engineering clocks and coats, the construction and improvement of machinery for the collieries was his hobby.

Likeness of taste drew a young farmer often to the cottage, John Wigham, who spent most of his evenings in George's society. John had a smattering of chemistry and philosophy, and a superior knowledge of mathematics, which made him a desirable companion. George put himself under his tuition, and again took to "figuring;" tasks set him in the evening, were worked out among the rough tiles of the day. And so much honest purpose did not fail to secure progress. Drawing was another new line of effort. Sheets of plans and sections gave his rude desk the air of mind-work somewhere. Thus their winter evenings passed away.

Bobby was growing up in a little thought-world by himself; for he could not fail to be interested in all that interested his father, that father always making his son the companion of his studies, and early introducing him into the curious and cunning power of machinery.

Ah, that was a proud day when little Bob was old enough,

and knew enough, to be sent to the academy at Newcastle. He was thirteen. His father's means had happily been increased. The old engine-wright of the colliery having died, George Stephenson was promoted to the post, on the salary of five hundred dollars a year. This was in 1812.

The new office relieving him from incessant hard work, and the necessity of earning a shilling by extra labors, he had more time for study, and for verifying his plans of practical improvement; and the consequence was very considerable improvement in the machinery of the colliery to which he was attached.

Meanwhile Robert's education went on apace. The boy was hungry for knowledge, not only for himself, but to satisfy the voracious appetite of his father, and the no less keen one of John Wigham.

Robert joined a literary and philosophical society at Newcastle, whose fine library opened a rich store-house of material. Here the boy spent most of his time out of school, storing his mind with principles, facts, and illustrations to carry home on Saturday afternoon. Books also. The Edinburgh Encyclopædia was at his command. A volume of that at the cottage unfolded a world of wonders. But the library had some books too choice to be trusted away. How was Robert to get the gist of these home? His father had often said, that a "good drawing and a well-executed plan would always explain itself," and many a time he had placed a rough sketch of machinery before his son and told him to describe it. Robert therefore, when he could do no better, put his drilling to test, and copied diagrams and drew pictures, thus taking many an important and perhaps rare specimen of machinery and science to Killingworth, for his father's benefit.

We can well imagine Saturday afternoon was as much a holiday to father as to son. Robert's coming was hailed with delight. John did not lag far behind. Some of the neighbors dropped in to listen to discussions which made the little room a spot of lively interest and earnest toil. Wide awake mind allows nothing stagnant around it.

Among the borrowed books of the day was Ferguson's Astronomy, which put father and son to calculating and constructing a sun dial for the latitude of Killingworth. It was wrought in stone, and fixed on the cottage door; and there stands still, with its date, August 11, 1816—a year or two before Robert left school—a fair specimen of the drift of his boyish tastes.

CHAPTER III.—WHO BEGAN RAILROADS—PUFFING BILLY.

FAMILIAR as it has become to us, who does not stop to look with interest at the puffing, snorting, screaming steam-horse? and who does not rejoice in the iron-rail, which binds together with its slender threads the north and the south, and makes neighbors of the east and the west?

"Who began railroads?" ask the boys again and again.

The first idea of the modern railroad had its birth at a colliery, nearly two hundred years ago. In order to lighten the labor of the horses, the colliers let straight pieces of wood into the road leading from the pit to the river where the coal was discharged; and the wagons were found to run so much easier, that one horse could draw four or five chaldrons. As wood quickly wore out, and moreover was liable to rot, the next step was nailing plates of iron on the wooden rail, which gave them for a time the name of "plate-way" roads. A Mr. Outram making still further improvements, they were called outram roads, or for shortness' sake, "tram-roads;" and tram-roads came into general use at the English collieries.

"There's mischief in those tram-roads," said a large canal owner, foreseeing they would one day shove canal stock quite out of market.

To be Continued.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, : EDITOR.

OCTOBER 15, 1867.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

DID our little readers ever see the faces of any of their companions when they were angry? If you did, we think they must have almost seared you; their features are so altered and their whole appearance is so changed. An angry child does not look like itself when it is angry; neither, indeed, does an angry grown person. If boys and girls could see their own faces when they are inflamed by anger, they would be startled, and they would scarcely suffer themselves to lose their tempers very easily again. A child's face may be naturally sweet and beautiful; but when it is fired up with anger, it is no longer lovely; it is simply disagreeable, and when seen, causes unpleasant feelings. A violent storm causes the heavens, which at other times are so beautiful, to appear terrible, and the beholder, in looking upon them, is filled with dread. Storms of this kind are necessary to purify the physical atmosphere; but storms of passion have no good effect upon the child or grown person who gives way to them; they injure all who indulge in them.

Recollect, children, every time you are tempted to anger that you cannot give way to it without hurting your systems. Anger disturbs the stomach and interrupts all the operations of the body; by often giving way to it, life is shortened. As a rule, people who control their tempers and cultivate a mild and peaceful spirit have better health and live longer than passionate, quarrelsome people do.

"But," says one, "I do get mad so easy. I try not to be angry; but some of the boys are so mean that I can not help it." The better way for such children is not to play or associate with those who are mean and quarrelsome; and then if they are quick tempered and passionate themselves, strive to govern their tempers. Every one can do this. We have known very even-tempered, mild and forbearing men who were naturally very passionate and quick-tempered. But they had kept their tempers under control until they had become the masters of themselves. What one person has done in this respect, others can do if they try, and there is no period of life so favorable to the formation of good habits, nor when it is more easy to correct any natural defects of character, than the years of childhood and youth. We hope all our young readers will endeavor, by the help of the Lord, to govern their tempers and cultivate those dispositions which are in accordance with the spirit of the Gospel.

WE are pleased to have it in our power to inform our subscribers that we have received the engravings for which we have been looking. We feel under many obligations to Brothers Brigham, jr. and John W. Young for their attention to this business. Bro. John W. took considerable pains to find the kind we wanted, and from a sight of those we have had time to examine, we fully approve of his taste. We are satisfied that our JUVENILES will be delighted with them.

BE patient with the little ones.

BIBLE QUESTIONS INSERTED IN NUMBER 18, NOW RE-INSERTED WITH THEIR ANSWERS.

1. What prophet did God take to heaven in a chariot of fire?
ELIJAH. ii Kings, ii chap., 11 verse.
2. What prophet caused iron to swim, so that a man might recover his lost ax?
ELISHA. ii Kings, vi chap., 5-6 verses.
3. What were the names of the man and woman who were struck dead for lying to an apostle?
ANANIAS AND SAPPHIRA. Acts v chap., 1-11 verse.
4. Where was the apostle James (the brother of John) killed?
JERUSALEM.
5. How and by whose order was he slain?
* HEROD (AGRIPPA.) Acts xii chap., 1-2 verses.
6. To what place was Paul going when the Lord Jesus appeared to him?
DAMASCUS. Acts ix chap., 1-9 verses.
7. Who was chosen to be an apostle to fill up the quorum on Judas' apostacy?
MATTHIAS. Acts i chap., 26 verse.
8. Where did Jesus perform his first miracle?
At a marriage in Cana of Galilee. St. John ii chap., 1-11 verses.

* Grandson of Herod the Great, and father of Agrippa before whom the Apostle Paul plead the cause of the Saints. See Acts xxv chap.

Little George.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

LITTLE GEORGE—HIS NEW HOME.

A TRUE STORY.

[SECOND PART.]

LITTLE GEORGE slept very soundly and comfortably all night. Early in the morning he awoke feeling well; but was at a loss for a few minutes to tell where he was, when, all at once, he remembered that he was in the home of his new master and mistress.

When he went to bed he was too sleepy to look at the room where his bed was, and besides it was too dark to see any thing if he had wanted to.

When he was fairly awake, and remembered where he was, he rubbed his eyes, and sat up in his little bed to look around. He found himself in a room up stairs, about ten feet square, lighted by one window. The room had a fire place in it, and a small fire grate in which stone coal was burnt; for they do not burn wood in that country, but they burn stone coal both summer and winter. He saw in front of the window two shoe-makers' seats with tools on them, and two or three hammers and a lap stone on the floor; he also saw, standing under the window, a tub containing water for the shoe-makers to wet their leather in, and there were pieces of shoe-maker's wax swimming in the water, to keep the wax cool and from sticking fast to any thing. On the wall on one side of the fire-place he saw three or four bundles of patterns to cut shoes out by hanging on nails, and also two racks filled with lasts to make little children's shoes on. On the floor in the same corner, lay in a confused mass, pieces of sole leather and upper leather, and bits and scraps of leather lay all over the floor just in front and around the shoe-makers' seats. On the other side of the fire place stood a bedstead and bed on it, with no curtains, and somebody

was asleep on the bed; but little George did not know who it was. All this he saw at a glance.

He arose and quietly dressed himself, and then walked to the window to look out. The sun was rising beautifully. Just below the window outside was a little backyard about eight feet square with a high brick wall around it, and a door painted black, made fast with an iron bolt. In one corner of the yard he saw a lot of stone coal, and a large washing mng made of clay and burnt hard, it was standing on the side of the coal nearest the house.

On the opposite side, fronting the window, was another row of houses made of burnt brick with back yards like the one we have just described; the back yards of both rows were opposite to each other, and there was a narrow passage between them leading out into a cross street. He saw that the house his master lived in was the last house except one in the row, and then came a green hedge, and a beautiful green field covered all over with grass. The birds were chirping and hopping about in the hedge, and all nature outside seemed joyous and happy.

Little George did not feel so happy as the little birds outside seemed to be, he was not as free as the birds were; they were playing with each other in the bright sunshine, while he had nobody to play with, was shut up in a dark unswept room where shoe-makers worked, did not know what he was going to do, and how the strangers in whose house he had slept last night would like him.

He turned away from the window with a sigh. He felt lonesome, and when he felt lonesome he always felt to pray to God in his heart. He thought he would go back again to bed and cover his head over with the bed clothes and cry a little while; but as he was going he fell over the lap stone against one of the shoe-makers' seats, and knocked it over, scattering all the tools on the floor, which made a great noise and racket. A lap stone is a broad flat stone upon which the shoe-maker beats his leather with a round broad headed hammer to make it solid.

This noise awoke the person who lay on the bed, which was on the other side of the fire place. He arose suddenly, and looking round, saw little George, much frightened, getting up off the floor where he had fallen. This was the first time that he had seen little George. He did not know that he was in the house, having come in late the night before. He said to him:

"What do you want there, boy?"

"I don't know."

"Where did you come from?"

"From the poor house yesterday."

"Who brought you here?"

"My new master."

"And who is your new master?"

"I don't know."

He had not learned the name of his new master yet.

"How did you come here?"

"My master brought me here and told me to lie on that bed."

"O, I understand now; you are the little boy who is going to be our apprentice. I am afraid you are too little."

The person who lay on the bed, on the other side of the fire-place, was a young man, apparently about twenty years of age, the son of the strange gentleman by his first wife who had died some years previous. Little George's new mistress was his second wife.

"Do you think you will like to learn to be a shoe-maker?"

"I don't know; but I think I shall like my new mistress."

"Can you read?"

"Yes, a little bit."

"Can you write?"

"I can make letters with a pencil on a slate."

"Who taught you to read and make letters with a pencil on a slate?"

"The kind old school teacher with the big spectacles in my poor house home."

While little George was saying this the remembrance of the past came upon him, he hung his head and tears fell upon his jacket. For a moment he felt friendless.

The young man saw this, pitied him, and told him to be a good boy and he would be his friend. He was a Sunday school teacher, and he asked little George if he would go with him to the Sunday-school. He was willing, for he liked his new acquaintance.

The master and mistress were now astir in the house below, and soon the family was seated at the table eating their breakfast.

The young man asked his father if he might take little George to the Sunday-school with him.

His father consented.

The room in which they ate their breakfast, was a kitchen about ten feet square, lighted with one window; in the front of it stood a long table, and on the outside of it was the back yard where the coals were in the corner. Then there was another room called the parlor, into which the front door opened. The room where little George slept, and found his new acquaintance was over the kitchen, and the room in which his master and mistress slept was over the parlor, and the stair case leading up stairs was between the parlor and the kitchen.

Little George and his new acquaintance are now ready to go to the Sunday school, and as it was Sunday, instead of going out of the back door, they walked through the parlor and out of the front door into the sunshine.

In this paper I have occupied all the room allowed me in the description of little George's new home. **UNCLE GEORGE.**

For the Juvenile Instructor.

HISTORY OF JESUS

CHAPTER V.

JERUSALEM was a very grand and beautiful city. At one time, when a very great multitude of people had gathered around Jesus, he and his friends had a grand display as they entered the city amid the shouts of the people—Jesus riding on a colt, and the people on foot.

When they were at a little distance from the city, Jesus sent two of his disciples to a little village not far distant, after telling them where they would find a colt tied, which they were to loose and bring to him, and if any one should ask why they were taking the colt, they were to say "the master has need of it." And the disciples went and found it as Jesus said; and when the owner of the colt saw what they were doing, he asked them why they did so: and the disciples answered the man as Jesus had instructed them, and he let them take it.

And when they brought the colt to Jesus, they spread some of their clothing on it and then, after placing Jesus on it, many spread their clothes in the road, while others cut down branches of trees and strewed in the way. This was in fulfilment of the words of the prophet, saying, "Behold, thy king cometh unto thee, meek, and sitting upon a colt, the foal of an ass."

A great multitude of people went before, and another great multitude followed after, shouting with loud voices, "Hosanna, blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord: peace in heaven and glory in the highest."

It was a joyful time for the friends of Jesus, and especially those who knew him to be the Son of God; but the wicked priests, and the proud pharisees were very angry, and when they found that they could not silence the multitude, they went to Jesus and told him to stop their shouts and praises: but

Jesus said to them, "If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out." Jesus knew the hearts of the wicked rulers, and often reproved them for their iniquity, and they hated him, and were continually seeking to find accusations against him, for they professed to be very righteous, and feared to have their wickedness exposed, lest they should lose their influence with the people.

As Jesus entered the city, he wept when he thought of the destruction that awaited it in consequence of the wickedness that was practiced in it, and he went into the Temple and felt sadly grieved to see to what purposes they were applying it, for they had turned it into a place of merchandize instead of keeping it sacred and holy for the worship of God, and the precious ordinances of His House.

And he cast out all those that bought and sold in the Temple, and overthrew the tables of the money exchangers, and the seats of them that sold doves, and said to them. "It is written, my house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves."

And the blind and the lame came to him in the temple, and he healed them.

When the priests and scribes saw the strange things that Jesus did, and when they heard the little children in the temple, crying out Hosanna to the Son of David, they were much displeased, and asked Jesus if he heard what they said: and Jesus said to them, "Yes, have you never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, thou hast perfected praise?" Jesus was delighted to hear the children shout and praise the Lord—he loved them because they were innocent, and their hearts were pure. God loves innocence and purity.

At one time, Jesus wished to retire from the multitude, and he went up on to a mountain, and a few of his disciples came to him: and he opened his mouth and taught them, saying.

Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Thus, year after year, Jesus spent his time in doing good to all who would receive good—those who were afflicted and had faith, he healed; and to those who believed his words, he taught the way of life and salvation. E. R. S.

THE VOICE OF GOD.—An eminent man relates this incident of his childhood:—"When a little boy, my father sent me from the field home. A spotted tortoise in shallow water caught my attention, and I lifted my stick to strike it, when a voice within me said, 'It is wrong.' I stood with uplifted stick, in wonder at the new emotion, till the tortoise vanished from my sight.

"I hastened home and asked my mother what it was that told me it was wrong.

"Taking me in her arms, she said, 'Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen to it and obey it, then it will speak clearer, and always guide you right. But if you turn a deaf ear, or disobey, then it will fade out little by little, and leave you in the dark, without a guide.'"

Selected Poetry.

DROPS OF CRYSTAL WATER.

Drops of crystal water,
Of the summer showers
Gemming with a thousand pearls
Blossoms in the bowers.
While the sun is resting
On a couch of clouds,
Drops of crystal water
Trickle down in crowds.

From the waving king-cup
Bees are drinking dew,
Butterflies are waiting
To taste a little too;
The cricket on the lady-bird
Makes a passing call,
Drops of crystal water
Furnish drink for all.

The lilly and the daisy,
Sunburnt in the field,
Had no parasol of leaves
Their purity to shield;
So sunlight dropped its cloud-vail,
And rain began to fall;
Drops of crystal water
Soon revived them all.

Corn that gilded acres,
The clover, and the grass,
Cowslips that the children
Gather as they pass;
The primrose in the green lane,
The berry on the sloe,
Drops of crystal water
Cause them all to grow.

Drops of crystal water
Form the running rills,
Where the cress is growing
By the brambled hills,
Oceans vast and boundless,
Rivers wide and far,
Drops of crystal water
Make them what they are.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

"HE NEVER TOLD A LIE IN HIS LIFE."

THIS was the remark made the other day, by a valued friend, while talking of his son who died a short time ago, at the age of nine or ten. He deeply felt and grieved over the loss of his much loved son; but it was a source of great consolation to him to think how good and faithful and promising his boy was, and he felt gratefully proud to be able to say of him, "He never told a lie in his life." What a noble eulogy on his life. It ought to be engraved upon his tombstone, to encourage all who might read it to imitate his righteous example. We wish that this could be said of all our boys and girls. Oh how happy their parents would be! Doubtless it can be said of a great many, and we hope all our little readers will think of this young boy, and though he is dead, let his example have an influence upon them for good.

Never told a lie! Think how brave and noble such a boy must be and feel. Nothing to be ashamed of, nothing to fear. He can look his father and mother in the eye with a frank and happy countenance, and not even be afraid or ashamed to meet the Lord. It is only cowards who tell lies. They do something

that is wrong of which they are ashamed, and then tell a lie to try to hide it. This only makes two wrongs and leads to more and greater evils. It makes cowards of them. They know they have done wrong and are ashamed to look their parents or friends in the eye. They feel mean, condemned and unhappy, and are constantly in dread that they will be found out, which they almost always are. But if their friends on earth do not find them out now, the Lord knows, and the time will come when they can no longer hide their wickedness; for Jesus says every secret thing shall be revealed. He also says that all liars, as well as other wicked people, shall be shut out of heaven. Now, how awful will be the feelings of men and women, or boys and girls, when they have to stand before the Lord and all the world, and acknowledge that they have been liars, and Jesus shall say to them,—“Go away from me, I do not want liars to live where I am.”

Our dear little friends, there is no sin more surely calculated to degrade and corrupt you, and to make miserable and despised men and women of you, than lying. Shun it as you would a rattlesnake or any deadly poison. If you will make it a rule to always speak the truth, you will not go far astray; you will feel happier, and will be sure to grow up useful, honored and beloved. And even if you should sometimes do wrong, you know the Lord has promised to forgive and bless those who confess and forsake their sins.

W. H. S.

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

ON the 19th of December the High Council of Zion met in Far West. On this day, and at this council, Elders John E. Page and John Taylor were ordained to the apostleship, to fill up the quorum of the Twelve, under the hands of President Brigham Young and brother Heber C. Kimball.

Joseph and his friends, who were fellow-prisoners with him, saw the close of the year 1838 in chains and dungeons and surrounded by enemies, who threatened that if any judge, or jury, or court of any kind should clear any of them, they should never get out of the State alive. When you read what is here written, children, can you wonder that civil war has come upon the nation, or that the anger of the Lord has been kindled against the people who could commit such wickedness? Joseph had told the people the word of the Lord. He had taught them the plan of salvation. To do this was not a crime; but because he did so, he and his brethren were thrust into prison. When people refuse to receive the message the Lord sends unto them, and turn round and cruelly persecute His messengers, their situation becomes full of peril, for they cut themselves off from mercy.

In the Legislature, attempts were made to pass a bill to provide for an investigation of the disturbances; but an investigation was not wanted by the Legislature. The men in power were themselves mobocrats. Their conduct would not bear investigation. They knew that very well. Boggs, the Govern-

nor, and most of the leading men in the State had taken part in the scenes of violence in which the Saints had suffered. They had urged on the mobs, who had killed and plundered and abused the Saints. What had they to gain by investigation? While they held the power no plan could be carried out that would bring the truth to light in an official form in that State.

In the meantime Joseph and his fellow prisoners and the Saints at Far West were not silent respecting the wrongs which they had endured and from which they were then suffering. Petitions and memorials were drawn up and signed and sent to the Legislature. The Government of the State was to be left without excuse. Justice was to be sought and the facts plainly set forth. If State authorities refused to render justice, they at least could not say that they were ignorant of the circumstances which required their action.

At Far West the people were busily employed in making preparations to leave the State. They had no choice but to leave; unless, indeed, they wanted to stop and be killed. President Brigham Young, who, when Thomas B. Marsh apostatized and David W. Patten was killed, became the President of the Twelve Apostles, was very active in taking measures for the removal of the poor and helpless Saints with the rest from the State. At a public meeting a committee was appointed to superintend the business of removing and to provide for those who had not the means to carry them out of the State. Upon motion of President Brigham Young at that meeting, the brethren present entered into a covenant to stand by and assist each other to the utmost of their abilities in removing from the State of Missouri, and that they would never desert the poor who were worthy, till they should be out of the reach of the exterminating order of General Clark, who was acting for and in the name of the State. They also resolved to make exertions to remove the families of the Presidency and the other prisoners first. Upon these resolutions the committee acted and exerted themselves to raise means to carry them into effect. Joseph's family left Far West for Illinois, under the care of Brother Stephen Markham, on the 7th of February, 1839, and reached the Mississippi river, opposite Quincy on the 15th of that month. On the 14th President Brigham Young had to leave Far West for Illinois. The persecution against him was so bitter, and the mob was so determined to kill him, that he had to flee.

Joseph and his companions still lay in prison, suffering in bonds. They had lain there some time when they demanded a habeas corpus from Judge Turnham, one of the county judges. This was granted, but with considerable reluctance. After the investigation, Sidney Rigdon was released from jail by the decision of the judge. But the remainder were committed to prison. Sidney Rigdon also returned to the jail with the rest, to wait until he had a favorable opportunity to get away. The mob was threatening that if any of the brethren were liberated they should never get out of the country alive. The sheriff and jailor were friendly and Sidney Rigdon was let out of the jail secretly in the night. While in prison, he had indulged in a murmuring, dissatisfied feeling, and had declared that the sufferings of Jesus Christ were nothing compared to those he had endured.

The men who released him warned him to get out of the State with as little delay as possible. A body of men pursued him, but the Lord preserved him and he was enabled to reach Quincy, Illinois, in safety.

The condition of the Saints, when they reached Quincy, in the State of Illinois, was truly pitiable. Stripped of their property, they had been forced to fly for their lives from the State of Missouri in the midst of a severe winter. This, too, in a land where liberty was the boast of the inhabitants. The

people of Quincy, upon beholding their sufferings and wretchedness, were moved to compassion. They called meetings, and took immediate steps to relieve the wants of the most destitute and to give employment to those who were able to work.

Elder Israel Barlow left Missouri for Quincy in the fall of 1838. While on his way he passed through the southern part of Iowa Territory, and being in a destitute condition he made his wants known and found friends who assisted him. Among others, he met with Doctor Isaac Galland, to whom he told the situation of the Saints. His recital enlisted the sympathies, or interest, or both united, of the Doctor, and he immediately took active steps to bring the town of Commerce to the favorable notice of the brethren as a place suitable for the settlement of the Saints. The accounts which Joseph received, while in prison, led him to encourage the brethren in securing a location there. A committee of brethren was appointed at Quincy to go and look at the land in Iowa Territory and to confer with Doctor Galland, and select suitable locations for the Saints.

The church felt the absence of Joseph very much. The sympathy of every Saint was aroused in behalf of himself and fellow-prisoners. Faith was exercised in their behalf and fervent prayers were offered to the Lord to deliver them from their enemies. With their prayers and faith they also united works. On the 25th of March, 1839, Brothers Heber C. Kimball and Theodore Turley started from Far West to see the Governor of Missouri. They procured copies of the papers by which Joseph and the other brethren were held, and also carried petitions with them from the prisoners and others to the Supreme Judges of the State. The Governor was absent; but they saw the Secretary of State, who could scarcely believe that the papers they brought were all the documents by which Joseph and his companions were kept in custody, as they were illegal. After seeing him, the brethren then started to find the Supreme Judges, and get writs of habeas corpus; but they could not get them. The papers were imperfect; there was no order of commitment; and without it the Judges would not grant the writs. To our little readers we will say that habeas corpus means: *have the body*. A writ of habeas corpus is issued to deliver a person from false imprisonment or to remove a person from one court to another.

Correspondence.

MORONI, Sanpete County, Sep. 23rd, 1867.

Editor Juvenile Instructor:

DEAR BROTHER.—Thinking you would like to hear how we are getting on at Moroni, we have ventured to write to you. We love the JUVENILE because of the nice reading in it. Brother William S. Lewis, our teacher, often gets the second and third readers to read in it, and he takes great pains to explain to us the meaning of what we read. We are told that we are learning well, which makes us feel glad. We have also a Sunday school, where the boys and girls who cannot come on week days can learn to read God's word, and be told how to behave themselves, etc.

Father William Draper, Doctor R. M. Rogers, Brothers W. S. Lewis, M. Johnson, and J. Kirkman are the class teachers. We have a juvenile choir too. We enclose you one of our Sunday school hymns.

WE received the above from one of our little sisters, Annie Irons, who only began to learn to write five months ago. The writing is very creditable indeed for so young a scholar. Besides

her letter, we have received specimens of writing from Maggie Rees and Eliza Draper, which speak highly for their diligence and the attention of their teacher. We are much pleased at receiving the communications of these young ladies, and trust they will persevere in their studies until they become fine scholars.—Ed. J. I.]

Original Poetry.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

THE GOOD LITTLE CHILD'S WISH.

BY JOEL H. JOHNSON.

• While I am a little child,
May I never be beguiled;
For I wish in wisdom's ways
To improve my childhood days.

I would every evil shun,
In the path of duty run,
Leaving off each sinful play,
And my parents' word obey;

In my ways be never wild,
But be loving, good and mild,
Learn at school my lesson well,
Striving others to excel;

And my playmates not abuse,
Nor my teacher's word refuse,
That my wisdom may be known,
When to manhood I am grown.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

CHARADE.

BY J. R. MCGAW.

I am composed of 10 letters:

My 4, 9, 9, 10, 6, is a woman's name.

My 3, 7, 5, 6, is what every farmer should possess.

My 7, 8, 4, is a card.

My 3, 2, 1, is a kind of animal.

My whole is an ornament to Great Salt Lake City.

THE Answers to the Charades in No. 18 are MANCHESTER and JEDEDIAH M. GRANT. Correct answers were received from E. J. C. Hindley, W. E. Gooch, and H. Brewer, G. Carter, W. Greenhalgh.

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Elder Wm. H. Shearman, Logan, will act as General Agent for Cache Valley.

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