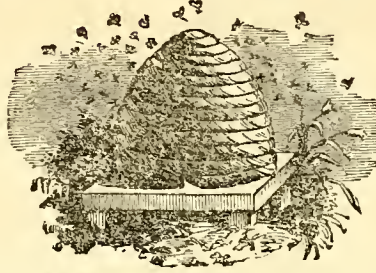


JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

"BUT WITH ALL THY GETTING
GET UNDERSTANDING."



THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE
WITHOUT LABOR.

VOL. 2.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1867.

NO. 18.

LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON.

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

WHAT useful little fellow is this, carrying his father's dinner to him at the coal-pit? He takes care, also, of his little brothers and sisters, keeping them clear of the coal-wagons, which run to and fro before the cottage door. Then he is seen tending a neighbor's cows. Now, he is moulding mud engines, sticking in hemlock sticks for blow-pipes; besides cutting many a good caper, and uttering all sorts of drolleries for the benefit of other little boys, who like himself swarm round, too poor to go to school, if school there were—but schools there were none.

The boys call him "Geordie Steve."

A lad is wanted to shut the coal-yard gates after work is over. Geordie offers his services and gets the post, earning by it two pence a day. That is four cents of our money. A neighbor hires him to hoe turnips at four pence. He is thankful to earn a bit, for his parents are poor, and every little helps. He sees work ahead, however, more to his taste. What? He longs to be big enough to go and work at the coal-pits with his father. For the home of this little fellow, as you already perceive, is in the coal district of Newcastle, in the north-eastern part of England. You had better find it on the map.

I suppose you never visited a colliery. Coal is found in beds and veins under ground. Deep holes are made, down which the miners go, and dig it out; it is hoisted out by means of steam engines. These holes are called shafts. The pit-men have two enemies to encounter down in the coal-pits—water, and a kind of gas which explodes on touching the flame of a candle. The water has to be pumped out; and miners are now provided with a lamp, called a safety lamp, which is covered with a fine wire gauze to keep the gas away from the flame.

The coal is brought up from the pit in baskets, loaded on wagons, running them on tram-roads, and sent to the sheds. Tram-roads were a sort of wooden railway. A colliery is a busy and odd-looking spot.

Geordie's family lived in one room—father, mother, four boys, and two girls; snug quarters one would think, but the working men of England at that time had smaller wages and poorer homes than they now do; for Geordie was born in 1781, in the little village of Wylam, seven miles from Newcastle, and his full name is George Stephenson.

James, an older brother, is "picker;" and by and by George is old enough to be picker too, going with his father and brother to their daily tasks like a man. To clear the coal of stones and dross is their business. There are a number of pits around, and each one has a name, "Dolly pit," "Water-run pit," and so on.

I do not know how long he was picker, but we next find him driving a gin-horse, at a pit two miles off, across the fields. Away he goes in the early morning, gladdened all along by many bird songs. George and the birds are fast friends. He knows where their nests are in the hedge rows, and watches over them with fatherly affection. At home he has tame birds, whose pretty, knowing ways are the wonder of the neighborhood. For many years, a tame blackbird was as much one of the family as George himself, coming and going at pleasure, and roosting at night over his head. Sometimes it spent the summer in the woods, but was sure to come back with cold weather to share his care and crumbs through the winter.

George too had a famous breed of rabbits; and as for his dog, it was one of the most accomplished and faithful creatures in the district. In fact, the boy had an insight into dumb-brute nature, as we shall find he had into other things, that gave him power over it—a power which he never abused, but used kindly and well.

George next arose to be assistant fireman with his father, at a shilling a day. He was fourteen, and so small of his age that he used to hide when the inspector came around, lest he should be thought too small for his wages. If small in body, he was large in heart, intent in all things to *do his best*. And this made his work so well done that it could not escape the notice of his employers. When he went to the office, Saturday night, to receive his wages, double pay was given him, twelve instead of six shillings. George could scarcely believe in his good luck. When he found it was really no mistake, he took the money and rushed out of the office exclaiming, "I am now a made man for life!"

George rapidly shot ahead of his father, a kind old man who always stayed fireman, while his boy climbed one round after another up the ladder of promotion. At seventeen, we find him plugman. What duty is that? A plugman has charge of a pumping-engine, and when the water in the pit is below the suction holes, goes down the shaft and plugs the tube in order to make the pump more easily draw. The post required more skill and knowledge of machinery than any he had filled before, and he proved himself equal to it.

Indeed, he loved his engine as he loved his birds. It is a pet with him. He keeps it in prime order. He takes it to pieces and cleans it and studies it. Pries into the whys and wherefores, and is never satisfied until he understands every spring and cog of the machinery, and gets the mastery of it. You never find him idling away his time. In leisure moments, he is at his old kink, moulding clay engines, and putting new thoughts into them.

He wished he knew the history of engines, and how they were thought out at first. Somebody told him about Watt, the father of steampower, and that there were books which would

satisfy his curiosity. Books! What good would books do poor George? He cannot read. Not read? No. He is eighteen, and hardly knows his letters. Few of the colliers could. They were generally an ignorant, hard working, clammy set of men whose pay-day was a holiday, when their hard-won earnings were squandered at cock-fights and ale-houses.

If one was found who *did* read, what a centre of light was he. At night the men and boys gathered around him, when by the light of his engine-fire he would give them the news from an old newspaper, or a scrap of knowledge from some stray magazine, or a wild story from an odd volume; and on these occasions no one listened with more profound attention than George.

Oh, it was so wonderful to read, he thought. It was to open the gates into great fields of knowledge. Read he must. The desire grew upon him stronger. In the neighboring hamlet of Welbottle, old Robin Cowens taught an evening school.

"I'll go," cried George.

"And I too," echoed Tommy Musgrove, a fellow-workman, quite carried away by George's enthusiasm.

Now they went to Robin's school three evenings a week. I do not know how it was with Tommy, but old Robin never had a better scholar than George; indeed, he soon out-learned his master. His schooling cost him six cents a week, and poor as it was, put into his hand the two keys of knowledge, reading and writing.

These mastered, he longs to use them. Andrew Robertson opens an evening school nearer than Welbottle, and Andrew proposes to teach arithmetic, a branch George is anxious to grapple with next. "And he took to figurin' wonderful," said Mr. Andrew, speaking of his new scholar, who soon left his class-mates far behind. And no wonder. Every spare moment to George was more precious than gold-dust, and was used accordingly. When not on duty, he sits by his engine and works out his sums. No beer-shop ever enticed him to its cups. No cock-fight ever tempted him to be its spectator. He hates every thing low and vulgar.

Andrew was proud of his pupil, and when George removed to another pit, the old school-master shifted his quarters and followed him. His books did not damage his interest in business. Was the plugman going to stay plugman? No. Bill Coe, a friend of his advanced to a brakeman, offered to show George. The other workmen objected. And one in particular stopped the working of the engine when George took hold of it. "For," he cried angrily, "Stephenson can't brake, and is too clumsy ever to learn." A brakeman has charge of an engine for raising coal from a pit. The speed of the ascending coal, brought up in large hazel-wood baskets, was regulated by a powerful wooden brake, acting on the rim of the fly-wheel, which must be stopped just when the baskets reach the settle-board where they are to be emptied. Brakemen were generally chosen from experienced engine-men of steady habits; and in spite of the grumbling of old colliers, envious perhaps of his rise, it was not long before George learned, and was appointed brakeman at the Dolly pit. This was in 1801.

To be Continued.

MANY people go through the world, hearing nothing and seeing nothing. For all valuable purposes, their ears are as deaf as an ear of corn, and their eyes as blind as the eye of a potatoe.

AN emperor once said, "I have often felt sad in thinking of my severity and harshness, but never in remembering when I was gentle and forgiving." Kindness rarely has anything to regret.

Original Poetry.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

GOOD CHILDREN BLEST.

BY JOEL H. JOHNSON.

How blest the children, Lord,
Who seek the way that's right,
And make the precepts of Thy word
Their study and delight!

Whose treasures are laid up
In heaven, where no decay,
Nor moth nor rust shall e'er corrupt,
Nor thieves e'er take away.

They shall be blest indeed
In all they have to do;
With heavenly light around them shed
To guide the footsteps true.

Their works of love and faith,
Remembered by the Lord,
Are written in the Book of Life,
To meet a sure reward.

THE RAFT SPIDER.

"A DRIFT, old fellow? Aha! Don't you wish yourself on shore?"

"What is it, Harvey?" asked Sister Mary.

"A spider going out to sea on a bunch of leaves. I guess he won't find many flies. I hope he'll get drowned, the great ugly thing!"

"Oh," replied Sister Mary, as she looked at the picture in her brother's hand, "that is the Raft Spider."

"What? You don't mean to say that he's a sailor, and out to sea in his own ship?"

"Yes, that is just what I do mean to say. It's his own ship, for he built it all himself, and launched it upon the water. Not a very handsome model, nor a very swift sailor, but the best he could do and it answers all his purposes."

"But what does he want to be sailing about on the water for? There are no flies out there to come into his web."

"He doesn't belong to the family of spiders that make webs and stay at home in their dens. He's a long-legged fellow, as you may see, and can run fast. And what is more, can run on the surface of the water almost as well as on the land."

"Oho! That's it. And this raft is his den; where he sits and eats whatever he catches?"

"You've said it exactly. Shall I tell you about him?"

"Oh yes, do, sister."

"Very well," said Sister Mary. "The Raft Spider lives in marshy places, and is found in large numbers in the fens of Cambridgeshire, England, where his singular habits have long been known. He is a nimble fellow, and chases and catches insects for food. Some of these try to escape him by jumping or flying off upon the water, but he follows them there also, and runs upon the surface of the water almost as well as upon the land.

"He has a very large body, as well as long legs; is, in fact, one of the largest British spiders; and a handsome fellow at that, for a spider. He is brown in color, with a bordered band of orange, and has pink legs. It takes a great deal to feed

such a huge greedy insect, and he would often get on a short allowance if he could forage only upon the land. So he gathers some dry leaves, grass, small twigs, moss and the like, and ties them all together with silken threads. This raft he launches upon the water, and taking his place upon it, lets the wind blow him off from the shore."

"But what good does that do him, sister? There are more flies and insects on the land than on the water," said Harvey.

"He knows all about that. Animals don't often blunder and make wrong calculations, like human beings. The waters in the marshy region where our spider lives are full of insects that come to the top every little while to breathe the air. From his place on the raft, spider keeps his eyes all around him, and the moment he sees one of these insects come up he darts after and seizes him. Then there are insects, such as the gnat or mosquito, that get their wings on the surface of the water, and can be taken by the spider before they are strong enough to fly. Other insects move about in the water in search of prey, and get caught by the spider if they happen too near his raft. Then moths, flies, beetles and the like are continually falling into the water, and get pounced upon by the spider, while vainly trying to get up into the air once more, and are carried to his raft and eaten at leisure."

"What a greedy fellow!" said Harvey.

"Spiders are a hungry set, and have been known to eat more than their weight for dinner, and be ready for as hearty a meal at supper-time," replied Sister Mary. As for our Raft Spider, he isn't satisfied with the prey that gets near him; he will run off over the water to a considerable distance for insects which he happens to see floating, and bring them to his raft. And sometimes he will crawl down the stems of plants that grow in the water, to a depth of several inches, after food. He can live beneath the surface for some time, and this helps him to escape from some of his enemies. On seeing them approach he slips under his raft and lies there securely until the danger has passed away."

"Well, I'd just like to know what animals can't do," said Harvey.

"One generation of them cannot grow any wiser and more skillful than another," replied Sister Mary. "The Raft Spider of next year will not be able to build his ship any more skillfully than the Raft Spider of to-day. It will never be anything more than a bunch of dry leaves tied together with silken threads. And so of all the rest. Much as we may wonder at the skill which some of them show, that skill never increases from generation to generation. While with men the generations grow wiser and more skillful as one comes after another. There was a time when man's best ship was a log rudely hollowed out, with the help of fire, by a stone hatchet. A paddle moved it through the water. Now he sails the ocean in floating palaces driven by steam. Each animal, as soon as it is grown up, knows without having learned all that its parents knew, except in the case of those that live with man and learn a few things from him. But human beings, while they are born so ignorant that each child has to be taught even the most trifling things, have in them the ability to grow wiser and more skillful than any of the generations that have gone before.

"And what is best of all," added Sister Mary, "while animals in dying have not the promises we have, death to us is only the passage from a lower to a higher world—from earth to heaven—from mortal to angelic life."

"If we are good," said Harvey.

"I meant that, of course," replied Sister Mary, as she kissed the upturned lips of her little brother. "And who is there that will not try to be good? Is it not worth a little trying to put away bad thoughts and feelings, and to refrain from bad actions in order to become fitted for heaven? How much pains we sometimes take to be happy for an hour or two. Shall we not take much more to be happy forever.—*The Children's Hour.*"

For the Juvenile Instructor.

LITTLE WILLIE.

LITTLE WILLIE lived in a large town in Yorkshire, England. My story commences when he was about seven years old.

Willie's father was poor and worked very hard. About this time Willie began to help his father work. He had learned to read tolerably well (for he had loved his book) but now he became more careless, and all the leisure time that Willie had, he wished to spend in play. He continued in this way till he was about nine years old, and he had lost so much of his reading, during this time, that he now could barely name the letters of the alphabet.

One day a very strange feeling came over him and he thought of many men whom he knew could not read, and he knew that people called them ignorant—that they had not much influence—did not know anything but hard labor. That if any place of ease, and profit should offer itself, that they would not be able to fill it. Then on the other hand, he thought of many who were filling easy positions, drawing high wages, enjoying a good influence and respected by all who knew them. Among the rest he thought of his Uncle C—, head book-keeper of a large firm, with an income of nearly four hundred pounds sterling per year. While those hard working, uneducated men only had about twenty or from that to thirty pounds sterling per year—dragging out a miserable existence—unable to sustain a comfortable home.

Those thoughts led little Willie to make a resolution. And what do you think it was? I will tell you. He resolved that he would do his best to become a learned and useful man. That from that moment all his leisure time should be spent in gaining knowledge.

Willie went right away to his father and told him his thoughts, and said, "father, if you please will you give me money to buy a book with? and I will go to Mr. Lund's book store and buy a Reading Made Easy, (for that is the name of the book,) and this very night I will commence to learn."

"Yes, my son," said Willie's father, "I will give you money to buy a book with. I very much approve of the plan that you have chosen to adopt, and I will do all that I can to help you carry it out."

Willie got the money, went to Mr. Lund's store, purchased the book; returned home and commenced his task.

W. W. B.

To be Continued.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in and hung with care,
A ladle at the brink—
He thought not of the deed he did
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

WHEN little crosses and privations happen to you—for they happen to every one, and they are always little if the heart is great that receives them—will you grumble, and pout, and be sad? or will you look up cheerfully, remembering that the world is full of hope and sunshine, and that you will get your share if you will only take it?

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, : EDITOR.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1867.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

A FEW days ago, in reading, we met with the following excellent remarks: "This looking for enjoyment don't pay. For what I know of it, I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle moonshine for a cloudy night. *The only way to be happy is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives.*"

These ideas are too good to be lost. They should be remembered by old and young. There are a great many people in this world who are miserable because they do not know the secret which is told in the few lines above. It is a great secret to know how to be happy. But yet it is one which our JUVENILES can easily understand and practice. There are very many people, who, in their desire to obtain enjoyment in the future, entirely overlook the present. There are precious pearls scattered all around their feet; but they do not stoop to pick them up or notice them. They are dazzled by the glitter of something which they imagine they see in the distance. They hope to possess it; but it proves to be different to what they expected, and they are disappointed.

There is a story told of a certain king who was very ambitious, which we will relate to our juveniles. His name was Pyrrhus, and he was king of Epirus. He had a friend, one of his subjects, named Cineas. This Cineas was a wise man. He saw that Pyrrhus was ambitious and full of schemes, and he thought he would reason with him about his plans. Pyrrhus was then preparing to go to Italy to fight the Romans. Cineas asked him how they should use the victory, if they should overcome the Romans.

"Oh," replied Pyrrhus, "The Romans once conquered, there is no city that will resist us, and we shall soon be masters of Italy."

"And," says Cineas, after a little pause, "having subdued Italy, what shall we do next?"

"Sicily," replied Pyrrhus, "next holds out her arms to receive us, a wealthy and populous island, and easy to be gained."

"But," said Cineas, "will the possession of Sicily put an end to the war?"

"We will use these," answered Pyrrhus, "as forerunners of greater things; who could forbear from Libya and Carthage then within reach? and then will any one dare to make further resistance?"

"None," replied Cineas, "for then we may regain Macedonia and conquer all Greece; and when all these are in our power, what shall we do then?"

Said Pyrrhus, "we will live at our ease, my dear friend, and drink all day, and divert ourselves with pleasant conversation."

This was the point to which Cineas wished to lead the king, so he asked him: "what hinders us now, sir, from being merry and entertaining one another, since we have at hand, without trouble, everything necessary? or why go through much blood and labor, and run risks ourselves and do mischief to others, to obtain what we already possess?"

Cineas was wise enough to see that the king neglected the means of happiness he then had, with the vain hope of having enjoyment at a future day.

Children, it is an excellent lesson for you to learn early in life not to wait for happiness. Be happy as you go along. There are a thousand things that you possess, and that are around you, which you should enjoy and be thankful for every day. You may think that you do not have all you want; but who does? The rich do not. The wealth of the world will not satisfy all the wants of man. With it all, he sees something that he would like to get, that riches will not bring. And if he obtained it, there would still be something more that he would desire.

Poverty need not prevent you from enjoying happiness; for you can see that you might be poorer. If you have poor health, you can readily perceive that you might have worse. If you are a cripple, you can probably think of a worse condition than your own. If your parents are dead, you probably have other kind friends, and you can think of something that you still have of which you could be stripped. No matter how bad your circumstances; you might be worse. Think of this, and you cannot be entirely unhappy. Children, God gives you drops of happiness every day of your lives; take them and enjoy them, and you will please Him.

TO AGENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS.—The back numbers of the present volume of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR are all disposed of, except the file numbers kept in the office, and which we cannot break into. Consequently, we are unable to fill further orders for it. Though we commenced the second half of the volume with an increased issue, the extra number was soon ordered, and each impression now only supplies our subscribers.

Our patrons will we hope accept our assurance that this number of the INSTRUCTOR being issued without an illustration is not a matter of choice but of necessity. We have illustrations on the way, which we hoped to have had by this time, but which have not yet been received. And we deemed it better to print the INSTRUCTOR without them, than to postpone the issue for an uncertain period.

We occasionally receive communications—some of them very good—from various persons who do not sign their own names. We do not object to publishing articles under anonymous names; but we require the writers to entrust us with their real names.

BIBLE QUESTIONS

FOR OUR JUVENILES TO ANSWER.

1. What prophet did God take to heaven in a chariot of fire?
2. What prophet caused iron to swim, so that a man might recover his lost ax?
3. What were the names of the man and woman who were struck dead for lying to an apostle?
4. Where was the apostle James (the brother of John) killed?
5. How and by whose order was he slain?
6. To what place was Paul going when the Lord Jesus appeared to him?
7. Who was chosen to be an apostle to fill up the quorum on Judas' apostacy?
8. Where did Jesus perform his first miracle?

A WISE son maketh a glad father; but a foolish man despiseth his mother.

LITTLE GEORGE AGAIN.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, August 18th, 1867.

CHILDREN OF UTAH:—

Uncle George is very glad to be able again to talk with you through the pages of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

He has just returned from a long journey, having traveled nearly fourteen thousand miles. He cannot tell you how glad he felt when he reached his home again in Great Salt Lake City, neither can he tell you how glad his dear little children were to see him on his return.

He intends now to continue the story of "LITTLE GEORGE," and he desires to be able to interest, please and teach you good things in following our little hero through another portion of his somewhat eventful life.

When you kneel down to pray ask the Lord to help Uncle George to write in such a way as to be of great worth to you. The Lord suffers little children to come unto Him, and when they pray for such things as shall be good for them to have, He hears their prayers, and grants unto them the things they ask him for.

I remain, respectfully,

UNCLE GEORGE.

Little George.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

LITTLE GEORGE IN HIS NEW HOME.

A TRUE STORY.

[SECOND PART.]

IN our last paper our readers will remember that little George had bade good bye to his poor-house home, playmates and friends to go he knew not where with a strange gentleman.

He left them with tears.

When the ugly-looking door with the grating in it was shut between him and them; and he had reached the bottom of the steps leading to the outside of the big wall, he wanted to take a last look at the grey old door, which hid from him his dear friends who had loved him so much, who had comforted him when he was in sorrow, and who had given him good things to eat when he was hungry. For although he had met with much unfeeling usage in his short life, he had not become hardened so as not to feel how good it is to be loved by somebody, how good it is to have some one say a comforting and encouraging word, to have some one to tell him that he had done well when he had done well, and when he had failed to do well to have some one encourage him to try and do better.

He turned to take a last look, and saw the kind, good natured face of the door keeper looking in pity upon him from behind the iron grating. This was almost too much for little George; he felt that he could not leave his friends, and upon one of the steps he sat down to give way to a fit of weeping.

The strange gentleman suffered him to cry for a short time, and then in a kindly tone wished him to go along with him to his home.

He made another effort to leave, and, with streaming eyes, he again met the kindly gaze of the door keeper, and there were tears in his eyes too. As little George was turning away, the door keeper called aloud from behind the grating, and said,

"Good bye, little George; be a good boy, and God will bless you wherever you go!

He ran along by the side of the strange gentleman, crying as he went, and drying his tears on his jacket sleeve.

Some children would have been glad to get away from the dark looking walls and the ugly door with the grating in it. Little George did not like those walls nor that gate, any more than he liked any other walls or gates; but he liked the gate keeper that stood behind the gate, and he liked his friends who were surrounded by those dark walls, and he could not help liking the gate and the walls too.

It was on Saturday that he left his poor-house home, and on Saturdays, in the big city, country people came to market, bringing with them flowers and fruit, and everything that is good to eat and pretty to look upon.

Little George and the strange gentleman reached the big city. The shop windows were dazzling with everything that is nice, and the stands in the market place were covered with gay flowers; O how beautiful everything appeared to the eyes of the little poor-house boy. His grief and sorrow were changed to joy and happiness, and he wanted to stay among the nice shop windows and the flower stands, where all was life and gayety and beauty; but he did not wish to make the strange gentleman wait for him.

They had passed out of the market place into a fine street full of very large stores with immense windows. This great street was crowded with people passing to and fro. All at once something bright, and it was moving, caught little George's attention in a big window. Without thinking, he stopped to see what it was, when, to his astonishment, he saw a little tiny steam engine grinding coffee. What made him wonder the most was, that nobody turned it—it went itself. This astonished and pleased him so much that he entirely forgot the strange gentleman.

He did not know how long he had stood there forgetting the strange gentleman and watching the little tiny engine work; but after a while somebody placed a hand on his shoulder; it was the strange gentleman who had lost him, and had been seeking him for some time. He said to him:

"My little boy, if you do not wish to go with me to my home, I will take you back again to your poor-house home. I would like you to go with me very much, if you can make up your mind to do so; but I would not like you to run away from me in the streets of this big city."

This was spoken in a kind tone of voice. The gentle reproach reached the heart of the forgetful boy, and he felt sorry that he should in a moment of forgetfulness have given any trouble or pain to the gentleman who appeared desirous of being kind to him.

Little George had nothing to say, but he felt that he would rather go with him than go back to his poor-house home.

He now clung closer to the strange gentleman, and would not look at the shop windows for fear he might see something to make him forget himself again.

They had not traveled far when they entered a large boot and shoe store, and walked up to a well-dressed lady who seemed to be waiting in the shop for the strange gentleman. This lady was little George's future mistress. She received him with great kindness, and he felt that he could love her.

That same evening the little poor-house boy found himself in his new home surrounded with strangers among whom he had to make himself new friends.

UNCLE GEORGE.

MEN are born with two eyes, but with one tongue that they may see twice as much as they say.

INSULT not another for his want of the talent you possess; he may have talents which you want.

Selected Poetry.

BUBBLES.

Beautiful in rainbow splendor,
How the bubbles grow and rise,
Sailing in the quiet sunbeams
Toward the skies.

Airy nothings! Buoyant, brilliant,
Earth and heaven are mirrored there.
Airy nothings; rising upward
Like a heartless prayer.

Something more than breath, dear children,
Must give life to every deed,
Or in vain the prayer for favor
In our time of need.

Blow your bubbles, happy children!
But this sober lesson take,
All life's work must be more stable,
Or 'twill fail and break.

Uncle Gregory's Visits.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

VISIT XI. THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

[CONTINUED.]

THEY walked down a broad path and came to a flight of steps leading to a broad terrace ornamented with large fancy stone vases, out of which grew geraniums and other pretty flowers. The terrace was built of stone over large cages with stout iron bars in front and iron gates securely fastened to prevent the wild animals, that dwelt therein, from escaping. They turned from the terrace and went to visit the animals. The first cage contained a fine lion and lioness.

"This noble animal," said Elder R., is called the *'king of the forest'*; he comes from Africa."

This he learned from a description written in front of the cage on which were the names of the animals in English and Latin and the country they came from. This excellent method of information was also used in the gardens that the visitor might learn the names, and the countries they came from, of the various plants and shrubs in the gardens. The names were written on wooden labels and placed in the ground in front of the plants.

"What a beautiful, noble animal," said Mary. "He is indeed," replied Elder R., "the first lions brought to England were presents to royalty and were kept in the Tower of London. In the days of King Henry the Eighth there was quite a collection of wild animals kept there. Although the lion looks so fierce and strong, he can be tamed and rendered very docile. Mr. Van Amburgh, the brute tamer as he was called, used to enter a den of wild beasts that he had tamed, and would perform many tricks with them for the amusement of the public. Other men have also tamed these animals, and amongst other performances would open the lion's mouth and put their heads in.

"I should not like to see that," said Mary "for I should be afraid the lion would bite the man's head off."

"Such performances are very foolish," said Elder R. "and both men and even a woman have lost their lives in such undertakings. Mr. Wombell the owner of a very fine collection of animals, that he used to show around the country, carrying them by means of large strong vans, had a very fine lion called Nero, that was of a very mild disposition and allowed his keeper to play with and fondle him as if he was a large dog."

In the next cage were two fine tigers from Asia.

"These animals," said Elder R. "are found chiefly in Asia and Africa; but they are natives of South America also; they are very fierce and cruel. When the East India Company was formed by the English in India, tigers were very numerous, and they used to offer a reward of ten rupees (about five dollars in our money) for every tiger that was killed within their dominions."

"Why were there so many there?" asked Ellen.

"Did not the people who lived there before the English went there kill them?" asked Mary. "Not very often," replied Elder R., "the Hindoos who lived in that country, revered them; they believe that when a man dies, his spirit takes another form upon the earth and comes as a lion, tiger or any other animal; this is called the doctrine of transmigration of souls, which means the soul (or spirit) passing from one state to another. An instance is related, by a lady who lived in India, of a number of coolies that upon a certain occasion were passing through a forest with some luggage belonging to an officer. They came upon a tiger crouching in the path. They stopped and addressed the tiger telling him they were poor people carrying a rich man's luggage who would be very angry if they did not arrive in time, and implored his permission to let them go in peace. The tiger, being startled at seeing so many men, stared at them and walked off into the wood, no doubt being frightened, for it is very seldom that any animal will ever attack a man unless he is ravenously hungry, but will always try to avoid him. The natives continued their journey, believing that their prayers had prevailed with the tiger.

"Why the tiger could not understand them," said Mary.

"No," answered Elder R., "but they believed he could, for their priests had taught them so, and it was their tradition which had been handed down from their fathers, and they have such faith in those traditions that it is very seldom they become christians.

They passed on to the leopards and other animals not so large as the tiger, but of the same species, called *feline* or cat tribe. The tiger's skin was soft and smooth, of a tawny-brown color, marked all over in spotty stripes, but the leopard was marked with irregularly-shaped spots of a blackish hue.

"These," remarked Elder R., "come from Africa, but they are also found in Asia and America, where they are called panthers or tree tigers, much like the specimen we have now here. The skins of these animals are much prized; they are tanned and dressed. Many were exhibited, in great variety, at the Great Exhibition of London in 1851. In Russia, a very cold country at the north east of Europe, the skin of the leopard is sometimes tanned and made into gloves and shoes."

In the next cage was a fine white Polar bear from Bernard Island, near the North Cape. In this cage was a large tank of water in which Mr. Bear enjoyed his swimming bath. When he was not in the water the visitors would throw pieces of cake to entice him into the water to see him swim. "These bears," said Elder R. "are found in Kamtschatka, at the north of Europe, where the Esquimaux or inhabitants of that country live. A funny story is told of one of these bears who, a few years ago, when the fish had become very scarce and these

animals who live on fish were almost starved, emboldened by famine and the pangs of hunger, went into one of the villages, and entering the yard of a house where the woman who lived there had just put a kettle of boiling water; the bear smelt it and the steam burned his nose. Enraged at the pain, he vented his anger on the kettle, and folded his arms around it to crush it, scalding himself badly. The horrible noise poor bruin made, growling with pain and rage, attracted the neighbors to the spot, who speedily put him out of his misery by killing him; and unto this day, when any body there hurts himself by his own violence, the people call him "the bear and the kettle." The girls laughed heartily at this story, and Mary remarked "The bear did not understand hot water."

They went up the steps along the terrace, enjoying the flowers and the view of the gardens, and here at one end was a brown bear pit, built up with rock. A large pole was placed in the middle of the pit, in which were several brown bears from Norway. The girls bought some buns, and putting one on a stick used for that purpose, held it out to the pole in the middle of the pit. Mr. Bear was quite at home at this business, and soon one of them climbed up the pole and took the bun from the end of the stick. The girls were much amused at Mr. Bruin's climbing abilities.

"This kind of bear," said Elder R., "used to be shown round London in olden times, and taught to dance to the music of a pipe and tabor, his keeper having him secured by a strong chain and collar round his neck; but it was by a very cruel process that he was taught to dance, and it was prohibited when the people became more educated.

But I have made quite a long 'visit,' and must continue their visit to the gardens at my next 'visit;' and, if Elder R. is not too full of anecdotes, tell you how Mary and Ellen rode on the elephant. "*Au revoir*," which is being interpreted, "until we meet again."

To be Continued.

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

FOR a number of days the examination of witnesses against Joseph and the rest of the prisoners proceeded. The witnesses were sworn at the point of the bayonet. There was only one kind of evidence admitted; that, of course, was such as suited the mob. The apostates and the other witnesses knew this, and they testified accordingly. Austin A. King, the judge, was a Methodist and he made many inquiries respecting the belief of the brethren in the prophecies of Daniel: "In the days of these kings which shall break in pieces all other kingdoms, and stand forever," etc.; "and the kingdom and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the Saints of the Most High," etc. Upon being told that the Saints believed in these prophecies, King told the clerk to put it down as a strong point of treason! At this, one of the lawyers remonstrated; said he, "Judge, you had better make the Bible

treason!" The organization of the church was changed, by the testimony of apostates, into a temporal kingdom, which was to subdue all other kingdoms and fill the whole earth.

After the examination of about forty-one witnesses on behalf of the State, Joseph and the other brethren were called upon for their witnesses. They gave the names of between forty and fifty persons. The notorious Captain Bogart was sent with a company of militia to procure them. He arrested all he could find, and put them into prison, and Joseph and the rest were not allowed to see them. They were again called upon for witnesses. They gave some more names, and all of them they could find they put into prison as they did the others. Some few persons offered their testimony, but were prevented as much as possible by threats, from telling the truth. The brethren's lawyers finally told them not to bring their witnesses there; for if they did, there would not be one left to bring forward at the final trial. As soon as Bogart and his men would know who they were they would put them out of the country. As to making any impression on King, General Doniphan, one of the lawyers, said, if a cohort of angels were to come down and declare that Joseph was clear, it would all be the same; King had determined from the beginning to cast Joseph and some others into prison.

Joseph, his brother Hyrum, Sidney Rigdon, Lyman Wight, Alexander McRae and Caleb Baldwin were sent to Liberty, Clay county, to jail, to stand their trial for treason and murder. Parley P. Pratt, Morris Phelps, Laman Gibbs, Darwin Chase and Norman Shearer were put into Richmond jail to stand their trial for the same crimes. The remaining prisoners were all released or admitted to bail.

About the last of November Joseph and his fellow prisoners were conveyed to Liberty jail. They were put in close confinement and were not allowed to be seen by their friends.

The people at Far West were making their preparations to leave the State. But they did not neglect their duties as citizens or as Saints. On the 10th of December, 1838, a long memorial and petition to the Legislature of the State of Missouri, setting forth the wrongs and outrages practiced upon the Saints, were drawn up by a committee appointed by the citizens of Caldwell county. These were presented to the Legislature; but, after much discussion and many angry speeches were made, they were laid upon the table. They had the power in their own hands, and they were determined to use it for their own advantage, and not for the redress of the wrongs and oppressions which the Saints had suffered. They appropriated however, two hundred thousand dollars to pay the troops for driving the Saints out of the State.

On the 13th of December, under the direction of President Brigham Young, the High Council at Far West was called together, and the vacancies in that body were filled. On December 16th, 1838, Joseph addressed a long letter from Liberty jail to the Saints, in which he gave them much instruction. He wrote in a most cheerful and consoling manner. Though in prison, his language breathed a spirit of trustfulness and confidence in the Lord. He had proved the Lord in many trials, and he knew that he would not desert him now. Respecting their persecutors he said:

"But we want you to remember Haman and Mordecai; you know Haman could not be satisfied so long as he saw Mordecai at the king's gate, and he sought the life of Mordecai and the people of the Jews. But the Lord so ordered it, that Haman was hanged upon his own gallows. So shall it come to pass with poor Haman in the last days. Those who have sought by unbelief and wickedness, and by the principle of mobocracy, to destroy us and the people of God, by killing them and scattering them abroad, and willfully and maliciously delivering us into the hands of murderers, desiring us to be put to death,

thereby having us dragged about in chains and cast into prison, and for what cause? It is because we were honest men, and were determined to save the lives of the Saints at the expense of our own. I say unto you, that those who have thus vilely treated us, like Haman, shall be hanged on their own gallows; or, in other words, shall fall into their own gin, and snare, and ditch, and trap, which they have prepared for us, and shall go backwards and stumble and fall, and their names shall be blotted out, and God shall reward them according to all their abominations."

These words have been fulfilled. The wicked have fallen into their own traps. The Saints were not caught in them; but they, themselves, have been ensnared. They have gone backwards and have stumbled and fallen. If their names are not all blotted out already, there is every prospect that they will be. The people of the State of Missouri have had cause to remember their cruelty to the Latter-day Saints; for in the civil war which has raged, their own sufferings have been very great. They now know how it feels to be driven from their homes, to be chased by enemies, to have their property destroyed and to have their friends murdered. Possibly some of them may have thought in the midst of these afflictions, of the cruelties they inflicted upon the Latter-day Saints. But the vengeance which they have to receive is not yet exhausted. Their doom is fixed, and unless they repent they cannot escape from it.

Many of the editors of the newspapers of Missouri, tried to hide the wicked deeds which had been performed in the State, by throwing a covering of lies over them. Joseph in writing about their conduct said:

"But can they hide the Governor's cruel order for banishment or extermination? Can they conceal the facts of the disgraceful treaty of the generals with their own officers and men at Far West? Can they conceal the fact that twelve or fifteen thousand men, women and children have been banished from the State without trial or condemnation? And this at the expense of two hundred thousand dollars—and this sum appropriated by the State Legislature, in order to pay the troops for this act of lawless outrage? Can they conceal the fact that we have been imprisoned for many months, while our families, friends and witnesses have been driven away? Can they conceal the blood of the murdered husbands and fathers, or stifle the cries of the widow and the fatherless? Nay! The rocks and mountains may cover them in unknown depths, the awful abyss of the fathomless deep may swallow them up—and still their horrid deeds stand forth in the broad light of day, for the wondering gaze of angels and men! They cannot be hid!"

Correspondence.

FILLMORE CITY, August 20th, 1867.

Editor *Juvenile Instructor*:

DEAR BROTHER:—Your neat and interesting little sheet I esteem as a powerful auxiliary in the cause of truth. The benefits accruing to the youth of our Territory through its publication can hardly be over-estimated. I am happy to say that during the past few months its circulation has greatly increased in this city, and I hope that its excellence will become apparent ere long to every parent in Zion worthy the name of Saint. How parents who seem to desire the welfare of their children can spend their means on tea, coffee and tobacco which are injurious to the human system, and neglect to procure an invaluable work like the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR*, I am at a loss to tell.

How can we expect our children to grow up intelligent and wise if we do nothing to feed that divine spark of intelligence within them. As well might we expect them to grow up with healthy and well developed bodies, should we fail to do anything to procure for them suitable food and clothing. Why

should so much attention and care be given to the casket, and so little to the priceless gem contained in it. It seems unreasonable, yet such is the course pursued by those who, while paying every attention to their children's physical wants, neglect to furnish food for their mental development.

I would say to every parent in Zion, subscribe for the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR*, and you will find it a rich treasure in your family.

We have a Sunday school numbering about two hundred souls in this place. The rising generation seems to take a deep interest in it. We have classes for the reading of the Bible, Book of Mormon, *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR*, etc. We have also a juvenile choir which adds to the interest of the school. Our bishop takes a decided interest in it, and indeed in all things which are calculated to elevate and refine the minds of the young.

Hoping that your noble efforts for the instruction of the youth of our flourishing Territory may be duly appreciated and crowned with success,

I am your friend and brother in the gospel,

JOHN KELLY.

For the *Juvenile Instructor*.

CHARADES.

BY W. GREENHALGH.

I am a word of letters ten,
Examine me correctly, then
My first three give a creature's name.
The following five, part of the same.
If in the Bible you will look,
You will find in that Sacred Book,
That my remainder a name will spell;
A grandchild of old Israel.
My whole in England is a town
Or city of no small renown.

BY A. M. JARVIS.

I am composed of 14 letters:
My 1, 7, 13, 4 and 3, 6, 13, 7, 8, are ladies' names.
My 10, 13, 7, 14, is a small insect.
My 9, 12, 14, is useful in a house.
My 11, 2, 5, is a color.
My whole is the name of a servant of God who lived and died in this dispensation.

THE answer to the Charade in No. 16 is MEXICO. The following sent us correct answers:—J. Bull, jr.; M. E. Morgan; J. Tavey; W. J. Lewis; J. Epans; W. Stiekells; J. R. McGaw; A. M. Jarvis.

USE the best language in your common conversation at home, and you will soon acquire the habit of using it on all occasions.

HE who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do anything.

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

Gram brought to this City for the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR* will be received at the office of our paper—DESERET NEWS BUILDINGS.