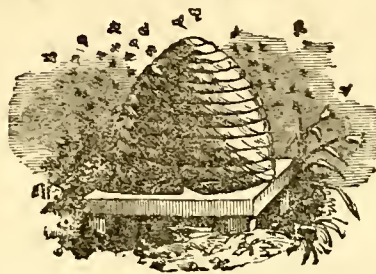


JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

"BUT WITH ALL THY GETTING
GET UNDERSTANDING."



THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE
WITHOUT LABOR.

VOL 2.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, DECEMBER 15, 1867.

NO. 24.

ISAAC AND REBEKAH.

THERE may be many who read the following brief history who may esteem it a very strange one, through not being familiar with the laws of marriage that were in force amongst the ancient servants of God. In the early days of this world's history, the Lord gave his servants entire control over the lives and fortunes of their offspring. No matter how old the child might be, while its parents lived, it was subject to them in all things. And this is according to the law of the Lord.

earth, and they will require the laws of the gospel to set them right. Now to our story.

Abraham, the father of the faithful and the friend of God, had a son given to him in his old age, whom he called Isaac. By the time this son had grown to manhood Abraham felt his life's career was near its close, and he desired to see his boy married before he died. So he called to him the chief servant of his household, and made him covenant with him to go to



Amongst other things the father had the right to choose a wife for his son, and the parents or guardians of the maiden were those who decided whether the offer made to her was to be accepted or refused; and action was often taken on the matter without consulting either of the young folks. Courting, or sparking as it is sometimes termed, was then but little indulged in, especially without the knowledge or consent of "father and mother." This last practice, with much else that is bad, has crept into fashion with the spread of gentile customs over the

the land called Mesopotamia, where Abraham's family dwelt, and there find a wife for his son from amongst the members of his father's house. He was not willing Isaac should take for his wife one of the maidens of Canaan, in which land he then dwelt, as they were idolaters, and, peradventure, they might lead his son from the worship of Jehovah.

In due time the servant, whose name, we presume, was Eliezer, started on his mission to find a bride, though not for himself. He took with him ten of his master's camels, and

many presents of jewels and fine linen for the bride and her friends. After a long and somewhat dangerous journey he drew near a city, in the country he was bound for, called Nahor. Just outside the city he found a well, near to which he halted his camels, and bowed himself down before God, and asked Him to prosper his mission; asking, as a sign, that He would show him the damsel chosen to be the wife of Isaac by her giving him to drink from the well, when he asked it, and offering to water his camels also. The Lord heard his prayers, and for His servant Abraham's sake, at once granted his desire.

By and by a young woman came to the well to draw water. She was very beautiful, and a pure, kind-hearted girl besides. Eliezer, at once, asked for some water to quench his thirst; and great was his joy when she not only willingly complied with his request, but offered to supply the camels also. He was still more pleased to learn by inquiring of her that her name was Rebekah and that she belonged to the family he was in search of. Then, with thanksgivings he lifted up his voice and praised God.

He next took some of the jewels he had brought—earrings and bracelets of gold—and gave them to the delighted maid, who at once ran home to show her friends her good fortune; telling them the generous stranger desired to tarry the night beneath their roof. To this her brother Laban, who had charge of the house, gave ready consent, and himself hastened to welcome the visitor and find food and drink for the camels, and a feast for their master.

When they were seated at the supper table, Eliezer requested permission to tell them his errand before he tasted their food. He then rehearsed to them how the Lord had blessed Abraham; their kinsman, and how the latter had sent him to his father's house to find a wife for his son Isaac; how he, himself, had prayed by the well, and how Rebekah had come along in answer thereto. He then asked for her as the wife of his master's son. To this request Laban and the rest answered that since it seemed to be the will of God, it was not for them to say yea or nay. Nor was the young lady at all loth to leave her father's home to find a husband in far-off Canaan. Then Laban took her, and gave her to Eliezer as the representative of her betrothed husband, and, with her handmaidens, she departed for her husband's home. It is this scene that is shown in our picture.

As she left her father's house, they blessed her and said: "Be thou the mother of thousands of millions, and let thy seed possess the gate of those who hate thee," and with many prayers she departed. Then Rebekah became the wife of Isaac, and he loved her, and she was the mother of Jacob and Esau. The one the father of all Israel, the other of the dukes of Edom and their descendants. Thus was her parents' blessing fulfilled on her head.

G. R.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

HISTORY OF JESUS.

CHAPTER IX.

THESE are sad events in the history of Jesus. After what he had said, as related in the preceding chapter, the high priest then rent his clothes, and accused Jesus of having spoken blasphemy, and asked the people what need there was of any witness against him, as they had heard his blasphemy: and said "What think you?" They said "He is guilty of death." They then spit in Jesus' face, and some struck him with their hands, and having covered his face, they ridiculed him, by telling him to prophesy and tell them who it was that struck him.

All this time Peter was in the palace, sitting with the servants: and one of the servant girls said to him, "You was with Jesus of Galilee:" but he denied it before all that were present, and then the cock crowed. But Peter took no notice of it, and went out into the porch, where another young woman knew him and said to some that were standing by, "This fellow was with Jesus:" and this time he denied it with an oath, and said he did not even know the man. Then after a little while, those that stood by, said to him, "Surely you are one that was with Jesus, for your speech betrays you." Then Peter began to curse and swear and said again that he did not know the man; and immediately the cock crew the second time and Peter remembered the words of Jesus, "Before the cock crows twice, thou shalt thrice deny me:" and he went out and wept bitterly.

The next morning all the chief priests and leaders of the people, took counsel against Jesus to put him to death; and they bound him and led him away and delivered him to the governor, whose name was Pontius Pilate. And Jesus stood before the governor, who asked him if he was the king of the Jews. Jesus replied, "you have said it."

Then Pilate, after he had examined Jesus, said to the priests and to the people "I find no fault in this man." When they saw that the governor felt disposed to justify Jesus, they were more fierce and clamorous against him, and accused him of making disturbances among the people, and of teaching them to be disloyal to Caesar, the Roman emperor who held jurisdiction over the inhabitants of Judea, and had appointed Pilate, who was not a Jew, to be a governor in Jerusalem.

It will be recollected that Jesus and his twelve apostles had come up to Jerusalem to keep the feast of the Passover. At this feast it was customary to release a criminal, that is, to let one of the prisoners go free from prison; and Pilate, thinking that Jesus was innocent, tried to persuade the people to let him release Jesus unto them, but, as the people had the privilege of deciding which one should be set at liberty, he could not make the choice without their consent. There was one noted prisoner who had committed murder as well as other crimes, and they told the governor to release him and crucify Jesus, although the governor continued to declare his innocence, for he knew that it was through envy that they wished to destroy him. While Pilate was sitting on the judgment seat, his wife entered the judgment hall, and told him not to do any thing with that just man, for she had been warned in a dream. But the priests were very busy with the people in urging them to ask for the murderer, whose name was Barrabas, to be released; and Pilate asked them what he should do with Jesus. And they all cried out, "Let him be crucified." Pilate said "Why, what evil hath he done?" But they cried out, "Let him be crucified." When Pilate saw that he could not prevail, and that they were getting tumultuous, he took water and washed his hands in the sight of the multitude, and said, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person—see you to it. I have found no cause of death in him." Then all the people answered and said, "His blood be upon us, and on our children." And the curse of God has rested upon the Jews from that day to this—they have never prospered as a nation—the beautiful city of Jerusalem has been destroyed, and they have been, and are still, scattered among all nations; but, according to the predictions of the ancient prophets, the time is near, when they will return to the land of Judea and rebuild the city of Jerusalem. The Jews are proverbially lovers of money, and some of the largest capitalists in Europe are Jews. Jesus was betrayed for money; Judas received thirty pieces of silver for betraying Jesus to his enemies. But the money did him no good—he got it wickedly and his guilty conscience gave him no peace, for as soon as he saw that Jesus was condemned, he was sorry for what he had done, and he

brought the thirty pieces of silver back to the chief priests, of whom he had received it, saying "I have sinned in betraying innocent blood." they said to him "What is that to us?" Judas threw the money down in the temple, and went out and died an ignominious death, such as a traitor merits. No character is more despicable than that of a traitor, and no death was considered so disgraceful by the Jews as hanging. It is said of Judas that he hung himself.

E. R. S.

LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON.

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

HUNTING UP HIS OWN WORK—AN ENTERPRISING QUAKER—WHAT WAS THE RESULT.

IT appears strange to us that so simple a thing as the laying of a rail seems to be should have taken years of thought and experiment to do it. Nothing looks easier to have done than the straight smooth track of a railway, such as we now see in use; and yet it was only arrived at by slow steps through two hundred years.

In pondering upon the powers of "Puffing Billy," George Stephenson saw that the efficiency of locomotives must, in a great measure, depend upon what kind of roads they had to run upon. Many were sanguine that steam-carriages would some day come into use on the common roads. After a long series of experiments, George Stephenson said, "No—the thing wouldn't pay." For a rough surface seriously impairs the power of a locomotive; sand scattered upon the rails is sufficient to slacken, and even stop an engine. The least possible friction is desirable, and this is found on the smooth rail.

Could they ever be laid up hill, or on "ascending gradients," as the scientific term is? No, as nearly level as possible, Stephenson's experiments showed, was the best economy of power. Then how to get rid of the jolts and jars and breakages of the rails as they were then laid. He studied and experimented upon both chairs and sleepers, and finally embodied all his improvements in the colliery rail-way.

"Puffing Billy" was in every respect a most remarkable piece of machinery, and its constructor one of the most sagacious and persistent of men. But how was the public, ever slow in discovering true merit or accepting real benefits, to discover and appreciate them? Neither influence, education, nor patronage had Stephenson, to command mind and means, or to drive his engine, through prejudice, indifference, and opposition, to profit and success.

But what he could not do, other men could do and did do. Find a hook, and there is an eye to fit it somewhere. Yes, there were already men of property and standing alive with the new idea. While he worked, they talked. As yet unknown to each other, but each by himself clearing the track for a grand junction.

One of these live men was Edward Pease, a rich Quaker of Darlington, who, his friends said, "could look a hundred miles ahead." He needed a quicker and easier transit for his coal from the collieries north of Darlington to Stockton, where they were shipped; and Mr. Pease began to agitate, in his mind, a railroad. A company for this purpose was formed, chiefly of his own friends, whom he fairly talked into it. Scarcely twenty shares were taken by the merchants and slip owners of Stockton, whose eyes were not open to the advantage it would by and by be to them. A survey of the proposed road was made, when to the indifference of the many was added the opposition of the few. A duke was afraid for his foxes.

Shareholders in the turnpikes declared it would ruin their stock. Timid men said it was a new thing, and it was best to let new things alone. The world would never improve much under such counsel. Edward Pease was hampered on all sides. Nobody convinced him that his first plan was not the right one by all odds; but what can a man do in any public enterprise without supporters? So he reluctantly was obliged to give up his railroad, and ask Parliament for liberty to build a tram road—horse-power instead of steam-power; he could seem to do no better, and even this was gotten only after long delay and at considerable cost.

Among the thousands who carelessly read in the newspapers the passage through Parliament of the Stockton and Darlington Act, there was one humble man whose eye kindled as he read it. In his bosom it awakened a profound interest. He went to bed and got up brooding over it. He was hungry to have a hand in it. Until at last, yearning with an irrepressible desire to do his own work in the world, he felt he must go forth to seek it.

One night a couple of strangers knocked at the door of Edward Pease's house in Darlington, and introduced themselves as two Killingworth colliers. One of them handed the master of the mansion a letter of introduction from a gentleman of Newcastle, recommending him as a man who might prove useful in carrying out his contemplated road.

To support the application, a friend accompanied him.

The man was George Stephenson, and his friend was Nicholas Wood. It did not take long for Edward Pease to see that Stephenson was precisely the man he wanted.

"A railway and not a tram-road," said Stephenson, when the subject was fairly and fully opened.

"A horse railway?" asked Pease.

"A locomotive engine is worth fifty horses," exclaimed Stephenson; and once on the track, he launched out boldly in its behalf.

"Come over to Killingworth, and see my 'Puffing Billy,'" said George; "seeing is believing." And Mr. Pease, as you may suppose, was quite anxious to see a machine that would outstride the fleetest horse. Yet he did not need "Puffing Billy" to convince him that its constructor knew what he was advocating, and could make good his pledges. The good Quaker's courage rapidly rose. He took a new start, and the consequence was that all other plans and men were thrown aside, and Stephenson was engaged to put the road through much in his own way.

The first thing to be done was to make an accurate survey of the proposed route. Taking Robert with him, who had just come from college, and entered as heartily into the enterprise as his father, with two other tried men, they began work in good earnest. From daylight till dark the surveyors were on duty. One of the men going to Darlington to sleep one night, four miles off, "Now, you must not start from Darlington at day-break," said Stephenson, "but be here, ready to begin work at daybreak." He and Robert used to make their home at the farm-houses along the way, where his good-humor and friendliness made him a great favorite. The children loved him dearly. The dogs wagged their approving tails at his approach. The birds had a delighted listener to their morning songs, and every dumb creature had a kind glance from his friendly eye.

But George was not satisfied until Mr. Pease came to Killingworth to see "Puffing Billy," and become convinced of its economical habits by an examination of the colliery accounts. He promised, therefore, to follow George thither, bringing with him a large stockholder; and over they went in the summer of 1822.

Inquiring for Stephenson, they were directed to the cottage with the stone dial over the door. George drove his locomotive up, hoisted in the gentlemen, harnessed on a heavy load, and away they went. George no doubt showed "Billy" off to the best advantage. "Billy" performed admirably, and the two wondering stockholders went home enthusiastic believers in locomotive power.

To be Continued.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, : EDITOR.

DECEMBER 15, 1867.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THE present number completes the second volume of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. Two years have elapsed since it was commenced—two years of pleasant association with our readers. At least, they have been enjoyed by us in writing and preparing the articles which have appeared. We need not ask our readers whether they are satisfied or not. From every hand we receive assurances of the good the paper is doing and how much it is liked by young and old. The children are not the only ones who read it; there are many grown people who peruse it with interest and profit. This is as it should be. A paper that would not interest grown up people would be of little benefit to children. We still desire to be able to fill its columns with instructive matter which all can read with pleasure and profit, and that will be so simple that children can not fail to understand it. We hope that our list of subscribers will be largely increased for volume three. We are aware that the season has not been a favorable one in many places, and many, as a consequence, feel cramped for means; but this should not deter parents from furnishing their children with healthy reading. The cost of the paper will not be missed in a year; but the benefits which it will confer, we are convinced, will be very apparent. A bishop, the people of whose ward read, has not the trouble in presiding that he would have if they were averse to reading. In some countries, and among some people, there may be an object to be gained by keeping the people ignorant. Wicked rulers and priests may think they can govern ignorant people more easily than they can those who are intelligent; but this is not the case here. Knowledge is an advantage to those who govern and to those who are governed. Our people cannot be too intelligent. The prophet Joseph was once asked by a gentleman who visited Nauvoo, and who was struck by the peace and good order which prevailed there, how he managed to govern the people. His reply was: "I teach them correct principles, and they govern themselves." This brief reply contained more true principle than many a volume. A government based upon the intelligence of the people has a good foundation. Intelligent Latter-day Saints give no trouble to any body—they govern themselves. It is a great advantage, therefore, in every way for the children to be instructed while young, that, when they grow up, they may be full of understanding.

CHRISTMAS, merry Christmas, is once more drawing nigh! How pleasing are its associations to the minds of most of our little readers! How high run their expectations of what the coming day may bring forth. Bright hopes and merry fancies run riot through their brains, based on the memories of past pleasures. Sleigh rides, social parties, happy meetings, in-door romps, out-door games, forfeits, feasts, pleasant visits, Santa Claus with his many welcome gifts and joyous surprises all fill their thoughts from early dawn to latest eve, and night but repeats the fancies of the day. And little tongues prattle

and little faces glow in this time of good will to men and gratitude to God.

Some of our little readers may puzzle their young brains to find a reason why we all try to be so happy at this especial season. The weather is cold and gloomy. The sun shines but for a few hours even on the brightest days. Dark clouds often cover the heavens for days, bringing fierce storms of wind, rain and snow in their train. The elements certainly are not propitious for merry making. But the cause is not therein. Our joy is not in the brightness of the sky above us, nor in the beauty of the hills and vales around. Neither do we celebrate the goodness of an earthly king, nor the birth of a nation's liberty. Our joy is in our God, our happiness is in his loving kindness. Our rejoicing is blended with that of the angels who many years ago, on the occasion which we celebrate at Christmas, sang a song of "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards men." For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life; and at this season we commemorate the day our Heavenly Father fulfilled His promise, made before the world was, and sent His Son into the midst of mankind to die for them, that we all might be free from the bonds of sin and death, and be enabled to once more regain our Father's glorious presence. In this is our joy, for this is the day* we keep as the birth day on earth of our Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ.

Do you know, little ones, that Jesus was the Son of God; that His Father sent him here to die for our sakes, that we through the shedding of his blood might be saved? Can you realize the goodness of God in giving us His only begotten Son for our good? If so, do you know how you can prove your love to Him, and your gratitude for his mercy? Shall we tell you? It is by keeping His laws; loving and obeying your parents; being kind to all, and doing wrong to none; by listening to the words of His priesthood. In this way will the coming of Jesus be your salvation; for the blessing comes only by obedience. Then, while wishing you a happy Christmas, and happy succeeding years, we enjoin on you to remember that this happiness will not last with you through life, unless you love God and do His will all the time. But, when we know you do this, we shall have joy in wishing that your life may be prolonged many, many Christmases to witness the growing glory of the kingdom of God, until Christ shall once more come to claim those who, by their obedience, faithfulness and love have fitted themselves to dwell with Him eternally in His Father's kingdom.

* Though we keep Christmas day in mid-winter we have every reason to believe that Christ was born in the Spring. It was probably through the mistake of some monk of old, who erred in his calculations, that all Christian nations now regard the 25th of December as Christmas day. Long custom, with its many associations, precludes the idea of changing it, even if Christendom could decide which was the right day. For the matter of that, we presume, at present, one day is as good as another to celebrate the nativity of our Lord.

It is our intention to shortly publish a Title Page and Index for the present volume of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, for the convenience of those who wish to have their papers bound. We will forward them to our subscribers as soon as they are published.

Our Agents will greatly oblige us by sending us their lists of subscribers' names at as early date as practicable. By doing so, they will save themselves and us considerable trouble, as we will be able to form some idea of the number needed.

BIBLE QUESTIONS

INSERTED IN NUMBER 22, NOW RE-INSERTED WITH THEIR ANSWERS.

1. When was Jesus Christ born? and where?
In the days of Herod (about 1867 years ago) in Bethlehem. Matthew, ii chap., 1 verse.
2. Who was king over the country where our Savior was born?
Herod. Matthew, ii chap., 1 verse.
3. What did this king do to children from two years old and under? and what was his design in doing this?
He slew them in order to kill Jesus. Matthew, ii chap., 13-16 verses.
4. Who baptized Jesus?
John the Baptist. Matthew, iii chap., 13 verse.
5. Can you name the Twelve Apostles ordained by Jesus while living on the earth?
Simon and Andrew his brother, James the son of Zebedee and John his brother, Phillip, Bartholomew, Thomas and Matthew the publican; James the son of Alpheus and Lebbeus whose surname was Thaddeus, Simon the Canaanite and Judas Iscariot. Matthew, x chap., 2-3-4 verses.
6. Who was the mother of Zebedee's children?
Mary. Matthew, xxvii chap., 57 verse.
7. What act have we on record which Joseph of Arimathæa did soon after Jesus was crucified?
He buried Jesus in his own new tomb. Matthew, xxvii chap., 60 verse.
8. What is the meaning of the word Golgotha?
Place of a Skull. Matthew, xxvii chap., 33 verso.

Little George.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

LITTLE GEORGE DINES OFF A POTATO PIE.

A TRUE STORY.

[SECOND PART.]

LITTLE GEORGE passed his time very pleasantly outside and in the neighborhood of the chapel until 12 o'clock. At 12 o'clock all the churches and chapels in the big city let out their congregations for dinner. He soon found his new acquaintance, and they went home together to get their dinners.

As they were entering the front door, they met the master, with a clean towel in his hand, going to a neighboring bake-house to get their dinner, which had been sent there in the morning to bake.

They had bake-houses all over the big city, which saved a great quantity of coal to the people, who sent their bread and pies to be baked, and their meat to be roasted for dinner. On Sundays they baked dinners for a penny each (a penny is two cents) This was a good thing for the mothers of little boys and girls who wanted to go to meeting, for they could prepare their dinners in the morning, and send them to the bake-house where they were being cooked while the folks were at church. They were always ready to be brought from the bake-house at 12 o'clock.

When he had entered through the parlor into the kitchen, little George's kind mistress took off his hat, and gave him a little stool to sit upon by the side of the fire, on the side where she always sat, for she always sat on one side, and the master on the other side.

A three-legged round table stood in the middle of the floor,

with a clean, white cloth thrown over it, and plates and knives and forks and spoons placed all around the edge of the table; a glass salt cellar, and a japanned tin pepper box stood like two little soldiers inside the circle of plates, to keep them and their companions, the spoons and knives and forks, from running away from their posts of duty.

The master now came in with a big pie in his hands, and placed it right in the centre of the table, smoking hot and beautifully baked. You must not forget that little George was a very healthy boy, and was always ready to eat his meals with a good appetite. He liked the taste of good things, the same as the healthy little boys and girls in the Salt Lake country do; and he also had a keen smell too, for, when the pie was brought into the house, the smell of it fairly made his teeth water; and he sat on the stool by the side of the fire, he thought to himself, O how good it will be to eat some of that nice pie.

All was ready now for dinner, and the little family gathered around the table. The master sat in a big armed chair with a rush bottom, the mistress sat on a rocking chair, without arms, with a rush bottom, and little George was placed beside his kind mistress on another chair with a rush bottom; indeed all the chairs in the house had rush bottoms.

The master asked a blessing, which was not a very long blessing, and little George liked it better for that. Now, all was ready to open the pie, and every eye was fixed upon its brown, shiny face, as it stood in the centre of the round table. The mistress arose with a knife in her hand, and carefully introduced it into the centre of the pie and made it pass through the short, rich, light crust to the edge of the dish, she did the same again, and carefully lifted up a three cornered piece of crust, at the same time she looked slyly into the pie, and pleased with what she saw, she suddenly rolled the three cornered piece of crust on the top of the pie. Then, O what a steaming, piping hot mass of potatoes and meat, seasoned with pepper and salt met the eye. Little George actually forgot the pin in his pants, and he even forgot the wicked boy that so maliciously placed it there without being asked to do so, he felt so happy that he was about to eat of such a good pie.

The kind mistress now dealt out a three cornered piece of crust, and a few spoons-full of the equally mixed and well cooked and savory potatoes and meat on each plate, and soon every one sitting at that little round table were lost to all earthly cares and considerations, except the pleasure of eating of a good potatoe pie. Every heart felt to be joyful; the very canary bird, mistress' pet, which hung opposite the kitchen window from the ceiling, began to whistle with noisy glee; and puss on the hearth purred with gladness to see everybody so happy, no doubt expecting to have a chance after her superiors were done eating to get some rich crumbs from the master's table. They had neither tea nor coffee, but good water to drink; neither did they have pies nor cakes made of flour and fat, but they had all the potato pie to eat that they wanted.

The potato pie is the great dinner of the laboring classes of the big city; and it is a dinner fit for a monarch. Would you like to know how an English potato pie is made?

You say you would.

Well, I will tell you; and then you can get your mammas to make one some day, and you will not wonder that little George liked it so well.

In the first place, the crust that covers the potatoes and meat must be made. There are two or three ways of making a crust for a good, healthy potato pie. One way is to mix a great quantity of hog's lard with flour, and then make it into dough with water. That is not so good a way as to make good mutton or beef suet, and chop it up until it is almost as fine as corn-meal, then mix it thoroughly with flour, and make it into

dough with water; and this is not so good for little boys and girls to eat, as a pie crust made of a piece of the same kind of dough that your light bread is made of. I would recommend this last kind of crust for a potato pie as the healthiest of the three. You next cut your meat into little bits; (mutton is the best) and properly season it, and mix it with potatoes and a small onion, which are also cut into little bits. You now get a clean dish, or a stove oven pan will do, which you fill up with your potatoes and meat to the edges of the pan or dish and make rounding in the middle. Now cover it over with the dough, and bake until thoroughly done. You can eat of such a pie until you are quite satisfied, and it will not hurt you one bit. Try it some day. Get mamma to make you one of Uncle George's potato pies.

Little George got through eating his dinner, and he fairly sighed because he could eat no more. He felt just then that he never wanted to eat any more while he lived; and wished that he might never have a worse dinner than a good potato pie.

UNCLE GEORGE.

Uncle Gregory's Visits.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

VISIT XV.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

[CONTINUED.]

THE next morning, after breakfast, papa had gone to work, and the sisters were helping mamma to clear away the breakfast things.

Elder R. sat watching the little maidens who made themselves so useful, thinking of the dear ones at home, and indulging in a delightful reverie. When, turning to mamma, he said, "Madam, I much admire the noble manner in which you are educating your children. You are training them to become useful, happy women; for, indeed, there is no true happiness without labor."

"I believe that," said mamma, "and I feel very happy in having such useful girls. They are a great blessing to me."

"Happy indeed are the children who have a good, kind, and wise mother," said Elder R., "who will take pleasure in instructing them to become useful men and women. The best and noblest men who have ever lived, have always confessed that they owed their success and goodness in life, to the foundation that was laid in their youth by the kind care and wise counsels of their noble mothers. I must confess I have never viewed woman in a more glorious light, than preparing their sons and daughters for the battle of life."

"That is true," replied mamma. "I was happy in having a very strict but very kind mother who, in my early days, taught me the value of an active, useful life, and I have grown into it; it would be as irksome for me to spend my days in idleness, as it would be for an idle person to have to employ their time in useful labor."

"That is a principle that over-indulgent mothers do not understand," said Elder R. "They forget that in shielding their children from labor in their youth, they unfit them for the real life that lies before them; I say real life, because there is always more or less romance in the imagination of the young. It is not enough that they should go to school, and learn to read and write, with other necessary branches of education, but they must learn the science of domestic life and happiness at

home as well. An incident which will illustrate this, comes to my mind. An amiable lady had a daughter of whom she was very fond, and, although she was very rich and had many servants, she would have her daughter taught what was termed the drudgery of life, for it was a maxim with her, that it was impossible for her to know if anything was done well, if she could not do it herself. So the young lady was taught to wash dishes, make beds, sweep the house, cook, make pies and preserves, and do every kind of useful work in the household, as well as to learn music, singing and other accomplishments. In after life she reaped the benefits of her mother's wisdom and care. Some few years after the young lady's marriage her husband failed in business, and they were reduced to very straitened circumstances. Then her early household education enabled her to be a great help to her husband, and by care, economy and frugality she brought up her family in a very praiseworthy manner and assisted her husband to regain his position in business. "Every wise woman buildeth her house: but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands."

Elder R. drew Mary towards him, and said to her, "come, tell me, do you not sometimes think you have too much to do?"

"Yes, sir," answered Mary; "when I want to play or dress my doll, I wish I had not to assist mamma, but I always feel happier when I do what she bids me."

"Spoken like a truthful girl," said Elder R., "when you grow up to be a woman, you will greatly prize your mamma."

"O, I do prize her now, and love her dearly," said Mary.

"I do not doubt that," said Elder R., "but you cannot understand to-day the value of the education she is giving you, by teaching you household economy. The labor is conducive to health. If children would always strive to obey their parents, and to assist mamma, they would grow into usefulness. I say, grow into, because in the history of a life, 'as the twig is bent so the tree inclines,' and the value of your future life depends upon the foundation you lay to-day. The care taken by your grandmamma, to teach mamma when she was young, has given her an experience that you reap the benefit of to-day; and you, in your turn, will some day benefit unborn generations." And turning to mamma, he continued, "Thus, madam, the work of regeneration for the future begins; it is not what others do, it is what we do ourselves, that has the influence to bring about the reign of peace which we all desire should prevail."

"But I must bring my visit to a close. I have, indeed, spent a very pleasant season in your happy household, and regret that my duties compel me to leave. I hope you will read and carefully consider the principles contained in the books I leave you; and should I visit this town again, I shall be happy to call and see you."

Mamma expressed her regret at his short stay, and gave him a warm invitation to call and see them again, and to write to her husband of his welfare.

This Elder R. promised to do, and departed on his mission to warn and gather Israel.

SPEAK KINDLY.—Speak kindly to your brother; kind words are as easily said as harsh ones. See! there are tears in his eyes. It is but a moment since, that his happy laugh filled the whole room. Are you not sorry that a single word, roughly spoken by you, should have chased the sun-shine from that sweet little face? I am sure you are. Go and kiss him, and speak to him kindly and gently, and tell him you are sorry for what you said. There,—now his tears are all gone, and his dear little arms are around your neck. Never speak harshly to him again; nor, indeed, to any one. Kind words are easily said, and they do good to all, while angry words hurt as badly as blows, and, sometimes, a great deal worse.

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.



N the last chapter we told you that at Nauvoo, or Commerce, as it was first called, was not a healthy place. Considerable sickness prevailed there, and many were prostrated by it. But God did not forget His promises to His people, and He sustained and upheld His servant Joseph. There was one day when God's power was poured out to a wonderful extent. Knowing that Brother Willford Woodruff was an eye witness to many of the incidents which occurred on that day, and that he is very particular in keeping a journal, we asked him to write a description of those interesting events, that our readers might become familiar with them. He very kindly complied with our wish, and we take pleasure in laying this account before you.

"In consequence of the persecutions of the Saints in Missouri, and the exposures to which they were subjected, many of them were taken sick soon after their arrival at Commerce, afterwards called Nauvoo; and, as there were but a small number of dwellings for them to occupy, Joseph had filled his house and tents with them, and through constantly attending to their wants, he soon fell sick himself. After being confined to his house several days, and while meditating upon his situation, he had a great desire to attend to the duties of his office. On the morning of the 22nd of July, 1839, he arose from his bed and commenced to administer to the sick in his own house and door-yard, and he commanded them in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to arise and be made whole; and the sick were healed upon every side of him.

"Many lay sick along the bank of the river, and Joseph walked along up to the lower stone house, occupied by Sidney Rigdon, and he healed all the sick that lay in his path. Among the number was Henry G. Sherwood, who was nigh unto death. Joseph stood in the mouth of his tent and commanded him in the name of Jesus Christ to arise and come out of his tent, and he obeyed him and was healed. Brother Benjamin Brown and his family also lay sick, the former appearing to be in a dying condition. Joseph healed them in the name of the Lord. After healing all that lay sick upon the bank of the river as far as the stone house, he called upon Elder Kimball and some others to accompany him across the river to visit the sick at Montrose. Many of the Saints were living at the old Military Barracks. Among the number were several of the Twelve. On his arrival, the first house he visited was that occupied by Elder Brigham Young, the President of the Quorum of the Twelve, who lay sick. Joseph healed him, when he arose and accompanied the prophet on his visit to others who were in the same condition. They visited Elder W. Woodruff, also Elders Orson Pratt and John Taylor, all of whom were living in Montrose. They also accompanied him. The next place they visited was the home of Elijah Fordham, who was supposed to be about breathing his last. When the company entered the room the prophet of God walked up to the dying man, and took hold of his right hand and spoke to him; but Brother Fordham was unable to speak, his eyes were set in his head like glass, and he seemed entirely unconscious of all around

him. Joseph held his hand and looked in his eyes in silence for a length of time. A change in the countenance of Brother Fordham was soon perceptible to all present. His sight returned, and upon Joseph asking him if he knew him, he, in a low whisper, answered 'Yes.' Joseph asked if he had faith to be healed. He answered 'I fear it is too late, if you had come sooner I think I could have been healed.' The prophet said, 'do you not believe in Jesus Christ?' He answered in a feeble voice, 'I do.' Joseph then stood erect, still holding his hand in silence several moments, then he spoke in a very loud voice, saying, 'Brother Fordham, I command you in the name of Jesus Christ to arise from this bed and be made whole.' His voice was like the voice of God and not of man. It seemed as though the house shook to its very foundation. Brother Fordham arose from his bed, and was immediately made whole. His feet were bound in poultices, which he kicked off, then putting on his clothes he ate a bowl of bread and milk and followed the prophet into the street. The company next visited Brother Joseph Bates Noble, who lay very sick. He also was healed by the prophet. By this time the wicked became alarmed, and followed the company into Brother Noble's house. After brother Noble was healed all knelt down to pray. Brother Fordham was mouth, and, while praying, he fell to the floor. The prophet arose, and looking around, he saw quite a number of unbelievers in the house, whom he ordered out. When the room was cleared of the wicked Brother Fordham came to and finished his prayer.

"After healing the sick in Montrose, all the company followed Joseph to the bank of the river, where he was going to take the boat to return home. While waiting for the boat, a man from the West, who had seen that the sick and dying were healed, asked Joseph if he would not go to his house and heal two of his children, who were very sick; they were twins and were three months old. Joseph told the man he could not go; but he would send some one to heal them. He told Elder Woodruff to go with the man and heal his children. At the same time he took from his pocket a silk handanna handkerchief, and gave it to Brother Woodruff, telling him to wipe the faces of the children with it, and they should be healed, and remarked at the same time: 'as long as you keep that handkerchief it shall remain a league between you and me.' Elder Woodruff did as he was commanded, and the children were healed, and he keeps the handkerchief to this day.

"There were many sick whom Joseph could not visit, so he counselled the Twelve to go and visit and heal them, and many were healed under their hands. On the day following that upon which the above-described events took place Joseph sent Elders George A. and Don Carlos Smith up the river to heal the sick. They went up as far as Ebenezer Robinson's—one or two miles, and did as they were commanded, and the sick were healed."

HARD WORDS.—It is a serious thing when a little boy is reading along nicely to come across a hard word. But he will soon get the better of it if he walks right up to it, and attacks it and masters it after a manly fashion. If he does that way it will never trouble him again; but if he crawls around it, or mumbles it over, and shuffles along when he meets it again, then it will be just as hard as ever. A little fellow once came across those hard names in the Bible, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. He tried a little to pronounce them after the teacher, but soon gave it up and cried about it. So the teacher told him he might pass over them, and he thought he had got along very well.

A few days afterward the teacher had him read the same lesson again, and soon he came to the three hard words that

had conquered him before. When he saw them he began to make a pitiful, sniveling face, and then he whined out, "Teacher, there's them three fellers again!" O for shame! to be conquered by three hard words.

Original Poetry.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

SANTA CLAUS.

A TRUE STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

I had a little brother once,
A curious child indeed;
Bright, active, nothing of a dunce,
Yet *would not* learn to read.
So much 'gainst books his mind was set
When he was five years old,
He knew not even the Alphabet,
Though oft he had been told.
Now Christmas time was coming on,
But mother said, "I fear
My little, ignorant, willful son
Will be passed by this year;"
But brother said that Santa Claus
Would visit him in need;
He knew he would not break his laws
Because one could not read.
So Christmas morn I watched him start,
And wondered to the last,
If Santa Claus could have the heart
His stocking to have passed;
Half dressed, and in the corner perched,
This happy, careless boy,
With eager eyes and hands now searched
His socks with childish joy.
Ah, what a lot of nice, good things!—
But mercy,—what a shout!
When, last of all, surprised he brings
A folded paper out:
Now, for what cause, or what intent
Had Santa Claus decreed it?
Or who could tell him what it meant?
Would father please to read it?
Dear, kind, papa! "of course," he said;
And brother quit his fuss,
And kept quite still while father read:
The little note ran thus:—

"My own, my dearest, little friend,
Knowing my calls delight you,
While other stockings I attend
I cannot bear to slight you;
But ere my time has come again,
You must learn your letters, all,
Or, darling, though it gives me pain,
I may forget to call.

SANTA CLAUS."

It may be needless now to tell
What brother came to do,
That week he learned six letters well,
And twenty the next two.
Now little ones, advice is cheap,
And freely this I send,
Learn all you can, if you would keep
Good Santa Claus your friend.

COUSIN LULA.

Smithfield, Cache County.

COTTON.

COTTON, like linen, comes from a plant, but it does not come from its stalk. It is a fiber that comes from the seeds, for the purpose, I suppose, of helping to scatter them about. Nature has many curious devices of this kind.

The cotton plant is very pretty. In its general size and appearance it somewhat resembles a currant bush. It belongs to the mallows tribe. The flower is yellow, spotted with purple. When the seeds ripen the pods burst, and the downy cotton puts out its white head, growing very long in some kinds and spreading widely, so as to appear at a little distance like a large white flower. This is picked by hand, the seeds are taken out by a machine called a cotton gin, and the cotton is carded and spun and woven mostly by machinery. There are a great many cotton manufactories in New England.

In India, where labor is cheap, it is spun and woven by hand, and some very fine and beautiful muslins are produced in this way. Our first printed cotton goods came from Calicut, or Calcutta, whence it was called calico. Cotton was used in India longer ago than history can tell us.

Cotton grows in most warm countries, but no other country has yet been able to produce so good an article as the Southern United States. During the late civil war England got some cotton from India, and some from other countries.

Africa is said to be the next best place for cotton to grow.

In the southern part of our Territory considerable cotton is raised; and on the Muddy, where the missionaries lately called are going, there is a good country for cotton.

The cotton of Palestine is brown, that of India and China is yellow, or nankin color, but American cotton is all white.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

CHARADE.

BY W. J. LEWIS.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 2, 3, 4, is a kind of tree.
My 1, 5, 7, is a substitute for hair.
My 8, 9, 10, is a heavy weight.
My 3, 5, 6, 7, 5, 10, 7, is pleasing to the ear.
My whole is the chief city of a Republic.

The answer to the Charade in No. 22 is JACKSON COUNTY. We received correct replies from M. J. Baddley, E. Baddley, M. Ashman, A. Lang, G. B. Lang, E. Taylor, R. Miller, T. James, M. Speirs, S. Fowler jr., D. G. Beddo, C. Denny, L. Deuil, H. Brewer, D. McKay, E. Deleme re, E. J. C. Hundley.

"JESUS" means "Savior," and "Christ" means "Anointed," so that the English name of the Son of God is "Savior Anointed," or the Anointed Savior.

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