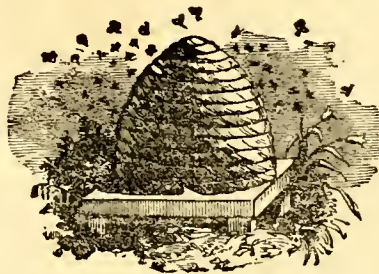


JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

"BUT WITH ALL THY GETTING
GET UNDERSTANDING."



THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE
WITHOUT LABOR.

VOL 2.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 15, 1867.

NO. 12.

VISITS OF UNCLE GREGORY.--VISIT V.

THERE was a dear little girl who a few weeks ago, wrote to the Editor of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, asking for "littler words," and breathing so pure and kindly a spirit, so interested in the welfare of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, that Uncle Gregory thought he would devote several *visits* to her and tell her a story. To little AGNES and all the little girls who have such a kindly interest in the welfare of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR; this story is dedicated. We will entitle it:—

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

Mary and Ellen were sisters. They were the children of honest parents, who lived in a great city. Their father was a carpenter, and helped to build large houses. He worked for a firm who took large contracts for buildings; that is, they promised to build for so much money, and finish within such a time any building they might have to build. Their mother was a very good woman, who loved to teach her little girls to be good and useful to themselves and to her. You may wonder, little girls, what they could do to be useful. I will tell you. Their father made them each a box to put their clothes in, and they were taught to put them away carefully when they were washed.

They had also some pegs in the wall on which they could hang some of their things near to the box. Their mamma used to say, "a place for every thing, and every thing in its place;" for she was a woman who loved order, and she taught her dear little girls to be orderly, so that when they went for a walk, or to visit a friend, they always knew where to find their gloves, cloaks, bonnets, or hats. They did not do as some careless children, who have no order, and who strew their things all over the house, and when they want their bonnets or hats cannot find them; but after looking about some time they perhaps find them in some corner and the kitten very snugly curled up on

them asleep. Then they would help mamma to wash up the dishes and sweep up the house. They loved to help her; for she was a good, kind mamma to them, and they had no other way of showing her how dearly they loved her. Do you not know, my dear little girls, that those who truly love their mammas, try to be useful to them, and do all they can to make them feel happy that they have such good girls.

Their father did not have very big wages for his work; but he had a constant place, so that with care and self-denial he was able to lay up a little money, as he said "for a rainy day." The girls went to Sunday School, and read their Bible, and learned little hymns and verses. One Sabbath day it was



very stormy, and the girls were unable to go to school; their mamma promised them that in the evening she would tell them a Bible story, and as this story has to have an influence upon the future of Mary and Ellen I shall relate it.

The supper things had been cleared away, the fire burned cheerfully in the grate, and cast a ruddy glow over the room. Mary, the eldest, was sitting on a stool at her mamma's feet, and Ellen was sitting on papa's knee, and there was a feeling of peace and love that is always enjoyed by those who try to be good. Their appearance on that evening formed a pleasant picture. Without, storm and rain; within, cosiness and peace.

Mamma commenced—Many years ago, when Israel was a nation and had kings to rule over them, sometimes those kings were very good, and sometimes very bad. It was in the days of one of those bad kings that an event took place which showed how God, our heavenly Father, can take care of and provide for his servants, when necessity requires, or wicked men try to hurt them, that I am going to tell you about. In those days the Lord had men upon the earth to whom he used to talk, and through them teach the people and also kings upon their thrones. In the day of which I relate he had one, through whom he spoke, called Elijah, who was a prophet. Ahab was the name of the king who ruled over Israel, and he was a very wicked king, and did more to provoke the Lord to anger than all the kings who were before him; and, of course, he hated Elijah, as all wicked men hate those who are good. Now Elijah, had foretold that there should be no dew nor rain, which, of course, would produce a famine in the land, for every thing—grain, herb, and water—would all be parched up, wither, and dry up. The Lord told Elijah to hide himself by a brook near Jordan, for he had commanded the ravens to feed him. And he did as the Lord told him; and the ravens brought him food to eat, and he drank of the brook. Our engraving represents Elijah being fed by the ravens. But after a time, as there was no rain in the land, the brook dried up and he had no water to drink; but still the Lord could provide. There lived in a place, called Zarephath, a poor widow, who had one son. To her the Lord sent the prophet: that in her house he might provide for him. When Elijah came to the gate of the city, he beheld her picking up some sticks; he called to her to bring him some water and a morsel of bread. The poor widow told the prophet that she had not any bread; that she had only a handful of meal and a little oil in a cruse; that she was gathering a few sticks to cook her last meal, and that when that was gone she would have to die, as they could not obtain any more—so great was the famine that was in the land. Elijah told her to bake him a little cake, and said: "*Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, the barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth.*" And she believed the prophet, and made him a cake out of the handful of meal she had in the world. But when she did that, there was more left, and the barrel was never empty, for the Lord increased the meal so that she never wanted.

Thus you see, my dear girls, said mamma, the Lord can always provide, and always will provide for them who put their trust in him, for his providence is over all.

The girls were very pleased with the story, and, after they had said their prayers, they kissed their parents and went to bed; but they talked about the poor widow using the last handful of meal for the prophet, and the goodness of the Lord, until they fell asleep, and the story had quite an influence on the mind of the girls as the future will show.

To be Continued.

OUR HELPERS.

I WAS reading a pleasant book. All at once my interest flagged, and leaning back in my chair, I looked up. Seated in front of a mirror, I saw not only myself, but the opposite side of the room reflected. Instantly my attention was directed to my youngest child, Henry, a boy in his tenth year, whose image I saw in the glass. He had opened, silently, a drawer in my secretary, and at this very moment had my pocket-book in his hand, from which he seemed about to take some money. I was so pained and surprised that I could not speak, but sat very still, as if a spell was on me, waiting for what he would do.

I could see the reflection of his face distinctly. Oh, it had

the strangest look I had ever seen upon it! It was just a little pale, and had in its expression both guilt and fear. All at once there was a slight start, as if he had heard a voice or a movement. Then a quick change went over his face. The evil look of guilt went out, and pain and horror mingled with fear. He dropped the pocket-book, and noiselessly shut the drawer. Then lifting his eyes, they fell upon the mirror and he saw, for the first time, that I was looking at him.

Poor child! How I pitied him. His face became white. The bitterness of an untold anguish was in his heart.

"Henry," I said in a low, serious tone, turning towards him. The love and pity I felt were in my voice. In the next moment he was sobbing aloud, with his face hidden on my lap.

"Had you seen me when you dropped the pocket-book, and shut the drawer?" I asked, after he was composed.

"No, ma'am," he answered.

"Why did you not take the money when you had the opportunity?"

"I dared not."

"Why?"

"I was so afraid, all at once. Oh, I can't tell you how strangely I felt. It seemed as if I was drawn two ways; toward right and toward wrong. My breath stopped. I was frightened. Then I heard a voice say, just as plainly as if the words were spoken out in the room, 'Thou shalt not steal;' and I dropped the book and shut the drawer! I think it must have been an angel who helped me to do right," added my boy, looking up, now, for the first time, into my face.

"Angels are our helpers always in temptation," I answered, tears blinding me. We can never be overcome of evil, if we turn to God, and let Him help us. O, my child! may this be to you a warning and a lesson. A warning, in that it shows you how dreadful an evil is in your heart, even the desire to take what belongs to another, which is theft. Be ever on your guard. Watch, and pray for strength to be honest and pure. And let it be a lesson, in so much as it teaches you that angels are always near helping us to do right. The good, the blessed angels! They are God's ministers. In his great love he sends them to us. You have your ministering angels; I have mine; they are present with every human being; and if we yield to the Holy Spirit and to the good influences of angels, we shall always dwell in safety."

For the Juvenile Instructor.

MY FIRST MISSION CONTINUED.

AFTER leaving Memphis, I traveled through the country to Benton county, and preached on the way as I had opportunity. I stopped a night with a Squire Hardman, an Episcopalian. Most of the night was spent by the family in music and dancing. In the morning, at the breakfast table, Mr. Hardman asked me if we believed in music and dancing. I told him we did not really consider them essential to salvation. He said he did, and therefore should not join our church.

On the 4th of April, 1835, I had the happy privilege of meeting Elder Warren Parish at the house of Brother Frys. He had been preaching in that part of Tennessee, in company with David W. Patten, and had baptized a number and organized several small branches. Brother Patten had returned home, and Brother Parrish was laboring alone. I joined him in the ministry, and we labored together three months and nineteen days, when he was called to Kirtland.

During the time we were together we traveled through several

counties in Tennessee for the distance of seven hundred and sixty miles, and preached the gospel daily as we had opportunity. We baptized some twenty persons.

By the counsel of the prophet Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, Elder Parrish ordained me an elder, and left me to take charge of the branches that had been raised up in that neighborhood.

As soon as I was left alone I extended my circuit and labors. For a season I had large congregations, many seemed to believe and I baptized a number.

On the 15th of August I had an appointment at the house of Brother Taylor, the step father of Abraham O. Smoot. I had to cross Bloody River, which I had to swim in consequence of heavy rains. While crossing, my horse became entangled in a tree top, and almost drowned; but I succeeded in getting him loose. We swam to the shore separately. He reached the shore first, and waited until I came out. I got into the saddle, and went on my way in good spirits, and had a good meeting. On the 20th of October I baptized three Campbellites, one was a deacon. I then rode twelve miles to Mr. Joseph Greenwood's, who was eighty years old and had been a soldier under General Washington. His wife, who was ninety-three years old, I found quite smart and busy carding wool. I preached at their house and baptized both of them. On the following day I preached at the house of Benjamin L. Clapp and baptized seven Campbellites and one Baptist.

On the 16th of November I preached at brother Camp's and baptized three. On the day following, it being Sunday, I preached again at brother Clapp's and baptized five. At the close of the meeting I mounted my horse to ride to Clark's river, in company with Seth Utly, four other brethren and two sisters; the distance was twenty miles. We came to a stream, which was so swollen by rains, that we could not cross without swimming our horses. To swim would not be safe for the females, so we went up the stream to find a ford. In the attempt we were overtaken by a severe storm of wind and rain, and lost our way in the darkness, and wandered through creeks and mud; but the Lord does not forsake his saints in any of their troubles. While we were in the woods suffering under the blast of the storm, groping like the blind for the wall, a bright light suddenly shone around us, and revealed to us our dangerous situation on the edge of a gulf. The light continued with us till we found the road; we then went on our way rejoicing, though the darkness returned and the rain continued.

We reached brother Henry Thomas' in safety about nine o'clock at night, having been five hours in the storm and had forded streams many times. None of us felt to complain; but were thankful to God for his preserving care.

On the following day I preached in the Damon Creek and organized a branch called the Damon Creek branch, and ordained Daniel Thomas a teacher. On the 19th of December I again preached at the house of brother Clapp, and baptized five persons, one was a Campbellite preacher. On the following day I preached at the house of brother Henry Thomas, when a mob of about fifty persons collected, headed by a Baptist preacher, who after asking one question, advised the mob to not lay hands on any man on account of his principles. The advice was good and well taken. At the close of the meeting I baptized three persons, one seventy-eight years old.

This brings the year 1835 to a close—the first year of my mission—during which time I had travelled three thousand two hundred and forty-eight miles, held one hundred and seventy meetings, baptized forty-three persons—three of whom were Campbellite preachers—assisted Elder Parrish to baptize twenty more, confirmed thirty-five, organized three branches, ordained two teachers and one deacon, procured thirty subscribers for the

Messenger and Advocate, one hundred and seventy-three signers to the petition to the Governor of Missouri for redress of wrongs done to the Saints in Jackson county, had three mobs rise against me—but was not harmed, wrote eighteen letters, received ten, and, finally, closed the labors of the year 1835, by eating johnny cake, butter and honey, at brother A. O. Smoot's.

W. W.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

CHILDREN OBEY YOUR PARENTS.

IT is more than three thousand years since the Lord commanded, through Moses, "Honor thy father and thy mother;" but Jesus, when on earth, repeated this command, and in these days the Lord has, through the prophet Joseph Smith, again said the same thing. In ancient times the Lord ordained that when a son persisted in being rebellious against his parents, after they had talked to him and pleaded with him and tried to show him how wicked it was, that they should take him before the elders of the church and tell them what a bad, rebellious boy he was, and that the people should then stone him to death. By this we can see how fearfully wicked the Lord considers the sin of disobedience. He has not in these days, commanded us to punish our disobedient children in this manner; still, he does not like them now any better than he did then, and children who love the Lord and wish to be the little disciples of the Savior will not wait till they are compelled to be obedient, they will delight in doing anything that they know will please God and his son Jesus. When Jesus was upon the earth he was the example for little boys and girls as well as for men and women, and, although he was the son of God, yet he was subject and obedient to his parents, in all things, until he was thirty years old. The boys and girls who are kind and obedient to their parents when they are young, always make the best and happiest men and women, husbands and wives, fathers and mothers.

There are several reasons why children should obey their parents—that is, where they have parents who love the Lord and try to keep his commandments as all good Latter-day Saints do.

First: God has commanded them to do so.

Second: Children owe their existence to their parents.

Third: Parents have had more experience in life than children, and know what is best for them.

Fourth: Parents love their children very dearly, and constantly labor for their good; it is therefore very ungrateful and unkind to be disobedient.

Fifth: Obedient children make the best men and women; and their children will also be obedient to them.

Sixth: God has promised that those who honor their parents shall enjoy His favor and be blessed with long life.

THE skylark and the nightingale,
Though small and light of wing,
Yet warble sweeter in the grove
Than all the birds that sing;
And so a little maiden,
Though a very little thing,
Is sweeter than all other sweets,
E'en flowers that blow in spring.

IN the morning think what thou hast to do, and at night ask thyself what thou hast done.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, : EDITOR.

JUNE 15, 1867.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

"A MAN told me to put it on my face, and I thought it would rub off." This was the reply of a little boy whose face was painted with red spots, when his father asked him how he came to disfigure himself in that way. The father was much displeased to see his son with his face marked like a clown's. He reproved his son for being so foolish as to paint his face, and the little boy's excuse was that the man who had it told him to put some on his face. He had afterwards tried to rub it off, but could not. By the aid of a little butter and some turpentine his father succeeded in getting it off.

How many of our little readers do foolish things because some man or boy tells them to do so? It is no reason that you daub your face, or do any other foolish thing, because somebody tells you to do so. Many are the boys and girls who have been ruined through listening to the persuasions of men and women, and doing wrong because they were told to do so by those bad persons. Boys, if a man or boy should tell you to drink liquor, to chew or smoke tobacco, to steal, to swear, to disobey your parents, would it be right for you to do so? No; it would not be right. You know that all these things are wrong, and the Lord would not be pleased with you for doing them, though a thousand men should tell you to do them.

So with you, girls; if a woman or a girl were to tell you to go into improper society, or to mix with people whom you do not know, or to conceal what you do from your parents, that would be very wrong, and you ought not to do any such thing.

Boys and girls should be firm in resisting temptation and evil influences of every kind. If a wrong spirit should whisper to you and tempt you to do something that is wrong, you should not yield to it. To do so would be very foolish and wicked. The boys and girls who continue to do so, become poor, miserable, trifling creatures. They can not be trusted by their parents or friends or by any good people. Sometimes wicked spirits get into men and women, and they try to persuade other people to do wrong. It is just as foolish and bad to listen to wicked spirits when they are in men and women or boys and girls, as it is to listen to them when they try to get into your own hearts. If you resist these wrong spirits, you will become wise and strong in the things of God, and you will have the favor of God and His people. The Apostle James (4th chap., 7th verse) says: "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." We know this to be true.

WITH the issue of this number the INSTRUCTOR will be published up to date, and we hope that with the prompt attention of our Agents and patrons, in forwarding us the means due on subscriptions, we will hereafter be able to issue each number at date. We have said but little to our friends respecting the publication of the INSTRUCTOR, and probably but very few have an idea of the expense and trouble attending such a paper. The engravings themselves which we use in the paper are costly, and having them compels the use of a much finer quality of ink and better paper. Such paper and ink as are generally used for newspapers would not answer for the INSTRUCTOR, and if we receive the support which we have reason to expect, we intend to use still better paper and ink than we have at present. We have explained in a former article that

the INSTRUCTOR has no advertisements to depend upon for income. All the income we have to sustain it comes from the subscriptions. In publishing the paper thus far we have had to incur debt. That the INSTRUCTOR might be easily read and be attractive we ordered type and other materials expressly for it from the East. This required an outlay of means which the subscriptions on the paper did not furnish at the time, and we had to borrow. We take this occasion to state that these liabilities are now pressing us. The terms on which the paper was issued to subscribers were: pay in advance. But we have found it very difficult to strictly adhere to this rule. Many who were desirous to obtain the paper could not pay at the time of subscribing; but promised to hand it in at a given time. As a consequence, we have considerable due us on Volume One. The amount of a subscription is but trifling; but when these are multiplied, and we do not have them, we find it exceedingly awkward and embarrassing. We would like to see every parent in the Territory take such a pride in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, as a paper expressly designed to teach and educate our youth, that they will be prompt in paying in their own subscriptions and impress upon their neighbors to do likewise. This is all we ask of our friends. If this should be done, we feel convinced that the INSTRUCTOR can be made an instrument of great and lasting good.

Parents, do not ask yourselves how you can pay your subscriptions with something that will be of the least value to you; but cast about your thoughts and see what there is that you can pay—if you cannot pay money—that will be most available to sustain the paper. By so doing you will strengthen our hands. Just now we have money obligations to meet, and if our agents and subscribers will do what they can, conveniently, to assist us in this matter, it will be a relief to us.

They will perceive that this number ends the half-year—a very proper time to hand in subscriptions.

BIBLE QUESTIONS

FOR OUR JUVENILES TO ANSWER.

1. How old was Abram when the Lord called him out of Haran?
2. What relation was Lot to Abram.
3. What was the name of that king who blessed Abram and brought him bread and wine?
4. Why was Abram's name changed into Abraham?
5. What was the covenant which God made between him and Abraham's seed?
6. How old were Abraham and Ishmael when they were circumcised?
7. Who revealed the destruction of Sodom to Abraham?
8. How many times did Abraham make intercession for the men thereof?
9. We find that Lot entertained two angels; what did the angels do to the vicious Sodomites when they tried to get the angels out of Lot's house? and what were the names of the four cities destroyed at this time?

CATECHISM

FOR OUR JUVENILES.

61. What did the Prophet Joseph and the saints do to have their wrongs redressed?
62. Were they successful in their applications to high authorities?
63. What did a notorious apostate do about this time, to injure Joseph?
64. Did he fully succeed in his designs?
65. When did Joseph receive a command to gather up the

- strength of the Lord's house, and go up to redeem Zion?
 66. When did he start from home to obtain volunteers for that purpose?
 67. To what office was he appointed by a council of elders before he departed?
 68. When did the company start from Kirtland for Missouri?
 69. By what name is the company known in history?
 70. Name some prominent men, now living, who were in the company.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

THE TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

LITTLE Mary's father was very wealthy—he had houses and lands—horses and carriages, and everything needful to make his family comfortable, and to gratify every reasonable wish of his children.

He was a kind and indulgent father, and he gave his dear little daughter many nice things, and both father and mother sought to make her every way amiable and happy; but Mary was taken sick, and although every possible effort was made to restore her, she had a long and painful illness, and after she began to get better, the remains of her disease settled in one of her limbs, and caused lameness so that she could not walk and run about with the other little girls and enjoy herself as she had done before her sickness.

Her father and mother felt very sad to see their poor little Mary grieving over her affliction, and they tried in many ways to amuse and comfort her. They purchased a great many toys, and nice little books for her to read, and they often took her out to ride in their carriage.

One summer's day, when she was riding abroad, the carriage overtook a little girl who was tripping along by the roadside, as lively as a bird, and picking flowers to decorate her hat; and skipping from cluster to cluster, to find the sweetest and most beautiful. Mary noticed the little girl and thought her so happy in running about wherever she pleased, and told her mother who was in the carriage, to see the little girl, saying, "O ma, how happy I should be, if I could use my feet like her, and gather such pretty flowers—see how she skips around from place to place, while I cannot get out of the carriage, and have to ride wherever I go."

It made her dear fond mother feel very bad to hear Mary talk in that way, for her heart ached all the time, to think that her own beloved child was a cripple; and she ordered the coachman to stop the carriage, and told the servant to go and pick the prettiest flowers that could be found. The servant went wherever he had seen the little girl pluck blossoms, so that Mary should have just the same. But Mary did not feel satisfied—she wanted to gather them herself, and because she could not, she did not take any pleasure in those that the servant brought her, although they were of the same kinds as those which the little girl seemed to be so proud of. Poor Mary cried as if her heart would break, and begged of her mother to take her home—she imagined that the little girl was, by tripping along so merrily, making sport of her feelings, because she was a cripple, and could not walk: she threw away the flowers, and said that she never wanted to ride out from home again and seemed to feel almost angry at the little girl who she thought took pleasure in hurting her feelings, by showing how fast she could walk, and how happy she was in helping herself, while Mary had to be waited on by the servant. And the poor lame girl went home sick at heart and sick in body, for envious and murmuring thoughts will make people feel sick from head to foot.

The other little girl, whose name was Jane, had watched Mary as closely as Mary did her, but she was not half so happy

as Mary thought. Jane's father was a poor man and did not own a carriage, and Jane had to walk wherever she went. She often thought, when she saw others riding, how fine it would be, if her father was rich so that he could afford the means to give her a ride once in a while—it would make her so happy.

Jane and Mary were not acquaintances—Jane did not know that Mary was lame, and Mary did not know that Jane's parents were poor; and when Jane saw Mary riding and the servant running to fetch her flowers, she thought Mary was a great deal better off than herself, and she felt bad, and hurried home with her heart swelling with grief and her eyes filled with tears. Her kind mother met her at the door, and thinking that something fearful had happened to her, she clasped her to her bosom and begged to know what was the matter. "O mother," said Jane, "what a dreadful thing it is to be poor! How I do wish that you was able to take me out riding, like other folks. I have to walk wherever I go, and I just feel as though I never want to go from home again, to have rich men's girls looking down on me because my father is poor."

"My dear child," said her mother, "what has happened to you?" Then Jane told her mother how she saw the other little girl riding in the carriage with her servant, and how scornfully the rich girl looked at her because she was on foot; and Jane said, "there she sat all primmed up and looked so nice and felt so proud; and to make me know that she thought mean of me, she had her servant go every where I did, and gather the same flowers for her that I had picked for myself, and when she had mocked me long enough, she rode off as crank as a peacock—and O, dear, ma, it makes me feel so bad, to think of her, and how she looked at me!" It chanced not long afterwards that the mothers of these two little girls met, and, by mere accident, the walk and the ride were mentioned, and when the girls were told of each other's feelings, and wrong conclusions, they felt heartily ashamed of themselves, and instead of envying each other, Mary pitied Jane because she was poor, and Jane pitied Mary because she was lame. They became intimate friends, and have for a long time been blessings to each other.

It is to be hoped that all the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will profit by reading this little story, and whenever they feel tempted to be unhappy because somebody else seems to be better off than themselves, think of Jane and Mary; and instead of wanting what they cannot have, try to enjoy and be thankful for every blessing which they possess.

E. R. S.

THE FISHES IN CONVENTION.

ONE sultry afternoon in July, about the time the steamship Great Eastern was in mid-ocean, laying the Atlantic cable, I was resting in the shade of a large poplar tree on a hill-side near the city, thinking of the wonderful experiment of uniting two worlds with a wire. Reclining on the grass I watched the white clouds sailing along the sky, until they seemed to be ships, with canvas spread, and swiftly moving along the sea. I had strangely sunk to the ocean's bed, and was looking up through the deep blue waters to the surface, and admiring the beautiful ships as they silently floated along.

While I was thus gazing at the ships, a very large vessel, ruffling the surface-water with her paddle-wheels, and darkening the high atmosphere with her smoke, passed over me, and slowly a plaited wire settled along the bottom of the sea near my resting-place. It was the Great Eastern laying the cable.

At once, upon the appearance of the mysterious cable-wire

among them, there is a hasty assembling together of the finny citizens of the deep. There is a grand convention of fishes of every tribe, and school, and size, and sort. They come in crowds from all quarters of the nether seas. There are representatives from every briny chamber and rocky recess along the line of invasion congregated in excited groups to discuss the merits and the meaning of the wiry creature that is settling in their midst. They dive about in reconnoitering attitudes, eying the wire from side to side, and cautiously feeling it with their gills, darting to and fro to find its head or tail, but returning more puzzled than ever, shaking their heads and asking a thousand unanswerable questions. The more they consider the matter the more they are bewildered. Both the beginning and the end of it are out of the range of their comprehension. They swarm in long lines of busy, curious spectators, waiting and watching in the water to see whether the wonderful object will show any signs of life.

In the stillness of this *deep* contemplation, a committee of investigation is appointed to inquire into the affair of all absorbing interest. On motion, Salmon, Mullet, and Whiff are unanimously appointed to consider the momentous question at once, and report their views and suggestions forthwith for the benefit of the community. The committee thereupon retire to a little niche in a fissured rock over which the mystic wire is stretched, put their heads together, and conclude that it is a new species of fish come to dwell with them in their watery dominion.

"It is not a sterlet," says Whiff, "although it is armed with bony scales, and has no mouth that I can see; nor a sword-fish, although it is destitute of fins, and in body appears to be hard, and narrow, and sharp."

"No, nor a narwhal, and yet that twisted thing we see may be only the long, horny tusk of the monster we dread so much, and whose body shall be plainly visible by-and-by," says Mullet with a shudder, and a very solemn countenance.

"It must be either a goby or an eel," remarks Salmon, with a wise turn of his head toward the quiet stranger above them, "for only see its snake-like form; and did you not experience a singular sensation as your nose touched its hard scales? I think there is life in it, more life than we imagine; and as for me, I prefer getting out of this place immediately."

At this moment a shark comes along, having followed in the wake of the Great Eastern from the Irish shore, watching for plunder in the business, but shrewd enough to preach a little, nevertheless, by way of keeping up respectable appearances. Being aware of his superior knowledge concerning the matter, the committee of special investigation ask him to explain the mystery for their edification and comfort. The shark proceeds:

"That object of your wonder and alarm is a harmless instrument by which thinking marvelous beings who dwell in an element above ours, send their thoughts from continent to continent in the twinkling of an eye! For you must learn that there is a great world of thoughts, and words, and activities—of glories, and grandeur, and untold possibilities, *above us*, which we do not comprehend. That upper world is inhabited by creatures who enjoy a life so superior to ours, that you would disbelieve my story if I but told you the beginning."

"All nonsense—our facts are all against such an idea," says Mullet-head; "there is no world above our own world of water, and shell, and rock, and slime; and there are no living beings but such as dwell in the sea." "So say I," "And I say so too," exclaim the other members of the committee; and the whole disbelieving congregation flutter their fins, take a swallow or two of briny water, and deny the truth the shark proclaims. *They reject the story for want of brains to comprehend it.* But the world of human thought, and action, and enjoyment, of

which they had heard, is just the same—just as real as if every finny doubter had believed.

So it seemed to me, for I had been dreaming, there is a grand sphere of realities and progressions above *us* where *immortal* beings move and love. A line of communication has been let down among us. Unlike the fishes, we are capable of interpreting its meanings and embracing the truth. The life-apparatus of a human heart can, by a touch, take off a message anywhere along the line. The spirit of the Lord flashes in thrills of love along the mystic wire of His word. The battery is up in another sphere. The line starts from the firm shore of heaven, and flashes its blessed facts down through our dark, deep world, as lightning words flash through the sea!

And yet some men are silly as the fishes. They do not believe in a world better and higher than this, where they have but mortal life. But their rejection of the eternal fact will not in the least disturb the messages that are sent along the wire to believers. The blessed world *is there!*

"There is a future, oh, thank God!
Of life this is so small a part;
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod,
But there—up there—'tis heart to heart."

—Our Schoolday Visitor.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

I N D U S T R Y .

TO be wise or useful, we must be industrious. By industry, all our wants are supplied. If we desire to be scholars, we must not be lazy. Now is the very time to lay the foundation for usefulness. Idleness often brings on sin, and with sin comes misery.

Do you wish to be a scholar? improve your time. If you have to work, as most boys and girls have, let your time be well spent. Read a little every day; write occasionally; learn a little geography; study arithmetic; become acquainted with grammar; and when you have a love for study, you will take more real pleasure in it, than you will in play, or in the dance.

Some children say they have not time to study. Many have time to play and to be idle. The sun shines as long for one child as for another; although the labors of some are more onerous than the labors of others.

To become acquainted with music, to be a good public speaker, to be fit for an office of trust, to be a good mechanic, to be a good soldier or sailor, or to a useful schoolmaster, we must be industrious. We may have natural ability, we may have respectable parents, we may have plenty of money, but we must have *perseverance* in doing good to be fit for society, such society as Latter-day-Saints are striving for,—the society of the just.

A few years ago Utah was a desert, and would be so now but for the industry of our people. Industry rears our houses and tabernacles, opens farms, erects telegraphs, builds railroads, and performs all that we see or hear. If we have ability, or any endowment of nature, God gave it to us, and He expects us to use it for good.

Some children are more fond of dress than study, trying to imitate the butterfly, and put on the latest fashions, without thinking whether it will be for their good. Neatness of dress and of the person is praiseworthy. Taste and refinement are good qualities, and belong to the industrious. No one can be a really good person and be lazy. The kingdom of God has need of all the information and usefulness we can command.

Do we use tea, coffee, tobacco, or strong drinks? we must overcome these bad habits, and in their places substitute good habits. This, children can do with the help of the Lord, the Author of all good.

WM.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

HAVE any of the little readers of the INSTRUCTOR ever wondered where the language they speak came from? Or do they know how it is that we speak what is called English and some of their neighbors speak, Danish, Welsh, French or German and there are many hundreds of other languages spoken on the earth? If they do not know how this is, I will try and tell them.

When God placed our first parents on this earth he gave them a language by which they could communicate their thoughts to one another. Their children probably spoke that language till the days of the flood and for some time after, for we read in the Bible that after the flood, when people again became numerous, they thought they would build a great tower which the Bible calls the Tower of Babel, so that if there should come another flood they could go up into the tower and be saved from destruction. But God saw fit not to permit them to finish the great work they had commenced. He "confounded" their language; that is, He caused that they could not understand one another; consequently they could not proceed with their work, because they were unable to tell one another what was to be done. So they ceased their work, and began to scatter abroad upon the face of the earth, every family speaking a different language; and from these have sprung the great number of languages now spoken.

But my little readers could ask if the English language came from the Tower of Babel? No; it did not: and it is probable that there is no language on the earth now, spoken as it was then, for languages change with time and circumstances. But some languages now spoken may contain some of the elements of the language spoken at that time. It is possible that some of the languages now spoken may contain a small element of the first language; for there are some words meaning the same thing in languages now spoken which sound nearly alike. For example, I will take the word mother—it is in English *Mother*, Celtic *Mathair*, German *Mutter*, Slavonian *Maser*, French *Mere*, Latin *Mater*, Spanish *Madre*, Persian *Mader*, Sanserit *Madra*, Russian *Mat*, Greek *Metra*. This would seem to indicate that such words came from one and the same language.

But I want to tell my little friends more especially how our own language came into existence. It came from England, and that is the reason it is called English, the same as the language of the French people is called French.

The first inhabitants of Great Britain or England, that history tells us any thing about, were Celts, and their language called Celtic is still spoken in a somewhat changed form, by the Welsh, Highlanders of Scotland, by some of the Irish, and the inhabitants of the Isle of Man.

Fifty-five years before the birth of our Savior the Romans under Julius Cæsar invaded Great Britain, and after fighting many fierce battles with the natives of that country, they succeeded in conquering the whole island, which they held in their possession for nearly five hundred years. During this long period, the language of the Romans, which was the Latin, became somewhat mixed with that of the native Britons. About the year A. D. 449 a British king named Vortigern invited a people called Saxons from the continent of Europe to come over to England and help him fight the Picts and Scots, a people living in Scotland who were then at war with the Britons.

The Saxons came over in great numbers, and afterwards turned their arms against the people they came to assist, and they finally succeeded in conquering the larger portion of the island. Many of the inhabitants however fled to the mountains

of Wales, where their descendants still remain and speak their native tongue, though somewhat corrupted by the Latin, Saxon and Norman.

The Celts or Britons who remained in the conquered portion of the island, were divided with the land, and distributed among their conquerors as serfs, which is little better than being slaves. And the manners, customs, laws and language of the Saxons became the manners, customs, laws and language of Britain. The language of the Saxons, being thus introduced among the native Britons, underwent but little change for five hundred years, with the exception of the addition of some words of the Celtic, the language of the natives. We add to our language to day in the same way by taking words and terms from languages spoken around us; for instance, such words, as "lasso," "lariat," "corral," "canon," "adobes" (now called dobies) "cache," "range" we have taken from the French and Spanish since we have been in this country. It was during the above period that the foundation of the English language was laid.

About the year A. D. 790, the Norsemen or Northmen, including the Norwegians, Danes and Swedes began to invade the island of Great Britain. The Danes conquered the country and ruled it for some time, and the Danish or Norse tongue became somewhat mixed with the language then spoken by the inhabitants of the island, which, as my little readers will remember, was a mixture of the Celtic, Latin and Saxon. This mixture of the Danish accounts for the great number of words we hear our Danish brethren speak, which sound so similar to words meaning the same thing in our own language.

In the year A. D. 1066, William, Duke of Normandy, came over from France with an army, and after some hard fought battles, succeeded in conquering the country. Their language, the Norman French, took the place of the Saxon in governmental affairs, and became the language of the nobility, courts and schools for about two or three hundred years. The Normans held the inhabitants of the island in contempt, so much so that they spoke their own language, and the native inhabitants spoke theirs for a long time without their mixing much. As an example, the natives being the lower and laboring classes, had to labor for the Norman nobility; the latter called an ox a beef, and the Saxon called it an ox; the Normans called a sheep a mutton, and the Saxons called it a sheep; a hen was called a pullet by the Normans, &c. This shows how we have got a mixture of the French in our language.

After a long time, the Saxon mixture again became the universal language of the land, only it had taken into it very many Norman French words. And thus, by time and circumstances, our language arose, being formed principally from five languages—in the following order:

- 1st: Celtic, the language of the first inhabitants of England.
- 2nd: Latin words, introduced during the time the Romans ruled the country, and at different other periods.
- 3rd: Saxon words, introduced when the Saxons conquered England, which are the ground work of our language.
- 4th: Danish words, introduced while the Danes ruled England.
- 5th: Norman French words, introduced when the Normans conquered England. There are also many words taken from the Greek, French, Spanish, Italian, German and other languages, which have grown into use in different ways; but a large majority of the common words of our language are Anglo Saxon.

W. W. R.

A TEACHER once asked a very little child, "Where is the East?" "Where the morning comes from," was the prompt and pleasant reply.

Original Poetry.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

LITTLE HATTIE.

Gentle, little Hattie! tender, loving child!
Shedding beams of gladness; laughing music wild;
Speaking words of comfort, to the little ones;
Cheering little, sad hearts, by her gentle tones;

Knitting brother's stockings, comforters and mitts;
Singing songs for mother, as by her side she sits;
Smooths her pillow tenderly; watches by her bed;
When bowed down by sickness, bathes her aching head.

See her chase the lambskins around the willow tree,
In their sportive gambols, innocent as she;
Milk the spotted heifer; drives the calves to feed;
Taking then the JUVENILE, 'neath the tree to read.

Merry, little maiden! shedding love and light;
Making home more glad some, by her presence bright;
Who that reads these verses, will not thankful be,
That Hattie dwells in Zion, 'mid truth and purity.

West Jordan.

ESTHER A. B.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

AN APPEAL TO THE LORD.

"I DON'T believe it," thoughtlessly said a mother to her toddling lisping boy, as he strove to pour into her ear the story of his baby troubles.

"Don't b'lieve it, Ma," replied the little one, in his baby style of talking, as his face reddened at the idea of his mother fancying he told a falsehood; "don't b'lieve it, Ma," added he a moment after, "den you may do and ast Dod."

This little boy had been taught to kneel by his bedside every evening, before he lay down to rest, and ask Jesus to "listen to a little child," and he felt sure God heard his prayers. If so, reasoned he, God will hear n amma as well, and he could think of no better way of setting himself right in his mother's eyes and proving his statement, than by directing her to "go and ask God."

His mother smiled at his idea, and was no doubt satisfied that her little son had told the truth.

Now this speech of our little friend may seem to some a very strange one. Still his idea as far as he understood it was a correct one, for there is no surer plan, no better way, for those who are in doubt or trouble, or who lack wisdom, than to "go and ask God" in the right way. The answer may come in rather a different manner than what this little one imagined it would, yet it will be none the less sure if we ask Him in faith, and as He has directed, in the name of His Son Jesus Christ. It was through asking the Lord that the Prophet Joseph first received the word of revelation. Through prayer holy men of old learned the ways of their heavenly Father, and in this same way the servants of the Lord Jesus learn his will in our day.

PLANTING TREES.—A poor old man busily planting an apple-tree was rudely asked, "What do you plant trees for? You can't expect to eat the fruit of them." He raised himself up, and leaning upon his spade answered, "Some one planted trees before I was born, and I have eaten the fruit. I now repay the debt, and show my gratitude by planting trees for o heirs."

For the Juvenile Instructor.

CHARADE.

BY LEIH TINGEY.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, is a nickname.
My 10, 7, 8, 9, is what we should do for each other.
My 6, 5, 6, is what some call their father.
My 1, 12, 9, 5, is a relation.
My 10, 11, 9, is a part of the body.
My whole is a city of the United States.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

ENIGMA.

BY D. DANIELS.

I HAVE been known for centuries in England, France, Italy, Spain, Germany and Holland; but strange to say I never had an existence in Europe. I am also known in America, yes, even in Utah. I flourish all over Great Salt Lake, although I am never seen in New York, Boston, London, or Liverpool. Some people have the boldness to say that I have never been seen in a school; let that be as it may, little boys and girls have to know me pretty soon when they get there. What do you think I am?

THE answer to the Charade in No. 10 is ELIPHAZ. (See book of Job, 4th chap.) The following sent us correct answers:—G. R. Emery, Eliza A. Rumell, Ellen R. Rumell, M. A. Morris, M. A. Jenkins, Joseph H. Parry.

Henry B. Emery correctly answered the Bible Questions in No. 9, and George R. Emery the Catechism in the same number.

A LITTLE head with golden hair,
A little face so sweet and fair,
A little hand with its dimpled grace,
It wanders lovingly over my face,
And a sweet voice whispers soft and low,
"I love you sister—I love you so!"

HUMANITY.—Youth is the proper season to cultivate the benevolent and humane affections. Never sport with pain or distress in any of your amusements, or treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

If any one speak ill of thee, consider whether he has truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself, was a wise remark of an old philosopher.

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Is published in Great Salt Lake City, Utah Territory,

ON THE FIRST & FIFTEENTH OF EVERY MONTH.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

Single Copy, per Annum.....\$3 00
Single Copy, for Six Months..... 1 50

It is expected where agents forward names they will be responsible for the papers thus ordered; and when Cash payments are made, they will please forward them with the letter containing the names of the subscribers.

Elder Wm. H. Shearman, Logan, will act as General Agent for Cache Valley.
Grain brought to this City for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will be received at the office of our paper—DESERET NEWS BUILDINGS.