

# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

NO. 17.

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VOL. 1.

## (For the Juvenile Instructor.) PRINTING.

It is only about four hundred years since the art of printing was discovered or invented. Previous to that time copies of books had to be written by hand, which was a very tedious process of multiplying them, and made them cost large sums. If every copy of the *Instructor* had to be written by clerks it would cost a very great deal more than it does; and there would likely be a great many mistakes in the whole number of copies, whereas now all the copies of each issue are alike.

It is not definitely known who was the inventor of printing; but it is generally ascribed to a man named Guttenberg, and, by some, to another German named Faust. At any rate, these two men formed a partnership, for printing in the year 1450. They used three kinds of impressions: first with plates of wood, something after the fashion of

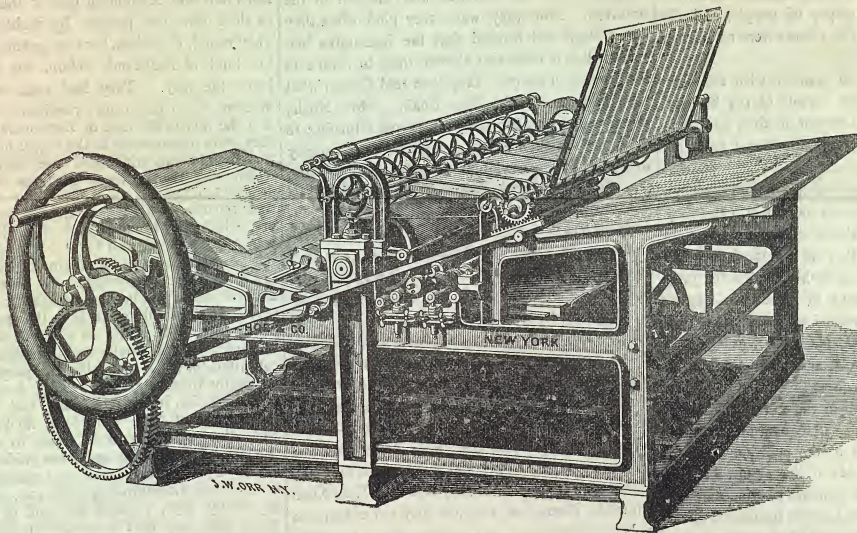
wood-cuts; then with moveable types; and lastly with an impression of characters cast in moulds, somewhat on the principle of modern stereotyping. Their printed impressions were very rude and rough-looking compared with the beautiful workmanship now displayed by good, practical printers.

The press used by them, and presses used even at a much later date, were very different from that represented in our illustration, which represents a printing press of very modern construction.

Our young readers generally have but very little idea of the care and trouble that are involved in printing such a sheet even as the little one in their hands. The letters are all separate types, which are picked up by the compositor, out of little boxes in what is called a "case," and placed in order one after another. The compositor, or the person who places the types in order, must be careful to lift the exact letter required and the correct size of type; for if he were not to do so, the printing would be

incorrect. He must place them evenly, side by side, and see that they are not turned the wrong way. To help him in doing this, the type is cast with a small nick in one side, and he can tell by the feel of his finger whether the type is being placed right or not. Here is the word *Latins* wrongly "set up," and how curious it looks. The type, instead of being even and uniform, is all jumbled up, of different sizes or fonts and not placed evenly. The P is placed on its back; the r is turned upside down; the i instead of being a small letter is a capital letter, which it should not be; the n is *Italic* instead of Roman; the t is too large; the next i is the proper size; the n is a small capital, which is wrong; and the g is too small.

The compositor must also put the words a proper distance apart from each other. These words are too closely spaced, and are not sufficiently distant from each other; these words are too widely spaced, and do not look well; and here is a



word with spaces between the letters, which make it look very odd.

There are a great many other things which require to be carefully attended to in setting up type, in preparing the matter for press when set up, and in printing off the impressions. These few examples will give you a little idea of the care that is necessary.

Printing has made rapid strides during the past fifty years; and many inventions have been brought into requisition to make books and printed papers plentiful and cheap.

One result is that almost every kind of information, good and bad, is widely circulated through the world. Many things are printed which are calculated to do much evil; and many things are printed which do a great deal of good.

We hope our readers will be careful what they read, and seek the aid of persons of matured judgments in selecting works for their study. Never forget that the art of printing is one great

means by which the revelations of God are more widely and correctly made known in this age than they could be without it; and that the truth spoken by the servants of God, can, by its aid, be carried over the world to enlighten mankind.

## (For the Juvenile Instructor.) LITTLE GEORGE AT CHURCH.

A TRUE STORY.

THE first Sunday morning that dawned upon little George inside of an English poor-house was made beautiful by the unclouded rays of an autumnal sun. The air was clear and pleasant; and, it being Sunday, the air was more clear than upon other days. On all days, except Sundays and public holidays, the factories in the big city sent out from their tall chimneys great volumes of smoke, which for many miles round made the air murky and thick, so that when there were no clouds the sunshine was of a smoky, grey color. On Sundays

there was not so much smoke, and the air, though not so pure as the air in Utah, was much more pure than at other times.

Little George was an honest, simple child of nature; when all was bright and joyous, when no cloud made the prospect gloomy, he was filled with happiness and joy, and he always thought that so much brightness, and so much goodness proceeded from the Great Father of all things, who, he supposed, lived far above the skies in some glorious and happy abode. When the weather was bad, when it was rainy and wet, and uncomfortable, when the thunder spoke loudly, and the lightning darted across the frowning heavens, then he thought that the Lord was angry at the naughtiness of his children, and would feel inclined to creep into a corner and pray.

But little George's attention was not attracted at all by the glories of this beautiful Sunday morning. The miseries of the tow shirt, added to the loss of his liberty, weighed heavily upon him, and

he began to think that the old nurse had given him that shirt on purpose to make him more miserable and more unhappy, because he would not give her his half-pennies, and in his mind he blamed her for all his troubles, and wished that he might never see her again as long as he lived.

When he lived with his mother, and his little sister, Sunday was looked forward to by them as to a day of great happiness and comfort. Then all the people and all the boys and girls were at-home from the factories, and all the stores were shut, and all the churches and places of worship were opened, and the streets were crowded with people going to the different churches and chapels to worship the Lord; and there were long schools of children walking two and two, who had been at the Sunday school and were now going to church. For a while on Sunday morning in the streets of the big city all was bustle, and the streets were crowded with rich and poor all dressed in their best attire, some going one way and some going another way, and all going to worship the same God in the way that each one thought was the best.

The bells of churches and chapels were ringing all over the big city, and there was such a noise and such a humming and rushing to and fro of many people, and such crowding of children; and such rattling of carriages and such hurrying of religious ministers, that the city looked like a nest of ants with the little insects running to and fro in the warm sunshine after a thunder storm. In a little while the streets were empty of people, and the churches were full, and the streets were as quiet as a deserted church.

Little George was quite familiar with this Sunday morning scene in the streets of the big city, and he felt the contrast between his first Sunday in the poor-house and the city scene which I have just described.

After the people in the poor-house, and the boys and the girls had eaten their breakfast, (and they always had a better breakfast on Sunday mornings than upon other days,) they all prepared to go to church too, to hear the poor-house minister pray and preach. The boys went to meeting holding to each others' hands, and walked two and two led by the cross old nurse. The place of worship was within the poor-house walls, and about the size of one of the large school houses in Great Salt Lake City. It had a low pulpit in the end of the building opposite the entrance. The governor and governoress and other officials of the poor-house sat in pews on the right hand side of the pulpit, and the rest of the people sat on benches ranging on each side of the house. The boys sat on benches ranging immediately opposite the pulpit, and girls sat behind the boys.

Little George's fair soft skin had been rasped all morning with his new tow shirt so that he could not rest or be still for a moment. He could see nothing, feel nothing, and know nothing but the scratching, pricking misery that tormented the whole surface of his body. The children of Israel used to put sack-cloth on for a suit of mourning. It is written in the Bible, "gird you with sack-cloth, and mourn before Abner." Again, "let us put sack-cloth on our loins, and go out and implore the clemency of the king of Israel." When Mordecai was informed of the ruin that threatened his nation, he put on sack-cloth, and covered his head with ashes. Little George was a little gentile in sack-cloth mourning for liberty.

He was placed upon a seat opposite the pulpit, and was jammed between the other boys, and the whole of them were required to sit very still and pay attention to the religious services that were about to commence. Little George could not be

still, for when he sat down he would have to change his position to one side a little to escape something like a needle point in his shirt, and then he would meet a scratch on the other side. The old nurse had warned him several times to be still, and looked very angry at him for being so restless. He could not be still, and he was fretful and uneasy, and angry at the boys on each side of him if they touched him. Finally the cross old nurse caught the little sufferer in sack-cloth and made him stand in front of the pew where the governor and governoress sat, which was a punishment inflicted upon bad boys at church. He felt that he was not a bad boy, and thought that he was very much wronged to be placed as a bad boy before the whole congregation, for what he could not help, and he wept bitterly and blamed the old nurse and the tow shirt for the disgrace that had come upon him.

(For the Juvenile Instructor.)

### SKETCHES FROM THE BOOK OF MORMON.

#### KING NOAH BURNED TO DEATH—ESCAPE OF THE PEOPLE FROM BONDAGE.

Our young readers will remember an officer named Gideon who rebelled against King Noah and would have slain him had it not been for the approach of the Lamanites. This man now went in search of King Noah to deliver him up to the Lamanites; but as he went he met the remainder of the people returning to see what had become of their wives and children and the rest of the brethren. Now they were very glad when they met Gideon and learned that the Lamanites had spared their families and allowed them to return to their homes in peace. They then told Gideon what they had done with King Noah. He (Noah) attempted to prevent the people from returning to their wives and children and they became angry with him and caused him to suffer death by fire, thus fulfilling the prophecy of Abinadi when he was burned to death by the orders of King Noah. Amulon and the rest of King Noah's priests fled, or the people would have killed them too, for they deserved to die. So the people all returned with Gideon to the land of Nephi and dwelt in peace under the government of Limhi.

But after two years it happened that a number of the daughters of the Lamanites met together in a center place to sing and dance and enjoy themselves, and King Noah's priests—Amulon and the twenty-three others who were with him—came suddenly upon them and stole twenty-four of the young women. They did this because they had left their own wives when they fled with King Noah before the Lamanites, and now they did not dare to go back for them for fear Gideon and his soldiers would kill them. This Amulon is the same who was afterwards so cruel and tyrannical to Alma and his brethren. This, of course, made the Lamanites very angry when they heard of it, supposing that the Nephites had done this, they raised a large army and went against them, the King himself leading them. But the Nephites discovered their approach and lay in ambush for them. They fought a very great battle, and, although there were not half so many Nephites as Lamanites, yet the latter were beaten with great slaughter and their King also, badly wounded, fell into the hands of the Nephites. King Limhi then sent for the King of the Lamanites and inquired the cause of the war and why he had broken his oath to the people of Nephi. King Limhi was much astonished when he heard the cause, and said if he could find out who had done this thing among his people they should be punished; but Gideon told him that it was the priests of Noah who had stolen these young women. Then the King of the Lamanites was pacified towards them, and went forth with them to

meet his own people and explained the thing to them, so there was peace again between the Nephites and Lamanites.

But after many days the Lamanites began to be very cruel and oppressive to the Nephites, treating them like slaves, beating them and making them bear heavy burdens as though they had been horses or oxen. At last the Nephites thought they could bear it no longer, and they begged their king to allow them to go in battle against the Lamanites. Now King Limhi was very unwilling that his people should fight the Lamanites, as he was afraid they would only make their condition worse instead of better, but they teased him until he consented. They then put on their armor and went forth against the Lamanites, who drove them back with great slaughter. There was then great sorrow and mourning among the widows and orphans of those who fell in battle, and the Nephites made another attempt to free themselves from their bondage but with no better success. After this their enemies increased their labors and burdens and they were compelled to submit and suffer in silence and sorrow. Thus we find that the people were punished very severely for rejecting and slaying God's servants, as Abinadi told them they would be.

It was at this time of their greatest sufferings that Ammon and the brethren found them, and the people of Limhi rejoiced greatly, hoping that the Lord had sent Ammon to deliver them, in answer to their cries and prayers by night and by day. They would, doubtless, have endeavored to return to the land of Zarahemla before, but they did not know the way. They had sent out a number of men on an exploring expedition to endeavor to find the way to the land of Zarahemla, but, though they were unsuccessful in the object of their search, they found a land which had once been peopled but which was then covered with the bones of its former inhabitants; they also discovered some of their records, or writings, engraved upon plates of ore, which they brought back with them. Limhi was very much rejoiced to learn from Ammon that King Mosiah had a gift from God by which he could interpret these engravings. By this time Limhi and his people had become sufficiently humble and repentant to be willing to keep the commandments of God, and to listen to the counsels of His servants. King Limhi and Ammon, therefore, consulted together, and with the people, as to the course for them to pursue. They decided on leaving their cities, homes and farms, and, taking what they could of their provisions, flocks and herds and other valuables with them, to returning to the land of Zarahemla under the guidance of Ammon. By Gideon's counsel and management they evaded their Lamanitish guards and, after traveling many days, reached the land of Zarahemla, where they met with Alma and his brethren, and, uniting with the people, became subject to the government of Mosiah.

#### A GRATEFUL TIGER.

A caged tiger, sick with sore eyes, had a live dog thrown to it one day for dinner. Not being very hungry, the usually fierce creature did not touch the trembling little dog. This quietness gave the dog courage, and he began to lick the tiger's sore eyes. This act seemed pleasant to the great beast, and the dog continued it from time to time until the eyes of its savage lord got well. The tiger from that time took his tiny four-legged doctor under his patronage, looked upon him kindly, if not fondly, and allowed him to eat what he chose of whatever food was thrown into his den. Henceforth they lived like bosom friends.

Thus, you see, even a fierce tiger can be grateful for a little favor. How much more, then, should children be grateful to their friends for the great favors they have received. When I see boys and girls unkind and insulting to their parents, who have done and suffered so much for them, I feel like telling them the story of the tiger and the dog, and saying, "Children, children, don't be less grateful to your precious parents than the tiger was to the little dog."—Selected.

## The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,.....EDITOR.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1866.

## HOW A STONE TALKED.



OW many are there of our JUVENILES, who know how to value the blessing which they have received, through being taught to read? Their fathers and mothers, and all the people around them whom they know, can read and write, and that knowledge is so common that they are only surprised when they hear of a man or woman who cannot read or write. But there are large nations who can not read, and who have no knowledge of writing. They would think it very wonderful for one person to talk to another by means of marks on a piece of paper.

When we first settled these valleys the Indians who were here knew but little about the white man's power of sending his words any distance on paper. This was a great mystery to them, and they could not very well understand how it was done. They are not so ignorant now, because by being so much among us, they have learned something about the art.

We were much interested and amused once at hearing the description which a Pacific Islander gave us of his feelings of wonder and fear when he first learned that men could send messages to one another without speaking with their lips. His nation knew nothing about reading and writing until after he was born. Then several missionaries from America visited the Islands where he lived, and in the course of time, began to teach the chiefs to read and write. One day, when he was a boy of about ten or twelve years of age, a chief told him to go to a friend of his, who lived at a little distance, and bring him some sugar-cane. The sugar-cane which grows on those Islands is very sweet. The people who live there are very fond of it, and they eat it freely. The chief was anxious to show the boy how much he knew, and therefore told him not to tell his friend what he had come for. He made some marks on a flat stone, and told him to carry the stone carefully, and hand it to his friend and it would talk to him and tell him what he wanted.

The boy had never heard of stones talking, and he went off laughing. He thought it a good joke for a stone to tell the chief's friend that he wanted some sugar-cane. While on the way he looked at the stone a number of times; but he could not hear it talk, and he did not believe that it had a voice, or that any body could understand it. He soon found the chief's friend, and handed the stone to him. The man looked at it attentively for a few minutes, and then went and brought the sugar cane and gave it to the boy to take back. The boy was amazed and frightened. The stone could actually talk after all! He had not heard its voice; but, if it could not speak, how could the man know what the chief wanted, and how many stalks of sugar-cane to send him?

What thoughts must have passed through this boy's mind, as he went back with the sugar cane! A stone carry messages; what a wonderful thing! He resolved that he would never rest until he learned how to make stones talk. A desire for knowledge was awakened in his mind, and he persevered until he learned to read and write. When

we knew him, he was a man of good education, and was holding the office of judge.

It was wonderful to this boy to have a stone talk; but was it more strange than to have paper talk? We write our thoughts, and the printer sets them up in type, and then they are printed on paper, and the paper is sent to our JUVENILES, and they can read what we say as well as if we talked with them! Is it not very marvelous for us to be able to talk to the boys and girls all over the Territory without their seeing us or hearing our voice? If our little readers had never seen this done, it would be as strange to them as it was to the little boy to have the stone talk.

To be able to read and write are great blessings, and we should all prize them very much; for though a man may be dead, through our being able to read, he may yet speak to us. His words may be printed and shut up in a book, and many years after he is dead we may read them, and know how he thought and felt and spoke.

[For the Juvenile Instructor.]

## Voices from Nature.

## REVELATION.

How shall I commence this present article? Shall I tell a story to make it interesting to you, young Latter-day Saints? Shall I relate something of the experience of my own life, to convince you of the truth of my words? or shall I open every channel of my heart to pour out all the happiness and consolation that I have gained from the contemplation of the works of nature? I will simply bear the testimony to you, that there is no religion in the world, which is so entirely and completely in harmony with the eternal laws, by which the Great Source of every thing has created and is governing this endless creation, as the kingdom of heaven, the latter-day work, commenced by revelation through Joseph the Prophet. The reason of this is that the religion taught by Joseph is the eternal gospel, and the wisdom, cunning, craftiness or ignorance of man has not and can not devise any thing to compare with it.

"In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and God was the word," as the Scripture says, and the word of God is revelation; revelation, therefore, was the beginning of the visible world, and revelation was the beginning of the great work of redemption through the Son of God. You have been taught, my young readers, that the work of revelation never can cease in the kingdom of God, that the Lord will continue to speak to the children of men by the voice of His Holy Spirit through His prophets and His priesthood; and is it otherwise in the material world?

Suppose, there is a little swallow, taken from the nest when young, and kept since then in a room. Autumn has come, and the little bird gets restless and wants to be off. We open the windows and away he goes to the far off sunny south. Who told him of an approaching winter, who showed him the way to milder climes? The voice of nature. Who taught the birds to build their nests so beautifully that no artist, with all his skill, can imitate them? The voice of nature. The ostrich takes out of the nest one of the eggs, carries it some distance, knocks a hole in it and leaves it exposed to the burning sun, which soon causes it to decay, and flies by thousands, put their eggs in it; by the time now that young ostriches have been hatched out from the remaining eggs, that one which the mother threw away is full of worms, which are the first food for the young brood. Who told the ostrich mother to provide in such a manner for her young?

The voice of God through nature. Who taught the bees and ants their social organization with captains and queens, and wild geese to choose a leader? Who tells the crows and storks of lands beyond the wide sea when and how to change their locations, and teaches the young lamb the voice of its mother? The God of nature. He directs them all, leads them all, organizes them all, and all creatures in the universe follow that voice: the sun the moon, the stars, the rivers, the winds, the land and sea, the birds of the air, the beasts and creeping things—but man. He alone has departed from the ways God has marked out for him, he alone refuses to listen to the still, small voice. He alone denies the Almighty the right to govern and direct his worldly affairs; denying that God speaks to him any more. Should He, who never ceased revelation in one half of his kingdom, have ceased it in the other half? No never! The thought is folly.

Still he sends his prophets, still he gives visions, dreams, prophecies, inspires his servants with wisdom, sends his angels, heals the sick and answers our prayers, and His voice has never ceased among those that obey his commandments from the creation when he cried out: "Let there be light!" and will not cease until the morning of the first resurrection, when His voice will penetrate the graves of the saints: "Arise!" K. G. M.

## NO PAINS, NO GAINS.

"Put the young horse in plough," said the farmer; and very much pleased he was to be in a team with Dobbin and the grey mare. It was a long field, and gaily he walked across it, his nose upon Dobbin's haunches, having hard work to keep at so slow a pace.

"Where are we going now?" he said, when he got to the top. "This is very pleasant."

"Back again," said Dobbin.

"What for?" said the young horse, rather surprised; but Dobbin had gone to sleep, for he could plough as well asleep as awake.

"What are we going back for?" he asked, turning round to the old grey mare.

"Keep on," said the grey mare, "or we shall never get to the bottom, and you'll have the whip at your heels."

"Very odd indeed," said the young horse, who thought he had had enough of it, and was not sorry he was coming to the bottom of the field. Great was his astonishment when Dobbin, just opening his eyes, again turned, and proceeded at the same pace up the field again.

"How long is this going on?" asked the young horse.

Dobbin just glanced across the field as his eyes closed, and fell asleep again, as he began to calculate how long it would take to plough it.

"How long will this go on?" he asked, turning to the grey mare.

"Keep up, I tell you," she said, "or you'll have me on your heels."

When the top came, and another turn, and the bottom, and another turn, the poor young horse was in despair; he grew quite dizzy, and was glad, like Dobbin, to shut his eyes, that he might get rid of the sight of the same ground so continually.

"Well," he said, when the gears were taken off, "if this is your ploughing, I hope I shall have no more of it." But his hopes were vain; for many days he ploughed, till he got, not reconciled to it, but tired of complaining of the weary, monotonous work.

In the hard winter, when comfortably housed in the warm stable he cried out to Dobbin as he was eating some delicious oats, "I say, Dobbin, this is better than ploughing. Do you remember that field? I hope I shall never have any thing to do with that business again. What in the world could be the use in walking up a field just for the sake of walking down again? It's enough to make one laugh to think of it."

"How do you like your oats?" said Dobbin.

"Delicious," said the young horse.

"Then please to remember, if there were no ploughing, there would be no oats."

Poetry.

TELLING LIES.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

Never stoop to tell lies;  
'Tis the meanest of vices,  
And the silliest wile  
Of all Satan's devices.  
Not gambling or theft  
Can dishonor you more,  
And drunkenness sure  
Does not rank any lower.

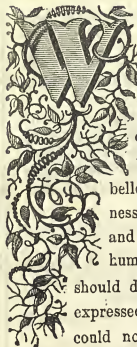
Never stoop to tell lies;  
Never try to deceive:  
Do not act the vile falsehood  
That none should believe.  
There is nothing so lovely,  
In childhood or in youth,  
As the fresh rosy lips  
Which are sacred to truth.

Do not stoop to tell lies;  
Let no hypocrite's play  
Of gesture or look  
Lead another astray.  
'Tis the pure simple language  
Of truth that doth win,  
The words that come fresh  
From the warm heart within.

Do not stoop to tell lies;  
God hears all you say;  
He knows the wrong meaning  
Your false words convey.  
And the lies, lightly spoken,  
Forgotten when said,  
Will appear when he Judges  
The quick and the dead.

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.  
(CONTINUED.)



E told you in a former number that Joseph, previous to crossing the Mississippi informed the brethren of the Camp that, in consequence of the disobedience of some, who had been unwilling to listen to his words and had rebelled, God had decreed that sickness should come upon the Camp, and if they did not repent and humble themselves before God they should die like sheep with the rot. He expressed his sorrow for this; but he could not help it. The scourge must come. Repentance and humility, he said, might mitigate the chastisement; but it could not altogether be arrested. On the 21st of June some of the brethren were seized with the cholera; but on the night of the 24th it broke forth in the Camp with terrific power. Cries, moanings and lamentations were heard on all hands. So sudden and powerful was the attack of this dreadful disease that some of the brethren, when seized with it, fell to the ground with their guns in their hands. Although Joseph had been led to warn the brethren that the Lord was going to scourge the Camp, still, when they were attacked, he exerted all his faith and power to rebuke the destroyer. He quickly learned, however, by painful experience, that it was not right nor safe for him to do so. When the Great Jehovah decrees destruction upon any people, and makes known his determination, man must not attempt to stay His hand. The moment he attempted to rebuke the disease, he was severely

attacked himself, and, had he not desisted, his own life would have been sacrificed.

When the cholera made its appearance, Elder John S. Carter was one of the first who stepped forward to rebuke it, and was himself, instantly seized with the disease. He was the first to die in Camp. For about four days the cholera continued its ravages. About sixty-eight of the Saints suffered from that disease, of which number fourteen died.

While on Fishing River Joseph received a revelation from the Lord concerning the redemption of Zion. The Lord said that He had heard the prayers of the brethren of the Camp, and He accepted of their offering. It was expedient in Him, the Lord said, that, in consequence of the transgression of His people, His Elders should wait for a little season for the redemption of Zion. They themselves were not prepared, and the people needed teaching more perfectly. He had brought them (the Camp) that far for a trial of their faith, and that they might be prepared for greater blessings.

This being the mind of the Lord, when the cholera broke out, Joseph counselled the brethren of the Camp to separate into small bands, and disperse among the brethren in the vicinity. He afterwards met a considerable number of the Camp at Lyman Wight's. Joseph then told them, that if they would humble themselves before the Lord, and covenant to keep His commandments, and obey his (Joseph's) counsel, the plague should be stayed from that hour and there should not be another case of cholera among them. They covenanted to that effect and the plague was stayed.

Our little friends can see by reading this brief account of these important events how much the Lord blessed His chosen servant Joseph. What a change had taken place in his circumstances in a few years! He commenced alone, with none to assist him but God, to declare to the world the great truths which had been revealed to him. But now, through his zeal and faithfulness, hundreds had heard and obeyed the truth, and were fellow-witnesses with him. What joy must have filled his heart! How thankful must he have felt at seeing hundreds of faithful Saints around him, who knew, as he knew, that God had spoken from the heavens and established His Church again in its original purity! If God could and did thus bless Joseph, because of his faith and diligence, will He not bless and uphold every one of our JUVENILES who are humble and faithful? What a great reward there is offered to you, children, for you to be good and make God your friend?

[For the Juvenile Instructor.

WHO'S AFRAID?

"Who's for a swim?" shouted Tom White, as he and a dozen or so of his schoolmates poured out of the school house, one summer's afternoon, their tasks for the day being ended. "Now, boys, come along; now, then Hal Heednot, Steve Jones, Frank Fowler and the rest, off for the river, who's afraid?"

"Guess I'll not go," said Hal, "father wants me at-home, and I promised to go as soon as school was over."

"Nor will I," added Frank Fowler, "I told mother I would go home and chop some wood."

"Go home, onwards, then," cried Tom. "You're afraid. Look, boys, at those frightened babies, they dare not come and have a swim."

"Hal! hal!" laughed the boys, "they are afraid. Hal! hal!"

"Now, then, young chicken hearts," jeered Steve Jones, "I'll dare you to come anyhow, won't we Tom?"

"Well," said Frank, "if it comes to daring, I'm

not going to be dared. I'll go to show you I'm no coward."

"That's right," shouted the thoughtless boys, "come on."

"Boys," said Hal, "to show you I am no coward, I'll go home and keep my promise; all your jeers and bantering won't make me break my word."

So Hal went his way happily and gained his father's praise for his attention. Frank went and had a swim, grieving his poor mother, who fancied something must have happened to her son, as he did not come home as he promised.

Who was the coward? Hal or Frank? He who did his duty, regardless of the taunts of his playmates, or he who did wrong for fear of being thought cowardly? Hal was the brave boy. He dared do right. Frank was the greatest coward of them all; he was not brave enough to bear their bantering, and did wrong to try and prove he was not the coward he really was.

Boys, never be dared into doing wrong. The boy who can be dared to disobey his parents, break his word or do any other mean thing, is a coward. He will grow up a man-fearing, sneaking fellow who will in the end be led to the devil. Nor be frightened from doing right. Never mind what your companions do. Do your duty, and let all the world dare you. Laugh at them. God will assist you. Be afraid of nothing but sin and ignorance. They are your only real enemies. Should danger and difficulty lay in the path of your duty, who's afraid? Go ahead, and leave the consequences with Him who holds your life and destiny in his hands. When your path of duty is clear, the consequences are none of your business. Do right and trust in God.

Who's afraid? The sinner, the disobedient, the hypocrite: They are afraid that their sins will find them out. Be not found amongst them, boys. All sinners are cowards; nobody need wish to be a soldier or sailor to show how brave he is. All will have a chance or proving themselves in the struggle of the Kingdom of God with the powers of darkness. He who remains faithful to the truth and to his duty to the end, will deserve to be placed amongst the heroes of the noblest rank, for he is a brave man who does his duty at all times, regardless of the sneers or frowns of men—who permits not their bantering to influence him—than he who leads an army to battle, or subdues many nations.

Who's afraid then? Not the Saint who loves God and tries to serve him, for "perfect love casteth out all fear." G. R.

For the Juvenile Instructor.  
CHARADE.

I am composed of 9 letters.  
My 8. 4. 5 is a river of Russia,  
" 6. 9. 2. 4. 5. is a bird,  
" 8. 9. 7. is a Turkish Title,  
" 2. 4. 3. 9. is a flower,  
" 6. 4. 2. 3. 9. is a domestic animal,  
" 9. 7. 9. is a part of the body,  
My whole is one of Jesus' Apostles of this dispensation.

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GEORGE Q. CANNON, Editor.  
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