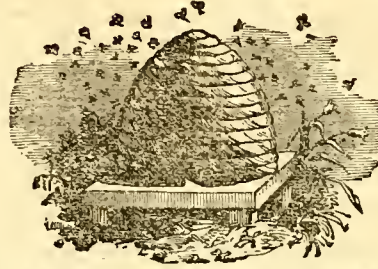


# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

"BUT WITH ALL THY GETTING  
GET UNDERSTANDING."



THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE  
WITHOUT LABOR.

VOL 2.

GREAT-SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 1, 1867.

NO. 11.

## THE DEER.

THE animal in our illustration is one of the many different kinds of deer that are found in various parts of the earth.

The deer is among the most graceful of quadrupeds, or four-footed animals. It is also one of the fleetest. It has a light, lithe body, and legs peculiarly adapted for swiftness.

When hunted and killed for food, it is different. Then the apparent cruelty may be excused by necessity. But in some places, especially in the northern parts of Scotland, deer-hunting, or deer-stalking, as it is called, is followed at certain seasons of the year by the very wealthy and the noble, merely that they may kill as many as they can.



Hunting deer is a very favorite employment and pastime in different countries. The chase has been called the "noble mimicry of war." But it is not so very noble to hunt with hounds and horses, merely for the sake of pastime and amusement, a harmless, beautiful animal like the deer, and follow it up until, exhausted, it is seized by the dogs and killed by the hunter.

Of the various kinds of deer that are found in the world, there are some five species in North America,—the Moose, Rein-deer, Elk, Common Deer, and Mule Deer; there is a sixth species on the Columbia river, called the Black-tailed Fallow Deer.

The Moose is the largest of the deer species, sometimes weighing eleven or twelve hundred pounds. Its figure is not so

graceful as the smaller kinds of deer; but when it is seen in its native wilderness, in all the glory of its full grown horns, it has a very imposing appearance. It is principally found in the north eastern part of North America.

The Rein-deer is the most useful of all the species of deer. It is used as a beast of draught and burden in Lapland and some other northern countries in Europe. This species would require a separate article to do it justice.

The Elk is the next in size to the Moose. There was a species of Elk at one time in Europe, which is now extinct, that was much larger than the Moose. The remains of some of these have been found; and we have seen the entire skeleton of one that was found in Ireland, which was between eight and nine feet high. The Elk now is between four and five feet high, sometimes higher.

The Common or Fallow Deer is a beautiful animal, with a slender and delicate looking form, long and slim neck and small body, and almost pointed head. It has an animated eye, and wonderful quickness of motion, in its course, when at full speed.

The Red Deer, or Stag, is one of the finest of the deer family. It is a native of Europe, being found mostly in France and Britain, though in the latter country it has been superseded to great extent by the Common or Fallow Deer. The male is called the Stag, and the female the Hind. The former has fine branching horns, called antlers; and sometimes, when it is hotly hunted, it will turn on its pursuers, and "stand at bay," waiting to be attacked, when its horns make it a very formidable enemy.

The Deer is distinguished from the Antelope by having horns, which the Antelope has not, and by being larger. Still, in symmetry of form and in features they are much alike. They are easily startled, very quick of hearing and of scent, and it is difficult to get near them.

An anecdote is related of an old stag in the Highlands of Scotland, which the hunters had often tried to approach near enough to kill, but without success for a long time. By careful observation one of the hunters discovered that the stag was blind of one eye, and it invariably browsed with the blind side to the water; for its haunt was near one of the beautiful Highland lakes. By this means it was enabled to overcome the loss caused by its defect, and could watch its enemies approaching from the land side. But this hunter got into a boat, and rowed along the side of the land, until he approached close enough to where it was unsuspectingly feeding, and shot it.

He succeeded by his superior knowledge in gaining a position from which he could kill it; but the sympathies of a great many children will be more with the cautious, one-eyed old stag, than with the hunter.

*For the Juvenile Instructor.*

## MY FIRST MISSION CONTINUED.

WE concluded to go down Arkansas river and cross into Tennessee. We could not get passage on the boat, because of low water, so we went on to the bank of the river and cut down a sound cottonwood tree, three feet through, and cut off twelve feet of the butt end; and in two days we dug out a canoe. We made a pair of oars and a rudder, and on the 11th of March, 1835, we launched our canoe, and commenced our voyage down the Arkansas river, without provisions. The first day we sailed twenty five miles, and stopped at night with a poor family who lived on the bank of the river. These kind folks gave us supper and breakfast, and in the morning, gave

us a johnny-cake and piece of pork to take with us on our journey. We traveled about fifty miles that day, and at night stopped in an old deserted tavern, in a village called Cadron, which was deserted because it was believed to be haunted by evil spirits. We made a fire in the tavern, roasted a piece of our pork, and ate our supper, said our prayers, went into a chamber, and lay down on the bare floor, and were soon asleep.

I dreamed I was at my father's house in a good feather bed, and I had a good night's rest. When I awoke the bed vanished, and I found myself on the bare floor and well rested, not having been troubled by evil spirits or anything else.

We thanked the Lord for his goodness to us, ate the remainder of our provisions and continued our journey down the river to Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas, which then consisted of a few cabins. After visiting the place, we crossed the river and tied up our canoe which had carried us safely one hundred and fifty miles.

We then took the old military road, leading from Little Rock to Memphis, Tennessee. This road lay through swamps, and was covered with mud and water most of the way for one hundred and seventy miles. We walked forty miles in a day through mud and water knee deep.

On the 24th of March, after traveling some ten miles through mud, I was taken lame with a sharp pain in one knee. I sat down on a log. My companion, who was anxious to get to his home in Kirtland, left me sitting in an alligator swamp; I did not see him again for two years. I kneeled down in the mud and prayed, and the Lord healed me, and I went on my way rejoicing. On the 27th of March I arrived at Memphis, weary and hungry. I went to the best tavern in the place, kept by Mr. Josiah Jackson. I told him I was a stranger, and had no money. I asked him if he would keep me over night. He asked me what my business was. I told him I was a preacher of the gospel. He laughed, and said I did not look much like a preacher. I did not blame him, as all the preachers he had ever been acquainted with rode on fine horses or in fine carriages, clothed in broad-cloth, and had large salaries, and would see this whole world sunk to perdition before they would wade through one hundred and seventy miles of mud to save them.

The landlord wanted a little fun, so he said he would keep me if I would preach. He wanted to see if I could preach. I must confess that by this time I became a little mischievous, and plead with him not to set me to preaching. The more I plead to be excused, the more determined Mr. Jackson was that I should preach. He took my valise, and the landlady got me a good supper.

I sat down in a large hall to eat supper. Before I got through, the room began to be filled by some of the rich and fashionable of Memphis, dressed in their broadcloth and silk, while my appearance was such as you can imagine, after traveling through the mud as I had done. When I had finished eating, the table was carried out of the room over the heads of the people. I was placed in the corner of the room, with a stand having a Bible, hymn book and candle on it, hemmed in by a dozen men, with the landlord in the centre. There were present some five hundred persons who had come together, not to hear a gospel sermon but to have some fun.

Now, boys, how would you like this position? On your first mission, without a companion or friend, and to be called upon to preach to such a congregation! With me it was one of the most pleasing hours of my life, although I felt as though I should like company. I read a hymn, and asked them to sing. Not a soul would sing a word. I told them I had not the gift of singing; but, with the help of the Lord, I would both pray and preach. I kneeled down to pray, and the men around me dropped on their knees. I prayed to the Lord to give me his

spirit and to show me the hearts of the people. I promised the Lord in my prayer I would deliver to that congregation whatever he would give to me. I arose and spoke one hour and a half; and it was one of the best sermons of my life.

The lives of the congregation were opened to the vision of my mind, and I told them of their wicked deeds and the reward they would obtain. The men who surrounded me dropped their heads. Three minutes after I closed I was the only person in the room. Soon I was shown to a bed, in a room adjoining a large room in which were assembled many of the men whom I had been preaching to. I could hear their conversation. One man said he would like to know how that "Mormon" boy knew of their past lives. In a little while they got to disputing about some doctrinal point. One suggested calling me to decide the point. The landlord said, "no; we have had enough for once." In the morning, I had a good breakfast. The landlord said if I came that way again to stop at his house and stay as long as I might choose.

W. W.

## THE MOTH AND THE CANDLE.

"A MILLER!" cried little Lizzie, clapping her hands, as a white moth came in through the open window and began circling around the candle. The children glanced up from their books, and brightening eyes, full of sudden interest.

"Take care, little miller!" said tender hearted Mary, "or you'll get your wings burnt off. There! Go away!" And she fluttered her handkerchief, and tried to frighten off the airy creature.

But the moth saw only the brilliant light, and kept flying nearer and nearer, dazzled and bewitched by its glare.

"Oh, I wish it would go out of the window again. I can't bear to have it burnt to death." And dear Mary's face grew almost distressed. Again she fluttered her handkerchief, but the bewildered insect would not take heed.

"Do you know the name of this moth?" asked the children's mother.

"It's the white miller, or Virginia Ermine moth," replied Henry, a lad twelve years old, who was beginning to take some interest in the study of entomology.

"Yes, my dear; that is its name. You see the little black spot near the centre of the fore wings, and the two black spots on the hind wings. It lays tiny yellow eggs on the leaves of corn, peas, beans, cabbages, and clover."

"O, yes," said Henry, "I saw some on the cabbages to-day."

"Have you seen the larvæ of this miller?"

"The caterpillar from which it springs?"

"Yes."

"Is it a yellow, hairy worm?"

"Yes; and about two inches long. Some people call it a 'yellow bear.'"

"O, yes, we've all seen them. I picked ever so many off of the beans and cabbages in the garden to-day. They're hungry fellows, and eat great holes in the leaves. But isn't it wonderful, that a dear little white moth like this should come out of an ugly, disgusting caterpillar?"

"Oh, dear! Poor little miller!" exclaimed Mary, "It's gone right into the candle and burnt off its wings! Why didn't it keep away?"

"So much better for the garden," said Henry, with more practical philosophy than feeling.

Mary brushed the maimed insect off the table upon her handkerchief, and humanely "put it out of its trouble." It hurt her tender heart to see it in pain.

"What silly little things they are; why don't they keep away from the light?" remarked Henry.

"No sillier than some of us, who ought to be a great deal wiser than moths," answered his mother. "I've seen many children, and grown people too, burn themselves in the fires of evil passion just as foolishly as did that poor miller just now; nay, more foolishly, for they should have known better."

"Did you ever see any of us burn ourselves?" asked Mary, who still felt in her mind some of the imagined pain of the insect.

"Yes."

"Who? Which one of us? Did you ever see me burn myself?" asked two or three little voices, in chorus.

"I've seen something very much like it," replied their mother, smiling gravely. "Did you never hear about the heat of passion? Of being all on fire with angry feelings? I saw Lizzy's face get as red as scarlet only yesterday."

"Me, mother? My face, did you say?" Lizzy, the youngest, was just opening her picture-book, not feeling very much interested, when this reference to herself awakened her attention.

"Yes, my darling, it was your face that got so very red. Don't you remember?"

"What was it about, mother?" The child had forgotten.

"You were playing with your sister, and were happy. Your heart was full of love for Mary; and as I looked into your face, it was so sweet and good, that I said to myself, 'Our Lord's good angels are with my children.' But, almost as I said this, there was a change. Mary took your wax doll from the little chair, and said, 'Let me nurse dolly.' Then I saw the sweet look go from your face. You put out your hands and said, 'No; let my dolly alone! I don't want you to have her.' 'Please, sister Lizzy, let me nurse dolly for a little while,' pleaded Mary, but your face got fiery red, and you snatched the doll out of your sister's hands. Now, my dear, something was burnt up then in the flame of your passion, or at least, had its wings scorched. What was it? Can my little daughter tell?"

Lizzy hid her face in her mother's lap.

"It was the loving thought of your sister, that made your countenance so sweet in my eyes a little while before. I hope the wings were only a little burnt," added the mother, gently, as she drew her arms around the child. "Only a very little burnt. And I'm sure that was so, for more than once since then have I seen that beautiful love-light come into your face again."

"I'm afraid that something in me gets burnt pretty often," spoke out Henry, partly in penitent confession, and partly from a generous wish to make Lizzy feel that she wasn't the only one who let naughty feelings come into her heart.

"Is it very pleasant? Do you like the sensation?" asked the children's mother.

"O, dear, no!" answered Henry, quickly. "It hurts badly enough, sometimes. I've cried from the pain, often, after the fire had gone out."

"The fire of anger, of envy, of ill-nature, or ill-will, you mean? For these are the scorching fires that burn the tender wings of those gentle, loving, pure, self-denying thoughts and feelings that sometimes dwell in our hearts. If they were always there, we would always be happy. My dear children," added the mother, "try and remember this little incident of the moth and the candle; and let it remind you that you are all the while in danger of having some beautiful and heavenly things in your souls hurt or destroyed by the flame of evil passions. Do you know what these beautiful and heavenly things are?"

"Love for each other," answered gentle Mary. "That is one of them."

"Yes, my dear; and this love shows itself in a great many ways. In kindness and forbearance; in gentleness and patience; in pity and mercy. Then, among these heavenly things, are purity and innocence. If we have these in our minds, angels are very near to us; for being pure and innocent themselves, they love all who are pure. But, if we let vile thoughts come into our minds, or meditate evil against another, the pure and innocent things will be burnt like moths in a candle, and the blessed angels will remove to a distance."—*Selected.*

# The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON. : EDITOR.

JUNE 1, 1867.

## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

SOME persons are very desirous that all their good deeds should be known. If they should do anything praiseworthy, unless other people knew it, they would have but little pleasure. This feeling prevails very strongly among the gentile nations; it prevailed also among the Jews when Jesus was on the earth. It was about this feeling that Jesus spake, when he preached on the Mount to the Jews:

Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven.

Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

But when thou doest thine alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth:

That thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly. Matthew vi chap., 1-4, verses.

The glory of men was sought by them, and in obtaining that, Jesus said, they had their reward. In these days the gentile nations do not blow trumpets before the people when they give alms or do other good works; but they publish their names in newspapers. All the world read their names in the newspapers, and think what good people they must be to be so liberal. In this way they get the praise of the world and the glory of men, and they have their reward.

This is a feeling that no Latter-day Saint ought to indulge in. Boys and girls especially should guard against this feeling. Do not seek for the praise of men or for their glory. And if you can do a deed that is praiseworthy, take no pains to have others see you do it, or to have them hear of your doing it. Do not hesitate to do good because what you do will not be seen. God sees you, and you will not fail to get your reward from Him. Have faith in God, children, and in His power and goodness. Remember that "the eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous;" they "run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show himself strong in behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him."

HOW happy ought children to be who live in this territory, far removed from the wickedness and other evils which exist in the world! If the juveniles who live here were to go to any other country in Christendom, they would see a great many sights which would surprise them. Instead of the peace and quietness which prevail here, they would see drunkenness, quarreling, confusion, beggary and want. In our land children do not have to beg for bread, nor go hungry for the want of food; for it abounds everywhere. The Lord has blessed this country unto His people, and they need not lack for anything, if they will only be industrious. Children, do you ever think of these things? You are greatly favored of the Lord, and you should understand why you are thus blessed. It is because the people have obeyed His gospel, and are governed by His priesthood. The following words of the old poet apply to the

Latter-day Saints, and correctly describe their condition in the Territory.

"Where spades grow bright, and idle words grow dull;  
Where jails are empty, and where barns are full;  
Where church paths are with frequent feet outworn;  
Law court-yards weedy, silent and forlorn;  
Where doctors foot it, and where farmers ride;  
Where age abounds and youth is multiplied;  
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate  
A happy people and a well-governed State."

## BIBLE QUESTIONS

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

1. What was the name of the cave in which David took refuge when he fled from Gath?

ADULLAM. 1 Samuel xxii chap., 1 verse.

2. What sinful king went to a witch to obtain knowledge, the Lord refusing to answer him by dreams, by Urim, or by prophets?

SAUL. 1 Samuel xxxiii chap.

3. What was the name of a certain king's daughter who despised her husband in her heart, himself also a king, because he leaped and danced before the Lord?

MICHAEL. 2 Samuel vi chap., 16 verse.

4. What family strictly obeyed the command of their ancestor not to drink wine, or to build houses, or plant or own vineyards; but to dwell in tents?

THE RECHABITES, the sons of Jonadab, the son Rechab. Jeremiah xxxv chap.

5. A certain king's son desired to see a famous general, and sent for him twice; but he would not come. To bring him he told his servants to set the general's field of barley on fire. What was the name of the king's son?

ABSALOM. 2 Samuel xiv chap., 29-31 verses.

6. What king's seven sons were hung to stop a famine?

SAUL'S. 2 Samuel xxi chap., 1-9 verses.

7. What was the name of that soldier who delivered King David from the hand of a giant?

ABISHAI. 2 Samuel xxi chap., 16-17 verses.

8. Aaron had an uncle whose sons buried the bodies of their two cousins whom the Lord struck dead; what was the uncle's name?

UZZIEL. Leviticus x chap., 1-4 verses.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

## Book of Mormon Sketches.

### FINAL DESTRUCTION OF THE NEPHITES.

WHEN Mormon was eleven years of age his father removed south, to the land of Zarahemla, and in this year he saw the commencement of a war between the Nephites and Lamanites. But the Nephites were victorious and drove the Lamanites out of their land, after which they had peace for four years. Instead of being grateful to the Lord for their deliverance, the Nephites, as well as the Lamanites, became more and more wicked, so that the three disciples (those who were not to die) were taken from their midst and the miracles and healings of the spirit of the Lord ceased from among them. But Mormon was a very good young man and prayed to the Lord until he enjoyed His Holy Spirit and knew that Jesus was his friend and Savior, and was able to rejoice in his goodness and love. He then, naturally, wished to preach to his countrymen about Jesus, that they might become

as happy as he was; but the Spirit of the Lord forbade him. The Nephites, however, had such confidence in him, in consequence of his wisdom and integrity, that at the age of sixteen they appointed him the commander-in-chief of their armies.

For the next fifty-eight years there was almost continual war between the Nephites and the Lamanites. The most horrible cruelties were practiced on both sides; their hearts seemed to become as hard as iron, and they were transformed into fiends, every feeling of humanity, kindness and mercy being banished from their bosoms. Large cities were destroyed; villages, fields and farms were laid waste; thousands of men, women and children were put to death in the most cruel manner. Husbands and wives, parents and children were fed on each other's flesh, while the air was filled with the groanings of the wounded and dying, the shrieks of the tortured sufferers, and the stench of the myriads of bodies that lay festering in the sun and polluting the atmosphere with their corruption. At last all the remaining Nephites, with their wives and families, gathered round a hill called Cumorah, which is now to be seen in the north western part of the State of New York, in the United States of America. Here was fought one of the most dreadful battles that we have any knowledge of ever taking place on our planet. Two hundred and thirty thousand Nephites were slain, besides their wives and children. Only twenty-four out of that vast army survived, and among them were Mormon and his son Moroni. Mormon and the twenty-two others were afterwards slain by the Lamanites.

Before the battle Mormon hid up, in the hill Cumorah, all the plates and sacred records which had been handed down to him, except a few which he gave to his son Moroni to finish, which he also buried in the same hill, where they remained until the year 1827, when God showed Joseph Smith where they were and gave him power to translate the engravings on them, and that translation is what is called the "Book of Mormon," from which we have taken these sketches. W. H. S.

*For the Juvenile Instructor.*

## DO YOU PRAY?

WHEN our young readers desire anything from their fathers or mothers, they ask for it; and if their parents think it good that they should have it, and can give it to them, they do so.

Many things are bestowed by parents upon their children, that are never asked for; because the parents know what is needed, and know it better than the children do. Still, boys and girls have many desires and wishes, which they like to have gratified; and they ask their parents to gratify them, feeling confident that their request will be granted, if their parents think it is right that they should be.

Now, we all have a Father in heaven, whom we should ask for those things which we need; and that asking is called prayer. Men and women, and boys and girls, should ask Him, for they are all His children, and He is very willing to hear them, and answer their prayers, or give them the things which they ask for, when those things would be good for them. He is very fond of good boys and girls, and will hear them when they pray to Him, and will give unto them many blessings.

He gives us many things that we do not ask for. He gives us life, and the power of motion, and thought; He gives us the sun's rays to warm us, and to warm the earth that vegetation may grow, and He bestows upon us many blessings that we do not often think of. For all these gifts and blessings we should be very grateful, and we should thank Him for them when we pray to Him.

To show you how our Father in heaven hears and answers prayer, we will tell you a little anecdote about a boy. His name is Robert, and he lives in this Territory. His father and mother had taught him that if he prayed to the Lord in the name of Jesus Christ, the Lord would hear and answer his prayers. He sometimes drives a cow up towards the mountains which are close by where he lives; and occasionally she will stray, so that he will have to hunt her for hours before he can find her. This is the case with many other boys in these valleys as well as with him.

His father sometimes asked him, when he was unsuccessful in finding the cow, why he did not pray that God would direct him to where she was, for our Father in heaven could do that very easily. He also taught his boy, that when he was going to do anything he should ask the Lord to bless him in doing it, that he might be successful.

One evening Robert could not find the cow. He searched long, and traveled over the little ridges that run down from the mountains a long distance for a boy like him. Night was coming on, and he began to be discouraged. He felt almost like crying, for he was anxious to take the cow home. At last he remembered what his father had said to him, and he knelt down among the sage-brush and prayed that the Lord would help him to find her. After he had asked his Father in heaven to guide him to where she was, he felt better; and he started out to again look for her. His steps were directed another way, and in a few minutes he found her.

He drove the cow home, and some time after he told his his father of what he had done, and how the Lord had helped him in his search; and his father was pleased that his son had remembered the instructions which had been given to him.

Now, children, do not wait until you get into a difficulty before you pray to the Father, but ask Him every day to bless you, and to bless your parents and friends, and the priesthood, and all the saints of God. And, if you do this, the Spirit of the Lord will be with you always, and you will grow up to be great and good men and women.

One day, the sun was warm and bright,  
And shining in the sky;  
A robin said, "My little dears,  
'Tis time you learn to fly;"  
And all the little young ones said,  
"I'll try, I'll try, I'll try."

I know a child, and who she is  
I'll tell you by-and-by,  
When mamma says, "Do this," or "that,"  
She says, "What for?" and "Why?"  
She'd be a better child by far,  
If she would say, "I'll try."

**RISE HIGHER.**—Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little you may look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement. We wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold upon us if we ascend into a higher atmosphere.

**SLOTH** makes all things difficult, but industry all easy; and he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night, while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.

**JESUS** said to his followers, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one for another."

## Selected Poetry.

### HOUSEHOLD TREASURES

My heart is filled with gladness  
When I behold how fair,  
How bright are rich men's children,  
With their thick golden hair!  
For I know 'mid countless treasure,  
Gleaned from the east and west,  
These living, loving, human things,  
Are still the rich man's best.

But my heart o'erfloweth to mine eyes,  
And a prayer is on my tongue,  
When I see the poor man's children,  
The toiling and the young.

My heart o'erfloweth to mine eyes,  
When I see the poor man stand,  
After his daily work is done,  
With children by the hand;  
And this, he kisses tenderly;  
And that sweet names doth call;  
For I know he has no treasure  
Like these dear children small.

Oh, children young, I bless ye;  
Ye keep such love alive!  
And the home can ne'er be desolate,  
Where love has room to thrive!  
Oh, precious household treasures,  
Life's sweetest, holiest claim;  
The Savior blessed ye while on earth,  
I bless you in his name.

*For the Juvenile Instructor.*

### A LETTER FROM FATHER.

HOW very pleasant it is to get a letter from father or mother, or any one else that you love very much when they are far away from you. It is the next best thing to seeing them. How eagerly you read it over and over, and perhaps discover something new in it every time. Some of you carry it about in your pockets to look at when you have a spare moment; or lay it carefully away until you have a quiet hour by yourself, when you fetch it out and read it over again with delight, while your little heart is filled with love for the dear friend who wrote it, and you almost feel as if you were talking together once more.

Now, if you are so pleased to receive a letter from a friend on earth, would you not be more delighted to receive one from your Father in heaven, or your elder brother Jesus? "O, yes!" you all cry. Well, the Lord and Jesus have sent a great number of letters to us. "Where are they?" Some of them have been collected together and printed: you will find them in the Book of Mormon, the Bible and the Book of Doctrine and Covenants. Do we prize them as we should? Do we read them as much as we ought to? We don't get tired of re-reading the letters of those we love, and their expressions of affection for us. Neither should we get tired of reading what our Heavenly Father has said to us, and what He and His son Jesus Christ have done for us, if we loved them half as much as they love us. When you have received and read several letters from any person you feel as if you were acquainted with

them, although you never saw them, perhaps. Now you would all like the great privilege of becoming acquainted with God. Well, then, read His letters, see what he has said to you, try to do as he tells you in them, and then, when you have the pleasure of meeting Him, you will not be afraid, but will feel as though you had known Him before. S.

### STORIES ABOUT DOGS.

I AM going to tell you some true stories about dogs. A gentleman in Boston used to give his dog a cent at a certain hour every day, wrapped in a piece of paper. The dog would take this to market and lay it on the stall of a butcher who knew him, and get in return a cent's worth of meat.

Being a regular customer, and a favorite with the butcher, who was amused with his grave business-like air, the dog generally got a good slice. One day, his dinner hour having arrived, the dog came to his master as usual, but his master was busy and did not notice him. He grew restless at the delay, and at last seized a piece of paper about the size of that in which his penny had usually been wrapped, and bounding off to the market, laid it down quietly on the butcher's stall, and receiving his meat ran off with it at full speed. On stooping to pick up his money, the man found only an empty piece of paper. The dog had cheated him.

On the next day, the dog's master, who had heard from the butcher about this dishonest trick, offered a cent as usual, but the dog refused it. He then tried to take him to the market house, but no coaxing could get him in that direction, and he did not show himself there for months. The dog had imitated a human act of mean dishonesty, and was either ashamed or afraid of punishment. We read this story in the Boston Museum several years ago. The editor vouched for its truth.

A gentleman at an inn, speaking of his dog, a very knowing animal, said that he could be sent on errands. To prove this, he secretly hid a handkerchief behind the cushions of a sofa in the parlor. He then went away with the dog. After walking for some time, he stopped suddenly and said, "I've left my handkerchief at the inn, and want it," but did not give any particular direction how to find it. The dog returned at full speed, and entered the room which his master had just left. He went directly to the sofa, but the handkerchief was gone. He jumped upon table and chairs, but it was not to be seen. It happened that a friend had discovered it, and, supposing that it had been left by mistake, retained it for the owner. But Tiger was not to be foiled. He flew about the room, much excited, in search of the "lost or stolen." Soon, however, he was upon the track; he scented it to the gentleman's coat pocket. What was to be done? The dog had no means of asking for it, and was not used to picking pockets; and, besides, the gentleman was ignorant of his business with him. But Tiger's sagacity did not suffer him to remain long in suspense; he seized the skirt containing the prize, furiously tore it from the coat, and hastily made off with it, much to the astonishment of its owner. Tiger soon overtook his master and gave him the lost property. The gentleman refused any pay for his torn garment, saying that the joke was worth the price of the coat.

A Scotch shepherd, to prove the quickness of his dog, which was lying before the fire in the house where several persons were talking, said, in the middle of a sentence about something else, "I'm thinking, sir, the cow is in the potatoes." Though he purposely said this in a quiet tone of voice, the dog, who seemed to be asleep, jumped up, and leaping through an open window, scrambled to the turf roof of the house from which he could see the potato field. He then, (not seeing the

cow there) ran and looked into the barn where she was, and finding that all was right, came back to the house. After a short time the shepherd said the same words again, and the dog repeated his lookout; but on the false alarm being given a third time, the dog got up, and wagging his tail, looked his master in the face, with so comical an expression, that he could not help laughing aloud at him, on which, with a slight growl, the dog laid himself down in his warm corner with an offended air, as if determined not to be fooled again.

I could tell you a great many more stories about dogs, but these must do for the present. At another time we will talk about them again.—*Selected.*

## Biography.

### JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

**N**O SOONER had the saints left De Witt than Sashel Woods, a Presbyterian preacher, called the mob together and made a speech to them. He urged them, in his speech, to hasten to assist their friends in Daviess county. The land sales, he said, were coming on, and if they could get the "Mormons" driven out, they could get all the lands back again which they had sold to them, as well as the pay they had received for them. He assured the mob that they had nothing to fear from the authorities of the state in so doing, for they had now full proof that they would not assist the "Mormons," and that they might as well take their property from them as not. This wicked man's words had the effect that he desired. The mob started for Daviess county, taking their cannon with them. While they were going there, Cornelius Gillum was busily engaged in raising a mob in Platte and Clinton counties to aid Woods in his plans to drive a peaceable people from their homes and rob them of their property.

On the 15th of October, 1838, about one hundred of the brethren started, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Hinkle, from Far West to go to Adam-ondi-Ahman in Daviess county to assist in the defence of the saints there. This was in compliance with the order of General Doniphan. Joseph accompanied this company. The mob was destroying property, burning houses and committing the most dreadful outrages upon the Saints in that county. Those whose houses were burned, and also those who lived in lonely and exposed positions, fled into Adam-ondi-Ahman for protection. Women and children were thus compelled to leave their homes, and flee for safety, some of them in the midst of a snow storm which took place on the 17th and 18th of October. General Parkes by this time had reached Daviess county, and Lyman Wight, who held a commission as colonel in his command, obtained permission from him to call out his men and go and put the mob down. But the mob knew better than to wait for Colonel Wight and his men. While they had no one to meet but unarmed men and helpless women and children, they were very brave. They could plunder and drive them and have no fear. But when they had men to meet, their courage oozed out, and they broke up their encampment and ran away. This they

would do every time when they thought they were likely to meet a force of brethren who were prepared for them. A truly brave man will never oppress the weak; none but a coward will do that; and those mobbers proved that they were most arrant cowards; for they never dare stop and face the brethren when they were on equal terms.

The mob, seeing that they could not succeed by force, took another plan to bring evil upon the saints. They were determined to have them driven by some means; and they adopted a cunning plan to bring it about. Their houses were nothing but log cabins, and therefore not very valuable. They removed their property from the houses, and then set fire to them, and reported to the authorities of the State that the "Mormons" were burning and destroying all before them. This was in keeping with their usual policy. They would tell the most abominable lies, and circulate all manner of evil reports about the saints, to raise a hatred in the minds of the people against them. The very acts of violence of which they were guilty against the saints, they swore that the saints themselves had committed on them. They made communications and affidavits of the most wicked character, thereby hoping to raise the anger of the people and officers of the state. Their cry against the saints was, "Fire and murder."

Upon the retreat of the mob from Daviess county Joseph returned to Far West, Caldwell county. He hoped that himself and the saints would enjoy some quiet, at least for a short time. But he was informed that a mob had commenced their mischief on the borders of Caldwell county. There was no rest for the saints in the midst of those people. They hated every thing that was virtuous and good too much, to allow Latter-day Saints to dwell in the land, if they could prevent them.

The saints in those days did not have the experience they have now. They were slow to receive and obey counsel. But, like the saints who disobey counsel in these days, they brought trouble upon themselves by so doing. Several months before the events which we are now relating had occurred, the word of the Lord had been given for the saints to gather into the cities. But they delayed until the judgments were upon them. Then they were compelled to gather in great haste and leave all their property, and they were even glad to get off in that way. The city of Far West was literally crowded with people who gathered there from all quarters.

We told you that the mob circulated all manner of lies about the saints. As a specimen of them, we give the following letter which was written by Sashel Woods and one Joseph Dickson:

"CARROLLTON, Missouri, October 24th, 1838."

"*Sir*:—We were informed last night by an express from Ray county that Captain Bogart [a Methodist preacher] and all his company, amounting to between fifty and sixty men, were massacred by the Mormons at Buncombe, twelve miles north of Richmond, except three. This statement you may rely on as being true; and last night they expected Richmond to be laid in ashes this morning. We could distinctly hear cannon, and we know the Mormons had one in their possession. Richmond is about twenty-five miles west of this place on a straight line. We know not the hour or minute we will be laid in ashes—our country is ruined. For God's sake give us assistance as quick as possible."

These were the lies which Woods, a Presbyterian preacher, could write and circulate. There was scarcely a word of truth in the letter which he and Dickson wrote. The circumstance to which they alluded was as follows:—Bogart with some thirty or forty men, called on a brother Thoret Parsons, who was living at the head of the east branch of Log creek, and warned him to be gone from there before ten o'clock the next morning.

Bogart further said, that he would give Far West thunder and lightning before next day at noon, if he had good luck in meeting Neil Gillum. Gillum would camp about six miles west of Far West that night, and he (Bogart) should camp on Crooked creek. Brother Parsons sent a messenger to carry this news to Far West, and he, himself, followed Bogart's to watch his movements. Two of the brethren who had been out watching the movements of the mob brought the word to Far West that eight armed mobbers had surrounded the house of brother Pinkham and had taken three of the brethren prisoners, and had carried off some horses and other property. When this news reached Far West, a company of men was raised who were to act under the command of David W. Patten, one of the Twelve Apostles. The company started immediately. It was hoped they would surprise and scatter Bogart's camp, retake the brethren who had been taken prisoners, and prevent the attack with which Far West had been threatened.

## Original Poetry.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

### ADVICE TO A GRAND-CHILD.

O, speak the truth my pretty child—  
O, speak the sacred truth;  
T'will blossom bright in years of age  
If planted now in youth.  
For truth is like a lovely flower  
That blooms in summer's day;  
It is a flower that never fades,  
Its blossoms ne'er decay.

O, speak the truth, my darling child,  
And never tell a lie;  
You'll know the value of the truth  
When you're as old as I.  
Though now I'm tottering near the grave,  
And gone is all my youth,  
A brighter day I hope to see  
In glorious realms of truth.

Still speak the truth, my lovely child,  
Wherever you may be;  
T'will guide you through this weary world  
So like a troubled sea.  
The truth will smooth the rugged path,  
If you'll but keep it still;  
Truth never leads to what is wrong,  
And never comes to ill.

Now, let me kiss that pretty mouth,  
And part that yellow hair;  
Then run and bring a scented flower  
And I will dress it there;  
And then you'll kiss Grandmother's cheek,  
And come and sit near by;  
And you'll be Grandmother's sweet pet,  
That would not tell a lie!

G. S. L. City.

DAVID MILNE.

**FIGHT HARD.**—Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come; but resist it stoutly. A spark will set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

"BRIGHTENING ALL IT CAN."—From the *Child at Home* we take this pleasant incident.

The day had been dark and gloomy, when suddenly, toward night, the clouds broke, and the sun's rays came through, pouring a flood of golden light over the whole country. A sweet voice at the window called out.

"Look! oh, look, papa! the sun is brightening all it can."

"Brightening all it can? So it is," answered papa; "and you can be like the sun, if you will."

"How, papa? Tell me how."

"By smiling on us all day; and never letting any tearful rain fall from the blue of your eyes. Only be happy and good; that is all."

On the next day, the music of the child's voice filled our ears from sunrise to dark. Her little heart seemed full of light and love; and when asked why she was so happy, she answered,

"Why! don't you see, papa, I'm the sun? I'm brightening all I can!"

"And filling the house with sunshine and joy," said papa, as he kissed his little darling.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

## CHARADES.

BY LIZZIE WINDER.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 4, 12, 6, 3, 8, 1, is a barren wilderness.

My 1, 8, 5, 7, belongs to the vegetable kingdom.

My 10, 7, 11, is a number.

My 13, 9, 4, is to marry.

My 4, 12, 11, is a cave.

My 2, 3, 11, is a fowl.

My whole is a paper well known to the people of Utah.

BY J. S. THORNTON.

I am composed of 9 letters.

My 4, 5, 8, is a small animal.

My 1, 3, 1, is a young domestic animal.

My 2, 5, 3, 4, 5, is a woman's name.

My 1, 6, 5, 9, is what most children delight in.

My whole is a law of the gospel.

THE answer to the Charade in No. 9 is GENERAL TITHING OFFICE—The following forwarded us correct answers: P. Tavey, Jacob Hak, J. B. Clark, J. H. Parry, G. S. Lincoln, J. J. Thomas, A. Peterson, D. Daniels, Annie M. Jarvis, Mary E. Shipley, Matilda Allen, Delilah E. Allen.

LIGHT is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

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