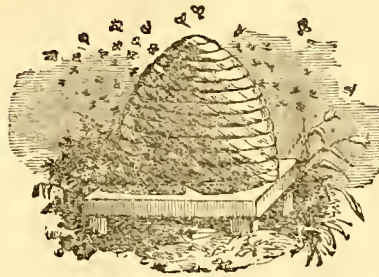


JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

"BUT WITH ALL THY GETTING
GET UNDERSTANDING."



THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE
WITHOUT LABOR.

VOL 2.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, MAY 15, 1867.

NO. 10.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF JONATHAN AND DAVID.

A GREAT thinker once wrote, "A good man is the best friend, and therefore soonest to be chosen, longest to be retained, and indeed never to be parted with, unless he ceases to be that for which he was chosen,"—that is to say unless he ceases to be a good man.

Our friends have helped to make us all what we are, and will yet assist to make us what we shall be in the future; for the smile or frown of our friend, his good or bad advice, his encouragement or reproach, his approval or reproof has its influence on all our lives for good or evil, to an extent we are scarcely any of us aware. This is the reason the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR strives to impress on its little readers the care they should take in forming their friendships with only good, honest, upright boys and girls. For if they make companions of those who swear, or lie or steal, they are likely to be led by them to do the same things themselves. We hope all the JUVENILES will accept us as one of their good friends, one who will try to teach them nothing but what is good and right, and who, we can assure them, feels a deep interest in their welfare and happiness.

Having said so much on the value of the friendship of the good, we will try to chat some little on the subject we have chosen to-day—the friendship of David and Jonathan, the son of Saul, king of Israel.

From all we read of Jonathan in the Bible, we are bound to think that he was well worthy of being a friend to the youthful David. He was kind, wise, and brave; he esteemed his word and his friendship more than his life. He loved David as he loved his own soul, and David loved him ardently in return. Their delight was to be with each other, to talk of their love and friendship, and think of what good they could do to prove how deeply they felt for each other's welfare. Then they would covenant together, and promise to faithfully guard one another's

interests, and the interests of their children, to the latest day of their lives. One day Jonathan to prove his love stripped himself of his princely robes, his cloak, his sword, his bow and arrows and placed them upon David—who was now no longer a shepherd boy but a captain of the hosts of Israel, which high rank he had gained by his valor in overthrowing the hosts of the Philistines. We presume it is this covenant that is represented in our engraving, as one

of the figures appears to have much less clothing on than is usual for men to wear, and we do not suppose that either David or Jonathan was in the habit of going from place to place with only half of their bodies covered from the heat of summer, or protected from the cold of winter.

Their love had its trials and its tests. They were not long permitted to remain together. The sullen envy of Saul, Jonathan's father, towards David increased day by day. He urged on his sons, on his courtiers and generals to kill the young warrior. But David was the beloved of all Israel. They knew that the Lord their God was with him. They loved to admire his beautiful form and face; with pride they recounted his noble deeds, his valor on the field of battle, his goodness to his friends. So no harm happened to him, and by the intercession of Jonathan the king for a short time re-admitted him into his favor.

This favor was, however, short lived. Saul soon grew more jealous than before, and became more anxious than ever to destroy the man who above all others had been faithful to him and the people over whom he had been anointed king. Jonathan, who fancied his father had entirely thrown aside his old enmity, would scarcely credit David when he informed him of how the king was plotting his destruction. Surely, thought he, my father would not hide his intentions from me, and while he was willing that David should hide himself to avoid the king's



anger, he determined to once more plead his friend's virtues in his father's ear, and learn the whole truth. He promised David at the same time to let him know the result of his inquiries, and by a device of shooting his arrows at a certain mark let him know if he bore good or evil tidings to him. Jonathan kept his promise; but it nearly cost him his life. For Saul, not content with using foul words towards his son, threw a spear at him, with the intention of killing him on the spot. Jonathan, however, escaped unhurt; but full of sorrow and grief at the course he saw his father was determined on. With these feelings he met David for the last time, and long and sorrowful was their parting. They wept in each other's arms, again and again covenanted to never forget their friendship. David promised to care for the children of Jonathan, should anything happen to their father. They recalled to memory their past joyful companionship, and scarcely dared hope for the return of such happy days. David's grief grew beyond all bounds; but they dared not to stay together long, for fear of being watched. Then Jonathan returned into Jerusalem and David fled to Gath, a city of the Philistines, each consumed with grief and fears for his friend—as we are told they loved each other more than they loved their own souls.

Another war shortly afterwards broke out between the Philistines and the Israelites. Saul once more led his armies to battle—they fought, were conquered and fled. The flower of the armies of the house of Jacob fell beneath the swords of the Philistines. Jonathan amongst the rest laid down his life defending his country and his home. His brothers were slain by his side; and Saul, bereft of the spirit of God through his evil deeds, in agony and fear, wounded and faint, pressed behind by his enemies, threw himself on his own sword and died near his sons to prevent his falling into the hands of his enemies. Thus ended the lives of Saul and Jonathan. Then David reigned king over all Israel and Judah.

ONE OF BABY'S TEACHERS.

"HE'S the sweetest thing alive," said Nelly, as she stooped over the cradle, and kissed her baby brother; "and I do love him so! What makes him so sweet, mamma?"

"His purity and innocence. There is nothing in all this world so pure and innocent as a baby," answered Nelly's mother.

"Wasn't God very good to let us have him?" asked the child.

"Oh yes, and how thankful we should be."

"I am thankful, mamma. Last night, when I was saying my prayers, I said 'Thank you, Lord, for baby,' and I said it again this morning. Do you think he heard me?"

"Yes; He surely did."

"Then He knows how much I love baby."

"Yes; He knows all our thoughts and feelings."

"All of our bad thoughts as well as our good ones?"

"Yes, dear. He knows us better than we know ourselves."

"I don't have any bad thoughts when I'm with baby," said Nelly. "And if I feel naughty, it's all gone when he comes in. Oh, he's so sweet! sweet! sweet!" And she bent over the cradle again, almost smothering the baby with kisses.

"And he's so good and pure," added the mother. "Now, shall I tell you how we can best show our thankfulness to God for sending us the baby?"

Nelly looked up earnestly, and waited to hear.

"We must do all we can to keep him sweet, and pure, and good. We must be kind and gentle in all our ways with him. And as he grows older, we must be careful what we say

or do, for we will be his teachers. What he hears us say, he will say; and what he sees us do, he will do. Just think, darling, of his getting angry at the table, as you did this morning, and throwing his piece of bread on the floor."

"Don't talk about that, mamma," said Nelly, her face getting sober, and tears coming into her eyes.

"It is not to make you feel badly, dear, that I speak it," answered Nelly's mother. "But, as you are one of baby's teachers, I must put you on your guard. How did he learn to kiss his hand?"

"I kissed my hand to him ever so many times; and at last he could do it. And I taught him to squint up his eyes in such a funny way. See!" Nelly shut her eyes, and the baby, laughing and crowing, did the same.

"See, Nelly dear, how fast he is beginning to learn from you. You have taught him to kiss his hand, and squint up his eyes, and do ever so many cunning little things. But don't if you love him, and want the good Lord who sent him to us,—that we might help him to live a good life in this world, and become exalted in heaven—to leave him in our care, teach him by word, or look, or example, anything that is wrong. If he hears you speak angrily, or sees you do naughty things, he will do the same; for the little ones have everything to learn, and do just what they see us do. And so darling, if baby does not keep his sweetness and innocence while a baby, it will be our fault."

"I wish I could always be good," said Nelly; "but I'm afraid there is something bad in me." And a shadow came over her little face.

"There is something bad in us all," Nelly's mother replied. "But the Lord knows about it a great deal better than we do, and he is always trying to help us to be good. Now, one of the ways in which he helps us, is to lead us to help others. If we see that the bad in us hurts others, as well as ourselves—as the bad in you, if you let it come out, would hurt baby—then if we will try to conquer this bad; and while trying, ask the Lord to help us, he will do so, and put good into our hearts in place of the bad."

"Oh, mother, will he?" A light, like sunshine fell over Nelly's face.

"He will, darling!"

"I'm so glad!" She spoke the words half to herself. Then taking baby's hand, softer than any velvet, she laid it against her cheek, and murmured—"I'll try to be good for your sake, sweetest!"

After that, no mother could have asked for a better child than Nelly. "I am one of baby's teachers," she would often say to herself, when tempted to do wrong, and then, for baby's sake, she would resist the wrong, often asking God to help her. And He did help her, as He helps every one who, earnestly trying to do right, prays to Him for strength; for He wants us to be good, that we may be happy, and live with Him for ever in heaven, and so the moment we try to do right, He, the All-Powerful, comes quickly to our aid.—*Selected.*

For the Juvenile Instructor.

A DREAM AND ITS FULFILLMENT.

IN the early days of the church, it was a great treat to an elder in his travels through the country to find a "Mormon," it was so with us. We were hardly in Arkansas when we heard of a family named Akeman. They were in Jackson county in the persecution. Some of the sons had been tied up there and whipped on the bare back with hickory switches by the mob.

We heard of their living on Petit Jean river, in the Arkansas Territory, and we went a long way to visit them.

There had recently been heavy rains, and a creek that we had to cross was swollen to a rapid stream of eight rods in width. There was no person living nearer than two miles from the crossing, and no boat. The people living at the last house on the road, some three miles from the crossing, said we would have to tarry till the water fell before we could cross. We did not stop, feeling to trust in God. Just as we arrived at the rolling flood a negro, on a powerful horse, entered the stream on the opposite side and rode through it. On our making our wants known to him, he took us, one at a time, behind him and carried us safely over, and we went on our way rejoicing.

We arrived that night within five miles of Mr. Akeman's, and were kindly entertained by a stranger. During the night I had the following dream: I thought an angel came to us, and told us we were commanded of the Lord to follow a certain straight path, which was pointed out to us, let it lead us wherever it might. After we had walked in it a while we came to the door of a house, which was in the line of a high wall running north and south, so that we could not go around. I opened the door and saw the room was filled with large serpents, and I shuddered at the sight. My companion said he would not go into the room for fear of the serpents. I told him I should try to go through the room though they killed me, for the Lord had commanded it. As I stepped into the room the serpents coiled themselves up, and raised their heads some two feet from the floor, to spring at me. There was one much larger than the rest in the centre of the room, which raised his head nearly as high as mine and made a spring at me. At that instant I felt as though nothing but the power of God could save me and I stood still. Just before the serpent reached me he dropped dead at my feet; all the rest dropped dead, swelled up, turned black, burst open, took fire and were consumed before my eyes, and we went through the room unharmed and thanked God for our deliverance.

I awoke in the morning and pondered the dream in my mind. We took breakfast, and started on our journey on Sunday morning, to visit Mr. Akeman. I related to my companion my dream, and told him we should see something strange. We had great anticipations of meeting Mr. Akeman, supposing him to be a member of the church. When we arrived at his house he received us very coldly, and we soon found that he had apostatized: he brought railing accusations against the Book of Mormon and the authorities of the church.

Word was sent through all the settlements on the river for twenty miles that two "Mormon preachers" were in the place. A mob was soon raised, and warning sent to us to leave immediately or we would be tarred and feathered, ridden on a rail and hanged. I soon saw where the serpents were. My companion wanted to leave; I told him no, I would stay and see my dream fulfilled.

There were an old gentleman and lady, named Hubbel, who had read the Book of Mormon and believed. Father Hubbel came to see us, and invited us to make our home with him while we stayed in the place. We did so, and labored for him some three weeks with our axes, clearing land, while we were waiting to see the salvation of God. I was commanded of the Lord by the Holy Ghost to go and warn Mr. Akeman to repent of his wickedness. I did so, and each time he raged against me, and the last time he ordered me out of his house. When I went out he followed me and was very angry. When he came up to me, about eight rods from the house, he fell dead at my feet, turned black and swelled up, as I saw the serpents do in my dream.

His family, as well as ourselves, felt it was the judgment of God upon him. I preached his funeral sermon. Many of the

mob died suddenly. We stayed about two weeks after his death and preached, baptized Mr. Hubbel and his wife, and then continued on our journey.

W. W.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

REMINISCENCES OF MY MOTHER.

"Mother! Oh gently breathe that name!
It is a holy sound,
Nor in the gilded trump of fame
Another such is found."

MY little readers have you a dear mother to love and care for you? Ah, envied privilege! Be kind to her, be good to her, do everything in your power to make her comfortable and happy in this life and smooth her pathway down to the grave. You can never know how you have been blessed to have had her spared to you.

Many years ago, when I was but a little child, my mother was taken away from me, and I was left alone in the world. It is true I had a dear kind father; but oh, could he fill the place of that mother upon whose breast my infant head was pillowed, and upon whom all my young and tender affections were placed?

Ah sad memory wherefore do you cling so fondly to my heart! She is gone, gone, my mother! and fain would my spirit's weary pinions soar to yon blest world, and rejoin her in her blissful domain. But it cannot be; a little longer I must wait.

As I sit here alone to-night by my window, my mind involuntarily sweeps back over the long corridors of the past, each foot-step echoing mockingly the tread of that loved one the idol snatched by death's ruthless hand from my heart's shrine. In vain were our efforts to keep her, in vain did we weep and implore her to stay. The angel had whispered in her ear, "come home, dear sister, the mansion is prepared to receive you, and your Father is waiting to welcome you."

I knelt down by the bed and folded back the linen sheet, gazed with folded hands and dry, dilated eyes on the mystery of death. The moon, the "sun of the sleepless," and the star of the mourner, shone full on her brow. How placid, how angelic she looked! Her dark, shining hair, the long, dark lashes that fell on her white cheek, alone prevented her from seeming a statue of the purest marble fashioned after some Grecian model. Beauty and youth, peace and rapture, were on her reposing features; and a smile, such as no living lips ever wore, lingered around her mouth and softened its mute expression. And I felt that it was not death upon which we gazed; it was life—the dawning of an immortal, an eternal life. Angels were watching around her. I felt their presence, I felt them fanning my brow and softly lifting my hair that fell against the sheet so chilly and white. Others might have thought it the wind sighing through the leafy lattice-work; but to me the presence of angels was real.

The scene is past, but its remembrance is undying. By day and by night, in sunshine and shadow, in joy and in sorrow, thou art with me, a holy spirit, a hallowed memory, a chastening influence, that passeth not away.

Since that time there has been a shadow over my young life. And when I have been with my schoolmates at their homes, and have seen them blessed with kind mothers to whom they could go in all their little trials and troubles, and find an ear always ready to hear and a heart ready to sympathize, I have thought, how happy, oh, how happy they should be! And I have wondered how they could ever find it in their hearts to treat lightly or carelessly her counsel and advice.

My little reader, love your mother, respect and obey her, and God will bless you.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, : EDITOR.

MAY 15, 1867.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

SAID King David in his Psalms "Happy is the people whose God is the Lord." We who live now, and are members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, can join in that sentiment with all our hearts. President Young and a few of the Twelve Apostles and other elders have just returned from a visit to the southern part of our Territory. In going and returning they held meetings which the people of all the settlements on the line of travel attended. The people of every place which was visited made the occasion a holiday. Before reaching most of the settlements the company was met by a mounted escort, and where they had musicians, by a band of music, and upon entering such towns, the men, women and children would be drawn up in regular order on each side of the principal streets. The children especially seemed to be very happy and to enjoy the display exceedingly. It was a very pleasing sight to our President and his company to see the great numbers of the juveniles in every settlement, and to notice also the increased attention which is being paid to their education.

On returning to this city a delightful surprise awaited the company. Arrangements had been made for a mounted escort and Captain Croxall's band in the large band carriage, drawn by six horses, to meet President Young. Besides these, almost every private carriage in the city, turned out, carrying their owners and others to join in the welcome. But the most attractive and pleasing sight was the thousands of children, dressed in holiday garb, who lined the sidewalks of the State Road as the carriages of the company passed up. The children were out under the direction of their teachers, and with their numerous tasteful banners, upon which were written various mottoes, and their joyful countenances, they presented a sweet picture of happiness and innocence. Every one of the President's company was filled with delightful emotions in witnessing this sight, so full of hope for the future of Zion.

Much of the instruction which was given to the saints by President Young and the other elders was very suitable for the JUVENILES. The people were taught to observe the word of wisdom, to be united, to listen to the counsel of their bishops and the other officers who presided over them, just as children listen or ought to listen, to their parents and school-teachers. Children, these things are very important for you to understand and practice. Would you like to be healthy men and women? to have great knowledge and be very wise? to escape sickness and to live to ripe old age? We think we hear all our little readers say, with one voice, "YES." The Lord has told His servants how you can obtain all these blessings, and they wish you to become good and useful men and women; for the Lord has a great work for the children of the Latter-day Saints to do when they grow up. You have advantages that your fathers and mothers have not had; and if you do not have more knowledge, greater wisdom and more active minds and healthier bodies than they have, you will be, in the most of

instances, to blame. To have active, strong minds, and to be able to endure the labor of building up the Zion of God, you must have healthy bodies. How can our JUVENILES have healthy bodies? Not by eating and drinking improper articles. Those who do so are very apt to be sickly. Some children never appear to be satisfied until they have eaten a portion of everything they can see on the table, and they stuff themselves until they are in pain. It is no wonder that such children have head aches, tooth aches and all kinds of aches. The plainer your food is the better it is for you. Tea, coffee, and hot soups or hot drinks or hot food of any kind or rich food is not good for men and women, and more especially for children. Respecting flesh-meat also the Lord says: "Yea, flesh also of beasts and fowls of the air, I, the Lord, have ordained for the use of man with thanksgiving; nevertheless they are to be used sparingly; and it is pleasing unto me that they should not be used only in times of winter or of cold, or famine."

By this word of the Lord you can see, children, that if you wish to please the Lord, you will only use flesh in times of winter, of cold, or of famine, and then use it sparingly. While you are young is the time to form correct habits of eating and drinking. If you obey the Lord's counsel upon such points, you will grow up healthy and wise men and women; for this is His promise.

CATECHISM

FOR OUR JUVENILES.

Re-published from No. 9 with their answers:

51. When did the Lord give the revelation concerning the war between the Northern and Southern States?

In December, 1832.

52. What time did the war, in fulfilment of that revelation, commence?

Early in 1861.

53. To what Editor did the Prophet Joseph write, predicting that which should come to pass in this nation? And when did he so write?

To Mr. Sexton of Rochester, under date of January 4th, 1833.

54. In the beginning of what year did Joseph organize the School of the Prophets in Kirtland?

In the beginning of 1833.

55. What troubled the spirit of Joseph, in those days?

The conduct of the leading elders and the saints at the gathering place in Missouri.

56. What was done by the enemies of the truth in April, 1833?

They formed themselves into a mob, at Independence, Missouri, to drive the saints from their homes, and prevent them fulfilling the command of the Lord.

57. What was the result? and what happened on the nights of the 5th and 6th of November of the same year?

The saints were bitterly persecuted, their houses burned, their property destroyed, and themselves subjected to the grossest wrongs, without receiving protection from the officers of the State. On the nights of the 5th and 6th of November, women and children were compelled to flee in every direction before the merciless mob; many of them wandering for days on the open prairie without shelter.

58. A very peculiar circumstance occurred on the night of the 13th of November, 1833: What was it?

The stars fell from heaven in such numbers that they seemed to be a shower of fire. This was one of the signs that the coming of Christ is not far off.

59. Where did the saints mostly settle, when driven from Jackson county?

In Clay county, Missouri.

60. When did Joseph take a mission to Canada and the Eastern States?

In October, 1833.

REMEMBER the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

TOBACCO.

UNCLE GREGORY has been telling us a very interesting story of a boy who thought he would be a man if he could only smoke, and of the sad results of his foolish attempt to use his grandpapa's pipe. Uncle Gregory also told us what the Lord has himself said about the use of tobacco, and for what good purpose he caused it to grow, still there may be a great number of the youthful readers of this little paper who do not know what tobacco is, or how it is manufactured, so thinking this information might be pleasing to them we have written a little about its origin, where it comes from and how it is made.

Tobacco is made of the dried leaves of a very handsome annual plant, which when young, to some extent resembles the sun flowers that grow in such numbers in these valleys. It grows to about six or seven feet high, shooting out from its sides large light green leaves, the bottom ones being generally about twenty inches long and wide in proportion. The leaves gradually become less in size as they shoot out nearer the top of the stem, while the flowers, which are very pretty, grow in clusters at the top. The color of the flowers is a yellowish white outside and a beautiful red within. The tobacco plant grows in most hot climates, but is particularly cultivated in the southern parts of the United States, the West India Islands and in South America. The State of Virginia and the Island of Cuba are particularly famous for the fine quality of their tobaccos. In Europe tobacco is grown to a considerable extent in Russia, Germany and Hungary. In Asia it flourishes, in British India, Persia and in the Islands south of that continent. In Africa it grows in Algeria, Natal, and Cape colony, so you can see it is to be found in nearly every part of the globe.

When the plant is ripe enough, the leaves are picked and dried with great care, then sorted according to their quality and strength. One kind being used for cigars, another for snuff, a third for chewing, and so on. The way tobacco is imported into this country, is generally in the shape of large cakes or plugs, bearing a number of fanciful names, often of things it has not the slightest resemblance to. In England tobacco has quite a different appearance, being cut into very fine shreds, so fine that many of them do not measure the hundredth part of an inch in width, while it would take sixteen of the widest made to measure an inch. It is called according to the way it is made, or its strength, and as in this country, has a variety of names. Cigars are generally made of the best kinds of tobacco, rolled and shaped with great care, the largest and most perfect leaves being put on the outside to keep the others together, while a little gum is used to keep it in shape and prevent it unrolling. Snuff is tobacco ground, to which, rose leaves and other scenting substances are added, either to cause it to smell agreeably or to make it more pungent.

Tobacco is an American plant originally. It was first known to Europeans when Columbus discovered the island of Cuba. He found the men and women there smoking it. This bad habit was soon introduced into Europe, and has spread so extensively that it is now used by almost every people on the earth. But because it is so common it is none the less a very bad habit. In the first place it is a very dirty practice, then it costs a great amount to keep it up, and then again it is very injurious to our stomachs and other parts of the body. Will any of our little readers believe that tobacco in its qualities and general character very much resembles the henbane and deadly nightshade, with other poisonous plants of that kind? Yet it is so, and so poisonous is tobacco itself that the oil extracted from it by fermentation, called Nicotine, will kill a large dog when only one drop of it is administered.

No wonder the Lord warns his people to avoid such a dangerous gentile practice, which, like many other of their practices, develops disease and ends in death.
G. R.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

Book of Mormon Sketches.

THE NEPHITES AND THE LAMANITES AGAIN BECOME WICKED.

FOR about one hundred and sixty years after the final ascension of Jesus to heaven, the people who inhabited the continent of America enjoyed perfect peace. They had no robbers nor murderers amongst them, neither did they have any quarrels, contentions, lyings, tumults nor whoredoms in their midst, but they loved each other and became very prosperous, numerous and powerful. About this time a few of them became wicked and apostatized from the church, taking upon themselves the name of Lamanites. From this time the people began gradually to become worse, to forget God and to grow more and more wicked; the number of apostates, or Lamanites as they called themselves, increased; even those who belonged to the church became very proud, vain and corrupt. They hated and oppressed one another, and became divided into sects and parties, until, in the three hundredth year from the birth of Jesus, all the people, both Nephites and Lamanites had become fearfully wicked, and there was scarcely a good man amongst them, excepting the three disciples of Jesus who were not to die.

Since the appearance of Jesus the sacred records had been kept by Nephi, one of the twelve, then by his son Nephi, after his death by his son and grandson, both named Amos. When the younger Amos died, his brother Ammaron took the plates. The people had now become so dreadfully wicked that there was no church of Christ to keep any account of, so Ammaron hid up all the plates in a hill called Shim in the land of Antum. There was a very good, thoughtful, prayerful boy, about ten years old, named Mormon, with whom Ammaron was acquainted. He showed this boy where he had hid the plates, and told him to go and get them when he was twenty-four years of age, and engrave upon them a brief account of what should take place among the Nephites and Lamanites in his day.

SMITHFIELD, U. T., April 9th, 1867.

Editor Juvenile Instructor:

On the 91st page—No. 23—of the first volume of the INSTRUCTOR, the question is asked, "What is the name of a dancing girl, who procured the death of a noted prophet." The question is not answered, but the assumption made that she was the daughter of the sister of Herod. The girl's name was Salome, the daughter of Herodias, the wife of Herod Philip, who was the brother of Herod Antipas, the Tetrarch, by the same father, (Herod the great) but by different mothers: and this Herodias was the daughter of Aristobulus, brother to the Herods, by a third mother. See Josephus' Jewish Antiquities p. 366-7, b. 18 cap. 5. See also Kitto's History of Palestine, p. 740.
E. M. G.

WE thank our friend, the writer of the above, for his explanation, which would have been published some weeks since, but we were absent from the city.—Ed. J. I.

Selected Poetry.

THE CHICKEN'S MISTAKE.

A little downy chicken, one day
Asked leave to go to the water;
Where she saw a duck with her brood at play
Swimming and splashing about her.

Indeed, she began to peep and cry,
When her mother wouldn't let her,
"If the ducks can swim there, why can't I;
Are they any bigger or better?"

Then the old hen answered, "Listen to me,
And hush your foolish talking,
Just look at your feet, and you will see
They were only made for walking."

But chicky wishfully eyed the brook
And didn't half believe her,
For she seemed to say, by a knowing look,
"Such stories couldn't deceive her."

And as her mother was scratching the ground,
She muttered, lower and lower,
"I know I can go there and not be drowned,
And so I think I'll show her."

Then she made a plunge, where the stream was deep,
And saw too late her blunder;
For she hadn't hardly time to peep
Till her foolish head went under.

And now I hope her fate will show
The child my story reading;
That those who are older sometimes know,
What you will do well in heeding.

That each content in his place should dwell,
And envy not his brother;
And any part that is acted well
Is just as good as another.

For we all have our proper sphere below,
And this is a truth worth knowing.
You will come to grief if you try to go
Where you were never made for going!

For the Juvenile Instructor.

RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME.

LITTLE WILLIE was a tolerably good boy in some things, but he had certain defects of temper, which often caused him sorrow. He was very passionate, and when suddenly angered he would do things hastily which made him unhappy afterwards, when his anger had died and he began to reflect. But if he did anything wrong in rashness he quickly repented of it, and strove not to do the same thing again.

He was very sensitive, and when spoken harshly to by any one whom he loved, it wounded his feelings very much. Thus, when his father or mother reprov'd him, or corrected him, he felt almost as if he were abused, and sometimes he would determine to go away from home never to return. This was very wrong of him, and very foolish too, for he would not have found any to care for him like his father and mother, nor to love him as they did.

Little boys and girls never know how much they are indebted to their parents for love and care and kindness, unless they lose those parents after they have experienced their solicitude long enough to remember it well. Little Willie found out in after years, that if he had ran away from home, he would have ran to suffering and sorrow.

One day he was reprov'd for something which he had done wrong, and the thought of running away grew strong within him. He slipped out of the house quietly, and ran as fast as he could down the street where his parents lived, down a green lane that was near it, and away through the green fields. When he had ran about half a mile he stopped almost out of breath, for he had been running rapidly, and he thought that no one had followed him that far, even if they knew of his going away.

It was a beautiful summer day. The sun was shining brightly, the birds were singing, butterflies were fluttering about, the grass was green, and everything looked lovely and cheering, but Little Willie did not see all these things. He sat down by the side of a stream and bathed his feet, for he was bare-footed—he had no shoes to wear; his parents could not afford to buy him shoes in the summer time. As he sat by the stream, cooling his feet in the water, he began to reflect upon his father's care and his mother's love, and how many good things he was daily receiving from them; for though he was but a child he could think of all these things.

He thought how foolish he had been for running away because he was reprov'd for doing wrong, and that his parents were right in reproving him. Then he thought what was the wisest thing he could do, and concluded that he ought to go home, even if he were corrected for going away. He felt penitent, for he had acted hastily, and his reflection told him so. He got up and looked around him; the day seemed more beautiful, the sky clearer, the birds appeared to sing more sweetly, and the flowers to bloom brighter, than they had before, because there were good thoughts in his mind, and good desires in his heart.

He went home and slipped in as quietly as he had slipped out. His absence had not been noticed. The more he thought of it, the gladder he was that the Lord had given him good thoughts which made him return when he did, and by which he escaped suffering, either of hunger away from home, or correction when he returned home for doing so great a wrong, or both.

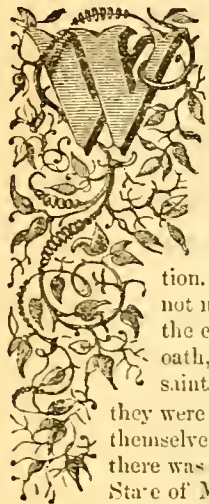
As he grew up to manhood he struggled to overcome this propensity to run away, and he remained with his father and mother, when all the rest of his brothers and sisters left them and wandered to other parts of the earth. But he never forgot that bright summer day when he ran from home and the Lord inspired him with the thought of going back again. He was the only member of his father's family who embraced the gospel.

Children, if you are ever tempted to run away when your parents reprove or correct you; or if you are ever tempted to be angry at your parents, think of what they do for you, how kind they are to you, how they love you and watch over you; and ask the Lord to give His Spirit that you may overcome all such feelings, and love and obey your parents in return. Never run away from home, nor do anything to grieve or displease your father and mother and God will bless you for your faithfulness and obedience.

I would not hurt a living thing,
However weak or small;
The beasts that graze, the birds that sing,
Our Father made them all;
Without His notice, I have read,
A sparrow cannot fall.

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.



WHEN Joseph heard about the trouble in De Witt he went there; but he had some difficulty to get into the place, as all the principal roads were guarded by the mob. He found the saints nearly destitute of food, and there was no prospect of obtaining more. Steps were instantly taken to inform the governor of the condition of affairs. It was hoped that he might give the people of De Witt the needed protection. Several respectable gentlemen who were not members of the church, but who had seen the conduct of the mob, made statements under oath, in which they set forth the treatment the saints had received and the perilous condition they were in. They also offered their services to go themselves and present the case to the Governor. But there was not a more wicked mobocrat in the whole State of Missouri than Lilburn W. Boggs, the Governor. He had no aid, not even sympathy, for the persecuted Saints. His reply was, that "the quarrel was between the 'Mormons' and the mob, and they might fight it out." In the meantime General Parkes made his appearance in the vicinity. In a letter written to General Atchison on October 7th, 1838, Parkes said, "nothing seems so much in demand here (to hear the Carroll county men talk) as Mormon scalps. As yet they are scarce." He further added: "as yet they [the Saints] have acted on the defensive as far as I can learn. It is my settled opinion the Mormons will have no rest until they leave." Parkes did nothing to protect the saints or check the mob. His excuse was that Bogart's men would not be controlled, and were with the mob in feeling. This Bogart was the captain of a company of militia under Parkes, and was a Methodist preacher by profession. He was a bitter enemy to the saints, and a thorough mobocrat. The saints were forbidden to go out of town on pain of death, and if they attempted to go for food, they were shot at. If any of their cattle or horses went where the mob could get hold of them, they were stolen. Parkes did nothing to check these outrages. The most of the leading men of the state were filled with the spirit of mobocracy, and he with the rest. There was scarcely a man who had the courage to stand up and maintain the right. Parkes said that he would be compelled to draw his men off from the place, for fear they would join the mob.

The mob kept increasing in numbers; and knowing that the Governor and the officers were as much traitors as themselves, they had no fear of the law before their eyes. The provisions of the saints were entirely gone, and they were fired out by continual guarding and watching the movements of their enemies. Some of the brethren died of starvation, being in want of the common necessities of life. "I had the pain," said Joseph in writing upon this subject, "of beholding some of my fellow-creatures fall victims to the spirit of persecution, which did then and has since prevailed to such an extent in upper Missouri; men, too, who were virtuous, and against whom no legal process could for one moment be sustained; but who, in consequence of their love to God, attachment to his cause, and their determination to keep the faith were thus brought to an untimely grave."

It is through such trials as these, children, that the prophets

and saints of God have had to pass in this generation for the love of the truth. Probably many of our little readers had fathers and grandfathers who endured all these things for their love of the gospel. How many of you, little friends, think of these things? Hundreds of men and woman have laid down their lives for the truth. These, of whom you are now reading, died of starvation rather than forsake the Lord and His truth. When you are tempted to complain or find fault, because you do not have something that you want, or it is not so nice as you would like it to be, think of the days about which we are now writing, and let your murmurings cease. Oh, how thankful and good you ought to be! You have food in abundance. No one need want in these valleys. You can go out and come in, and there is no one to threaten or shoot at you. Peace reigns.

Two men, who had been the sole cause of the settlement of De Witt being made, desired the saints to leave the place and move away. One of them said that he had the promise of the mob that if the saints would leave the place, they would not be hurt, and they would be paid for all the losses which they had sustained. Persons should be appointed to set value on the property which they had to leave, and they should be paid for it also. These two men came, they said, as mediators to accomplish this object. What could the saints do? They saw no prospect of help; the Governor would not listen to their entreaties; the militia were with the mob in feeling and ready to join them. They, finally, through necessity, made up their minds to leave that place, and seek a shelter elsewhere. A committee was appointed to carry out the promises of the mob. But they only valued the Saints' land, and nothing more, and they did not pay them for that. Many of their houses had been burned, and great quantities of their property had been destroyed by the mob; but who ever heard of saints getting pay for property destroyed by their enemies? When they came to start many of their horses, oxen and cows were gone. The mob boasted of having killed their oxen and lived on them. The horses and cows were also stolen. The saints gathered up about seventy wagons, and with the remnant of the property they had been able to save, started for Caldwell county. This was on the 11th of October, 1838. During the journey the people were harrassed and threatened by the mob. The mob also shot at them several times. They had no more pity than so many wolves. Several of the saints died, during the journey, from fatigue and exposure, and they had to be buried by the wayside without coffins. It was under the most distressing circumstances that those who were left arrived in Caldwell county. Joseph had stayed with them to comfort, cheer and help them. Wherever the post of danger was, there Joseph was to be found. He proved to the saints the truth of the words of Jesus, that "greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends."

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

IN a book written by Jean Ingelow, called "Stories told to a child," the following is told:

Off the coast of one of the Orkney Islands, and right opposite the harbor, stood a lonely rock, against which, in stormy nights, the boats of returning fishermen often struck and were lost.

Fifty years ago there lived on this island a young girl in a cottage with her father; and they loved each other very tenderly. One stormy night the father was away on the sea in his fisherman's boat, and though his daughter watched for him in much fear and trouble, he did not come home. Sad to tell, in the

morning his dead body was found washed upon the beach. His boat, as he sought the harbor, had struck against the "Lonely Rock" and gone down.

In her deep sorrow, this fisherman's orphan did not think of herself alone. She was scarcely more than a child, humble, poor and weak; yet she said in her heart, that, while she lived, no more boats should be lost on the "Lonely Rock," if a light shining through her window would guide them safely into the harbor. And so, after watching by the body of her father, according to the custom of her people, until it was buried, she laid down and slept through the day; but when night fell she arose, and lighted a candle, placed it in the window of her cottage, so that it might be seen by any fisherman coming from the sea, and guide him safely into harbor. She sat by the candle all night, and trimmed it, and spun; but when the day dawned she went to bed and slept.

As many hanks as she had spun before for her daily bread, she spun still, and one over, to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this, for fifty years, through youth, maturity, and old age, she has turned night into day, and in the snow storms of winter, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that northern harbor has never once been without the light of her candle.

How many lives she saved by this candle, and how many meals she won by it for the starving families of the boatmen, it is impossible to say. How many dark nights the fishermen, depending on it, have gone forth, cannot now be told. There it stood, regular as a light-house, steady as constant care could make it. Always brighter when daylight waned, the fishermen had only to keep it constantly in view and they were safe; there was but one thing to intercept, and that was the Rock. However far they might have gone out to the sea, they had only to bear down for that lighted window, and they were sure of a safe entrance to the harbor.

But what do the boatmen and boatmen's wives think of this? Do they pay the woman? No; they are very poor; but poor or rich, they knew better than that. Do they thank her? No. Perhaps they think that thanks of theirs would be inadequate to express their gratitude; or perhaps, long years have made the lighted easement so familiar, that they look upon it as a matter of course, and forget for the time the patient watcher within.

Sometimes the fishermen lay fish on her threshold and set a child to watch it for her till she wakes; sometimes their wives steal into her cottage, now that she is getting old, and spin a hank or two of thread for her while she slumbers; and they teach their children to pass her hut quietly, and not to sing or shout before her door, lest they should disturb her. That is all. Their thanks are not looked for—scarcely supposed to be due. Their grateful deeds are more than she expects, and as much as she desires.

How often, in the far distance of my English home, adds Miss Ingelow, have I awoke in a wild winter night, and while the wind and storm were rising, have thought of that northern bay, with the waves dashing against the rock, and have pictured to myself the easement, and the candle nursed by that bending aged figure. How delightful to know that through her untiring charity the Rock has lost more than half its terrors.

There is many a rock elsewhere, as perilous as the one I have told you of; perhaps there are many such women; but for this one, whose story is before you, pray that her candle may burn a little longer, since this record of her charity is true.—*Selected.*

✓ CORRECT answers to the Charade in No. 8, have been received from—J. H. Perry, W. J. Lewis, Rebecca J. Noall, J. P. Smith jr., E. A. Bean, D. Billings, A. N. Billings jr., D. W. Patten, Mary B. Cook, S. Norton Cook, G. T. Baker, G. S. Lincoln.

The answer is JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Original Poetry.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

GOLD AND TINSEL.

Children, be wise in what you choose,
And never, never, good refuse;
The worthless tinsel brighter shines
Than purest gold, in rich designs.

Be not deceived by shining things—
Most pois'nous insects have bright wings;
Vice oft assumes a brilliant form,
And serpents have the pow'r to charm.

The tinsel glare may charm the eye
Of fools and idlers passing by;
But men of wisdom turn away,
And scorn the dazzling tinsel spray.

Guard well your hearts, lest silly pride
Instead of wisdom, be your guide;
Watch, and beware of haughtiness,
Which would destroy your loveliness.

Be very careful what you choose,
And eareful too, what you refuse:
Let shadows fly before your grasp—
The substance, firmly, boldly clasp.

Off-times the noblest and the best,
In simple, homely garb is dress—
Most precious gems are often found
In rudest forms beneath the ground.

As you in stature upward grow,
Avoid the tinsel's glitt'ring show—
Aspire to be like sterling gold,
And daily let your worth unfold.

E. R. S.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

CHARADES.

BY D. D.

I am composed of 7 letters.

My 6, 7, 6, 7, was the father of Bela.

My 7, 3, 7, 6, was the son of Shiphí.

My 4, 5, 3, 2, 3, 4, baptized an Ethiopian eunuch.

My 6, 5, 6, 7, was a king of Judah.

My 5, 6, 7, 6, 1, 2, killed his own master, and was afterwards proclaimed king of Syria.

My whole was a person who reproved a very patient and godly man for want of religion.

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