

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN FOR YOUNG

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

LATTER-DAY SAINTS



VOL. XXI.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 1, 1886.

NO. 7.

THE PYRAMID OF CHOLULA.

A FEW miles south of the main line of railway leading from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, stands the beautiful ancient town of Puebla. It has a population of seventy thousand people. It has railways, street-cars, banks, libraries, newspapers, superb buildings, bull-rings, fine hotels, baths and one of the most magnificent cathedrals in the New World. Already it is inoculated with the American spirit of progress. This city and its surroundings are among the most attractive sights for tourists or the students of Mexico's strange composite civilization.

The region is mountainous, with intervening fertile valleys. Within sight is the mountain Popocatepetl, the Grand Volcano of Mexico.

And almost under the shadow of the black, volcanic smoke lies the half-ruined pyramid of Cholula.

To reach this very interesting object one takes the horse tramway at Puebla, deposits, for a first-class passage, two *reales* (twenty-five cents), or for a second-class

fare, a coin equal in value to fifteen cents of our money; and in an hour he has reached the ancient ruin.

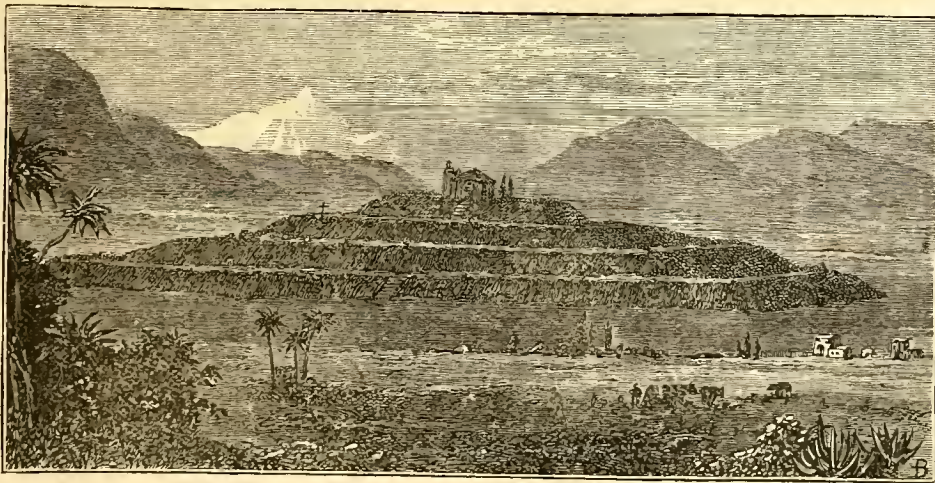
Ober, a recent traveler in Mexico, has made this journey and has paid some close attention to the subject. To explain the historic and traditional value of this pyramid, after mentioning the gods of the ancient Mexicans, he quotes from the historian as follows:

"A far more interesting personage in their mythology was Quetzalcoatl, god of the air, a divinity who, during his residence on earth, instructed the natives in the use of metal, in agriculture and in the arts of government. * * * *"

Quetzalcoatl incurred the wrath of one of the principal gods and was obliged to quit the country. On his way he stopped at the city of Cholula, where a temple was dedicated to his worship, the massy ruins of which still form one of the most interesting relics of antiquity in Mexico."

The car stops at the foot of this monument of the past, but you might need to be told what it was if you had formed any preconceived ideas of it from reading in volumes of authors who have never seen it. At present it is not a true pyramid, and so many years have elapsed since its construction that it appears scarcely more than a natural elevation, or a hill that has been squared in places and levelled at the top. But the

evidence of its artificial construction is plain enough to any one who will thoroughly examine it, for he will find sun-baked bricks and mortar wherever any portion has been exposed. Whether these bricks form the entire structure is an important question for archaeologists to



answer; the only way to settle it is by driving a tunnel beneath it at the base, from one side to the other. Various attempts have been made by excavating, but have not resulted in penetrating much beyond the surface; on all sides, however, are seen these great bricks, and until the tunnel is run beneath it we must assume that the entire structure is artificial, and not a natural hill faced with brick. Its height is nearly two hundred feet, and at the summit is a church, reached by steps built into the irregular sides of the hill, the path winding up the western slope, past perpendicular ranges of adobe, beneath various pepper trees, and through green bits of pasture which cover

the ancient playgrounds of the Chohulans. In the cutting of a new road, at one time, a square chamber was revealed, it is said, built of stone, with a roof of eypress beams and containing some idols of stone, the remains of two bodies and several painted vases. Humboldt gives this pyramid the same height as that of the Pyramid of the Sun, at Teotihuacan, and says it is three metres higher than that of Mycerinus, or the third of the great Egyptian pyramids of the group of Djizeh. Its base, however, is larger than that of any hitherto discovered by travelers in the Old World, and is double that of the Pyramid of Cheops. It is, doubtless, as he claims, entirely a work of art, but it is celebrated more for its breadth of base than its height.

Its situation on the Mexican table-land is at a distance of seventy miles south south-east of the city of Mexico, and at an elevation of 6,912 feet above the level of the sea. Humboldt, who used simply a barometer, gives its height as 164 feet; while the measurements of some officers of the American army, made by means of the sextant, determined its true height to be 204 feet, and its base 1,060. The breadth of its truncated apex is 165 feet; and here, where the ancients had erected a shrine to Quetzalcoatl, "God of the Air," or the "Feathered Serpent," the Spaniards later built a church under the patronage of the *Virgen de los Remedios*. This church is in excellent repair, the interior beautifully frescoed and gilded, and the votive offerings that adorn the walls are many of them new and show that the people still retain their faith in the virgin of this shrine.

Rising from the center of the fertile and extensive plain of Chohula, this ancient pyramid, with its modern capstone, can be seen from the distance of many a league. Most beautiful is the landscape spread out at its base! Long, level fields of corn and magney are on every side; villages of low mud huts rise hardly above the tops of the corn, so humble the first and so rank and luxuriant the last. Conspicuous here are the churches that tower like giants among pygmies above the lonely cabins, adorning every hill and claiming attention on every side. They are the parasites that have sapped this fair land of its life-blood—have gathered to themselves the wealth of the natives and kept the country poor and wretched for three hundred years. Before Cortes drew the accursed trail of his army along this beautiful country, Chohula, it is related, possessed a population of forty thousand souls; now the little village scarce numbers six thousand. In his second letter to Charles V., Cortes describes the town as containing twenty thousand houses and four hundred mosques or temples. Gone are the magnificent temples and sculptures that adorned its site; the books that recorded their traditions were destroyed by order of the Spanish priests, and only the ruins of their mighty teocalli, with the paltry and contemptible temple of the conquerors, perched like a parasitic mistletoe on the rugged oak, remain to attest their greatness.

The village of Chohula lies crouched at the base of the pyramid. The largest of its religious edifices is the convent, more than two hundred years old; in its spacious court several thousand men could be quartered. It has shared the fate of many another of its order and has been neglected, perhaps confiscated, but is now being again brought into use.

The study of the ancient ruins of this hemisphere is well worthy of close attention from the young people of the Latter-day Saints. Every new discovery in archaeology adds to the numerous known secular proofs of the divine origin of the Book of Mormon and its historical correctness. And a careful compilation of data upon this subject would, we are con-

vinced, furnish an irresistible argument, even to worldly men, in behalf of the authenticity of our sacred record.

A MYSTERIOUS PREACHER.

BY H. BELNAP.

(Continued from page 91.)

ONE evening, at a meeting composed mostly of his followers, the features of Mr. Edge turned purple. No sooner had all quieted down in their seats than he sprang to his feet and severely reprimanded them for the course they were taking; "For," said he, "you have not only been plotting and planning among yourselves to deceive me, but you have brought with you legions of devils. Why, I can see them all through the house."

On another occasion, after Mr. Edge had returned from holding meeting in the court-house at Lexington, three of his young followers were out by the yard, severely criticising the course pursued by their new preacher. One in particular thought it was the height of folly for a man in these days to pretend to be inspired of God. While they were just in the heat of their vilification, Mr. Edge came out of the house, which was about one hundred and fifty yards away, and very calmly walked down towards the yard. The boys saw him, ceased their abuse and turned towards the house. When they met, Mr. Edge turned to the young man who had so bitterly talked about him, and said:

"Young man, you will not do: my spirit has been listening to your cowardly slanderings!"

The boys, knowing that they were too far from the house to be overheard, grew somewhat astonished when Mr. Edge told the young man every sentence, word for word, that he had uttered.

Mr. Edge came to the residence of a widow lady by the name of Telitha Cumi Reed, one day, about twelve o'clock, took off his hat, set aside his cane and amused himself by reading while the lady prepared refreshments. After they had sat down to the table, Mrs. Reed turned and asked Mr. Edge to return thanks, when she saw a bright light encircling his head, which made a strange feeling pass over her; however, she sat perfectly quiet. After grace the light passed away.

While upon this subject I will relate a few out of the many cases of healing that were effected by the imposition of hands during Mr. Edge's stay among them. This same lady, Mrs. Reed, had been bowed down with rheumatics for several years. On learning this strange preacher taught the laying on of hands for the healing of the sick, she believed he was a servant of God and sent for him. Without detailing how marvelously this lady recovered we will say that two years later her walk was as free and easy as though rheumatics had never racked her frame.

The wife of James Reed, who was then said to be in the last stages of consumption, was almost instantly healed through the imposition of Mr. Edge's hands in the name of Jesus Christ.

There were several beautiful sketches drawn by Mr. Edge while in this locality. The one that more particularly attracted my attention was a beautiful arch drawn upon the front leaf of a large Bible, owned by Mr. Sirenous Reed. Directly up the center of this arch were very neatly placed seven steps, on

the foot of which was written, beginning at the bottom, the following words:

VIRTUE, KNOWLEDGE, TEMPERANCE, PATIENCE, GODLINESS, BROTHERLY KINDNESS and CLARITY.

Just beneath the bow of the arch was placed the figure of a young man who had just climbed this narrow stairway, kneeling upon the top step, receiving a magnificent crown from the hands of an angel.

In the early part of July, Mr. Edge kindly informed his followers that he would soon depart on his Father's business. Before leaving, however, he desired all those whom he had blessed to go with him through a fast of three days. In calling his brethren and sisters together he told them the fast he desired them to pass through was similar to that observed in ancient days by the Apostle Paul.

He gave as his reasons for this task the cleansing and purifying of the system, the preparatory step to a greater labor, to test their worthiness to enter God's kingdom; and lastly, if they would honestly and faithfully go through this fast, it would enable them to taste of that spirit that would hereafter, through obedience, bring them forth in the first resurrection.

As the greater part of his followers lived on the banks of Beech River, near the mouth of Haley's Creek, this place was selected for the purpose of fasting. These three days were spent in singing, and praying, and rejoicing in the Lord. Once a day they were allowed to bathe in the waters of Beech River.

Some were only able to fight the pangs of hunger one day, while others held out until the evening of the second day; but only twenty-one, out of the sixty odd who began the fast, were able to say on the evening of the third day, "I have truthfully kept the fast."

It may seem strange, although, nevertheless, a fact, that every one of those who kept not the fast turned to be his bitterest enemies.

It is not necessary for me to explain to him who has battled against popular sentiment that, although the acts of this little band were as pure as the falling drops of rain, many of the most glaring falsehoods were circulated about them.

In those who had followed him through these ordeals Mr. Edge seemed to have implicit confidence. Hence, he began teaching the more advanced principles of eternal life, such as building places of worship, erecting temples to the Most High, and to prepare for the grand millennium day of rest, when Christ will reign a thousand years on earth. In this connection he told his followers that this continent, the land of the free, the home of the brave and the asylum of the oppressed, is the place designated by Him who reigns on high for the building of that beautiful city, the New Jerusalem; aye, and more: that the day would come when these United States would be dotted with temples, one of which would be built in Henderson County, Tennessee.

Soon after their fast he called them together and pronounced upon each couple a ceremony of marriage, and gave them to understand that if another opportunity was not afforded them, this would hold throughout time and all eternity. He also gave them some few tokens that they might know when they entered a temple controlled by the servants of God.

At another time, when admonishing them, he quoted *Rev.*, ii, 17:

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a

new name is written, which no man knoweth save he that receiveth it."

The story, ere this, had been circulated that Mr. Edge was a "Mormon" preacher, in this county for the purpose of leading silly women astray. The name of a "Mormon" had a peculiar jingle in the ears of his followers, hence, they flew to their preacher, Edge, at once for the truthfulness of this story. He neither affirmed nor denied their queries; but regarding polygamy he said:

"If God shall give a man one wife she will be his; and if it so pleases Him to give the same man two, three, or even more, they also will be his."

Dear reader, to save wearying you, we will only relate one instance where Mr. Edge was miraculously delivered from the hands of a ruthless mob, among the many similar cases that occurred while he was in this county. The last time the pleasant countenance of Robert Edge was seen by his beloved followers he stayed at the residence of E. R. Reed; some seven miles north-east of Haley's Creek.

At supper he gave Mr. Reed and family to understand his intentions were to remain among them some three weeks longer in order to more thoroughly organize and instruct them in the gospel truths.

About eleven o'clock that night Mr. Reed was aroused from his slumbers by Robert Edge gathering up his small bundle, Bible and cane. Mr. Reed enquired what was wrong. Mr. Edge replied:

"There will be a mob here shortly, and I must depart."

At this Mr. Reed sprang from his bed, saddled his animals, and he and Mr. Edge mounted them and departed down through the woods in the direction of Alabama.

Although Mr. Reed was familiar with the roads for miles away, Mr. Edge led their course through the woodlands in the darkening hours of night.

Soon Mr. Edge dismounted from his horse and told Mr. Reed he had gone far enough. Then taking his bundle, Bible and cane, he bid Mr. Reed farewell.

We will return to Mrs. Reed, who was left with the little ones, anticipating a mob every moment.

About twelve o'clock there suddenly rushed around the house a gang of maddened brutes, called men, who demanded that he preacher, Edge. The lady kindly informed them that he was not there. They not being satisfied with her answer rushed into the house and searched it from the loft to the cellar. Not finding the object of their search they cursed and swore like so many demons. After about one hour and a half they departed, promising the lady they would get him yet.

This little band of Mr. Edge's followers, according to his instructions, met together often, talked to each other and sang praises to God. They frequently referred to the sayings of Mr. Edge, where he told them that if they remained faithful, and followed the dictations of the good Spirit, that other preachers would visit them and lead their footsteps to the main body of the Church.

(To be Continued.)

It is an imperative duty to maintain at all times an important truth; for even should we despair of seeing it immediately recognized, we may so exercise the minds of others as to lead them in time to a greater impartiality of judgment, and in the end to a perception of the true light.

Silvio Pallico.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

HOW THE WORK WAS DONE.

CHILDREN, and grown folks, too, are always made glad by the return of Spring. After being shut up during the long Winter months, they are filled with joy when the warm and pleasant days come. Then they can run about freely in the open air, and amuse themselves in many ways. But in Winter time it is often too cold or too damp for children to go out of doors.

One of the sports that children are fond of in the early Spring is to make a "bon-fire," as they call it, and then jump and frisk about it in high glee.

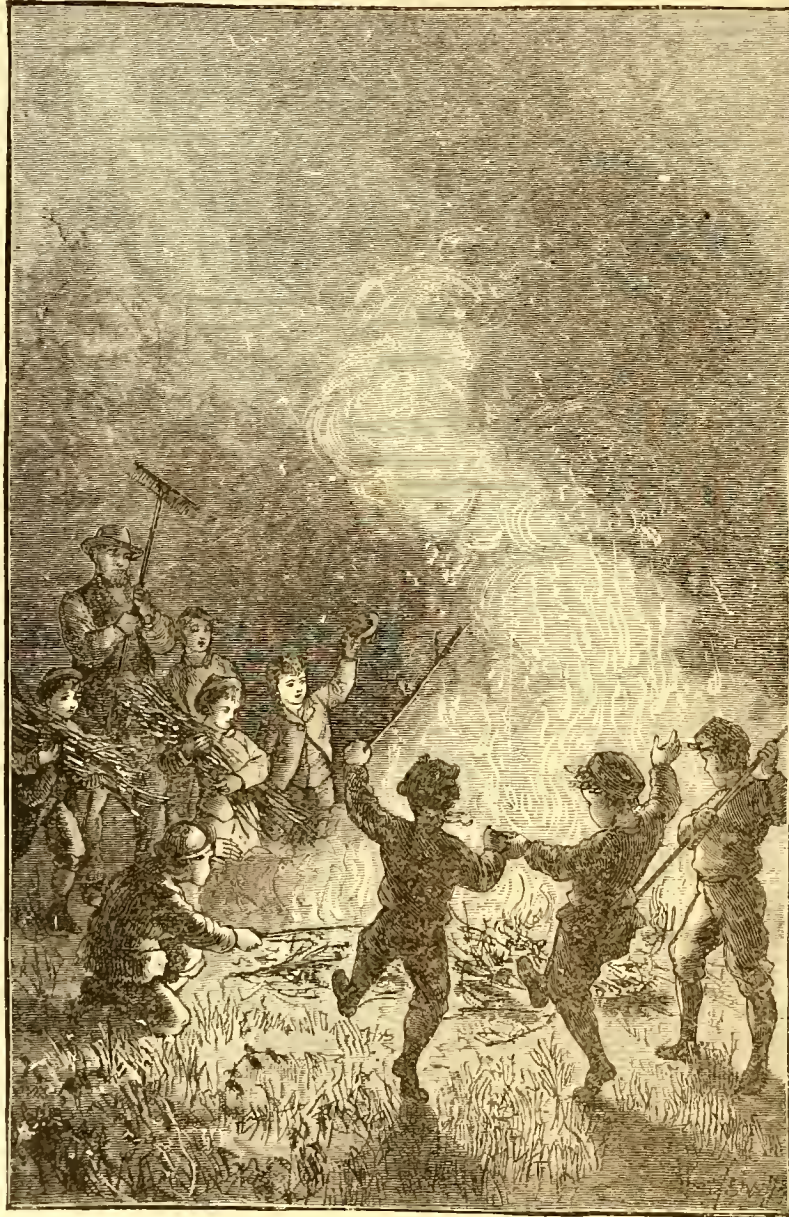
One fine day, just after the snow had all gone and the ground had become dry, Mr. Brown, who was owner of a fine garden and orchard, decided to commence work upon his land. He had several boys, and he thought they were getting large enough to help him in his work. So he called them together and told them what he wished them to do, and promised if they would help him clean out the garden, he would let them make a bon-fire in the evening with the sticks and leaves that

they gathered. This quite pleased the boys, and they went to work cheerfully. Soon other boys came and joined in the labor, with the hope of sharing their pleasure.

With all this help the garden could be cleaned entirely in one day. The work did not seem at all hard for the boys. They were looking forward to the fun in store for them when their task was done. So they forgot that they were working, and went on as cheerfully as though they were having fine sport.

When evening came the garden was cleaned of all rubbish, and all was ready for kindling the fire. When this was done the boys gathered around it and shouted and laughed and danced about most heartily. They were not only pleased with their bon-fire that blazed up so beautifully, but to be able to help their father gave them much pleasure. Their enjoyment that day was really doubled.

They learned from this day's experience that there was more pleasure in obeying their parents and performing the labors that are given them than they can gain in any other way. If they had refused to do what they were told, and had gone off to seek enjoyment they would have found none. The knowledge that they had disobeyed their parents would make them unhappy.



Children, always remember that to do what you are told will give you happiness, and that if you are disobedient you cannot enjoy yourself. Doing work will not make you miserable; but if you refuse to work and try to get along without it you can never be happy.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. Who assisted Joseph with the translation of the Book of Mormon after Martin Harris? 2. While translating, what particular doctrine attracted their attention? 3. What did they conclude to do in order to receive further knowledge upon the matter? 4. Who appeared unto them? 5. What did he tell them? 6. What did he do after he made this declaration? 7. What authority has the Aaronic Priesthood? 8. After they had been taught and directed concerning this ordinance, what did they do? 9. What was done after the baptism? 10. When did this occur?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 5.

1. Did Joseph go to the place shown him in the vision where the plates were buried? He did.

2. Where were they buried? In a hill close to the village of Manchester, Ontario County, New York. It was called Cumorah by the Nephites.

3. Describe the manner in which he found them. The plates were in a stone box, the top of which, being rounded, could be seen above the ground in the center. When Joseph had removed the earth from around the stone which covered the box, he raised it up with a lever and beheld the plates and Urim and Thummim and the Breastplate.

4. What did he do after beholding them? He stretched out his hand to take them out.

5. What did the angel say unto him? That four years must pass away before they could be obtained.

6. When did Joseph go there again, and how often? On the 22nd of September of the next year and on the same day of each year until the four years ended.

7. When were they delivered into his hands? On the morning of the 22nd of September, 1827.

8. Give a brief description of the plates. They were of gold and were covered with writing, engraved or cut upon them.

9. When were they buried? About four hundred and twenty years after the birth of Jesus.

The following named persons have sent answers to the questions on Church History published in No. 5: F. Pickering, S. Stark, H. H. Blood, E. Jones, H. Blood, Ovina Jorgensen, S. E. Cole, W. E. Cole, Janet L. Jenkins, J. W. Jenkins, J. R. Morgan, E. Morgan, F. W. Kirkham, R. Hurst, M. J. Richards, I. Fisher, A. L. Page, M. E. Croshaw, W. Davis, Jr., S. P. Oldham, J. Folkman, H. Tuttle, W. J. C. Mortimer, H. Muir, Elizabeth S. Zundell, H. T. Ward, G. M. Ward, A. Barrett, Sarah Barrett, E. Porter, R. A. Turner, W. L. Worzenoroff, M. E. West, Jannie Smith, Marinda Monson, Melicent Iverson, Rosie M. Sedgwick, G. Robertson, Jr., Nephi Otteson, Emily E. Brough, Alice Crane, Martha Terman, Etta M. Huish, D. M. Evans, Mary A. Crookston, G. E. Court, W. N. Draper, Leone Rogers, E. V. Bunderson, Lizzie Hatch, Sarah Farnes, Deneey Terry, Alice A. Keeler, W. D. Dixon, Jane Welch, C. Alfsen, L. R. Anderson, Maggie M. Merrill, Mary E. Chandler, Rosina Brown, G. C. Forsyth, Hannah Grover, Lucy D. Perry, Eleanor Harper, Eliza R. Moss, Louisa Steele.

The answer to the Hidden Advice in No. 5 is MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS. The following named persons have sent us correct solutions: Saml. Stark, Frank Pickering, Payson; Wm. Brewer, Hennefer; Olivia Johnson, Josephine Howard, Rose E. Page Bountiful; Mary E. Croshaw, Oxford; R. C. Butler, Marriott; Rose A. Martin, Scipio.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

BY WM. BREWER.

1. A vowel; 2. A useful fluid; 3. A country; 4. A relation; 5. a vowel. My whole is a peninsula.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a man who spoils his children like another who builds castles in the air? Because he indulges in fancy too much.

What is that which goes when a wagon goes, stops when a wagon stops, is of no use to the wagon, and that which the wagon cannot go without? Noise.

ETIQUETTE AND HABITS

THAT WILL TEND TO MENTAL AND MORAL IMPROVEMENT.

THIS subject, upon its first reading, appears to be somewhat ambiguous, uncertain; but a moment's reflection reveals the fact that whatever ambiguity or uncertainty there may be lies in the use of two almost synonymous nouns, "etiquette" and "habit," to express one idea. With this comprehension, therefore, the subject to be discussed will simply be: "Habits that will Tend to Mental and Moral Improvement."

It may not be out of place, however, to say a word or two in reference to the meaning of "etiquette." It is almost unnecessary to state that it is a French word, and means in that language a ticket—originally, a little piece of paper, or a mark or title, affixed to a bag or bundle, expressing its contents. Primarily, however, it means an account of ceremonies; hence, in present usage, forms of ceremony and decorum; the forms which are observed toward particular persons or in particular places, especially in courts, levees and on public occasions. From the original sense of the word it may be inferred that it was formerly the custom to deliver cards containing orders for regulating ceremonies on public occasions. So says one of the best lexicographers extant. The generally-accepted definition of the word, therefore, may be said to be manners, breeding, politeness, good behavior, gentility, decorum, custom, demeanor, etc., which, as I have said, is synonymous with the word "habit."

The formation of habits that will tend to mental and moral improvement is of the highest importance to every human being. The formation of habits, in fact, lays the foundation in the great structure of character. The truth of this assertion is self-evident. A little reflection will make it abundantly so.

Habits may be fitly termed the index of a person's mind. If a man's habits, on the one hand, are bad, and of such a nature as to inflict evil not only upon himself, but upon other people, such habits will necessarily affect the mind to such an extent that mental and moral improvement will be almost an impossibility. On the other hand, if one's habits are unexceptional and of a nature to impart good to all who see them put in practice, such habits will naturally have a beneficial effect, not only upon the mind, but upon the body.

With this ground-work in view, then, it is abundantly evident that everything that can be done ought to be done to prevent the formation of bad habits. Pernicious practices are easily acquired, but not so easily discarded. Especially is this the case with some habits that are formed by the youth of both sexes; habits that, wherever and whenever mentioned, cause a blush of shame to crimson the cheek; habits that ruin the constitution, besmear the mind and sow the seeds of death and disease at an early age. Such baneful practices, so ruinous to mind and body, should be utterly shunned; for while they are followed no mental and moral improvement can be permanently made. It is true many young people fall into bad habits through ignorance. Utterly forgetful of the consequences, they continue to practice these bad habits until they become perfect slaves to them. When warned of the danger in which they are engulfing themselves they find it almost impossible to overcome the pernicious practices which they have formed, and their life, in consequence, is more or less a blight and a failure.

In this connection, and as one of the grandest stepping-stones to the formation of habits that will tend to the develop-

ment of mental and moral faculties, is the persistent control of the passions. These may be said to consist, in part, of anger, love, excitement, desire and emotion. A person who is continually giving way to fits of temper will always suffer, more or less, mentally and morally. Occasionally, so long as this passion is not under proper control, he will be led into saying something that will deeply wound the feelings of his immediate friends and associates, and, as a consequence, when his better judgment is restored he sees how foolish he has been and mental and moral suffering is the result. On the other hand, if a person will carefully study his own disposition he will be apt to steer clear of fits of temper; his mind will be more receptive; his finer feelings will be drawn out; his physical and mental faculties will be in a more healthy condition for work of any kind. Self-control, therefore, in all things, forms a very important factor in the cultivation of good habits—habits that will tend to elevate man and woman in the scale of intelligence, and in the estimation of all right-thinking, sensible people.

Many people of average natural ability are only capable of rising to very mediocre mentality, because of an utter lack of continuity—that is, a lack of the habit of continuous study until certain knowledge is acquired, or a certain object attained. Some individuals are highly impulsive. They eagerly embrace new plans and projects and start out with the full intent of mastering their details. In a short time, however, this impulsiveness wears off; the study or project is laid to one side and something else is taken in hand—to be treated in the same manner. This is a habit, nay, a shiftlessness, that ought to be avoided and that of continuity persistently cultivated. Anything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well; hence, knowledge that is worth acquiring is worth striving for assiduously until it is attained.

The best method of study—the one in which most progress will be made—is that in which there is order. Without a proper system of reading, for instance, a vast amount of time may be spent to little purpose. Some people read a great deal, but they retain very little of the matter they read. Others, again, fall into a habit of slovenly reading; that is, they will take up a newspaper and "glance over" an article; but when asked what the article contains they can give no clear, definite idea of its argument; they simply can tell you that they "glanced" at an article on a certain subject. Now, such a slovenly practice as that is positively hurtful both to mind and body. In fact, the mind of the person who persists in such a habit must, in the very nature of things, become confused; the knowledge attained must be very superficial, and the body will become physically wearied to no purpose. In a word, slovenly reading is ruinous, mentally and morally, and should be overcome by all means.

It is not the amount of matter a person reads that makes him intelligent. A man may read a great deal and yet miss the real object of reading. It should therefore rather be the student's aim to read a small amount and systematically reflect upon what has been read, with a view to thoroughly imprinting on the mind the arguments which have been read. Care should be taken not to read more at one time than can be easily digested. Of course this line of reasoning might not apply in the reading of novels, of which a large number may be read and the mind, when bent in that direction, be all the time entertained. But it will apply when a specific study is being followed up. In that case the mind ought not to be overtaxed; it ought not to be asked to eat more than it can digest.

All mental improvement must, in the very nature of things,

have a bearing on the manners or conduct of men and women as social beings, in relation to each other, and with reference to right and wrong. To talk of moral improvement means improvement in moral character, moral views, moral knowledge, moral sentiments, moral virtues, etc. If a person's moral conduct is bad; if his moral habits are loose and unbecoming, the only way to correct them is to cultivate intellectual pursuits, to purify the mind in every possible channel; and this can only be done by a determined effort on the part of the individual and by the assistance of Almighty God. Such a trial as illness, for instance, should be avoided. The mind as well as the body should always be employed. The non-exertion either of body or mind invariably results in moral depravity. Hence the necessity of exerting both the body and the mind in some shape or form, so as to avoid a long train of evils which will undoubtedly follow an idle life.

The lack of morality in the world would be a fitful subject of comment in the present discussion. But the limit of space at present disposal will not permit of enlargement upon that question.

Suffice it to say, however, that all who desire to be mentally and morally pure must cultivate habits of chastity, virtue and integrity, love, forbearance and charity; and, above all things, obtain a knowledge of the object of life and of God, whom to know is life eternal.

“SUB-ROSA.”

A STRANGE VISITOR.

A PECULIAR incident is related by Brother Mesach S. Williams, of Samaria, as having occurred while he was living in Willard City, in the Spring of 1856.

It was at the time of scarcity, when bread-stuff was hard to obtain. We give it to our readers, in substance, as it was presented to us by Brother Williams.

On one particular day of that year, Brother Williams' family had barely enough bread for dinner. He had just then concluded to go out (as many others did at that time) to hunt *segos*, and requested his wife to give him a sack to put them in. His wife, somewhat overcome by the gloomy prospect before them, was in tears. Brother Williams encouraged her as much as possible and was about to start out upon his errand when a knock was heard at the door. He opened it and an old gentleman presented himself. His hair and beard were as white as snow, and he appeared to be very old, but, nevertheless, fresh and active. His dress was ragged in the extreme, but scrupulously clean. He had on a very nice white shirt and his coat resembled what was conjectured by Brother Williams to have once been a white blanket.

Upon invitation he came in and sat down near Brother Williams, at the same time remarking that times were very bad. He said:

“Brother, there is enough bread-stuff in the Territory to supply this people for three years, if properly distributed, but it is in the hands of the rich and they, it seems, will not impart of their substance unto the poor. Notwithstanding all this, however, it is the work of the living God.

He then asked if they had any bread in the house. Brother Williams told him they had just about enough for dinner, but that he was welcome to a portion of it. He was given an equal share of the bread, which he put in his bosom, between his shirt and garments, with the remark:

“You will live to see a great many changes occur among this people; but always bear in mind that this is the work of the Lord.”

He asked Sister Williams if she had a needle and thread she could lend him a few minutes. His request was complied with and he commenced sewing something on the sleeve of his coat. Although crediting himself with the possession of keen sight, Brother Williams says he failed to discover what it was that the old gentleman was sewing to his sleeve.

At this juncture it may be said that the only thread they were in possession of at that time was what they themselves had made from flax, which we may imagine was not very fine.

After having used it for some time, he returned the needle and walked towards the door. Stopping in the doorway, he raised his right hand and said:

“I tell you, in the name of Israel's God, you will never see the want of bread; no, never!”

He walked out and closed the door. Brother Williams followed as soon as possible, but, to his surprise, on getting outside the old gentleman was not in sight. He had disappeared in the course of two or three seconds and could not now be seen anywhere. This seemed to confirm a belief that Sister Williams had entertained while the old gentleman was in the house, that he was not a mortal being.

Brother Williams proceeded to carry out his intentions in regard to obtaining some *segos* to eat, when the first person whom he met was Bishop Charles Hubbard, who enquired as to whether or not Brother Williams had any bread-stuff. He told him they had scarcely any in the house. The Bishop said:

“I was thinking of you a few moments ago, wondering if you had anything to eat. I have thirty pounds of flour in a sack for you; go and get it, and when that is finished come and get some more.”

Brother Williams took the flour with a thankful heart and proceeded towards his home. When passing the house of a Brother Harding, that gentleman called out to him and said he had a bushel of wheat in the house which had been left there for him. Brother Williams was elated with his success and pursued his way joyfully, when he was met by Bishop George Ward, who told him he had been thinking of his circumstances, and that he had four bushels of wheat for him, which he could pay for in labor. This Brother Williams was very thankful to do.

On his reaching home, Sister Williams was still in tears. She could scarcely believe him when he told her he had thirty pounds of flour, and she was not thoroughly satisfied until he had opened the sack and showed it to her. She said that this was really a fulfillment of the words of the old gentleman who had so lately visited them. And further, Brother Williams says he has never since been without plenty of bread.

In a subsequent conversation with Patriarch John Young upon this matter, Brother Williams says he was told by him that the old gentleman spoken of was one of the three Nephites that were to tarry upon the earth. Brother Williams also states this to be his firm belief. At all events it was a peculiar circumstance, and the incidents connected with it seem to bear the marks of a Power that is infinitely greater than that of man.

Whenever strangers appear at our doors requesting food, we should extend our hospitality to them, for, although they may not be persons of the same description as the subject of this sketch, we know not what pain and suffering we in our acts of kindness, may relieve, or what sorrow and remorse would result in a refusal on our part to grant them food or shelter, which they may sorely need.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 1, 1886.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

ONE of the most remarkable instances of obedience by children to the command of their ancestor is recorded in the thirty-fifth chapter of the Prophet Jeremiah. It seems that a man by the name of Jonadab, the son of Rechab, commanded his children as follows: "Ye shall drink no wine, neither ye, nor your sons forever: Neither shall ye build house, nor sow seed, nor plant vineyard, nor have any; but all your days ye shall dwell in tents; that ye may live many days in the land where ye be strangers."

Jeremiah was commanded of the Lord to gather together the descendants of Jonadab, and take them into the house of the Lord, and set before them vessels filled with wine for them to drink. Jeremiah did so and invited them to drink; but they refused and urged as a reason for their refusal that they had obeyed the voice of Jonadab, the son of Rechab, in all that he had charged them: to drink no wine all their days, they, their wives, their sons and their daughters; and they had built no houses to dwell in and had no vineyards, nor fields nor seeds; but they dwelt in tents and had obeyed all that their ancestor had commanded them.

The Lord was so pleased with the obedience of this family to the command of their father, that He held them up as an example to the men of Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and contrasted their obedience to the command of their father with the disobedience of which the people of Jerusalem had been guilty in refusing to listen to His words which He, the Lord had commanded them. The obedience of this family to the command of their father was so acceptable to the Lord that he made this promise, through the prophet Jeremiah, unto them:

"Jonadab, the son of Rechab, shall not want a man to stand before me forever."

This was a most precious promise and one that will doubtless be literally fulfilled. We expect, as long as the earth endureth and men live upon it, there will be descendants of Jonadab found among them.

A more striking illustration of the value which the Lord attaches to obedience can scarcely be found. He has nothing to say through the prophet concerning the rightfulness of the command which this man gave to his children; but it is their obedience to the command for which they are praised. It would be a mistake to suppose that the Lord did not want any of His people to build houses, sow seed, to plant vineyards or to dwell in anything but tents; for they were at liberty to do all these things and no sin attached to them for doing them. The question as to whether people should live in tents or in houses, or should own fields and sow seeds and raise crops was not involved in the commendation which the Lord bestowed upon this family. It was their strict obedience to the command of their father and their unwillingness to disobey him that called forth the blessing of the Lord upon them. Of

course, if their father had commanded them to do improper things, to practice sin or to commit wrong in any form, the Lord would not have blessed them in so doing; but the counsel which their father gave unto them did not require them to violate any law of God; it merely directed them to pursue a certain course of life that would be likely to preserve them from many evils with which they were surrounded.

The Lord has shown in all His dealings with the children of men that He places a high value upon obedience. We frequently hear it stated that "order is heaven's first law." This is a quotation from the English poet, Pope; but the statement is a mistake. Obedience must precede order; and order is the result of obedience. Careful reflection leaves no doubt that obedience is heaven's first law. The most striking example that we have of obedience is in the life of the Lord Jesus. He was one with the Father; He created all things, and yet if we read His history we will find how reverently He obeyed His Father and with what humility He constantly sought to do His will.

Obedience is a great lesson that children should learn. Every child should obey with the greatest respect the commands of his parents. A child should listen with humility to its parents' teachings, and should constantly honor its parents. In like manner, as they grow to manhood and womanhood, they should listen to and honor the counsel of the Priesthood. Our Father in heaven has bestowed His Priesthood upon men, and if we would honor Him we must honor the authority which He has bestowed, namely, the Priesthood. But it is this obedience to the Priesthood which makes Satan and his followers angry. They hate the Priesthood and they would like to destroy it. They hate the people who obey it and would like to destroy them. Their constant aim is to array the people against the Priesthood, to have them disobey it. It would give Satan the greatest pleasure if the Latter-day Saints would rebel against this authority and refuse to listen to its teachings. He knows that if mankind will listen to the Priesthood his rule is gone and his power over man ceases. For this reason he puts it into the hearts of men to make war against the Priesthood, and his constant effort with the Latter-day Saints is to have them disobey it. He and his followers try to make people believe that it is unmanly to be taught by the Priesthood or to obey its counsels; they say it is not true independence. At the same time they will exert their influence to have men listen to their teachings and counsels. It is all right, in their view, to do wrong, and it is all wrong to do right; it is quite proper to listen to and obey Satan and his followers; that is very independent; but it is very improper to listen to God and to obey the counsel of His servants; to do that, according to the reasonings of the wicked, is very unmanly and not true independence.

Now, we desire to say to the JUVENILES that such reasoning is nonsense and the greatest folly. Disobedience and rebellion are not signs of independence; and submission and obedience to the will of God are not unmanly. The blessings of God rest upon the obedient. His Spirit is given to them. They exercise their agency as much in doing right as in doing wrong. They are just as independent in following the path which God points out as in taking the downward road to which Satan invites them. The child who obeys his parents is a better child than the child who disobeys his parents, and is sure to be more blessed; because to such children God has made promises. It is our duty to bring our wills into subjection to the will of those who are set over us, whether as parents or as men bearing the Priesthood. There is no more

sacrifice of dignity, or of self-respect, or of true manhood in listening to the counsel of God's servants than there is in yielding to the persuasions of the devil and his agents. The Latter-day Saints are as independent and have as much self-respect and nobility of character in listening to the counsel of those whom God has placed to teach them as they would in listening to the wicked men who would teach them disobedience to all that is good, and who would like them to follow their examples and persuasions in doing all that is evil.

SANDWICH ISLAND WOMEN.

NOW, I want all my little friends who care to hear about these women whose pictures you are now looking at, to listen to me a little while.

You have all, no doubt, heard about the Sandwich Islands. Away to the west of Utah, beyond the United States, rolls the



Pacific Ocean. Away about two thousand miles south-west from San Francisco (the port from which ships sail from the United States), lies a small group of islands, the largest of which is eighty miles long and seventy wide. These islands lie in the tropics and possess a most delightful climate. The inhabitants, or natives, are dark, quite as dark as Indians. But they are somewhat different in character and habits to the Indians. I must tell you, too, that these Sandwich Islanders, or Hawaiians, are descendants of Laman, or at least, some of the tribes of the ancient Nephites or Lamanites.

There was a mission established here by our Church about thirty years ago. The headquarters of this mission is at Laie, on the Island of Oahu (Honolulu is built upon the same island), where there is a sugar plantation of about five or six thousand acres; most of the land, however, is grazing and forest land, or wooded gulches. And here there are about two or three hundred native Saints gathered, presided over at present by President E. Farr, of Ogden. There are also many white people here on these islands; but, of course, they are Gentiles.

And now to commence with our picture.

I want you to notice first the dress of these women. You will see it is in shape like the Mother Hubbard wrappers now so common at home. The dress, with its yoke, and loose, flowing drapery, looks exactly suited to the women here. But of late years the natives have modified their costume somewhat, and are very eager to copy the fashions and vanities of their white sisters.

They are extremely fond of bright colors and brilliant-hued flowers. The women will spend hours making a *le* (pronounced lay), or wreath of tiny yellow or red flowers, stringing them, as one would beads, upon a string of grass or strips of cane withes. I have seen magnificent *les* of red geraniums and small roses, with fragrant rose geranium leaves surrounding the pink roses. They wear these upon their necks, and the men often wear them around their hats.

You see two of the women have wreaths of flowers on their heads. The head-dress of the other woman I am unacquainted with.

You will now notice the large bowl, or as it is called here,

calabash, which stands on the ground in the center of the picture. These calabashes are made generally of wood; and sometimes of very rare and highly-polished wood.

This dish contains their national food—*poi*. Some time I will tell you more about *poi* and its manufacture.

The food is eaten with the fingers, as you see in the picture. Beef, pork and fish are eaten with this *poi*, or sometimes it is eaten only with salt.

These dark-skinned women are possessed of many good and admirable qualities. They are kind, very hospitable, courteous, obliging, affectionate and cheerful. But through the bad examples of wicked white men, who came to these islands many years ago, and through, perhaps, their own peculiar natures, they are very unvirtuous, and are weak and vacillating in their characters.

And now, dear ones, when you pray for the Lamanites, don't forget to pray for these poor, weak, benighted Hawaiians, who are seeking in their poor, humble way to serve God and keep His commandments. Pray as did one little child down here, that God would send white spirits to dwell with them instead of black ones, which tempt them to sin. HOMESPUN.

AN INTERESTING JOURNAL.

BY WILLIAM CLAYTON.

(Continued from page 86).

AFTER the work ceased upon the walls of the temple, in the Fall of 1842, the rock-cutters continued their labor with the intention of having a goodly number of the stones ready for the Spring.

Some time in the month of November a feeling against the committee arose among the stone-cutters, who finally presented a charge to the First Presidency against Elders Cahoon and Higbee for oppressive and unchristian conduct, and against the committee for an unequal distribution of provisions, iron, steel, tools, etc.; also alleging that favors were shown by the committee to the sons of its members.

The trial began about 11 o'clock in the day and continued until 9 at night. Henry G. Sherwood made a plea on the side of Justice and the Patriarch Hyrum on the side of Mercy. The decision was given by the President. He decided that the members of the committee should retain their standing and gave much good instruction to all parties, correcting the errors of each in kindness. The decision was marked by judgment and wisdom and cannot fail to produce a good effect.

On Sunday, May 21, 1843, President Joseph preached in the temple from the first chapter of Peter's second epistle. In the afternoon of that day the ordinance of partaking of bread and water, as the sacrament, was administered to the Saints for the first time in this temple.

The work on the building was delayed considerably this Spring, on account of the necessity for fixing runways for the crane.

Brother Payer had been sick during the entire Winter, and he continued in a very feeble state until the time when he commenced again to lay the stone on the walls, which was on the 21st day of April, 1843.

From this time the work progressed steadily but slowly. There was no other hindrance until the next Winter set in, which was rather early, and at which time the walls were up as high as the arches of the first tier of windows all around. In this state the building was left through the Winter and until the Spring of 1844.

Early in the morning on the 8th day of June, 1843, Elder Elias Higbee, one of the temple committee, died after an illness of only five days. His death was unexpected and deeply lamented by all his brethren. He had proved himself a worthy man, and was much respected by all who knew him.

After this event several applications were made by men to be appointed to fill the vacant place of Elder Higbee. Elder Jared Carter was very anxious to have the appointment and, for some cause or other, claimed it as his right. But the Spirit whispered that it would not be wisdom to appoint him. After some delay and consultation on the subject, the Patriarch Hyrum Smith was appointed by the Trustee-in-Trust, with the consent of the other committee; and on the morning of the 23rd day of October, 1843, he entered upon the duties of his office, amidst the greetings and good feelings of the workers universally.

On the 6th day of October, 1843, the special conference was held in the temple. This was the first time a conference was held in the building.

At this conference charges were again preferred against the temple committee, and a public investigation was entered into;

and it was again voted that the members of the committee should be retained in their standing.

On this occasion the President proposed to the people to place under bonds all agents who were sent out to collect funds for the temple and Nauvoo House. He showed that some of the Elders, when they were away, received contributions to the temple; but as they sometimes devoted a portion of the money in other channels, they did not make proper returns at Nauvoo and the accounts did not, therefore, accurately balance.

He stated that the Twelve Apostles were now about to go East to raise means for the temple and also for the Nauvoo House. He suggested that they give bonds to the amount of two thousand dollars each; and that this rule be enforced upon all the Elders from this time forward. An action was taken by the Conference and it was decided by unanimous vote to carry this proposition into effect. The Twelve gave bonds in the required amount previous to their going East, which bonds were filed in the office of the Trustee-in-Trust.

Thus the Twelve were the first agents who were ever placed under bonds, when sent to collect funds for the Church. The wisdom of this order was soon manifest; for, although it was well understood and universally believed that the Twelve would invariably make correct returns, there were others who might not be so careful or scrupulous. And, inasmuch as members of this first quorum were required to give bonds, no other man could justly complain if he were brought under the same rule.

At this conference the Saints again voted to renew their exertions and double their diligence in order that the temple might be speedily finished.

During this conference, also, Elder Sidney Rigdon was tried for his fellowship, charged with a long course of conduct which rendered him unworthy of a place in the Church. President Joseph told the Saints that he had carried Elder Rigdon long enough and that he should do so no more. But, notwithstanding this, the Patriarch Hyrum pleaded for mercy in Sidney's behalf; and the conference voted to sustain Elder Rigdon in his position as counsellor to the First Presidency.

Some time in the Winter or Spring of the year 1844, the Patriarch Hyrum made a proclamation to the women of the Church, asking them to subscribe in money one cent each per week, for the purpose of buying the glass and nails for the temple. He represented to them that by this means he would be able to meet all the requirements in this regard. He also gave a promise that all the sisters who would comply with this call should have the first privilege of seats in the temple when it was finished.

He opened a record of these contributions, which he kept, with the aid of Sister Mercy R. Thompson, until his death.

Afterwards Brother Cutler was appointed to receive these offerings, assisted by Sister Thompson. There was soon a great anxiety manifest among the sisters to pay their portion and nearly all paid a year's subscription in advance. Since that time many have given the donation for the second year; and there has been already realized nearly two thousand dollars which will do much towards accomplishing the desired object. These contributions yet continue to come in each day.

Early in the Spring of 1844, the committee commenced the construction of a second crane in order to expedite the work, the labor having all been performed with but one crane up to this time. During the month of March the new crane was

rigged and immediately after the April conference Brother Player again began work on the walls. It was on the 11th of the month when he resumed this labor.

Soon after this time there was a considerable excitement raised in this county especially, and also in the counties adjoining, by apostates who threatened destruction and extermination to the whole Church. Among these apostates were:

William Law, Wilson Law, Robert D. Foster, Francis M. Higbee, Chauncy L. Higbee.

These men conspired with others who had been citizens of Nauvoo to bring on a mob.

The names of the principal persons in this business were:

Joseph H. Jackson, Austin Cowles (an apostate), John M. Finch, William H. Rolloson, William H. L. Marr, Silvester Emmons, Alexander Simpson, S. M. Marr, John Egle, Henry O. Norton, Augustine Spencer, Charles Ivens, P. T. Rolfe, William L. Higbee, James Blakeslee.

(To be Continued.)

FIVE YEARS IN THE POORHOUSE.

BY YAGGE CRECHEY.

I WAS born in the year 1831. My parents were very poor. My father died before I was born and my mother, when I was three weeks old, had to work for a living as best she could. I was put in charge of other persons to raise and was supported by the officers of the parish.

When I was seven years old, the parish officers refused to pay the widow woman with whom I lived any longer for keeping me; and she, being too poor to keep me herself, was, of necessity, compelled to send me to the poorhouse.

So, one bright morning in the Spring of 1838, I, in company with little Billy Rowe, and both of us in charge of his grandmother, left the quiet little village of Penalley and started for our destination which was ten miles away. As we bade our friends good-by, several of them gave us a "copper." The sum realized in this way amounted to sixpence each. As we proceeded on our way we danced and skipped about the old lady as joyfully as if we were going to see a circus.

When we reached the town of Pembroke, in which the poorhouse was situated, we bought a two-penny knife each; and then, with the other odd pennies in our pockets, we were conducted to the poorhouse.

Not until the old lady had left us, and the gates were locked, did we realize our position as prisoners shut up within those gloomy walls. When we fully comprehended our situation we were brought to tears: our great joy was suddenly turned to the deepest sadness. Like the bird newly caged we pined many days for our freedom; but by-and-by these feelings wore off and we got partially reconciled to our fate. The house was governed by the strictest discipline, and we had to learn the rules and conduct ourselves according to them. This task, however, never bothered me very much. I soon learned the rules and lived pretty well up to them, with an occasional straying, for which I had to meet the penalty. One punishment for breaking rules was after this manner: for the first offense, six strokes upon the hand with a little cane that would leave a mark which would remain for some time; for the second offense twelve strokes were given, and so on. When one persisted in

breaking the rules he was placed in what was called the "black hole," a room without light and with very little ventilation. If consigned to this place for any length of time, a person would be fed on bread and water. If this punishment would not work a reform in the individual, he was sent to prison. The food, or rather the lack of it, was what I felt to complain of the most. After eating what was placed before me at meal time I would feel the pangs of hunger, as I was never given enough to satisfy the cravings of nature. At first this feeling to me was terrible to endure. But after awhile I became accustomed to the short rations.

There was a small boy there by the name of Billy Winter, and as he was younger than me, he was given a place at the table by me. It was the custom to put a small boy in charge of a larger one, that the latter might look after him. Billy would eat his food so fast that before I had eaten half of mine his was gone, and then he would sit and cry for more. Many times I gave him half of mine. I felt bad for him, knowing by experience how he suffered. But I had to school him to eat slower, and when he got a crust, to make it hold out as long as possible. I never regretted what I did for him, for no brothers were ever faster friends than he and I were afterwards.

Some time after entering the poorhouse, I was taken very sick; so also was Billy Rowe. So severely were we attacked that both of us were reduced to skeletons. And if I looked as bad as Billy looked to me, death certainly had a claim upon us both. It seems to me that we suffered for nearly a year. Billy's grandmother used to often come and see him, to comfort him and bring him some little trinkets to please his little mind. But in all the time I was there no one came to see me. It was perhaps as well for me, however, for I recovered eventually. Since then I have seen that the hand of the Lord was over me continually, though I was without one earthly friend. Poor Billy, at last, after a long spell of sickness, died.

On Christmas, in the poorhouse, as well as any other place, we used to look for something extra for dinner. But, mind you, Santa Claus, during the five years I was there, never visited the poorhouse; and I have learned since that he never does visit poorhouses. Previous to one particular Christmas, the governor promised us if we would be kind to the pig he had there, and gather stuff out of the garden and help feed it the best we could, he would let us have it for Christmas dinner. I, with the rest, did my best to take care of it and fatten it up; and we all looked anxiously ahead for the dinner. At last it came, but when the animal was divided up, the hard end of the pig's nose, which was nearly as tough as the heel of a shoe, fell to my lot. If ever there was a disappointed boy I was one. The tears ran down my cheeks very freely and I could have cried out, but it was not allowable to make a disturbance of any kind at the table; and to keep my feelings suppressed until I got to the yard was a severe struggle. But I managed to withhold the expression of my misery till I reached the door, when I gave vent to my disappointed feelings in a child's most emphatic manner by bawling out without restraint. It is an ill wind that blows no one any good. The next day all the inmates were sick but me. Not being used to any meat, except a little beef twice a week, and the pork being so rich, their stomachs were not prepared for such a feast. But there was nothing rich about my portion and I escaped. So, after all, I felt very satisfied with the treatment I received.

(To be Continued.)

AFTER EXILE.

BY VASSILI.

CHAPTER III.

(Continued from page 87.)

THE young lieutenant had not realized the full extent of his temerity up to this moment. But when the radiant princess stood before him and looked at him from wondering eyes, he almost wished that he could sink forever out of sight.

Something of his troubled mind must have been betrayed in his face; and Olga felt a renewal of her admiring pity for the courageous soldier.

Before a word was spoken, by a wave of her hand she dismissed the attendant and motioned Vladimir to a seat.

When they were alone he began to stammer forth an apology for his disguise and the ruse by which he had gained the interview. By this time the great beauty had regained her self-possession, and she greatly relieved her visitor when she interrupted him with these words:

"Sir, if necessary business brought you here no explanation of your subterfuge is required. I have already heard the news of your banishment to foreign lands. I know the dread alternative—it is Siberia. Therefore, you could not be seen in the streets of St. Petersburg in your proper person, nor could you announce yourself at the war minister's house by name and title."

This speech, accompanied by a kindly glance, did much to restore Vladimir to his wonted equanimity. The princess seated herself, with the utmost apparent composure, in one of the very uncomfortable gilded chairs of the library; and then she waited with outward calmness, but an inward tremor, for the lieutenant to announce the object of his strangely-unconventional visit.

Once relieved of his embarrassment, Pojarsky's natural impetuosity carried him onward. He poured forth a torrent of words. His high breeding and his perfect respect for Olga restrained him, to a great extent, within the formalities of court society; so he spoke no love. But he told his story modestly and yet with rapid emphasis; he detailed some of his dangerous political views, rehearsed his doubts and fears; and, before he had concluded, found means to delicately express the fact that it was for the princess alone that he had taken the risk of remaining near the Russian court.

Olga Ivanovitch listened with most gracious patience to the ardent narrative. She might, indeed, have cut it much shorter, and, at the same time, have transported the soldier with delight by confessing the truth—that she had been so deeply interested in the "Lieutenant Duke Vladimir Pojarsky" that she had consumed several hours of that day in gathering information concerning his family and personal history and his university and army life.

Her purpose in this respect had been greatly facilitated by her father, who had begun to roundly scold her for having been found in the company of a man under the czar's disfavor, and who had ended by giving her all of the particulars possessed by him relating to the Pojarskys. From the "Blue Books" she had gained other facts; and she had obtained all the current gossip on the subject from one of the court butterflies who had that day visited her.

Despite Olga's intimate though newly-acquired knowledge of Vladimir's affairs, she was not averse to hear the dramatic

recital from his own lips. She only interrupted, or rather encouraged, him by some brief, sympathetic question, or by a half-smothered sigh.

When he had concluded, the princess said to him very gravely:

"Lieutenant Pojarsky, you stand in such great danger that I have not the heart to be offended or reproachful because of your visit here at this hour in disguise. You ask me to pardon your uninvited presence. I promise you to entertain towards you a feeling of the most sincere friendship—on this condition: that you will leave St. Petersburg before daylight, and never pause for an hour until you are beyond Russian rule."

If Vladimir had felt overjoyed at the opening of this speech, and especially at the promise of friendship, he was correspondingly depressed at its close and the harsh condition which the princess imposed. He asked:

"Will you not allow me to see you once more before my departure? I can remain at my villa for another week in perfect safety. The minister of police is so much accustomed to absolute, unquestioning obedience that he will never dream that I am still in the city. You may set your own date for the visit; you may place your own limit upon its duration. And then, after I have been permitted to see you and hear your voice once more, if you shall still insist upon my banishment I will show to you the obedience which I have failed to render to my czar."

"No, no!" quickly responded Olga; "you fairly frighten me, you are so desperately reckless. You must not be near this city when to-morrow's sun shall shine. If you are found, it will be death or exile. Go; go at once. Oh, forgive my rudeness; but I fear my father will come! At any cost the knowledge of your visit must be kept from him."

In her nervousness, Olga stretched her hands appealingly to Vladimir. Thus spared the task of giving a direct answer to the condition offered by the princess, he bowed low at her last words. Then he seized her outstretched hands and kissed them with infinite tender respect.

Olga offered no resistance. She stood there very pale and only murmuring:

"Go, I pray you, before my father comes!"

Vladimir turned from her and walked slowly to the library door, which led into the count's outer office. There he stood for a moment to button his heavy fur coat over his courier's uniform, and to wave one final adieu to the waiting princess.

At that moment they both caught the jingle of sleigh-bells at the side entrance of the mansion. The princess trembled violently and cried:

"Too late! And yet you may be able to fly by the other door. Come this way at once."

Vladimir grasped the situation at a glance. To accept the assistance of Olga in an escape might compromise her. He would stay and face the count.

He hurried across the library floor, gently grasped the princess by the arm, and said in a masterful voice:

"You must leave this room instantly. If you can command the fidelity of the servant who admitted me, instruct him that he must not mention this interview. I will be able to explain my presence to your father."

With these words he led Olga to the door by which she had entered and saw her safely from the room. The princess, instead of going to her own apartments, sank into a chair behind the silken hangings; not to listen—though every word of an ordinary conversation would be audible to her—but

because of physical weakness and a momentary indecision of mind.

Just at the instant when Olga vanished, the outer door swung open and Vladimir heard the count's voice, saying:

"We will go at once into the library."

The young soldier had but time to seat himself near the center of the apartment, when Ivanovitch entered, accompanied by the minister of police. For a moment Pojarsky's heart seemed to lose its action; and then his indomitable courage rose to the occasion.

He had only expected to meet the count. What he should say in explanation of his presence, he had not determined, for he had been entirely engrossed in his effort to protect Olga from annoyance. But now the appearance of the minister of police, which was at first disconcerting, gave him an idea—almost desperate in its nature, but coinciding so closely with his known character that it restored him to calmness and made him almost gay in his manner.

After leaving his chair and nodding carelessly to the minister of police, Vladimir bowed low to Ivanovitch, and said:

"Count, I beg you to pardon my intrusion; but I am a soldier and in disgrace with my czar. You, too, have been a soldier and are now the dictator of the army. I am here to ask you to obtain for me an interview with his imperial majesty. I may perhaps be able to extricate myself from my present trouble and to win back the smiles of our gracious master."

Both the ministers were utterly aghast at these words. The minister of police was the first to recover himself and he burst out:

"Count, let me deal with this foolhardy boy. His case properly comes in my department!"

Then to Vladimir he said, very harshly:

"Lieutenant, it would be death for you to enter the czar's presence. You shall not see him. If you are so sick of this world that you desire to die or go into exile, you need not annoy your imperial master in such a trifling matter. Remain in St. Petersburg two hours longer and I myself will see that you are accommodated.

"Count, will you ask this hare-brained soldier to withdraw instantly? He has not a second to lose."

Ivanovitch had been almost thunderstruck at Vladimir's request; and he had been pleased to have the minister of police take the awkward dilemma off his hands. Now, not trusting himself to speak, he merely waved his hand toward the door and nodded coldly to the lieutenant.

Taken altogether, Vladimir was contented with even this supercilious dismissal. His good fortune had befriended him. Olga had safely left the library; and he had plausibly accounted for his presence.

Without bowing to either minister, without a word, but marching erect like a proud soldier, he left the room and the mansion.

In another hour he was at his own palace on the island of Aptekarskoi.

(To be Continued.)

PERSONS who are always innocently cheerful and good-humored are very useful in the world; they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper among all who live around them.

Wouldst thou first pause to thank thy God for every pleasure, For mourning over griefs thou wouldst not find the leisure.

THE RESURRECTION.

SCIENTIFIC AND SCRIPTURAL.

BY ELDER THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

(Continued from page 51.)

THE LAW OF LIFE BY DEATH OR DISSOLUTION.

THE next step in the argument is to present the evidence upon which the assertion is founded, that there is no life but by death or dissolution, or that life dies that life may be. Should this affirmation prove to be a scientific truth it will afford the strongest rational testimony in favor of the resurrection doctrine. Let it be shown that such is the law concerning the existence of visible, temporal life and we conclude logically, if our present being depends upon the transference of life into life through the portal of death, that the same law will operate to secure us a future existence. If this be a universal law, as justly entitled to its qualifying term as any other rule of action generally acknowledged universal, then the objections of our opponents are worthless unless they prove that in the particular instance of the resurrection this universal law has no application. If we prove the law, our opposers must prove the exception.

The proposition of life by death is hardly a question for argument at this late day; but merely one of the citation of examples in proof. Before proceeding further it is necessary that we preface the argument with a definition of the term "death." It is very evident that we must be guided solely, in fixing a correct meaning to the word, by the phenomena observable when death occurs.

Those who profess honest reasoning are content to argue from the known to the unknown. Webster, who is an acknowledged authority, defines death as the total suspension, indefinitely, of all the vital functions, and their reduction to a state in which they are not susceptible of renewed action. The idea is one of suspension, of separation, cessation and dissolution; but not of destruction. Death and annihilation are not synonymous terms, as some assert. If anything is destroyed in the process of death but a form, it devolves upon those who make the affirmation to prove it. If a single atom of any body upon which death has passed has been changed as to essential properties, that is, rendered incapable of again assuming an identical organic form, or of being once more what it has been, the production of any such particle of substance will suffice to allay all doubt.

Let death be estimated for what it is worth; no more, no less. Contrarily to all unfounded assumptions which affirm a change in the essential properties of the atoms of dead bodies, chemical analysis of their dust fails to discover any difference whatever between it and other atoms of matter belonging to the same class or kind, and which have never been organized into bodily form.

Death dissolves but cannot destroy. Common usage and science warrant no more than this definition. Temporal death signifies the withdrawal of the spirit from its tabernacle of clay and the body's consequent disintegration. Spiritual death implies the separation of divine influences from the soul—the alienation of the Creator from the creature. Civil death is the withdrawal of an individual, either voluntarily or involuntarily, from the blessings of society. It is a forfeiture of

civil rights and simply requires a dissolution of ties. These examples of the use of the word make manifest the popular understanding of the term: and it is philosophically correct since it cannot be proven that anything but dissolution transpires in the article of death.

And, now, what are the facts? Down through the hoary ages, faintly heard in the remote past, but breaking upon our ears with startling distinctness, comes the thousand-tongued voice of nature, crying:

"There is no life but by death!"

There is no organization, no higher life, without dissolution or death.

Is it questioned? Then let our imagination wing its flight to the dreary azoic age, when no life was, neither vegetable nor animal, and note its dawning and development. We find the lower orders first appear and clothe the earth with vegetation; then animal life, in all its sub-kingdoms, is introduced; and finally man takes his place at the head of all. But why this order? Respecting man various answers are proposed to this query. Some assert that climatic conditions were not favorable to human existence prior to the time of Adam's creation. But the same lower orders of animals now exist that lived upon the earth before our race began its career; and, hence, we see no reason why Adam might not, so far as climatic conditions were concerned, have commenced his earthly life simultaneously, at least, with the brutes. Others say that, being the most glorious work of Omnipotence, his creation was fittingly postponed to cap the climax of creative power and energy.

A rational answer to the question is, that prior to the introduction of the lower orders of life man could not subsist for lack of food. There was no life for him to prey upon. The constant stream of matter to which we owe our existence must be vitalized and die before it can subserve our use. There is not a bone of our body, not an atom of our flesh, not a particle of our physical system which is not secured to us but by the death of some life—the dissolution of some substance—by a disintegration and vivification or revivification of earthly elements; and this is precisely the phenomena which transpires in death and the resurrection.

Even the vital air that we breathe is useless to vitalize the blood until the death-dealing power of the lungs has decomposed it. It must die that we may live.

But let us trace a particle of matter in its wonderful career of life and death—two states wholly dissimilar to each other, and yet so indissolubly associated that life's dependence is death or dissolution. It is not affirmed that the life itself actually dies, but that it can only manifest itself in an organic form after the substance which constitutes such form has been primarily disintegrated, or been subject to the known power of death. This is all that is demanded in the strictest verification of the resurrection doctrine.

Now for the scientific history of the little atom. In the first place we have an apparently-dead and disorganized mass of substance which contains the elements of our bodies. This mass is composed of small particles which are simply an aggregation of atoms bound together by the law of affinity, or by some other power. Vegetation, by means of its thousands of rootlets, reaches out after these atoms, and by some unknown power or destructive force, unlocks their affinities and assimilates those parts necessary to its subsistence. The original mass of matter has suffered a dissolution—a first death has passed upon the atom and a first resurrection has succeeded. It rejoices in a new and higher life; but its destiny is higher still. Animals must live, and vegetation is their food. The

ox seizes the blade of grass or of corn, in which the atom lives. Alas! How frail is life! Death seems to be its ultimate doom, and the atom dies a second time. But the second death is past: and a second resurrection lifts the little wondering atom one notch above its former state. It had to die to obtain a better life. If sentient, what exultant, joyous thoughts would now inspire it with more than human hope! Impetuously it would again rush to the embrace of death and piteously beg that it might die. If it could impart its store of experimental knowledge to humanity, death would lose all its terrors. But man must live and for his sustenance slays the ox. Now the atom's wish is gratified and it dies again; but, as before, it dies to exult in a higher existence—in a new and glorious life. A third resurrection succeeds a third death and the atom has finally attained its most exalted state.

But is this the end? Has it run through its wondrous race? For three successive times it has built a nobler life upon its own death, which has been, in each instance, but a successive stepping-stone to its exaltation, a round in the ladder which lifts it towards immortality. Must its career terminate with what it has already accomplished? Let us ask the dust beneath our feet; let us listen to the reply of the life that dies to live again; let us tear the eternal secret of life by death from nature's heart, and read in the transcendent light of her glorious truth the grovelling baseness of such infidel thought.

If this be all, the atom's race is run, its work is done and its story told; but if there be any higher, better life anywhere in the infinite universe of God our wise little friend, by seeking death again, has adopted nature's course to obtain it. How else can it rise? Where is the life that lives that ascends in the scale of being? Where is the life that dies which does not go higher if the opportunity be offered?

These are nature's truths; and those who scout the resurrection doctrine must contend with them—the sublimest and most stubborn facts that the book of nature reveals. In view of these teachings let us ask ourselves how the outlook would appear were there no death for man. If man died not there could be no higher life than this earthly existence. Hold this truth steadily in view and estimate the resurrection probability in its light. If man died not there could be no immortality anywhere, nothing beyond what we now see, and feel, and know of life: no Christ of heaven; no God; for did not Jesus die and rise again to enter into the inheritance of His ineffable glory? Certainly He did, and so did the Father; for "the Son can do nothing of Himself, but what he seeth the Father do; for what things soever He doeth, these doeth the Son likewise." *John v., 19.*

Who can controvert the proposition deducible from this scripture, that what things soever the Son doeth, such also the Father hath done?

Then, welcome, death, thou friend of man! For beyond thy dread (?) portals a new and a higher life appears. It is coming to greet us with the certainty of time's flight; and we feel it with the full assurance that hope inspires from a knowledge that life dies to live. Who can question this scientific fact? Who, then, can justly claim our faith is not rooted in nature's own foundation, or that it is unworthy of any but a fool's belief?

(To be Continued.)

THE slander does harm to three persons at once: to him of whom he says the ill, to him to whom he says it, and, most of all, to himself in saying it.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HENELE PIKALE.

(Continued from page 83.)

ON the 11th of July, Brother Chase and my brother, Jacob, returned to camp, having several barrels of flour, forty bushels of corn, some wheat, meat, a seythe and one gallon of alcohol.

By the 16th of July the battalion was made up and mustered into service—companies A, B, C, D and E. I attached myself to Company B, Jesse D. Hunter, captain. The same day we marched eight miles to the Missouri River, near a French trading post, where Captain Allen issued to the battalion provisions, camp-kettles, knives, forks, spoons and plates; also coffee, sugar and blankets. On the 21st, at twelve o'clock, we took up the line of march for Fort Leavenworth, two hundred miles distant, the men keeping time to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." To me, as well as others, it was rather a solemn time, though to a casual observer we may not have shown it. Leaving families, friends and near and dear relatives, not knowing for how long, and perhaps to never see them again in this life. I bade my folks farewell and did not see them again for nine years.

On the morning of the 24th, we had the painful duty of burying one of our number. His name was Samuel Bowley. He had taken sick soon after his enlistment. His friends advised him to abandon his march; but it seemed he was anxious to go and so continued with us until his death.

Ten days' marching brought us to Fort Leavenworth, where we received our tents, arms and all the accoutrements necessary for the campaign. The weather was hot and a number were sick. I shook with the ague; and besides myself three of my messmates were sick.

On our arrival at the garrison a great many came out to meet the captain and to see the "Mormon" battalion, whom the captain seemed to be proud of, notwithstanding we were rather a ragged and dusty set of men. I understood it was frequently remarked that although we were "Mormons" we were a noble-looking lot of men. They were wonderfully taken up with the martial music, especially with our young drummer, Jesse Earl.

We also drew our clothing money for the year, which amounted to forty-two dollars each, most of which was sent back to our friends to help support them. We also donated of our mite to Elders then on their way to England on missions; and on the afternoon of August 13th, Companies A, B and C started for Santa Fe, 700 miles or more, the captain and the other two companies expecting to overtake us in a few days. The road was a foot deep with sand and dust, the weather very warm and water scarce and very poor, and it seemed our sick would die for want of water. Company B's baggage wagon broke down and did not arrive in camp until the next morning. This left us without our tents and supper.

On the 19th, we were overtaken by companies D and E, the captain still remaining behind. That day it was decided not to move camp but to await the arrival of the hospital wagons, in which to carry our sick, but owing to our beef cattle getting in and destroying the patches of corn belonging to the Indians we moved forward four miles to Stone Coal Creek. By this time a storm of wind, rain and hail from the north-west was on us, capsizing tents and upsetting wagons. It rolled Sergeant Cory's carriage fifteen or twenty rods into the brush.

Hats flew in all directions, and covers were stripped from wagons. Near by was a company of cavalry in camp, and when the hail began to fall their animals (mules) deserted and put for the timber several miles away, leaving their masters to take the storm in an open prairie by themselves. This place was named Hurricane Point.

The next day we laid by and dried our clothes. The sick were all exposed to the storm and it was feared they would now grow worse. A few were baptized for their health by Captain Hunt of Company A.

In the afternoon we were called together and addressed by Captain Hunt and others. They reminded us of our duty to God, the mission we were on, the sacrifice we had made to go at the call of our country, the goodness of God manifested towards us; also that the hand of God was in this very move, and to remember that we were the Elders of Israel, etc.

On the 21st, the hospital wagons arrived, also Adjutant Dykes, from the garrison, with the intelligence that our captain was still there very sick. This we were sorry to hear.

On the 25th, while nooning, some Indians came to us. They laid down their guns and blankets in token of friendship. Lieutenant Luddington and others gave them bread. They seemed thankful and left.

On the 26th, our quartermaster arrived from the garrison and announced the sorrowful fact that our captain, James Allen, was dead—that he departed this life Sunday morning, the 23rd inst. Reaching Council Grove we halted for several days.

While here Sister Jane Bosco died, and was buried on the 28th; and on the 29th the battalion paid their last respects due to Captain Allen by falling into line and marching to a shady grove, where a funeral sermon was delivered by our adjutant, George P. Dykes, who was followed by Captain Hunt.

On Sunday, the 30th, Brother Bosco, the husband of Sister Jane, died and was buried by the side of his wife; and as orders had been given that the battalion must be on the march early the next morning, that night, by the light of the moon, their grave was inclosed by a dry stone wall, very neatly put up, and overlaid with rock to prevent the wild beasts from disturbing them, and also to mark their last resting-place.

On the 3rd of September, in the afternoon, Lieutenant Smith, who had been accepted by our officers to act as captain *pro tem* in the place of Captain Allen, began to show his "love" for the "Mormons" by ordering all the sick out of the wagons. He swore that if they did not walk he would tie them to the wagons and drag them, unless they took such medicine as Doctor Sanderson should prescribe. This our sick did not like to do and had refused because the doctor was known to be a Missouri mobber, and had been heard to say he didn't care a d— whether he killed or cured. But Smith was told plainly that before the men would take the doctor's medicines they would leave their bones to bleach on the prairies.

(To be Continued).

THERE is a signature of wisdom and power impressed upon the works of God which evidently distinguishes them from the feeble imitations of men. Not only the splendor of the sun, but the glimmering light of the glow-worm proclaims His glory.

HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

MUSIC BY H. H. PETERSEN.

How firm a foun - da - tion, ye Saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word!

What more can He say than to you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?

In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale or abounding in wealth,
At home or abroad, on the land or the sea,
As thy days shall demand, so thy succor shall be.

Fear not, I am with thee, O, be not dismayed,
For I am Thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not thee o'erflow.
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless;
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love,
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs shall they still in my bosom be borne.

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not, I cannot desert to His foes,
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!

HOPE.

It whispers o'er the cradled child,
Fast lock'd in peaceful sleep,
Ere its pure soul is sin-beguiled,
Ere sorrow bids it weep.
It soothes the mother's ear with hope,
Like sweet bells' silver chime,
And bodies forth the unknown scope
Of dark mysterious Time.

'Tis heard in manhood's risen day,
And nerves the soul to might;
When life shines forth its fullest ray,
Forewarning least of night.
It speaks of noble ends to gain,
A world to mend by love,
That tempers strength of hand and brain
With softness of the dove.

It falls upon the aged ear,
Though deaf to human voice;
And when man's evening closes drear,
It bids him still rejoice.

It tells of bliss beyond the grave,
The parted soul to thrill;
The guardian of the truly brave,
Who fought the powers of ill.

It is a curious fact that children are the best judges of character at first sight in the world. There is an old Scotch proverb: "They are never cammie that dogs and bairns dinna like;" and there is not a more true one in the whole collection.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Is Published in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory,

ON THE FIRST AND FIFTEENTH OF EVERY MONTH.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - EDITOR.

TERMS IN ADVANCE:

Single Copy, per Annum, - - - \$2.00.

Office 236 W., South Temple Street, one-and-a-half blocks west of the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City.