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— THE —

# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

Designed Expressly for the Education and Elevation of the Young.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

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THE  
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 ORGAN FOR YOUNG LATTER-DAY SAINTS,  
 HOLINESS TO THE LORD.



VOL. XXI.

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NO. 8.

POPOCATAPETL.

MEXICO is a land of most glorious scenery and soft, luxurious delights. The country is not more famed for its revolutions and the indolence of its people, than for its varied landscape. Out of the six highest mountains of this continent, Mexico has four, the "baby of the family" towering more than sixteen thousand feet into the domain of clouds. Popocatepetl is the giant among them. Its hoary head is lifted up seventeen thousand eight hundred feet above the sea. It gleams in the sun far above the wall of mountains which surrounds the valley of Mexico; it is visible from the city; and the snowy sides of the crest and the drifting cloud or haze of smoke are among the most beautiful objects in this "Italy of the Occident," as Joaquin Miller poetically designates "glorious, gory Mexico."



memory of the laziest, and therefore the oldest, Mexican, it has emitted nothing worse than a few sulphur fumes and a little smoke. Historians say that it belched forth lava in the first years following the conquest of the country; and probably now it is only taking a rest of a few centuries. This is a common practice with the great volcanoes of the earth, which have their brief, fatal seasons of activity and their longer periods of dormancy.

Popocatepetl derives its name from two Aztec words, *popoca*, to smoke, and *tapetl* or *tepetl*, a mountain. It is called in Spanish, *Volcan Grande de Mexico*, Grand Volcano of Mexico.

The ascent of the mighty slumbering mountain is a popular effort with hardy tourists. Formerly one had to take a horseback ride of sixty miles from the city of Mexico

The mountain is called an active volcano. But within the | as a preliminary to the actual climbing of the mountain; and



conditions for reabsorption and re-assimilation by plant life, could such atoms not be made to reappear as a new but still the identical blade of grass which died?

What scientific difficulty is involved in the assertion that a grain of wheat could be made to grow right out of its own ashes and attain to full maturity an infinite number of times? It requires just so much material to produce the blade, the stalk and the full corn in the ear, and no new or different accretion of matter is necessary to reorganize it, after dissolution, into a new but identical blade, stalk and grain. Thus it might live and grow forever upon the results of an annual death and dissolution; for what produced it once could do so again.

Were all matter organized into vegetable life and no encroachments allowed, how could it live grow and be propagated but by its own death? For as soon as each plant had absorbed its allotment of substance death would inevitably ensue: but by dying, and the seed being planted in the very material that produced it, plant life could live on to the eternities. There is no wear out to matter. More care than nature usually bestows upon the subject is the only lacking prerequisite in order to supply instances of the kind supposed. This care we affirm God exercises in the resurrection.

And does not science teach us that this same substance—a stalk of wheat, if you please, might be made, by a mere rearrangement of its particles, to take a spiritual nature, and, for ought we know, be no more subject to decay. The objection is voided without an argument that conflicts in any sense with science.

Now, no one assumes the resurrection is to follow the operations of natural law without the special supervision of the Almighty; yet it is, and must be, a natural event, or the result of natural processes; for an unnatural operation would produce an unnatural effect, and that only. Indeed, were we to predicate the resurrection upon the overthrow of natural law, or upon its transgression, our hopes must terminate in disaster and defeat.

Should infidelity still insist that one life dies that something else may be, then, in another place it will be shown how the scriptural doctrine of the resurrection satisfies infidelity's most exacting demand, and by so much more proves revelation true to science.

#### THE CORRESPONDENCE OF SCRIPTURAL AND SCIENTIFIC TRUTH.

We now come to one of the most interesting parts of this investigation, viz: the pleasing task of noting the surprising agreement that exists between the truths of the previous articles and the declarations of scripture. That there is no life but by death is a strange, a mysterious truth; but now generally accepted. That revelation should be in accord with it will appear to many still more surprising. Science discloses nothing new; for her grandest truths were known in the infancy of our race.

Sectarian theology affirms that an arbitrary penalty was affixed, by the dictum of Jehovah, to transgression and sin when He said to our great progenitors:

"In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

Infidels argue that if there be no such warrant for the introduction of death into this world, the record which affirms it is unworthy of our credence, since a testament defective in one part is defective in all. During the long reign of religious darkness which is just now ending, it was stoutly maintained by theologians that there was no death upon this earth until after the fall of man.

But what are the facts? Geological science teaches us that long before that event death was at work gnawing at the vitals of all earthly life. Prior to Adam's transgression its reign was omnipresent, as it now is. Then his eye had no pity and his heart felt no mercy. With merriment aim his fiery darts pierced every quivering heart. Myriads of animals existed. They passed through a hey-day of youth, attained to the prime and vigor of life, declined and died. Nature has treasured up her victims and written on the everlasting monuments of her mighty charnel house the universal doom of life—Life Lives to Die! The grave has been its goal from its feeble beginnings. There are the attesting facts registered in the now open book of nature by the same hand which, it is claimed, wrote mediately the Edenic decree of death, then first loosing him among his prey. The great question, then, is: Shall we accept the impressions of sense, perception, with all the consequences of our act; or shall we still cling to certain dogmas that antagonize those impressions? Shall we take nature, which is the genuine issue of Jehovah, or a suspected narrative that opposes it? Undoubtedly the former. But the confession involves the warrant for the resurrection doctrine also and irremediably destroys its scriptural foundation.

This is the infidel position; and were the premises true the conclusion would be irresistible. But the former are based upon the false principles of sectarian theology, and the deductions drawn from them are necessarily false. The simple truth comes to the rescue of this cherished doctrine, and the light which it is capable of throwing upon the subject demands an infidel change of base. The exact correspondence of true gospel principles with scientific truth is a weighty testimony in favor of revelation.

Like all other truths of revelation, the resurrection also is not to be because God says so, or because He enunciates the doctrine; but the doctrine exists because the resurrection is to be. That great event is not created by the fiat of Jehovah. It has a basis, as we have seen, in the very nature and constitution of things. God's word is but the shadow of coming events. He purposes to do in the resurrection just what He did in the creation. Taking the material at hand He will direct the operations of natural law working upon it to accomplish certain results. If this law be an unknown one it is not therefore unnatural.

General resurrection facts exist all around us. Suppose we die, as of course we must, and mingle our dust with that of the earth, never again to be distinguishable from the great mass, must we not still rise higher than we now are? Is not the earth, as a whole, bounding onward and upward? Every gigantic stride it has made affirms this truth. If, then, we fail of a special uplifting we must still share the destiny of the mass. Where will this world's progress terminate? Nature affirms its goal is perfection. Long ago, as science asserts, it started in the glorious race and will not stop short of the prize.

If, perchance, the resurrection of our bodies should be delayed until that sublime height of perfection is attained, who can predicate this or that difficulty which will obstruct the operations of such glorified matter; and when subject to laws adapted perfectly to its condition?

But we anticipate no such long delay in the resurrection. All mortality is not deserving of such great exaltation as must inevitably overtake it in the regular process of nature; and, hence, a special uplifting is determined to fix the status of the undeserving. Again, some bodies deserve higher glory; and it must be arranged so that they may obtain their just reward.

## FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

### HOW CHUB FIXED THE HAT.

LITTLE four-year-old Nan's new hat had just come from the milliner's, and like many an older lady, she was looking it over and finding fault with it.

"I wanted a *veil* on it," she said, fretfully.

"You shall have a veil to wear with it whenever it is cold," said her mother.

"I don't want any old brown veil tied over my face. I want a long blue one like Fan's!"

Sister Fanny was fifteen years old and wore almost long dresses, and this little thing wanted two or three yards of blue gauze to float from her hat and twine around her neck, as Fanny's did!

"It wouldn't look well on you," said her mother.

"I don't care how it looks," pouted Nan. "And why couldn't I have a *flume* like yours, instead of these red roses?"

"Little girls don't wear plumes."

"I wish I wasn't a little girl. I wish I was as big as the meeting-house, so I could wear things," and Nan picked up the hat and turned it about disdainfully.

The door-bell rang just then, Nan's mother went into the parlor to see the lady who had come to call on her, and Nan was left alone.

"Come here, Chub," she said to her little dog that lay on the rug by the stove, "and let me see how you look in this hat. I don't think it comes me at all."

So Nan tied it on to Chub, and he had a fine play with the ribbons, for he was only a puppy, and full of fun, and then suddenly she smelled the mince pies that Sally was baking in the kitchen, and thought of the turnover Sally had promised to make for her, so off she ran, leaving the new hat on the floor with Chub.

When the lady had gone, and Nan's mother came back into the sitting-room, just as Nan came in from the kitchen with the hot turnover cuddled up in her apron, Chub sat up very straight and looked very honest out of his two bright eyes, but the new hat was entirely spoiled, and there was not enough left of the red roses to make any fuss about. For Chub was as fond of gnawing things as dogs usually are, and the new hat was the same as anything else to him. Nan had to wear her old hat all winter, till she came to feel that she would

be very glad of a new one, even if it didn't have any "veil or "flume." But it taught her not to find fault with what her mother thought best to get for her, and also to take care of her things and not leave them in Chub's way.

### WHAT CHILDREN SHOULD KNOW.

ALL boys and girls should know—

- 1 How to behave towards their parents, brothers and sisters, and all with whom they associate.
- 2 How to conduct themselves in company at meetings of worship and in the street.
- 3 How to perform such chores as their parents may require of them.
- 4 How to read, write, spell, cipher, and all the other common branches of education.
- 5 How to be saving with money, food and clothing.
- 6 How to spend their time without wasting it to no purpose.
- 7 That they will be men and women some day, when they will have to make their own way in the world.
- 8 That they should be industrious, honest, and truthful in all things.
- 9 That what others have done they can do by trying and persevering.
- 10 That as a general thing, what is worth doing should be done well.

### CONUNDRUMS.

WHEN is a barber like a piece of wood? When he is a-shaving.

When is a little girl's arm like an animal? When it is a little bear.

What is every one doing at the same time? Growing older.

When are gloves unsaleable? When they are kept on hand.

Why do the recriminations of a married couple resemble the sound of waves on the shore? Because they are murmurs of the tied.

Why is the absence of the letter m like the presence of a hand organ? Because it makes u-sic of music.

When is a thief like a seamstress? When he cuts and runs.

In what ship has the greatest number of people been wrecked? courtship.



QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

Who called upon Joseph and the brethren while they were translating in Pennsylvania? 2. What invitation did he extend them? 3. How long did Joseph remain there? 4. Name those who are known as the three witnesses to the truth and divinity of the Book of Mormon. 5. What great privilege did the Lord grant unto them? 6. Name the other eight witnesses. 7. Where was the first edition of the Book of Mormon printed and published? 8. How many copies were printed in the first edition?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 6.

1. Where did Joseph remove to after he obtained possession of the plates? A. To Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania. 2. Who came there to see him after he began to copy the characters and translate them? A. Martin Harris. 3. What did he do with some of the characters which Joseph had drawn off, and the translations of them? A. He took them to New York City and presented them to Professor Anthon, a noted linguist. 4. What did he do after he examined them? A. He gave him a certificate that they were true characters, and that the translation was correct. 5. What did he do when told that Joseph had the plates revealed to him by an angel of God? A. He took the certificate and tore it up, saying, there was no such thing now as angels coming to men. 6. What did he tell Martin Harris he would do if he would bring him the plates? A. That he would translate them. 7. When Mr. Harris stated that part of them were sealed what was his reply? A. "I cannot read a sealed book." 8. Quote a prediction of this incident, and state where it can be found? A. "And the vision of all is become unto you as the words of a book that is sealed, which men deliver to one that is learned, saying, read this I pray thee; and he saith, I cannot for it is sealed." *Isaiah xxix.*, 11-14. 9. To whom did he take them afterwards? A. To Dr. Mitchell, of New York.

The following named persons have sent answers to the questions on Church History published in No. 6: W. J. C. Mortimer, H. H. Blood, Emily E. Brough, F. Pickering, Martha A. Terman, Etta M. Huish, S. Stark, Lucy D. Perry, Marinda Monson, Leone Rogers, W. L. Worzencroft, W. N. Draper,

W. E. Cole, S. E. Cole, D. W. Evans, Ovinia A. Jorgensen, Mary A. Crookston, George Rasmussen, J. R. Morgan, E. Morgan, Hulda L. F. Stout, Alice Crane, S. P. Oldham, T. Budge, Jr., E. Porter, Elizabeth S. Zundell, Rosie M. Sedgwick, G. E. Court, Lizzie Hatch, I. Fisher, Dencey E. Terry, G. C. Forsyth, J. R. Young, G. M. Ward, Sarah Bennett, Louie Kimball, C. Alfsen, M. E. West, Susie S. Coleman, N. Andrus, Janet L. Jenkins, J. H. Jenkins, W. D. Dixon, Jannie Smith, L. R. Anderson, Louisa Steele, Eleanor Harper, J. Folkman, H. N. Folkman, M. J. Richards, H. C. Blood, A. J. Barrett, G. Robertson, Jr., Mary E. Chandler, F. W. Kirkham, J. M. Kirkham, H. Muir, R. K. Brown, Rosina Brown, Eliza R. Moss, Avildia Page, Louisa Johnson, Ada Minkler, Jane Welch, Ina Pomeroy, R. A. Turner, D. E. Coleman, H. Tuttle, Jr., E. V. Bunderson.

CHARADE

BY W. F. NELSON.

My first in many a field doth grow,  
Most easy 'tis to guess,  
Without it we would come to woe,  
To trouble and distress.  
My second in a farmer's barn,  
You very oft may find,  
And when I say 'tis made of yarn,  
It may come to your mind.  
My whole is but my second, too,  
And used to carry in  
My dear and precious first; so you  
To guess may now begin.

SOME one is attempting to cast a stain on the reputation of Christopher Columbus by circulating a story that on a certain occasion, he left his native land for "parts unknown."

A FRENCHMAN thinks the English language is very tough. "Dare is *look* out," he says, "which is to put out your head and see, and look out, which is to haul in your head and not for to see—just contrarie."

"Now, my boy," said the examiner, "if I had a mince pie and should give two-twelfths of it to John, two-twelfths to Isaac, two-twelfths to Harry, and should take half the pie myself, what would there be left? Speak out loud, so that all can hear."

"The plate!" shouted the boy.

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT is pleasing to know that Utah is not entirely forgotten or overlooked by the President of the United States. For a number of years we have had a man for governor who has been a disgrace to the government which appointed him, and would have been such to us if we had contributed in any manner towards getting him the position or keeping him in it. A more shameless creature never was in our midst in an official capacity. We have had a good many base men in Utah during the past thirty years; but it would be hard to find one among them who was in every respect, mentally and morally, so unfit for the position he occupied, as this governor. The people of the Territory were tired of him years ago; but the Administration, thinking anything was good enough for the "Mormons," continued him in office. At last the Administration is tired of him and he is requested to resign. We shall soon have, I suppose, a new governor.

I see that a Mr. Caleb W. West, of Kentucky, is recommended by Mr. Carlisle, speaker of the House of Representatives, for the position. Other names are also mentioned—Col. Merritt, of this city, and a Mr. Bybee, of New York. Knowing, as I do, Mr. Carlisle's influence, I am inclined to the opinion that his man will get the position. If he does, it is probable we shall get, at least, a better officer than the one we have had.

I think a good deal of Mr. Carlisle's recommendation; he is a gentleman of broad views and would not be likely to recommend a man whom he thought unfit for so delicate and trying a position as that of governor of Utah.

Situated as we are in this Territory, much depends upon the character of the officers which are sent to us. Officers in Utah can commit acts with impunity which if they were to attempt in any other Territory would cost them their places. Knowing this they have presumed upon it. The ex-governor has done so. The judges, prosecuting attorney and the marshal do so; and their acts of tyranny and oppression become almost unbearable. Had the ex-governor been promptly removed, as he should have been, when he committed the fraud, in 1880, of giving a certificate of election, as delegate to Congress, to a man who had not been elected, it would have been a profitable lesson to all the federal officials in the Territory. Then they would have seen that they could not defraud even the "Mormons," nor treat them as though they had no rights, without having to answer for it. But neither Presidents Hayes nor Garfield had the nerve to perform this act of justice.

Hayes appointed this man governor at the instance of his wife, and had requested an agent of the Department of Justice to keep certain papers which were damaging to him, and which would have prevented his confirmation as governor had they been known, from going on to the files of the department. This was dishonorable conduct on the part of the President of the United States, to send a man to Utah as its governor when he had the best of reasons for knowing he was utterly unworthy of the position.

General Garfield probably did not know much about this man's conduct before coming to Utah; but he did know that he had violated his oath of office by giving the certificate of election to a man who had not been elected. But Garfield had not the moral courage to remove him for fear that it should be used against him as another evidence that he was favorable to the "Mormons." Physically, General Garfield was one of the

bravest men; but when the exercise of moral courage was required he was timid. Probably no man in public life knew more about us and our doctrines than did he; and he was kindly disposed to Utah and her people. I was intimately acquainted with him and had frequent occasions to avail myself of his friendship. I never appealed to him in vain while he was a member of the House, but during the presidential campaign and after his election he was accused of being friendly to the "Mormons." This was especially the case with professed ministers of religion: they suspected him of being too favorable to us. I have always believed that his assault upon us in his Inaugural Message was intended to counteract this suspicion that he knew was entertained. When the inaugural was delivered I looked upon it as a notice, served by him, that the former friendly relations which had existed must cease, and that he had gone over to the side of our enemies. Under these circumstances, and entertaining these feelings, he considered it inexpedient to remove the governor, though I know that in his heart he felt that he richly deserved being kicked out of office for the great wrong which he had committed.

What a train of evils has followed this failure to cast this man adrift! Emboldened by his success in carrying out the fraud of which he was guilty in this case, the governor went from one act of tyranny and abuse of power to another until, finally, he overstepped the limits of endurance even of a patient and forbearing man as President Cleveland.

But the effect of permitting him to retain his office after committing the act for which he should have been expelled from office has not been confined to him; other federal officials, taking license from his example, have committed all manner of outrages against the people, and they have felt themselves secure in so doing. They have evidently thought they were at perfect liberty to do what they pleased in Utah against the "Mormons" and the administration would not disturb or check them in their operations. They have counted, just as the ex-governor has done, on the prejudices of the people at large, and that the administration would not dare to remove them. Now that the governor's resignation is demanded it would not be surprising if he and his friends should not try to force President Cleveland into retaining him in his position. It would be just like them to do so, and to raise a cry that it would be a great misfortune to the country to remove a man from office who is doing so much against the "Mormons." We shall then see if President Cleveland can be moved by such claptrap.

All that is needed to settle what is called the "Mormon trouble" is a little firmness on the part of the administration at Washington. Let every official clearly understand that he will not be permitted to remain in his office if he does not treat "Mormon" citizens as he would other citizens, and all this war upon the "Mormons" would speedily cease and quiet would be restored. But as long as officers have an idea that it is a virtue in them to wage war upon the "Mormon" people, and that the more they do at this the more likely they are to be kept in office, then, of course, we may expect such abominable treatment as the most of them now extend unto us.

Take, for example, the conduct of Judge Zane at a meeting at the Opera House. I hear he made a most intemperate speech in which he went out of his way to denounce the Latter-day Saints and their religion in the most disgusting manner—disgusting, I mean, when coming from a man occupying the position of a judge. Were he properly dealt with he would be removed from the bench as soon as it should be known in Washington that he made such a speech; for even a child would know that such a man is a bitter partisan and unfit



to decide upon the cases of the people whom he thus denounces.

But we must exercise patience. It seems as though it is a part of the programme, permitted by a divine providence, that we should be afflicted by the presence of such officials. We have suffered from the same kind before, and yet we have lived and prospered. These will go, after a while, the way the others have gone, and we shall still live and prosper. In days to come we shall revert to these scenes, and they will be interesting to think and converse about; but the men who figure here now will then, if living, be so contemptible that the wonder will arise how such creatures could have annoyed us. Deprive them of their offices, and you take away from them all that makes them worthy of notice. The temporary importance which they have they derive from being mixed up with our affairs.

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HENELE PIKALE.

(Continued from page 111.)

It should have been explained in my last that Lieutenant Smith was an outsider, an officer belonging to the regular army. The right of command properly belonged to Captain Hunt, of Company A. The honor was conferred on Smith simply because he was a "West-Pointer," and not out of choice by the voice or vote of the battalion.

On the 5th, we reached Cow Creek, where, for the first time in my life, I saw a buffalo. The next day we passed a curious knoll, or mound, from the top of which we saw hundreds of buffalo feeding in different droves. In the afternoon we had a shower and some heavy claps of thunder. A cow was killed by the lightning. At evening we camped on the prairie without wood, and with no water except the little we had in our canteens. Using "buffalo chips" for fuel we made coffee and cooked buffalo meat and felt we had an excellent supper.

By daylight the next morning we were on the march for water. We made about fifteen miles when we reached Walnut Creek, halted for breakfast and remained the balance of the day. While here one of our men killed a young buffalo. When on the march we could see at times more than five hundred at once.

On the 11th, about noon, we arrived at the Arkansas River and camped. At this point the river is four or five hundred yards wide and was nearly dry. The banks are low, and a rise of four feet of water would overflow the bottom land for miles. As I stood on the bank and looked across I could scarcely see that there was any water. The view presented was a beautiful bed of sand from bank to bank. I took off my shoes, rolled up my pants and crossed over to get wood for our cooks. There were four little channels of water, clear as crystal and about one foot deep. I could not help admiring this, to me, beautiful and singular river. From this point we marched up the river for about one hundred miles, camping every night on its bank. In places the river was dry; but by making a hole in the sand a foot deep we were enabled to get plenty of water; and, strange to say, where the water was running, the boys caught a number of fish, cat, white bass and buffalo fish, by spearing them with bayonets. Along here our teams began to grow weak and thin in flesh. The grass was eaten off by the buffalo and other wild animals. For days we were not out of

sight of the great herds of buffalo, elk, antelope, wolves and badgers, and I wondered why they had not left that part of the country to hunt for better living; for I thought a sheep could not find grass enough to live on; and yet the buffalo we killed were always in good order.

At the crossing of the Arkansas River we buried Brother Alvin Phelps. It was believed his death was hastened by being forced to take Doctor Sanderson's medicine; for when the sick refused he would abuse and curse and otherwise insult them. Brother Phelps died on the afternoon of the 16th of September, and was buried early the next morning before taking up our line of march.

Leaving the Arkansas, two buffalo came running near our lines, when some thirty or more muskets were fired at them, breaking the leg of one. The other, so far as I know, escaped without a hole in his robe. That day and the day following men suffered for want of water. Many gave out and had to be hauled to camp in wagons. In the Cimmeron country, water was so scarce we had to dig for it; and when obtained it was so impregnated with some kind of mineral that neither man nor beast would scarcely drink it; and here, too, in this dilemma Colonel Smith, as we now called him, reduced us to two-thirds rations. This now brings to my mind what has since been told me: At the crossing of the Arkansas we overtook Colonel Price, with five hundred horsemen, on his way to Santa Fe. The battalion at that time was already on short allowance, and I suppose our colonel was in the same fix; so he sent word by his quartermaster, asking Price to share provisions. Price replied that he did not haul provisions for the "Mormons." This intelligence raised Colonel Smith's ire, and he informed Colonel Price if he did not let the provisions come that he would let loose the "Mormons" and come down on him with his artillery. This on the part of Colonel Smith produced the desired effect. Very likely Colonel Smith had an idea that possibly the "Mormons" had no great amount of love for Price, as he was in command of a company of mob militia at Far West, and sanctioned the shooting of Joseph the Prophet and others on the public square, in 1838.

On the 25th of September, we reached the Big Cold Spring, where, for the first time since leaving the Arkansas River, ten days before, we saw timber. The day before arriving at the spring I counted the skull bones of eighty-one mules said to have perished a year before during an equinoctial storm. Our guide said there were one hundred and sixty mules perished, and the most of the men with them. The men were fur traders, I believe.

On the 3rd of October we were met by an express from General Kearney. I did not learn the particulars, but the word in camp was to the effect that if the battalion was not in Santa Fe by the 10th of October it would be rejected. Receiving this intelligence, it was decided (though opposed by many) by the officers to take all the able-bodied men and best teams and push forward in double-quick time, leaving all the sick and weak teams with a few officers and able-bodied men to bring up the rear as best they could. As I have said, this separation was opposed, as we did not know what might befall the sick, they being in an enemy's country.

Late in the afternoon of the 9th, we arrived in the city of Santa Fe, in the midst of a storm of rain and hail; and on the 12th, the rear or second division arrived. The surrounding country was mountainous and rocky. The mountains were covered with pine and cedar; and the soil of the country I thought very poor, as a general thing.

(To be Continued).



## The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 15, 1886.

### EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

**N**O man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

These are the words of the Lord Jesus; and, like all His words, they are full of meaning. Especially do Latter-day Saints prove they are true. Members of this Church cannot serve the Lord with divided hearts. They may keep in the Church, and, while fair weather lasts, appear to be in full fellowship; but when storms come they show their weakness. Their affections are not all in the work of God; they have other interests and they look to them and are divided in their feelings. Times like these we are now passing through tests the faith of those who try to serve God and Mammon, because they are compelled to be either on the side of God or on the side of Mammon. The two sides happen, just now, to be opposed to each other, and this makes it difficult for men who at other times pass as pretty good Saints to appear so now.

When people join this Church they should lay aside all love for the world and the things of the world; for if they do not they are likely to be in constant trouble. The apostle John said to the ancient Saints:

"Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

This was true respecting the former-day Saints and is true also concerning the Saints in these days. Whenever a man in this Church loves the world and the things that are in the world, his affections are divided and he cannot perform, as he should do, his duties as a Latter-day Saint. If he has interests in the world, and his heart is set upon them, he is sure to be weak when the days of trial come and men are required to sacrifice all for the sake of the gospel. Jesus said that where men's treasure is their hearts will be also. If men's treasure is outside of this Church their hearts are sure to be there and not with the Church; if they have interests which conflict with the interests of the work of God they are very apt to lean to their own interests and feel cold concerning those of the work of God.

It is for this reason, doubtless, that the Lord, in building up Zion in the last days, commanded His people to gather out from Babylon. If they were to remain in Babylon their interests would be there and their hearts also; and when destruction should come upon Babylon they would be likely to perish with it; but by leaving Babylon and gathering with the Saints in one place, they sever their connection with Babylon and no longer have any interest in it nor any fear about its fall. It is on this account that Latter-day Saints have been counseled to dispose of all property which they had outside of Zion and to make no investments except in Zion.

We have been commanded to build up Zion and to cease building up Babylon. All our interests, all our affections and all the feelings of our hearts should be in Zion. We should have no affection for the world nor the things of the world nor allow anything to stand in the way of doing whatever the Lord shall require of us. It is very well for us to have all the conveniences of life—gold, silver, lands, houses, horses and cattle and other possessions—for the Lord has placed them here for the assistance and advantage of His children and they are of great benefit to those who possess them; but the affections of men should not be placed upon them. All their time should not be spent in thinking how to accumulate worldly riches; their thoughts should be upon God, upon His kingdom, upon the gospel that He has revealed and what they can do to serve Him best. God should be their Master; they should serve Him, and to find the best manner to do His will should be their chief aim. Mammon should not be served and no heart should be placed upon it.

It is a painful position for a Latter-day Saint to be in when he feels that his interest in the Church is in conflict with some interest he has in the world, or to find that the interests he has in the world come in conflict with the interests he has in the Church. Where the Church is involved every one should be able to decide instantly, without hesitation, to do that which is plainly for the benefit of the Church or the works of God. No one should ever be found in a position where he could not do this instantly and feel perfectly independent of the world and everything in it. No one should have any honor to sustain or reputation to contend for except the honor and reputation of being a true and faithful Latter-day Saint. The praise of the world, the good opinion and the favor of the world every Latter-day Saint must be indifferent to or else he is not what he should be. God has, by giving us the gospel and by establishing Zion, made us free, and we always will be free if we follow the path He has pointed out. We should not care what the world thinks or says or does about us; we should not crave its good opinion, its praise nor its aid any more than we should dread its censure, its abuse or its condemnation.

CHILDREN, it will be well for you to always remember that it is your duty to build up Zion, and never do anything that will weaken it or that will help to build up any power which is opposed to it. You should have no interest of any kind or in any form in Babylon. It should be a matter of indifference to you as to what Babylon may think or say about you; your hearts and all your affections should be on the side of God and not on the side of Mammon.

### TRUE BRAVERY.

**T**HE idea is prevalent among many boys and girls that bravery consists in not being afraid to fight, or in being reckless of danger. To some he is a brave man or boy who will quarrel or come to blows upon the least provocation, and the epithet "coward" is too often applied to such as seek to avoid contention and use prudence in places of danger. Neither recklessness nor combativeness is proof of courage. Some of the greatest bullies are the worst cowards while among the most peaceable and inoffensive men or boys the bravest spirits are frequently found.

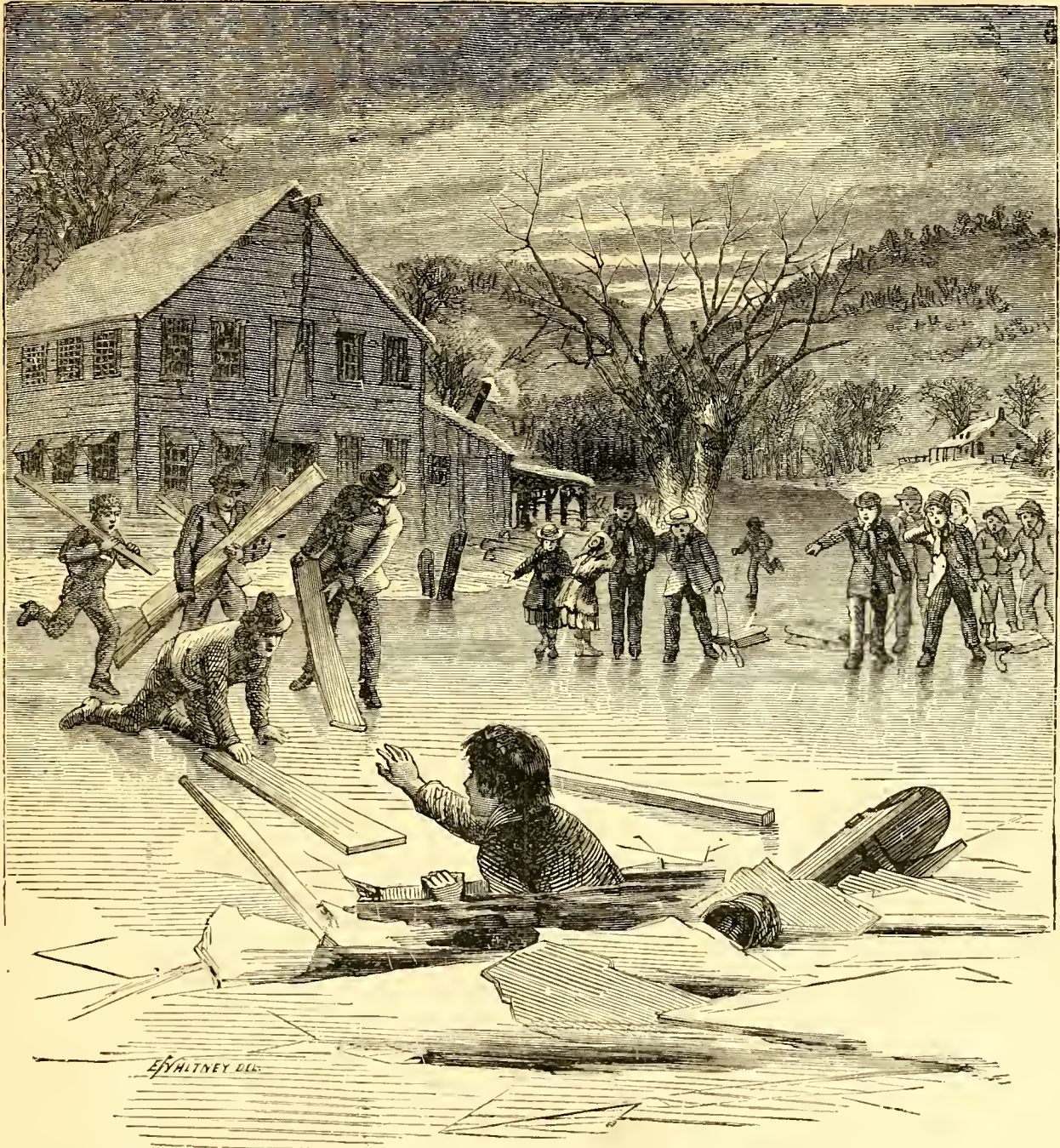
Of this latter class was George Richmond, the hero of our anecdote. He had been from childhood very quiet, rather suffering injustice and wrong than resenting it with blows or



harsh words. Repeated attacks were made upon him by thoughtless boys with a view to getting him angry, but their desires only seemed to increase his determination to avoid strife.

Chief among his persecutors was one James Johnson who allowed no opportunity to pass unnoticed of annoying his smaller companion. George time and time again requested to be left alone, but this only seemed to increase the desire to make

or other a spark happened to get among these, one afternoon when school was in session. No sooner was it noticed than the whole mass was ablaze. Instantly there was screaming among the children and a rush for the door and on the head was James Johnson. The school mistress, herself almost overcome with fear at the prospect of the wooden building soon being a mass of fire, knew not what to do. In an instant George saw what



him the butt of ridicule. He finally came to be known as the biggest coward in the county. He accepted all these jeers with the best grace imaginable and apparently desired only to be let severely alone.

One day an incident happened in school which showed very distinctly the real courage possessed by the scholars. A large pile of shavings had been thrown in a corner back of the stove which were to be used for lighting the fires. By some means

was necessary. He jumped upon a bench and by his calm words succeeded in quieting to a certain degree the excited crowd so that all passed out without harm, whereas some injury would otherwise have most likely resulted. No sooner had he done this than he seized a large blanket which had been used as a screen and by almost superhuman efforts smothered the flames, not, however, without burning himself some little. Meanwhile those who so often taunted him with coward-



ice had fled from the danger and were rousing the neighborhood for the help which arrived after the fire was extinguished.

Here was an exhibition of true bravery and presence of mind unlooked for in one who had been bullied so much, but it was an evidence to those around him that he is not always a coward who avoids by retreat a fight or quarrel. This fact too, should be remembered by all our young readers. The truly brave person is one who will stand up for truth and under all circumstances right, who will be regardless of his own life if thereby he sees an opportunity to save that of another, and who will always endeavor to have peace with those around him.

The opportunity was not long in coming for George Richman to again exhibit the courage which his playmates were now beginning to acknowledge. The cold weather had formed a coat of ice on a deep pond near the school-house and here the boys often met to amuse themselves. One day when the whole crowd had assembled to play, as usual, one of the boys ventured out too far and the ice broke, letting him through into the cold water. He struggled manfully, but he would no sooner get partly out on the ice before it would again break and throw him back again. He was, by his efforts, gradually becoming weaker and it was evident he could not endure much longer, when George discovered his situation. In a flash his plans were formed. Calling for boards, which were quickly brought him, he laid them down on the shattered ice until they extended to the hole already made. He then ordered the stronger boys to lie down on these, the one in front to be held by the feet by the one immediately behind, and thus a chain was to be formed reaching to the drowning boy. George himself took the most dangerous position—that of forming the last link. The plan succeeded, and when the unfortunate boy had almost entirely lost his strength he was dragged out and taken to his home.

George was now declared the hero of the school. His former tormentors felt exceedingly sorry for their previous ill-treatment of one who had proven himself to be so brave, and humbly begged pardon for what they had done, and George very readily forgave them. Thereafter any question regarding the bravery of George Richman was never raised.

## AN INTERESTING JOURNAL.

BY WILLIAM CLAYTON.

(Continued from page 107).

IN order to effect their purposes the more speedily the apostates obtained a printing press; and on Friday, June 7th, the first number of a paper called the *Nauvoo Expositor* was issued. The paper was full of the most libellous and slanderous matter against the President, imaginable, and was designed as an engine to bring destruction upon the city.

On the 10th, the city council passed a resolution ordering the press to be abated as a nuisance, which was done the same evening.

The following day there was great excitement concerning the destruction of the press; and Foster and the Higbees threatened vengeance. Some of them said that in a few weeks there should not be left one stone of the temple standing upon another.

On the 12th, a number of writs, or rather one writ for a number of the brethren, was brought in and served by a constable of the name of Bettisworth. Among the number were Joseph and Hyrum.

Joseph immediately procured a writ of *habeas corpus* from the municipal court; and after a lengthy examination was discharged.

This constable returned and stated that he had been resisted. The mob took advantage of the circumstance to fan the flame of excitement and threatened terrible vengeance. They also went to the Morley settlement and branches around, demanded the arms of the brethren and ordered them to leave their homes within a few days.

The excitement continued to increase and the enemy circulated all manner of inflammatory reports, and also sent messages to the governor, which had the effect of bringing him to Carthage, where he arrived about the 21st.

The governor immediately sent a messenger with a letter, requesting those named in the writ to go to Carthage for trial. An answer was sent explaining the reasons why they had not gone.

On the following evening the governor sent in a posse of about thirty men, bearing a letter in which he made use of severe threats, and said that if the prisoners did not appear at Carthage on the morrow, he should take it as a resistance to the law and should immediately call in force sufficient to take them, even if it required all the militia of the State.

On receiving this information the President and one or two others concluded to leave the city and go over to Iowa in the night.

During the day following some of the brethren, with Sister Emma Smith, despatched messengers to request the President and those with him to come and give themselves up, fearing that the city would be destroyed and the people massacred if they did not do it.

About five o'clock, p.m., the little party returned and concluded to surrender, although it was contrary to the President's feelings to do so.

On Monday the 24th, the prisoners started for Carthage; but within about four miles of the place they were met by a messenger from the governor with an order for the State arms. The company immediately returned to collect the arms, which took some time.

About six o'clock the company started again and went through to Carthage. While there a great many threats were offered and they suffered considerable abuse from the mob. They, however, succeeded in obtaining a pledge from the governor, in the name of the State, for their safety before they went out.

About two days after they arrived in Carthage they were thrust in jail without lawful process.

On the afternoon of the 27th, the governor disbanded his troops except his body-guard; and, leaving the brethren in jail under charge of the Carthage Greys, some of their bitterest enemies, he came out to Nauvoo and made a harsh address to the people.

When he left Carthage a body of men collected from Nauvoo and started for Carthage, and when within a few miles they stopped to black their faces. They proceeded through the woods to the north side of Carthage; then, leaving the woods, they went to the jail, and the doors being open, they rushed up stairs with their rifles and muskets and commenced firing into the room. The brethren defended themselves as well as they could; but, having no arms, they were soon over-

powered. Hyrum was shot through the head and fell backwards dead. John Taylor had four balls shot into him. Joseph jumped through the window and was immediately surrounded by the mob. They raised him up and set him against the well-curb; but as yet it appears he had not been hit with a ball. However, four of the mob immediately drew up their guns and shot him dead. This was all the work of about two minutes. The mob then fled as fast as possible. A messenger was dispatched to bring the news to Nauvoo, but was met by the governor and taken back for fear the whole city would rush out and desolate the country.

The painful news reached the city the following morning, which filled the hearts of the Saints with the most intense gloom and sorrow.

On the 28th, at half past two, p.m., the bodies were brought to the city in two wagons and were taken to the mansion to be prepared for burial.

On the following day the Saints were permitted to go and see them; and at night they were secretly buried near the mansion.

The foregoing is but a mere sketch of the massacre, designed to show the date of the martyrdom and also the means by which it was brought about.

During this excitement the works on the temple ceased for about two weeks, all the hands having to watch and stand on guard night and day.

The works were suspended about the 20th of June. On the second Sabbath after the murder, the subject of the temple was brought into consideration, and the Church voted to commence work again and finish it as speedily as possible.

On the 8th of July the laborers resumed their work, although the committee had not so much as a bushel of meal, nor a pound of flour, nor a pound of meat to feed the hands with; but all seemed determined to go to work and trust in God for the means.

*(To be Continued.)*

## FIVE YEARS IN THE POOR-HOUSE.

BY YAGGE CRECHEY.

*(Continued from page 107.)*

**I**N Summer we were required to go very early to bed—about 7 o'clock. This would be several hours before dark, and we boys could not go to sleep so early. We would often forget the rules of the house and get up in our night-clothes and go to playing. Our bed chamber was a very long room and a row of bedsteads were placed on each side of it, with an alley way down the center. We used to run races on all fours, up and down this passage. Usually in the middle of our glee in would pop the governor with his cane; and then, what a sudden spell of silence would follow! He would go around each bed to see that every one was in his proper place; and the boys that were found out of their proper beds were made to smart under that dreaded stick which the governor yielded so effectually.

After a while a poor old crippled man-of-war's man was appointed to guard us while in our sleeping apartment. This old fellow had been a soldier, and had fought under Lord Nelson. Many stories have I heard him tell of his adventures

while in the naval service. He had been hurt in the back and he was unable to raise himself up without the aid of a rope which hung from a beam over his bed. His duty was to report if any of us failed to observe the rules set down for us. His presence spoiled the sport of the boys who slept nearest to him; but those in the distance had their fun as usual. Whenever we saw the old man's hand take hold of the rope we were silent in an instant; but as soon as he let it go again we became as unruly as ever. We did not do it to annoy the old man; but we were young and full of life, and we thought it almost impossible to live without having our fun.

While at the poorhouse I had a great desire to learn to swim. None of the boys there could swim, so I had to learn myself as best I could. In my struggle to do so I used to lie with my face in the water, kicking and scrambling to make what headway I could while holding my breath. In this way I finally got so I could hold my head up a little. The place in which I practiced swimming was a mill-pond, fed by the sea, and was situated on the south side of the grounds belonging to the poorhouse, dividing it from the town. The pond was quite beyond my depth in the middle. I thought I could swim now and ought to be doing something in that line, and I did it pretty nearly at the expense of my life.

I undertook, one fine day, to swim across the mill-pond all alone. I did get over after a severe struggle, but when I reached the opposite shore I did not feel able to swim back, and hesitated about making the attempt. Here I was in a rather unpleasant predicament. My clothes were on one side of the pond and I naked on the other. There was no way to get back without running half a mile through the town or swimming across the way I had come. I sat on the shore a while before I decided what to do. At last I concluded to try and swim back. I started in with no faith that I could do it, and reaching about half-way I could not swim another stroke, and down I went to the bottom.

I have heard of persons, when nearly drowning, have every evil thing they ever did presented before them. But not so with me, though my mind worked very quickly. On my way down to the bottom it was presented to me to close my mouth and walk towards the shore, which I did. By the time my breath and strength were exhausted I was near enough to the shore to get my head out of the water, and I was saved.

I did not know the Lord in those days to thank Him. But since then I have realized that the hand of the Lord was over me at that time; and it was His Spirit that directed me what to do.

I was now getting to be very healthy and strong, and I was chosen to be errand boy. This promotion gave me more privileges. I was not entirely confined to the place. Every morning I went the town for the milk to make porridge, and run on errands to the doctor's. Mr. Mansel, the doctor, was very kind to me. When there were potatoes to order from the farmer's, I was sent. If there were letters to deliver to any of the board of guardians, it was placed in my charge. I was very careful to do what I was bid as satisfactorily as possible, and to go and come in a reasonable time, so I would not lose this little privilege. So prompt was I that the governor was enabled to tell just when I would return by looking at his watch and counting the number of miles I had to go. My speed of travel was three miles an hour. I never stopped to play with other boys or gossip anywhere. As I performed all my errands without wasting time, I received many little favors for my labors.

*(To be Continued.)*



## AFTER EXILE.

BY VASSILL.

## CHAPTER IV.

*(Continued from page 109.)*

AS soon as the outer door had closed behind the retreating duke, Princess Olga, who had heard every word of the conversation which had passed between her father, the minister of police and Vladimir, fled to her own apartments. On her way she encountered Michael, the servant who had admitted Pojarsky to the house. Michael was an old servant of the family. He had formerly been a serf, and had belonged to the estate of Olga's mother. He was devoted to his young mistress; and when she said to him:

"Michael, I wish you to say nothing to my father or anyone else of my having been present in the library with Lieutenant Pojarsky. I am sure that when I say your silence will gratify me very much, I have said enough," Michael was only too glad to obey unquestioningly.

From this time Olga was in a state of most painful suspense. She was intensely excited in behalf of the young soldier; and she eagerly sought for any news from the court which might in any way relate to him.

The morning following this visit to the house of the minister of war, Vladimir packed up a large quantity of money and jewels and early in the morning left his palace and sought to lose himself in St. Petersburg. He had laid aside every mark indicating rank or connection with the army. He had even cast away his courier's uniform and had donned a half-peasant dress. He knew where he could find some of his old student companions; and within a few hours he was domiciled with them.

Vladimir did not stop to learn what their purpose of life was; he only knew that they were as studious to avoid the espionage of the police as he himself could be.

He had first joined these friends in a retired part of the town in a well-secured cellar, where they ate, slept, held meetings and printed newspapers. But after the first two days he was invited to accompany two or three young men, who seemed to be the leaders of the party, to a dark but magnificent house, showing traces of even more grandeur than it now possessed, situated upon the Vosnosenskoï Prospekt. Here he was most courteously entertained. No inquiry of a painful character was made by his friends. If they knew his reason for retirement they were too polite to ask questions upon the subject. They merely awaited his pleasure.

At the same time it was evident that Pojarsky's personal history was not a sealed book to them. Two of these parties had been his old school-fellows at the military academy. Another he had known in the army for a brief period. This latter was apparently the owner of the house, or palace, as it might more properly be called.

After some days spent in absolute security, Pojarsky felt anxious to obtain news from the court and to learn something regarding the Princess Olga. In order to accomplish this result, and also in return for the courtesy and protection extended to him, he felt it necessary to confide fully in his friends. One day at dinner, when his old college companions, Koslov and Jaroslov, and his military friend, Plutenoff, were speaking of some of their own personal affairs, evidently with the intention of showing the lieutenant that they fully trusted

him, he asked them if they would accept his confidence. They replied:

"We are all brothers here."

Vladimir then detailed the events which had led to his withdrawal from court society in the city. The young men seemed delighted at this mark of friendship, and in answer to it they told Pojarsky that he might remain with them as long as he chose, accepting their protection and help as long as it was of value; at liberty to come and go as he pleased. But they warned him that they were proscribed.

Not all in one conversation, but little by little during a week succeeding this time, they gave Vladimir to understand that they were engaged in the work of proclaiming liberty throughout the czar's empire. The room to which Vladimir had first been taken was a printing cellar, where meetings of students and philosophers were frequently held; where books and harmless newspapers were usually printed; and where some of the attendants at the place constantly ate and slept for want of some better home.

Most of this Vladimir had observed upon his visit there. But while in the palace of Plutenoff he learned that on especial occasions when the suspicions of the police had been lulled to rest, a select party of this society would use the printing materials for the purpose of striking off treasonable circulars, and also use the cellar for meetings of a forbidden character.

The young soldier's friends were very careful not to shock him by any abrupt utterance. They talked some little treason. But to a man of Pojarsky's temperament this was simply courage, nothing more; for he himself, even in the army and to his superior officers, had frequently made speeches which, if taken in earnest and reported, might have cost his head. Indeed, while Plutenoff and others were speaking as emphatically as they dared in his presence, he more than once startled them by giving vent to some treasonable sentiment more fierce than they would dare to utter.

Jaroslov had the *entree* of high society in St. Petersburg, and frequently brought news from the court concerning Pojarsky.

The disappearance of the young soldier from his villa had at first been accepted in good faith by the police, since it seemed that by this act he had yielded obedience to the czar's command. But when they began to trace the route by which he was supposed to have left St. Petersburg, they discovered—in the way and in the brief time known to the well-trained police of that city—that no such person as the Lieutenant Duke Vladimir Pojarsky, either in proper person or in any disguise whatever, had passed from the city either by railway or by any known means of conveyance.

The minister of police had therefore set all his spies at work to discover the hiding-place of the reckless youth. Several times some of the minions of the secret service were hot upon the scent; but, more through his good luck than anything else, Pojarsky had not been discovered by them. These facts Jaroslov faithfully reported to Vladimir and the other friends. And though Vladimir would have been more than willing to have taken many chances in order that he might make another attempt to visit Olga, he was restrained by the greater wisdom and heedfulness of Plutenoff and the others.

Jaroslov was able on several occasions to gain some news of the Princess Olga Ivanovitch. And after they had been in retirement about ten days, and it had become well known to the police department in St. Petersburg that Vladimir had not departed from the city, Jaroslov brought word that Count Nestor Ivanovitch was about to take his daughter to Berlin,

whither he was called upon negotiations in behalf of his czar.

Upon hearing these tidings Vladimir would no longer be restrained. He declared his intention, regardless of consequences, to hold one more conference with the beautiful woman who had evinced such an interest in his welfare. When he first made this announcement his companions sought by every means to change his determination. But finding him adamant they then, with one accord, offered him their services, even at the risk of their lives.

After a long and animated conference—in which Vladimir betrayed, more than once, his ardent love for Olga—the friends agreed upon a plan which they proposed to carry out upon the succeeding day.

Early the next morning after this consultation, Plutenoff attired himself in the dress of an officer of the imperial guard, covering this costume with a magnificent heavy bear-skin coat, without which in Winter a Russian can scarcely feel himself dressed.

From the place where he had selected this costume he brought a dozen others of various styles and asked Vladimir to make a choice. The lieutenant, after advising with his friends, took the dress of a groom.

Within an hour a sledge, carrying the officer and his groom and drawn by two spirited horses, was flying up and down the Nevski Prospekt. As it passed for the second time the palace of the minister of war, a man in peasant dress was seen to hurriedly emerge from the gate and walk rapidly in the direction of Admiralty Square. When the seeming peasant reached the square he found the officer and groom with their sledge awaiting him. The peasant was Jaroslov, and he approached them and said:

"My brother, Vladimir, there was no opportunity for the princess to write an answer. She hesitated much and seemed greatly agitated when she received your message. But just at the moment when I was compelled to withdraw with Michael in order to escape observation by some of the other servants, she said to me: 'Tell Lieutenant Pojarsky that his heedlessness makes me very unhappy; and that I beg by all that is good that he will not attempt to visit the Winter Palace to-night; but should he be there, he will find me in the corridor where we first met, leading from the hermitage back to the palace.'"

Jaroslov went to the printing cellar; but Plutenoff and Pojarsky returned to the mansion in the Vosnosenskoï Prospekt.

That night Vladimir passed under the hands of a barber and lost his curling beard. His hair was dyed black, and a little belladonna lent a dark lustre to his eyes. From the well-stocked wardrobe of Plutenoff the lieutenant selected a full dress and the ribbons belonging to an attache of the French legation. At ten o'clock he had found his way into the Winter Palace, and had stationed himself near the entrance to the passage way leading to the hermitage. Among the multitudes who thronged about during this great ball he was quite unnoticed, except for the arch glances of some passing beauty. For some time his eyes sought in vain for Olga, but at length he saw her gradually approaching the spot where he stood. She appeared not to notice him, but glanced hurriedly about as if to observe whether she was followed and then passed quickly down a brilliantly-lighted corridor. Observing the utmost caution, Vladimir followed and in less than two minutes was by her side.

The features of the young lieutenant, at their former meetings, must have made a great impression upon Olga's mind;

because she now betrayed no surprise, but recognized him without commenting upon the change in his appearance.

For ten minutes they held an animated conversation, filled at first with the strongest rebukes from Olga and passionate apologies from the soldier. But soon the earnestness of the young man seemed to have its effect upon the princess, for gradually she softened under his persuasions and at length ceased to reproach. With all the impetuosity of his nature Vladimir asked the princess to regard him as something more than her friend. He reminded her that she had already promised him, conditionally, so much as that; but he wanted more; he desired that she should regard him as her devoted admirer; even more—her lover.

Olga Ivanovitch, the princess, would have been sought in vain probably by any suitor who had come in the conventional way. But here was a man who stormed her heart like he would have assailed a redoubt—with fiery eagerness, risking his life in the ardor of his attempt. Greatly impressed by such devotion, she began to acknowledge the truth, that the love of the young suitor was not unwelcome to her. And finally, being much pressed and fearing that longer delay might be fatal to Vladimir, because he swore he would not go without an answer, she acknowledged that his affection was in part, at least, returned.

There was no time for further talk. At any moment they might be detected. Indeed, it was good fortune again which befriended them or they could not so long have remained without interruption.

Vladimir was about to ask Olga's consent to an arrangement for another meeting, when the sound of rippling laughter and quick footsteps came to their ears; and they saw approaching, at a very little distance, a bevy of court beauties and soldier gallants. The princess passed on to the hermitage, intending to excuse her presence there by asking for her father; and Pojarsky walked proudly and joyfully into the ball-room of the Winter Palace.

He was now absolutely without fear. The joy of Olga's words fairly intoxicated him. For a moment he meditated the interview with his czar which had been absolutely forbidden by the minister of police. He was only restrained when he remembered that the princess had gone to the hermitage, and his presence there would frighten if not compromise her. But he felt that he must do something in demonstration of his happiness. So he secured a beautifully-engraved card from one of the attendants and wrote upon one side:

"TO THE MINISTER OF POLICE,  
At the Hermitage."

Upon the other side he placed these words:

"The czar must be poorly protected when so well-known a traitor as the Lieutenant Duke Vladimir Pojarsky can spend a night in the Winter Palace and the hermitage, dancing and gossiping without detection. Let me recommend more watchfulness to the minister of police.

"VLADIMIR POJARSKY."

This card he handed with a large gold piece to the servant, and bade him give it at once, without examination, to the minister of police.

Vladimir was reckless, but he was not a fool. His calmness returned after he had thus given vent to some of his high spirits, and he fled the palace unceremoniously.

(To be Continued.)

NEITHER fame nor fortune can give happiness.



## A MYSTERIOUS PREACHER.

BY H. BELNAP.

*(Continued from page 99.)*

**D**URING the Winter of 1880 there appeared in the *New York Sun* an interview with President John Taylor by O. J. Hollister, in which the officers of the Church were named and many of its doctrines spoken of.

This was the first thing to attract the attention of the followers of Mr. Edge towards the Latter-day Saints, and being desirous to learn more about this peculiar people they addressed a letter of enquiry to the county clerk of Salt Lake County, D. Bockholt, being clerk at that time, at once sent them the "Voice of Warning" and several copies of the *Deseret News*, with advice to address Pres. John Morgan at Rome, Georgia.

After reading the "Voice of Warning," and being favorably impressed with the doctrines contained therein, they addressed a letter to Pres. Morgan, informing him that one of our preachers visited them a few years previous and laid his hands upon their heads for the reception of the Holy Ghost, but did not baptize them. Hence, they were very desirous to have an Elder sent there to perform this ordinance.

Pres. Morgan at once forwarded the letter to Pres. Franklin Spencer at Shady Grove, Hickman Co., Tenn., who was then presiding over the Tennessee Conference, at the same time writing to these people in Henderson County, informing them that there was a branch of the Church on Cane Creek, Lewis Co., Tennessee.

On receiving this intelligence four of them mounted their horses and rode about sixty miles before they reached Cane Creek; but finding no Elders there they returned.

At the time this epistle came from Pres. Morgan there were laboring in the conference, Pres. Franklin Spencer, George H. Carver, Lorenzo Hunsaker and myself. Brother Carver and I were selected to visit West Tennessee. This left President Spencer and Bro. Hunsaker each to travel alone. However, before starting Pres. Spencer and I visited Cane Creek, at the same time sending a letter to West Tennessee.

On arriving at Cane Creek we found this little branch somewhat exercised over the visit of these four gentlemen.

About the time our West Tennessee friends arrived home they received Pres. Spencer's letter, bringing the news that we would be at Cane Creek at a certain date. James H. Scott and Sirenious Reed wheeled their horses and came back.

They arrived at Cane Creek late in the afternoon. That evening and the following day was spent in conversing with these two gentlemen upon the principles of the gospel, who Mr. Edge was, how he taught the falling away and restoration of the gospel, the necessity of building temples, the name that one would receive who should remain faithful after passing through the temples, etc.

Late in the after part of the same day these gentlemen, after having conversed together a short time, said:

"What hindereth us from putting on the whole armor of God that we might withstand the fiery darts of the adversary?"

Hence they were baptized and returned home rejoicing.

On the 13th day of May, 1880, Brother George H. Carver and myself started on our trip to Henderson County, Tenn.

Not until we arrived within about thirty miles of Lexington did we hear much about this peculiar preacher.

On the night of the 20th, we stayed with Squire Long, a very intelligent gentleman, who began telling us about that

wonderful preacher, Robert Edge, who came into their midst some two years previous. As we knew nothing of Mr. Edge we sat and listened very attentively to his long story. He spoke about Mr. Edge pretending to be inspired of God, about his peculiar manner of going to and coming from meeting, of his being hunted down by mobs, of their fasting three days, and more particularly about the lumbering noise he heard about the time Mr. Edge came among them.

On the evening of the 21st, we arrived at Sirenious Reed's. He received us kindly and sent out for a number of his brethren; and, you may be assured, we had a good old-time chat that evening.

On the 15th day of June we obtained the following statement, which was dictated and signed by two of them:

LEXINGTON, HENDERSON CO., TENN.

June 15, 1880.

*Historical sketch of how we became acquainted with the doctrine of Christ:*

In May, 1878, a man by the name of Robert Edge came in this neighborhood, preaching the gospel after the apostolic order.

He delivered a series of sermons on the principles of the gospel and the apostasy of the primitive church—dwelling lengthily upon the apostolic order with the exception of baptism for the remission of sins, informing us that it was figurative and would be revealed in due time; proving by the Holy Bible, without a doubt, that the Roman Catholic church is the mother of harlots, and that the churches of modern Christianity are daughters and grand-daughters of her; and that they are all officiating in a deluded and false priesthood. Also all the secret combinations and institutions of men, and masonry as now practiced by modernists, are all false counterfeits and an abomination in the sight of the Lord.

Then calling on all to come out of Babylon who were willing to forsake man-made institutions and follow Christ, and assist in rolling forth the purposes of God, and prepare for the great millennium, which will soon be ushered in. Then will Christ reign personally upon the earth.

He organized us into a body, or church, after the primitive apostolic order, by the laying on of hands and blessing us. He admonished us to be faithful and pray to God always; and that the Lord would reveal many great and important things that we should understand.

He requested us to fast for three days in succession, after which he administered the Lord's supper, informing us that we were not the only ones, but that there were many more in the United States. He evaded giving any further information; only if persecution caused us to leave we should go West.

Many remarkable cases of healing occurred under his administration.

The people of the world called him a Mormon priest, which he neither sanctioned nor denied.

Our little band suffered exceedingly from persecutions and the scandal of the world for eighteen months, when we noticed an account of an interview between President John Taylor and a U. S. official on the martyrdom of Joseph Smith.

We then wrote to Bockholt, of Salt Lake City, for information, who answered promptly and sent us the "Voice of Warning" and a list of Church works. Also advised us to correspond with John Morgan, at Rome, Georgia, who afterwards informed us that there was a branch of the Church in Lewis County, and advised us to visit it. We did so and met Franklin Spencer and Hyrum Belnap. Conversing with them for some time we were convinced that they were the servants of

the Lord. We were then baptized and returned home rejoicing that we had thus far followed the promptings of the Spirit of God.

On the 21st, Elders Hyrum Belnap and George H. Carver came to this neighborhood and baptized seventeen souls and organized a branch of the Church, consisting of nineteen members.

Let all honor be given to our Father in Heaven for thus leading us into the right way.

Truly,

JAMES HENDERSON SCOTT,  
SIRENEOUS REED.

In a conversation with some of them, Mr. Edge stated that he once lived in the land of Texas and had a wife and one child when he began his missionary labor.

He also informed them that he had a partner whom he very frequently traveled with, by the name of Cob, whom he had not seen since leaving the State of Arkansas.

In speaking of himself he said:

"I am not worthy of but one of the nail prints in my hands."

Some time after his departure one of this little band was casually turning the leaves of the large Bible owned by S. Reed, and discovered the 31st verse of the 24th chapter of Matthew inclosed in brackets, inside of which was written the name of Robert Edge.

He wrote his people two letters of encouragement, one while in the State of Georgia and the other while in South Carolina. In the last one he spoke some of visiting England.

A few months later I met Pres. Morgan in the city of Nashville, who, while in conversation regarding this preacher, Edge, showed me a letter that he received some time previous with no name signed to it.

As far as I was able to judge between the writings left in Henderson County by Mr. Edge and this letter, they were penciled by the same hand.

Late in the Fall of the same year Hailey's Creek Branch, save one soul, emigrated to San Jose Co., Colorado.

Thus we close our narrative thinking of the prayer of Robert Edge:

"Those who seek curiosity, cause that they might feel more curious."

## WORDS OF ADVICE.

BY J. C.

IT is of paramount importance that the human mind, in all the various stages of its growth and development, should be constantly trained and accustomed to a proper and thorough system of study and application. Particularly should this be so when the mind is young and plastic.

Observation and experience confirm the fact that when the young receive proper and timely instruction, and thereby become capable of thinking, speaking and acting correctly, a great moral victory has been achieved; a germ of true greatness has been implanted, out of which will be likely to grow the real, genuine lady or gentleman who will, some day, be very apt to make his or her mark for good in the ranks of society.

But every-day life furnishes painful and striking instances of those who, through neglect or carelessness in their early training, fall very far short of this momentous desideratum, and, instead of being an honor to themselves and their parents or guardians, and a blessing to their race, we find them blacken-

ing the pages of history with deeds so base and revolting as to call forth from our minds and hearts feelings of the deepest commiseration, disgust and pity.

There is a vast and important responsibility devolving upon parents and upon all whose office and duty it is to teach and instruct the young. When children are born unto us, they come pure, innocent and unsullied from the presence of God. To our care they are intrusted for judicious tuition and example. If we betray this sacred trust reposed in us and favor the fangs of evil to enslave them, we not only bring just condemnation upon ourselves, but we entail upon those innocent jewels of God weary, long years of suffering here, and perhaps punishment and suffering hereafter, which may rack their souls with pain and bitter regret.

Good and evil are alike omnipresent. They stand side by side in all the daily walks of life; and, as the apostle of old truly said, "Man is prone to evil, as the spark is to fly upward;" but may we not reasonably presume that indiscreet government of families not infrequently has something to do with the proneness in question?

Every thoughtful father and mother is well aware of the evil, pernicious effects that result from the practice of card-playing, horse-racing, skating rinks, billiard tables, saloons and gambling dens, round-dancing and many other kindred evils. They are equally conscious of the evils that arise from the inordinate perusal of light, trashy, fictitious, dreamy, soul-bewildering literature, which sometimes finds its way into our families, and which is sure, if persisted in, to deaden and destroy the mind and the heart for the reception of plain, simple, unvarnished words of truth and righteousness.

Let those who may have had the misfortune to foolishly indulge in the practices above enumerated measure themselves morally or intellectually with others who have read and studied ancient and modern history, who have studied art and science, as best their opportunities would permit, and who have attended the lecture-room and other places in quest of general instruction, and see if they can reach the same standard of excellence.

If not, then the proposition is answered and settled in favor of the last-named students, they proving, of course, to be the better and wiser of the two classes.

There can be no better or higher study in this world than to become acquainted with God's revelations and commandments concerning us, a knowledge of which learns us to understand ourselves; shows us our duty to our fellow-men, and our obligations to Him whose bounties we subsist upon, and to whom we are indebted for life, grace, mercy and truth.

The student of nature also can find infinite and never-failing sources of praise, joy and gratitude in following nature up to nature's God. When one gets imbued with these delightful studies he cannot afford to waste time in reading light, trashy literature, nor to frequent gambling resorts. His life is too precious, and he has too much at stake, to be thus triflingly engaged.

Nor could such a person be at all content to waste his time in idle gossip on the street corners, finding fault with this thing or that, with this person or the other, for he finds in nature's wondrous, rich repository ample scope for all his higher energies and better powers, and he feels that life would not be worth living unless he were daily making some new addition to his already-serviceable stock of useful knowledge, and fitting and preparing himself for that which his Creator designed him; that is, to become a ruler and a prince in the eternal worlds forever and forever.



## LAND OF ZION.

WORDS BY E. B. WELLS.

MUSIC BY J. G. FONES.

In the chambers of the mountains, Are a no-ble, mighty band, Gath'ring strength from crystal

fountains, Flowing through a chos-en land. Land of Zi-on, land of Zi-on, Where the  
Land of Zion, land of Zion,

ho-ly temples stand, Land of Zi-on, land of Zi-on, Where the ho-ly temples stand.  
Where the holy temples stand, Land of Zi-on, land of Zi-on, Where the holy temples stand.

Hosts of children here are growing,  
In these mountain vales so fair;  
And their voices gently flowing,  
Echo sweetly here and there.  
Children's voices, children's voices,  
Breathing music everywhere.

Let us teach these precious children,  
Every precept to obey,  
That will tend to peace and union,

In that better, safer way.  
Ever praying, ever praying,  
Lest their little feet will stray.

Onward! be the watchword ever,  
Persevere in doing right;  
Never falter, children, never!  
And you're sure to win the fight.  
Courage, children! Courage, children!  
See! the goal is just in sight.

## LOWLY WORTH.

SOME love the glow of outward show,  
The shine of wealth, and try to win it;  
The house to me may lowly be  
If I but like the people in it.  
What's all the gold that glitters cold  
When linked to hard and haughty feeling?  
What'er we're told, the noblest gold  
Is truth of heart and honest feeling.  
A humble roof may give us proof  
That simple flowers are often fairest;  
And trees whose bark is hard and dark  
May yield us bloom and fruit the rarest!  
There's worth as sure among the poor  
As e'er adorned the highest station;  
And minds as just as theirs, we trust,  
Whose claim is but of rank's creation!  
Then let them seek, whose minds are weak,  
Mere fashion's smile and try to win it;  
The house to me may lowly be,  
If I but like the people in it!

DISPUTES.—In contentions be always passive, never active; upon the defensive, not the assaulting part; and then also give a gentle answer, receiving the furies and indiscretions of the other like a stone into a bed of moss and soft compliance; and you shall find it sit down quietly; whereas anger and violence make the contention loud and long, and injurious to both parties.

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