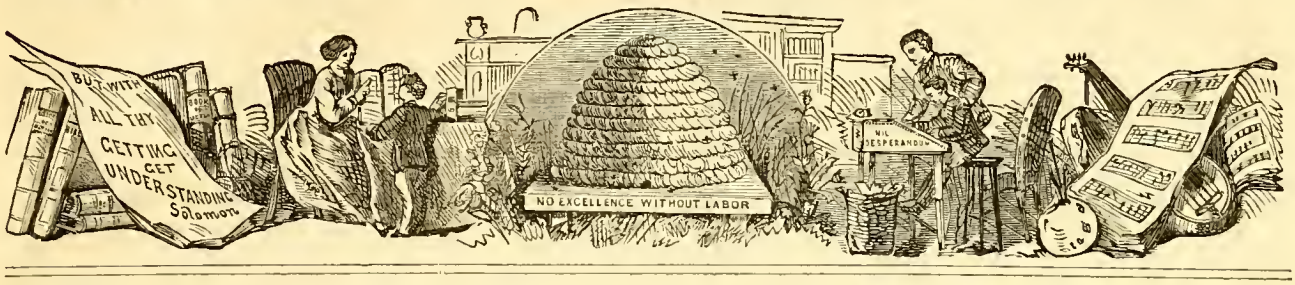
Holiness to the Lord!

The Juvenile Instructor



VOL. 6. SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1871. NO. 5.

THE JAGUAR.

BELOW we have a picture of a Jaguar springing from the branch of a tree on a band of wild horses passing underneath, evidently with the intention of fastening itself on the back of one of them. Once secure in that position the affrighted horse will, no doubt, fall an easy prey to its sharp teeth and strong claws. It is said, that this is a very common way for the Jaguar to secure its food, as it climbs with ease, and the pampas of South America where it is found, abound with herds of countless wild horses, who when thus attacked are no match for this savage creature.

The Jaguar is by many called the Ounce, whilst, from its fierce and destructive nature, it is sometimes styled the tiger or panther of the New World. It is a native of the warmest regions of South America. In size it is as large as a wolf, though some have been noticed that were much larger. It lives solely on prey, which not only consists of the larger domestic quadrupeds, as the horse and ox, but on smaller wild animals, as well as tortoises, birds, fish and turtles' eggs.

Its appearance has been thus described:—"Its ground color is a pale brownish yellow, variegated on the upper parts of the body with streaks and irregular oblong spots of black; the top of the back being marked with long uninterrupted stripes, and the sides with rows of regular open marks. The thighs and legs are marked with full black spots; the breast and belly are whitish; the tail not so long as the body; the upper part marked with black spots, the lower with smaller ones."

You may notice that this description agrees with the appearance of the animal as shown in our engraving. Altogether it is not very unlike the wild cats of the Rocky Mountains, though considerably larger and of a different shade of color. In character and form, both animals are like the rest of the creatures of the cat tribe, vigorous and agile, with no extra flesh, but seemingly composed of bone, nerve, muscle and sinew. Though many animals, on which they prey excel them in fleetness, in consequence of having longer and more slender limbs, there are none which approach them in the power of leaping and bounding.

The Jaguar in appearance very much resembles the Leopard, the Panther and the Cheetah. A not over careful observer would easily mistake the one for the other; they are in fact all four large, savage, spotted cats, but the naturalist, and even the furrier knows that they are four distinct species.

There is, however, a difference in the spots on the skin. Those on the body of the Jaguar are more like rosettes than spots. The black markings of the leopard and pan-

needed revelation from the Lord to guide them in the right course. Without it they would be confused; for the leading elders of the Church joined in denouncing Joseph as a fallen prophet; and how could the people decide who were the servants of God unless He, by His Spirit, told them? In his history Brother Brigham describes one scene, which occurred at this time, in which he was a prominent actor. It clearly exhibits the condition of feeling which prevailed among the men who had been most intimately connected with the Prophet. We give it in President Young's own language:

"On a certain occasion several of the Twelve, the witnesses to the Book of Mormon, and others of the Authorities of the Church, held a council in the upper room of the Temple. The question before them was to ascertain how the Prophet Joseph could be deposed, and David Whitmer, appointed President of the Church. Father John Smith, brother Heber C. Kimball and others were present, who were opposed to such measures. I rose up, and in a plain and forcible manner told them that Joseph was a Prophet, and I knew it, and that they might rail and slander him as much as they pleased, they could not destroy the appointment of the Prophet of God, they could only destroy their own authority, cut the thread that bound them to the Prophet and to God, and sink themselves to hell. Many were highly enraged at my decided opposition to their measures, and Jacob Bump (an old pugilist) was so exasperated that he could not be still. Some of the brethren near him put their hands on him, and requested him to be quiet; but he writhed and twisted his arms and body saying, "How can I keep my hands off that man?" I told him if he thought it would give him any relief he might lay them on. This meeting was broken up without the apostates being able to unite on any decided measures of opposition. This was a crisis when earth and hell seemed leagued to overthrow the Prophet and Church of God. The knees of many of the strongest men in the Church faltered."

(*To be continued.*)

[For the *Juvenile Instructor.*

RECOLLECTIONS.

HYRUM Smith, the Patriarch, married Jerusha Barden, Nov. 2, 1826. They had six children, viz. Lovina, Mary, John, Hyrum, Jerusha and Sarah. Mary died very young, and her mother died soon after the birth of her daughter Sarah. Hyrum, the second son, died in Nauvoo in 1842, aged eight years. The Patriarch married his second wife, Mary Fielding, in the year 1837, she entering upon the important duty of step-mother to five children, which task she performed under the most trying and afflictive circumstances with unwavering fidelity. She had two children, Joseph and Martha. Thus you see, Hyrum Smith the Patriarch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, was really a polygamist, many years before the revelation on Celestial marriage was written, though perhaps about the time it was given to the Prophet Joseph Smith, not exactly in the sense in which the word is generally used, for both his wives were not living together on the earth, still they were both alive, for the Spirit never dies, and they were both his wives, the mothers of his children. Marriage is ordained of God, and when performed by the authority of His Priesthood, is an ordinance of the everlasting Gospel, and is not therefore a legal contract merely, but pertains to time and to all eternity to come, therefore it is written in the Bible, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

There are a great many men who feel very bitter against the Latter-day Saints, and especially against the doctrine of plural marriage, who have married one or more wives after the death of their first, that, had their marriages been solemnized in the manner God has prescribed, and by His authority, they themselves would be polygamists, for they, as we, firmly believe in the immortality of the soul, professing to be Christians and looking forward to the time when they will meet in the Spirit world their *wives* and the loved ones that are dead. We can imagine the awkward situation of a man, not believing in polygamy, meeting two or more wives with their children in the Spirit world, each of them claiming him as husband and father! "But," says one, "how will it be with a woman who marries another husband after the death of her first? She will be the wife of the one to whom she was married for time and eternity. But if God did not "join them together," and they were only married by mutual consent until "death parted them," their contract or partnership ends with death, and there remains but one way for those who died without the knowledge of the gospel to be united together for eternity. That is, for their living relatives or friends to attend to the ordinances of the gospel for them. "For in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage;" therefore, marriage ordinances must be attended to here in the flesh. Hyrum Smith, however, was a polygamist before his death, he having had several women sealed to him by his brother Joseph, some of whom are now living.

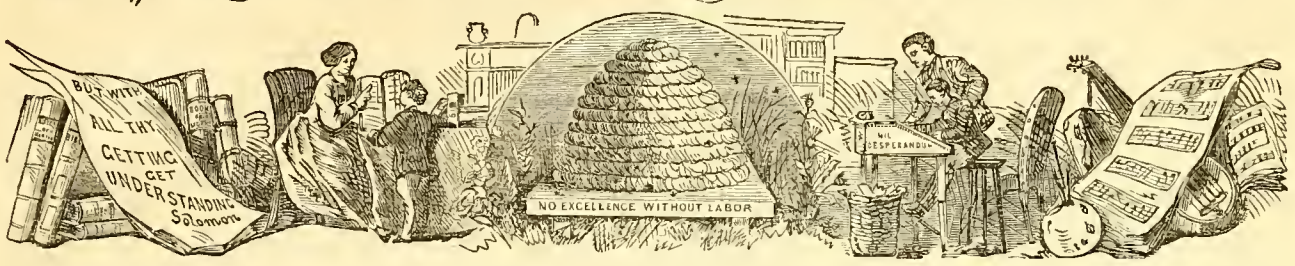
At the death of the Patriarch, June 27th, 1844, the care of the family fell upon his widow, Mary Smith. Besides the children there were an old lady, named Hannah Grinnels, who had been in the family many years; another old lady named Margaret Brysen; and a younger one, named Jane Wilson, who was troubled with fits and otherwise afflicted, and was, therefore, very dependent; and an old man named George Mills, who had also been in the family eleven years, almost entirely blind and very crabbed; these and others, some of whom had been taken care of by the Patriarch out of charity, were members of the family, and remained with them until after they arrived in the valley. "Old George," as he was sometimes called, had been a soldier in the British army, never had learned to read or write; and, therefore, often acted upon impulse more than from the promptings of reason, which made it difficult sometimes to get along with him; but because he had been in the family so long—through the troubles of Missouri and Illinois, and had lost his eye-sight, the effect of brain fever and inflammation, caused by taking cold while in the pineries, getting out timbers for the temple at Nauvoo; widow Smith bore patiently all his peculiarities up to the time of her death. Besides those I have mentioned, Mercy R. Thompson, sister to widow Smith, and her daughter, and Elder James Lawson were also members of the family.

On or about the 8th of September, 1846, the family, with others, were driven out of Nauvoo by the threats of the mob, and camped on the banks of the Mississippi river just below Montrose. There they were compelled to remain two or three days, in view of their comfortable home just across the river, unable to travel for the want of teams, while the men-folks were preparing to defend the city against the attack of the mob. They were thus under the necessity of witnessing the commencement of the memorable "battle of Nauvoo;" but, before the cannonading ceased, they succeeded in moving out a few miles, away from the dreadful sound of it, where they remained until they obtained, by the change of property at a great sacrifice, teams and an outfit for the journey through Iowa to the Winter Quarters of the Saints, now Florence, in Nebraska. Arriving at that point late in the Fall, they were obliged to turn out their work animals to pick their living through the Winter, during which some of their cattle, and eleven out of their thirteen horses died, leaving them very destitute of teams in the Spring.

[*To be continued.*]

Holiness to the Lord!

The Juvenile Instructor

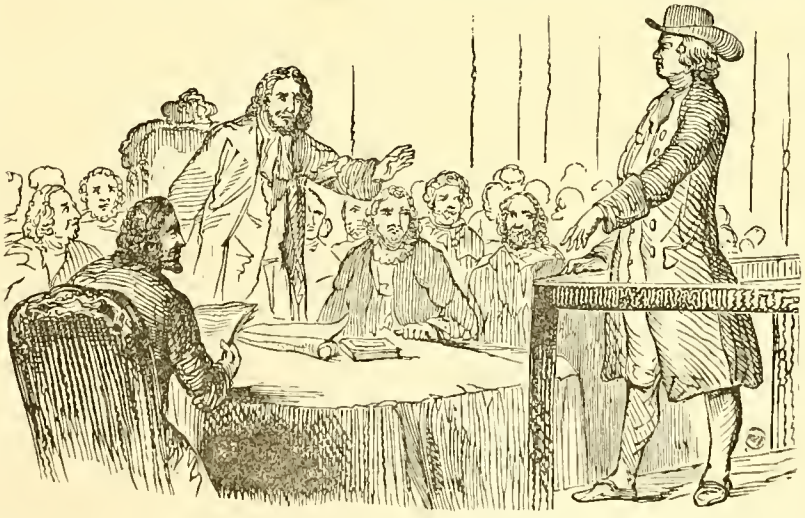


VOL. 6. SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1871. NO. 6.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor.*

GEORGE FOX.

MOST of our readers have doubtless heard of a religious sect of people called Quakers. The founder of this religious order was George Fox, the son of a weaver, and himself an apprentice to a Nottingham shoemaker. His master owned sheep and George was set by him to watch them. He passed much of his time in early youth in prayer and reading the Bible, and fasted frequently to know the right way. He sought for knowledge among the various sects; but became convinced that they were all wrong. What to do he did not know, and many nights he walked all night long in the fields by himself in misery too great to be declared. He was almost tempted to become an infidel, to deny the existence of a God and to adopt the idea that "all things come by nature;" but a true voice arose within him, and said, "there is a living God." The clouds of darkness rolled away; his soul was cheered and filled by light from heaven; he enjoyed the sweetness of repose, and from that time forward he never doubted. He came to the conclusion that the truth was to be sought by listening to the voice of God in the soul, and he went about preaching and proclaiming unto the people against the many sins that prevailed.



On one occasion a preacher, to whom he listened, took for his text the words of Peter: "We have also a more sure word of prophecy." This preacher told the people this was the scriptures. George Fox cried out, "O no! it is not the scriptures; it is the spirit." For his zeal in preaching and attacking religious sects he was cast into prison, and greatly persecuted, and even threatened with death; but preach he would, and nothing but death could stop him. Fox was very severe upon the hireling ministry; he did not believe that any man should preach for money, and that ministers should not be employed; but men should speak as the spirit moves them. To this day the Quakers have no ministers; they go to meeting and sit in silence until some one, either male or female, is moved upon to speak; and when the time comes to dismiss they walk away, not unfrequently without a word having been said in the meeting.

At one time a doctor of divinity had finished preaching from the words: "Ho every one that thirsteth, come buy without money!" George Fox felt moved to say to him: "Come down, thou deceiver! dost thou bid the people come to the waters of life freely, and yet thou takest three hundred pounds a year of them? the Spirit is a free teacher."

The Quakers quote the scriptures to prove that the patriarchs were men who tended flocks; that the prophets were mechanics and shepherds; and the apostles were fishermen, that John the Baptist was clad in a rough garment of camel's hair, and that Jesus himself was reared under the roof of a carpenter, and the messengers of his choice were rustics. Fox taught true republicanism. He taught his followers to let their communication be yea, yea; nay, nay. They were not to swear; they were not to go to war; they were not to enslave their fellows; they were not to use titles, but when they spoke to each other to address by the title of friends, and to use the pronouns thou and thee, instead of the plural pronoun you; to be very plain in their dress and in their food. These are peculiarities which still exist among the Quakers. Among other things they refuse to put off their hats; they regard all men as being created equal, and, therefore, wear their hats in the presence of kings, judges and all dignitaries as an evidence of equality, and they think that they ought not to do homage to their fellow-men, but to bow to God alone.

In some future number we will give a description of the

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

(*Continued.*)

KIRTLAND continued to be President Young's home until near the close of 1837. He was constantly employed in the duties of his calling either at home or abroad. His missions were frequent, and he was successful in his ministrations among the people. During the times of darkness and apostasy at Kirtland, his constant testimony was that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the Most High God, and had not transgressed or fallen as apostates declared. He stood close by Joseph at these times, and with all the wisdom and power God bestowed upon him, he put forth his utmost energies to sustain the prophet and unite the quorums of the Church. On these accounts he was hated by the apostates and all the enemies of God's kingdom, and they threatened to destroy him. So great was their fury against him that he was under the necessity of leaving Kirtland on the 22nd of December, 1837. The Prophet Joseph also had to flee from Kirtland about the same time, because of the spirit of mobocracy which prevailed among the apostates.

One incident connected with this journey we will relate. Brother Brigham had reached the town of Dublin, Indiana, when the Prophet Joseph came along. After he had been there a short time he addressed Brother Brigham as follows:

"Brother Brigham, I am destitute of means to pursue my journey, and as you are one of the Twelve Apostles who hold the keys of the kingdom in all the world, I believe I shall throw myself upon you, and look to you for counsel in this case."

At first he could hardly believe the prophet was in earnest, but on his assuring him he was, he said:

"If you will take my counsel, it will be that you rest yourself and be assured, brother Joseph, you shall have plenty of money to pursue your journey."

There was a brother named Tomlinson living in that place, who had previously asked his counsel about selling his tavern-stand. He told him if he would do right and obey counsel, he would have an opportunity to sell soon, and the first offer he would get would be the best. A few days afterwards brother Tomlinson informed him he had an offer for his place. He asked him what offer he had; he replied he was offered $500 in money, a team, and $250 in store goods. He told him that was the hand of the Lord, to deliver President Joseph Smith from his present necessity. His promise to Joseph was soon verified. Brother Tomlinson sold his property and gave the Prophet three hundred dollars which enabled him comfortably to proceed on his journey.

In leaving Kirtland Brother Brigham forsook property which was worth in those days, when money was of more value than it is to-day, $5,000. This means he had accumulated by his own hands' labor, notwithstanding he was absent so much on missions. He was industrious, economical, and managed his affairs well, and the Lord prospered him. When he first reached Kirtland times were hard, employment was scarce, and pay was difficult to obtain. Others whom he knew, and who went about the time he did, would not stay in Kirtland, but went to the neighboring towns where they could get better pay. But he would not. He had gathered to build up Zion and to devote himself to the work of the Lord, and he was resolved to stay in Kirtland. By taking this course he had made a handsome property for those days, while they who had gone elsewhere had not been prospered as he had been. He was fortunate in securing considerable land in Caldwell county, Missouri, where the Saints were then settled. But he was not permitted to enjoy the fruits of his labors. The spirit of mobocracy began to rage in Missouri. The authorities of the State set the example of persecution, and most of the officers from the Governor down were united with the mob to rob, drive and kill the Saints. Although there was so much opposition and persecution carried on against them in Missouri, Brother Brigham has stated that he never knew one of the Saints to break a law while he was there; and if the records of Clay, Caldwell or Daviess counties had been searched, not one record of crime could have been found against any member of the Church; this was the case also in Jackson county so far as he knew. From this it will be seen how little excuse the mob and its leaders had for the commission of the dreadful outrages they inflicted upon the Latter-day Saints.

Brother Brigham left Missouri with his family about the middle of February, 1839, and repaired to the State of Illinois. He was at this time the President of the Twelve Apostles; of the two who were his seniors in that body David W. Patten had been killed by the mob, and Thomas B. Marsh had apostatized. The Prophet Joseph, his Brother Hyrum and Sidney Rigdon being in prison in Missouri, great responsibility rested upon Brother Brigham in giving counsel to the Saints and in dictating affairs. He counseled the Twelve to place their families in Quincy for the time being; but he looked for the Saints to move northward, and advised them to purchase land on the opposite side of the river, from the site where Nauvoo was afterwards built.

[*To be continued.*]

[For the *Juvenile Instructor.*

RECOLLECTIONS.

(*Continued.*)

IN the fall of 1847, widow Smith and her brother Joseph Fielding, made a trip into Missouri, with two teams to purchase provisions for the family. Joseph, her son, accompanying them as teamster; he was then nine years of age. The team he drove consisted of two yokes of oxen, one yoke being young and only partially broke, which with the fact that the roads were very bad with the fall rains, full of stumps at places, sometimes hilly, and that he drove to St. Joseph, Missouri, and back, a distance of about three hundred miles without meeting with one serious accident, proves that he must have been a very fair teamster for a boy at his age.

At St. Joseph they purchased corn and other necessaries getting their corn ground at Savannah on their return journey. "Wheat flour" was a luxury beyond their reach, and one seldom enjoyed by many of the Latter-day Saints in those days. On their journey homeward they camped one evening at the edge of a small prairie or open flat surrounded by woods, where a large herd of cattle on their way to market was being pastured for the night, and turned out their teams, as usual, to graze. In the morning their best yoke of cattle was missing, at which they were greatly surprised, this being the first time their cattle had separated. Brother Fielding and Joseph at once started in search, over the prairie, through the tall wet grass, in the woods, far and near, till they were almost exhausted with fatigue and hunger, and saturated to the skin; but their search was vain. Joseph returned first to the wagons towards mid-day, and found his mother engaged in prayer. Brother Fielding arrived soon after, and they sat down to breakfast, which had long been waiting.

"Now," said widow Smith, "while you are eating I will go down toward the river and see if I can find the cattle."

Brother Fielding remarked, "I think it is useless for you to start out to hunt the cattle, I have inquired of all the herdsmen, and at every house for miles, and I believe they have been driven off." Joseph was evidently of the same opinion, still he had more faith in his mother finding them, if they could be found, than he had either in his uncle or himself; he knew that she had been praying to the Lord for assistance, and he felt almost sure that the Lord would hear her prayers. Doubtless he would have felt quite sure, had he not been so disheartened by the apparently thorough but fruitless search of the morning. He felt, however, to follow her example; he prayed that his mother might be guided to the cattle, and exercised all the faith he could muster, striving hard to feel confident that she would be. As she was following the little stream, directly in the course she had taken on leaving the wagons, one of the drovers rode up on the opposite side, and said: "Madam, I saw your cattle this morning over in those woods;" pointing almost directly opposite to the course she was taking. She paid no attention to him, but passed right on. He repeated his information; still she did not heed him. He then rode off hurriedly, and in a few moments, with his comrades, began to gather up their cattle and start them on the road toward St. Joseph. She had not gone far when she came upon a small ravine filled with tall willows and brush; but not tall enough to be seen above the high grass of the prairie. In a dense cluster of these willows she found the oxen, so entangled in the brush, and fastened by means of withes, that it was with great difficulty that she extricated them from their entanglement. This was evidently the work of these honest(?) drovers who so hurriedly disappeared—on seeing they could not turn her from her course—perhaps in search of estray honesty, which it is to be hoped they found.

This circumstance made an indelible impression upon the mind of the lad Joseph. He had witnessed many evidences of God's mercy in answer to prayer before; but none that seemed to strike him so forcibly as this Young as he was he realised his mother's anxiety to emigrate with her family to the valley in the spring, and their dependence upon their teams to perform that journey, which to him seemed a formidable, if not an impossible, undertaking in their impoverished circumstances. It was this that made him so disheartened and sorrowful when he feared that the cattle would never be found. Besides, it seemed to him that he could not bear to see such loss and disappointment come upon his mother, whose life, he had known from his earliest recollection, had been a life of toil and struggle, for the maintenance and welfare of her family. His joy, therefore, as he looked through tears of gratitude to God for His kind mercy extended to the "widow and the fatherless" may be imagined, as he ran to meet his mother driving the oxen toward the wagons.

(To be continued.)

A SHARP RETORT.—A Baptist pastor in New Jersey recently received a note which read as follows: "Dear Doctor—You will greatly oblige one of your parishioners if at an early day you would preach on Ecclesiastes iii, last clause of the third verse—'A time to dance.'" Upon the Sabbath following, the Doctor read the note and added, "When I shall have become fully satisfied that the important duty of dancing is neglected in my congregation, rest assured I will give all needed admonition on the subject." Which was certainly as witty as it was ingenious.

THE number of languages spoken in the world amount to about 3,064. The inhabitants of the globe profess more than 1,000 different religions. The average of human life is about thirty-three years. One-quarter die previous to the age of 7 years; one-half before reaching 17; and those who pass this age enjoy a fecility refused to one-half the human species. To every 1,000 persons only one reaches 100 years of life; to every 100 only 6 reach the age of 65; and not more than one in 500, lives to 80 years of age. There are on earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants; and of these 33,333,333 die every year, 91,824 every day, 3,730 every hour, and 60 every minute, or one every second. The losses are about balanced by an equal number of births. The married are longer lived than the single, and above all, those who preserve sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances for life in their favor previous to being 60 years of age than men have, but fewer afterward.—*Selected.*

Selected Poetry.

RIGHT.

Never be a coward
In the cause of right;
Be a valiant soldier
In the world's good fight.

In the fight with meanness
With the giant Wrong,
For God, for right, for justice,
Battle hard and long.

Let the truth be dearer
To your heart of heart,
Than the richest prizes
Of the mint or mart.

Let the right be stronger
To control your hand,
Than all the gifts of honor
At the world's command.

Let the call of justice
And of sacred truth,
Nerve your arm of valor,
Fire your heart of youth.

In each day's endeavor,
By the world unknown,
Prove yourself a hero,
God will see alone.

God, who loves well doing,
And rewardeth all
Who, with dauntless spirit,
Answer to His call.

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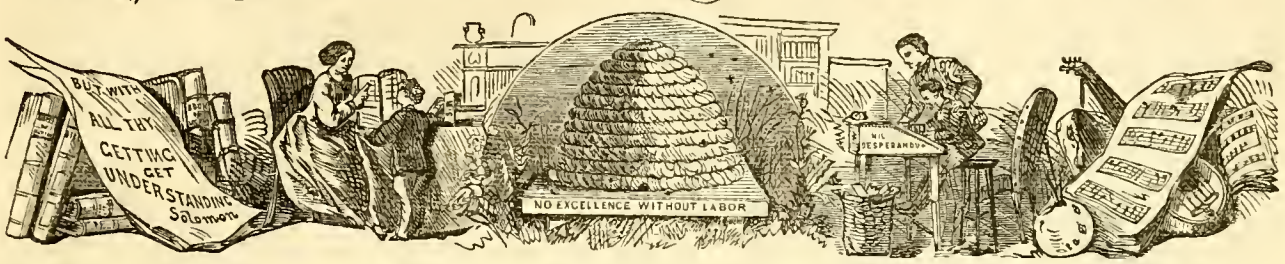


VOL. 6. SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1871. NO. 7.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor.*

WHALES.

THE whale is the largest living creature now found upon the face of our globe. Its home is in the great waters, amidst the icebergs of the Arctic ocean or in the vast seas that wash the almost unknown regions that surround the south pole. Think of a fish, sixty feet long, thirty feet round the body; with the bulk of three hundred fat oxen rolled into one huge mass of flesh and bones; with the strength of hundreds of horses; and able to swim at a rate that would carry it round the world in two dozen days; that can smash a boat to splinters with one slap of its tail, and stave in the planks of a ship with one blow of its thick skull. Imagine such a fish and you will think of something very like a whale.

By the by, like most other folks we have been calling the whale a fish. Now the whale is not a fish. But does not the whale live in the water? Certainly, but that does not make it a fish. The frog lives very much in the water; he is born in the water, and when very young he lives in it altogether, he would die, indeed, if taken out of it; but who would call the frog a fish? Nor is the whale a fish. Listen to some of the differences between a whale and a fish. The whale is a warm-blooded animal; the fish is cold-blooded. The whale brings forth its young alive; most fishes lay eggs or spawn. Again, a fish lives entirely under water, a whale cannot do so; he breathes air through enormous lungs, not gills, mark you. If you were big enough and strong enough to hold a whale's head under water for a couple of hours, it would almost certainly be drowned. This is the reason why it comes so often to the surface of the water to take breath. Whales seldom stay more than one hour under water, and when they come up to breathe, they discharge the last breath they took through their nostrils, mixed with large quantities of water, which they have taken in while feeding. Another great difference between a whale and a fish is, that the whale suckles its young, as do cows, mares, swine and monkeys.

The little whale when first born may probably not measure more than fourteen feet long, possibly less; and not weigh above a ton. The cow-whale is very fond of her gigantic baby, gives it suck, plays with it amongst the rough waves, and apparently takes much satisfaction in its gambols.

We have read of a whale that was once driven into shallow water with its calf and nearly stranded. The dam soon became anxious for the safety of her child, and was seen to swim eagerly around it, embrace it with her fins, and roll it over in the waves. But the calf, like many other youngsters, was obstinate, it would not budge an inch, and like most disobedient children it got into t r o u b l e. Some men in the boat of a whale ship came up and harpooned it. The poor little whale darted away like lightning when it felt the pain inflicted by the terrible iron, and ran out a hundred fathoms of line, but it was soon overhauled and killed. All this time the dam kept close to the side of its calf, and only when a harpoon was plunged into her own side would she move away. Two boats went after her, one of which she cut in two with a single rap of her tail, she then darted off, but in a short time returned to the shallow water. Her feelings of anxiety for the calf had no doubt brought her back, and at last she died close by the side of her young one.

Here we have a picture of a huge stranded whale. The circumstance took place in the winter of 1869-'70 at a place called Longniddry, on the Frith of Forth, about twelve miles from Edinburgh in Scotland. It was carried ashore by a strong tide, and left high and dry on the rough, rocky beach. Before high tide returned it was dead, and its death was said to have been a very painful one. It was found, on measurement to be more

will remain. This is the principle upon which our argentiferous galena is assayed by the dry method, only that the operations have to be performed with great exactitude. In these changes that the sulphide of lead undergoes many interesting and instructive facts may be noticed. It has metallic lustre, it is crystalized, sometimes in cubes that may be readily separated by cleavage. It appears to be homogeneous, but the moment it is heated sufficiently, fumes of sulphur pass off that may be ignited, or, by suitable apparatus "sublimed," that is deposited as sulphur. In this state the weight of sulphur being added to the button of lead obtained the ratio in which Pb S (lead and sulphur) unite is known, and that galena is a compound is demonstrated.

But silver is also capable of uniting with sulphur forming "Argentite" (Ag. S) so is copper (Cu Ca S) called "vitreous copper" from its glassy appearance; iron also unites with sulphur, forming "pyrites" where the formula is (Fe 2 S) and many other metals unite with sulphur to form sulphides, some of which will be noticed under their specific names.

Now the student will perceive that the term "atom" is not appropriate to designate a particle of any compound substance, for the word atom means a particle that cannot be divided. But a sulphide is a compound of a metal or perhaps of two metals, with sulphur in some simple ratio, or some other element. For this reason the term 'molecule' is used to designate a mass that is the smallest particle of any substance that can exhibit its characteristic properties. A molecule of gold is composed of atoms of that metal; a molecule of galena is an atom of lead united to an atom of sulphur; a molecule of pyrites is an atom of the metal iron chemically combined with two atoms of sulphur. There are therefore simple molecules, viz., those that are elementary substances, as gold, lead, and sulphur, respectively; and compound molecules such as the sulphides and other forms of matter where elements that are different to one another are in combination.

BETH.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.

RECOLLECTIONS.

(*Continued.*)

JOSEPH was herd-boy. One bright morning, sometime in the Fall of 1847, in company with his herd-boy companions, whose names were Alden Burdick, (almost a young man, and very sober and steady), Thomas Burdick, cousin to Alden, about Joseph's size, but somewhat older, and Isaac Blocksome, younger; he started out with his cattle as usual for the herd grounds, some two miles from Winter Quarters. They had two horses, both belonging to the Burdicks, and a pet jack belonging to Joseph. Their herd that day comprised not only the cows and young stock, but the work oxen, which for some cause were unemployed.

Alden proposed to take a trip on foot through the hazel, and gather nuts for the party, and by the "lower road" meet the boys at the spring on the herd ground, while they drove the herd by the "upper road," which was free from brush. This arrangement just suited Joseph and Thomas, for they were very fond of a little sport, and his absence would afford them full scope; while his presence served as an extinguisher upon the exuberance of their mirth. Joseph rode Alden's bay mare, a very fine animal; Thomas, his father's black pony, and Isaac the pet Jack. This Jack had deformed or crooked fore-legs, and was very knowing in his way; so "Ike" and the Jack were the subjects chosen by Joseph and Thomas for their sport. They would tickle "Jackie," and plague him, he would kick up, stick his head down, hump up his back and run, while Isaac struggled in vain to guide or hold him by the bridle reins, for like the rest of his tribe he was very headstrong when abused. No harm or even offense to Isaac was intended; but they carried their fun too far; Isaac was offended, and returned home on foot, turning loose the Jack with the bridle on. We will not try to excuse Joseph and Thomas in this rudeness to Isaac, for although they were well-meaning boys, it was no doubt very wrong to carry their frolics so far as to offend, or hurt the feelings of their playmate, and especially so that he was younger than they; but in justice to them it is fair to say they were heartily sorry when they found they had given such sore offense.

When Joseph and Thomas arrived at the spring they set down their dinner pails by it, mounted their horses again, and began to amuse themselves by running short races, jumping ditches and riding about. They would not have done this had Alden been there. They had not even done such a thing before, although the same opportunity had not been wanting; but for some reason,—ever fond of frolic and mischief,—they were more than usually so this morning. It is said that not even a "sparrow falls to the ground" without God's notice, is it unreasonable to suppose that He saw these boys? And as He overrules the actions of even the wicked, and causes their "wrath to praise Him," would it be inconsistent to suppose that the Lord overruled the frolics of these mischievous, but not wicked boys on this occasion for good, perhaps for their deliverance and salvation? We shall see.

While they were riding about and the cattle were feeding down the little spring creek toward a point of the hill that jutted out into the little valley about half a mile distant, the "leaders" being about half way to it, a gang of Indians on horseback, painted, their hair daubed with white clay, stripped to the skin, suddenly appeared from behind the hill, whooping and charging at full speed toward them. Now, had these boys turned out their horses, as under other circumstances they should, and no doubt would, have done, they and the cattle would have been an easy prey to the Indians, the boys themselves being completely at their mercy, such mercy as might be expected from a thieving band of savages. In an instant, Thomas put his pony under full run for home, crying at the top of his voice, "Indians, Indians!" At the same instant Joseph set out at full speed for the head of the herd, with a view to save them if possible.

He only could tell the multitude of his thoughts in that single moment. Boy as he was, he made a desperate resolve. His mother, his brother and sisters and their dependence upon their cattle for transportation to the Valley in the spring, occupied his thoughts and nerved him to meet the Indians half-way, and risk his life to save the cattle from being driven off by them. At the moment that he reached the foremost of the herd, the Indians, with terrific yells reached the same spot, which frightened the cattle so, that with the almost superhuman effort of the little boy to head them in the right direction, and at the same time to elude the grasp of the Indians, in an instant they were all on the stampede toward home. Here the Indians divided, the foremost passing by Joseph in hot pursuit of Thomas, who by this time had reached the brow of the hill on the upper road leading to town, but he was on foot. He had left his pony, knowing the Indians could outrun—and perhaps would overtake him. And thinking they would be satisfied with only the horse, and by leaving that, he could make good his escape.

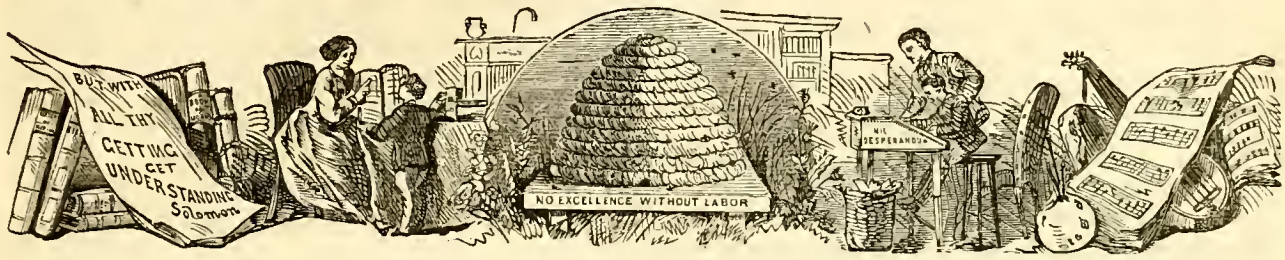
[*To be continued.*]

A LAZY boy makes a lazy man, just as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. Those who make our great and useful men were trained in their early boyhood to be industrious.

IT is one of the worst of errors to suppose that there is any other path of safety except that of duty.

Holiness to the Lord!

The Juvenile Instructor

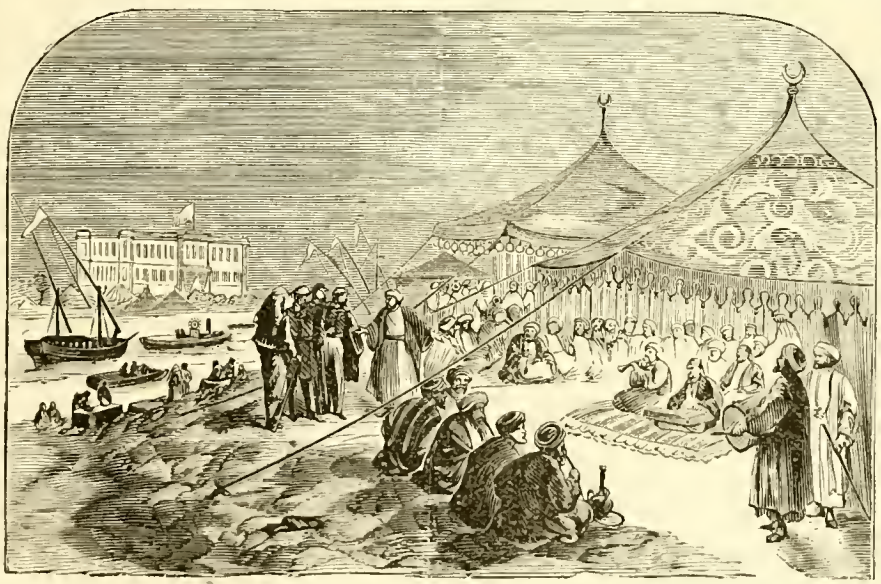


VOL. 6. SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1871. NO. 8.

OPENING OF THE SUEZ CANAL.

WE give herewith to our readers an engraving of the opening of the Suez Canal, which was formally opened, with religious and other imposing ceremonies, to the commerce of the world on Tuesday, November 16th, 1869. A procession, consisting of fifty vessels, was formed, which effected the passage of the Canal on the 18th of November. In the procession and leading it were the steam yachts of the Empress of the French and the Emperor of Austria; they were followed by that of the Viceroy of Egypt, a Russian and Prussian vessel-of-war and various passenger steamboats. The procession was piloted from the end of the canal at the Mediterranean Sea to Suez on the Red Sea.

The isthmus through which this canal runs is abont seventy-five miles broad and separates the Mediterranean Sea from the Red Sea. It is this isthmus which connected the continents of Asia and Africa. Now that this canal is cut Africa is an island, being entirely surrounded by water. It is supposed, from the character of the land of which this isthmus is formed, that at one time the two seas which it now divides were united. An old canal once connected the Nile with the gulf of Suez, and some traces of it still remain. Napoleon, the First Emperor, projected a canal across the isthmus of Suez, but though the idea attracted considerable attention, nothing was done towards carrying it out until lately. In 1852, M. de Lesseps, a French engineer, commenced to form a joint stock company to cut a ship canal on this route, and after considerable labor and the expenditure of a large amount of money, lived to see his work completed, the canal opened and ships sailing on its waters from sea to sea. The canal is about ninety miles long, 330 feet wide on the surface and is twenty feet deep at low water level of the Mediterranean.



Ships which sail upon this canal have to pay toll according to their size for its use. If you will look at your maps you will see the advantage of going by way of this canal from Europe to Asia and especially to India. Instead of taking a long and tedious voyage around the continent of Africa, doubling the Cape of Good Hope, a vessel can sail up the Mediterranean Sea, pass through the Canal into the Gulf of Suez, thence down the Red Sea into the Arabian Sea or into the Indian Ocean. Many vessels now take this route to the East Indies and to China; but not so many as was anticipated would sail by it when it was dug. Still, it is a great work, and may yet exert a very important influence upon the commerce of the world.

In the picture are seen the magnificent tents and canopies under which the Viceroy of Egypt entertained his guests. You can distinguish the followers of Mohammed by their turbans, their loose flowing robes and their style of sitting. Their dress is much cooler and better adapted to the climate in which they live than ours would be. It is a more ancient fashion also than the coats and pantaloons which men in Europe and America wear; and probably as far back as the times of Abraham and the patriarchs the dress was very similar to that now worn in the countries where they lived. A people who wear such loose robes can not be so quick and lively in their motions as those who dress as we do. It would be a great embarrassment to a nervous, excitable American to wear a dress like those we see in the picture. The Turks and the other people who wear this dress are very slow and stately in their movements. They look with contempt upon those who hurry and get excited, while their slow, phlegmatic and indolent method of doing business is a great trial to the patience of Americans and Europeans.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.

RECOLLECTIONS.

(*Continued.*)

JOSEPH'S horse was fleeter on foot, besides, he was determined to sell what he had to, at the dearest possible rate. The rest of the Indians of the first gang, about half a dozen, endeavored to capture him; but in a miraculous manner he eluded them, contriving to keep the cattle headed in the direction of the lower road towards home, until he reached the head of the spring. Here the Indians who pursued Thomas,—excepting the one in possession of Thomas' horse, which he had captured and was leading away towards the point,—met him, turning his horse around the spring and down the course of the stream, the whole gang of Indians in full chase. He could outrun them, and had he now, freed from the herd, been in the direction of home he could have made his escape; but as he reached a point opposite the hill from whence the Indians came, he was met by another gang who had crossed the stream for that purpose, again turning his horse. Making a circuit, he once more got started towards home. His faithful animal began to lose breath and flag. He could still, however, keep out of the reach of his pursuers; but now the hindmost in the down race began to file in before him, as he had turned about, by forming a platoon and veering to the right or left in front, as he endeavored to pass, they obstructed his course, so that those behind overtook him just as he once more reached the spring. Riding up on either side, one Indian fiercely took him by the right arm, another by the left leg, while a third was prepared to close in and secure his horse. Having forced his reins from his grip, they raised him from the saddle, slackened speed till his horse ran from under him, then dashed him to the ground among their horses' feet while running at great speed. He was considerably stunned by the fall, but fortunately escaped further injury, notwithstanding, perhaps a dozen horses passed over him. As he rose to his feet, several men were in sight on the top of the hill, with pitchforks in their hands, at the sight of whom the Indians fled in the direction they had come. These men had been alarmed by Thomas' cry of Indians, while on their way to the hay fields, and reached the place in time to see Joseph's horse captured and another incident which was rather amusing. The Jack, which did not stampede with the cattle, had strayed off alone toward the point of the hill, still wearing his bridle. An old Indian with some corn in a buckskin sack was trying to catch him; but "Jackie" did not fancy Mr. Indian, although not afraid of him, and so would wheel from him as he would attempt to take hold of the bridle. As the men appeared, the Indian made a desperate lunge to catch the Jack, but was kicked over, and his corn spilt on the ground. The Indian jumped up and took to his heels, and "Jackie" deliberately ate up his corn. By this time the cattle were scattered off in the brush lining the lower road, still heading towards town. The men with the pitchforks soon disappeared from the hill, continuing on to the hay-fields, and Joseph found himself alone, affording him a good opportunity to reflect on his escape and situation. The truth is, his own thoughts made him more afraid than did the Indians. What if they should return to complete their task, which he had been instrumental in so signally defeating? They would evidently show him no mercy. They had tried to trample him to death with their horses, and what could he do on foot and alone? It would take him a long time to gather up the cattle, from among the brush. The Indians might return any moment, there was nothing to prevent them doing so. These were his thoughts, he concluded therefore that time was precious, and that he would follow the example, now, of Thomas, and "make tracks" for home. When he arrived the people had gathered in the old bowery, and were busy organizing two companies, one of foot and the other of horsemen, to pursue the Indians. All was excitement, his mother and the family were almost distracted, supposing he had been killed or captured by the Indians. Thomas had told the whole story so far as he knew it, the supposition was therefore inevitable; judge, therefore, of the happy surprise of his mother and sisters on seeing him, not only, alive, but uninjured. Their tears of joy were even more copious than those of grief a moment before.

But Joseph's sorrow had not yet began. He and Thomas returned with the company of armed men on foot to hunt for the cattle, while the horsemen were to pursue the Indians, if possible, to recover the horses. When they arrived again at the spring he sign of the cattle could be seen; even the dinner pails had been taken away. On looking around, the saddle blanket from the horse Joseph rode was found near the spring. Was this evidence that the Indians had returned as Joseph had suspected? And had they, after all, succeeded in driving off the cattle? These were the questions which arose. All that day did they hunt, but in vain, to find any further trace of them; and as they finally gave up the search and bent their weary steps towards home, all hope of success seemingly fled. Joseph could no longer suppress the heavy weight of grief that filled his heart, and he gave vent to it in bitter tears, and wished he had been a man.

MISSIONARY SKETCHES.

IN the spring of 1856, in the days of my youth, I was called by the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, to go on a mission to Australia, to preach the gospel. I was young and inexperienced, and had but very little education. I had been to school but six months in my life, although I had been raised in the Church from infancy and had been taught by my mother that God had spoken from the heavens in these last days and had sent a holy angel to reveal the gospel that had been lost from the earth. These things I understood; but the scriptures I never had read, from the fact that I could not read. Under these circumstances I went to President Heber C. Kimball and asked permission to stay at home one year, and I would go to school and learn to read and write, and then I would go. But he said that he had called me to a mission and he wanted that I should go now. So I received my endowments, and President Kimball blessed me and prophesied many great things that should happen to me in the next three years and a half; for he said that I would be gone that time, and should learn to read and write by my close application and the help of the Holy Spirit. I bade farewell to my aged mother and started in company with some other Elders, for Australia.

We arrived in Carson valley, where Judge Drummond was holding a court at the time. President Orson Hyde was probate judge in that valley, and had held a court a short time before we arrived. He had decided a case of law between Colonel Reese and another in the case of a mill. A. P. Chessly, one of our missionaries, filed a demurrer against Brother Hyde's decision, and the case was tried by Judge Drummond. Colonel Reese lost the mill. Brother Hyde told Chessly that he had better not go on his mission, if he did he should never see home again, for he had sinned with his eyes open, to get gain. Brother Hyde said to all of us if we went with him that we should share with him the displeasure of God.

We arrived at San Francisco and there was a ship about to sail for Australia. Half of the Elders said that they would go on that ship with Chessly, and the remainder of us said that we would wait for another vessel. They started, and in about thirty days afterwards, a clipper bark was advertised to sail, and we embarked on that ship. In thirty-six days we arrived at Sidney, Australia, having sailed about 10,000 miles and had a pleasant voyage. The other brethren had not been heard of. One hundred and fifteen days passed, and they arrived at

Holiness to the Lord!

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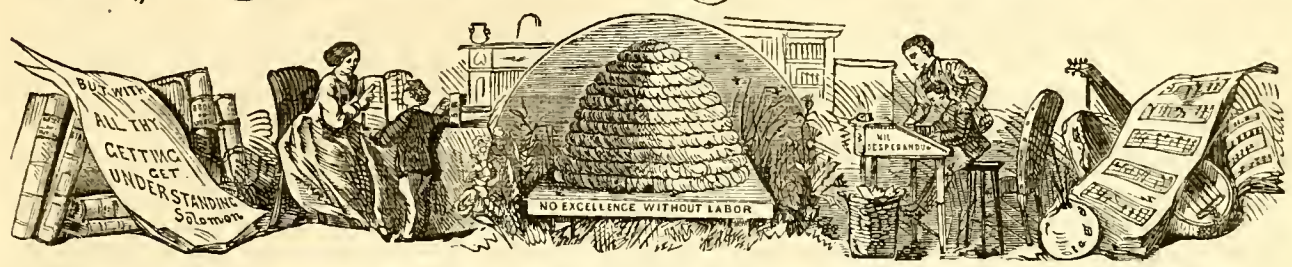
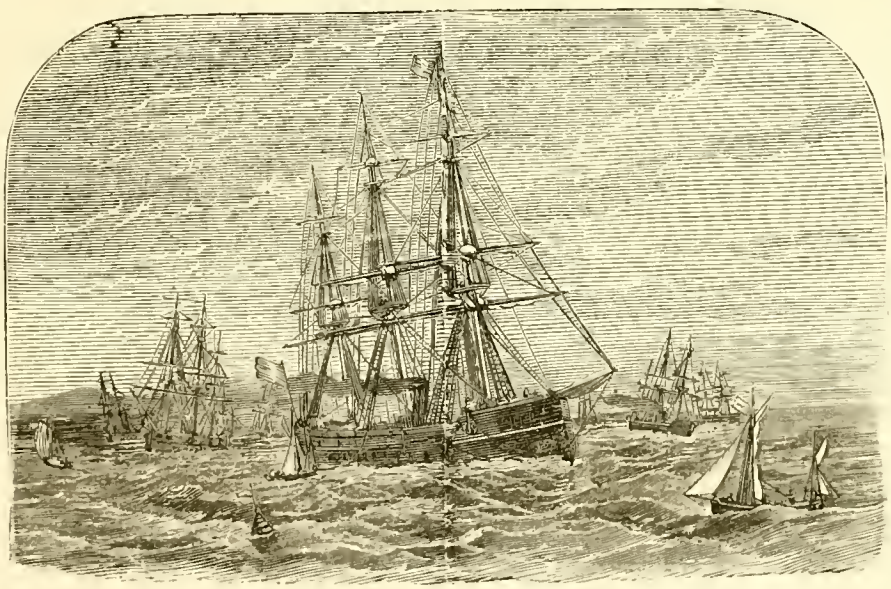


VOL. 6. SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1871. NO. 11.

FRENCH FLEET SAILING FOR THE BALTIC.

BOLDLY and gallantly these ships are steaming away to their destination. It is easy to perceive that they are vessels of war, and from their number that the voyage is an important one. It is the French ironclad fleet, which sailed out from Cherbourg a few days after the French declaration of war against Prussia, with the intention of going to the Baltic where it was expected to operate against the Prussians. The vessels had plenty of provisions given them for a long voyage, and the officers and sailors expected, very likely, to do the Prussians a great amount of damage. The French navy was so much larger than that of Prussia, that it was confidently thought it would inflict serious damage upon the Prussian ports, and that whatever the result of the contest on land might be, there could be no doubt about the French being easy victors on the sea. But in this, as in everything else connected with this remarkable war, the French anticipations were not realized. The fleet accomplished little or nothing. By using torpedoes at the mouths of their rivers, and along their coasts, the Prussians kept the French ships at bay. They dare not enter the waters where these deadly instruments of destruction were placed, for fear they would be blown up.



This fleet which went to the Baltic made strenuous efforts to effect a landing and destroy the country around; but the Prussians had placed everything in a complete state of defense, with a large army to guard the coast between the forts.

The Americans have very excellent reasons for thinking highly of the French navy; for it rendered very great aid to our country in the war of the Revolution. When the Earl of Cornwallis, commander of one of the British armies, was at Yorktown, Washington was exceedingly anxious to close the war by a bold stroke; and to accomplish this, he gathered all his troops and directed them against the British at that point. By his energy he succeeded in concentrating over sixteen thousand men, composed of regular American troops and militia, and also French. But Cornwallis would have received aid from Sir Henry Clinton, the commander-in-chief, at New York, had it not been for the timely aid of the French navy. Count de Grasse was the commander of the fleet, and he succeeded in preventing Admiral Graves, the commander of the British fleet, from communicating with Cornwallis. They fought a partial action, during which both sides lost a good many officers and men, and one of the English ships was so damaged, that after taking out her people and stores they set fire to and burned her. Graves, after remaining some days and finding the entrance to the Chesapeake blocked up by a force with which he could not contend, with any hope of success, returned to New York, fearing if he stopped any longer he would be caught in the equinoctial gales. Cornwallis was thus left to his fate, and was compelled to surrender to Washington, which terminated the War of the Revolution.

Speaking of Count de Grasse, Washington afterwards said: "His name will be long deservedly dear to this country on account of his successful co-operation in the glorious campaign of 1781."

The French navy was then fighting in a good cause, and was greatly blessed as the means of helping to establish liberty upon this land.

They had a bad cause in the late war with Prussia.

He then put his hand into his pocket and gave me some money, and went to my companion and did the same; and then said:

"Boys, do you see that large four-story house on the corner?"

We replied that we did.

"Well," said he, "you go there and tell the landlord that you have been sent there to occupy the green room to night, and he will conduct you to it, and give you all the accomodations that he can afford."

After saying this the stranger left us, and passed on out of our sight, in the dark. We then proceeded to the house, and found all things as the stranger had represented. The landlord conducted us to the green room, it was in the fourth story of the house, and while going up the long stairs my companion said to me, "Stop!" I stopped, and he said in a low voice "I fear that this is a plan laid to destroy us." I told him not to fear, for we had suffered enough, and the Lord was about to bless us. Arrived at the room we found it a beautiful place, but we were not fit tenants for such a fine room, as our clothing was wet through and muddy. We found everything as the stranger who met us in the street had told us. There was dry clothing for us to put on, and a good bed to sleep in, and the landlord sent us up a warm supper. We then looked at the money that the man gave us in the street and found it to be English money of the denominations ranging from a crown down to the smallest coin in silver, and what seemed strange to us was that both of us had the same amount and pieces just alike; the man seemed to have a pocket nearly full of money, and it was dark when he gave it to us. After supper we went to bed and had a good night's rest and pleasant dreams. The next morning we got up and partook of the hospitalities of the house and asked the landlord our bill. He answered that "there was no charge," so we went on our way rejoicing.

We spent a few days in this city, and preached and sold our books and had a good time with the people. I baptized one man and his family; the man had been a Methodist preacher, and I ordained him an Elder, and he commenced preaching the doctrines of the Latter-day Saints. While traveling in this city I called at a public house to distribute our books. I found two American men there, and when they heard me say I was an American, they asked me if I was a Mormon preacher. I said, "Yes, sir." "Well," said one of them, "you must have something to drink with me as you are a fellow countryman of mine." I told him that I did not drink spirituous liquors of any kind, but he insisted that I must take some wine with him. So he went into another room, as he said, to get some wine out of the cellar. I was showing my books to several in the room when he returned with the glasses of wine and presented one of them to me and requested me to drink with him. I could see by the man's countenance that he had done something wrong, so I told him that I should not drink the wine in the glass that he offered me, but if he would change glasses and give me the one that he was going to drink, I would drink it if he would drink the one he offered me. He then flew into a rage, for he knew that I had detected his design to try to poison me. I had overheard him say, while he was gone after the wine, that "the Mormon priests say that poison will not hurt them, but I will soon show you that I will make one of them ache." He also said that he was one of the party that shot Joseph Smith at Carthage jail. He took one of my books and said that I should not have it again if I did not drink the wine that he gave me. I stepped to the door and saw two policemen passing and called to them. They came to my assistance, and I told them my story. They hunted for the man, to take him, but he was not to be found. The next day my companion went to a farm house a few miles from the city to distribute some tracts and books and found one of those Americans there. When he left the house, this stranger followed him with his Minnie rifle, and remarked that he had a killing contract to kill all of the Mormon Elders that he could find, and when he had said those words he drew his rifle to his face, and said "here goes for the first one" and fired, the bullet passed within a few inches of my comrade's head. This vile murderer was so close to him that he did not take close sight on his gun. When he found that he had not hit him, he commenced loading his piece again, but by the time he had got his gun loaded my partner was nearly a quarter of a mile distant. The ruffian gave chase, and when he came within about one hundred yards he took a rest on a stump and fired. But the bullet whistled near by and missed again. The assassin then gave up the chase and went back.

Payson, AMASA POTTER.

(To be continued.)

[For the *Juvenile Instructor.*

RECOLLECTIONS.

(Continued.)

IT is said "calms succeed storms," "one extreme follows another," &c. Certainly joy followed closely on the heels of grief more than once this day, for when Joseph and Thomas reached home, to their surprise and unspeakable joy, they found all their cattle safely corraled in their yards where they had been all the afternoon. Alden, it seems, reached the herd ground just after Joseph had left. He found the cattle straggling off in the wrong direction unherded, he could find no trace of the boys or horses, although he discovered the dinner pails at the spring as usual. When he had thoroughly satisfied himself by observations that all was not right, and perhaps something very serious was the matter, he came to the conclusion to take the dinner pails, gather up the cattle and go home, which he did by the lower road, reaching home some time after the company had left by the upper road in search of them. He of course learned the particulars of the whole affair, and must have felt thankful that he had escaped. A messenger was sent to notify the company of the safety of the cattle, but for some reason he did not overtake them.

In the Spring of 1847, George Mills was fitted out with a team and went in the company of President Young as one of the Pioneers to the Valley; and soon after, a portion of the family, in the care of Brother James Lawson, emigrated from "Winter Quarters," arriving in the Valley that fall.

In the Spring of 1848, a tremendous effort was made by the Saints to immigrate to the Valley on a grand scale. No one was more anxious than Widow Smith; but to accomplish it seemed an impossibility. She still had a large and, comparatively, helpless family. Her two sons, John and Joseph, mere boys, being her only support; the men folks, as they were called, Brothers J. Lawson and G. Mills being in the valley with the teams they had taken. Without teams sufficient to draw the number of wagons necessary to haul provisions and outfit for the family, and without means to purchase, or friends who were in circumstances to assist, she determined to make the attempt, and trust in the Lord for the issue. Accordingly every nerve was strained, and every available object was brought into requisition. "Jackie" was traded off for provisions, cows and calves were yoked up, two wagons lashed together, and team barely sufficient to draw one was hitched on to them, and in this manner they rolled out from Winter Quarters some time in May. After a series of the most amusing and trying circumstances, such as sticking in the mud, doubling teams up all the little hills and crashing at ungovernable speed down the opposite sides, breaking wagon tongues and reaches, upsetting, and vainly endeavoring to control wild steers, heifers and unbroken cows, they finally succeeded in reaching the Elk Horn, where the companies were being organized for the plains.

Here, widow Smith reported herself to President Kimball, as having "started for the Valley." Meantime, she had left no stone unturned or problem untried, which promised assistance in effecting the necessary preparations for the journey. She had done to her utmost, and still the way looked dark and impossible.

President Kimball consigned her to Captain ——'s fifty. The Captain was present; said he,

"Widow Smith, how many wagons have you?"

"Seven."

"How many yokes of oxen have you?"

"Four," and so many cows and calves.

"Well," says the captain, "Widow Smith, it is folly for you to start in this manner; you never can make the journey, and if you try it, you will be a burden upon the company the whole way. My advice to you is, go back to Winter Quarters and wait till you can get help."

This speech aroused the indignation of Joseph, who stood by and heard it; he thought it was poor consolation to his mother who was struggling so hard, even against hope as it were, for her deliverance; and if he had been a little older it is possible that he would have said some very harsh things to the Captain; but as it was, he busied himself with his thoughts and bit his lips.

Widow Smith calmly replied, "Father ——" (he was an aged man,) "I will beat you to the Valley and will ask no help from you either!"

This seemed to nettle the old gentleman, for he was high metal. It is possible that he never forgot this prediction, and that it influenced his conduct towards her more or less from that time forth as long as he lived, and especially during the journey.

While the companies were lying at Elk Horn, Widow Smith sent back to Winter Quarters, and by the blessing of God, succeeded in buying on credit, and hiring for the journey, several yokes of oxen from brethren who were not able to emigrate that year, (among these brethren one Brother Rogers was ever gratefully remembered by the family.) When the companies were ready to start, Widow Smith and her family were somewhat better prepared for the journey and rolled out with lighter hearts and better prospects than favored their egress from Winter Quarters. But Joseph often wished that his mother had been consigned to some other company, for although everything seemed to move along pleasantly, his ears were frequently saluted with expressions which seemed to be prompted by feelings of disappointment and regret at his mother's prosperity and success—expressions which, it seemed to him, were made expressly for his ear. To this, however, he paid as little regard as it was possible for a boy of his temperament to do. One cause for annoyance was the fact that his mother would not permit him to stand guard of nights the same as a man or his older brother John, when the Captain required it. She was willing for him to herd in the day time and do his duty in everything that seemed to her in reason could be required of him; but, as he was only ten years of age, she did not consider him old enough to do guard duty of nights to protect the camp from Indians, stampedes, &c.; therefore, when the Captain required him to stand guard, Widow Smith objected. He was, therefore, frequently sneered at as being "petted by his mother," which was a sore trial to him.

[*To be continued.*]

A LITTLE girl in Pennsylvania was reproved for playing out doors with boys, and informed that, being seven years old, she was "too big for that now." But, with all imaginable innocence, she replied:—"Why, the bigger we grow the better we like 'em." Grandma took time to think.

Selected Poetry.

TO WHOM SHALL WE GIVE THANKS?

A little boy had sought the pump
From whence the sparkling water burst,
And drank with eager joy the draught
That kindly quenched his raging thirst;
Then gracefully he touched his cap—
I thank you Mr. Pump, he said,
For this nice drink you've given me!
(This little boy had been well bred.)

Then said the pump: My little man,
You're welcome to what I have done;
But I am not the one to thank—
I only help the water run.
Oh, then, the little fellow said,
(Polite he always meant to be,)
Cold Water, please accept my thanks,
You have been very kind to me.

Ah! said Cold Water, don't thank me;
Far up in the hillside lives the Spring
That sends me forth with generous hand
To gladden every living thing.
I'll thank the Spring, then, said the boy,
And gracefully he bowed his head.
Oh, don't thank me, my little man,
The Spring with silvery accents said.

Oh, don't thank me—for what am I
Without the dew and summer rain?
Without their aid I ne'er could quench
Your thirst, my little boy, again.
Oh, well, then, said the little boy,
I'll gladly thank the Rain and Dew,
Pray, don't thank us—without the Sun
We could not fill one cup for you.

Then, Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks
For all that you have done for me.
Stop! said the Sun, with blushing face,
My little fellow, don't thank me;
'Twas from the Ocean's mighty stores
I drew the draught for thee.
Oh, Ocean, thanks! then said the boy—
It echoed back, not unto me.

Not unto me, but unto Him
Who formed the depths in which I lie,
Go, give thy thanks, my little boy,
To Him who will thy wants supply,
The boy took off his cap, and said,
In tones so gentle and subdued,
Oh, God, I thank Thee for this gift,
Thou art the Giver of all good.

A noble man is he who can die patiently, but still nobler is he who can live patiently.

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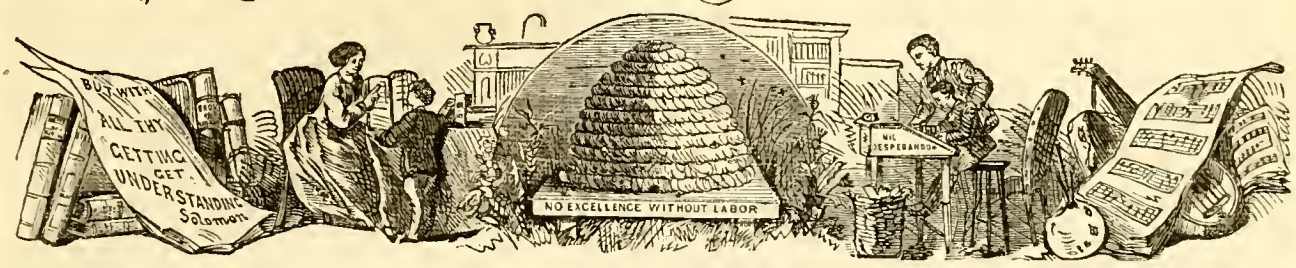
Holiness to the Lord!

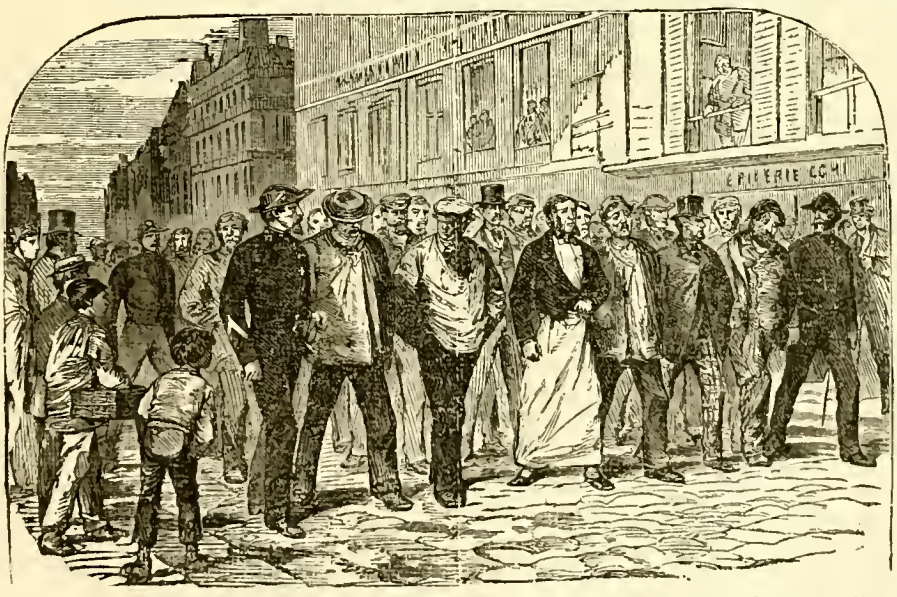
The Juvenile Instructor



VOL. 6. SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1871. NO. 12.

EXPELLED FROM PARIS.

OUR readers are familiar to a great extent with many of the incidents of suffering, wretchedness and cruelty connected with the bloody contest from which the nations of France and Prussia have just emerged. It has been perhaps the most formidable and disastrous war ever engaged in by two nations. France acted on the aggressive, and, figuratively speaking, took the part of the bully, knocking the chip off the other boy's shoulder. Proud, arrogant and powerful, the French people never doubted but that they would have an easy conquest over Prussia, as was the case in 1806, when the French armies under Napoleon I. invaded that country. Prussia, though perhaps equally anxious for war, and withal, better prepared for it than was France, having better disciplined armies, acted rather reserved than otherwise. France had several trifling pretexts for assuming an attitude of war towards Prussia. Buoyant and bloodthirsty the French armies marched and met the Prussians. Success at first made them reckless and daring, but they were unable to cope with the Prussians. Defeat and disaster followed. Retreating into the interior they were followed closely and persistently by the Prussians, spreading desolation on every hand. Previous to the commencement of the war, it did not seem reasonable that the Prussians could defeat the powerful armies of France, and march to Paris, the capital city; yet such they did. Panic-stricken and demoralized, the French were driven from one city to another, until Paris itself was surrounded by the Prussians and bombarded.



The city of Paris was one of the most magnificent in the world, and one of which the French people were very proud; and the thought of having their opponents enter it, and reduce them to subjection and ignominy was too humiliating for the haughty French to entertain. Accordingly their best generalship was brought to bear, to withstand the siege. The city was barricaded on all sides, all able-bodied French citizens were drafted to serve in the army of defense, precautionary measures were adopted in case of provisions becoming scarce, and every one suspected of sympathy for the Prussians or of being a spy, was expelled from the city. This was deemed wise policy under the circumstances, as in addition to the internal trouble they would have created, there was danger of the excited populace summarily putting an end to their existence.

In addition to these there were other classes of persons driven out of Paris: those who were not able to take part in the defense of the city; they being considered useless. This would appear a harsh action, and doubtless entailed a vast amount of suffering, but it was thought necessary, as the provisions were already scarce, and the food which they would consume, if they remained would be required for the defenders of the city. Women of loose character were also expelled.

Our engraving represents the scene of the expulsion. We see here, apparently persons of many different classes, being marched between lines of soldiers, to be thrust outside the limits of the city, with no way of providing for their wants.

This is only one of the thousands of cases of suffering and misery entailed by the terrible war just ended, which has been fraught with such direful results—a war, which for being hastily conceived and swiftly executed is without parallel in the annals of history.

Let us be thankful that God has permitted us to live here in these valleys, far removed from such scenes of strife and carnage; and let us hope also that the honest in heart of the two unfortunate nations may also be speedily gathered out to enjoy this blessing with us.

tle. As we were traveling one day through the woods on an old road not much used, all at once we heard a thundering sound behind us, and my partner who was about one rod behind me cried "look out for wild cattle!" There was some fallen timber near by, and I ran and got up on a tree top, and then looked back to see where my companion was. I saw that he was in danger and I ran to his assistance, but before I could reach him a wild bull had caught him and thrown him on his horns; but he had no sooner struck the ground then he sprang to his feet again. The bull came the second time and my companion caught him by the horns, and was thrown again, this time alighting in a tree top, where the animal did not attempt to follow him, but turned around at me as I was belaboring him with a club. When I saw that he had turned on me, I felt my first fear of being hurt. There was a tree about three rods distant from me, I thought if I could get to it I could save myself by dodging the bull, so I started to run to the tree, the bull close after me with his head down ready to hook on the first touch of his horns. Quite faint I succeeded in reaching the tree and whirled myself around it. The bull threw up his head and snorted and passed on. About this time my companion rose up out of the tree top where the bull had thrown him, and called to me "has he got you?" I answered, "No sir, it takes a smarter bull than that to catch me on a fair race." I then went to my partner to see if he was hurt, and found that all the bruise or hurt that he had received was in the palms of his hands, caused by his taking hold of the bull's horns to save himself.

Payson. AMASA POTTER.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.

RECOLLECTIONS.

(*Continued.*)

ONE day the company overtook President Kimball's company, which was traveling ahead of them; this was somewhere near the north fork of the Platte River. Jane Wilson, who has been mentioned as being a member of the family of Widow Smith, and as being troubled with fits, &c., and withal very fond of snuff, started ahead to overtake her mother, who was in the family of Bishop N. K. Whitney, in President Kimball's company, supposing both companies would camp together, and she could easily return to her own camp in the evening. But, early in the afternoon, our Captain ordered a halt, and camped for that night and the next day. This move, unfortunately, compelled poor Jane to continue on with her mother in the preceding company.

Towards evening the Captain took a position in the centre of the corral formed by the wagons, and called the company together, and then cried out:

"Is all right in the camp?" "Is all right in the camp?"

Not supposing for a moment that anything was wrong, no one replied. He repeated the question again and again, each time increasing his vehemence, until some began to feel alarmed. Old "Uncle Tommie" Harrington replied in good English style, "nout's the matter wi me" "nout's the matter wi me;" and one after another replied, "Nothing is the matter with me," until it came to Widow Smith, at which, in a towering rage, the Captain exclaimed, "All's right in the camp, and a poor woman lost!"

Widow Smith replied, "she is not lost; she is with her mother, and as safe as I am."

At which the Captain lost all control of his temper, and fairly screamed out, "I rebuke you, Widow Smith, in the name of the Lord!" pouring forth a tirade of abuse upon her. Nothing would pacify him till she proposed to send her son John ahead to find Jane. It was almost dark, and he would doubtless have to travel until nearly midnight before he would overtake the company; but he started, alone and unarmed, in an unknown region, an Indian country, infested by hordes of hungry wolves, ravenous for the dead cattle strewn here and there along the road, which drew them in such numbers that their howlings awakened the echoes of the night, making it hideous and disturbing the slumbers of the camps.

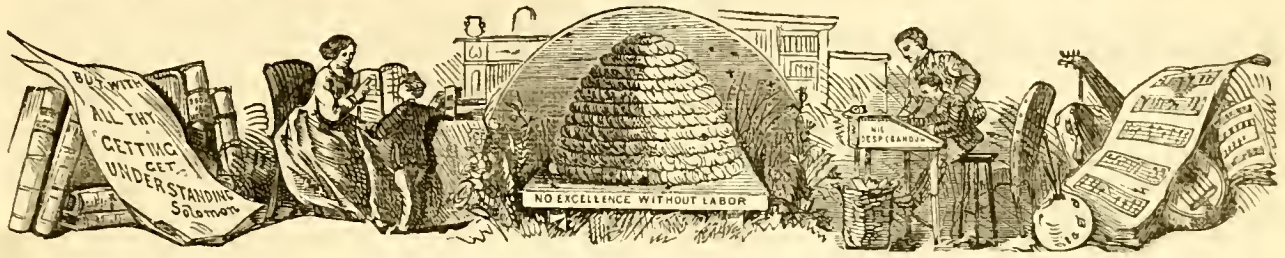
That night was spent by Widow Smith in prayer and anguish for the safety of her son; but the next day John returned all safe, and reported that he had found Jane all right with her mother. Widow Smith's fears for his safety, although perhaps unnecessary, were not groundless, as his account of his night's trip proved. The wolves growled and glared at him as he passed along, not caring even to get out of the road for him; their eyes gleaming like balls of fire through the darkness on every hand; but they did not molest him; still, the task was one that would have made a timid person shudder and shrink from its performance.

Another circumstance occurred, while camped at this place, which had a wonderful influence, some time afterwards, upon Captain ——'s mind. There was a party of the brethren started out on a hunting expedition, for the day. A boy, that was driving team for Widow Smith, but little larger than Joseph, although several years his senior, accompanied them, riding with the Captain in his carriage, which they took along to carry their game in. This boy—(he is now a man, and no doubt a good Latter-day Saint) was a very great favorite of the Captain's; and was often cited by him as a worthy example for Joseph, as he stood guard, and was very obliging and obedient to him. During the day the Captain left him in charge of his carriage and team, while he went some distance away in search of game, charging W——— not to leave the spot until he returned. Soon after the Captain got out of sight, W——— drove off in pursuit of some of the brethren in another direction, and when he overtook them, strange to say, he told a most foolish and flimsy story, which aroused their suspicion. They charged him with falsehood, but he unwisely stuck to his story. It was this: "Captain ——— had sent him to tell them to drive the game down to a certain point, so that he (the Captain) might have a shot as well as they." Having done this, he started back to his post, expecting to get there, of course, before the Captain returned. But unfortunately for his good reputation with the Captain, he was too late. The Captain had returned, but the carriage was gone, not knowing the reason he doubtless became alarmed, as he immediately started in search, instead of waiting to see if it would return. He missed connection, and was subjected to a tedious tramp and great anxiety, until he fell in with those brethren, who related the strange interview they had had with W——— and the mystery was explained. Returning again, there he found the carriage and W——— all right, looking innocent and dutiful, little suspecting that the Captain knew all, and the storm that was about to burst upon his devoted head. But like a thunder-clap the storm came. At first W——— affected bewilderment, putting on an air of injured innocence, but soon gave way before the avalanche of wrath hurled upon him. Poor fellow! he had destroyed the Captain's confidence in him, and would he ever regain it? The reader can readily imagine, this would be a difficult matter. Sometime after this, the Captain went out from camp with his carriage to gather saleratus, and on the way overtook Joseph on foot. To Joseph's utter astonishment, the Captain stopped and invited him to ride. There was another brother in the carriage with him. As they went along, the Captain told this story, and concluded by saying, "Now, Joseph, since W——— has betrayed my confidence, so that I dare not trust him any more, you shall take his place. I don't believe you will deceive me." Joseph in the best manner he possibly could, declined the honor proffered to him.

(*To be continued.*)

Holiness to the Lord!

The Juvenile Instructor



VOL. 6. SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1871. NO. 13.

RELEASE OF DEBTORS.

THE law of God through Moses is very strict about lending and borrowing. The children of Israel were commanded not to take interest for their money when they loaned it to any of their brethren. In the 22nd Chapter of Exodus, 25th verse, it says:

"If thou lend money to any of my people that is poor by thee, thou shalt not be to him as a usurer, neither shalt thou lay upon him any usury."

They were never to forget the love that they should have to their own brethren. In Leviticus, the 25th Chapter, 35th verse, it says:

"And if thy brother be waxen poor, and fallen in decay with thee, then thou shalt relieve him; yea, though he be a stranger, or a sojourner; that he may live with thee. Take thou no usury of him, or increase; but fear thy God; that thy brother may live with thee. Thou shalt not give him thy money upon usury, nor lend him thy victuals for increase."

These are righteous laws, and if observed by the people, would be of great benefit to them.

The land which was given to the children of Israel as their inheritance, could not be sold for debt. The Lord says in the 25th Chapter of Leviticus, 23rd verse:

"The land shall not be sold forever; for the land is mine."

It could only be sold or seized for debt until the year of Jubilee. Every fiftieth year was a year of Jubilee. If a man were sold to his brother because of his poverty, he could only remain in servitude until the year of Jubilee; and even then he could not be compelled to serve as a bondservant; but as a hired servant and as a sojourner he should be to his brother. The Lord said they were his servants which he brought forth out of the land of Egypt, and they should not be sold as bondmen. He further said:

"Thou shalt not rule over him with rigor, but shalt fear thy God."

Among the Greeks a creditor had the right to sell the debtor as a slave; this sale was for life, and the children of such persons became slaves also. In Rome the debtor was to be taken by the creditor to his own house to be dealt with in the most cruel manner for sixty days, after which he could be sold into foreign slavery. Afterwards the law was changed; creditors could not take debtors into their own custody, but they still had the power to sell them into slavery.

The engraving which we give in this number is a view of Whitecross Street Prison, London, England. In this prison debtors were kept, their creditors having the power to imprison them if they did not pay their debts. On the first Saturday in January, 1870, this practice ceased, the law having been abolished. At noon precisely of that day all the doors of the debtors' prisons throughout Great Britain were thrown open, and the prisoners were at liberty to go free. This engraving is to illustrate this liberation. The London Illustrated Times relates an anecdote connected with this release:—"The keeper had informed ninety-four that they could leave, but thirty-one asked permission to remain in a little longer, and took their departure in the course of the day. Among the number was an old man named Barnacles, who had been a prisoner twenty-seven years under an order from the Court of Admiralty. The keeper told the old man that he could go, and when he got outside, the poor fellow stared about him and seemed perfectly helpless."

In a country like England, where the people are so numerous, and employment so difficult to obtain, a poor creature like Barnacles would be in a dreadful condition. Twenty-seven years must have made a great change in society, and his friends, if any were alive, would almost have forgotten him. Such a man would be in a condition to be pitied; for in countries where the population is numerous, life is not very valuable,

and suffering is so common that such cases do not receive the attention that they would in countries where distress is seldom seen.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.

Chemistry of Common Things.

SMELTING NO 1.

WE often see small bags brought into the city in wagons, the bulk of the mass contained therein, seems disproportionate to the number of horses employed; when we become acquainted with the contents of these bags, this impression will vanish. These little bags are ore sacks, many of the ores contained are such as have been described, sulphides, chlorides, carbonates, &c., they are on their way to the smelting works to be subjected to metallurgical operations, either here or elsewhere.

The first process these ores pass through is to separate the metal from the ore, a process called "smelting," but there are many things to be done to ensure success in so doing. In the handling of ores, it is necessary to "sample" them, that is, to place the right kinds together, and to prepare them by "crushing," an operation that is performed by steam power. Another thing of great importance is to know the different classes of ore that will mutually aid each other in reducing them to the metallic state, a department that requires a knowledge of the chemistry of the ores by practical acquaintance with them.

The mode of reducing ores upon a very large scale is practiced most scientifically and successfully at Swansea, in South Wales, Great Britain. Some of the ores of Utah, that are not payable to reduce here, are shipped there, among others, the copper ores of Tintic may be named. Our smelting operations are chiefly confined to ores of the galena class, and great as the difficulties are to be overcome in a new country like this, in erecting suitable furnaces and obtaining the proper kinds of fuel, many tons of "bullion," as the metal run out is called, are sent away by rail to be still further operated upon. The smelting of our ores is a very strange sight for those unaccustomed to it, and a very instructive one to the thoughtful, a class to which every student of chemistry should belong, for there is much practical information to be obtained by those who notice what is being done. Let us see what is doing. There is one busy feeding in fuel; look into the fire, taking care not to get in the way of the workmen. See the flames surging along and leaping over a partition that divides the furnace into two parts, and causes the flame to descend on the other side. Notice the form of the roof of the feed furnace, it is so constructed as to beat back the flame, hence it is called "reverberatory." Now pass along and look under the furnace, see the bars imbedded into solid masonry, through those bars the air is rushing to give life to the fire above. There is a lesson, children, respecting oxygen, its might may begin to be guessed at; invisible, but potent, like many other invisible elements. Notice the dust particles in the ash pit, how fine; how well the oxygen has done its work in dissolving the fuel (carbon.) See how clean the ash-pit is kept, so as not to impede the circulation of air, by cutting off the supply. Now see a man removing a clump to see how the inner furnace work progresses. Be careful! Stand at a distance, or you may pay for your curiosity. Now, he is puddling the pasty looking mass, with a long rake. What lovely colors! What intense heat must be there. Oh that we could study out the colors of those flames, the spectra, the ghosts of the elements, departing from the ores of which they formed a part perhaps for ages! Why the glimpse, although for a moment, is so vivid that the intense yellow peculiar to sodium, the violet of potassium, or potash salts; the rose red, the emerald green, and other magnificent flames seen upon a small scale in the laboratory were at times distinct enough to enable us to know the constituents of the ores they are smelting. Now some bags of ores are being tumbled into the furnace. Sulphur! The flames just now denoted the presence of that element, the smell confirms it. There are other disagreeable odors; garlic is prominent among them, arsenical ores are being operated on! There is a faint smell resembling decaying horse-radish; fumes of selenium, from the seleniates common to our ores. There are other vapors rising that are not thus detected, those arising from lead are without odor, but capable of absorption into the lungs and by the pores of the skin.

We may now again have a peep into the furnace, the man is again stirring up the pasty mass which is less viscid than it was. A yellow mass that does not mix with the fluid on which it floats is sulphur. This is a proof that the sulphuret or sulphide is decomposed, the metal and sulphur have parted company, the lower stratum of fluid matter is metal. Thus far we have seen that chemical means have been resorted to, to effect the separation of the metal from its ores, and much more will have to be said about smelting.

BETH.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.

RECOLLECTIONS.

(*Concluded.*)

PASSING over from the Platte to the Sweetwater, the cattle suffered extremely from the heat, the drought, and the scarcity of feed, being compelled to browse on dry rabbit brush, sage brush, weeds and such feed as they could find, all of which had been well picked over by the preceding companies. Captain ———'s company being one of the last, still keeping along, frequently in sight of, and sometimes camping with President Kimball's company which was very large. One day as they were moving along slowly through the hot sand and dust, the sun pouring down with excessive heat, toward noon one of Widow Smith's best oxen laid down in the yoke, rolled over on to his side, and stiffened out his legs spasmodically, evidently in the throes of death. The unanimous opinion was, that he was poisoned. All the hindmost teams of course stopped, the people coming forward to know what was the matter. In a short time the Captain, who was in advance of the company, perceiving that something was wrong, came to the spot.

Perhaps no one supposed for a moment that the ox would ever recover. The Captain's first words on seeing him, were:

"He is dead, there is no use working with him; we'll have to fix up some way to take the Widow along, I told her she would be a burden upon the company."

Meantime Widow Smith had been searching for a bottle of consecrated oil in one of the wagons, and now came forward with it, and asked her brother, Joseph Fielding, and the other brethren, to administer to the ox, thinking the Lord would raise him up. They did so, pouring a portion of oil on the top of his head, between and back of the horns, and all laid hands upon him, and one prayed, administering the ordinance as they would have done to a human being that was sick. Can you guess the result? In a moment he gathered his legs under him, and at the first word arose to his feet, and traveled right off as well as ever. He was not even unyoked from his mate. The Captain, it may well be supposed, now heartily regretted his hasty conclusions and unhappy expressions. They had not gone very far when another and an exactly similar circumstance occurred. This time also it was one of her best oxen, the loss

of either would have effectually crippled one team, as they had no cattle to spare. But the Lord mercifully heard their prayers, and recognized the holy ordinance of anointing and prayer, and the authority of the Priesthood when applied in behalf of even a poor dumb brute! Sincere gratitude from more than one heart in that family, went up unto the Lord that day for His visible interposition in their behalf. At or near a place called Rattlesnake Bend, on the Sweetwater, one of Widow Smith's oxen died of sheer old age, and consequent poverty. He had been comparatively useless for some time, merely carrying his end of the yoke without being of any further service in the team, he was therefore no great loss.

At the last crossing of Sweetwater, Widow Smith was met by James Lawson, with a span of horses and a wagon, from the Valley. This enabled her to unload one wagon, and send it, with the best team, back to Winter Quarters to assist another family the next season, Elder Joel Terry returned with the team. At this place the Captain was very unfortunate, several of his best cattle and a valuable mule laid down and died, supposed to have been caused by eating poisonous weeds. There was no one in the camp who did not feel a lively sympathy for the Captain, he took it to heart very much. He was under the necessity of obtaining help, and Widow Smith was the first to offer it to him, but he refused to accept of it from her hands. Joseph sympathised with him, and would gladly have done anything in his power to aid him; but here again, it is painful to say, he repulsed his sympathy and chilled his heart and feelings more and more by insinuating to others, in his presence, that Widow Smith had poisoned his cattle! Saying, "why should my cattle, and nobody's else, die in this manner? There is more than a chance about this. It was well planned," &c., expressly for his ear. This last thrust was the severing blow. Joseph resolved, some day, to demand satisfaction not only for this, but for every other indignity he had heaped upon his mother.

On the 22nd of September, 1848, Captain ———'s fifty crossed over the "Big Mountain," when they had the first glimpse of Salt Lake Valley. It was a beautiful day. Fleecy clouds hung round over the summits of the highest mountains, casting their shadows down the valley beneath, hightening, by contrast, the golden hue of the sun's rays which fell through the openings upon the dry bunch-grass and sage-bush plains, gilding them with fairy brightness, and making the arid desert to seem like an enchanted spot. Every heart rejoiced, and with lingering fondness, wistfully gazed from the summit of the mountain upon the western side of the valley revealed to view, the goal of their wearisome journey. The ascent from the east was gradual, but long and fatiguing for the teams, it was in the afternoon, therefore, when they reached the top. The descent to the west was far more precipitous and abrupt. They were obliged to rough-lock the hind wheels of the wagons, and, as they were not needed, the forward cattle were turned loose to be driven to the foot of the mountain or to camp, the "wheelers" only being retained on the wagons. Desirous of shortening the next day's journey as much as possible—as that was to bring them into the Valley—they drove on till a late hour in the night, over very rough roads much of the way, and skirted with oak brush and groves of trees. They finally camped near the eastern foot of the "Little Mountain." During this night's drive several of Widow Smith's cows—that had been turned loose from the teams—were lost in the brush. Early next morning John returned on horse-back to hunt for them, their service in the teams being necessary to proceed.

At an earlier hour than usual the Captain gave orders for the company to start,—knowing well the circumstances of the Widow, and that she would be obliged to remain till John returned with the lost cattle—accordingly the company rolled out, leaving her and her family alone.

It was fortunate that Brother James Lawson was with them, for he knew the road, and, if necessary, could pilot them down the kanyon in the night. Joseph thought of his mother's prediction at Elk Horn, and so did the Captain, and he was determined that he would win this point, although he had lost all the others, and prove her prediction false. "I will beat you to the Valley, and ask no help from you either," rang in Joseph's ears; he could not reconcile these words with possibility, though he knew his mother always told the truth, but how could this come true? Hours, to him, seemed like days as they waited, hour after hour, for John to return. All this time the company was slowly tugging away up the mountain, lifting at the wheels, geeing and hawing, twisting along a few steps, then blocking the wheels for the cattle to rest and take breath, now doubling a team, and now a crowd rushing to stop a wagon, too heavy for the exhausted team, and prevent its rolling backward down the hill, dragging the cattle along with it, while in this condition, to highten the distress and balk the teams, a cloud—as it were—burst over their heads, sending down the rain in torrents, as it seldom rains in this country, throwing the company into utter confusion. The cattle refused to pull, would not face the beating storm, and to save the wagons from crashing down the mountain, upsetting, &c., they were obliged to unhitch them, and block all the wheels. While the teamsters sought shelter, the storm drove the cattle in every direction through the brush and into the ravines, and into every nook they could find, so that when it subsided it was a day's work to find them, and get them together. Meantime Widow Smith's cattle—except those lost—were tied to the wagons, and were safe. In a few moments after the storm, John brought up those which had been lost, and they hitched up, making as early a start as they usually did in the mornings, rolled up the mountain, passing the company in their confused situation, and feeling that every tie had been sundered that bound them to the Captain, continued on to the Valley, and arrived at "Old Fort," about ten o'clock on the night of the 23rd of September, all well and thankful. The next morning was Sabbath, the whole family went to the bowery to meeting. Presidents Young and Kimball preached. This was the first time that Joseph had ever heard them, to his recollection, in public; and he exclaimed to himself; "these are the men of God, who are gathering the Saints to the Valley." This was a meeting long to be remembered by those present. President Young, spoke as though he felt: "Now, God's people are free," and the way of their deliverence had been wrought out. That evening Captain ——— and his company arrived, dusty and weary, too late for the excellent meetings and the day of sweet rest enjoyed by the Widow and her family. Once more, in silver tones, rang through Joseph's ears. "Father ———, I will beat you to the Valley, and will ask no help from you either!"

J. F. S.

A HINT TO GRUMBLERS.—"What a noisy world this is!" croaked an old frog, as he squatted on the margin of the pool. "Do you hear those geese, how they scream and hiss? What do they do it for?"

"Oh, just to amuse themselves," answered a little field mouse.

"Presently we shall have the owls hooting; what is that for?"

"It's the music they like the best," said the mouse.

"And those grasshoppers, they can't go home without grinding and chirping; why do they do that?"

"Oh they're so happy they can't help it," said the mouse.

"You find excuses for all; I believe you don't understand music, so you like the hideous noises."

"Well, friend, to be honest with you," said the mouse, "I don't greatly admire any of them; but they are all sweet in my ears, compared with the constant croaking of a frog."