

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

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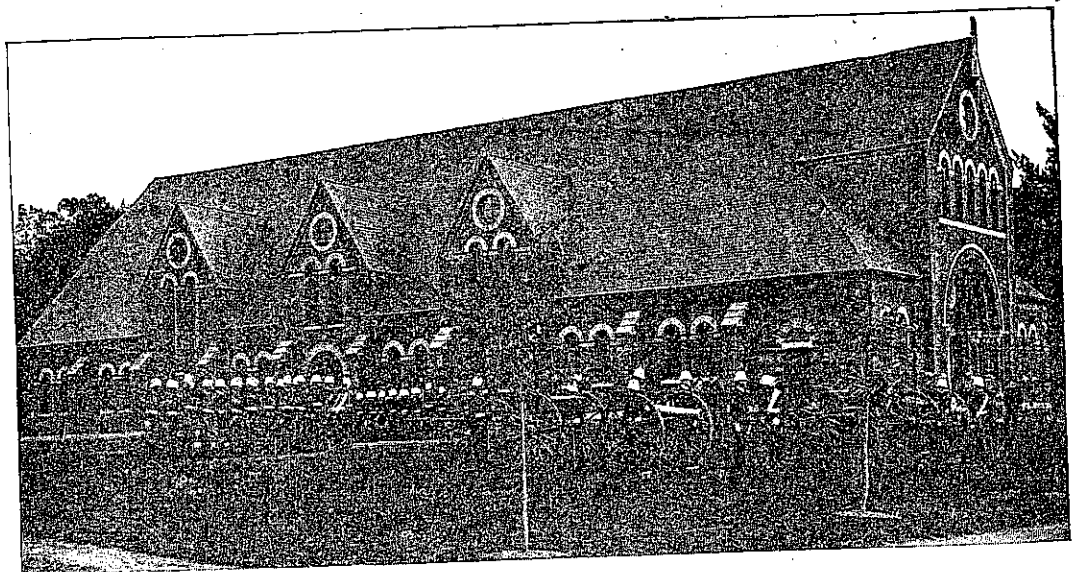
No. 8.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

THE Cornell University is one of the leading colleges in America. It is situated at Ithaca, New York, and was opened in 1868, as a non-sectarian institution. Its charter provides that no officer or student shall be admitted or excluded on any religious or political

of Ithaca; with additions by trustees McGraw, Kelley, Selby, and Sage, and President White.

The grounds comprise 258 acres, of which 135 are used as a farm by the agricultural department. They are beautifully situated upon the upland east of the village of Ithaca, 400 feet



THE ARMORY.

opinions, and that at no time shall the majority of the trustees be of one religious sect or of no religious sect. Its foundation was partly the land-scrip, representing 990,000 acres, which had been received by the State of New York from the national government under the land grant of 1862; and partly a donation of \$500,000 by Mr. Ezra Cornell,

above Cayuga lake. Eleven courses of study in this institution lead to degrees, viz.: agriculture, architecture, arts, chemistry and physics, civil engineering, literature, mathematics, mechanics, natural history, and philosophy. Those not studying for degrees choose their own course.

Five large buildings are devoted to

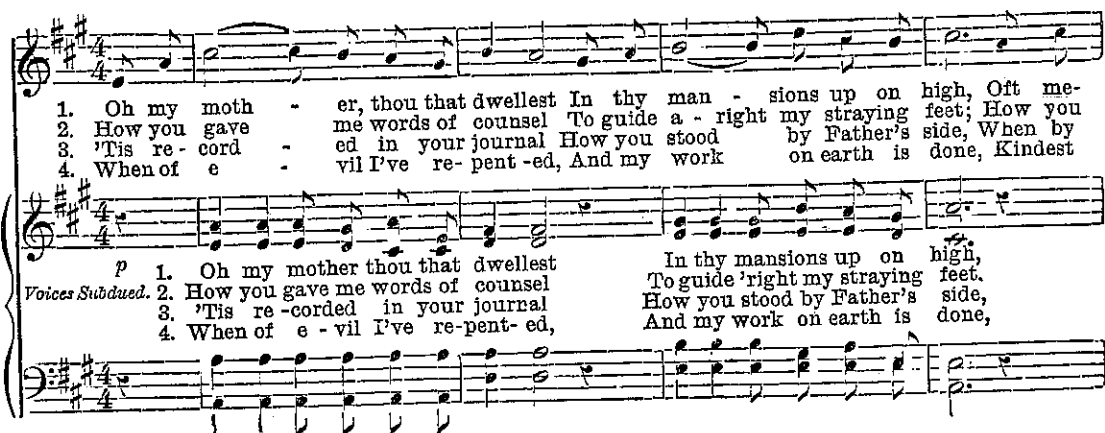
OUR MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

Companion Hymn to E. R. Snow's "Invocation."

WORDS BY WM. C. HARRISON.

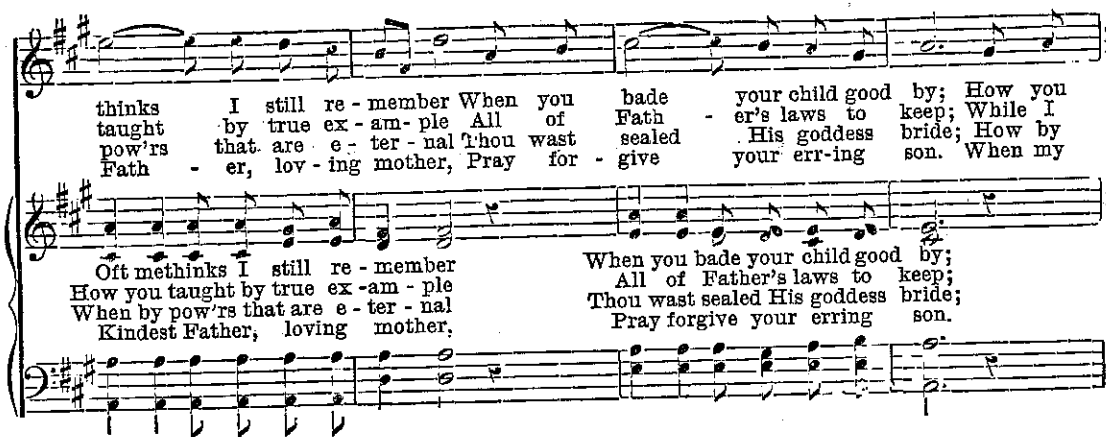
MUSIC BY A. HARDY.

OBLIGATO SOLO.



1. Oh my moth - er, thou that dwellest In thy man - sions up on high, Oft me-
 2. How you gave me words of counsel To guide a - right my straying feet; How you
 3. 'Tis re - cord - ed in your journal How you stood by Father's side, When by
 4. When of e - vil I've re - pent - ed, And my work on earth is done, Kindest

p 1. Oh my mother thou that dwellest In thy mansions up on high,
 2. How you gave me words of counsel To guide 'right my straying feet,
 3. 'Tis re - corded in your journal How you stood by Father's side,
 4. When of e - vil I've re - pent - ed, And my work on earth is done,



thinks I still re - member When you bade your child good by; How you
 taught by true ex - am - ple All of Fath - er's laws to keep; While I
 pow'rs that are e - ter - nal 'thou wast sealed His goddess bride; How by
 Fath - er, lov - ing mother, Pray for - give your err - ing son. When my

Oft methinks I still re - member When you bade your child good by;
 How you taught by true ex - am - ple All of Father's laws to keep;
 When by pow'rs that are e - ter - nal 'thou wast sealed His goddess bride;
 Kindest Father, loving mother, Pray forgive your erring son.



clasped me to your bosom, Bade me a true son to be E're I
 strive in this pro - ba - tion How to learn the gos - pel truth, May I
 love and truth and virtue E'en in time thou did'st be - come Through your
 pil - grimage is end - ed, And the vic - tor's wreath I've won, Dear - est

How you clasped me to your bos - om, Bade me a true son to be
 While I strive in this pro - ba - tion How to learn the gos - pel truth,
 How by love and truth and vir - tue E'en in time thou did'st be - come
 When my pilgrim - age is end - ed, And the victor's wreath I've won,

left my Father's man-sion, To dwell in mor-tal-i-ty.
 mer-it your ap-prov-al As I did in ear-ly youth.
 high, ex-alt-ed sta-tion Mother of the souls of men.
 moth-er, to your bos-om Will you wel-come home your son?

E're I left my Father's man-sion, To dwell in mor-tal-i-ty.
 May I mer-it your ap-prov-al As I did in ear-ly youth.
 Through your high, ex-alt-ed sta-tion Mother of the souls of men.
 Dear-est mother, to your bos-om Will you wel-come home your son?

SPRING.

Proud we hail thy glad returning,
 Joyous spring, so bland and sweet;
 Dewy flowers the vales adorning,
 Pour their incense at our feet.

Gentle showers, the shingles patter;
 Sparrows mated, chirp their glee;
 Warblers sing and blackbirds chatter
 Notes of joy to welcome thee.

Myriad insects, darting, mingle
 Music with the cricket's lay;
 Cowbells in the pastures tingle;
 Lambkins on the hillsides play.

Bees around their hives are humming,
 Laden well with goodly things;
 Geese and ducks, in coveys coming
 Gladden rivers, lakes and springs.

Finny tribes the waters cleaving,
 Sport their fill, a motly throng;
 Bats their dingy lairs are leaving,
 Toads are croaking loud and long.

Cattle on the uplands lowing,
 Snort and jump with joy and pride;
 Brimming rills in millions flowing
 Scatter verdure far and wide.

From the shroud of winter's sadness
 Mountain, river, hill and plain
 Blend as one to offer gladness
 That the spring bath come again.

Symbol faint of that glad morning
 When the just shall leave the tomb,
 Glorious wreaths their paths adorning,
 Fragrant with eternal bloom.

J. C.

THE GOLDEN NOW.

To the dreamer there is beauty
 In the misty darkness past,
 With its ancient deeds of glory,
 And the brightness that they cast—

In the purple curtained distance
 Where the future's mountains rise—
 Where their cloud-encircled summits
 Seem to touch the gloomy skies.

But the earnest, thinking worker
 Looks not back, nor does he bow
 To some distant, future glory—
 He has work to do, and now.

Would you benefit your fellows?
 Would you win immortal fame?
 Set our whole broad planet thrilling
 With the echoes of your name.

Look not back with vain regretting,
 On the future do not dwell;
 Do the work that's e'er returning—
 Do it truly, do it well.

'Tis no matter what its nature,
 It may seem but poor and low.
 But it is not, do it, brother,
 Sometime you its good shall know.

Have you any high ambition?
 Would you elevate your race—
 Have your utterance go ringing
 Through immeasurable space?

In the presence of all nature,
 Make an earnest solemn vow—
 That you'll strive and work forever
 In the present, Golden Now.

Minnie O'ram