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No. 33.

THE MISSION OF FLOWERS.

VIOLET, why are your eyes of blue
Wet with tears of the morning dew?
Rosebud, why do you blush and start,
And hide the crystal gem at your heart?
Lily, what are you doing there,
With your bells a-swing in the balmy air?

A light breeze, born of the morning hours,
Stole softly o'er the banks of flowers;
And listening closely, I seemed to hear,
Chimed in silvery voices clear,—

"We are blessing the earth with our wealth
of bloom;

We are loading the air with a rare perfume;
All things have their mission, and God gives
us ours,

And this is a part of the mission of flowers:
To give life to the weary, and hope to the
sad,

Fresh faith to the faithless, new joys to the
glad;

To cheer the desponding, give strength to
the weak;

To bring health's bright bloom to the in-
valid's cheek;

To blush on the brow of the beautiful bride;
To cheer homes of mourning where sorrow
betide;

To furnish the home with a lasting delight,
With our perfumes so lovely, our blossoms
so bright.

In low, voiceless language we're striving to
tell,

How God, in his wisdom, does everything
well."

The Creator has written on every leaf
And flower that unfolds in the summer-
time brief,

A record of love and kindness and care
That surround us with beauty and grace
everywhere.

So violet, rosebud, and lily can show
God's bountiful love to his children below.

—Selected.

KITTY'S VERSE.

I WILL try very hard, mamma,"
said Kitty, "and I think I
can say it perfectly now."

"Well, let me hear it." So
Kitty repeated slowly, but with
great satisfaction, "'Charity

suffereth long, and is kind.' There! that's right,
is n't it? Now I'll go and play with Puff."

The plump little ball of a kitten thus named was
snugly curled away in some corner, with her paws
folded over her nose, and could not be found.
Kitty was checked in her search for the missing
pet by the entrance of sturdy Dick, who had three
years the start of his little sister in life's race, and
considered himself correspondingly ahead of her.

"Out of my way, Kitty!" he shouted. "I've
got no end of study before school-time. How you
do scatter things about!" and with a well-aimed
blow, Dick swept from the table a heap of Kitty's
small possessions, left there from yesterday's play.

Poor Kitty sprang to prevent the hasty hands, but
too late; and the next moment she saw her cherished
transparent slate in fragments on the floor. The
tears flew to her eyes, and the angry words to her
lips, but her verse was fresh in her mind. So, with
a great sob, she sat down to pick up her treasures.

Dick, who had much faith in his own strength.
"Anyhow you're real good not to be vexed at me.
I'm ever so sorry I made a muss with your things;
and I'll get you another slate sometime."

Dick turned to his books, and Kitty, having re-
turned his kiss of peace-offering, betook herself to
the nursery, and the comfort of a
frolic with baby. But she was disap-
pointed. Nurse was sewing, the baby
was asleep, and Kitty's mamma bade
her take toddling Fred to the garden
and amuse him for an hour.

"I can have no play at all now,"
pouted Kitty, "Fred is so restless."

"Patience always goes with char-
ity, darling," whispered mamma, with
a kiss on the white brow that would
frown. So Kitty called back the
smiles, and amused her little charge
faithfully, knowing that her mother's
sweet approval was a reward for any
toil.

At last Fred was disposed of in
his crib, and Kitty's labors, if not
her trials, were over. She began to
think the latter were more than she
could bear when Dick said that all the
Carters were coming to dinner. The
Carter children were not very well
bred. Kitty remembered their noise
and practical jokes with a shudder.

Nor did she find Dick a help that
afternoon; for he joined in Alec Car-
ter's laugh when Susie knocked off the
waxen nose of Kitty's best doll, and
her brother tipped both girls from
the swing, to the great damage of
muslin frocks and white aprons.

At last the unwelcome guests de-
parted, and Kitty watched their re-
treating figures through the twilight
with satisfaction mingled with vex-
ation.

"It has been just the hardest day!
I do believe it's because I tried to
mind my verse—something has hap-
pened all the time!"

If Kitty confessed to herself this was a naughty
thought, she did not drive it away, but stood think-
ing about it so earnestly she did not hear a stealthy
step behind her, till she felt a shock of something
cold on her bare shoulder, and Dick's voice sang
at her ear, "Beautiful dreamer, waken to me!"

Kitty thought ice a luxury of summer; but the
bit Dick had taken from the water-pitcher, and slyly
placed on her neck, did not seem appropriate.
She gave a scream and sudden start; and that
start upset the chair on which she leaned, which
knocked down the frail fancy-table close by, which,
in its turn, hit and broke in pieces a little statuette
of Parian marble, the pride and joy of Kitty's heart.

Dick looked as if "did n't mean to" was written
all over his bright face, as he glanced at his work
and his sister's quivering lips.

"What a shame! I'm really sorry, Kitty; but
I was in such a hurry, you see. Why, what's up?
you have n't said a cross word!"

"I am angry, though; at least I was," said
Kitty, who was the soul of truth. "But I remem-
bered my verse and what mamma said."

"What was that?" said Dick; so Kitty repeated
her verse, with her mother's explanation, adding,
"I promised to remember that charity means love,
and to be kind to-day. Only it is hard work, and
I'm afraid I shall fail."

"Well, I'll keep an eye on you myself," said



Dick stood dismayed at the train of accidents following his poor joke. "I didn't mean"—he began, but his sister did not allow him to finish.

"O you bad boy! You did mean to—you always do—and I won't stand it any longer! You are always teasing me, and I do n't love you one bit. I'll go right and tear up your Robinson Crusoe, and cut your fish-line all to pieces!" And with streaming eyes and scarlet cheeks, Kitty rushed away to fulfill her threat, and tumbled into the arms of her mamma, who stood on the threshold.

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind," whispered her dear voice, as she held fast her struggling little daughter.

"I don't care!" cried Kitty, "I have suffered long—very long—all day! And I've been kind, and tried to love people—and it's no use at all. It's harder and harder, and worse all the time I try, so-o-o." But here Kitty had no more breath for words, and used it all in a burst of passionate sobbing.

"There is another verse that says, 'Charity never faileth,' my darling," said mamma, still holding fast the little girl.

"Then I may as well give up," answered Kitty, between her sobs; "for I cannot be good, and do n't and won't love Dick any more."

"Did Jesus say that ever? Even at the time of his cruel death, after he had suffered long, yes, all his life, he said, 'Father, forgive them.'"

Poor Kitty! she would n't look at the sorrowful figure in the window; and she tried not to know that there were tears in the eyes of her teasing brother. Yet before long, mamma had both her children together in her arms, and impulsive Kitty's kisses were not given to her alone.

Dick looked after the two, who presently went up the stairs, and gave himself a vigorous shake, "You're a humbug, Richard Spofford," he said to himself softly. "You were going to keep an eye on that little sister of yours! I should think you had with a vengeance." And he also walked up stairs to bed, with a very soft whistle, more significant than words, and a shining drop or two on his honest cheek.—*The Ladies' Repository.*

LABOR on from dawn till nightfall,
Choose not what thy work shall be,
Even if a homely service
Is what God requires of thee.
For the task that first appeareth
Is the one that needs thy care;
And while doing it, remember
Thou must hallow it with prayer.

Written for the INSTRUCTOR.

OAK GALLS.

In your rambles through the woods, you have no doubt seen growing, on the tender shoots of the oak trees or some shrubs, little balls, sometimes smooth and round, sometimes long and rough. In the springtime you may have noticed that these were only soft, small swellings on the leaf. As the season advanced, they became hard and woody on the outside, and on the inside filled with a spongy substance; and you found, on cracking them open, that a fine dust flew out, like a puff of smoke.

But what causes these balls to grow on the oak leaves? What purpose do they serve? None, certainly, to the plant. They are really the cradle-home, the nursery, of a very tiny insect. The left-hand figure gives a view of one of the full-grown insects. Its head is small; the thorax, or middle portion, is thick and elevated; the abdomen is sharp-edged, and attached to the thorax by a very slender stem. It has four wings, the first pair rather large and veined, the second pair small and veinless.

These are gall insects, or, to use their scientific name, *cynips*. The females are provided with a sharp little instrument, like an auger, hidden in a fissure of the abdomen; and with this little piercer, they perforate the leaves and shoots of tender plants. In each hole thus pierced, they deposit an egg, which they surround with a peculiar liquid. This liquid causes the unnatural swellings on the oak leaves.

The egg grows by absorbing the sap; and when hatched, the worm, or the insect in the pupa state, finds itself surrounded by a plenty of food. When grown to its full size, no longer an ugly little worm, but a winged insect, it gnaws itself out of its safe swing-cradle, and flies off to explore the world.

The right-hand figure shows a cross-section of *cynip's* early home. There are many varieties of gall-flies, and each species always confines itself to the same kind of plants.

The gall nuts, however, are put to other uses than that of furnishing a nursery for the *cynips* in the pupa state. They are used in the manufacture of ink, and also in medicine. The nuts used



for these purposes are not the common oak galls found in the woods of America; but they come from a section of Asia, growing there on a dwarf oak bearing the long Latin name of *quercus infectoria*. Large quantities of these nuts are shipped every year to the United States from Smyrna and Trieste.

The galls are considered best for gathering just before the eggs are hatched, as they then contain a larger proportion of the coloring property than at any other time. They are then of a bluish black or lead color without, and whitish within.

They are easily broken; and when ground, form a yellowish gray powder that makes a black dye when mixed with solutions of sulphate of iron.

While the chief value of the gall nut lies in its coloring properties, it has also medicinal value. This latter property, it is stated, has for a long time been known to the world, the Greek physicians before the time of Christ, having, in their practice, made use of the tannin obtained from them. They are not as much used now for a medicine as formerly.

W. E. L.

FOREIGN TRAVEL.—NO. 13.

FROM VENICE TO ROUMANIA.

We left Venice on the Steamer Milano, at 11 P. M., and reached Trieste about seven the next morning. Trieste is in Austria, and is its principal seaport, containing, with its suburbs, over 130,000 inhabitants. It lies at the northeastern end of the Adriatic Sea. It is quite a pleasant town, with a fine harbor. The city was founded way back in the ancient Roman times. It was then called Tergeste.

From this place we take the train for Buda-Pesth, the principal town of Hungary. Our route ran along the eastern coast of the Adriatic, gradually climbing the high bluffs, and affording a most beautiful view of the sea. On the sides of the

bluffs were planted groves of fruit trees of various kinds, oranges, lemons, figs, and an abundance of grapes. After a few miles of climbing, we came up onto the top of a high bluff. The country for the first thirty miles or so was almost a solid rock. The strata or layers of rocks set up edgewise, and a person could walk many miles without touching the soil. Yet here and there persons had dug out the stone, and, piling it into walls, had succeeded in getting at a little soil. Gradually, the country has begun to improve; but I never saw so much rock in a given space before.

Our way continued along the hillsides, passing occasionally through a tunnel, until we reached the town of Leibach, which is quite a pleasant-looking place near the River Save. This is a beautifully clear mountain stream, running over the cleanest of stones, through scenery which reminded me much of New England, especially Vermont. There are some very pretty views along the line of this river. We also crossed the Drave; but it was in the night, so that we could not see it. We were in a strange country indeed, among people such as we had never seen before,—a mixture of Magyar, Salars, Croats,

Servians, and Austrians, with a sprinkling of Italians. The Austrian Empire is composed of a variety of nationalities, which are not especially friendly to each other; but it manages to hold them together by the power of the soldiery. The people, however, looked superior to some we have seen in Italy, and some appeared quite intelligent and energetic.

As we approached the Danube, the country became quite level, and reminded me of the

broad plains bordering on the Missouri. The Danube itself is a mighty stream, very nearly as wide as the Mississippi at Burlington, Iowa. Buda-Pesth, or rather the two cities of Buda and Pesth, are situated on opposite sides of the Danube, and are connected by a massive suspension bridge. The place is strongly fortified, the fortifications being placed on a hill opposite the bridge, the road passing through a tunnel near the castle. The Romans once had a city here. The population is upward of 350,000. It is a very fine city, looking neat and clean, like the modern cities of France, Great Britain, or the United States. We were surprised to see so fine a city in this distant part of the world. Buda-Pesth has long been the capital of Hungary, which really claims to be an independent country, though connected with Austria. They have their own parliament, and make their own laws.

Our route to Roumania was down the valley of the Danube, through Hungary, passing Szegedin, an important commercial town of 75,000 people. This town was almost entirely ruined by a disastrous inundation in 1879, which submerged the surrounding districts, and caused the death of 2,000 people. We also passed through Temesvar, a city of about 35,000 people; and Orsora, near which we crossed the line between Hungary and Roumania.

Hungary is really a very fine country, rich in all kinds of resources. It resembles our great West more than any other country I have seen in Europe. Vast fields of grain lie in every direction along the railroad. Grassy plains, with numbers of sheep and cattle, stretch away in the distance; and evidences of agricultural wealth abound. I could almost fancy myself in our own country, were it not for the different appearance of the people. In the cool air of the early April morning, after a refreshing shower, loads of grain and a vast number of teams were seen driving toward the principal towns. A

large number of travelers on foot were seen going with the teams, many women traveling along with the men, barefooted and dressed anything but tastily. We never saw such a scene in America. We fancy our American ladies would hardly be willing to travel in this manner; but these women did not seem to mind it in the least. Men with sheep-skin caps and sheep-skin coats, with the wool on the inside, were also frequently seen. Their feet were dressed with a kind of sandals, with cloths wound around the ankles and lower limbs; and as they waded along in the mud, they looked decidedly uncomfortable.

We now and then noticed a bird that resembled our crow both in size and appearance. His head and wings were perfectly black, but the body was of a grayish color. As we could not talk with any one, we did not learn its name. Fruit trees abound in all parts of the country we traversed.

We were much better pleased with Hungary than we expected to be. It was named from the Huns, who were originally Tartars. They came from Asia in the first century of the Christian Era, in vast hordes, and were among those who helped break up the Roman Empire. The Magyars are a branch of the ancient stock which settled in this country some time after, and are distinct from most of the inhabitants of Europe in their language. There have been bitter feuds between this people and the Slavs and other nations; but though far less in number, the Magyars have thus far held their own. Their country is being very rapidly developed by the many railroads which are building through it. It possesses mineral treasures of various kinds, and furnishes the markets of Central Europe with several agricultural products. The northern portion, intersected by the Carpathian Mountains, possesses minerals in abundance, from rock salt to precious stones, as well as an inexhaustible supply of timber. The religion is Catholic and Protestant. There is a large amount of shipping on the Danube and other streams of Hungary.

UNCLE IDE.

A BRIGHT EXAMPLE.

ONE night, about forty years ago, when the snow was flying thick and fast through the streets of a great city, a lady was coming home through the storm. Just as she came near her own door, she was startled by seeing a barefoot, ragged boy run down the steps, and toss up his hat, with a shout of laughter.

It was bitterly cold, and the boy's tattered clothes left his feet and legs quite naked. He had an empty basket slung by a strap around his neck, and he certainly looked a forlorn object. The lady couldn't understand why he should be so jolly, and she had the curiosity to ask him what it meant.

"I shouldn't think you would feel like laughing," she said. "You must be very cold, my boy. And I see you have nothing in your basket."

"That's just it," the boy answered, eagerly. "I've sold my oranges, every single one of 'em, and they all fetched a good price. That's what made me laugh."

"Then I suppose you'll spend the money to buy yourself some shoes," said the lady. "You need them sadly."

"Oh, I don't mind about shoes," was the answer. "It's to pay my mother's rent, and I've got it here, all right."

He could not keep down his delight; and the lady was so interested by it that she brought him into the house, and made him tell her all about himself and his mother. It was not much to tell; only how his mother was sick, and could n't work, and how Will—that was the boy—somehow or other, continued to pay the rent of a room, and

kept her in food and fire. He was fourteen years old, and had never been to school, but he taught himself to read and write; and he had supported his mother ever since his father died, two years ago.

The lady thought, as she listened, that there was the making of a man in this brave, unselfish fellow, and she determined to give him a better chance. Some warm clothes for himself, and some comforts for his mother came first; then, employment for him, with regular wages; and then, because the man in him shone out so brightly, an opportunity for education. It was forty years ago; and what do you think the boy is now? A member of Congress, who has filled any number of honorable positions, and whose word, men say, is better than another man's oath. I must not tell you his name; but I tell you his true story for an example and an encouragement.—*Selected.*

The Sabbath-School.

FOURTH SABBATH IN AUGUST.

IMPORTANT BIBLE SUBJECTS.

LESSON 7.—OBJECT OF CHRIST'S COMING.

[NOTE TO THE STUDENT.—Do not consider the lesson learned until you can give at least the substance of every text, with the correct reference for each. The references in black letters indicate those texts that should be committed to memory. A little diligent application each day will enable you to do this.]

"WHEN Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory." Col. 3:4.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." 2 Tim. 4:7, 8.

"And when the Chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away." 1 Pet. 5:4.

"Be ye also patient; stablish your hearts: for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." James 5:8.

"For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord." 1 Thess. 4:15-17.

QUESTIONS.

1. For what purpose will Christ come the second time? John 14:3.

2. What is implied by the last clause of this verse?

3. When does Paul say that the saints will be with Christ? Col. 3:4.

4. As Paul was about to die, what did he say was laid up for him? 2 Tim. 4:8.

5. When will this crown be given? 1b.

6. What is the testimony of Peter on this point? 1 Pet. 5:4.

7. What, then, is the Christian's hope? Titus 2:11-13.

8. What is his incentive to patience under trials? James 5:8.

9. When will salvation be brought to God's people? 1 Pet. 1:5, 13.

10. How does Paul describe the coming of the Lord and its attendant circumstances? 1 Thess. 4:15-17.

11. What authority does he give for these statements?

12. What is meant by the words, "we shall not prevent them which are asleep"?

13. What was the necessity for such an assurance?

14. Do people now-a-days generally think that the living receive their reward before those that have died?

15. What is the first thing that takes place when the Lord comes? Verse 16.

16. What is the next occurrence? Verse 17.

17. Whom do the living saints and those raised from the dead meet in the air?

18. How long do they remain with him?

19. Then when and how are all the saints taken to be with Christ?

20. Show that God did not design that the patriarchs, prophets, and martyrs should receive their reward before we do. Heb. 11:39, 40.

NOTES.

I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.—The word "that," in this connection, signifies "so that," "in order that." The clause which it introduces shows the purpose for which Christ is coming,—to take his disciples to himself. But if the disciples could go to be with Christ when they die, there would be no necessity for him to come for them; and since Christ said that he would come for them, the text fairly teaches that they are not yet with him, and that they cannot be with him until he comes. This promise was addressed directly to the apostles, showing that they could not be with Christ till he comes; and if they did not go to him when they died, we are certainly warranted in saying that nobody else does.

By the expression, "the great God," in Titus 2:13, the apostle evidently refers to Christ. Some think that the passage means "the appearing of the glory of God and of our Saviour Jesus Christ;" but we read in Ps. 50:3, that "our God shall come," and Christ must be the one there referred to, because there is no scripture which teaches that the Father will descend to this earth. For proof that the term *God* may be properly applied to Christ, see Isa. 9:6; John 1:1.

On 2 Tim. 4:8, Dr. Barnes says: "Faith in the second advent of the Lord Jesus as coming to judge the world, and a desire for his return, became a kind of criterion by which Christians were known. No others but true Christians were supposed to believe in his return to our world, and no others truly desired it. Comp. Rev. 1:7; 22:20. It is so now. It is one of the characteristics of a true Christian that he believes that Christ will come again to judge the world; that he sincerely desires his return, and that he would welcome his appearing in the clouds of heaven."

We which are alive. . . . shall not prevent them which are asleep.—The word "prevent" is from two Latin words which mean "to go before." The word is now used only in the sense of hindering or stopping. It gained this meaning, doubtless, from the fact that by going before another we may "head him off," or stop his progress. When the Bible was translated, in 1611, the word was used only in its primary signification,—that of going before.

The Thessalonian brethren needed the assurance that they would not "go before" those who were "asleep," because they did not understand the doctrine of the resurrection, and thought that their dead friends were hopelessly perished. The modern belief is that the righteous dead are in heaven; and persons now-a-days need to be told that the dead do not "go before" the living. Notice that Paul did not comfort the mourning brethren with the assurance that their friends were already happy, but told them that both dead and living would "together" meet the Lord at his coming.

And so shall we ever be with the Lord.—That is, by the resurrection of the dead, and the translation of the living.

For additional notes, see the S. S. department in the Review for July 12.

If you know a minister or a teacher who seems always to have a new message for his hearers, or an old message put in a fresh way, you may be sure that the secret of that minister's, or of that teacher's, freshness, is simply his faithful study of God's word. He who fills his water-skins at the sources is sure of a sweeter supply than he who fills his from the dregs of other men's drawings. If you have not that freshness of teaching which you admire in others, there is only one way of getting it,—and that is by doing as they do, going continually to the source of all teaching for ever-new supplies of stimulus and of suggestion.

For Our Little Ones.

PEARLS.

PUT up your playthings, dear, a little while,
And come and sit here in the sun with me.
Who was it called the sunshine once "God's smile"?
I do n't remember; but 'tis true,—just see
How it lights up the room in every part,
Just as your laugh lights up your face, sweet heart.

That is not what I had to tell you. Look!
This morning, while the birds sang in the day,
I spied this little shell down by the brook:
Safe hidden in a nest of reeds it lay;
And, when I picked it up, see what I found
Within its covers, smooth and white and round.

An oyster had its home here once: 'twas he
Who made the pearl; the dear Lord taught him how.
'Twas not at first the pretty thing you see,
So shining, fair, and soft as it is now:
A tiny pebble, hard, and sharp, and bare,
It came unsought the oyster's house to share.

It hurt the creature every time he stirred:
There was n't room within his narrow cell
For him and this strange substance. Not a word
He spoke; but quickly, patiently, and well
He set himself at work with all his art
To cover up the points that made him smart.

He could not fling it out, dear little one,
Nor could he move, as people do to-day;
And yet 'twas plain that something must be done,
And so he took this wondrous simple way.
Don't you suppose it pleased him some to see
How smooth the ragged pebble grew to be?

There was a marvelous magic in his touch;
And yet both you and I can have it too:
The little ways that sometimes vex so much,
The little things we do not like to do,—
To smooth them all, God gives a "polish-jar,"
If we will only use it *where we are*.

What is its label? Here, dear, let us look:
'Tis hidden safely, like the bit of heaven,
Deep in the pages of this wise old Book;
Ah, here it is,— "The kingdom true of heaven"!
Well, what's the trouble now, sweet wonder-eyes?
Why, is it really such a great surprise?

Oh, don't you see, when Jesus gives us this,
How bright and easy little earth-things grow?
When ways are hard, we think of heavenly bliss;
When storms beat, of his river's peaceful flow.
And, hard or fair, 'tis all the same, since he
Will bring us through, and we his own shall be.

That is the way grown people use it, dear,
And you can take it that way just as well.
Suppose the day were cold, and wet, and drear,
What would you do? Now let me hear you tell
What would you do, if you remembered quite
That Jesus would send what was best and right?

You would "just leave the rain and go and play;"
That's it, and be your happy little self,—
A ray of sunshine in the house all day,
Our own gay, smiling, winsome little elf,
Our bird-song in the night, our hope, our cheer,
Our bit of heaven upon the earth, my dear.

Well, you will understand it all some day;
The Lord will teach you all that you may know;
And he shall do it in his own best way.
It makes it safe for you to have it so.
And, when the rain falls, and the sun looks dim,
Just seek for "pearls," and leave the day with him.
—The Well-Spring.

READ, AND YOU WILL KNOW.

READ, and you will know." This is what
Mrs. Jones used to say every day to her
son William. William wanted to know
a great many things. His mother did
not always tell him, but said, "Read, and
you will know."

Then William thought to himself, "I
want to know many things. Mother says that if
I read, I shall know." So he tried very hard, and

soon he learned to read. Then he read many
beautiful books. He learned something from every
one of them. After a while, he could read every
book in his mother's library.

He had a little library of his own, of which he
took good care.

Little William Jones grew up to be a man. He
had a great deal of knowledge. He was a wise
and great man. He was made a judge, and went
and lived in India. Then they called him Sir
William Jones.

Read, and you will know. There are thousands
of good books, and if you will only learn to read,
you can know all that is in any good book.

Some foolish children do not care about learning.
They do not know how pleasant it is to read the his-
tories which are in books. Take good care to learn
how to read. It will do you good as long as you
live.

Read, and you will know. I say this over again,
because I wish you to remember it. If you do
not learn to read while you are a child, it is likely
you will never learn at all. Read a little every
day. Get your friends to show you what you can-
not make out by yourself. Never pass over any
hard word. In a little time you will be able to
read every word. Take care to understand what
you read.—Selected.

WHAT THE CHILDREN ARE DOING.



PERHAPS our little
friends would like to
hear about a meeting we
have just attended,—a
missionary meeting,
made up of many of the
children and some of the
youth of the Battle
Creek Sabbath-school.

It is regularly organized, and has its officers, just
like the tract societies you hear so much about;
indeed, it is a branch of the tract society. Ac-
cording to Art. 2 of their constitution, its "object
is to mutually help each other to prepare for
the soon coming of the Saviour, and to do all we
can to save others by our example and our means."

The question, "Who will garner the sheaves of
wheat from the fields of sin?" put it into the minds
of certain ones who labor for the young to form a
society, and set the members to work for the chil-
dren and youth, knowing that in doing this
kind of work the children's own souls would be
watered, and they would become better able to
endure temptation.

The society is called the "Battle Creek Rivulet
Missionary Society." Don't you think it is rightly
named? for you know a rivulet is a small stream,
or brook, which flows into a larger stream, making
it still greater. So this branch of the tract society
is adding its usefulness by reaching out to save the
children and youth; and then, too, all its funds,
after meeting the expenses of the society, are turned
over to the tract society.

Like the tract societies, they work with our pe-
riodicals, using, at present, two hundred and fifty
copies of the INSTRUCTOR, forty copies of the Signs,
and twenty copies of the Sabbath Sentinel. They
also write letters to the persons to whom the papers
are sent, and some very interesting letters are re-
ceived in reply. Oh! that there was a rivulet so-
ciety in every church in the land, and that you
were all awake; yes, wide awake, as you will be if
you shall see any lost because you did not do all
that belonged to you to do.

"But what about the meeting?"

Well, it was opened with singing, in which all
took part, followed by a prayer from the president
of the society. Then the secretary read a report

of what was done at the meeting the week before;
some new items of business were attended to, after
which came the reading of the letters. You would
feel like going to work yourselves if you could read
some of the letters received; and you would feel
that there was no more time to serve Satan, but
that you must go forth, sowing precious seed, that
when the harvest is ended, you might come with re-
joicing, bringing many sheaves with you.

The president also read some short, stirring pieces
of a kind to awaken a love and interest for their
work. After distributing the papers and gathering
the weekly reports from each member, the meeting
closed with singing.

That you may know what the Rivulet Mission-
ary Society is doing, we will give you the secreta-
ry and treasurer's report for the quarter, ending
June 30, 1884:—

Number of weekly reports collected, 346; num-
ber of papers mailed, 2733; number of papers dis-
tributed in the city, 73; number of letters written,
214; number of letters received, 54.

The Treasurer reports,—

Cash on hand and received on donations and
pledges for the quarter ending June 30, 1884,
\$74.28; Balance on hand after meeting expenses
of the quarter, \$44.72.

If you cannot all become members of missionary
societies, we hope you will improve all your oppor-
tunities for doing good to others, that it may finally
be said that you "have done what you could."

M. J. C.

Letter Budget.

EDITH MACK, writing from Rice Co., Kan., says
she is eleven years old. She has four brothers and
two sisters. She cannot attend Sabbath-school, as
the nearest school is ten miles away. She keeps the
Sabbath with her mother. She has been baptized.

KNEWT SONNBERG, writes from Meeker Co., Minn.
He says: "I am a Swedish boy, twelve years old.
I live with a Sabbath-keeper. The Adventists are
building a church here. I go to Sabbath-school, and
like it much. I learn my lessons in Book No. 2. I
am trying to be a good boy, so I can meet the IN-
STRUCTOR family when Jesus comes."

BLANCH EASTMAN, of Collin Co., Texas, writes:
"The INSTRUCTOR is a welcome visitor each week at
our house. I am twelve years old. I have a little
sister ten years old, and a brother fourteen years old,
who is canvassing for 'Sunshine at Home.' He took
forty-four orders in five days. He likes to canvass.
We keep the Sabbath with papa and mamma."

NELLIE J. ROBINSON, of Winnebago Co., Wis.,
writes: "I have never seen a letter from our place, so
I thought I would write one. Ours is the only Ameri-
can Sabbath-keeping family here. I am ten years old.
I have one brother and two sisters. I am very lonely,
as my brother is married and gone from home, and
my sisters, Allie and May, are away teaching school.
I love to read the INSTRUCTOR, especially the Letter
Budget. I have given two hundred and nine copies
of the INSTRUCTOR to my school-mates. I think I
could get subscribers if I had an outfit. I keep the
Sabbath with my parents, and am trying to be a good
girl. I want to meet the good in the new earth."

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