

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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A Trip Through Egypt—I First Impressions

THE European traveler, landing for the first time at Alexandria or Port Said, soon begins to realize that he has entered a new world. At first, perhaps, he is not so much surprised as he expected to be. The flat sands of the Delta seem very monotonous after the richly colored and beautifully picturesque mountains of Italy and the



ON BOARD A NATIVE FERRY-BOAT

Mediterranean isles. There is little of that ingenious begging so prominent at Genoa and Naples, and the Egyptian peddler, of whose importunate cupidity the traveler has heard so much, is no rival in cunning mendacity to the Neapolitan vender.

But as the steamer stops near the quay, and the crowds of porters and tourist company agents swarm over the side, he notices the coal barges approaching, black with a new race of strangely dressed, or, more properly, undressed, laborers; and probably, while he is being rowed ashore in a miserable little ferry boat, one of the swarthy rowers addresses him in a strange, guttural tongue, and he hears for the first time that most used and abused word of the Arabic language, "*Backsheesh, backsheesh, yakawakja! ana miskeen, ana aiyan, ana gian keteer* (a gift, a gift, O sir! I am wretched, I am sick, I am very hungry)," until it becomes as a rattle of a car, or the roar of the waves in a steamer,—a sound that must be endured and tolerated, because it can not be prevented. It is utterly useless to attempt to silence the cry; for any gift simply stimulates the recipient to more importunate appeals, and attracts a crowd of others, thus only multiplying the evil; and no matter how large a gift is presented, no thanks need ever be expected.

The journey from the coast to Cairo affords many surprises. If the traveler has the hardihood to buy a third-class ticket, as a few economical ones occasionally do, he is likely to receive a very

unfavorable impression of Egyptian traveling facilities. The short, low, narrow car, furnished with cushionless wooden seats arranged in the American style, is crowded with good-natured jabbering Arabs, each one the happy possessor of two or three large bundles, or a bunch of sugar-cane like an American "corn-shock." This property fills up the aisle, and all other extra space; and the owners, firmly seated upon their respective possessions, alternately smoke cigarettes and chew sugar-cane, depositing the refuse upon such portions of the floor as still remain available, until it is covered to a depth of some inches. Over this animated chaos the conductor comes stumbling along, keeping up a running conversation with every one he encounters in so loud and apparently angry a tone you imagine he is swearing, which is not infrequently the case. One vainly endeavors to catch something of the meaning in the conversation, as he can do with most of the European languages; but this strange tongue is entirely different. He can not recognize a single word.

Upon his arrival in Cairo, which is usually at night, the traveler, having delivered his luggage to one of the importunate porters at the union station, enters a "victoria," and is driven at once to his hotel. The conveyance

passes along a wide street, looking very European, well lighted with electricity, so he sees nothing of importance that night except, perhaps, the fine statue of Ibrahim Pasha in the "Place d' Opera." He sleeps soundly, but on waking in the morning is surprised to find himself listening to the roar of a great city without. Going to the window, he sees for the first time that unending and ever-moving panorama which any one of the main streets of Cairo presents. The street is filled with a motley crowd, dressed in every style and color imaginable. He gazes fascinated for a long time, then turns, and prepares himself for sight-seeing in the capital of Egypt, with a new zest.

Cairo

Cairo is the largest city in Africa. Its population of six hundred thousand is one of the most interesting and cosmopolitan in the world. Greeks, Jews, Arabs, Copts, Bedouins, Syrians, Italians and Turks, in their respective costumes may be seen at any time in the streets. A dozen different languages are spoken, but almost every one knows Arabic, while French is used principally among the better classes of Europeans.

Although Cairo has suffered much from war, pestilence, and destructive fires, it has been an unusually prosperous city, and now, under the salutary influence of Great Britain, it is growing with



MOSQUE OF MOHAMMED ALI, IN CITADEL

astonishing rapidity, having increased in population over sixty per cent in the last decade. The large European quarters of the city are of recent construction, and are built in the French style, with clean, broad, well-paved and well-shaded streets. This part of Cairo comprises the Kasr el Nil district, and the extensive and rapidly growing suburbs of Shoubra and Abbessieh. But the bulk of the population is packed away in the older portion of the town around the "Mousky," the principal business street of the city. The shops and stores of "Mousky" present a European appear-



STATUE OF IBRAHIM PASHA

ance; but the crowd which surge along it furnishes an inexhaustible field for the student of orientalism, and a source of continual amusement to the superficial sightseer.

But it is in the by-streets around Mousky that the traveler finds orientalism proper. The one who starts out alone, with no guide save the compass, will enjoy himself the most thoroughly; for then he will search with all the energy of an explorer, and feel all the exultation of a discoverer at the strange objects he finds. As the streets grow narrower and narrower, finally closing entirely overhead, the spectacle becomes more and more strange.

The counters of the little shops open right on

the street, and behind each one sits the proprietor with his goods piled neatly around him. But one's wonder increases as he sees the wealth displayed in the Jewish quarter. The dark, squalid, dirty streets, five or six feet wide, are lined with shops of goldsmiths, and silversmiths, jewelry stores, and miniature banks, whose safes stand in full view just back of the little counter. During business hours, when the streets are very crowded, these safes are usually open, displaying the piles of English, French and Turkish gold within. The display in the shops is not less striking, and a very wealthy visitor, such as the shah of Persia, not infrequently spends several thousand pounds during a trip through these streets. But the traveler is soon glad to leave the splendid squalor of these dark recesses, and feels almost relieved to find that an inexhaustible wealth of golden sunshine is pouring down outside.

To the lover of antiquities, a visit to the large museum is of interest. Here one may see dozens of kingly mummies, still resting in their splendid sarcophagi. It is wonderful to see the perfect preservation of these bodies, from two to four thousand years old. In form and feature, often even the color of the hair, they are so well preserved and the expression is so natural, that one finds himself half expecting them to smile. It would be beyond the compass of this article to try to enumerate the priceless treasures of ancient monuments, weapons, jewels, vases, etc., that this won-



VIEW OF THE CITADEL

derful museum contains, so we will leave them to the imagination of the reader.

A prominent point of interest in Cairo is the citadel, built on a high rock in the southwestern part of the city, and commanding an excellent general view of the city. It is interesting historically as the scene of many bloody revolutions. The traveler is shown the court-yard, where, in the year 1811, the Mameluke Beys were treacherously massacred. In the midst of the citadel is the large and once splendid mosque of Mohammed Ali; but the decorative jewels and the finest of the columns were long since taken to Constantinople by the Turkish conquerors. Owing to the advent of modern long-range artillery, the citadel has lost its strategic value for the defense of the city, but it is occupied by a strong British garrison, whose guns command the city.

Near the citadel are the highly interesting tombs of the califs and mamelukes, whose bold domes and slender, graceful minarets present a highly novel and beautiful aspect.

The tomb of Keyet Bey is perhaps the most graceful specimen of Arabian architecture. Built in the style of a mosque, the stalactite decorations, the marble mosaic, and the elaborate ivory carvings are of unexcelled beauty. Within the mausoleum are two black stones from Mecca, which are believed by the faithful to bear the footprints of Mohammed.

In returning we will visit the great university, which has the distinction of being the oldest and largest in the world. None of the seven thousand pupils pay any fees, nor, with the ex-

ception of the principal, who is paid about \$500 a year, do any of the two hundred professors receive any salary. As this building is a mosque, the visitor must remove his shoes on entering. He finds the numerous students sitting on the floor, or rude benches, reading or reciting in the high-keyed monotone so universal in Eastern schools.

Returning, then, to our quarters, we will take a good rest to prepare for a longer excursion tomorrow.

GLEN WAKEHAM.

By Hook or Crook

"Tom," said Robert Sturgis, "I wish you'd tell me what answer to make to Oscar Bartlet when he says there isn't any God."

"Who is this Oscar Bartlet that seems to know so much, and so little?" asked Tom, the collegian.

"Oh, he's a new fellow at school; he has been around a lot, and the boys like to hear him talk."

"And is that the way he talks?"

"Yes, he says nobody can prove that there is a God."

"Well, the next time you hear him say that tell him you know a fellow that can find him proof of God's existence, in less than half a mile from town. If you can get him to take you up, I'll hold myself ready."

This was how it happened that on a splendid September afternoon, when earth and air and sky were full of delight, Mr. Tom Sturgis might have been seen cutting across lots to Parson's meadow, with half the village schoolboys at his heels.

"Your Mr. Parson's must be a poor farmer," said the new boy, contemptuously, gazing about him in the meadow, where many bold weeds were blooming, and even seeding, undisturbed.

"I'm afraid that is a true charge," said the collegian, "but it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and I would miss Mr. Parson's crop of jewel-weeds, herb-roberts, witch-hazels, etc., if he cleaned up this meadow more thrifflily."

"What difference do these weeds make to you, I'd like to know, Tom?" asked one of the string of boys.

"Well," said the collegian, "I am child enough to like my lessons with pictures to them; and these particular 'weeds,' if you like to call them so, print a fresh set of illustrations for me every fall."

The boys looked at Tom with curiosity, as he carefully cut a stalk of jewel-weed, on which hung already the swaying seed-pods. "See what these hanging things feel like, Oscar," he said, and a loud ha-ha was raised when the city boy jumped, for of course the pod split with a bang, and out popped the brown seed, ready to begin life for itself.

But even the country boys did not know why the jewel-weeds, herb-roberts, and witch-hazels had the fashion of shooting their seed off this way, until the collegian explained that if they all simply dropped at the root of the plant, they would not get a good start in growing.

"I was quoting that old proverb about the ill wind, just now," said Tom, "and here's a fellow to say 'amen' to it." He brushed rather roughly the downy seed-ball of a late dandelion, and away flew the eager seed on their white sails. "They are in the same business, you see,—getting a place to start life in; and any breeze, however rough, is pressed into service for a carrier.

"But the most determined and pushing and comical of these wise farmers are the ones that get their planting done 'by hook or by crook,' as we say. Here, Flag!" Tom called to the curly-haired sheep-dog; and as Flag trotted up, he seized his

ear, and pulled off several seeds of the burr-mari-gold, which were made fast to the dog's hair by their two-pronged hooks. "And there on your trouser legs are half a pint of Spanish needles, Oscar, 'hooking' a free ride to fresh fields and pastures new, as a large class of burrs and beggarticks and such folks do."

"Hello!" cried Robert, suddenly, "I thought Tom brought us out here to show Oscar that he couldn't say a fellow had no proof of God, and here he's got on to his craze about weeds and things!"

"Well, boys," said the young collegian, facing the crowd with a very earnest look in his eyes, "I put it to you now, as honest chaps, of average wits—where did all this wisdom of the seed bearers come from? Does it grow up out of the ground? Somebody taught the plants how to make these varied and successful schemes—who was it?"



VIEW OF CAIRO FROM ROOF OF VEGETARIAN PENSION

Everybody looked at Oscar. The new boy's face got pretty red, but there was honest stuff in his make-up: "It looks as if it must have been God," he said frankly.

"It certainly looks that way, boys," said the collegian.—*The Gem*.

Lifting With Magnets

ONE of the practical uses of a magnet, and to those immediately concerned a highly important use, is that in which it is sometimes employed to withdraw small pieces of iron from such out-of-the-way places as the human eye. Another use of the tractive force of magnetism on a much larger scale is that to which it is put by Edison in his magnetic ore separator, in which the ore, previously crushed to a fine powder, is dropped down a chute past the poles of powerful electromagnets, in passing which the iron particles of the ore are deflected to one side, while the non-magnetic stone dust continues undeflected down the chute. Still another instance of the employment of magnetism in a small way is that in which a magnetized tack hammer is used in the manufacture of strawberry baskets on a large scale, in conjunction with a mechanical device which presents the tacks, one at a time and head up, to the operator, thereby greatly facilitating his work.

It is a far cry from lifting a tack by means of magnetism to the lifting of massive iron and steel plates, weighing four, six, and twelve tons, by this same force, which is now being done every day in a number of large steel works. Electro-magnetism, of course, is utilized, the form of the magnet being usually rectangular for this work and presenting a flat surface to the plates lifted. The magnets are suspended by chains from cranes, and pick up the plates by simple contact, and without the loss of time consequent to the adjustment of chain and hooks in the older method. It is also found that the metal plates can be lifted by the magnets while still so hot that it would be impossible for the men to handle them.—*Selected*.



THE HOME CIRCLE

Goldenrod

THIS flower is fuller of the sun
 Than any our pale North can show;
 It has the heart of August won,
 And scatters wide the warmth and glow
 Kindled at summer's midnight blaze,
 Where gentians of September bloom,
 Along October's leaf-strewn ways,
 And through November's path of gloom.

Herald of autumn's reign, it sets
 Gay bonfires blazing round the field;
 Rich autumn pays in gold his debts
 For tenancy that summer yields.
 Beauty's slow harvest now comes on;
 And promise with fulfillment won;
 The heart's vast hope does but begin,
 Filled with ripe seeds of sweetness gone.

Because its myriad glimmering plumes
 Like a great army's stir and wave;
 Because its gold in billows blooms,
 The poor man's barren walks to lave;
 Because its sun-shaped blossoms show
 How souls receive the light of God,
 And unto earth give back that glow—
 I thank him for the goldenrod.

—Lucy Larcom.

Flower-Growing for Young People

THE raising of flowers for pleasure or profit is not necessarily confined to grown people. When a boy or girl has natural liking and ability for the work, it may be undertaken with a fair assurance of success. And when the requirements of the plants are not fully understood by young persons who desire to undertake their culture, there are often florists in one's neighborhood who could not only give practical advice, but also help one over the difficult places. Then, too, there are periodicals published exclusively for the aid of the amateur florist, and in those one may find just the advice and help needed.

There is no reason why any boy or girl should not manage a collection of flowering plants with success, when once their culture is understood; and there is no reason why these same plants should not yield a respectable income, if they are grown for that purpose, especially in communities where there is no local florist. However, the presence of a dealer in flowers need not deter one from attempting flower-growing, because his friends will often buy of him when they see that he means business.

In advising a novice to undertake the culture of flowers, I should recommend that he select such varieties as require the simplest treatment. Roses and carnations, although general favorites, are quite difficult to manage; and unless one has a greenhouse and can secure the aid of some one who understands the needs of the plants, it is best not to undertake their culture. They will prove a disappointment in the average living room; and even geraniums, unless thoroughly understood, will refuse to blossom at the

season when their flowers are most desired.

The class of flowers that I would recommend to beginners in floriculture, demands no great expense, no greenhouse, no nicely regulated temperature, no extra attention to light, no worry in regard to insect pests, and neither previous knowledge nor skill to make them blossom into things of great beauty. Holland bulbs, when once planted and given reasonably good care and accommodations, will bloom with ease and certainty in most living-rooms; and no beginner need hesitate to undertake their culture for fear of failure.

Everybody knows what tulips and hyacinths are, and many are glad to buy these favorites during the winter months, when flowers are scarce. The former has fully opened flowers of bright, cheerful colors; the latter has thick, substantial trusses of deliciously fragrant, bell-shaped blossoms. In addition to these two favorites may be named the Chinese sacred lily, double yellow daffodils, paper-white and other varieties of narcissus, and crocuses.

During the fall, in September if possible, secure a fall bulb catalogue from a seedsman of good repute, and make your selections, so as to be sure of receiving the bulbs in October, in which month most of them will require to be planted, if they are expected to blossom by Christmas. After planting, the bulbs have to be set away in the dark for a number of weeks to form roots; and three months is none too long a time to allow for this purpose; therefore, aim to get the work done in October.

By investing from two to five dollars in bulbs now, one may reasonably hope to realize the sum expended and quite a bit besides, in a few months. To the person just beginning I would say, Content yourself at first with a few dozen each of hyacinths, narcissus, and Chinese lilies. These are about the easiest of any to get along with; and when once their culture is understood, you can branch out more extensively. A dozen each of Roman, Pampa, and single Dutch hyacinths, a dozen of daffodils and paper-white narcissus, and a half-dozen Chinese sacred lilies, together with a few Duc Van Thot tulips, will make a very beautiful and interesting window garden, and the proceeds from the hyacinths alone will probably cover the cost of the material, outside of the bulbs themselves.

Hyacinths, in bloom, ought to bring from fifteen to thirty cents apiece, according to the size and condition of the plant. A well-grown Chinese lily should demand at least fifty cents, while daffodils and narcissus usually go for about twenty cents each, tulips a few cents lower. Of course the cost of the pots, etc., has to be taken into account in fixing the price of flowers.

However, most people are not particular about what the bulbs are planted in; and if tin cans are used instead of flower pots, for at least half the bulbs, this expense may be considerably diminished. Fall bulbs will do quite as well in pint and quart cans as in costlier receptacles; and while the order is on its way, it would be a good plan to collect an assortment of cans, unsoldering the tops on a hot stove, and paint the outside surface dull-green or red. The bottom of each can should also be punched two or three times with a small instrument to afford sufficient drainage.

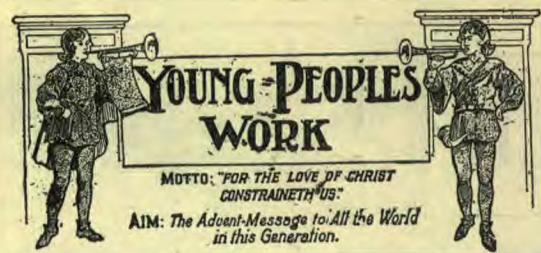
It will also be necessary to prepare a large box of soil in which to plant the bulbs when they arrive. This is the part of the work "where the fun comes in;" it is only a pleasure to collect the different kinds of soils, sift them, and mix them together. A half bushel of soil from the vegetable garden or almost any place around the yard, is the first thing to get; then a peck of fine, thoroughly decayed stable compost manure. Persons living in the country, or near woods, have the advantage of rich, brown leaf-mold, found under the layers of dead leaves, and a peck of this should also be added. A peck of sharp sand completes the compost.

It may often be necessary to "bake" the woods dirt and manure in a hot oven to kill insect and weed germs; and the soil should be passed through a coarse sieve to make it mellow and fine, and rid it of substances that would injure the bulbs. If one has no sieve handy, an old tin pan, with the bottom full of nail holes, will make an excellent substitute. After sifting, the different soils should be thoroughly mixed, and set where compost will keep moist. The soil should never be dust dry at any time of planting.



FOUNTAIN OF ABLUTIONS, MOSQUE OF SULTAN HASSAN, CAIRO, EGYPT

(Concluded next week)



A Blessed Experience Meeting

ONE of the most interesting features at the camp-meeting at Salem, Oregon, was the interest that was taken by the young people and children in doing practical missionary work in scattering our literature. One afternoon the young people gave away and sold over eight hundred and twenty-five papers, most of which were the *Signs*. They also gave away tracts at the close of the meetings, when the interest seemed to demand it, and in this way they distributed several hundred of our tracts. Below are a few of the personal testimonies given by the young people at an experience meeting, which I had the privilege of attending. I never was present at a more inspiring meeting. The whole tenor was consecration and loving service:—

"I can praise the Lord for the experience that I had yesterday. I know that in working we receive our greatest blessings. Yesterday I found people that had attended our meetings, and thought they were good, and wanted to come back. I found others who knew nothing of the *Signs*. I received many rich blessings. I hope the papers distributed yesterday will bring forth fruit."

"I was ordered off the porch of the first house I went to yesterday. This slightly discouraged me; but the Lord was with me and helped me to try again, and I went on. I was greatly embarrassed. I suspect I made blunders afterward, but I received a rich blessing from the Lord. I found many people who are interested in this truth, and wanted to come to the meeting, and said they would come as soon as they could."

"I thank the Lord for our experience yesterday. I wish it would last longer. I did not have any one shut the door in my face. Every one was glad to receive the paper. I found from my experience yesterday that it is sweet to work for Jesus, and it is my greatest desire to ever press on and do more good. The people where I went seemed to be glad, and thanked me for the papers, and many have promised to come to the meetings. Many had attended."

"I had a good experience yesterday in delivering the *Signs*. One place where I went I rapped; the screen was shut, but the door was open. I heard no noise at first. Pretty soon a lady came feeling along the wall. She was blind. I rapped again, and she came to the door, and I told her what I had. 'Well,' she said, 'I can not read, but you may give me a card.' I went on and I met several people that were very glad to get the paper. One place I went they were just moving in. The lady said that as soon as they got settled, they were coming to the meetings. She said others had said they had attended, and enjoyed the meetings."

"I thank the Lord for the blessings that I have received in this work. At one house the lady said she did not like to take the paper without paying for it. Another place I went in, and talked awhile. The lady was a Baptist, but she said she did not agree with everything in that church. She said that the sermons they heard were not sufficient. They were hungry for spiritual food. I had a good experience."

"I am thankful that I had a part in the Master's work yesterday. I met many that promised to come, and some that had already come and enjoyed the meetings. I met one or two that rejected the papers. I left a card at one of those doors, and they said that they would come. I praise the Lord for the blessings in this work."

"Praise God that he sent me out yesterday. I

had a good many experiences. I did not meet any one who rebuffed me in any way. One lady at first refused to take the paper, but after talking with her a few moments, she took it. I feel more inclined to continue this work. Pray for me."

"Yesterday was my first experience in this work, and I thank the Lord that he was with me. The first house I went to, I thought there was nobody at home. I knocked several times. Pretty soon a lady opened the door. I gave her a paper, and invited her to the camp-meeting. She said she had been up here last night, and enjoyed the meetings, and would come again. I met quite a number that would not receive the papers at all."

"I thank the Lord for my experience in the work. I thank him for his blessings. I know that he is with me. I was pleased to find so many who were interested. I am glad that I can have a part in doing something for the Lord."

"I thank the Lord for the blessings he gave me when I was out with the *Signs*. I know he was with me. I found many that were interested in this meeting, and want to come. They took the papers and seemed glad to receive them."

"I found several that seemed to be glad to get the papers yesterday. There was one man that told me when I had another bundle of papers to call again. I had just given him a *Signs*, so I gave him a *Life Boat*. He thanked me for both."

"I praise God this morning for the experience I had yesterday. There was one lady who said her husband had been to our meeting, and enjoyed it."

The Children's Work

THE children caught the spirit of service, and were grouped off in companies of five or six, with an experienced young person at the head as leader. These thirty-five little ones came marching from the children's tent up to the bookstand for their papers. The first afternoon over eight dollars' worth of *Life Boats* and *Pacific Health Journals* were sold. Imagine their joy and the beaming of their faces when they returned, and were asked to relate their experiences. The little tots from three to five years of age sold tracts and pamphlets on the ground and near by. Over ten dollars' worth of tracts and papers were sold by these children. I enjoyed their little experience meeting, and appreciated as never before the joy in service. A few of their testimonies were as follows:—

"I sold five papers and had a door slammed in my face, but I went right on."

(With face beaming.) "I sold four *Life Boats*."

"I sold nine papers." (Five years old.)

"I sold nine tracts." (Four year-old girl.)

"I sold fifteen tracts." (Four-year old girl.)

"I sold some."

"Sold five *Life Boats* and gave away one tract. I called on a Catholic lady, but she did not buy any."

Some of the boys sold quite a number of papers in the court house and State Capitol buildings.

As we see even the children enthusiastically engaged in bearing the message to the world, I pray that it may stimulate us who have been longer in the way to a deeper realization of our responsibilities and opportunities.

G. W. PETTIT.

THE WEEKLY STUDY

The Essential Elements of a Reformation

God's Word the Basis

SCRIPTURE STUDY:—

The value and authority of God's word. 2 Tim. 3:16-17; 2 Peter 1:16-21.

"Lamp of our feet whereby we trace Our path when went to stray."

Ps. 119:105.

The guide to reform. Ps. 119:9, 59, 60.

Our safety from falling. Ps. 119:11.

Look up incidents of reform from the Bible; such as:—

(a) Philip and the eunuch. Acts 8:26-39.

(b) The mission of John the Baptist. Matt. 3:1-12.

(c) The reform in Israel during the reign of King Josiah. 2 Kings 22:8-20.

Parallel Reading:—

"Great Controversy," Chapter Five.

"Facts for the Times," Chapter One.

Notes

Mark well the keynote of this lesson—*personal reformation*. And let this be the keynote each week while we study the history of the Reformation which followed the Dark Ages. We may receive much good from this study simply as a history. The events are stirring; the characters are noble and brave; the hand of God in the work is evident; and we may be inspired and admonished by the study of the characters and times; but we may reap a far greater good, and the study of these lessons may mark the beginning of days of power in our work, if we discover in this study the need of *personal reformation, with the word of God as the active agent*, as the basis of the great and best reformation, which is now long overdue.

John Wycliffe found the Bible locked up in the dead languages, where only the educated could read it. He translated it into the English tongue, and it wrought a mighty reformation in England. Luther found the Bible "chained." He broke its fetters, translated it into the German, and sent it running through Europe; and that mighty word revolutionized Germany, discomfited the popes, and shook the pillars of their ancient throne.

But now the word is free, and is being published in all tongues and in all lands. The New Testament can be purchased for one penny, and it is distributed freely to those unable to buy. Why does it not work the great reform which is due? Has it lost any of its power?—Certainly not. It is the same mighty, loving word; but Satan, in these last evil days of conflict, has turned the hearts of the people away from the Bible, and they have been turned unto fables—scientific, philosophic lies, which, like thorns in a field of wheat, choke the word, and make it unfruitful.

Where do the young people of this denomination stand relative to this question?

Is the Bible loved and studied daily? or are you among the careless ones who, unintentionally and almost unconsciously, are neglecting it?

Are you making your Society meetings occasions for earnest, sober Bible study and prayer? or are they drifting into light social gatherings, chiefly for entertainment.

Are you expecting and preparing to give the Bible to the world?

Will you be one of the mighty, Spirit-filled heroes in this last and greatest of all reformations?

To the Leader

Study to avoid sameness and form in your meetings. Let the Spirit lead in his own free way. These outlines are suggestive only. Do not try to follow them arbitrarily. One mind can not meet all the local needs. Arrange your program as may seem best for the interest of your band of young people.

This Bible study may be presented by one good leader, and he can make it an interesting general exercise by arranging for several persons to read the Scriptures, and present the vital points in them. If time will admit of it, two persons may be selected to present the strongest points in the parallel readings.

These lessons cover much ground for the reading and study of the week. Do not feel that all must be presented in your meeting. Organize carefully; encourage all to present their points definitely and concisely. Sharp, quick blows count best and most.

E. R. P.



• CHILDREN'S • PAGE •



A Crafty Old Thief

THERE'S a crafty old thief, of nuisances chief,
Who goes prowling around day by day.
She subsists on the hours which she slyly de-
vours—
Look out! for she's coming your way.

This crafty old thief may bring you to grief;
She's robbing you more than you think.
If you say, "wait a minute," she's sure to fit in it
An hour or more yet in a wink.

Just say, "By and by that problem I'll try,"
And she comes with her trap slyly set,
To grapple your hours, which by mites she de-
vours,
And not one word of thanks will you get.

When I hear a boy whine, "I haven't had time
To do this hard lesson," I've found
That this crafty old thief, with her well sharpened
teeth,
Has always been prowling around.

What! asking her name? Have you not guessed
the same
Ere this from the tale I have told?
This thief of low station is Procrasti-Nation,
A sinner the universe old.

LETTA STERLING LEWIS.

How the Parsonage Was Papered

THE little parsonage stood bleak and cheerless in the wintry sunlight. A window was open, and the February wind, sweeping through the empty rooms, rattled a torn shade that had been left there by the last tenants. Deacon Cummings and the Sabbath-school superintendent stood viewing the cottage with speculative eyes.

"There's the salary to raise," the deacon was saying, "and the extra expense of the new furnace must be met. No, we'll have to let the parsonage go. I know it does need papering, but we've our hands more than full already."

The superintendent looked disappointed.

"I think we could manage it," he suggested mildly, "if—"

"No, we can't!" put in the deacon, decidedly. "The parsonage'll have to go as it is."

"But his wife's an invalid," persisted the superintendent, still more mildly, for, like all the rest of the church-members, he stood greatly in awe of the determined deacon.

"Yes, she is," the deacon assented, a little reluctantly. "Hasn't been able to do a thing for over a year, I understand. Lung trouble, you know. That's why they're coming West. Well, it's hard for a pastor on a small salary to have a sick wife. Hard for him and the children. I should like to see the parsonage papered, but it's quite out of the question. The sun comes in finely at the windows; that's one consolation, and soap and water is another. They'll have to put up with things as they find 'em. It's all we can do to raise the salary."

A moment later the two men walked away, leaving Lily Maude standing by her scrub pail. Lily Maude was washing the floor. She had been hired by the committee for that purpose. The last minister had been unmarried, and the parsonage had been rented. But with his departure a new order of things was being brought about. A new pastor was coming, and with him an invalid wife and three small children. And Lily Maude was to scrub, wash windows and woodwork, to make ready for the new occupants.

Lily Maude was pale and small and stoop-shouldered. Her hair was colorless, and her blue eyes, her only beauty, looked out upon a world that had never been an easy one to her, for Lily Maude's mother was dead and her father a cripple. Lily

Maude made the living now for both. She was only sixteen, yet her small hands were already calloused and toil-hardened.

"And the new minister's wife hasn't been able to do a thing for over a year." Lily Maude had heard what the deacon had said, and she knew something of what it meant. She had been used to sickness all her life. Was not her father helpless now, and had not her mother been an invalid for three years?

She looked up at the grimy walls regretfully; then, taking her broom, she walked into the small bedroom. Here the walls looked worse than ever. There were soiled finger-marks upon them, and some one had torn from them strips of paper, laying bare the plastering.

"And she hasn't been able to do a thing for over a year, and will have to lie here in a room like this," thought Lily Maude. "It's too bad! I'm afraid it'll make her worse instead of better."

She leaned on her broom-handle meditatively. "If I could only do something," she whispered, slowly. "I believe," she added, "I believe I'll try. This room has to be fixed some way."

By noon the next day Lily Maude's work was done. The floors were clean, the windows shining, the woodwork spotless. She had done her best. As she turned the key upon the house, her thin face was full of purpose. She hurried down the walk, a shabby little figure in her worn skirt and jacket. Her hands were bare, and the sharp winter wind had already made them blue. But Lily Maude was not thinking of anything so small as her own discomfort. She was used to facing cold winds; used to scanty fare and shabby clothes; used to hard work and poverty and deprivations.

She walked rapidly until she turned into the principal business street; then she slackened her pace, halting at a certain shop door. Here samples of wall-paper were displayed in the windows, together with a number of cans of paint and a few picture-frames. Lily Maude entered. In the rear of the shop some one was busily working. It was Horatio Robinson, the proprietor.

He looked up at Lily Maude. "How do you do?" he said, cordially. "What can I do for you?"

Lily Maude flushed a little. "I came to see you about papering a bedroom," she replied, shyly, "but I haven't any money. It's a room at the parsonage," she added. "The minister's wife is coming there to live, and she's sick. I heard them talking about it. The church don't feel able to do anything, and I—I just can't stand it to think of her going in a room like that!"

She looked up, with the flush still on her face. "I can scrub, Mr. Robinson, and I can wash," she went on, shyly, "and I thought—for I studied it all out—that perhaps you might let me work for your wife to pay for it. Will it cost very much?"

Horatio Robinson looked down into the small face.

"That depends upon the quality of the paper," he answered, kindly. "If it's cheap—"

"But it must not be cheap," broke in Lily Maude, hastily. "It must be pretty and bright; not too bright, you know, but something that will be nice to look at."

"How's this, then?" said Mr. Robinson, taking down a roll of paper from a shelf above him. "You'll have to wash a good many days, though, to pay for this," he added, shrewdly. "Perhaps you wouldn't like that."

But Lily Maude's hands were clasped. She was looking at the paper. "Oh, I shouldn't mind that at all!" she answered, quickly. "I'm used to washing, and that paper—it's beautiful, Mr. Robinson. Will you really paper the room and let me work for you?"

Horatio Robinson looked at her kindly. He was a sharp business man, but he had a good heart, nevertheless.

"I don't see how I can refuse you," he said, smiling. "When people show a disposition to do their part, I like to do mine. So you like the paper, do you? Well, your taste is good; for it's the handsomest thing I have."

"It's lovely," said Lily Maude, dreamily, still gazing at it. "Oh, I hope she'll be pleased!"

Mr. Robinson was touched. He looked at the slight figure, and something rose in his throat.

"I'll do the work for you to-morrow," he said. "It isn't every one I'd do it for, but you're a brave girl."

Lily Maude grew radiant. "Thank you! thank you!" she cried, gratefully. "And I'll work my very best for your wife!" she added quickly.

"I'm not afraid of that," was the answer. "You can go up to see her this afternoon and talk it over. She won't work you hard," he added. "She's not that kind."

"I don't mind work," replied Lily Maude, blithely, "as long as I can please folks. Here's the key, Mr. Robinson. It's the bedroom off the sitting-room. That's to be her room. I heard the ladies talking about it." Lily Maude smiled again, and then hurried out.

The man looked after her thoughtfully. "Well," he said, as he turned to his work, "I like a spirit like that. There's some promise to a girl of that kind, and some Christianity. Willing to scrub and wash to pay for papering a room for somebody that's sick. That's religion. Such a frail little creature as she is, too! I think I'll go to hear that new preacher when he comes. I'm interested in his family already, and I'll do my best work on that papering, as sure as my name is Horatio Robinson!"

The room was finished, and Lily Maude stood by it in awed admiring silence. Mr. Robinson had himself added a handsome border. The unsightly walls were hidden, and Lily Maude's heart was full of joy.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she cried, ecstatically.

"And oh, I'm glad, so glad to think I could do it." The door opened. Lily Maude looked up and saw Deacon Cummings. "Well, Lily," he began, pleasantly, "you did your work well, I see. Everything is as clean as a new pin."

Just then his eyes fell on the newly papered walls. "Whose work is this?" he demanded.

Lily Maude turned pale.

"Mr. Robinson's, sir," she faltered.

"Yes, yes, but who is to pay for it?"

Lily Maude looked up bravely. "I am, sir," she answered. "I'm going to scrub and wash for Mrs. Robinson until it's all cleared up. You see, sir," she went on, timidly, "I heard them tell about the minister's wife being so sick, and not able to do anything, and all that, and these walls looked so bad I was afraid when she saw them, she'd get worse. Things like that trouble sick people a good deal. I know, for I've been with them all my life. I hope you don't mind my doing it, sir?"

The deacon looked down upon Lily Maude in her worn and shabby dress. Then, like Horatio Robinson, he felt something rise in his throat.

"No, no, Lily," he said huskily, "you did right, quite right." He went out into the next room.

The whole parsonage was papered, and out of the deacon's own pocket, at that. Then somehow the story of what Lily Maude had done crept out, and others went to work. A carpet was put down that matched the bedroom walls. Rich old Mrs. Janes, hitherto not noted for her liberality, opening her heart and her purse-strings, sent over a beautiful brass bed. Some one

else added the coverings, and kindly hands hung dimity curtains at the windows and spread a rug on the floor. Easy chairs and pictures completed the pretty room, an ideal resting-place for an invalid, so fresh was it and so attractive.

"Tired, Margaret?"

"A little, dearest."

The minister's wife tried to smile, but the effort was a failure. The jolting of the train jarred on the tired nerves, and through the car window the prospect was not alluring. Long stretches of buffalo-grass flashed by, interspersed with white patches of alkali; and every turn of the car-wheels was taking her farther from her old home. Still, if she could only get well! And wonderful recoveries were made in the pure, invigorating climate to which they were hurrying.

Yet how she dreaded it all! New scenes, strange faces, and perhaps the new friends would not be like the old ones she was leaving so far behind.

"Cheer up, dear," the minister was saying. "We'll soon be there."

"I wish we could go straight to the parsonage," she answered. "Somehow I dread hotels—and strangers."

"Never mind," was the cheerful answer. "We'll soon be settled, and your room shall be first, Margaret. I'll make it as easy and comfortable for you as I can."

"You always do that," was the grateful answer. "I'm ashamed to murmur when I have the children and you."

"Gray Rock!" shouted the conductor, and the minister rose.

"Home, Margaret," he said, tremulously. "Come children."

It was a little station, and only two or three were standing on the platform. Among them was a tall man with a weather-beaten face. It was Deacon Cummings, who came forward hurriedly to meet them. He took the minister's hand, shaking it warmly. Then he turned to the woman.

"I've a carriage right here," he said, anxious at the sight of her pale, worn face. "Let me help you."

She sank upon the cushions, exhausted. The children sat quietly together, wide-eyed and wondering.

"We are in your hands," the minister said, smiling. "What will you do with us?"

"You'll see," was the genial answer.

In a few moments the carriage stopped. Deacon Cummings alighted. "This is the parsonage," he said. "We thought it would be pleasanter for you to come straight home, so we did what we could. Some time I'll tell you the story of how it was all brought about. Your wife's room is ready for her, and the ladies have spread a supper for you in the dining-room. Welcome to Gray Rock, dear friends, and may the new home bring you health and happiness."

"I am sure it will," said the minister's wife, taking the deacon's hand.

"I am sure, too," said the minister.

The tears were in his eyes as he half-led, half-carried his wife across the threshold into the pretty room awaiting her. Gently, very gently, he laid her upon the pillows of the soft bed, with all its snow-white draperies. She put both arms about his neck and murmured:

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters."—*Youth's Companion*.

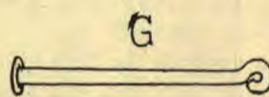
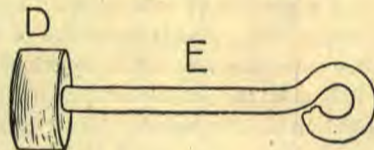
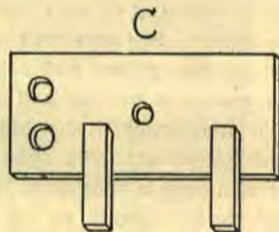
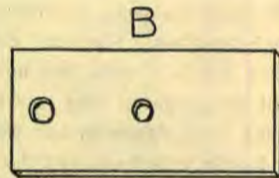
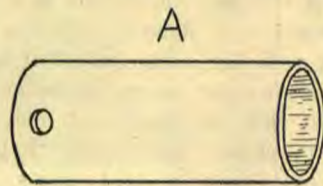
ABILITIES are doubled when dedicated to Christ. It has often been found true that the effect of real consecration on mere mental development has been obvious and surprising to all around. Yet it is only a confirmation of what we believe to be a great principle, that the Lord makes the most of whatever is universally surrendered to him.—*Leaves of Light*.



How to Make an Oscillating Cylinder Engine

THE cylinder (a) is a brass (or any material that can be soldered onto) tube about one and three eighths inches long, and about five eighths of an inch in diameter, and must be perfectly smooth inside. The hole, which is in the end, is about one eighth of an inch in diameter, and must be the only one in the cylinder; make it just as the figure shows.

The plate (b) is made of brass, copper, or any metal that is soft, yet does not bend too easily. This plate should be about the same length and breadth as the cylinder. Drill a hole in it corresponding to the one in the cylinder, as shown in



the illustration. Drill another, not necessarily the same size, but exactly in the center of the plate. This hole is for the pivot (g) to be put through, and must fit perfectly.

The pivot, which may be made of a nail, should have a small and flat head on one end, for the purpose of keeping the pivot from slipping through the hole, and an eye on the other. (Don't make the eye until the engine is nearly complete.)

After the holes are drilled into the plate (b), polish one side of it on an oilstone until it is perfectly smooth. Put the pivot through the center hole, with the head on the unpolished side. Solder the plate with the pivot in it onto the side of the cylinder, so that the hole in the end of the

plate will be exactly over the hole in the cylinder. Put a wooden plug through the hole in the end of the cylinder and plate, so as to keep them directly over each other, and also to keep them from filling with solder. Be sure that the plate and cylinder are parallel when they are soldered together. After the plate (b) and the cylinder are soldered together, the pivot should be solid.

The piston rod (e) is made from a small wire about one eighth of an inch thick and about two inches long. Fasten one end in the center of the piston head (d). The piston head is made of Babbitt metal mixed with a little solder. Fill the cylinder with damp sand until it is about a quarter of an inch from the edge of the end that has no hole in it. Make a few notches in one end of the piston rod on the center of this sand; be careful to hold it parallel with the cylinder. Pour the melted Babbitt metal in this space until it is filled, and hold it steady while it cools. Be sure the piston head fits snugly in the cylinder.

The cylinder head (h) is a round piece of tin just a trifle larger than the end of the cylinder; make two like this, and in one make a hole in the center, just the size of the piston rod. About one fourth of an inch from this hole make another, to allow the air to pass out and in easily. Solder the cylinder head that has no hole in it, to the end of the cylinder where the hole is. Solder the other one on the other end after you have put the piston rod through the center hole, and push the piston head to the other end of the cylinder. Leave it this way while you solder the piston head on, be sure and have the center hole in the cylinder head exactly in the center of the end of the cylinder.

The plate (c) is just the same as the plate (b), with the exception of the position of the two holes on the end. These two holes are as far apart as the diameter of the hole in the end of the other plate. Put the pivot (g) which has been soldered on to the side of the cylinder with the plate (b) through the center hole with the polished sides facing the polished side of the other plate. Be sure that these plates fit perfectly together. The two holes must be at the same end as the hole in the plate (b).

The next thing to do is to make the eye on the end of the pivot about an inch from the back of the plate (c). Take a spring like the ones in the stoppers of a window, and put over the pivot. Put a cross piece of wire through the eye of the pivot to keep the spring in place. The spring must be longer than the pivot (after the eye is made on the end of it) so that it will keep the two plates snugly together.

The boiler can be made from a baking-powder can (a round one) about seven inches long and three inches in diameter. Solder the lid on, and resolder all the seams.

The shaft (f) may be made of a copper wire about one eighth of an inch thick. The fly-wheel should weigh about six ounces, and be about one and three fourths inches in diameter. Fasten the fly-wheel on the shaft about half-way between the crank and the end of the shaft.

Get two strips of brass about one and one half inches long, one half inch wide, and one eighth of an inch thick. Make an indentation near the end of each, in the middle, with a center punch. Solder them on one side of the boiler, facing each other, about the same distance apart as the shaft (f) is long. The shaft, which is made pointed at each end, should be placed between the two, with its ends resting in the indentations.

Solder the two strips of brass onto the plate (c), as shown in the picture. These strips must be just long enough to bring the piston rod in line with the shaft and the crank when it is horizontal.

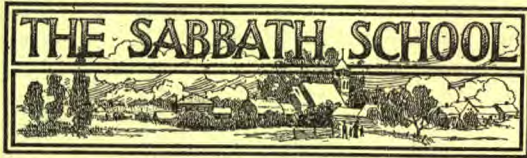
Make an eye on the end of the piston rod and fasten it to the crank. The eye and the crank must be so made that when it is turned to its highest point up, the hole in the plate (b) will be exactly under the lower hole of plate (c). Turn the crank to the farthest point out or the nearest point, the hole in the plate (b) can not be seen through either hole of plate (c). Turn it again to its lower point, and the hole in the plate

(b) will be exactly under the upper hole in plate (c). (The crank should be about as long as the distance between the pivot and the holes in the plates.)

Solder the strips, which are fastened to plate (c) on the boiler, at the place where the cylinder oscillates correctly, as described above. Solder a small tube over one of the holes in plate (c), and the other end of the tube over a hole in the top of the boiler. This is the steam pipe. Make another hole in the top to pour the water into the boiler. Fix a cork for this hole, so it can be pulled out without burning your fingers when there is steam in the boiler.

Now the engine is complete. Dig a hole in the ground, lay the boiler in the top of the hole. Plaster it all around with mud, leaving a hole at one end for a smoke stack. Fill the boiler nearly full of water, get up steam, and the engine will run.

ELI CARLSEN.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

XIII—Review

(September 26)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Judges 2.

MEMORY VERSE: "The Lord is with you, while ye be with him; and if ye seek him, he will be found of you; but if ye forsake him, he will forsake you." 2 Chron. 15:2.

Our Lesson Scripture gives an outline of that part of the history of the children of Israel that we have been studying this quarter—the time when they were ruled by the judges. You will see that the story is one of the constant backsliding of the Israelites, and of God's great mercy and love for them. Every time that they cried unto the Lord in the trouble that their sins had brought, "he saved them out of their distresses." "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

Questions

1. How can you sum up the history of Israel in the times of the judges? What did the Israelites frequently do?
2. What was the effect of their idolatry? What did God do for them every time they cried to him?
3. Who was the first judge of Israel after Moses? What was his first great victory? Tell how the city of Jericho was taken.
4. What sad thing happened just after the taking of Jericho? Who was the cause of the trouble? What had he done? What was his punishment? What were the people taught by this object lesson?
5. Tell what led to the battle of Gibeon. What special thing was done at that time that was never done before or since? What gave Joshua power to command the sun and moon? Mark 11:22-24. How did God further help the battle? What was done with the kings?
6. What was done with the land before the death of Joshua? What tribe had no inheritance among their brethren? How many cities were given to the Levites? For what were six of these cities set apart?
7. How long did the Israelites serve God after Joshua's death? When they departed from him, who took them captive?
8. Tell the names of some of the nations that oppressed them. In what way were they oppressed by the Midianites? What man was chosen by God to deliver them? How did God make this known to him? What signs were given to him? Describe the way in which Gideon overthrew the Midianites.

9. Who was the deliverer of Israel from the Philistines? Where did Samson get his great strength? What was he from his birth? What is meant by a Nazarite?

10. How did Samson first show his great strength? Tell of some of his victories over the Philistines. How did he escape when he was shut up in Gaza?

11. How was Samson taken captive? What was done to him? What revenge did he take for the loss of his eyes?

12. What came upon the land of Israel in the time of the judges, that drove some of the people into other countries? What family are we told of in the book of Ruth? Whom did the two sons marry?

13. Who only was left to return to the land of Israel? Who went with her? What did Ruth say to her mother-in-law when she told her to return home?

14. What did Ruth do to get food for herself and Naomi? In whose field did she glean? What did Boaz do for Naomi? When he bought Naomi's land, whom did he take to be his wife? What son was born to Ruth? Of whom was Obed the grandfather? Who came, hundreds of years later, in David's line?

15. What was the name of the son born to Hannah? Why did she give him this name? Where did she take him as soon as he was old enough to leave her? Why did she do this?

16. What did Samuel do in the Lord's house? How often did his mother visit him? What did she bring with her?

17. What was the character of Eli's sons? Through whom did God warn Eli about them? Tell how God first spoke to Samuel. What mistake did Samuel at first make? What did Eli tell him to say to the Lord? What message did God give him? What did all the people know about Samuel?



XIII—The Christian Soldier

(September 26)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Eph. 6:10-24.

MEMORY VERSE: "Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." Verse 11.

Finally, be strong in the Lord, and in the strength of his might. Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places. Wherefore take up the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having girded your loins with truth, and having put on the breastplate of righteousness, and having shod your feet with the preparation of the gospel of peace; withal taking up the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the evil one. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God: with all prayer and supplication praying at all seasons in the Spirit, and watching thereunto in all perseverance and supplication for all the saints, and on my behalf, that utterance may be given unto me in opening my mouth, to make known with boldness the mystery of the gospel, for which I am an ambassador in chains; that in it I may speak boldly, as I ought to speak. But that ye also may know my affairs, how I do, Tychicus, the beloved brother and faithful minister in the Lord, shall make known to you all things: whom I have sent unto you for this very purpose, that ye may know our state, and that he may comfort your hearts. Peace be to the brethren, and love with faith, from God the father and the Lord

Jesus Christ. Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ with a love incorruptible.

Questions

1. In view of all that has been said before, where alone is our source of strength? Where is the mighty power of God illustrated? See also Eph. 1:19-21.
2. What will enable us to stand against the wiles of the devil?
3. Why do we need to be so thoroughly equipped for battle? Against what do we wrestle?
4. How much of the armor is required? Equipped with the whole armor, what will we be enabled to do? After everything else is done, what are we enjoined to do?
5. What is the girdle of the Christian soldier? What is the breastplate? What is the source of this righteousness? 1 Cor. 1:30; Phil. 3:9.
6. With what are the feet to be shod?
7. What is the shield? What will we be able to do with this shield?
8. What is the helmet? See also 1 Thess. 5:8. Whose sword do we use? What is this sword?
9. How is the value of this sword described in Heb. 4:12?
10. Clothed with this armor, what is yet essential?
11. For whom are we to pray? What request did the apostle make for himself? What lesson may we derive from this?
12. What was Paul's relation to the gospel which he represented?
13. How did he desire to tell the good news intrusted to him?
14. By whom was this epistle sent to the Ephesians? For what purpose did Paul send Tychicus?
15. With what twofold benediction does the epistle close? Upon whom especially are these blessings pronounced?

Notes

1. The armor of the Christian described in this chapter is one of the most beautiful pictures in the Bible. Study each clause, and note the particular significance of the comparisons. The girdle, which held the rest of the armor in place, is truth. Without the truth of God's word, the other parts of the armor would be useless. The breastplate protected the vital parts of the body from the attacks of the enemy; so the righteousness of Christ is our safeguard. With it our safety is assured.

The shield of faith protects not only the Christian himself, but every part of his armor. "And for an helmet, the hope of salvation" shows what will buoy the Christian up in all his warfare; it is the surety of victory through Christ, and eternal salvation with him. The sword, which is the word of God, is to be wielded by the Spirit. With a promise from God's word, we can always withstand the enemy, and this will be suggested to us by the Spirit of God, when we need it, if we have hid God's word in our heart. So we see the need of studying the word for ourselves.

2. Do not count the study of Ephesians completed. Read the book again and again, and make this truth your own. Become familiar with the contents of every chapter; and as you grow older, its truths will continue to unfold to you.

Is it not possible to be too busy? Is there not a very subtle temptation to be so much occupied with things as to forget to live, to be, as another has expressed it, "rich in outward incident, but poor in inward experience?" Our life must not be a mere round of telephone rings, of writing and receiving letters, of keeping engagements, and attending meetings and committees. As the tree is behind its leaves, and as the ocean is beneath its waves, so our life must be deeper than its incidents. When the self-questioning spirit comes, we look down into our lives, and ask, "Behind thy busy living, hast thou real life itself?"—*Selected.*



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The New Home of the "Instructor"

WE wish all the readers of the INSTRUCTOR, old and young, might visit the new home of the paper this beautiful, sunny morning. Many of you have read, in the *Review and Herald*, the whole history of the change of the place of publication from Battle Creek, Michigan, to Washington, D. C., and have seen the picture of the building which furnishes a temporary home for the offices of the General Conference and the Publishing Association; but in order that every one may understand why this change has been made, we will tell the story briefly here:—

For many years the Lord has spoken to his people in Battle Creek, warning them against the dangers of selfishness, love of ease, and indifference to the crying need of the great world outside; and though the people listened, and many of them responded, yet there seemed to be no way from the great interests centered there to be scattered.

But the Lord works in ways that men do not see. In the very closing hours of 1902 the *Review and Herald* factory was burned to the ground. This great loss was hard to understand at first, and some urged that a new building be put up at once. But those at the head of the work said, "The Lord's hand is in this: we will wait, and see what he would have us do." A few months later, at the General Conference held at Oakland, California, Sister White said, plainly, that not a brick nor a stone should be laid in Battle Creek to build the Office there. "God has a better place for it," she said. "He wants you to work with a different influence, and connected with altogether different associations, from what you have had in Battle Creek."

The delegates at that meeting voted to establish the *Review and Herald* Office at some place on the Atlantic Coast; and, later, a number of the leading brethren spent some time in the East, looking for a suitable location. As the letters came from Sister White, their minds were turned more and more to Washington, and at last the definite word was received: "From the light given me, I know that, for the present, the headquarters of

the *Review and Herald* should be near Washington."

With this positive instruction to guide them, the brethren met in Washington the latter part of July, and began to look for a suitable location to establish the printing office, with a sanitarium and an industrial school.

In a few days a desirable place for the last-named purposes was found and purchased. It consists of fifty acres of wooded land seven miles north of the Capitol building, and only a mile from Takoma Park, a pleasant suburb of Washington. It is the plan to establish the printing factory within the city limits of Takoma Park.

At this time also a building was rented for temporary offices for the General Conference, Mission Board, editorial rooms of the *Review* and the INSTRUCTOR, and in which the typesetting and folding and mailing of those papers could be carried on. This is the building shown in the picture, and is situated on North Capitol Street, only a few doors north of the Capitol.

The building itself, though said to be more than a hundred years old, is in excellent repair, and the rooms are large, airy, and well lighted. The INSTRUCTOR's home is the front room on the fourth floor above the basement, and is a particularly cheerful, bright-looking room. Two east windows admit the morning sunshine, and show a pleasant view over the adjoining housetops, of the distant hills. From the south window one looks directly out on the north end of the Capitol. A little to the east rises the gilt dome of the Library of Congress, and to the west stretch the trees



THE NEW HOME OF THE INSTRUCTOR IS ON THE FOURTH FLOOR OF THIS BUILDING, 222 NORTH CAPITOL STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C. THE TWO WINDOWS AT THE LEFT LOOK OUT FROM THE EDITORIAL ROOM, AND THAT AT THE RIGHT FROM THE PROOF-ROOM

of the Mall, with their promise of coolness and shade and quiet walks. Beyond, and still to the south, may be seen now and then a glimpse of the Potomac, and still farther away, on clear days, the low hills of Virginia.

It is a pleasant home, truly—this new home of the paper we love. But this is not the reason the

INSTRUCTOR is here. It is because those in charge of the paper wish to follow the light and instruction that the Lord has given in this matter. Long ago, when the work was first established in the West, we were told that, ere the end, it would return to the East, and do a powerful work here. We believe that the time has now come when the Lord would have this work done, and we can trace his providence in bringing the paper to this place.

All who are associated with the work in this new field are indeed grateful for this privilege, and take up their work with happy hearts, because they know that the blessing of Heaven is with them. From the many words of good cheer and encouragement that are coming from the friends of this cause in distant places, we know that this feeling is general. So, with the workers here strong and in good courage in the Lord, and with the assurance of your co-operation and help, and with the knowledge that we are being led by him for whom we labor, we are confident that he will bless and establish and strengthen our young people's paper, and make it a power in his work.

A Further Word

THOSE of you who have had experience in the matter know that even in moving a family from one place to another, there are always some things that are inconvenient and not just the way we like to have them best. And so it is in moving a paper,—those who have the work to do labor under a disadvantage at first, until they become familiar with its style and dress. In a short time we shall have a new typesetting machine set up in the basement of our office building, and then we shall be able to do all the work on the paper except the actual printing. This will not only be more convenient for us, but will help us to send the paper out to you as bright and clear as formerly.

We wish in this connection to call your attention to the fact that the new date of issuing the paper has been changed from Thursday to Tuesday. This will place our mailing day at least four days earlier in the week, and will make it possible to reach the most distant States in ample time to supply all the Sabbath-schools.

Special Notice!

A NUMBER of requests have been received that the stories given for Young People's meetings be printed one week in advance of the time they now appear, in order that those who use them may have opportunity for longer preparation.

After giving the matter careful consideration, it has been thought best, instead of changing the date of these lessons, to omit the date under the heading altogether. This will leave the Societies free to arrange for the studies as may be best under the circumstances governing each.

Of course it is expected that the monthly field study will be given on the second Sabbath in each month—the day especially set apart for missions; but this is so generally understood that we hope no confusion will result from the omission of the date:

—*RIDICULE is only a shower; hoist your umbrella, and let it rain.—George Horace Latimer.*