

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 37



NO STIR OF AIR WAS THERE.—Keats.

From Here and There

The last official act of the Duke of Devonshire, retiring governor-general of Canada, was to sign an order making Ontario dry at midnight on July 17.

America's foreign trade was reduced more than \$3,000,000,000 during the fiscal year ending June 30, according to a summary of trade issued by the Department of Commerce.

Harry G. Hawker, Australian aviator, who in 1919 attempted the first nonstop transatlantic airplane flight, but descended and was rescued in mid-ocean, was killed on the Hendon flying field, England.

The Treasury Department has supplied the answer to the age-old puzzle of how much money one would have if he suddenly were made a present of all the pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters, and half dollars in use. The answer is, \$261,319,628.

Nearly three thousand shoots from the finest dates of the Nile Valley and the Libyan Desert have been brought to Southern California after a search of twenty years by the United States Department of Agriculture for dates best suited to that climate.

The new Radio Central Station at Rocky Point, Long Island, is five times more powerful than any other in the world. There are 72 towers radiating from a central power station. The aerials, or antennae,—the wires which receive and discharge the electrical waves, and which are carried on the tops of these towers,—have a total length of fifteen miles. The station, when completed, will be powerful enough to send messages entirely around the globe.

A flower, the gift of sun and soil, has sacred significance to the Japanese, who tell their calendar in blossoms. First in spring, as herald of the new year, comes the plum, loved of the nightingale; then the cherry blossom, bloom of royalty; followed by the purple plumes of the wistaria; the water-haunting iris; the peony, flower of prosperity; the lotus, suggestive of spirituality; and finally the autumn glory, the chrysanthemum, which native floriculturists have developed in 269 color varieties.

The mummy of the historically famous Queen Taia, wife of the Egyptian king Amenophis III, who died about 1420 B. C., has just been received at the museum of the Emory University, one of the larger institutions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The mummy, with almost a carload of priceless records, was brought to this country by Dr. W. A. Shelton, professor of Semitic languages at Emory, who spent a year in excavations of lost cities. Queen Taia, the name of the bride of Amenophis III, was famous in her time through the fact that the king in marrying her defied the world by choosing a bride for love, and thereby disregarding royal traditions. She was considered a woman of rare beauty. Her son, Amenophis IV, abandoned the gods of his fathers and built altars to a new god — Aton, meaning sun.

One of the most extraordinary gifts ever made to the United States is the sarcophagus sent by the sultan of Turkey to President Jackson. The tomb is of carved marble and is very ancient, dating back to the dynasty of Seleucidæ. This dynasty was founded in Syria after the Alexandrian conquest, by Nicator, a son of Antiochus, and one of Alexander's generals. The sultan, in tendering this gift to President Jackson, specified that it was to receive his body after death. The President was naturally somewhat surprised, but in his response he tactfully said: "A humble representative of a democratic people is utterly unworthy to lie in the sepulcher of a king, and I would fain content myself with a less ostentatious burial place among my fellow countrymen." The sarcophagus became the property of the Government, and can be seen at the National Museum.

There's Always a Boss

HERE is a little confession, made by a man who now draws a salary made up of five figures. "When I came into this office as a boy, I was elected to push a broom, run errands, and do as many other things as I could find time to do between eight in the morning and six in the evening, and I received three dollars every week; but I wasn't exactly happy, I must confess. You see, the fellow over me delighted in fiercely scolding me, and he seemed to make it his business to keep me jumping. How I longed for the happy day that I'd be able to hold his job. Well, time rolled on as it always does, and one day my ambition was gratified.

"I had his job and I had his pay, and also another point of view. The chief clerk was now my boss, a grouchy man with a frowning face, and I had my troubles good and plenty. But I stayed around, and after a while I became the chief clerk. Then it was that the manager discovered me, and I discovered another boss. When the manager flitted hence, I was again elected, and then I found that the manager wasn't the real boss, because the president of our company was the man who said what was what.

"It was a good long wait, but the time came when the company needed a new president. I had been with the company longer than any one else, and the directors suspected that I knew more about the business than any one else, and I was elected president. At last, and I imagined that I was a genuine boss. But my dream hasn't come true, and I am not a real boss yet. I am bossed by every one of the fifteen directors, and I am blamed by every one of our fourteen thousand customers if anything goes wrong.

"In this mortal vale of tears, from the time we are born until we are dead, we find, no matter where we work or what position we hold, that there is always some one just ahead. Sometimes I think that the man at the top is no better off. He has a hundred bosses now where formerly he had but one. If he makes mistakes, they cost him dear, and a good excuse will help him none."—Selected.

September

SEPTEMBER comes with harvest; nights grow cool;
Ripe apples drop; the reaper's clack is heard.
The tolling bell warns laggards back to school,
And, "Teacher! teacher!" cries the ovenbird.

—Selected.

The Youth's Instructor

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FANNIE D. CHASE - - - - - EDITOR
LORA E. CLEMENT - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR
L. FLORA PLUMMER }
M. E. KERN } SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS
W. E. HOWELL }

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A Bicycle Trip in West Africa -- No. 2

M. N. CAMPBELL

THE close of the previous article found the writer spending the Sabbath at a mission station in the interior of Sierra Leone. The return to the railway line was effected the following Monday over a different route. Aside from the native carriers, there were four of us in the company, including the wife of Brother Lowe. Some of the mission boys accompanied us to the first river and carried us across to save our having



Native Church at Moyamba, Sierra Leone

class and expect to be ready for baptism and church membership soon. It is the plan in the field to put up a neat little church wherever a company of believers is gathered out. The cost of such a building is small, but it gives an air of permanency to the work, which counts for much in the native mind.

Natives Fond of Quinine and Other Medicines

At all our mission stations, medical work is carried on, and each day the afflicted — maimed, halt, and diseased — come to be treated. The natives dearly love to take medicine, but it must have a dense color and taste very bad to be effective. Some will pretend to be sick in order to get medicine to take. If a man can wheedle some medicine from the missionary, he will treat each of his wives and children to a dose of it as well as himself. Our missionaries have therefore adopted the rule to give all medicine on the spot, and not allow any to be carried away to be "taken according to directions;" for if they do, the native will in all probability take it all at once, on the principle that if some is good, more is better.

Brother Lowe received the following letter from the chief of a neighboring village, while I was visiting him. The letter was written by the chief's clerk, who could write English.

"Mamasahing, April 23, 1921.

"From Chief Massaking to the Mission House, Matamp.

"MY GOOD FRIEND: I beg to state that I have been confined in bed since the first of this month up till date. I am not perfectly well [meaning he was still quite ill]. Do kindly send me sixpence' worth of rubbing medicine and sixpence' of drinking medicine. Send me good worth. Herewith one shilling send you. I am,

"CHIEF MASSAKING"

to undress. The boy who was carrying Mrs. Lowe nearly let her slip from his arms, and he returned to the shore just in time to save a mishap. Then he took her on his back, as the rest of us had crossed, and he was able to land her safely on the opposite shore. We reached the railway that evening and boarded the queer little train back to Waterloo, where a workers' institute was held for ten days. Following this, Brother Langford and I set out to visit our mission stations among the Mendi tribe. New experiences awaited us on this journey. Reaching the village of Moyamba, we found that our native teacher had been carrying on a very successful work there. He had a company of Sabbath keepers ready for organization into a church. Brother Langford had previously baptized those who were ready. They also had a neat church building about ready for occupancy. The walls were made of mud, coated inside and out with cement which was rubbed smooth and when dry was glistening and white. Walls thus constructed are very durable and last for fifty years, if protected by an overhanging roof. The roof was of corrugated iron painted red. On the Sabbath the brethren and sisters met, and after being examined on the various points of our faith a church was organized. These people had been well instructed, and seemed to have a good understanding of their duties as members of the remnant church. They are full of missionary zeal, and each Sabbath afternoon they go with their teacher to an adjoining village, gather the people together, and sing to them, and the teacher gives a talk on some Christian truth. Twelve members formed this church, twelve more are in the baptismal



Female Chief at Gbamagbama

Brother Lowe sent the chief some Epsom salts in solution and some salve made of vaseline and oil of cloves. He ought to get well speedily.

While at Moyamba a native called in the evening just as I was taking my daily dose of quinine in tablet form. He eyed the tablet wistfully, and I asked him if he would like to taste it. He nodded vigorously,

so I scraped off a little of it into his hand and he licked it up greedily. I was astonished, as quinine is about the most bitter thing imaginable. I asked him if he wanted some more, and he nodded again. I gave him a whole tablet, which he chewed up and swallowed with evident relish. How they can take such



Native Housebuilders at Work, Matimba, Sierra Leone, Africa

vile-tasting things without a grimace is beyond my comprehension. He would have taken more if I had given it to him.

They Carry the Loaded Wheelbarrows

On this trip we visited Gbamagbama, where we have a school in charge of a native teacher. A good road had been built to this place, so the cycling was very good. Although the road is fully twenty feet wide, only a narrow path on its surface is used, as there are no wheeled conveyances of any kind, everything being carried on the heads of the native carriers. They do not know how to carry things any other way. The school children carry books and slates on their heads. A contractor thought he would introduce the use of wheelbarrows among the natives who were employed in road construction under him. They filled the barrows with dirt, but put them on their heads to carry them! He had to give up the attempt to teach them to wheel the barrows. It looked too foolish in the eyes of the natives, and not one would consent to make himself an object of derision among his fellows by doing it.

Taking the Woman Chief's Picture

Gbamagbama is unique in that it is ruled by a female chief. I was curious to see this woman, so I called upon her. I found her on the veranda of her mud hut, clothed only in a loin cloth. She had a large quid of tobacco in her mouth. Having expected to see a queenly sort of woman clothed in official robes, I was chagrined when I saw her in that wretched state. Her clerk informed her that I had come from far-away England to see her, so she had a chair brought for me, and I conversed with her through her interpreter. She listened gravely to all I had to say, occasionally emitting a copious amount of tobacco juice. I was anxious to secure a picture of her, but knowing that native women entertain a strong prejudice against cameras, which they regard as the white man's devil box, I scarcely knew how to effect my purpose. After

mellowing her up with favorable comments on what little I could see to commend, I told her that the people of England would be delighted to see a picture of her, and asked if I might have the honor of taking her photograph to display in that country. She reflected on the proposal, and finally her vanity got the better of her prejudice, and she consented. She went in and put on some bright-colored clothes. She called her chief men and advisers to sit with her, and the result of my "snap" is shown in connection with this article. She readily accepted the five-shilling tip that was placed in her hand when we parted.

Too Lazy to Work

We called the native believers living in that village to a meeting in the afternoon. At the close of the service a man of considerable standing in the community, spoke to Brother Langford about being baptized. He was already keeping the Sabbath and paying tithe, but he had more than the Scriptural allowance of wives. He could not see any reason why he should be deprived of his means of support by being compelled to reduce his marital partners to a paltry one. He said he would starve if he had only one wife. It was suggested that he go to work himself. He shrugged his shoulders and admitted that he was too lazy. It is to be hoped that the truth will yet effect a complete reformation in his life and bring him into full conformity with God's will.

At one place we visited, a Moslem "holy man," a gaunt, weird-looking villain who had come down across the Sahara from Algeria, entered the village and demanded that a certain amount of money be paid to him forthwith or he would curse the place. The natives were terror stricken, and that night they were all about, stealing each other's chickens to sell and raise the money called for. Some of the people appealed to our missionary to counteract the "holy man's" curse. The "holy man," on hearing this, came to the missionary and offered him some money to keep out of the deal. The money was finally raised by the people, and the "holy man" passed on to victimize some other town. Thus these poor people are helpless in the clutches of their superstitions. Between devils and bad men on the one hand and their own sinful ways on the other, they are sadly in need of the deliverance which a knowledge of the gospel would bring them. Happily this help is reaching them, and many are finding the joy and peace which come with believing. May the Lord hasten the day when the whole earth shall be lightened with the glory of His message, that the prisoners who now groan in darkness and sin may be set free.

Their Home Town

THERE is the young woman who is never fully dressed when she comes down to breakfast. There is the young man who is always intending to set his room in order.

There are the young people who never quite finish any lesson which is assigned to them.

There are the folks who are always making good resolutions, but never carrying them out.

There is the pupil who always misspells the same word.

There are the folks who are always late for every engagement.

There is the young man who has some trifling excuse for not being engaged in any Christian service.

Such persons all live in Fizzleville.—*Selected.*

The Rights of Others

THERE were perhaps a dozen men and women in line at the teller's window at the bank when another man approached. Grumbling at the necessity, he was about to take his place at the foot of the line, when he observed that the second man in the line looked away at the moment when the leader, having received his money, turned away. Instantly the grumbler darted to the head of the line, and passed his check to the teller, who failed to observe that he was out of order. As the man went on his way, he congratulated himself on his quickness in seeing the opportunity. "It meant a lot to me to be served at once," he thought; "and it caused only a minute's delay to the others."

The little action at the bank was characteristic of the man. His associates in business were continually annoyed by his habit of thinking of himself before he thought of any one else. In fact, he seemed never to think of others except to worry because they did so many things to interfere with his comfort.

Yielded His Place to the Thoughtless Man

It is unfortunate that there are so many people like that man in the bank, men heedless of the rights of others, mindful only of themselves. A watchman who had seen the incident at the window was thinking he would like to find a situation where he would see less of such people and more of the courteous, thoughtful sort whom everybody likes to meet, when he was gratified by overhearing a brief interchange of words between two customers, strangers to each other, who had been waiting for half an hour in the anteroom of the president of the bank. Time was valuable to both men, but the one who had been waiting longer did not show impatience. The second one, however, looked at his watch every few minutes, shifted often in his seat, and showed his uneasiness in other ways. When word finally came that the president's room was free for visitors, the quiet man turned to his restless companion with a smile. "I wonder if you would not like to go in now," he said. "Evidently you are in a great hurry. My business will take but a moment." With alacrity the man addressed agreed, and walked into the president's room in spite of the fact that he knew his business would require fifteen minutes to transact.

"Another instance of disregarding the rights of others, it is true," thought the watchman. "But isn't it good to meet men who are ready to yield their rights to others?"

The Courteous Lad

He noted a like contrast that evening when he was going home. The car was crowded. Every seat was occupied except one. A passenger had laid his bundles by the window, and was himself sitting near the aisle. Many times others paused at his side; but they hesitated to ask him to make room, and it did not seem to occur to him to offer to remove the bundles.

At length a man and his wife entered the car. Naturally they looked about for a place where they could sit together; but there were only two seats, one by the side of a boy of fourteen, the other occupied by the offending bundles. The husband asked for the seat that selfishness had kept unoccupied so long, and showed his wife to the place with the boy. The lad rose quickly, and said: "Let me take that seat over there. Wouldn't you like to be together?" As the boy took his seat beside the man with the bundles,

that heedless man was heard to ask: "What did you do that for? Wouldn't have hurt them to sit apart for a few minutes. Those who come late can't expect to have as good seats as those who get on early."

Classified the Camp Boys

A few weeks after the incident in the street car the bank watchman went to the mountains for his fortnight's vacation. There he had arranged to be one of the overseers in a camp for boys. Naturally he studied the boys. Before he knew it he was classifying them much as he had already classified the customers at the bank. There were many who were in a fair way to become like the man who took the place that did not belong to him at the depositors' window, but there were half a dozen manly fellows whose self-effacing courtesy was most promising.

He picked out one of these thoughtful boys the first evening when the mail was distributed. Four campers, who came from the same town, pounced on their home paper, which they had arranged should be sent to them in partnership. An agreement had been made among them that each one should be allowed fifteen minutes with the precious sheet, the one to whom it was addressed having the first turn. While he read, two of those who had to wait hung about, talking, looking over his shoulder, consulting their watches, and announcing frequently how many minutes remained before the paper could come to them.

"Can't you let me alone when I read? You make me nervous!" came the natural objection from the reader.

"We just want to make sure you don't run over your time!" came the answer from one of the boys.

The fourth boy had disappeared with his fishing rod. In an hour he returned. "Where have you been?" he was asked. "The old paper has been waiting for you a good fifteen minutes."

"Oh, I just thought I would give you fellows a good chance at it!" was the reply that promised so much for the speaker's future.

The watchman had charge of the boats. No charge was made for them, though the rule was that they should be kept only one hour. "Others are waiting for them, you know," was the explanation given for the rule. But so many held them for even two or three hours that it became necessary to ask a deposit of all who took boats, it being understood that this deposit would be returned if a boat was given up at the end of the hour. Even then there was trouble with many heedless boat users. One striking exception was a lad who always returned his craft well within the hour. "You know I haven't any watch, and I want to be sure I get it back in time for those other fellows," was his explanation when the watchman asked him why he came back so soon.

In a day when more than ever before the world needs men and women who will look out for the rights and comfort of others, it is a matter of congratulation that so many young people are learning the lesson to look "also on the things of others."—*Houston Odell*.

"WHAT service can we perform for the society or the church? The Master is still hiring laborers for His vineyard, and there is no excuse for standing idle. Let us make work if there is none to be had otherwise."

Tonight -- a Magazine or a Book?

UTHAI V. WILCOX

TIME for the train to leave; three hours on the trip; nothing to do but sleep, look out of the window, and read. Oh yes, read? "Get a magazine? Any magazine that has snappy pictures and a bright cover; it will help to spend the time. Sure!"

An afternoon to spend. An hour to while away. Read something, of course. "There's the last copy of the *Early Morning Post*, *Dazzling Stories*, or *Dando's Monthly*, to read or glance through — at least to look at the pictures."

It's raining tonight — it's dark and dismal. "No place to go. O well, I'll buy a bunch of the latest magazines and get through the evening somehow!"

Now magazines — some magazines — are all right in their place. Many of them contain much that is of value. Periodicals fill an exacting field, but they were never intended to take the place of worth-while books. Magazines must supply the popular taste of the month or the week. They have to in order to care for their news-stand circulation, which is the primary circulation of the popular magazine. As a consequence, the majority of them are born of whims of the time and treat of the subjects of the public's passing fancy.

That is expected of them. As Mary Clemmer said, "Only a magazine! Quick read, quick lost; who sums the treasure that it carries hence, torn, trampled underfoot?"

But a book — a good book on a worthy subject — has an enduring quality. The publisher realizes that it must have, for its sales are to be carried on for several years. The author realizes that the book must endure to be of value to the publisher, and he wishes, naturally, to produce something that will be a real contribution to the world's knowledge and wisdom; so he prepares his matter and endeavors to make it of high order.

It is, in part, this fundamental difference that makes it profitable to read some worth-while books every year — to build up a library of some of the best thought found in books.

By doing just this some men become well educated, they have knowledge that is respected, that becomes a power — they know. And people know that they know. They have the wisdom of scores of writers. Carlyle one time said, "All that mankind has done, thought, or gained is lying in magic preservation in the pages of books."

It would naturally follow that we may well take the time every day, even improving the odd time, to obtain a fuller and better knowledge of good books. We may know that by giving books the preference, we have tapped the fundamental and enduring sources of knowledge and wisdom.

There is another fact that is worthy of our consideration when we think of books versus magazines: A good book is like a well-chosen and well-tended fruit tree. Its fruits are not of one season only. At intervals we may return to it year after year, and it will supply the same nourishment and the same gratification. Such may not be said so truthfully of the popular magazines of the day, for they are by their very form of a transient nature, and touch the passing fancies of the times.

Take, for instance, the Reading Course books of the Missionary Volunteer Department for this year.

They are on subjects of a more permanent nature. Interesting, however, more so than many magazine articles. Were they printed in a monthly or weekly periodical it would take much work and care to gather them up in a form whereby they could be partaken of from evening to evening, or as the time came and the opportunity for study presented itself.

Where but in a book would the splendid incidents as told in "Youthful Witnesses" be found; the precepts and wisdom as given in "Education," by Mrs. E. G. White; not to mention the customs of India and the cruelties of Siberia?

And how about "The Argonauts of Faith," "Strange Peoples and Customs," and even the story of "Tan and Teckle"? Where would you hope to find such pleasant, profitable, and worth-while knowledge except within the covers of a book?

The statement, "The true university of these days is a collection of books," contains more truth than many sayings. As given by Milton, "A good book is the precious lifeblood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." It is the life beyond toward which the Missionary Volunteer Reading Course books carry you. Worth while, then, are they not?

Misguided Ambition

THE ambition of many misguided young people, and some older people as well, is to accomplish some great thing; often to do something out of the ordinary to win recognition; and the motive back of it all, is usually to exalt self. They have yet to learn that he whose one object is to exalt self, in reality abases himself.

It is right and creditable to have high ideals, and to have a desire to accomplish great things, if the motive for their accomplishment is to glorify our Maker and bring good to our fellows. We were placed in this world to develop moral character, to increase intellectually, and to be a source of blessing to others, and not simply to gain fame or prestige for self.

We are naturally inclined to overlook and ignore the so-called little things of life, as if these were too small and insignificant to be worthy of our notice; but it is the little acts of kindness that have made up the total of the lives of our greatest and most useful men and women. It was the little acts of loving kindness that our Saviour did, that so endeared Him to His followers.

J. W. LOWE.

Near but Far

THE Missionary Volunteer secretary for Hawaii, a native young woman, writes:

"Although we are far away from the headquarters of the Missionary Volunteer Department, yet we feel that we have an important part in this great work which is fast coming to its end. As secretary, I will never, by God's help, give up my work. I will do all that is in my ability to do."

That is the true Missionary Volunteer spirit. Every Missionary Volunteer should feel as does this young woman away out in the Pacific Ocean. We may be far from the earthly headquarters of the Lord's work, but every part of the earth is equidistant from the throne of God; and every soul has the privilege of an audience with the King at any time.

M. E. KERN.

Nature and Science

Urticaria

THOUGH usually neither long nor dangerous, hives is a most distressing ailment. It is a skin disease, in which reddish swellings, called "wheals," cover the skin and sometimes itch atrociously. Persons of any age or either sex may have it, but children are more likely to have it than adults. It may break out on any part of the body. Usually it appears on the trunk and often on the hands and even on the soles of the feet. Sometimes it appears on the inside of the mouth, and indeed may occur anywhere on the mucous membrane of the digestive tract.

Eating shellfish, strawberries, pork, or sour green fruit may bring it on. So will the bites of fleas or of other parasites, or touching nettles, or breathing certain kinds of factory dust, or taking certain drugs. A susceptible person with an irritable nervous system may have it as a result of a nervous shock. It may be the result of anemia, kidney disease, or the like. The attack may last only a few hours or a day, or with remissions and exacerbations it may last for weeks.

If the patient has an acute attack of hives caused by something he has eaten, the best thing to do for him is to give him a dose of castor oil. If the disease is persistent, the patient should see a doctor, for either his blood or his nerves may be disordered. If so, the physician will make the sufferer rest in bed, and give him the remedies appropriate to his condition.

Starch-water baths and local applications either of boracic acid in solution or of bicarbonate of soda often greatly relieve the intolerable itching that so often afflicts the patient. — *Youth's Companion*.

How the Trout Changes His Coat

MANY have been the speculations indulged in by fishermen as to the explanation of the chameleon-like changes in color of the fresh-water trout. Since the color of the trout always conforms to the shade of the stream bed in which he lives, many have believed that this was a case of nature's protective mimicry, which we find many times in insects.

One devotee of the sport, in order to satisfy himself as to the length of time which these transformations require, and to discover, if possible, why they take place, made a number of tests.

The trout secured for the purpose was put into a vessel having a white porcelain bottom. In a few days it was noted, through the clear water which was passed through the vessel, that the fish was growing lighter in color. In five days it was a light yellow, the spots and stripes being but little darker.

Having been given a dark carpet, in the shape of a thin black rubber sheet, a change to a dull, dark color took place, almost obliterating the markings. When moss was substituted for the rubber, the trout very soon became an olive green. This change was quicker than the former ones, no doubt because the fish was dark before.

Then everything was removed from the bottom of the vessel, and the turncoat was soon flicking about in light-lemon apparel again. When brick dust was generously sprinkled on the bottom, he readily took on a reddish hue, and later became a straw color when mica replaced the brick dust.

After repeating these experiments in a darkened room, and finding that each change in shade required three times as long as the former ones, the zealous angler was convinced that the transitions were due, not to any power which the fish possesses to effect these changes for protection, but to the effects of the rays of light on the coloring matter in his skin. — *Daisy M. Moore*.

Sea Soup

IN some fascinating lectures to children at the Royal Institution in London, Prof. J. Arthur Thomson, the biologist, had much to say about the conditions of life in the deep-sea "meadows."

Away to the west of Patagonia, said Professor Thomson, there is a great sea desert where no birds come and no fishes are caught. When the bottom of the sea is examined, it shows nothing except a few shark's teeth or the occasional ear bone of a whale.

But little of the open sea is like that. The professor described it as consisting chiefly of great sea meadows where young creatures can live and feed in the easiest possible way. As an example, he cited a delicate little animal that would be unable to live on the sea-shore. It feeds and moults and then becomes a megalops. It feeds and moults again, and now begins to look like a shore crab. So it tucks its tail underneath it and begins its long journey over the sea meadow and up the continental shelf to the shore.

The sea meadows, he explained, have just about the depth of water that the light of the sun can penetrate. When there is plenty of light, untold millions of Infusoria and other drifting microscopic creatures breed and multiply. They furnish food to myriads of copepods, or water fleas — tiny insects that are the chief food of the fishes. When the light is bad, the "sea soup" is thin, and the fishes have a hard time. Then the mackerel fishing is poor. The mackerel, he said, is a particularly clean-feeding fish, and depends entirely upon the sea soup. In seasons when the light is bad it is likely to starve. — *Selected*.

Highest and Lowest Points in the World

THE difference between the highest and the lowest point of land in the United States is 14,777 feet, according to the United States Geological Survey, Department of the Interior. Mount Whitney (Sequoia National Forest), the highest point, is 14,501 feet above sea level, and in Death Valley there is a depression that lies 276 feet below sea level. These two points, which are both in California, are less than 90 miles apart. This difference in height is small, however, as compared with the difference in the height and depth of land in Asia. Mount Everest rises 29,002 feet above sea level, whereas the shores of the Dead Sea lie 1,290 feet below sea level, a total difference in height of 30,292 feet.

The greatest depth yet found in any ocean is 32,088 feet, the depth at a point about 40 miles north of the island of Mindanao, in the Philippine Islands. The bottom of the sea at this point is therefore more than 11½ miles below the summit of Mt. Everest. — *U. S. G. S. Press Bulletin*.

"ONE girl tended an invalid mother for years. Friends told her that she was wasting her youth. Her youth was the price she paid, willingly, to be of service. And her sacrifice made her noble."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, the distinguished journalist and poet, was born in a Massachusetts town in 1794. He entered college at the age of sixteen; but three years previous to this he had written two poems, "The Embargo" and "The Spanish Revolution," which still have a place among his published poems. His poem, "Thanatopsis," regarded by many as his masterpiece, was written at the age of twenty-two.

He was admitted to the bar in 1815, and practised law several years; but the greater part of his life was devoted to editorial work. He was editor of the New York City *Evening Post* for more than fifty years. It is, however, as a poet that Mr. Bryant lives in the heart of the American people.

Some one has said of him that "no poet has described with more fidelity the beauties of the creation, nor sung in nobler song the greatness of the Creator."



William Cullen Bryant

Another has said that "he is the translator of the silent language of the universe to the world."

In the light of these words you no doubt will enjoy rereading some of his best known and most admired poems. We reprint herewith his "Forest Hymn." Why not reread this, also "Thanatopsis," "The Yellow Violet," "To a Waterfowl," "Green River," "A Winter Piece," "March," and "The Death of the Flowers," and see which you enjoy most?

Mr. Bryant was married in 1821, just one hundred years ago, and he was always deeply devoted to his wife, Frances Fairchild Bryant, who inspired the poem, "O Fairest of the Rural Maids!" Seven years after the death of his wife, he wrote one of his most beautiful poems and addressed it to her.

"The morn hath not the glory that it wore,
Nor doth the day so beautifully die,
Since I can call thee to my side no more,
To gaze upon the sky.

"And I, whose thoughts go back to happier days
That fled with thee, would gladly now resign
All that the world can give of fame and praise,
For one sweet look of thine."

With William

The secret, perhaps, of the beauty of his poems was the beauty of his own life. It was his belief that "the poet should make his own life his best poem." He was always careful in his choice of reading, "believing that there was no worse thief than a bad book." He loved and revered truth, so used plain, exact language.

He lived to the age of eighty-four, and though naturally not strong, he retained through especial care of his health, his mental and physical vigor to the last. Having given an address at the unveiling of a statue, on entering a house he fell, and died from the injuries received.

F. D. C.

"O Fairest of the Rural Maids!"

O FAIREST of the rural maids!
Thy birth was in the forest shades;
Green boughs, and glimpses of the sky,
Were all that met thine infant eye.

Thy sports, thy wanderings, when a child,
Were ever in the sylvan wild;
And all the beauty of the place
Is in thy heart and on thy face.

The twilight of the trees and rocks
Is in the light shade of thy locks;
Thy step is as the wind, that weaves
Its playful way among the leaves.

Thine eyes are springs, in whose serene
And silent waters heaven is seen;
Their lashes are the herbs that look
On their young figures in the brook.

The forest depths, by foot unpressed,
Are not more sinless than thy breast;
The holy peace that fills the air
Of those calm solitudes is there.

— William Cullen Bryant.

To the Fringed Gentian

THOU blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest, when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and comest alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

— William Cullen Bryant.

A Forest Hymn

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest, solemn thanks

Cullen Bryant

And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn — thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

Father, Thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns, Thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in Thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in Thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride,
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of Thy fair works. But Thou art here — Thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music; Thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the place
Comes, scarcely felt; the barked trunks, the ground,
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with Thee.
Here is continual worship; — nature, here,
In the tranquillity that Thou dost love,
Enjoys Thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth and visits the strong roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of Thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of Thee. This mighty oak —
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated — not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mold,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on
In silence round me — the perpetual work
Of Thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on Thy works I read
The lesson of Thine own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die — but see again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses — ever gay and beautiful youth
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Molder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost
One of earth's charms; upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his archenemy Death — yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne — the sepulcher,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them; and there have been holy men
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in Thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at Thy plainer footsteps shrink
And tremble and are still. O God! when Thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages; when, at Thy call,
Uprises the great deep and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities — who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of Thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
Oh, from these sterner aspects of Thy face
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad unchained elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, Thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of Thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

— William Cullen Bryant.

Sonnet — To Cole, the Painter, Departing for Europe

THINE eye shall see the light of distant skies:
Yet, Cole! thy heart shall bear to Europe's strand
A living image of thy native land,
Such as on thy glorious canvas lies, —
Lone lakes; savannas where the bison roves;
Rocks rich with summer garlands; solemn streams;
Skies, where the desert eagle wheels and screams;
Spring bloom and autumn blaze of boundless groves.
Fair scenes shall greet thee where thou goest — fair,
But different — everywhere the trace of men,
Paths, homes, graves, ruins, from the lowest glen
To where life shrinks from the fierce Alpine air.
Gaze on them, till the tears shall dim thy sight,
But keep that earlier, wilder image bright.

— William Cullen Bryant.

**Be simple, unaffected; be honest in
your speaking and writing. Never use
a long word where a short one will do
as well. . . . The only true way to
shine is to be modest and unassuming.**
— William Cullen Bryant.

Goldenrod

- "GOLDENROD, why do you look so
bright?"
"The sun has given me part of its
light."
"What makes you grow so straight and
tall?"
"I'm trying to answer an upward call."
"Why do you bloom in the summer so
late?"
"I'm told to be patient, and I must
wait."
"What makes you beautiful, Golden-
rod?"
"I'm trying to tell what I know of
God."
"Goldenrod, what can we learn of you?"
"To be cheerful and gentle, modest
and true."

— Selected.



The Age Primer

THE age that we all wish we had?
 The age that is not more nor less?
 The safe age for a vessel in storms?
 What age adds to the traveler's cares?
 What is the age of the slave?
 The age the soldier often looks for?
 The best age for a boy or girl?
 The age of the battlefield?
 What age pleases the lame and the lazy?
 What is the age that impairs?
 What age would one not choose?
 What age inspires hope?
 What is the age of trees?
 The age in which pigs delight?
 The age paid to royalty?
 The age adored by heathen?
 The age of a body of men under royal favor?
 The age of the mechanic?
 The age that lovers choose?
 The age of one who directs others' work?
 The age of youth?
 The age of violence?
 The age where the minister dwells?
 What age is an Englishman's ambition?
 What age is a doctor's age?
 The age of birds?
 The age of fire and tempest?
 The wild age?
 The age for the salesman?
 The age for the unruly?
 The age for the emigrant?
 What is the age of scales?
 The age for the farmer?
 Which is the common age?
 The age that the sailor enjoys?
 The age of disaster?
 What is the nautical age?
 The miner's age?

Advantage.
 Average.
 Anchorage.
 Baggage.
 Bondage.
 Bandage.
 Courage.
 Carnage.
 Carriage.
 Damage.
 Dotage.
 Encourage.
 Foliage.
 Garbage.
 Homage.
 Image.
 Knightage.
 Leverage.
 Marriage.
 Manage.
 Nonage.
 Outrage.
 Parsonage.
 Peerage.
 Pillage.
 Plumage.
 Ravage.
 Savage.
 Storage.
 Scrimmage.
 Steerage.
 Tonnage.
 Tillage.
 Usage.
 Voyage.
 Wreckage.
 Yorage.
 Yardage.

— Selected.

Four Reasons for Learning Shorthand

SHORTHAND is well worth learning for any one of the following reasons; but those who do learn it, generally obtain the advantages mentioned under at least two or three of these points:

1. For personal use in making memoranda, notes of lectures, and in the preparation of letters, themes, articles, sermons, and lectures.

"I began while a student in — College, and studied it only with a view to my own use of it as a minister, and it has been of more practical advantage to me than any language or branch of science I ever studied."—*A Minister.*

"I would not give up the use of phonography for the addition of \$500 per annum to my income."—*An Editor.*

2. To earn one's way through school.

Many men and women who are now holding important positions in the cause, earned part or all of their way through school by doing stenographic work. Many young people (prospective editors, teachers, ministers, business managers, departmental secretaries, and conference officials) are now doing the same. One prominent writer even goes so far as to say that the practice of stenography is equal to a college education!

3. As a stepping-stone to more responsible positions.

"Stenography puts you in a position where, when the limited comes along, you just jump aboard and travel to Success-town. . . . I also believe that stenography offers a quicker, surer, safer, and saner pathway to success than any other field of commercial endeavor."—*An Author and Editor.*

Scores of young men and women have found shorthand a great help in climbing to such positions as that of editor, teacher, preacher, business manager, and conference and tract society secretary.

4. As a career or profession.

Our leading men consider that a good stenographer or private secretary doubles their own efficiency, making it possible for them to do at least twice as much

as they could do without such help, and they wish to encourage more young people to take up this important work. One of our General Conference men recently wrote as follows:

"I believe that the young man or woman who conscientiously and faithfully prepares to work along business lines for God should receive the same encouragement as the one who is preparing for the ministry or other evangelical work."

Remember that writing is the greatest invention of the human mind, and shorthand writing is the most wonderful and fascinating form of that greatest invention.

Learn this most interesting and valuable "art-science" by correspondence. For full information, address the Fireside Correspondence School or the writer,

B. P. FOOTE.

Washington Missionary College,
 Takoma Park, D. C.

Contrasts in a Heathen Temple

IN company with the evangelistic band from Chefoo, Rev. Paul R. Abbott spent a week in the town of Men Lou. The main room of the temple where they were housed had five large golden goddesses with dozens of attendants. Three sides of the room were covered with stucco work to represent a grotto rising from the waves of the sea. Griffins, elephants, lions, and dragons carried the deities on their backs. Scores of little figures a foot or so high, representing men and women in trouble calling for help to the goddesses, filled the niches of the grotto.

In another room was the ulcer god, which was covered with small pieces of paper. Persons having boils or ulcers, paste the paper plaster on the god on the spot where they have the sore, then he is supposed to do the rest. In the same room was the cough god and the rheumatic god.

The Contrast

Beneath an eighteen-handed goddess was an American doctor dressed in the uniform of the American army, who, with his instruments and medicines before him, examined seventy-five patients in two days, both men and women. The last word was that the doorkeeper to the temple was seriously considering becoming a Christian. The two days spent with the physician influenced him more than all the sermons preached on the spirit and purpose of Christianity.

What a Bible Did

A TRAVELING man had gone very far on the ways of sin. He had become a heavy drinker and was doing other terrible things. One evening on reaching a certain city he had arranged to go from his hotel for a night of carousing. On the stand was a Bible placed there by the Gideons, according to their custom. This traveling man had placed his hat on it, and when he lifted the hat to go out, it caught the cover of the Bible and opened the book to the twentieth chapter of Exodus. The man began reading, "Honor thy father and thy mother." He read on for a long time. He recalled the prayers his father and mother had taught him. He saw clearly the evil of his ways, and right in that hotel room he gave his heart to God. He became a member of the Gideons, and he is living a Christian life today. That is only a sample of what the Bible is doing all the time for men and women, boys and girls.—*Selected.*



Just for the Juniors



Which Are You?

SAID Benny: "When I grow a man,
I'll milk the cows and split the wood;
I'll take my mamma out to ride,
And do a million things I should!"
And thus the minutes, one by one,
Found Benny dreaming in the sun.

Said Teddy: "Shall I get some chips?
And shan't I bring the eggs in, too?
I'll draw the baby in her cart,
And then she won't be teasing you."
And thus the minutes, one by one,
Slipped by, while Teddy's work was done.

— Unknown.

Young English Monarchs Who Never Reigned

First William the Norman, then William his son,
Henry, Stephen, and Henry, then Richard and John;
Next Henry the third, Edwards one, two, and three,
And again, after Richard, three Henrys we see;
Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess,
Two Henrys, sixth Edward, Queen Mary, Queen Bess;
Then Jamie the Scotchman, then Charles whom they slew,
Yet received, after Cromwell, another Charles too;
Next James, called the second, ascended the throne,
Then good William and Mary together came on;
Till Anne, Georges four, and fourth William all past,
God sent Queen Victoria, may she long be the last!

WHAT child studying English history has not committed to memory this useful little doggerel, in order to keep well in mind the sequence of Great Britain's rulers! Nowadays we should have to alter the last line, and add another couplet, to include Edward VII and the present monarch; but let any one who doubts its helpfulness try to run over the list without its assistance!

As we glibly enumerate these kings of England, we are very apt to take it for granted that they all acceded to their rights in good and regular order, and it is seldom that we give much heed to the fact that there were *five* innocent, helpless boys who had every just and legal right to reign, and who never came into their own. Crowded away in the dim background of history, it is only faintly, vaguely, and very briefly that their claims are touched upon. Yet sometimes they seem to beckon to us with their shadowy, childish hands, and beg us to render them at least the recognition of a thought, the "passing tribute of a sigh."

The crown of England has been always supposed to descend to the monarch's eldest son, or, if he lack descendants, to a male relative descended from the next eldest line. There were not a few cases where serious complications ensued in the latter event, as after the death of Edward VI, when there were a number of female claimants and not one male claimant for the crown. Here the succession was indeed difficult to decide; but in the five instances of which we speak, there is no doubt. In every case it was a *boy* who was defrauded, and in three of the five instances it was a heartless and unscrupulous *uncle* who did the defrauding.

The first was a grandson of William the Conqueror, known as William Clito, William of Normandy, or William Fitz-Robert. William the Conqueror's eldest son, Robert Curthose, was of a hot-headed, though well-meaning disposition, and quarreled unceasingly with his father during the Conqueror's latter years. Consequently, the great William felt in no mood to relinquish the succession to this unprofitable son. On his death, therefore, he took matters into his own hands and left England to his third (second surviving) son, William Rufus; a considerable sum of money

to his fourth son, Henry; but to Robert he gave the Province of Normandy, then England's most important possession.

William Rufus reigned thirteen years and died by an accident. He left no son to succeed him, and his brother Robert was off in the Holy Land. Only Henry was on hand to snatch the prize, and we may be sure he lost no time in taking possession. But the grasping Henry was not to be satisfied until he had succeeded in annexing Normandy also to the crown. Slowly, but surely, he set about its acquisition, till at length, in a great battle, he defeated Robert, captured him, and kept him for twenty-eight years a prisoner in Cardiff Castle, Wales, where he finally died, eighty years old and totally blind.

William Fitz-Robert

But it is Robert's little son, William Fitz-Robert, who claims our deepest sympathy. Eldest son of an eldest son, his rank entitled him to a seat on the world's greatest throne! It was a pitiful little boy of seven that they led crying before his uncle Henry, who had robbed the child of even his Normandy domain. For once, Henry's conscience was a little troubled, and when he *might* have put this obstacle forever out of the way, he magnanimously confided him to the care of a faithful servant, Helie de St. Saen. His conscience, however, did not, we notice, carry him to the length of restoring what did not belong to him.

Helie de St. Saen secretly carried the little William to France, fearing, no doubt, the uncertainty of Henry's mood. Here the child was befriended by Louis VI, who promised to aid him in recovering at least the Province of Normandy. The promises of most kings being ever thinner than air, poor little William's affairs were speedily forgotten when, in 1115, Henry made a treaty with Louis VI, and was promised a great French princess to marry his own son, another Prince William. That settled all question about Normandy, not to speak of any greater claim, and William Fitz-Robert faded into oblivion. He was a brave and persistent little prince, however, and as he was now well on to manhood, made a bold stand for his rights.

But a swift and terrible vengeance was shortly to overtake Henry I. Prince William and his father had been in France on a visit to Louis VI. In returning to England, Henry embarked first and his son came later on the ill-fated "White Ship." Late in the night the "White Ship" struck a hidden rock, and went down with all on board. But one soul, a butcher's son, escaped to tell the tale, and it was he who broke the dreadful tidings to Henry. The king never

recovered from the blow, and died, years after, a broken-hearted man, leaving no son to succeed him. On the death of Prince William, hope again revived for William Fitz-Robert. Many disgruntled English barons rallied to his cause, and the French king, Louis VI, had his interest rekindled to such a degree that he gave William his sister-in-law for a wife. It was at this bright turn of affairs that the young man received a pike wound in his hand, during some unimportant battle. Little attention being paid it, blood poisoning set in soon after and caused his death, at the age of twenty-six. Thus perished the first defrauded claimant to England's throne, struggling bravely to the last for the place so unscrupulously denied him.

Prince Arthur

Fifty-four years passed, and another child king arose, the touching story of whose fate has stirred the world! King Henry II had three sons living, Richard, Geoffrey, and John. When Henry II died, Richard I came to the throne, and he is endeared to us in many a favorite book, under the title "*Cœur de Lion*" or "*Lion-hearted*." Richard, however, died leaving no son, and the throne should have descended to the little son of his next younger brother Geoffrey. This boy, the famous Prince Arthur, was at the time a bonny lad of twelve. But here again, an uncle with neither heart nor conscience interposed; and being a man, older, stronger, and craftier, the throne of England fell easily into his grasp.

Again, as in the case of William Fitz-Robert, the French king, Philip, pretended to espouse the cause of the little English prince. But it is easy to see that Philip was only seeking for some pretext to oppose England, and here was a good and very opportune one. Philip made no move for two years, during which time the boy lived quietly with his mother in Brittany. Suddenly, however, Philip concluded that there might be something to gain by stirring up a fuss with England and England's abominable monarch, John. So he summoned Arthur to him and questioned him as to whether he would now like to claim his rights as sovereign. Poor little fellow!—dupe of two equally heartless rascals,—of course he would! Doubting nothing, and happy as though he already felt the crown's weight on his boyish brows, he gladly accepted the two hundred knights offered by Philip. Before he got them, however, he had to sign a little agreement in which he promised forever to acknowledge Philip as his superior lord and to allow him everything that he, Philip, might win from John. With these knights and five hundred more sent by Brittany, and about five thousand foot soldiers, the little lad started off gayly to attack the town of Mirabeau.

Can we not see him at the head of his troops, attired in glittering armor, fair curls flying and eyes alight with hope? How Philip must have laughed in his sleeve at the sight, and how John must have sneered as he prepared to meet him! Arthur had an object in besieging Mirabeau. There dwelt his grandmother Eleanor, and he imagined that, by capturing her, he could bring his Uncle John more easily to terms. The siege began, but had not advanced far when along came John, who speedily set about relieving his mother and capturing by stratagem the little prince. After that, the end was a foregone conclusion.

Arthur was confined in the castle of Falaise, and intrusted to the care of one Hubert de Burgh. The

end of Arthur is shrouded in mystery. That he was disposed of in some cruel manner, is certain; but just *how*, no one has ever known. Some think he was allowed to attempt to escape by leaping from the high castle walls, and so met his end. Other circumstances point to a more horrible exit from his stormy little world. But one thing is sure: whatever was his fate, his miserable uncle was the cause of it. Somehow we cannot feel anything but satisfaction in knowing how supremely John was hated by the people over whom he reigned, and how they wrested from his unwilling hands the Magna Charta, that glorious treaty of English liberty. He died from overfeeding himself with peaches and cider at Swinestead Abbey—a very appropriate name, by the way! Prince Arthur truly was avenged!

Young Earl of March

We now come to the most sensible, and certainly the happiest, of all the defrauded little monarchs. Richard II was, if anything, the most contemptible, idle, worthless, and utterly good-for-nothing sovereign under whom England ever suffered. Richard himself was a grandson of the great Edward III and son of the famous Black Prince, but was as little like either of these able men as could well be imagined. After he had administered the government in the worst possible manner for twenty years, the people began to feel that they could endure it no longer. An insurrection arose, the idea being to depose Richard, who had no sons, and elevate to his place his cousin, Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster. Now this was all very well, had it not been that there was a little rightful heir to the throne in the young Earl of March, then a child of nine. This boy was descended from an *older* son of Edward III than the one from whom Bolingbroke sprang, consequently his was the prior claim.

The rebellion occurred, and poor Richard II, hounded from pillar to post, finally gave up the crown of his own accord, and was promptly rewarded by being clapped into the Tower, a despised and friendless prisoner. Now Henry Bolingbroke, who then became Henry IV, if he had acted properly, might have accepted the regency for this little nine-year-old Earl of March, who of course was not yet fitted to reign. But no such thought, apparently, occurred to Henry. Instead, he trumped up some absurd story about having been eldest descendant of Henry III, and therefore rightful heir to the throne—a claim patently unfounded and false, as everybody knew it to be, though they pretended they didn't!

Henry IV was not by any means a bad king. On the contrary, apart from having taken as his own a throne he had no business to occupy, he tried to rule wisely and justly, keeping his subjects' welfare always before his eyes. One of the first things he did was to put the little Earl of March in honorable confinement in Windsor Castle. This imprisonment was not rigorous, and Henry gave the little earl into the charge and companionship of his own son, afterward Henry V, one of the most attractive monarchs England ever had. To his credit it must be said that Henry IV never sought to harm the innocent child, and only kept him confined as a political measure.

The way of the usurper is hard! Again and again was Henry obliged to meet and crush insurrections led by dissatisfied nobles who wished to reinstate the rightful heir. Never was he allowed to feel that his throne was secure. At length he died. His last days had been harrowed by failing health, and a very

much disturbed conscience (we hope) on the subject of his usurpation. He passed away, gladly relinquishing a burdensome crown to his son.

The first act of the new king was gracious and magnanimous to a degree. He set free the Earl of March from his long imprisonment and bade him go his way in peace. These two young men had grown up together—theirs was a friendship reaching high above the ambitions even of a throne. Well did Henry know that not one move would be made by this life-long companion to snatch away the coveted crown. And he was not mistaken. The Earl of March, besides having now not the slightest desire to reign, would have been too staunchly true to Henry ever to have made the attempt, even had that ambition still lurked in him.

The Earl of March became the firmest supporter of Henry's throne, and through all their lifetime not one instance occurred to mar the beauty of their mutual affection. At the marriage and coronation of Henry's queen, Catharine of Valois, the earl knelt on one side of her throne and held her scepter. Could regal dignity have further abased itself! The Earl of March outlived his kingly friend, but even then he made no effort to recover his own, and died at last unthroned, uncrowned.

Edward V

The fourth and perhaps best known of our list is Edward V. When his father, Edward IV, died, he left two sons, aged thirteen and eleven. The former, the new little king, was at the time with his maternal uncle, Lord Rivers, at Ludlow Castle. Of course they started at once to London for the coronation. The younger, the little Duke of York, was with his mother elsewhere. But another uncle, the famous Duke of Gloucester, afterward Richard III, who at the death of the king was proclaimed Protector and Defender of the kingdom, had his own ideas and schemes on the subject of the succession. The Duke of Gloucester and his nephew, Edward V, met on their way to London, at Stoney-Stratford. Richard immediately took the boy from the kindly charge of Lord Rivers, conducted him to London, and placed him in the Tower. Next he sent for the little Duke of York, whose distracted mother, fearing some evil, could scarcely be persuaded to relinquish him. The Duke of York was immediately sent to join his brother in the Tower. Then Richard doubtless rubbed his hands and chuckled wickedly to himself, for had he not now the whole line of succession secure?

Meanwhile, the people of England were patiently waiting for the coronation of the new little king, and wondering why it did not take place. Next, by an incomprehensible system of juggling with the poor ignorant multitude's muddled ideas, Richard proceeded to convince them that neither of these children had any right to reign, and that *he* was their only legal sovereign, anyhow! And as the wavering minds in any mob are willing to be swayed by the most absurd arguments, he somehow got the populace to shout, "Long live Richard III!" Of course that settled it, and he straightway went off and had himself crowned! Not a word was spoken in favor of the rightful king; but even so, the presence of these two children mightily troubled Richard. At any time the popular favor might veer again and return to its rightful allegiance. What was to be done? Oh, that was simple and easy to a conscience as hardened as Richard's! The pitiful story of the two friendless

princes in the tower, and how they are supposed to have perished, is known to the youngest reader of historical tales.

But Richard did not go unpunished. His only son, Edward, a boy of eleven, on whom the king built every hope of future succession, died suddenly at Middleham Castle, and the blow completely staggered his father. Popular favor, too, had long since deserted him, and the people wearied for a new and more acceptable monarch. This monarch they declared they had found in Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, a son of the rival house of Lancaster. Sick to death of the fear and treason in the midst of which he existed, Richard III met the Duke of Richmond in the great battle of Bosworth. He was utterly defeated and struck from his horse, but perished fighting fiercely to the end. His golden crown was snatched from his head, and there, on the battlefield, placed upon the brow of Richmond, who became Henry VII. Thus was the throne of the usurper usurped!

Edward Plantagenet

The last of the little defrauded monarchs is strangely connected in fate with that of the previous one. Richard III had an older brother, the Duke of Clarence, whom he had some time before, and for reasons best known to himself, disposed of by drowning. Clarence, however, left a surviving son, Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick. How his existence ever escaped the vigilant eye of Richard is a thousand wonders, but we find no record of its greatly troubling the unscrupulous usurper. At the time of Henry VII's coronation, this boy was fifteen years of age. As the first act of his reign, Henry had the child transferred from the castle of Sheriffe-Sutton (where he had been virtually a prisoner since his father's death) to the Tower of London. But this king was inclined to be merciful, and only intended to keep the lad a prisoner. The young earl, about whom very little is known and who was never more than a pale shadow across the page of history, passed the entire remainder of his life in this confinement. He was destined, however, to be the center of two singular conspiracies, and his life was curiously and fatally linked with those of the two little princes who perished by the hand of Richard.

Henry VII had not been reigning more than fifteen months when strange rumors were wafted over from Ireland. It was there declared that the Earl of Warwick had escaped from the Tower. To support this, a handsome youth, who certainly bore a strange resemblance to the uncrowned king, was exhibited to the people. This youth was better known as Lambert Simnel, a baker's son and a rank impostor. The credulous Irish received him, notwithstanding, with open arms, declaring that they would support his cause, and he set about entering England. Meanwhile, Henry VII had had the *real* Edward Plantagenet exhibited in all parts of London, for of course he had never for one moment escaped from the well-guarded Tower. When the pretender landed at Furness, the populace did not rise for him as he had hoped, and Henry met and easily defeated him in a battle at Stoke. Lambert Simnel, for he was no other after all, was placed in the king's kitchen as a scullery boy, where he seemed heartily content to remain!

That ended the first conspiracy.

But another was treading fast upon its heels. Once more a pretended claimant for the crown arose, and

again Ireland was first to be duped into belief in the impostor. This time the personage declared that he was no other than the Duke of York, brother of the little murdered Edward V, who, so he said, had escaped a like fate and had been wandering about unknown for seven years. Now this Perkin Warbeck, as he really was, proved to be a more audacious and resourceful impostor than his predecessor. Moreover, he claimed to be some one whom all thought dead, and whose death would be very hard to prove. Therefore he quickly gained to himself supporters, and not a few important ones at that. The Duchess of Burgundy pretended that she recognized him as her nephew, and solemnly proclaimed him Duke of York, rightful heir to the throne. Many English malcontents joyfully embraced his cause, and also a goodly number of eminent men became concerned in the conspiracy, for which indiscretion they presently lost their heads!

Warbeck first advanced into Scotland, where the Scottish king, James IV, was so befooled as to believe in him, and give him the charming Lady Katharine Gordon for his wife. Then Warbeck made his great blunder—he determined to cross the frontier into England. He advanced boldly till he was obliged to confront the royal army, when courage forsook him and he took refuge in ignominious and precipitate flight. He was captured at length, hiding in a church, led to London, and exhibited to the people as a fraud.

But Perkin Warbeck must have been a rather likable fellow, on the whole, for Henry decided to keep him right there at court, albeit rather closely watched. But Warbeck made the mistake of attempting to escape from this pleasant surveillance, was recaptured, and thrown this time into the Tower.

Here it was that this pretender became the companion of poor Edward Plantagenet, who was no doubt glad of any diversion to while away the dreary hours, and whose unworldly mind was easily deceived by Warbeck's clever pretensions. At any rate, Warbeck gained such a hold over the luckless youth that together they planned to escape and incite a fresh rebellion. But even the first step of the plot was not taken before all was discovered. Perkin Warbeck had exhausted Henry's last atom of patience, and the monarch felt that there was nothing for it now but to be rid of him, which was speedily accomplished. But poor Edward Plantagenet, whose innocent feet had become entangled in the wily rascal's net, was destined to pay all too dear for his complicity, and his life also was forfeited on the twenty-third of November, 1499, at the age of twenty-nine.

Thus perished the last of the legitimate and much-wronged claimants to England's throne. What differences might not have been effected had any one of these children been elevated to the position to which he was rightly entitled! Certain it is that the whole face of England's history, perhaps the history of the world, would have been altered. We wonder vainly would it have been for better or for worse. Of all the five young lives, but one was happy and peaceful and useful, and that one only so because, like a sensible person, he early renounced all ambition to sit upon an unstable throne. Truly has Shakespeare said, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown!" And perhaps it is better that these unfortunate young monarchs should have been spared that greater misery of reigning in sorrow over a perhaps fickle and ungrateful people.

So they pass before us, pathetic little shadows

out of the tumultuous long ago. We sigh for their misfortune in that they were born to the purple when they might, in some lesser sphere, have been entitled to happy childhoods and well-spent lives. But as they fade again into the misty past, we let them go, whispering perhaps in our thoughts, "Ill-fated young uncrowned monarchs, you are not wholly forgotten!"—*Augusta Huiell Seaman.*

Poor Richard's Sayings

DEFER not thy well-doing; be not like St. George, who is always on horseback, and never rides on.

Do not do that which you would not have known.

Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure.

Ever since follies have pleased, fools have been able to divert.

Fear God, and your enemies will fear you.

Promises may get thee friends, but nonperformance will turn them into enemies.

Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy.



Our Counsel Corner

Will the Standard of Attainment really help me to prepare for our organized missionary work? W. I. H.

Let me tell you what the Standard of Attainment has meant to some of the young people in Australia, and then you will wish to answer your own question, I think.

In one of the Australian states thirty-five young people have become Members of Attainment in the last few years.

It is always interesting to follow those who in their youth have secured this mark of proficiency in Bible doctrines and denominational history. Has it been a help to them? Has the spirit which led them to persevere until they reached that mark buoyed them up for other sustained efforts and victories?

Where are those thirty-five? Thirteen are now in the organized work, six are in school, one is under appointment to India as a missionary. Several others are definitely preparing for the work.

Every Seventh-day Adventist boy and girl should become a Member of Attainment. M. E. K.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

XIII—"In Christ"

(September 24)

SEED THOUGHT: "Our growth in grace, our joy, our usefulness,—all depend upon our union with Christ."—"Steps to Christ," p. 73.

Synopsis

1. The gospel of our salvation is consummated in and through Christ. When He became the Son of man, He became the last Adam (1 Cor. 15: 45), the head of a new humanity in whom the whole human family was again included as it was in the first Adam. In the epistles the members of the churches are called "the saints in Christ Jesus." Phil. 1: 1. They are

"sanctified in Christ" (1 Cor. 1:2), and "rooted and built up" in Christ (Col. 2:7).

2. The believer's manner of life is "in Christ" (1 Peter 3:16), and he walks in Christ (Col. 2:6), and his greatest desire is to be found in Christ (Phil. 3:9).

3. Although there are many saints, yet they are one body "in Christ" (Rom. 12:5), they triumph in Christ (2 Cor. 2:14), and they fall asleep in Him (1 Cor. 15:18), and they are made alive in Him (verse 22).

4. There is no condemnation to those who are "in Christ" (Rom. 8:1), for they are new creatures in Him (2 Cor. 5:17).

5. Apart from Christ we can do nothing (John 15:5), but in Him we can do all things (Phil. 4:13). Sin has made a separation between us and God (Isa. 59:2), but we are made nigh in Christ (Eph. 2:13). These and other scriptures emphasize the great truth that "Christ is all" (Col. 3:11), and that union with Him is the essential thing in Christian experience.

Questions

1. What name indicates the relation of Christ as the Son of man to the human family? 1 Cor. 15:45.

2. In view of this relationship how are the saints designated? Phil. 1:1.

3. In whom are the saints sanctified? 1 Cor. 1:2.

4. In whom are they "rooted and built up"? Col. 2:7.

5. Who determines the believer's manner of life? 1 Peter 3:16.

6. In whom does he walk? Col. 2:6.

7. What is his greatest desire? Phil. 3:9.

8. In whom are the saints joined together in one body? Rom. 12:5.

9. In whom do they triumph? 2 Cor. 2:14.

10. In whom do they fall asleep? 1 Cor. 15:18.

11. In whom are they made alive? Verse 22.

12. Who are without condemnation? Rom. 8:1.

13. What change has come to them? 2 Cor. 5:17.

14. What is said of our efforts apart from Christ? John 15:5.

15. How much are we enabled to do in Christ? Phil. 4:13.

16. How has sin affected our relation to God? Isa. 59:2.

17. In whom are we made nigh? Eph. 2:13.

18. What great truth is emphasized in this lesson? Col. 3:11.

Intermediate Lesson

XIII — The Review

(September 24)

Jesus Comforts His Disciples

John 14

AFTER telling His disciples that He must soon leave them, what did Jesus say He was going to prepare for them?

What precious promise did He give them?

What did Thomas and Philip say to Jesus?

How did He reply to each?

The Vine and the Branches

John 15:1-15

What lesson did Jesus draw from the grapevine?

How may we abide in Him?

Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane

Matt. 26:36-56

Who went with Jesus into the garden of Gethsemane?

What was the experience of Jesus in praying?

What part did Judas act in betraying Jesus?

How was the power of God manifested before the enemies of Jesus?

Jesus Before the High Priest; Peter's Denial

Matt. 26:57-75

Before whom was Jesus taken by His enemies?

Where next was He taken?

What attempt was made to secure a charge against Him?

What charge was finally made?

What question did the high priest ask Him?

How did Jesus answer?

What sentence was agreed upon?

What experiences led Peter to deny Jesus?

Jesus Before the Sanhedrin; Before Pilate; the Death of Judas

Luke 22:66 to 23:3; Matt. 27:1-14

When Jesus was brought before the council, what questions were asked and answered?

Before whom was Jesus then taken?

Of what was Jesus accused before Pilate?

What course did Judas take when he knew that the Jews had passed sentence that Jesus must die?

Jesus Before Herod; Pilate Seeks to Release Jesus

Luke 23:4-25; Matt. 27:15-26

Why was Jesus sent to Herod?

What did Herod greatly desire? How was he disappointed?

How did the soldiers mock Jesus?

When Jesus was taken back to Pilate, what effort did the governor make to release Him?

What warning did Pilate receive?

Jesus Mocked; the Crucifixion

Matt. 27:27-43; Luke 23:26-38

When Pilate delivered Jesus to the soldiers to be crucified, what cruel treatment did He receive?

Who carried the cross upon which He was to be crucified?

Who were crucified with Him?

What prayer did Jesus offer for His enemies?

What inscription was placed on the cross?

How did those who passed by revile Him?

Jesus on the Cross

Matt. 27:44-56; Luke 23:39-49

What experience did one of the thieves who was crucified with Jesus have?

How did Jesus show loving care for His mother?

What terrifying event occurred at noon?

What words did Jesus speak while on the cross?

When Jesus died, what strange events took place?

Burial and Resurrection of Jesus

Matt. 27:57 to 28:4

What part did Joseph and Nicodemus act in the burial of Jesus?

How was the opening of the sepulcher closed?

At the suggestion of the priests, how was the tomb made especially secure?

How thoroughly was it guarded?

What took place very early in the morning of the third day?

Visits to the Sepulcher

John 20:1-18

Who visited the sepulcher very early in the morning on the first day of the week?

Who came later to the tomb?

What did each see?

To whom did Jesus appear?

What did the Roman guard report?

How did the Jews seek to keep the truth from being known?

On the Way to Emmaus; Jesus

Appears to the Disciples

Luke 24:13-48; John 20:19-31

What experience did two disciples have as they were walking to Emmaus?

What caused them to hasten back to Jerusalem?

What occurred in the upper room after they had told what had come to pass?

What proof of His resurrection did Jesus give to Thomas at a later meeting?

Jesus Appears Again to the Disciples

John 21:1-25; Matt. 28:16-20; 1 Cor. 15:3-7

Why did the disciples leave Jerusalem and go to Galilee?

What experience did seven of them have at the Sea of Galilee?

About how many gathered on the mountain side to meet Jesus?

What work did He lay upon them?

What promise did He give them?

Memory Verses for the Quarter

1. "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." John 14:27.

2. "I am the vine, ye are the branches." John 15:5.

3. "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." Matt. 26:41.

4. "He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." Isa. 53:3.

5. "Who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth." 1 Peter 2:22.

6. "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities." Isa. 53:5.

7. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." John 15:13.

8. "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." John 1:29.

9. "I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do." John 17:4.

10. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" 1 Cor. 15:55.

11. "Be not faithless, but believing." John 20:27.

12. "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Matt. 28:20.

A Rhyme of Pure Reason

A CHRISTIAN SCIENCE proselyte,
Alone upon a mountain height,

Was pondering upon the vain
Belief in nonexistent pain,

How nervous dread of any kind
Was an illusion of the mind,

When, coming down the mountain side,
A dreadful lion he espied.

The proselyte said, "Mercy me!"
And quickly scuttled up a tree.

Next morning at the rise of sun
There came an unconverted one,

Who saw the proselyte at bay
And drove the hungry beast away.

The cynic said, "Aha! I see
Your claim has got you up a tree."

"Your judgment," said the proselyte,
"Arises from imperfect sight."

"A lion to a soul refined
Is an illusion of the mind."

"If that's the case," the cynic said,
"Why show these human signs of dread?"

"Why pass the night, secure from harm,
In yonder elevated palm?"

"Friend," said the saint, "if you but knew!
This tree is an illusion, too."

"When in a jungle, far from home,
Where purely mental lions roam,

"It puts one more at ease to be
Up some imaginary tree."

"How great is mind!" the stranger cried,
And went his way quite Eddy-fied.

— *Life*.

Looking Out of Her Window

ON the opening day of school I always have my chair wheeled up to the window so I can watch the children go by," said dear old Grandma West.

"I can read the story of the different vacations in their faces. Sometimes I ask Katie to get a snapshot of them. Here is a picture of a boy who made me feel happy when he passed by. As he doffed his hat to me, I read in his face the story of a happy vacation. That he had 'passed' all right at the close of last term, I was sure, for no matter how pleasant his vacation, the boy who failed to get promoted has a sort of downcast manner on the opening day of school.

"The spick-and-span new suit of this boy proved to me that he had worked during his vacation. How stylish and manly he looks in the suit that he earned for himself by earnest work!

"That he was sure to love the new teacher and win her love, I knew by the look of eager expectancy in his shining eyes.



"The boy or girl who has the happiest vacation is the one who made a good ending of the past term and is eager to begin the new term.

"The boy who spent his vacation in idleness and mischief, has a slow, halting manner as he wends his schoolward way on the day when 'all fun is over,' as he regards the first day of the new term."

ADDIE HULL DOERR.

WORD from Walla Walla College tells of a plan to use large quantities of the INSTRUCTOR in connection with anti-tobacco programs in near-by schoolhouses.

Elder Adams also writes of a church near Walla Walla: "In Milton, Oregon, they have secured the co-operation of the W. C. T. U., and they are going to put the magazine in every home in Milton, and will see that all of the high school students get the paper. We are planning for the same thing in Walla Walla, if possible."

THE happiest man is he who has toiled hard and successfully in his life-work. The work may be done in a thousand different ways — with the brain or the hands, in the study, the field, or the workshop; if it is honest work, honestly done, and well worth the doing, that is all we have a right to ask.— *Theodore Roosevelt*.

Information Bureau

In what fields do we not yet have our work established on a permanent basis?

The following are among those where we do not as yet have settled work:

Abyssinia	Guam
Aden	Kamerun
Afghanistan	Labrador
Andorra	Ladron Islands
Angola (one family)	Liberia
Arabia	Libya (Tripoli and Cyrenaica)
Azores Islands	Loyalty Islands
Baluchistan	Maderia Islands
Bhutan	Madagascar
Bismarck Archipelago	Marshall Islands
Canary Islands	Monaco
Caroline Islands	Morocco
Dutch Guiana (one church)	New Caledonia
Dutch New Guinea	Nepal
Ellice Islands	Oman
French India	Portuguese East Africa
French Indo-China (entered by colporteurs)	Rio de Oro
French Guiana	San Marino
French Kongo	Santa Cruz Islands
Gambier Islands	Senegal
Gibraltar	Somaliland
Gilbert Islands	Southwest Africa
Greenland	Tibet
	Tunis

Total, 48, population of which is approximately 75,000,000.

Where do the fur seals go in winter?

No one knows. They have kept their secret for millenniums. In Alaskan waters, about the first of May, the seals arrive at the islands of St. Paul and St. George, and for the next four months they may be accounted for. On a day in early September, without sign or signal recognized by man, they all slip off into the ocean and disappear to parts unknown. For two thirds of the year, they are gone on the long cruise. The prying eyes of the curious have not discovered their whereabouts, nor can the scientist tell definitely where they go. Theirs is a mysterious itinerary.

How did the expression "dog days" originate?

Sirius, the Dog Star, is the brightest fixed star (though not the largest). The Romans called the period from July 3 to August 11 "dog days," because at that time Sirius and the sun were in the same part of the sky and the Dog Star was supposed to add its power to that of the sun, thus causing the extra heat. The extra heat of summer, as we now know, is due to the higher angle of the sun.