

### "Take My Yoke Upon You,"

UNDER the shade of a walnut tree  
I leaned on the fence one summer day,  
Watching the butterfly and the bee,  
Breathing the fragrance of new-made hay.  
The hayricks stood the meadow over,  
Dark with the purple of faded clover,  
And the farmer trudged around his field,  
And laughed to think of the luscious yield.

Within the bars was an empty wain—  
Its skeleton rack outspreading high,  
But toughly wrought for the heavy strain  
Of the load heaped on it by-and-by.  
Heavy enough, thought I, and the pull,  
What will it be when they fill it full,—  
When the clumsy thing creeps up the road  
Under the weight of its mighty load?

Anon they brought to the waggon's side  
An ox that was grand for size and strength,  
Stalwart and sleek, and with shining hide,  
A sight to see in his height and length.  
They put on his neck the heavy yoke  
With hand as light as a baby's stroke;  
Moveless he stood with a placid face,  
As if they had put on him bands of lace.

Then to yoke in with this giant mild,  
They brought a young bullock, slight and  
slim;

His limbs were trembling, his eyes were  
wild,  
And they tried to get the yoke on him.  
With snort of terror, and plunge and strain,  
He tugged and pulled with his might and  
main;

Over and over and away he broke  
Ere they could fasten on him the yoke.

But under the yoke went he at length;  
The wain was piled with the fragrant  
store;

They heaped and pressed it with all their  
strength,  
Till the creaking ribs would hold no more.  
Then out of the field, along the road,  
Away they went with the swaying load,  
All by the strength of the great ox strong;  
The load and the other he pulled along.

And there was something that said to me:  
"This one unused to the yoke art thou;"  
Oh, but the other! how strong is he,  
Who to thy burden was fain to bow,  
Bending his neck to the dreadful strain,  
Yoked by his Father to human pain,  
Then to thee saying, "Yoke in with me,  
And I will carry thy load and thee."  
—*The S. S. Times.*

### Deacon White's Prayer-Meeting.

DEACON WHITE was to lead the weekly prayer-meeting, and, contrary to custom, he preferred not to announce the topic the evening in advance. Curiosity, perhaps, as well as interest, drew a larger number than usual to the place of prayer.

The singing was inspiring, the Scripture read was eminently practical, and the subject proposed for consideration one which appealed to every man, woman, and child present.

"As professing Christians, what is our duty in regard to the sale of intoxicating liquors in our midst?"

"It is time this question was seriously asked and as seriously answered," said the good deacon. "On my way here I passed two saloons where beer and cider are sold openly, and where, I have no doubt, stronger liquors are sold more secretly. And, my friends, we are responsible for this. There are fifty men and women here this evening, and fifty working with might and main against any local

evil, cannot fail of a good degree of success. There are not all here who should be. Some are in the saloons; some, too, for whom mothers are praying. God pity those mothers, and forgive us, who are in a large measure responsible for their sorrow!

"We have allowed the sale of intoxicating liquors in our midst. Yes, friends, we have *allowed* this sale, and we are very guilty."

Much more than this said the leader—each utterance a personal accusation, of which he accepted his full share. He then offered an earnest prayer that all might be made to see their duty, and have strength to perform it.

After singing a hymn there was an ominous silence, in which the ticking of the clock could be distinctly heard. At length this silence was broken by the pastor, who acknowledged his remissness, and pledged himself to greater fidelity.

The next voice heard was that of a poor woman who sat in an obscure corner of the room, as though wishing to escape observation. "There will be hope for my boy if the saloons are closed. It has seemed to me sometimes that God had forgotten us, and I came in here this evening to see if I could get any help or comfort. I am thankful I came. I shall have faith now to keep on praying, and may God bless Deacon White for what he has said to us!"

Others expressed themselves glad that so important a matter had been so forcibly presented, and declared their readiness to aid in any way possible the work of reform.

Then arose Mr. Swanton, a tall, dignified gentleman, whose utterances were always measured, and whose opinions were always positive. He was sorry to disagree with what seemed to be the prevailing sentiment of the evening, but he could not believe himself in any way responsible for the sale of intoxicating liquor, neither was he prepared to go all lengths for its suppression. There should be caution and discretion, lest a mistaken zeal should bring upon them some greater evil.

At this point in his remarks, a young man came hurriedly into the chapel, and, after speaking to him for a moment, went as hurriedly out. Stopping for no apology, Mr. Swanton seized his hat, and, while a strange pallor overspread his face, left the room.

This, however, proved but a momentary interruption to the meeting, which was prolonged beyond the usual time. Resolutions were passed, and pledges given, so that Deacon White felt sure of support in any course of action he might undertake.

Enthusiasm had been aroused, and attention called to an evil the magnitude of which, although but half comprehended, seemed well-nigh overwhelming to those who almost for the first time gave it a serious thought.

While singing the closing hymn, Mr. Swanton entered the room as abruptly as he had left it, and, going forward to the platform, stood with bowed head until the singing ceased. Then, in a husky voice, he said:

"Friends, I have come to ask for your forgiveness and your prayers. I had forgotten that I was bound to love my neighbour as myself. A revelation has been made to me this evening. A sorrow has come to me such as I would not have believed could ever fall to my lot, and my eyes have been opened. I say now that the saloons in our midst must be closed. They *must* be closed; and you can count on me for all my influence is worth, and for generous pecuniary aid."

Before those who listened had recovered from their surprise, Mr. Swanton was gone. He had not dreamed of danger to his only son; but others knew that Harold Swanton was an occasional visitor in the saloons, and that during the last few months his visits had become more frequent. The pride of his father and the idol of his mother, there was, notwithstanding his brilliant talents, something of recklessness in his character, which made any excitement peculiarly fascinating.

How it happened was never really known outside of the saloon; but in a trial of strength, either in angry or good-natured contest, the young man was so severely injured, that for a time he was thought to be dead. Happily, however, he soon rallied; and when the physician pronounced him in no immediate danger, Mr. Swanton returned to the chapel to acknowledge his newly-awakened convictions.

As the door closed behind him for the second time, a low murmur ran round the room, the change in his feelings was fully appreciated.

He had said the saloons *must be closed*. It was voted unanimously by the fifty who had met for prayer, that they "*shall be closed*."

Absent members of the church were induced to join in the crusade. This one church moved two other churches to a prayerful consideration of duty, and it was not long before their purpose was accomplished. There was not even the necessity of a recourse to law. The combined influence of the members of these churches created a public sentiment which could not be resisted.

Deacon White's prayer-meeting marked an epoch in the history of the town. Since then there has been greater activity in all departments of legitimate business. There has been a higher standard of morality, more consistent Christian living, and more entire consecration to the service of the Lord.

Oh! for a Deacon White in every church to convince its members of the terrible fact that they are verily guilty in this matter of liquor selling!—*National Temperance Advocate.*

### A Clean Heart.

LITTLE BALLARD was a boy, only seven years old. He felt the need of overcoming the sinful temper which he found in him, and his pastor had told him to ask for a clean heart. On Sabbath he prayed for a clean heart. On Monday he came down from his room with his face wreathed in smiles. "O mother, I am so happy, I do not know what to do!" He wanted to run, and jump, and shout. He asked his mother not to give him any more lessons to learn unless they had Jesus in them. "His name is so sweet!"

"Our minister said our hearts might be made *'whiter than snow.'* Ain't mine white now? Will I have to pray any more for a clean heart? Or will I have to pray to have it kept clean?"

He told his sister that, the morning he was blest, he prayed and prayed for a white heart, but it seemed as if he never could have one; but then, all at once it seemed as if his heart was made white, and he was so happy, he didn't know what to do.

Little Ballard was a scholar in the infant class in the Sabbath-school, and was such a good boy that his teacher never had to reprove him. He showed by his spirit and conduct that he had a clean heart.

What a beautiful sight! A child so young showing forth the power of grace so fully, that all who had knowledge of him could see that he followed Jesus, and bore his image.

Dear children! You need to have your sins forgiven, and Jesus will forgive them if you truly repent and ask him to forgive. Then he will give you all the same blessing that little Ballard received, if you will come to him, and ask him for it as Ballard did; and you too will be so happy if, like him, you feel that your hearts are made clean.—*M. D. J.*

### Engaging Manners.

THERE are a thousand pretty, engaging little ways which every person may put on without running the risk of being deemed affected or foppish—the sweet smile; the quiet, cordial bow; the earnest movement in addressing a friend, or, more especially, a stranger, whom one may recommend to our regards; the inquiring glance; the graceful attention, which is so captivating when united with self-possession—that will insure us the good regards of even a churl.

Above all, there is a certain softness of manner which should be cultivated, and which—in either man or woman—adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty. The voice can be modulated so to intonate that it will speak directly to the heart, and from that elicit an answer—and politeness may be made essential to our nature. Neither is the time thrown away in attending to such things, insignificant as they may seem to those who engage in weightier matters.