

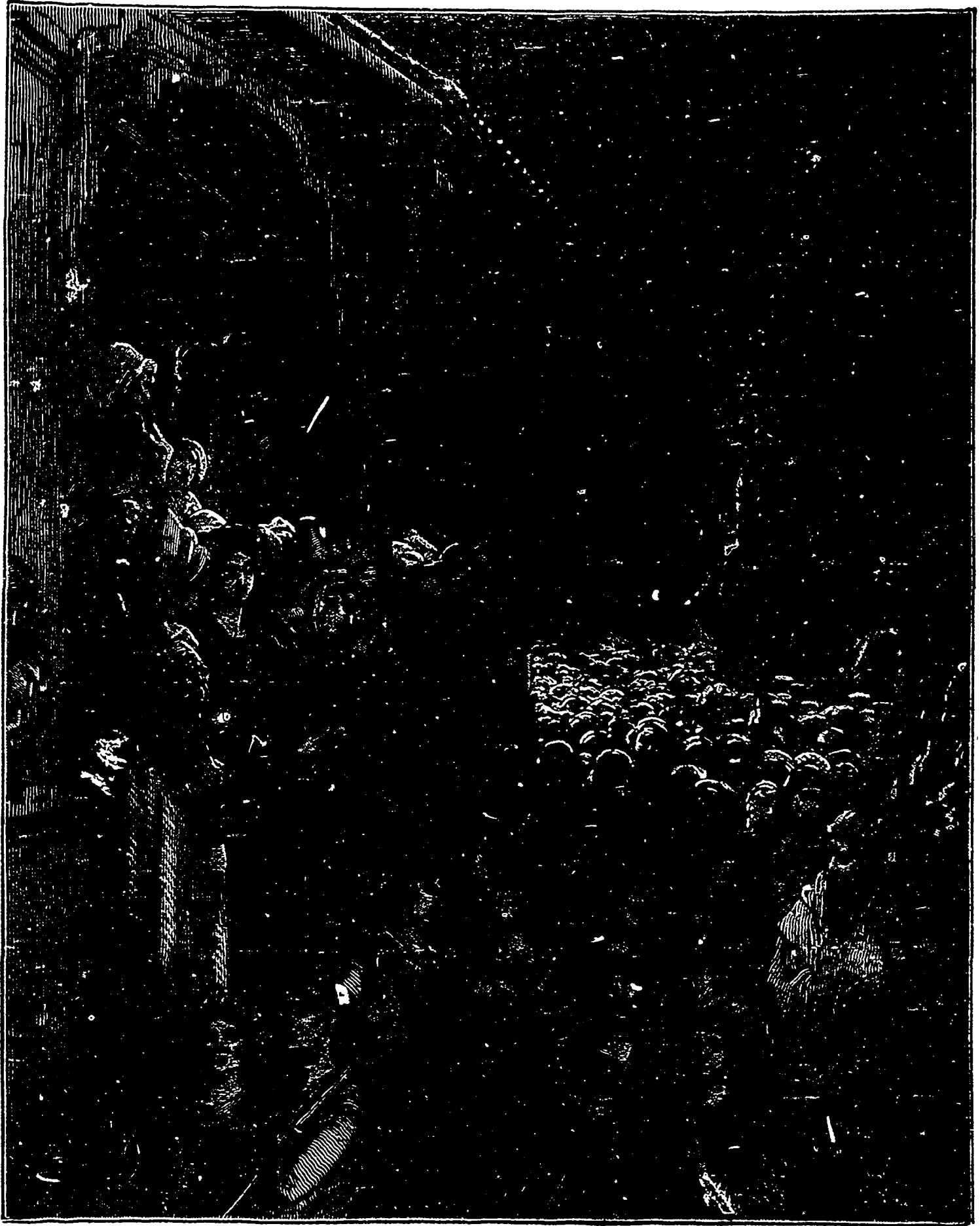
PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

One of the most extraordinary episodes in that great movement which for two hundred years sent army after army from Europe to Asia, to wrest the sepulchre of Christ from the hands of the infidels, was the crusade of the children, in the year 1212. A sort of epidemic of enthusiasm seized upon the children of France and Germany, and three great armies, numbering in all about one hundred thousand, set out for the Holy Land. Two of the armies marched

from Cologne, one of them down the Rhine, and over Mount Cenis Pass, the other through Swabia and Switzerland, and over the St. Gotthard Pass. Thousands of these perished of hunger and cold, or were drowned in the torrents, or frozen by the snows of the Alps.

Another army, mostly of boys about twelve years old, travelled through France to Marselliea. They were without arms, without supplies, and without guides. As, way-worn and weary, they approached the fortified towns on their route, they would eagerly ask: "Is this

Jerusalem?" Coming to the sea-shore, they expected the Mediterranean to open, as did the Red Sea to the Israelites, and let them pass through dry-shod. At Marselliea, two merchants offered to furnish shipping to all who wished to go further, and 5,000 embarked. Of these 1,000 were drowned at sea, and 4,000, less happy, were betrayed to Barbary pirates, and sold into slavery. Some hundreds were sent to Egypt, and marched as prisoners through Jerusalem, which they hoped to see as conquerors, and across the distant desert to Bagdad, where

thirteen of them suffered martyrdom for refusing to become Moslems.

The whole story is one of strange and fascinating interest, abounding in extraordinary adventures. It will be made the subject of a special article, with numerous illustrations, in the January number of the Methodist Magazine and Review. Our large engraving is from a drawing by the celebrated artist, Gustave Dora. It shows the march of the children through the crowded streets of Paris, under the wondering gaze of their mothers and friends.