

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A YOUTHFUL KING.

Prophetic Scene on the Plains of old Nazareth.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

The children on the plateau had been playing a game of war, a popular pastime among the Jewish boys of that period, and which indicated, as most sports of children do, the trend of national thought and desire. Sides were chosen, and Hebrews were ranged against Romans. The game always ended with the defeat of the Romans and the triumphant establishment of Jewish independence by choosing a king and crowning him with myrtle or with roses, amid the plaudits of the victorious side.

"Whom shall we crown king?" shouted Micha, the son of Oziel, just as the mock contest was ended. "A king! a king!" shouted several at once.

"We want no king," said Subael, the eldest son of Geddeli Sodi, who had been chosen leader of the Romans.

"We want no king," said Micha, "but we want a king like our king." "Shame! shame! Subael," said Amarias, a tall boy in the little group.

"Even in our games you object to our being free. Oh! that the great Deliverer would come in truth! The holy prophetesses, so my father says, proclaim this to be the time when the great Conqueror shall come to deliver Israel from the Roman yoke."

Aber agreed with his brother Subael, and it would seem for once the game would have an unusual ending, but Micha persisted.

"A king! a king!" he shouted again. Just at that moment Jesus appeared at the outer edge of the plateau.

Micha caught sight of Him and said: "See, here comes the Son of Mary and Joseph. He is our king." The group of handsome Jewish youths turned to look at Jesus as he approached. There was a calm dignity surrounding Him which silenced the noblest among them for a moment.

Somewhat slowly he walked up to the little gathering, and, looking at John and James, he said: "I bid you welcome to Nazareth." James bowed low, as he would have done to some prince or the high priest whom he had seen in Jerusalem, when his father had taken him to the paschal feast in the holy city.

It was different with John. He stood transfixed and motionless. His eyes were riveted on that serene face and it seemed as if he could never sufficiently drink in the sight. His color came and went. He scarcely breathed.

A new life seemed to course through his veins. With unspeakable, ineffable ardor he stepped forward and, with an almost unconscious movement, laid his hand lightly on the shoulder of Jesus and said in a low tone, unheard by the others: "Thou art indeed our King, and oh! I love Thee so!" John was almost fainting under the sudden excitement. His heart beat rapidly; his temples throbbled, and the whole love of his soul seemed to flow out towards this marvelous youth, whom he now saw for the first time. Two pure souls had met, and that subtle fellowship of the pure had at once asserted itself, and so strongly was John influenced by it that he would willingly have died for this newly found love.

His head rested but for a moment on Jesus, but long enough for Him to say: "Thou shalt yet know Me better and love Me more."

The boys of Nazareth were accustomed to this strange influence which Mary's Son frequently exercised over them, and, not being so deeply affected, recovered from it sooner than did the visitors. Micha was still intent upon a fitting termination to their game, and once more demanded that a king be chosen. This time the boys politely referred the question to the strangers from Bethsaida.

John was still under the fascination of the searching eyes of his newly-found Friend, and advanced a step from the side of Jesus and pointing to Him said vehemently: "Crown Him! crown Him! for He is worthy in every deed to be king of the Jews—aye, of the world!"

A faint color tinged the face of the beautiful youth, showing the pleasure this speech had given Him. John's decision met with general approval, and immediately there was increased animation in the little band. Some brought clusters of roses from the rose trees that had been transplanted from the famous Valley of Sharon, others gathered sprays of myrtle, and busy fingers began to make the flower crown. Others brought forward a high seat to be used as a throne by the new king. With laughter and shouts they compelled Jesus to sit on the throne, while all in boyish mirth bowed the knee before Him. Then came the great ceremony which closed the evening's sport—the coronation.

It was the custom in those simpler times for the mothers and fathers to take an interest in their children's games and pleasures. On summer evenings at Nazareth this coming out of doors by the elder people was usually done by the elder people and being present at the coronation and witness- ing the honours of the younger people paid to their chosen king of the day, and this evening Joseph and Mary had invited the aged Zachary and Elizabeth to the plateau, and Geddeli, Sodi and Miriam had also brought with them their guests, Zibald and Salome.

At that moment of the coronation when the merry boys were shouting heartily, "Hail, king to the Jews! Long live our nation's king!" and bowing the knee in homage to the one

of their choice, a small band of Roman soldiery came in sight on the edge of the level ground. They had come from Tiberias, on the Lake of Genesareth, and were passing through Nazareth on their way to Niam, which lies at the foot of Mount Tabor.

Daclus, the captain of the band, seeing a gathering of people and being aware of the frequency of Jewish insurrections against the Roman yoke, halted his command close to the gathering. As he did so he heard the children shouting their "aves" to their youthful king. The military company appeared to have swooped down suddenly on the innocent and harmless gathering like ugly birds of prey, and the captain flushed angrily as he heard the words of the children. He hastily descended from his horse. The villagers clustered in a group, with the now frightened children on one side of the throne, while opposite them were the Roman soldiers. Mary trembled. She dreaded that insults and indignities would be heaped upon her Son by the half-drunken and ribald soldiery. Nor in this was she mistaken.

"A king! what king? 'Tis thus you teach your children treason and sedition even in their games," said the officer angrily.

"Nay, sir," responded one of the townsmen, "he is not angry. It is mere children's sport. We have no thought of insurrection here in Nazareth."

"Tis well, or soon you would taste of Roman steel."

The flower-crowned king had not moved from his chair. The soldier realized the ineffectiveness of the pastime, yet, having come down from his horse with an air of so much importance, he was loth to mount again with out some act of authority on his part. He cast a searching glance over the company of boys, and their frightened faces seemed to satisfy him. Looking at Jesus, however, he perceived in Him no signs of dismay. He was still seated, and the chaplet adorned His beautiful brow. This angered the rough soldier.

"You, who would be King, come here and bring me your crown." Jesus neither moved nor spoke.

"Look you, you Jewish dog; heed you not what I command?" The calm and placid youth remained seated, but now there were ominous looks of anger on the faces of the children surrounding him.

"Do as I command you at once!" shouted the Roman.

"Nay, I do no harm. The play is innocent and harmless," answered Jesus calmly.

The officer became more furious, while the youths were getting demonstratively angry. Some furtively picked up stones, and by their angry gestures and sullen faces it could be seen by the gathering darkness that the boys were determined to defend their chosen King, and the Roman officer might have departed without receiving some ugly bruises had not Jesus calmed the rising tumult by one word:

"Peace!" At that single word the boys ceased their hostile demonstrations, and the evidences of the anger and hatred of the Roman soldiery died out of their faces. The officer watched this transformation with wonder, and was at a loss to understand the influence this Boy-King exercised over his companions. Daclus had heard that witches had dwelt from early times at Endor, a little to the south of Nazareth, and he had believed in his ignorance that this was some of their magic act.

Amazid as he was, his anger had not subsided. Striding rapidly toward the throne, the rough soldier seized the crown of roses and tore it violently from the Boy-King's head. Throwing the flowers to the ground, he trampled them under foot, and then, springing to his horse, gave a hurried order for instant departure, and the company of soldiers almost instantly disappeared in the gathering gloom.

The rich brown hair of the beautiful youth was disturbed by the action of the rough soldier and fell forward over his face, that was now pale at the indignity He had suffered.

Mary rushed forward and clasped Him in her arms, saying in an agony of grief: "My Child! my Son! my son!"

His head rested a moment on her shoulder, as a dove nestles in its nest, and as it did a Mary saw across the clear blue of the sky a blood red mark which she recognized as a mark which the Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs.

For it is with small details that we must begin. Be sure of this, that action, like all of man's faculties, is subordinate to the laws of development. It may be cultivated like the intelligence and like it rise from simple things to the most difficult. In the details of life make it your aim to be active rather than passive. We can be in bed because we ought to be there and used rest. We can also be there because we are simply lazy. This is so passive, it is the same with all the acts of life. To work simply because one is forced by hunger or thirst is to be passive. Life demands the conquering in details of the inevitable and of outside influences; of the desires, the appetites, the passions and the force of inertia which is in every one of us.

In the Contest of Life. A certain portion of every young man's time ought to be given up to outdoor exercise, says Russell Sage in an article in the Saturday Evening Post on "The Gospel of Saving." "Most of the men who win riches and distinction in the great cities come from the country. They are farmers' boys as a general thing. The free outdoor life they have led equips them with a

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A man who can give up dreaming and go to his daily realities; who can control his heart, its love or woe, and take to the hard work of his hand, who defies fate, and, if he must die, dies fighting to the last—that man is life's best hero.

As if Life Were Endless. To execute great things," says an ancient writer, "a man must live as if he had never to die." Breadth of outlook and freedom of action are necessary to large achievement. Why should we consider death at all as a factor in the planning and execution of any great work? Death does not put a stop to any task that is of a truly enduring or immortal character. It is like a temporary accident, that breaks a defective tool in the workman's hand. God instantly provides a better and keener tool, and the workman goes on with his unfinished task, under infinitely improved conditions, and with a vastly greater joy and freedom than before.

The Power of Silence. If more people in the world, realized the effectiveness, so to speak, of silence in times of anger and irritability caused by the thousand and one annoyances that come to us through the carelessness and selfishness and stupidity of other people, they would make the resolution to begin and practice silence as a virtue to be cultivated above every other virtue in the home. By hook or by crook, they would manage to possess that power whose greatest advantage is to be experienced before it is believed in—the power of silence. Now there are two kinds of silence—the sullen, disagreeable kind and the fine sort which is the direct result of self-control coupled with the magnificent consciousness that one is saving one's good looks and one's nerves and administering the worse punishment— that of ignoring the offender—and at the same time augmenting one's stock of virtue and will power and self-control. Therefore, keep silence when you are annoyed or insulted or hurt beyond words. Keep silence when accidents happen—say when somebody sits down on your best hat and crushes it beyond recognition. Keep silent and self-restrained when you feel that somebody is imposing on your good nature and shifting his burdens on your already over-laden shoulders.

Afterward when you feel that you can speak and act with calmness, reason with the delinquent—if you think he is worth it. Otherwise let it sink into the limbo of forgotten things.

The Tricky Man a Failure. Many people start out in life with the impression that success depends on roguery and cunning. They imagine that the man who outdoes his neighbor in a bargain, no matter by what means, is destined to succeed. He possesses the requisite amount of sharpness and business ability, they think, to make him a leader in the race. This is a great mistake; and one too often made. True success owes nothing to intrigue and deceit. Lasting prosperity can never be founded on dishonesty. The tricky man may appear fortunate for a time, but sooner or later he succumbs to the natural forces working against him, for his house is built upon sand, and the waters of truth rushing in sweep away the feeble foundations.

Patience, honest, upright dealing alone brings enduring reward. He who conscientiously avoids all fraudulent transactions in the beginning of his career lays the foundation of a useful, successful life.—A. G. Lynch.

Strength of Soul. Nothing so instantly recommends itself and is so imposing as strength of soul. When it passes, we feel that royalty of the depths of our nature makes us wish to possess this royalty. The spectacle of debased will fills us with disgust for others and ourselves. There are days and hours when the appreciation of universal worthlessness crushes us. The spectacle of virility, on the contrary, is consoling. It is enough for us to see one shine in his own career, for us never to forget it. It is a veritable sermon and one we love, to meet a young man whose ideal is to be strong and to fear nothing but a mean action. Such a character realizes his noble aspirations by discipline and attention to his small details.

There is strength only in individuality. The world will never follow the man who follows the world. Head not the crowd and the crowd will soon head you. The angels of God stand with him who dares to stand alone against the multitude. Go with the crowd and you will make no progress, follow conscience and Christ and you will be let out of the crowd into a solitary way, but a way of self-respect, strength, delight and divinity.

What is that to thee? Follow thou Me.—British Columbia Record.

When death comes to carry the soul across the sea that lies between time and eternity, when the spirit must flit adieu to the flesh and go it knows not whither, there is a parting like no other parting in this life. There is no ocean wharf nor train landing that has ever seen the bitter, solemn, lingering separation which takes place when a soul consciously and slowly leaves its proper body. In the natural order no experience of the soul is more dreadful. Nay, in the presence of imminent separation the spirit more than ever loves its comrade of clay and clings to it with passionate desperation, which because it is natural and instinctive, is altogether un-governable unless the good God stretches out His hand and comforts it with the cool, soothing touch of omnipotence.—Rev. C. A. Shyne, S. J.

Let us bear the Cross; our greatest cross is ourselves. We shall get out of ourselves only in proportion as we look upon ourselves simply as a neighbor with whom we must bear patiently. If we would let ourselves die every day of our life, we should not have much difficulty in really dying when the time comes; and that which makes us so frightened when we contemplate it from afar off, would scarcely frighten us at all when we came closer to it, provided always that we did not exaggerate it to ourselves by the uneasy foresight of our self-love. Bear with yourself, and consent humbly to be borne with by others. O! how these little daily deaths take away the sting of the great death!—Fenelon.

HEART TROUBLE. Brought on by Exposure and Worry. CAPT. GEO. CRANDELL, OF LINDSAY, TELLS HOW HE SECURED RELEASE FROM THIS MOST DANGEROUS MALADY.

From the Watchman, Lindsay, Ont. In the town of Lindsay and surrounding country no man is better known or more highly respected than Capt. Geo. Crandell. Forty-seven years ago he was owner and captain of the first steamer that navigated the Sturgeon. Since that time success has crowned his life both on land and water. For forty-nine years he was a member of the Lindsay town council. He is now seventy-three years of age and enjoys the best of health, but it has not always been thus. Some years ago the exposure and worry incident to his calling began to tell upon his health, and his heart showed signs of weakness. His sufferings and complete restoration through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are best told by himself. To a reporter the captain gave the following story:

"Several years ago my heart began to bother me. At first I took little notice of it, but the trouble gradually grew worse until I had to summon medical aid. I suffered much pain and at times was attacked by smothering spells which caused me great distress. Frequently these spells attacked me during the night and it was with difficulty that I managed to breathe at all. I consulted several doctors, but their medicine failed to benefit me. I then tried a much advertised remedy, but this also failed to help me. I had always been fond of smoking, but I was in such poor health that a few puffs from a cigar would distress me so much that I had to give it up altogether. I grew worse day by day and began to think my end was near and that I would die from the trouble. Some time ago I was advised to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking one box I noted an improvement in my condition and so I continued their use. I kept on improving till now I am as well and strong as I ever was in my life, before, and have not been bothered with the least sign of my former malady for months. I am now able to enjoy a smoke as I used to without feeling the least distress. All this I owe to that greatest of all remedies, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Rich, red blood and strong nerves are the keynote to health. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the most widely known and praised of medicines because from first dose to last they make new, life-giving blood, and restore weak and shattered nerves, bringing new health and strength to hitherto despondent sufferers. Do not take any substitute—do not take anything that does not bear the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around the box. Sold by all dealers or by mail post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Topics of the Day. Behind every sermon to the lips on abstinence there ought to be a sermon to the backbone on strength. Before a boy is warned against immodest dances or low theatres, he ought to be warned against the loss of his innocence. It is worse to lose one's manliness than to lose one's companions. Scarcely any greater evil can befall a man than to acquire the evil habit of compliance with all the judgments of his fellows.

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