

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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Bear the Yoke.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

So still, dear Lord, in every place,
Thou standest by the tolling folk,
With love and pity in thy face,
And givest of thy help and grace
To those who meekly bear the yoke

We need not wait for thunder-peal,
Resounding from a mount of fire,
While round our daily paths we feel
Thy sweet love and power to heal,
Working in us thy full desire.

WAITING FOR MY BOY.

A few years ago, in one of the growing cities of New York State, there was a home into which the great sorrow of a father's death had entered. The sons, of whom there were several, were of a nervous temperament, full of animation, and exposed to many temptations which endanger the young in large cities.

The widowed mother realized the vast importance of her responsibility, and many a time did she look upward toward the heavenly Father for divine aid in the guidance of her fatherless boys. She made it a rule never to retire for rest until all her sons were at home. But as the boys grew older this became a severe tax, both on her time and health, often keeping the faithful mother watching until the midnight hour.

Out of the boys displayed a talent for music and became a skillful violinist. He drifted among the wrong class of people, and was soon at balls and parties that seldom dispersed until the early hours of day. Upon one occasion it was nearly seven o'clock in the morning before he went to his home. Entering the house and opening the door of the sitting-room he saw a sight that can never be effaced from his memory.

In the old rocking chair sat his aged mother, fast asleep, but evidently she had been weeping. Her frilled cap, as white as the snow, covered her grey hair; the knitting had fallen from her hands, while the tallow from the candle had run over the candlestick and down her dress.

Going to her the young man exclaimed:

"Why, mother! what are you doing here?"

His voice startled her, and, upon the question being repeated, she attempted to rise, and piteously, but, oh, so tenderly! looking up into his face, said, "I am waiting for my boy."

The sad look and those words, so expressive of that long night's anxiety, quite overcame the lad, and, throwing his arms around her, he said:

"Dear mother, you shall never wait again like this for me."

That resolution has never been broken. But since then that mother has passed into the world beyond, where she still watches and waits, but not in sorrow, for her boy.—Union Mission Lantern.

Eli Blake, the postmaster at Tongowa, Okla., who had been the leader of a crusade against the saloons in that region, was waylaid while going home from his office and beaten to death by a gang of ruffians, who, it appears, were incited to this cowardly crime by the saloon men. Such exhibitions as this incident embodies of the murderous spirit which the saloon engenders ought to help open the eyes of the people to the malevolent character of that institution, and further the movement for its suppression. A saloon, no matter where it is located, nor how orderly it may be conducted, is a fruitful source of crime and a constant menace to society.—Central Christian Advocate.

IT HURT HIM.

"Let liquor alone and it won't hurt you," was the advice given by a gentleman to a young friend—a wide-awake, bright-eyed young business man—who sat beside him on a railroad train.

"But it has hurt me," answered the young man.

"How is that?" inquired his friend, who saw no token on his manly countenance of the blight that so soon makes its mark on the "human face divine."

"Well, six months ago, my employer, when off his balance, signed some notes which he should not have endorsed, and yesterday the firm (a heavy iron firm) went under. So here I am, and nearly two thousand others, in dead of winter, thrown out of employment."

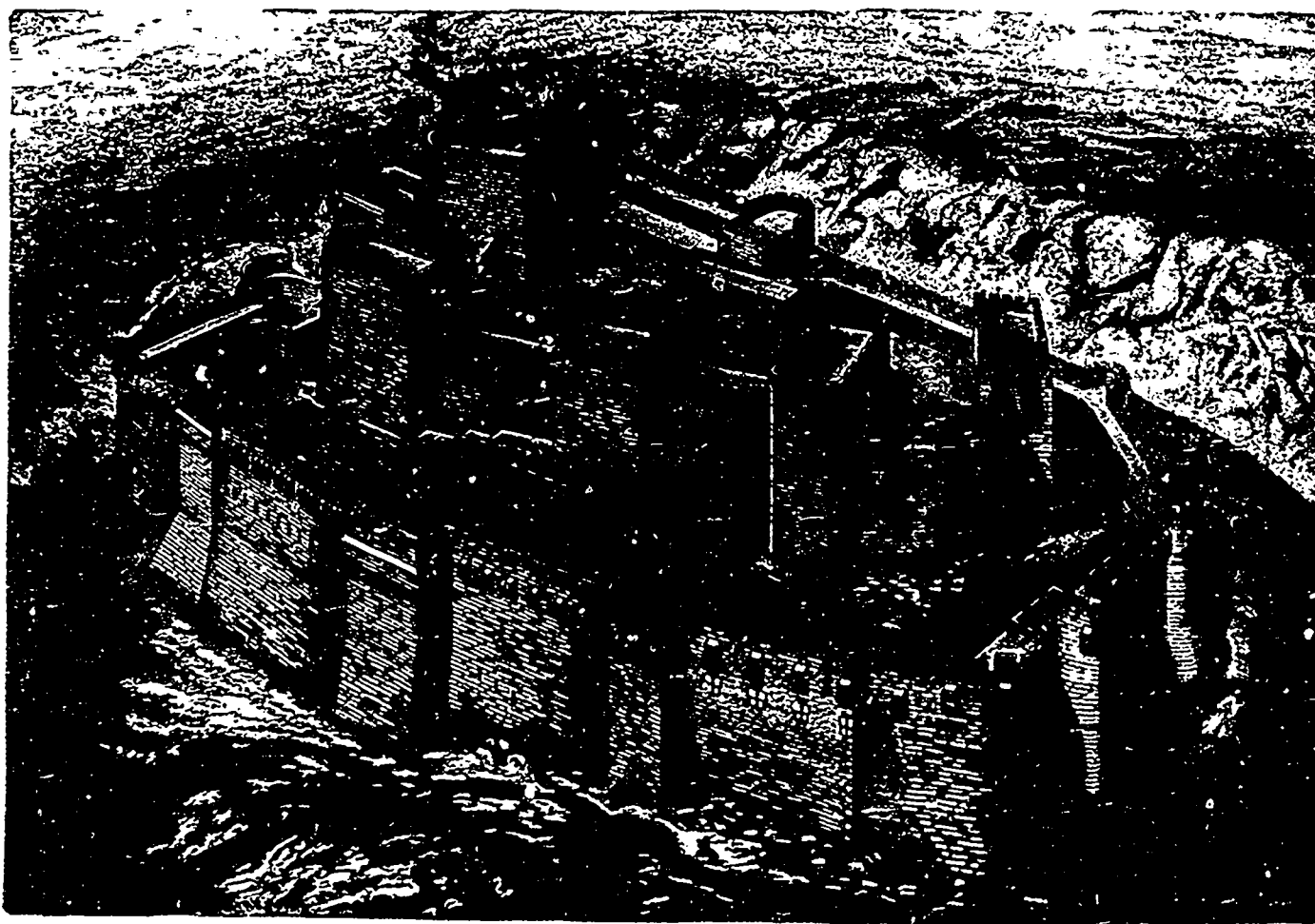
That gentleman's act, because of drink, has touched the comfort, and possibly the subsistence, of not less than ten thousand human beings.

ated. It was a dark and gloomy pile, probably much like the castle shown in our cut. In its gloomy cells the tameless spirit of the heroic John, accustomed from his youth to the freedom of the desert, languished, till by the stroke of the headsman's axe it was emancipated forever. His body became the "worn-out fetter which the soul had broken and cast away."

JAPAN.

The friend who sends us this story of the faith and patience of a young boy assures us that it is not half so interesting in English as it was in Japanese, as she heard it told at a children's meeting. We can only add the hope that its interest may not further suffer from the process of condensation to which want of space compels us to subject it. Institutions and work which result in

himself the teacher was obliged to give him a prize; and the school-master, much impressed by the spirit the boy had shown, asked him about Christianity and also sought information from a friend at Tokio. After studying thus by himself, he felt the need of further light, and, consulting with the boy and some of his fellow teachers, he invited an evangelist, who had recently begun work in the vicinity, to come over and teach them the Bible evenings. As the result of this nightly Sunday-school, three teachers, two farmers and a boy became Christians in a short time. The village priests, hearing of this, were much surprised, and, regarding our young friend as the cause of all this trouble, went to his parents, telling them that Christianity destroys patriotism and upsets the social system of Japan, and that they must make the boy give it up. Again he refused, and persecution was tried. More work than he could do was exacted



THE CASTLE OF KERAK, NEAR SITE OF MACHERUS, WHERE JOHN WAS BEHEADED.

THE CASTLE OF KERAK.

In the Land of Moab, beyond the Jordan, is the Castle of Kerak, shown in the accompanying picture, in a restored condition. "This is a wonderful pile," says Dr. Ridgway, not only for the area which it covers, but for its massiveness and history. It was built under King Falco, a predecessor of Raymond of Chaitillon, about A.D. 1131, and strengthened under the auspices of Godfrey de Boulogne. In 1183 it baffled the assaults of Saladin. It fell at last in 1187, only after the last bloody conflict between the crusaders and the Moslems near the Sea of Galilee, in which the rule of the Christians in Palestine was utterly broken. The impregnable castle, no longer defended, passed easily into the hands of the victors, and has ever since remained with their descendants.

Under the domination of the Arabs, however, it has largely gone to decay, although within thirty years the beautiful frescoes in its Gothic chapel were still to be seen.

It was in this region, and not far from Kerak, that the lonely prison, in which John the Baptist was confined, was situ-

such characters as these are worth the sacrifice they cost.

A young Japanese boy of about thirteen or fourteen years of age met at the residence of a relative one evening some five years ago a lady who was visiting there. After talking of various things, she told him about Christianity and gave him a few Sunday-school papers. The boy became deeply interested in Christianity, read the papers, and, learning from them about prayer, commenced to pray himself. After a short time he became a Christian, as his conduct proved. Until that time he had been the naughtiest boy in the village, but after becoming a Christian he was entirely different—kind, faithful, diligent, so that the whole village noticed the change. His parents disliked Christianity and commanded him to denounce his faith. He would not, but tried to explain Christianity to them. This only angered them the more, and they called the school-master to their aid by threatening to degrade the boy at school if he would not give up his religion. The boy thought this very unjust, but simply studied so much harder, and at an examination did so well that in spite of

each day, and failure to perform it was punished by deprivation of food or beating. He bore this patiently, and every day he went half an hour to a hill to pray, and asked other Christians to pray for him that his faith might become stronger. His parents, seeing his patience and gentleness, began to wonder greatly and watched him closely to see if his behaviour was the same when he thought himself alone. They overheard him pray with tears for his parents and friends, and they began to respect him, and gradually he won them to study the Bible for themselves, and in January 1892, they too were baptized. And this little boy, who was first interested in Christianity by means of a few Sunday-school papers given him by a lady, has since by his simple faith and patient goodness led many of his friends to know the Saviour. Who will say that missions are a failure or that the age of heroes or martyrs is past?

Checks—"They say the Esquimaux are an unenlightened people."
Drafts "Funny, and yet they live on candles and lamp oil."