

they are not pulling, but the yoke on the horns binds their heads together so that they cannot move them till it is taken off. This must be very tiresome, for when any part of the body of a living creature is kept long in any one position it becomes wearied and often benumbed for want of motion.

The yoke on the neck then seems to be by far the more merciful of the two; but in either case the oxen, patient as they are, are very glad to have the yoke removed and to be allowed to rest in the fields. They are always quite willing, however, to go under the yoke. First the yoke is fastened to one ox and the other is trained to come under it himself so that he may be fastened to his companion. They willingly take the yoke upon them and do the work that is required of them, till the time comes when it may be removed.

You may remember that our Saviour spoke of these two things together, viz.: rest and the yoke. You find it in the 11th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew and the 28th and 29th verses: "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of Me: for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

There is, then, a yoke that we have to bear for the Saviour. That is, He has work for us to do, but He goes on to tell us in the 30th verse that His "yoke is easy and His burden light."

Yes, there is work for us all to do in the Saviour's cause. It is not a wearisome work nor a hard work. Generally it is a pleasant work, for we cannot do any service for Christ without making other people happy. That is what makes the Saviour's yoke easy and His burden light. Missionaries in foreign countries often have very hard work to do and suffer very much; but it all seems light to them because they are telling poor heathen people about the happy and peaceful ways of Christ.

And then there comes the rest, the promised rest, when the yoke will be taken off and the burden laid aside. What a happy rest that will be for those who have worked for the Master, for they will be with Him for ever in Heaven.

#### A STATION-HOUSE SINGER.



BIG Philadelphia policeman noticed a little boy crying piteously on the streets, one day *just after noon*, and rightly surmised that the child was lost.

"Hello, Johnny, what's the matter?" he asked, kindly.

The boy looked scared to death at the sight of the big policeman, but managed to sob out:

"I want my mamma!"

The queer, little waif was taken to the Nine-

teenth District Police Station. He was well dressed, wore a smart cap, and looked unusually intelligent. A volley of questions could not extract from him where he lived, and all he cared to say was:

"My name is Joseph Edwards Reason, and I am five years old."

He had a clear voice, and spoke with unusual distinctness. In a few minutes he had forgotten his troubles, and was making friends with the station-house cat. Then he walked up to a big sergeant, and said:

"I can sing. Can you?"

The sergeant was so astonished at his small questioner that he only stared in reply, but none of the officers laughed. They were two astonished.

"I can sing you one of my Sunday-school songs," said the small boy. Then, without waiting for an invitation, his clear soprano voice, full of sweetness, rang out the words of "*Jesus, lover of my soul*."

The effect was startling, and every one listened respectfully. Men off duty came tiptoeing down stairs, and soon the little singer had a group of officers about him. Lumps came up in their throats, pipes were laid down, and eyes became suspiciously moist.

The prisoners who were waiting for the patrol wagon to take them to jail, stopped their wrangling and listened.

The little warbler could do nothing but sing; and, to provide him with an all-night lodging, he was taken to the Central Police Station. His eyes danced as he saw the brilliantly lighted apartment, and he let go the patrol sergeant's hand to cautiously inspect the cells. In the first cell was a surly-looking man, who was waiting a hearing before Magistrate Clement for burglary. In the other cells were two "hard" characters.

"Hello, sonny! What are you in fur?" said one of the prisoners, making a desperate attempt at a joke.

The boy looked curiously at the uninviting face through the iron bars, and said:

"Mister, I can sing."

The burglar drew back abashed. Then the boy sang. His voice swelled like a bird's, and the big reserves who were waiting for the magistrate were paralyzed.

To the astonishment of everybody, the prisoners joined: and the burglar supplied the harmony with his deep basso. Then the boy sang other hymns, and at last ran and gave the prisoners a drink of water at their request. As the prisoners walked to face the magistrate, the little singer went to sleep like a tired wanderer.

—*Golden Days*.

Try to think and speak kindly of everyone. Watch and pray against your besetting sin.