

But oh how sad to see people bowing down to and worshiping as God a bull made of wood, or stone, or metal, or mud! Millions of children are now being taught to do this. But many of them in Missionary schools learn that "an idol is nothing in this world, and there is no other God but one." These refuse to bow down to an image, and many of their parents, who are pleased to hear what their children learn in the schools, acknowledge that it is wrong to worship idols.

JACK.

(Continued from our last.)



AIN and again, as Jack listened, came the same words—the words which the preacher had spoken before he began his sermon (and Jack thought they must have something to do with the King in the hymn)—“Thine eyes shall behold the King in His beauty.” “What is it that is required of them that would see Him?” he said. “Look back a verse or two and you will find out. To be led away by no temptation from the devil, or the world, or the flesh. To let no shadow of falsehood or deception stain your lips, for the sake of either social advantage or personal advancement. Not to touch with so much as your little finger any gain obtained at the expense of one who had a better right to it than you. To be won over by no allurements, even though one of them be the offer of a prize after which you have spent half your life in striving, to do the smallest act of injustice toward your neighbour. To refuse to listen to any proposal involving the unrighteous shedding of a fellow-creature’s blood, and resolutely to shut your eyes to any prospect, and to any pleasure in which evil has part, even though you feel your determination to join in it unassailable. These things are required of whosoever would see the King in His beauty, for ‘without holiness shall no man see the Lord.’ I pray you, is there any one among you who is equal to these things? Any one among

you whose eyes and heart are pure, and whose hands and lips are unstained in this matter?”

Then he began to tell of the place where the King lived; and Jack, who had only been looking at him in wondering intensity, now began to understand something of what he said.

A shining city, with golden streets and great pearl gates, which were never shut, so that the weary, or sick, or needy, might always enter in, where no one was ever cold or suffering, where no one ever cried, or was unhappy, where hunger and thirst were things unknown, where no one should ever long or cry, or spend their lives in passionate prayer for a blessing which was evermore denied to them, for they should be wholly, wholly satisfied, and never be sorry any more!

Poor little Jack! he could scarcely believe it all, it was so beautiful, as he sat looking and listening, with his tangled hair hanging in festoons over his great, eager, childish eyes. He had never heard or dreamed of anything one half so good before. Could it be really true? It surely must be, for the man was so in earnest about it. Listen to him as he now describes the King who lives in this wonderful place—who gives all this happiness, and all these good things to His subjects, and whose own beauty it is which, reflected all round, makes His city and court what it is—who is so gentle, too, that there is no little child whom He will not take into His kingdom, if it means to try and please Him, and asks His Son to let it in.

Then again the preacher leaned forward, and pleaded with the people. “Is there none of you here,” he said, “who will go through the little strife now to win the great glory and peace afterward? When I stand watching the white-robed saints file in through the pearly gates, which are never shut, shall I not catch sight of one face among them which I see here before me to-night?”

Jack was so carried away by the earnestness and fire of the preacher, that he was just going to start up and cry out that “he’d go if any one’d show him the way,” when he remembered