

ain't shut—can't us get to 'un?" But before the clergyman had time to speak, Jack's mind had wandered again. Long ago the woman had told him the story of that Sunday evening in January, and patiently, beginning at the very beginning he had explained to her the meaning of his sermon.

Late one afternoon, when the sleet fell in splashes against the window, and the wind was moaning round the house, Jack's mother sat beside his bed. It was getting dark, and the firelight played in fitful gleams about the room. Suddenly Jack awoke. For an instant he turned his eyes on his mother, then he fixed them eagerly, intently, on the "glimmering square" of the window which was every moment becoming more and more a vacant place of darkness; but it was no darkness to Jack.

As he gazed, his eyes grew brilliant, and a wonderful, radiant smile broke all over his little, wan face. "It is!" he cried, "It is! Oh, mother, pearl, and amethysts—and the gates ain't shut, and"—suddenly he sprang up in bed—"the King, the King, the King!" he almost shouted. Then all at once he fell back on the pillow.

So Jack did see the King in His beauty at last. Straight out he went from his fever, and his bitter torment into the beautiful city, where there is no more suffering, and the King Himself showed him the way.

Never hungry, never thirsty, never cold, never in misery anymore. And the minister, coming in later, found the woman on her knees beside the bed trying to comfort herself with the child's own words, "Never no more pain." She was sobbing low to herself, "Never no more pain," while on the bed lay little Jack with the same rapturous, white smile upon his face with which he had gone out to meet the King.

The minister bent over the child, and his eyes were dim.

"And Jesus called a little child unto Him," he said, softly.

"Love one another, for God is love; and bear ye one another's burdens."

WORKING BOYS AND GIRLS.

"HOW I do hate work!" exclaimed Dick Lazy-bones as he stretched himself on the grass with a yawn that actually frightened the bob-o'-links which had been singing on the nearest tree.

Foolish Dick! Why foolish? Because he hated work. Work is a blessing. If Dick were my son I would make him spend one entire week in absolute idleness. I think that would be excellent medicine for him. It would make him feel that doing nothing is the hardest kind of work.


Work is pleasure. Working boys and girls are the glory of the land. Work makes the earth fruitful, builds cities and railways, invents machinery, paints pictures, chisels beautiful statues, makes our homes fairy rings of bliss. I want all my readers to love work and to respect all honest and true workers. Here are some lines about working men which I hope you will all commit to memory:

The noblest men I know on earth

Are men whose hands are brown with toil:
Who, backed by no ancestral groves,
Hew down the wood and till the soil;
And win thereby a prouder name
Than follows king's or warrior's fame.

The working men, whate'er the task,
Who carve the stone, or bear the hod,
They bear upon their honest brows
The royal stamp and seal of God;
And worthier are their drops of sweat
Than diamonds in a coronet.

God bless the noble working men
Who rear the cities of the plain,
Who dig the mines, who build the ships,
And drive the commerce of the main!
God bless them! for their toiling hands
Have wrought the glory of all lands.

 GENTLEMAN being invited by an honorable personage to see a stately building erected by Sir Christopher Hatton, he desired to be excused, and to sit still, looking on a flower which he held in his hand: "For," said he, "I see more beauty of God in this flower, than in all the beautiful edifices in the world."