

the world. May the day speedily come when all, in every land, whether in the cold north, the burning plains of India, or benighted Africa, shall know the Lord Reader, let the petition come from the heart, "Thy kingdom come," and do what you can to spread the knowledge of the Truth as it is in Jesus.

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

It is sweet to read the words that Jesus sometimes spake of heaven. He had no home here. When the fox hid in its hole, and the bird flew to its nest, and rich Simon went to his guests, and every man went to his own house—Jesus went to the Mount of Olives.

Had you seen Him there, you would have known how poor he was for our sakes—a weary man gone to spend a night in prayer while the city slept, His coat moist with dew.

But had you seen into His heart, and how it went back, past Galilee, and Nazareth, and Bethlehem, to the glory He had before the world was—had you heard the tone in which He said "FATHER" to Him who filled the sky with worlds—you would have said with Paul, "*He was rich*:" you would have cried, Who is this King of glory! And if your eyes had been opened as Elisha's servant's was, the Mount of Olives would sometimes have been seen full of horses and chariots of fire.

And Jesus was on His way to a throne again. A few months more, and He was to go up in a bright cloud, and two men in white were to tell that He was gone to heaven. "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in."

All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

Songs like these were soon to be sung for Him who now wept, and bore the scorn of men.

Poor and sad he seems; He waits to feed the crowd till a lad brings him a few loaves and fishes; He waits to pay the penny till Peter fetch it from the sea; He will not quench His own thirst till a woman please to draw Him water. And yet words about an unseen kingdom fall on the ears of them who hear Him.