

the sanctuary of earth, upon which the hand of time leaves its impress, but conduct you to "that temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," upon whose shining splendour and fadeless bloom time does not breathe, where earth and all its checks and changes, its gloom and gleams, will find no place; where the Godhead presides and commands by all representations of His spiritual perfections the sublime adoration of every worshipper; where everything is clothed with the placid beauty of our Lord, and consecrated by all that is imposing, impressive, and imperishable; and where all who have given themselves to Him, and have received what He has to bestow, shall be crowned with all that is fadeless, faultless, bright, and blessed.

DORA'S TRUST.

BY AUNT MAY.

"Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he."



"CHEEP, cheep!" and Dora looking out saw the little birdies waiting for the breakfast of crumbs she always scattered for them when they came. So out she ran with the bowl, into which the stray bits were emptied each day for her pets, and very glad she was to see them hop about and eat, even as she stood there it seemed that the birds knew how kind and gentle she was, and so did not fly away or feel in the least afraid.

"I suppose that God tells them to come," she mused to herself as she watched them, "or else—yes, I have it, He tells me; for if they came and I didn't feed them they'd be hungry still."

In the afternoon Dora went with her mamma to pay for some needlework, which a poor widow without friends had done. "And how are you getting on?" inquired Mrs. Maitland, as she counted the money into the woman's hand.

"Better, thank you, ma'am. Much better, since, I've tried to do as you said, 'trust in the Lord.' Last week I was sorely tried, for my rent was due and I had no money to pay it; but I just told God and waited, and upon the very day I most wanted it, there came a letter and a sovereign from an uncle of my poor husband, that I had never known. He had heard of me and of my trouble, and had at last found me out. I was thankful, but still, ma'am, if he hadn't helped me, God would have put it into the mind of someone else.

I have learned to trust Him now, for He has so many ways of helping—ways, we cannot understand."

Then Dora thought of the birds—they must have trusted in their little way, and so God had provided. If she had not fed them, someone else would have done so, and surely, surely she might trust him too. If God cared for birds, He would care for her, little girl though she was.

It was the evening of the same day, and Dora was alone down by the sea. Her mamma had told her not to go near "Robber's Cave," for there the tide washed up, and quite barred the way back to the safe part of the beach, and many a little child had been drowned if its nurse or mother was not by to keep it from straying to this dangerous spot, or else to rescue it before the tide was risen very high. Dora forgot. She had not meant to be naughty and disobey; but she went there and played that she was a robber in the cave, looking out for poor wrecked ships, from which she would take all sorts of pretty things and hide in the cave till she could find a chance of selling them. She often played this all by herself in the day time between the tides; but then her mother always sat near, and called her when the waves began to roll in upon the sands. To-night—for the shades of night were gathering—she played so long, and thought so many wild things about the robbers, who had lived there years and years ago that she forgot, how long she had been there, till at last she grew frightened at the darkness. She ran out into the open air, but oh! the waves were beating up close to the rocks where she should have to walk to get back to the safe part of the beach—and—and her mother was gone to sit up with a dying friend, and Lucy, their servant, knew nothing of where she, Dora, was.

It all came back to her as she stood; she knew that the water would not come into the cave, although it came up close to the rocks in which it was formed; they were dashing over her feet now, as she looked this way and that in her great fright. So she went in, and sitting down, cried as though her heart would break. Presently it seemed that a little voice came to her saying, "Trust in the Lord." She looked up but there was no one near, the voice had been the voice of God's Holy Spirit who speaks to us all at times, only Dora did not know: still she knelt down and prayed, and after that she did not feel so lonely and frightened. She thought of the widow and of the little birds, and by-and-by she thought that perhaps God was sending help to her in taking away her great fear, for if she stood there till morning she seemed to feel that He was with her, and that she would be safe. At last she dropped asleep, so calm was she, and then the moon arose, and then a boat came gliding over the waters, and the one who was in it rowed up close to the cave and called, "Dora, Dora!" Why, it was her father's voice, her father, who always stayed in London from Saturday till Saturday—he had come home when nobody expected him, and finding Lucy crying at Dora's loss, he had rowed off to the cave and found her. "God sent him," Dora said.

FOUR SERMONS.

BY REV. PROPHET EZEKIEL.

SERMON I.—TO PREACHERS.

SO thou, O son of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel, therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me. When I say unto the wicked, O wicked man thou shalt surely die, if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand. Nevertheless, if thou warn the wicked of his way to turn from it, if he does not turn from his way he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul. Say unto them, "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live. Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die, O house of Israel?"

SERMON II.—TO CHRISTIANS

Therefore, thou son of man, say unto the children of thy people, "The righteousness of the righteous shall not deliver him in the day of his transgression. As for the wickedness of the wicked he shall not fall thereby in the day that he turneth from his wickedness; neither shall the righteous be able to live for his righteousness in the day that he sinneth. When I shall say to the righteous, he shall surely live, if he trust to his own righteousness, and commit iniquity, all