

in partial gloom, and their holy of holies kept absolutely dark. The roof was of cedar, and, in part, apparently flat, for gilded chambers were built on it. The half-doors of the holy of holies were of olive, covered with golden cherubim, palms, and the open cups of flowers. The two half-doors of the holy place, and its floor, were of cypress, similarly adorned and plated with gold, the doors moving on golden hinges. In the holy of holies there were only the cherubim and the ark, which rested, as already noticed, on a jutting pinnacle of the hill, known to the ancient Jews as the 'Stone of foundation.' It was the highest point of the rock, and is still almost worshiped by its present Mohammedan guardians, under the name of the Sakhrat. Along one side of the outer area ran a porch with chambers over it for the priests, the covered walk beneath being destined hereafter to be the favorite place with the prophets for addressing the people and instructing their disciples."

*The temple was the type or picture of the true temple.* We read in the Old Testament of a "stone which the builders refused," and which was yet destined to become "the head of the corner," (Ps. cxviii. 22,) a "tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation," (Isa. xxviii. 16,) and of One who is at the same time the "Shepherd" and the "Stone of Israel." Gen. xlix. 24. Peter in the New Testament (following our Lord's teaching, Matt. xxi. 42) tells us how these prophecies were fulfilled, (Acts iv. 11; 1 Pet. ii. 6, 7;) and both Peter and Paul show us the "holy temple," the "spiritual house" erected on this foundation. Eph. ii. 20, 22; 1 Pet. ii. 3, 4.

This building is erected at infinite cost. No silver nor gold, nor any "corruptible thing," could have sufficed. The price was the blood of the Son of God. Acts xx. 28; 1 Pet. i. 18, 19. It is erected with infinite pains. Of this the parables of the shepherd seeking his lost sheep, and the woman searching for her piece of silver are illustrations. It is erected according to a perfect pattern. "It is God's building," builded "through the Spirit." 1 Cor. iii. 9; Eph. ii. 22.

### Children's Corner.

#### LADY TEMPLE'S GRANDCHILDREN.

##### CHAPTER XVI. (Continued.)

"I think I am quite sure, Bruce. He must have wanted to help you."

"Why should He care? I've never loved Him."

"Haven't you, Bruce? But you know He has always loved you."

Bruce made no reply. He looked grave and serious, but words did not come readily. Yet he did not seem to like silence either, for presently he looked up and said—

"Talk to me, Dolly. Tell me some more."

And Dolly, guessing his meaning, conquered her shyness by a great effort, and talked to him as she had many times talked to Molly in the quiet evening hours.

And before very long the tramp of feet was heard, and Wilfred and Edgar and Hubert came rushing on in front of two or three fishermen, who had volunteered to come with them to find the man who had fallen over the cliffs, and to carry him home.

Very much astonished they all were to find in the wounded hero none other than their brother Bruce; and a huge fuss they made over him when they did find him. They were rather disappointed that he had not fallen over the cliff, as that sounded much grander than slipping down a little way; but when Dolly, with horrified eyes, assured them that he must have been killed had that been the case, they were pacified and resigned to circumstances.

There was no time to lose on account of the rapidly rising tide, and so the little procession was quickly formed, and Bruce safely transported home.

He was put to bed, and the doctor sent for to bind up the injured ankle. The sprain was pronounced a severe one, and poor Bruce was condemned to many weary days and weeks of

inaction. He was somewhat feverish that night too, from the effects of pain, shock, and exposure to the hot sun; and he was unnerved and unlike himself. He did not want to be alone; and yet even Edgar's companionship seemed too much for him. He could not join in any consecutive talk; he seemed to wish to be quiet, and yet not to be alone.

"I wish you would ask Dolly to come and sit with me," he said presently. "I think she would if you would tell her I want her. She can sit quiet and not bother a fellow."

Edgar did not resent this preference under the circumstances, especially as he was growing tired of the darkened room. So he willingly consented to take the message; and before very long Dolly came softly in, and sat down in Edgar's vacated chair by the bedside.

"I want you to sit with me, Dolly," he said; "you will, won't you?"

"Oh yes; I shall like to. Does your head ache, Bruce dear?"

"Yes, horribly."

"I will bathe it for you," answered Dolly gently, and moved quietly about the room, getting cold water, scent, and handkerchiefs, and then she bathed his hot head, and stroked his tangled hair, and fussed softly over him, as she liked to do over any one who seemed to need and to receive her care. Bruce never remembered submitting to anything like this before; but from Dolly's gentle little hands he enjoyed it, and his head soon grew cool and throbbled less painfully than before.

"Thank you, Dolly, I'm better now," said Bruce, by and by. "Sit down now and talk to me. Edgar doesn't know how—none of them do. I can't remember what you said this afternoon. What was it all about? I want to understand."

"I think we were talking about God, and how good he was to you in taking care of you," said Dolly, shyly.

"Yes," answered Bruce, and paused and added, "I was frightened, Dolly, when I was there all alone, and saw the sea coming up. I was horribly frightened. I never was frightened before. I hate to think I am a coward. I oughtn't to have been afraid, ought I? Men ought to face death without feeling as I did. What is it that makes people not afraid to die?"

He spoke rapidly and excitedly, and looked at Dolly with restless, bright eyes.

"Bruce, dear, if you talk so much you will be ill," said Dolly gently. "Lie still, and I will try to find you something that will explain."

"Do you know yourself?"

"I think so," she answered reverently. "I think if we trust God, and love Jesus Christ, we shall not be very much afraid of anything, not even of death."

"Tell me how—I don't see."

Dolly slipped away for a moment, and then came back with her Bible in her hand. After a little searching she found the place she wanted—the story of Peter's attempt to walk upon the sea. She made no comment on what she read, nor did Bruce, but he lay very still, as if thinking deeply; and perhaps the thoughts were of a more satisfactory kind, for by and by, as Dolly watched beside him, he fell into a deep, tranquil sleep.

##### CHAPTER XVII.

##### BRUCE MAKES FRIENDS.

Bruce's accident soon ceased to be the talk of the party, and the boys went about their customary employments as usual. They were sorry for Bruce, tied to the sofa, or only able to hop slowly and painfully down to the shore, to share Molly's pile of rugs; but they did not see that that was any reason for giving up

their own pleasure to make things more lively for him, and poor Bruce found time hang very heavily on his hands.

The serious thoughts, and the desires he had felt for help and strength during those hours of loneliness and helplessness, had not made a reformed character of him all at once, although some of the impressions received would not quickly fade from his mind. The boy was unusually irritable and captious during the following days; his foot pained him, he hated lying still, he did not care to read, and he was altogether out of sorts and miserable, vexed with himself for being so cross, and vexed with his brothers for resenting his ill-temper, and for leaving him alone with the girls for his sole companions.

Dolly was his willing and devoted slave, but she could not be in two places at once; Molly could not bear her long absent from her side, and Bruce was not allowed to be much out on the shore, where Molly was ordered to lie a good many hours each day.

He had to keep his foot up, and in one position, and this could be only satisfactorily accomplished by keeping as much as possible to the sofa. So when he was chained in-doors and Molly out, both by doctors' orders, poor Dolly was sorely torn in twain, hardly knowing with whom she ought to spend the greater part of her time.

"I can't spare you, please stay with me," pleaded Molly one day, as she rose saying she must go in to sit with Bruce. "He doesn't want you half so much as I do."

"I'm afraid he is so very dull all alone," answered Dolly. "Poor Bruce, it is so hard for him not to be able to run about. I think I must go to him."

"The boys never care how much I am alone, when you are not here," said Molly. "I don't think Bruce can expect me to spare you."

"But you had Wilfred very often, and you used to say you did not like the boys' noise," said Dolly, hesitating a little, but going on nevertheless. "And you know that we must not be unkind to people because they have not been quite kind to us always. That is not doing as we would be done by."

Molly sighed in an unsatisfied way.

"I don't want you to go," she said again. "I want you to stay and go on reading to me. You'll be away such a time if you go to Bruce."

Wilfred had been sitting silent all this while, but now he rose slowly.

"I'll go in and sit with Bruce for a little," he said. "You can stay and go on reading, Dolly."

Dolly's face flushed with pleasure at hearing this proposition. Molly looked at him with unfeigned astonishment.

"You, Wilfred! Why, I thought you never could get on with Bruce?"

"If I can't get on, I can come away," returned Wilfred in rather a shamefaced way. "There's no harm in trying."

And then he walked away towards the house, without waiting for more to be said.

*To be continued.*

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