

reason of the cloud, for the glory of the Lord filled the house of the Lord."

It is true that in the Epistles to the Hebrews, the Holy of Holies is taken as representing heaven itself, where God dwells, and that the high priest who alone could enter the Holy of Holies once a year, "and not without blood," is taken as a type of Christ, who having made atonement for us once for all by the sacrifice of Himself, has passed into Heaven now to appear before the face of God for us. This is a most precious truth which alone explains many of the details of the temple worship; but viewing the temple as God's special dwelling-place upon earth, we see that it was grandly typical of the Incarnation of Christ, which we at this season celebrate. "Destroy this temple," the Lord Jesus said one day to the Scribes and Pharisees, "and in three days I will raise it up." "He spake of the temple of His Body." Within this temple was the Holy of Holies—His Soul, where dwelt the Presence of God. The veil that concealed this Presence from the people was His Flesh. Immanuel was His name, "God with us." Christ has ascended in Body, but He has poured out upon us His spirit, and now our bodies have become temples of the Holy Ghost.

Of Solomon's temple God said:—"Thy name shall be there."

Of the Lord Jesus Christ God said:—"Thy name is in Him."

And now as Christians we bear the name of Christ. His presence dwells within us. Jesus said:—"If a man love me, he will keep my word, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make *our abode* with him." "Abide in Me and *I* in you."

F. H. DUVERNET.

IT WAS HIS CUSTOM.

We are all familiar with the saying, "When in Rome do as the Romans do." But the literal following out of this advice would be extremely unpleasant in some cases. It is better to be honest with ourselves, as the pious farmer in the following:—

A clerk and his country father entered a restaurant Saturday evening, and took a seat at a table where sat a telegraph operator and a reporter.

The old man bowed his head, and was about to say grace, when a waiter flew up, singing, "I have beefsteak,

codfish balls and bull heads." Father and son gave their orders, and the former again bowed his head.

The young man turned the colour of a blood-red beet, and, touching his arm, exclaimed in a low, nervous tone, "Father, it isn't customary to do that in restaurants."

"It's customary with me to return thanks to God wherever I am," said the old man.

For the third time he bowed his head, and the son bowed his head, and the telegraph operator paused in the act of carving his beefsteak and bowed his head, and the journalist put back his fishball and bowed his head, and there wasn't a man who heard the short and simple prayer that didn't feel a profounder respect for the old farmer than if he had been the President of the United States.

THE LITTLE CHAPLAIN.

CARL RICHARD, one of Britain's peers,
Is lord of many a mile
Of thrifty English soil, and lives
In proud baronial style,
He has his castle famed in song,
His parks and garden fair;
And every Sunday in his hall
His chaplain kneels in prayer.

No earl am I; I have no lands;
A man of low degree,

No liveried servants doff the hat
And bend the knee to me,
And yet, though boasting no estates,
And though my purse is light,
I have my chaplain, too and he
Prays for me every night.

He is a little fair-haired boy,
That scarce five years hath seen,
With dimpled cheek and melting eye,
Fond voice and winsome mien,
And when he dons his robe of white,
Ere lying down to sleep,
He folds his sinless hands and prays
The Lord my soul to keep.

My little chaplain. None but God
Knows how I love the boy,
Each day that dawns, each night that falls
He floods my heart with joy.
Oh I have been a better man
Since he to me was given;
His simple trust and guileless ways
Have drawn me nearer heaven.

—*Wide Awake.*

SAFE IN PORT.

PERHAPS you have stood upon the wharf and seen a storm-torn ship come to its anchorage. It has been out tossing upon the deep for many a weary month. The wind has bleached its sails and chafed its shrouds and stays. The salt spray has discoloured its hull,

and the rocks have grazed and bruised its sides; but it has outlived the tempests, and, under the favouring breezes, it has at last reached the lower bay, and, with every inch of its ragged canvas carefully spread to catch the wind, it is now coming majestically along the winding channel of the inner harbour. The bows are filled with the ardent seamen, tearful that their feet are so near the steady land. The officers utter their orders in quick tones, as if they could hasten the slow-moving ship, and the ropes glow through the rattling blocks, as one after another the sails drop to their rest; and then the clanking of the chain, the whirl of the capstan, and the plunge into the water, tell you that the anchor is dropped; and the ship gently rocks with the mimic ripples, as it rides safely by the side of the sunlit land of home.

After such a manner, but with surpassing moral beauty, does the Christian come to anchor in the haven of holy rest. His head has been bleached by many a wintry year. His limbs have been crippled by many a hard toil. Afflictions have marred his beauty. Temptations have drawn him amongst the rocks, and his eyes have dimmed with watching for the lights of the far-off shore.

But now at last he is coming into port. The last howlings of the storm are dying away. Its last billows have been passed, the waves ripple musically beneath him, and the celestial land is fair before him. His anchor of hope is cast within the veil, and the hands of love and faith are warping him in. Every moment shortens the cable. Still and serene he drops his last sail, bids adieu to his shattered but faithful hulk, and steps on the shores of heaven. There friends long before arrived gather around him, and angels rejoice to guide him up to the city of the great King with songs and everlasting joy upon His head.—*Mortimer Blake.*

STRONG IN THE LORD.

It was "when we were without strength," "that in due time Christ died for the ungodly;" It was when the world was at its latest gasp, helpless and Godless; when *society* was breaking down beneath the burden of its own corruptions, rotten to the core with its own pollutions, and when art, science, poetry and philosophy had