



# SCHOLARS' NOTES.

LESSON V.—NOV. 1, 1896.

I Kings 5: 1-12.

## BUILDING THE TEMPLE.

Commit to Memory Vs. 4, 5.

Golden Text.—Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.—Psalm 127: 1.

## LESSON OUTLINE.

- I. Solomon's Message to Hiram. Vs. 1-6.
- II. Hiram's Gracious Reply. Vs. 7-9.
- III. A Covenant of Peace. Vs. 10-12.

## HOME READINGS.

M. Exod. 26: 1-37.—The Tabernacle.  
T. 1 Kings 5: 1-18.—Solomon and Hiram.  
W. 1 Kings 6: 1-14.—The Temple Begun.  
Th. 1 Kings 6: 15-38.—The Temple Finished.  
F. 2 Chron. 4: 1-22.—The Temple Furnished.  
S. Heb. 9: 1-28.—A More Perfect Tabernacle.  
S. 1 Cor. 3: 9-23.—Ye are the Temple.  
Time.—B. C. 1012-1005. Place.—Mount Moriah.

## HINTS AND HELPS IN STUDY.

The young king Solomon soon began preparation for building the temple, according to David's desire. He sent to Hiram, king of Tyre, for Sidonian artificers, and a supply of cedar wood of Lebanon for its construction. Hiram responded promptly, and a treaty was formed between the two monarchs. After about three years of preparation the foundations of the temple were laid, in the fourth year of Solomon's reign, on Mount Moriah, where had been the threshing-floor of Araunah. 2 Sam. 24: 18-25. The massive stones and beams, already prepared, were brought and laid in their appointed places; and thus, without the sound of hammer or axe or any iron tool, the temple arose. It was seven years in building.

## QUESTIONS.

What did king Solomon soon begin to do? What did he request of Hiram, king of Tyre? How did Hiram respond to this request? What building materials did he furnish? Where was the temple built? When was the work begun? How was it carried on? When was the temple finished? How is a Christian the temple of God? 1 Cor. 3: 16, 17. How is the Church like a temple? Eph. 2: 20-22. Who is the true foundation? 1 Cor. 3: 11.

## WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. Every one has his own work to do for God.
2. Each one of us may build a temple for the Lord.
3. We should put into God's work our most precious things.
4. It is a great privilege to help in God's work.
5. The Lord blesses those who honor and serve him.

## THE LESSON STORY.

There was a great trading city named Tyre on the seashore on the border of Israel. Hiram was its king, and when he knew that David was dead he sent his servants to Solomon to say that he had sympathy for his loss and to ask that they might be friends, as he and David had long been. Solomon was pleased to know that Hiram wanted to be his friend, for he needed his help in the great work of building the temple. This was the work God had given Solomon to do, and he was in haste to be about it. So Solomon sent to Hiram and told him that this was a great work which his father, David, could not do because of the wars he had to carry on. But the Lord had given him peace, and he was ready to build the house of the Lord. He asked Hiram to help him by sending men to hew the cedar trees from Lebanon. Solomon owned the beautiful cedars of Lebanon, but the Israelites had not the skill to hew them that the Sidonians had. Hiram was glad when he heard that Solomon wanted his help in so good and great a work, and promised to do all that he asked of him.

We do not know whether Hiram knew the

true God or not, but there are reasons why we think he did. He loved good men, he loved to help on a good work, and he kept his word. Are not these good reasons?—'Berean Lesson Book.'

## ILLUSTRATION.

How to build. There is nothing more lasting than truth. Nothing more beautiful than holiness. To build a strong, beautiful Christian character we must love the true and high. We must serve God daily in the little duties, the tiresome avocations of life. The wonderful stones of the temple were hewn stroke by stroke, the magnificent carvings were wrought minute by minute. The gorgeous texture was woven of individual threads. Christian character is the highest illustration of the power of littles. Let us build. In his name, V. 5. The first requisite to successful Christian labor is the absolute putting away of self. We must think, speak, pray and work in the name of him from whom we receive our commission. Self must be ignored, forgotten. A brave ensign in the Peninsular war, was observed in the thickest of the battle always at the front, rescuing the colors, cheering his comrades and standing his ground when others faltered or fled. After the battle he was asked, 'Carnegie, how did you manage to stand fire as you did? You were always at the front.' You should let some of us into the secret. 'I remembered whom I was fighting for—my king, and that gave me strength and courage. I never once thought of myself.' 'I will strengthen them in the Lord and they shall walk up and down in my name.'

Joyfully, 'He rejoiced greatly.' V. 7. The joy of the Lord is the strength for work. Neh. 8: 10: 'Blessed be the Lord.' V. 7. There are said to be one hundred and forty-six exhortations to prayer and supplication in the Bible, and four hundred and twenty-nine verses which bid men sing, praise and give thanks. As worship is more than work so praise is higher than prayer. Obediently, 'I will do all thy desire.' V. 8. The prayer of Anna Fowler is a good one:

I'll go where you want me to go, Lord,  
O'er mountain or desert or sea,  
I'll stay where you want me to stay, Lord,  
Stay, thou blessed Saviour, with me.

I'll preach what you want me to preach, Lord,

I'll pray where you want me to pray;  
I'll be what you want me to be, Lord,  
And say what you want me to say.

I'll give what you want me to give, Lord,  
To spread holiness over the land;  
I'll live as you want me to live, Lord,  
And do all the good that I can.

The Jewish temple was set apart as holy, a place of meeting with God. Christians as the temple of God should be holy; should avoid stimulants, narcotics, tobacco, unhealthy food, late hours, everything which tends to destroy, injure or defile the body. 1 Cor. 3: 16, 17.—Arnold's Practical Commentary.

## C. E. PRAYER MEETING TOPICS AND DAILY READINGS.

### ENTIRE SURRENDER.

David's submission. 2 Sam. 12: 15-23.  
Peter's submission. John 13: 1-9.  
Eli's submission. 1 Sam. 3: 11-18.  
Job's submission. Job 1: 1-22.  
Paul's submission. Phil. 3: 1-11.  
Christ's submission. Matt. 26: 36-46.  
Nov. 1.—The blessedness of entire surrender to God.—John 15: 1-10.

## PROBABLE SONS.

### CHAPTER III.—Continued.

The squire's pew was one of the old-fashioned high ones, and Milly's head did not reach the top of it. Very quiet and silent she was during the service, and very particular to follow her uncle's example in every respect, though she nearly upset his gravity at the outset by taking off her hat in imitation of him and covering her face with it. But when the sermon commenced her large dark eyes were riveted on the clergyman as he gave out the text so well known to her:

'I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son,' and though

the sermon was half an hour in length, her gaze never left the pulpit.

'Uncle Edward,' she said, when their steps at length turned homewards, 'do you know, I heard all the sermon, and understood it pretty well except the long words. Wasn't it nice to hear about the probable son?'

'Prodigal,' you mean; cannot you pronounce your words properly?'

Sid Edward's tone was irritable. He had not been feeling very comfortable under the good vicar's words.

'I can't say that; I always forget it. Nurse says one long word is as good as another sometimes. Uncle, what did the clergyman mean by people running away from God? No one does, do they?'

'A great many do,' was the dry response.

'But how can they? Because God is everywhere. No one can't get away from God, and why do they want to? Because God loves them so.'

'Why did the prodigal want to get away?'

Milly considered. 'I s'pose he wanted to have some a—adventures, don't you call them? I play at that, you know. All sorts of things happen to me before I sit down at the beech tree, but—but it's so different with God. Why, I should be fearful unhappy if I got away from Him. I couldn't, could I, uncle? Who would take care of me and love me when I'm asleep? And who would listen to my prayers? Why, Uncle Edward, I think I should die of fright if I got away from God. Do tell me I couldn't.'

Milly had stopped short, and grasped hold of Sir Edward's coat in her growing excitement. He glanced at her flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. 'You foolish child, there is no fear of you getting away from God. Don't be so excitable. We will change the subject. I want to see Maxwell, so we will go through the wood.'

Maxwell was Sir Edward's head keeper, and a little later found them at his pretty cottage at the edge of the wood. It was Milly's first visit, and Mrs. Maxwell, a motherly-looking body, greeted her with such a sunshiny smile that the child drew near to her instinctively.

'What a lovely room,' she exclaimed, looking round the homely little kitchen with a child's admiring eyes, 'and what a beautiful cat! May I stroke her?'

Assent being given, Milly was soon seated in a large cushioned chair, a fat tabby cat on her lap, and whilst Sir Edward was occupied with his keeper she was making fast friends with the wife.

'Uncle Edward,' she said, when they had taken their leave and were walking homewards, 'Mrs. Maxwell has asked me to go to tea with her to-morrow. May I—all by myself?'

'Ask your nurse; I have no objection.'

'I should love to live in her house,' continued the child eagerly; 'it is all amongst the trees, and I love trees. And this wood is so lovely. Why, I might get lost in it, mightn't I? I have never been here before. In my story-books, children always get lost in a wood. Uncle Edward, do you think the trees talk to one another? I always think they do. Look at them now. They are just shaking their heads together and whispering, aren't they? Whispering very gently to-day, because it is Sunday. Sometimes they get angry with one another and scream, but I like to hear them hum and sing best. Nurse says it's the wind that makes them do it. Don't you like to hear them? When I lie in bed I listen to them round the house, and I always want to sing with them. Nurse doesn't like it; she says it's the wind moaning: I think it's the trees singing to God, and I love them when they do it. Which do you think it is?'

And so Milly chatted on, and Sir Edward listened and put in a word or two occasionally, and on the whole did not find his small niece bad company. He told her when they entered the house that she could go to church every Sunday morning in future with him, and that sent Milly to the nursery with a radiant face, there to confide to nurse that she had had a 'lovely time,' and was going to tea as often as she might with Mrs. Maxwell in the wood.

## CHAPTER IV.—Mrs. Maxwell's Sorrow.

Milly spent a very happy afternoon at the keeper's cottage the next day, and came down to dessert in the evening so full of her visit that she could talk of nothing else.

'They were so kind to me, uncle. Mrs. Maxwell made a hot currant cake on purpose for me, and the cat had a red ribbon for company, and we sat by the fire and