

was the *nave*. And, lastly, beyond this lay the third or innermost chamber, a square of twenty cubits, called the Holy of Holies, answering to the *sekos* of Egyptian temples, where was placed the ark and its hovering cherubin, and where also the most sacred objects of their religion were placed by the Egyptians. The arrangements of the external buildings, with the different courts, also coincided with the arrangements of Egyptian temples, as described by Strabo, and as still to be seen in the existing remains of ancient temples in that country.

The Holy of Holies, or inner sanctuary, was divided from the rest of the temple by a partition of cedar, in the centre of which was a pair of folding-doors of olive wood, very richly carved with palm-trees, and open flowers, and cherubim,—the whole overlaid with gold. A like pair of folding-doors, of grander dimensions, also overlaid with gold, embossed in rich patterns of cherubim, and knobs, and open flowers, formed the outer entrance. Both pairs of doors were furnished with massive pins of gold (not "hinges," which were not known), turning in holes made in the lintel and the threshold. These were, in Egypt, often of metal, and some of bronze have been found, and exist in cabinets of antiquities. The door forming the entrance to the most Holy Place was left open, and the space covered, as is usual in the East, by a magnificent veil or curtain. It may be asked, how the interior received light, seeing that the stories of chambers occupied the sides? But these buildings did not reach the top, and in the upper part of the wall between the flat roof of the chambers and the top of the wall of the main building, was a row of narrow windows which lighted up the interior.

The floor of the temple was formed of planks of fir, covered with gold. The inside walls and the flat ceiling were lined with cedar beautifully carved, representing cherubim and palm-trees, clusters of foliage and open flowers, among which, as in Egypt, the lotus was conspicuous; and the whole interior was so overlaid with gold, that neither wood nor stone was anywhere to be seen, and nothing met the eye but pure gold, either plain, as in the floor, or richly chased, as on the walls, and, as some think, with precious stones in the representations of flowers, and other enrichments. This style of ornamentation is quite oriental, and certainly ancient. The examples which have come under our notice of this, show that precious stones may be applied with greater advantage than is usually supposed to internal decoration, and satisfy us that such might, with truly rich and beautiful effect, have been employed in this instance in setting off the costly encasement in gold. That precious stones were employed in interior decoration appears from 2 Chron. iii. 6, which expressly states that Solomon "garnished the house with precious stones." And we know that David provided for the work, and his nobles contributed "all manner of precious stones." 1 Chron. xxix. 2-8; 2 Chron. iii. 6.

It seems that even the inside of the porch was lined with gold. This front part of the building was also enriched with two pillars of brass, one called Jachin and the other Boaz—which, being cast entire, seem to have been regarded as master-pieces of Hiram's art. They exhibited the usual proportions of Egyptian columns, being five and a half diameters high. Their use has been disputed. Some think that they stood as detached ornaments in front of or in the porch—like the two obelisks which we often see before Egyptian temples, while others suppose that they contribute to support the entablature of the porch. Their height and dimensions are favourable to this opinion, as are the analogies afforded by Egyptian buildings, in which two pillars are seen supporting the entablature of the pronaos, resembling also the two pillars on which rested the porch of the Philistine temple which Samson overthrew.

It is not our intention to notice the furniture of the temple—which was the same in kind as that of the tabernacle. The ark was the same as that made in the wilderness—but over it Solomon constructed two colossal cherubim of gold, whose inner wings, outspread, touched each other over the ark, while the outer wings touched the opposite walls of the sacred chamber. In the large hall, or outer chamber, there were also seven golden candelabra instead of one; and besides the table of show-bread, which was the only table in the tabernacle, there were here ten golden tables, besides others of silver, on which were laid out above a hundred golden vases of various patterns, with the different utensils—the censers, spoons, snuffers, etc.—all of gold, used in the service of the temple.

While the interior of the temple was literally lined with gold, and all its ornaments and furniture were of that rich metal, brass prevailed in the court in front of it, the inner court, in which the priests performed their ministrations. Here was a wonderful specimen of the skill of Hiram, in the shape of the great "molten sea," resting on the backs of twelve oxen of the same metal—in the same manner as the stone fountain in the palace of the old Moorish kings of Grenada rests upon the backs of lions. Here there were also ten other lavers, also of brass, ornamented most richly.

From this it will be seen that the importance of the temple of Solomon, which we have been led to regard as one of the wonders of the ancient world, consisted not in its size—which, as regards the principal building, has been greatly exceeded in every civilized country, and by a vast number of churches in our own; but from the elaborate, costly, and highly decorative character of its whole interior and furniture, and also in the number, extent, grandeur, and substantial masonry of its surrounding courts, chambers, walls, and towers. Indeed, it is not too much to presume that these outer constructions, forming the massive ring in which the costly gem of the temple was set, cost as much as the sacred building itself, immense as was the quantity of gold bestowed upon it.—*Kittó.*

CHEER UP.

"This world's not a bad world
As some would choose to make it,
But whether good or bad, we know,
Depends on how we take it."

There are some people in this world who are never happy never contented. They seem always to live under a cloud and to think themselves of all men most miserable. I confess I am something of that sort of a man myself, but I know it should not be, I know it only makes one feel uncomfortable and for this reason I would throw it off. Depend upon it, it will never drop off itself.

You are a young man—I am a young man. You have just started out in life—I have just started out in life. Come then, brighten up and let us walk along life's road with a cheerful joyous step. You are disappointed in your prospect, are you? Well, what of that! How often does the young man just entering the busy arena of life, with hopes bright and prospects gleaming, feel his heart throb and his bosom heave with emotion as he sees the cherished hope of his life dashed, all broken to the ground. And not only young men, but old and smart men too are disappointed. Ah! old man, learned man, what made your head so white, your face so wrinkled and furrowed? Everything from the cradle to the tomb proclaims "vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Every person, age, sex, rank and condition in life has his own sorrows, his own disappointments. "Believe me every heart has its secret sorrows which the cradle knows not, and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad." Of a truth "the heart knoweth its own bitterness."

The question evidently is, how should we bear those trials? Should we give away to them and despond; become melancholy and oh! so sad? or should we be fixed with determination and true resolve, "casting all our care upon Him who careth for us," bear up, bear all manfully! Should misfortunes conquer us or we conquer them? Do you wish to fail? give away to them. Do you wish to succeed? make them give way to you. This is the very essence of success. This is the stuff great men are made of. This is it that makes one man superior to another. One an honor to his country, to his God, and his friends, another a drone in the community, a lounge among men.

Let misfortune come, let all kinds of trouble come, but let not melancholy enter your breast.

Look at the fate of those who were prostrated by petty toils and troubles, and take warning by their example. Then turn your eye to the men, "solid men," who have risen to greatness from the midst of the most discouraging circumstances. Look at your country's brightest ornaments. Let their example cheer you, inspire you to renewed efforts. Let perseverance mark your onward, your upward career. Only then, if you do not succeed, will I believe there is such a thing as being born under an unlucky star.

Finally, above all things do not let your troubles make you cross, sullen, snappish. If you wish to have friends you must show yourself friendly. A friend is born for adversity, and the man who can make himself pleasant and agreeable, whilst his heart is heavy, has an enviable gift. When you begin to feel bad or gloomy work. Do something—don't sit still thinking of your own sorrows. Look at the world around you, this beautiful world that you think so hard of, and not so much into the dim terrible future.

Oh! work; work. Don't think of misery. Dr. Clarke says,—"I have lived long enough to know that the great secret of human happiness is, never to suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of too many irons in the fire contains an abominable lie. You cannot have too many; poker, tongs and all; keep them all going." The man who has not too much to do has not time to be miserable. As Marshal Murat in his fight had not time to be frightened, so do not, in the "world's broad field of battle," sit down with your hands in your pockets and think, "I may be killed." Rush into the thickest of the fight, and with hope in heart and God overhead, cry victory.

THE BIBLE.—An old man once said, "For a long period I puzzled myself about the difficulties of Scripture, until at last I came to the resolution that reading the Bible was like eating fish. When I find a difficulty, I lay it aside and call it a bone. Why should I choke on the bone, when there is much nutritious meat to use? Some day, perhaps, I may find that even the bones may afford me nourishment."

THY WILL, O GOD, BE DONE.—This is a most difficult prayer to utter with heartfelt sincerity; for the grace of submission to a chastising Father is the hardest and the rarest, perhaps, of all Christian attainments—there is such a temptation to any rebellion when the blow cuts deep. A little one is taken; and a "cradle deepens into a grave." A noble and gifted son is cut off in his siney prime—a son who was the whole world to her who leaned upon him. A lovely daughter withers and droops; her beauty falls off like the rose leaves, and presently she goeth down to darkness and the worm. Besides such new made graves, unbelief mutters its reproaches, "not loud but deep." But submission whispers, with faltering lips and choking utterance, "Thy will, O God, be done."

A celebrated divine of New England tells us that, soon after the death of his wife, his two lovely children were taken from him, within a few hours of each other. "My cup of sorrow," he says, "was filled to the