



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

THE Mosque of Omar is beautiful; its walls are adorned with marbles of delicate colors, and the dome is roofed with tiles of a brilliant blue, and some green and yellow. The effect from the Mount of Olives is of a turquoise dome roofing walls of pearl. It stands high; white pavements and tall cypresses around. steps lead down to other courts, once the Court of the Gentiles, the Court of the Great Bazaar Laver, etc., and olives, and grass of emerald green and abundant with flowers, cover the nakedness where Solomon's offerings had enriched the entrance ground between the Golden Gate and the eastern walls of the temple itself. Inside the mosque is exquisite. A circle of marble pillars inclose the veritable rough rock top of Mount Moriah, and support the inner part of the dome, which is rich in mosaic, worthy to be compared with that in Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome. Portals and partitions inlaid with tortoise-shell, mother-of-pearl, and ivory, divide the little side chapels from the central passage-way between them and the sacred rock, the scene of Abraham's awful obedience, and of the sacrifices which interpreted to men, and made them partakers of the one great sacrifice of the Son of God.

A boy is a chile much longer wid his mudder den he is wid his fadder. A stone-bruise that he would take ter hi, fadder, an' show with a air ob pride, he will take to his mudder an' show it wid a whine.

A BIRD CHARMER.

A FEW years ago there was a man in the city of Paris who was called the 'bird-charmer,' from the great power that he had over birds. He could be seen almost every day in some one of the great city gardens.

Standing by himself very quietly, he would take small bits of bread from his pocket, and throw them into the air. The sparrows soon came around him, and as each piece of bread was thrown, one or another of them would catch it before it fell.

Pretty soon the pigeons came to get their share. The bird-charmer put a morsel of bread between his lips, and held out his hands. One of the pigeons would settle on his hand, and take the bread from his mouth.

The bird-charmer then gently threw off the pigeon by a slight movement of the hand, and another pigeon would take its place. So the birds would come, one after another; and some of them, while waiting their turn, would perch upon the arm of the charmer.

Of course, people would gather round to see this strange sight; but the birds did not mind them in the least. They seemed to have so much faith in their friend the bird-charmer that they feared nothing while he was near them.—*Exchange.*

HIDDEN AND SAFE

One morning a teacher went, as usual, to the school-room, and found many vacant seats. Two little scholars lay at their homes cold in death, and others were very sick. A fatal disease had entered the village, and the few children present that morning at school gathered around the teacher, and said, "Oh, what shall we do? Do you think we shall be sick and die, too?"

She gently touched the bell as a signal for silence, and observed: "Children, you are all afraid of this terrible disease. You mourn for the death of our dear little friends, and you fear that you may be taken also. I know of only one way of escape, and that is to hide."

The children were bewildered, and the teacher went on: "I will read to you about this hiding-place;" and read Psalm 91, 1-10: "He that dwelleth in the secret

places of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. . . . There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling."

All were hushed and composed by the sweet words of the Psalmist, and the morning lessons went on as usual.

At noon a dear little girl sailed up to the desk, and said, "Teacher, are you not afraid of the diphtheria?"

"No, my child," she answered.

"Well, wouldn't you be if you thought you would be sick and die?"

"No, my dear, I trust not."

Looking at the teacher for a moment with wondering eyes, her face lighted as she said, "Oh, I know! you are hidden under God's wings. What a nice place to hide!"

Yes, this is the only true hiding-place for old, for young, for rich, for poor—all.

Do any of you know of a safer or a better?

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Who showed the little ant the way
Her narrow hole to bore,
And spend the pleasant summer day
In laying up her store?

The sparrow builds her clever nest
Of wool, and hay, and moss,
Who told her how to weave it best;
And lay the twigs across?

Who taught the busy bee to fly
Amongst the sweetest flowers,
And lay his feast of honey by,
To eat in winter hours?

'Twas God who showed them all the way,
And gave their little skill;
And teaches children if they pray,
To do his holy will.

TRUE BRAVERY.

BETWEEN forty and fifty years ago three little English boys were amusing themselves together in a wood-lodge one summer forenoon. Suddenly one of them looked grave and left off playing, "I have forgotten something," he said; "I forgot to say my prayers this morning; you must wait for me." He went quietly into a corner of the place they were in, knelt down, and reverently repeated his morning prayer. Then he returned to the others, and was soon merrily engaged in play again. This brave boy grew up to be a brave man. He was the gallant Captain Hammond, who nobly served his Queen and country, till he fell headlong leading on his men to the attack on the Ruda at the siege of Sebastopol. He was a faithful soldier to his earthly sovereign, but, better still, a good soldier of Jesus Christ, never ashamed of his service, ever ready to fight his battle.