



IN OTHER LANDS.

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SPAIN is the name of a country that is far away. There are beautiful buildings there, like the one in this picture, and beautiful temples, too. But beautiful temples are not all that is required in order to worship God, and to please him. It will do us no good to go to church or Sunday-school and say our prayers, if we do not really worship God with our hearts, and think of what we are saying. I am afraid a great many people go to beautiful churches who do not really love God, and try to obey him.

MOTHER'S TURN.

"It is mother's turn to be taken care of now," said a winsome young girl, whose bright eyes, fresh colour, and eager looks told of light-hearted happiness. Just out of school, she had the air of culture, which is an added attraction to a blithe young face. It was mother's turn, now. Did she know how my heart went out to her for her unselfish words?

Too many mothers, in the love of their daughters, entirely overlook the idea that they themselves need recreation. They do without all the easy, pretty, and charming things, and say nothing about it; and the daughters do not think there is any self-denial involved. Jenny gets the new dress, and the mother wears the old one, turned upside down, and wrong-side out. Lucy goes on the mountain trip, and mother stays at home and keeps house. Emily is tired

of study, and must lay down in the afternoon; but mother, though her back aches, has no time for such an indulgence.

Dear girls, take good care of your mothers. Coax them to let you relieve them of some of the harder duties which for years they have patiently borne.

THE ANGEL OF THE LORD.

It was a cold, stormy night in the middle of winter. James and George were warm and comfortable in their snug little bed; but they could not go to sleep.

George was a very small boy, and he was afraid when he heard the wind rattle the windows, and blow the leafless branches of a large button-wood tree against the house. "I never heard the wind make such a noise," said he. "The house shakes so I'm afraid it will come down." James begged him not to be frightened. "Don't you remember," said he, "the verse our Sunday-school teacher told us to think of when we are in danger? 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.' You know he said it did not mean that the angels would come near us, and stay a few minutes, and then go away; but, if we loved God, he would send them to pitch their white tents all around us, by day and by night, and to keep us from all evil and harm." This comforted little George, and he soon fell asleep.

The next morning the boys were both awakened by the bright sun shining into the room. They jumped up and looked out

of the window, and saw that the ground was covered with pure white snow. "Oh," said George, clapping his hands, "the angels have left it here. Let us be quick and eat our breakfast, and go out and make snow balls and ride on my new sled. Oh, I think little angels like little boys. I love them, and I want 'hem to love me."

Dear little reader, do you want the bright angels to love you also?

Then you must obey the great God of the angels, and, like them, you must make haste to do all he commands you

FIRST TIME AT CHURCH.

A GRAVE sweet wonder in thy childish face
And look of mingled dignity and grace,
Such as a painter-hand might love to trace

A pair of trusting, innocent blue eyes,
That higher than the stained-glass window
rise,
Into the fair and cloudless summer skies.

The organ peals; she must not look around
Although with wonderment her pulse
bound—

The place whereon she stands is holy ground

The service over, and the blessing said,
She bows—as "mother" does—her golden
head,
And thinks of little sister who is dead.

She knows that now she dwells above the
sky,
Where holy children enter when they die,
And prays God take her there, too, by-and-
by.

Pet, may He keep you in the faith alway,
And bring you to that home for which you
pray,
Where all shall have their child-hearts back
one day!

WHY SHE WAS DISSATISFIED.

"I THINK the rain is very provoking!" said Bessie, looking out of the window with an angry frown upon her brow. "It always rains when I don't want it. It is spoiling the slides, and there won't be an inch of ice left in an hour to skate on. Now, where's my fun this afternoon, I should like to know?"

"You can stay at home and sew," said her aunt.

"I want to skate," said Bessie. "This rain is very provoking."

"The provoking is all in your own heart, Bessie," said her brother. "If you only had blue sky inside, you would not mind the rain outside."