



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

## THE NAUGHTY FAIRIES.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

There are two or three naughty fairies  
Who lurk in our pretty house;  
They are sly as the wily foxes,  
And one is as still as a mouse,  
And one can growl and mutter,  
And one has a chain on her feet—  
These naughty and mischievous fairies,  
Whom you may have happened to meet.

The still-as-a-mouse one whispers,  
When a bit of work must be done,  
"Oh, just let it go till to-morrow,  
And take to-day for fun!"  
And the mutter-and-growl one pricks you  
Till you pucker your face in a scowl,  
Or whimper and fret in a corner,  
Or stand on the floor and howl.

But the worst of the three bad fairies  
Is the one with the chain on her feet:  
And the strangest thing is her fancy  
For a child who is gay and sweet.  
She makes her forget an errand,  
And loiter when she should haste;  
And many a precious hour  
She causes the child to waste.

Should you happen to see these fairies,  
Please pass them proudly by,  
With lips set close and firmly  
And a flash in your steadfast eye;  
For three very naughty people  
These little fairies be:  
Who mean, wherever they're hiding,  
No good to you and me.

## THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

BY SOPHIA M. PALMER.

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 Brazen 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 encloses 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 passageway 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. We saw the opening cut in the rock for the escape of the sacrificed blood, and descending into the excavation below we found a similar opening communicating with a duct which discharged into a cess-pool by the Brook Kedron. We crossed the outer southern court, and passing the fountain supplied by the same water as its grander predecessor on the backs of brazen oxen, we descended beneath the present Mosque El Aksar, close to the Mosque of Omar, into the very same gallery which led to the old Temple from the south, and up which our Lord walked again and again when he was here. It is now half-filled with rubbish and earth, but the ceiling is still so high above that we needed to be reminded that the ground level is far down under the rubble. The pillars in single, solid blocks, the round keystone in the roof, and the lintels of long single stones, are witnesses of the glory which has departed. Leaving this gallery, we climbed the city walls by the Golden Gate, and walking south at the

angle of the walls we descended underground into the stables of Solomon. They may have utilized by him and certainly were by the Crusaders, the halting rings declare; but it seems that the original intention was to raise the level of the valley, and the thick forest of pillars are chiefly for support.

## GOOD-BYE.

Good-bye is a hard word to say sometimes. Mother had just said it to her beautiful Horace, and Horace had said to the "best mother that ever lived."

Now mother stood by the window looking after her boy as he trudged down the path with his satchel in his hand, her eyes full of tears, and such tender feelings cannot be told.

And Horace walked straight on without looking back. "It's no use," he said to himself; "it will only make me feel worse. I'm going to do just as mother wants me to and be her good, noble boy."

Those were the words he wrote in his first letter home. Mother wrote back, "I'm glad, dear Horace; it rejoices my heart that you are resolved to do just what I want you to, but I hope you will go higher than that, and do always that which will please the Lord. Then you will be safe to please mother, and you will be safe." She was reading this morning in Ruth 2: "The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou shalt come to trust." That is it, dear Horace, come and trust under God's wings, and your life will be happy and successful."

How little the boys understand of mother-love! Thank God, dear boys, you have a good mother, one who prays for you and longs after you in the Lord. Mind what she says and do not grieve by your wrong-doing. "Honor thy father and thy mother."

## GOOD FRIENDS.

BY M. K. H.

George and Fred were cousins, and fond of each other that you seldom see one without the other. They shared each other's pleasures, and if one had a sorrow or difficulty, the other was ever ready to sympathize and help.

"They are like brothers," some one once said. I have seen some brothers who treated each other very differently, and perhaps you have seen the same. It should not be so, however; brothers should always be kind and affectionate and helpful toward each other.

It would be a sad thing to live in the world without friends; but it is more sad to be without "the Friend who sticks closer than a brother"—Jesus, the friend of sinners. Is he your friend?