

ing the trunk into the Indian home, and the eager, alert air of the boy who marches ahead, followed by that funny-looking dog. How happy they all appear to be over the prospect of the treat before them. Charles Washington wrote Miss Huntington, "I make that fellow run ahead and wake up those old chiefs, and tell them good news coming!"

Dear boys and girls, don't *you* want to send out some of this "good news" among the Indian children who have never heard of it? Don't you want to refine and elevate them by teaching them to be clean and orderly? Don't you want to make them more than mere savages?

### STORY OF AN OLD-FASHIONED SCHOOL.

 NE bright summer morning some children were waiting about the door of a village school-house. They were talking pleasantly together and listening to the song of a merry mocking bird across the way, when Master Lewis himself came up and said, in a cherry, hearty voice, just as he always did:

"Welcome, my children!"

"Welcome, master!" cried they.

The thumb-worn books were brought out of the desks, and school began. The lazy boys forgot to sigh and frown and wish for recess that morning; for Master Lewis talked so kindly to them, and made all their lessons so clear and simple by the way in which he taught them, that the hours passed very quickly.

When the studies were over, the master took from his desk an old-looking box with pictures of birds painted upon it. He called the boys to the desk and told them that he had brought each one of them a little present. Then, while they stood around, he drew out of it some white and pink shells and some pretty toys which he gave to them with kind and pleasant words.

But the most lovely thing of all was a little statue of an angel. She stood with her small white hands folded over her breast, and her face uplifted, and appeared so fair and pure, that the children gazed at her with eyes full of joy. They had never seen anything like it.

"This little angel is too lovely to be given to any child who is not good and true of heart. But the one who brings me to-morrow the brightest thing on earth shall have the angel for his own."

The children looked at each other, not feeling sure that they understood their master. But he said no more, and they went home.

The next day, after the lessons were finished the children gathered around the master to show him what they had brought. Some had picked up sparkling stones by the roadside; one had polished a small piece of silver until it shone like a mirror; another had brought a watch

crystal which his father had given him; and Henry, the merchant's son, had brought a breast-pin with a stone set in its centre that shone like a diamond.

"Ah; mine is the brightest!" cried Henry.

"But where is little Carl?" asked Master Lewis, looking around. "We cannot decide until Carl brings his offering."

At that moment little Carl, the baker's only son, came running into the room. In his hands, held up lovingly against his neck, was a snow-white dove. Some red drops up its downy breast showed that it had been hurt.

"Oh, master," cried Carl, "I was looking for something bright when I came upon this poor dove. Some cruel boys were throwing stones at it, and I caught it quickly and ran here. Oh, I am afraid it will die."

Even as he spoke, the dove closed its soft eyes; it nestled closer to Carl's neck, dropped its little head, and died.

Carl sank upon his little knees beside the master's desk, and from his eyes there fell upon the poor dove's broken wings two large bright tears.

The master took the dead bird from his hands, and laid it tenderly upon his desk. Then turning to the schoolboys he said:

"My children, there is no brighter thing on earth than a tender, pitying tear.

"Give the white angel to little Carl!" cried the boys. "We know what you meant; and his offering is better than any of ours."

The white angel was given to him by the wise master, and you will all surely say the gift was rightly bestowed.—*Selected.*

THE Russian peasants have a curious tradition which may be new to some of our readers. It is that an old woman, the Baboushka, was at work in her house when the wise men from the East passed on their way to find the Christ-child. "Come with us," they said. "We have seen His Star in the East, and go to worship Him." "I will come, but not now," she answered. "I have my house to set in order, when that is done I will follow and find Him." But when her work was done the three kings had passed on their way across the desert, and the Star shone no more in the darkened heavens. She never saw the Christ-child, but she is living and searching for Him still. For His sake she takes care of all little children. It is she who, in Russian and Italian houses, is believed to fill the stockings and dress the tree on Christmas morning. The children are wakened by the cry of "Behold the Baboushka!" and spring up, hoping to see her before she vanishes out of the window. She fancies, the tradition goes, that in each poor little one whom she warms and feeds she may find the Christ-child whom she neglected ages ago, but is doomed to eternal disappointment.