grievous it is that faces fair as these should own subjection to the swarthydevil !' His next question was, 'What do you call the tribe from which these young people spring?' 'Angles,' said the dealer. 'Ah, that is well,' Gregory rejoined; 'Angels they are in countenance, and choirs of Angels they ought to be. Where in Britain do their kindred live?' 'In Devra,' was the reply. 'Well, again,' Gregory said, 'it is our duty to deliver them de ira Dei) from God's ire. Pray who is king of the land so significantly was the reply. named? 'Ella,' replied the slave merchant. 'Ah,' the pious enquirer added, 'Hallelujah must be sung in that man's country.' So Gregory when he became pope, sent the monk Augustine to England, who convert-ed Ethelbert of Kent, but wrought the overthrow of the old British Church, one much purer than his own. The following is a translation of Gregory's hymn.

HYMN FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

Now on the first of all the days Of this world's glad creation, The day on which the Lord arose, And brought our souls salvation, We rise, sloth banished far away, By night to wait the dawning gray, As holy prophets sought the day In Israel's ancient nation.

"Hear, Lord, stretch forth the strong right hand Thy Zion that embraces,

And raise us, cleansed from every sin,

Up to the heavenly places; That we Thy glorious love and power

May praise each quiet hallowed hour,

Whilst Thou on our poor souls dost shower Thy blessed gifts and graces.

O, Father's brightness, Holy One, We seek Thy grace to sever

Our hearts from every sordid lust, And every wrong endeavour.

Help us from slippery paths to flee, Refine our dross, the gold set free, Lest, bound to sin, our end should be The pains of hell for ever.

Redeemer, wash away the guilt Of sin our souls still staining;

Grant all we need for living here, And life eternal gaining.

Father, abide while Sabbaths run, And Thou, the Father's equal Son, With Holy Spirit, three in one,

Through endless ages reigning.