



GOOD MORNING.

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WHAT a cheerful salute this little girl gives. We hope all our young friends will begin the day well, and it will be apt to end well.

GREGORY IN THE SLAVE-MARKET.

PERHAPS the children think because England is a Christian land now that it has always been so. But no; it was once a heathen country, as benighted and degraded as India or China now is. There were different tribes of people always making war upon each other, and so it happened that the people were carried away as captives into other lands.

In the market-place of Rome they were sold as slaves, and among them were some dear little children. Their fair faces and golden hair attracted the attention of Gregory, a great and good man, who was passing by.

"Of what people are these?" he asked the trader.

"They are English," he answered, or, as the word ran in the language there spoken, "They are Angles."

"Not Angles, but angels," said Gregory, whose heart was full of pity, "their faces are like angels. From what country do they come?"

"They come," said the merchant, from Dears, in that language *De ira* means *from wrath*."

"De ira?" exclaimed the questioner, "ay, plucked from God's ire (wrath) and called to Christ's mercy." For he hoped

they would be taught about Jesus." "And what is the name of their king?"

"Aella," replied the merchant.

"Ah!" said Gregory; "and Alleluia shall be sung in Aella's land;" and he passed on, thinking of those sweet angel faces and how he could bring them and their people to sing the glad gospel song.

A few years after he sent missionaries to England. The new king Ethelbert, had just married a Christian wife, and so was prepared to receive them with kindness. That was about thirteen hundred years ago.

Was it the sight of those sweet little English captives that, with God's blessing, made England a Christian land? We cannot tell how much good in the world comes from the little children. The Bible says, "A little child shall lead them." Be pure and modest and lovely in your lives, dear children, that you may win those who are older to think rightly and to act nobly.

THE PENNIES.

It was a bright spring evening when little Polly stole softly into her father's room, with shoeless feet, and her golden hair falling lightly over her white night-gown, for it was bed time, and she had come to say "Good-night."

"Father," said the little one, raising her blue eyes to his kind face, "father, may I say my prayers beside you, for mother is too ill for me to go to her to-night?"

"Yes, pet," he answered, tenderly stroking her curly head.

And reverently the child knelt down

beside him, and repeated her evening prayer, adding at the close with special earnestness, "God bless my two pennies."

What can the child mean? thought her father in surprise; and when the little white-robed figure was gone, he went and asked her mother if she knew what their little daughter meant.

"Oh, yes!" said the lady. "Polly has prayed the prayer every night since she put her two pennies into the plate at the last missionary meeting."

Dear children, have you ever prayed to God for a blessing on the pennies you have put into the missionary box? If not, be sure you never forget to do so in the future.

STORY-BOOK TIME.

WHEN lessons are over
And toys put away,
In the quiet that follows
The noise of the day;
When tired of the pictures,
The riddles and rhymes,
We long for the pleasures
Of story-book time.

Red dances the firelight,
And creeps up the wall
With shadows of bogies
That flicker and fall;
Then closer we gather,
Nor dare we look round,
In case a great *something*
Should *somewhere* be found.

But when mamma enters
And closes the door,
Our fears are all ended,
We trouble no more;
And soon as she opens
The favorite book,
For the ghosts and the shadows
We spare not a look.

THE ROBIN.

SPRING has come, and the robin sings among the trees. Glad to see you, pretty bird! Sometimes, though, you come before the snows are quite gone; then you are obliged to run away and hide in some warm nook. Why do you like an apple tree so well? It is there we always see your nest. What a funny nest!—plastered with mud and lined with grass. We shall like to see you take your breakfast, though we wonder how you can eat worms.

One day we saw a dozen robins on a bush full of little purple pokeberries. A man came along with a gun, but he did not shoot them. Now, dear boys, you will not want to put your hands into a robin's nest? How would you like to have some tall man rob your pretty home?