

MADGE'S PLAN FOR HER NEW YEAR.

IT WAS an evening in the early spring and the Delbrooke family looked very cosy as they sat around the open fire place in the pretty little sitting room. Mr and Mrs Delbrooke sat on either side of the glowing fire.

Close to the lamp, and intent on the pages of a new book, sat Harry. Madge "the restless," as her brothers called her, moved about the room apparently in search of something to do. Frank and Arnold sat talking to their mother and father.

"Oh dear," Madge suddenly cried, sitting down on a low chair at her mother's side, it was Madge's birthday tomorrow. "Oh! dear, if only some one would think of something new; something that I could do tomorrow as a fit beginning for my new year."

Then after a moment's thought she said, "I've an idea." Here Harry looked up from his book long enough to say, "actually Madge?"

Not heeding this interruption Madge continued, "We're all awful grumblers in this house, except Mamma."

"Speak for yourself miss," said Arnold. "Well," she went on, only throwing a scornful glance at her brother, "no one denies that we are a set of grumblers."

"You did not give us a chance, Daughter," laughed her father, "but let us hear your plan."

"Well, we'll get a box, and every one who speaks a grumble must pay a cent; now who says 'yes?' A number of voices responded and at length practical Frank asked "What's to be done with the money?"

Oh, I didn't think of that," said Madge.

"Now it's my turn, dears," said Mrs Delbrooke, "how many would like to put it in a certain very much neglected Mite box?" She got no further, however, for Madge fairly shrieked, "Oh Mamma, how perfectly delightful; what a lovely plan, I guess the poor heathen that get the Bibles out of the money will be glad"—here she paused and her father said, "I do not see what the heathen have to do with it." "Why papa, the money will go into my Mite box and then the heathen will get Bibles out of our grumbles, almost." "Oh, well!" said Mr. Delbrooke, "your plan is a very good one and I have an idea that Madge's Mite box will have more in it than usual." After some more talk the mite box was brought out and placed on the mantel. The "grumble box," as Madge calls it, is still in existence and besides helping on a good cause, it is teaching one family to be more cheerful in their speech.

St John.

G. T. L.

A STORY ABOUT MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES.

A gentleman once met in the street a little girl whom he knew, and asked her where she was going with the

books and papers she held in her hand. "I'm going to my Mission Band meeting," was her reply.

"What do you go there for?"

"Why, I b'long to the concern."

The gentleman smiled at this big word, and said, "What, pray tell me, is the 'concern,' and what is it doing?"

"Why, it's missionary; my teacher said it was the American Board, and she calls it a 'grand concern' and children can b'long. I like to; we can help send missionaries to people who have never heard about Jesus."

"How can children help?"

"Why, you see, we study about the countries and we give money. Don't you b'long?"

"No," said the gentleman, laughingly shrugging his shoulders, "I can't say that I do."

The little maiden looked up in real surprise. "Don't you? I'm so sorry. I think it must make people very nice! my auntie has been a missionary for ever so long, and after she came home she went to a missionary meeting at Toledo, and I heard her say to mamma, 'I just wished that everybody who doesn't care about foreign missions could have seen the beautiful faces of the men and women I saw there.'"

Children, the reason this gentleman was not more interested in this great missionary "concern" was because he knew so little about it. Some one has said, "If we want to be interested in missions we must know the story of missions." And not only must we know about the work our missionaries have done, and are doing, but about the missionaries themselves.

Dayspring.

OUR OWN GOOD QUEEN.

One incident I have never see in print, was given when I was home, as having transpired in one of the London hospitals, Her Majesty was visiting the wards, and it was not considered wise for her to go into the fever ward. However, she did go and the first patient was a little girl, who was bitterly crying when the Queen entered.

Her Majesty stooped down and said, "Well, my dear, what are you crying for?"

"Please, marm," said the little one, "I want to see the Queen, and the nurse says she won't come in this ward. I know if I could see her I would get better." And she sobbed as if her little heart would break.

The Queen stooped down and kissed the fevered brow of the child and said, "There, my dear, now you have seen the Queen, and she has kissed you. Now make haste and get well."

A Londoner.