

while a band of angels, unseen witnesses, flew heavenward, singing, "Glory to God in the highest."

The brightness faded. Mr. Ellis started up; the fire had burned low, and the clock was striking twelve. Where was Margie? Was it possible he had only been dreaming? But there, on the table was the mite-box, and beside it the hundred dollars; they at least were a reality, and he resolved that part of his dream should become so too. Taking the box in his hand he lifted one piece of gold and dropped it in, saying, "It shall be your Christmas gift, Margie, and I give it for Jesus' sake;" then another piece followed, and another, until the twenty pieces were all in; then he turned out the light and retired for the night.

Christmas morning dawned bright and beautiful. The sun burst forth and the storm was over. All nature seemed to rejoice. Mr. Ellis rose early; the visions of the night was still before him, and he could not rest. Margie still seemed near him, and he wanted to see that "her little mite-box," as he called it now, was safe. Mrs. Ellis was surprised to find him holding it in his hand when she came down stairs, but still more surprised, and oh, how happy, when he told her his dream and what he had done; but she was to be made still happier, for as Mr. Ellis rose from the breakfast-table he dropped a ten dollar bill into her lap, saying "A Christmas gift,—and I think you had better join the Woman's Missionary Society to-day," and that was not all, for as she was starting for church he joined her, and said he believed he would go too, as it was Christmas day and it had been a long time since he attended church.

Very pretty the little church looked in its Christmas dress. So thought teachers and scholars as they assembled for Sabbath school. Happy faces were seen, and merry Christmas greetings were heard on every side. Only Dorothy Grey looked a little sad as she told the president of the band about her lost mite-box; but the cloud on her face was soon to be dispelled, for just before the closing exercises the superintendent held up a little package, saying, "Here is something I found on my desk when I came into the school this morning. On it is written, 'A Christmas gift for the Young Ladies' Band!'"

How excited the members of the band became as they heard the announcement—a Christmas gift for the Band! What could it be? Who could have sent it? As soon as the school closed they gathered around the superintendent's desk, and could scarcely wait while the president, with hands trembling with eagerness, unwrapped the mysterious package. What exclamations of surprise and delight were heard when they saw the box and its contents!

"One of our mite-boxes!" "Where did it come from?" "Gold!" "One hundred dollars?" "Oh? Oh? Oh?" "Did you ever hear of anything like it?" Then Dorothy, who had been looking on in silent astonishment, burst forth: "I do believe it is my lost mite-box! So it did have a mission to accomplish; how wonderful?"

"This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes," said the superintendent, softly.—*Selected.*

Our Missionary Band Prayer Meeting.

Last Saturday afternoon the "Cheerful Gleams" of Ottawa held their regular meeting. The room was crowded with happy children of all ages. Boys and girls entering their teens, and wee tots in their mothers'

arms. The President had arranged a very good programme. Songs, recitations and dialogues followed in quick succession. The hour passed pleasantly away, proving of real use to many present.

But it is of one reading, and its result that I wish to tell the boys and girls who read this paper. An older friend of the Band had been requested to attend and give an address. She had been somewhat puzzled as to what she should talk about this time. Our Gleaners meet so regularly and work so cheerfully in all seasons that they did not need to be urged to attend the meetings. Successful public entertainments are given now and then in the evening for the benefit of older friends who cannot attend the afternoon meetings. No collection is taken or admission fee charged, but a silver plate waits most invitingly just inside the door for gifts from all who wish to contribute, and this plate never waits in vain. The members of the Band take part in the songs and recitations or readings, each doing his or her best to make the meetings successful.

But as this older friend was wondering just what special thought to bring before the children that day she found in a newspaper a story some of you may have seen. It was called "How our Mission Band learned to pray," and was an account of a short prayer meeting held by the members of a Mission Band at one of its regular meetings. The President had talked earnestly to the children about using their voices for the master in another way than singing and reciting. Then she asked three little girls to lead in short prayers. But Bessie and her two little friends had never prayed aloud except at their mother's knee. They are not afraid to go with all their hearts to our Father in Heaven asking for His promised blessing, but they were afraid to let their little friends on earth hear their petitions to the King of Kings. So there was perfect silence in the room until the President prayed herself as usual. Afterwards she asked that each member present before the next meeting would think of one thing she wanted of the Lord, and be ready with one sentence containing this petition. A good many of these sentence prayers would make a Mission Band prayer-meeting. Going home the girls talked it over. Words came easily enough then, and each resolved in her heart to be ready for the next meeting. You will not need to be told what a happy time they spent when they met again, or how earnestly the little sentences, uttered by faltering lips sometimes, went up to the loving Father.

So our gleaners listened eagerly to this account of another Band, and it formed a good text for a practical application suggesting that we might have such a prayer-meeting. The President immediately asked how many would be willing to take part in such sentence-prayers. A pause followed—then one hand went slowly up—another—another—until the President had counted thirteen, chiefly those of the older members of the Band. So she said next time we would have a short programme first and then a prayer-meeting. But while singing a hymn a little note was handed to her asking that we should wait ten minutes longer, and have a few little prayers before we went to our homes. Oh, it was good to hear so many new voices asking blessings of the Lord for themselves and others! Several of the older members of our Band, since this New Year began have given their whole hearts to the dear Saviour, and are trying to live for Him. If all our Mission Bands would think over this matter and let their thoughts turn to actions what good meetings would be held! If our boys and girls are praying as well as giving the Foreign