

*** PALM BRANCH ***
 PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH.
 SAINT JOHN, N. B.

S. E. SMITH, EDITOR.
 SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, 15 CENTS A YEAR.
 FOR CLUBS OF TEN OR MORE TO ONE ADDRESS, 10c EACH A YEAR.

All Band reports and notes must be sent through the Branch Band Corresponding Secretaries.

All other articles intended for publication, all subscription orders with the money, must now be sent to

MISS S. E. SMITH,
 282 Princess Street,
 St. John, N. B.

APRIL, 1896.

"The Easter praises may falter
 And die with the Easter day,
 The blessings that brighten the altar
 In sweetness may fade away;
 But after the silence and fading
 Lingers a blessing unpriced,
 Above all changing and shading
 The love of the living Christ."

This is the glorious truth that comes home to our hearts to-day; that we have not a dead but a living Christ. A devotional writer beautifully defines the difference, when he says, "A dead Christ we must do everything for, but a living Christ will do everything for us." Do we believe the sweet story of long ago, handed down to us through all the ages, that Mary came with a sad heart, in the early hush of the morning, bearing precious spices to anoint the body of her Lord, and instead of a dead Christ found a living one? If we believe it, what shall we do with this glorious truth? Shall we not take it home to our inmost hearts and "feed upon it by faith" till we grow strong to do and dare for this living Christ, who is able and willing to "do everything for us"?

Would it be worth while for us to send missionaries out to foreign lands to plant there the standard of a dead Christ? Thank God we have no such cold, cheerless message to send, but a message straight from the warm, tender, living heart of the Christ Himself, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

Our prayers this month must be for the people of our own Dominion, and those countries in Europe who are denied the privilege—which is ours—of reading for themselves the Word of God. Let us pray that all efforts made in their behalf may be abundantly blessed.

Any subscriber not receiving papers, please communicate with the editor.

Any subscriber sending order and money, who does not receive an acknowledgment of the same, will please communicate with the editor.

Please take notice.—It is only to clubs of ten or more, to one address, that the paper is ten cents each a year. This is the very best we can do for you.

Please use the subscription blanks for renewal, when sent to you. They give us just the information we want. Trouble arises when we do not know the name of the one to whom the papers were sent last year.

Please renew AT ONCE, we do not wish to lose your name from our list of subscribers.

If any one who has already renewed her subscription receives a blank, please set it down as a mistake.

In view of the limitations of our little paper, we are compelled to ask our kind contributors to give us short articles, considerably less than a thousand words, whenever possible.

The blackboard lesson of last month must be credited to the Hampton Band.

Our thanks are due to the kind friend in Halifax, whose interesting story will be found in our columns to-day. We shall hope to hear from her again.

A HOME MISSION STORY.

IT was near the close of a hot August day, and we girls, after lounging around all the afternoon, trying to keep cool and to keep our tempers as well, brightened as we felt the breeze from the water, and roused up sufficiently to make plans for the evening. We need no introduction to our readers, for we were four such girls as may be met daily. The plain, rather quiet one—that was I; the pretty one with eyes dancing in merriment—that was Kate; while Meg and Sue were only distinguished by their good nature, and capability for incessant talking. "Where shall we go, that we may forget this dreadful afternoon?" was the question. "To Miss Lane's. If anyone can make us feel thankful for our discomforts, it will be her." This from Sue, who, in her impulsiveness was sometimes regardless of grammar.

The walk through the pretty street, quiet after the heat and turmoil of the day, bordered on one side by the calm river, on the other by branching chestnut trees, put us in a more contented frame of mind. We found Miss Lane sitting in her little old-fashioned garden, enjoying the perfume of mignonette and sweet-briar. She had but just returned to Centerville to spend her vacation with her widowed mother. For Miss Lane was a music teacher in a girls' boarding school. Perhaps you think that music teachers are very commonplace. But I propose before I have finished to make you like my Miss Lane. To be sure she was not beautiful, but we were apt to forget that, when we listened to her kind words, and saw the lighting up of her "soulful eyes" as Meg called them.

"Oh, Miss Lane, do tell us a story," we all cried after our greetings were fairly over. "But, girls,"