

MISSION BAND WORK.

In looking over Palm Branch, I notice that you ask for opinions on the method of choosing one field for special study during the year. I, for one, do most heartily approve of studying one until the children are so familiar with it, especially with the names of the mission stations and missionaries, that they cannot think of them apart from their proper place.

I have found that when we talk of Japan one month, China the next, and Canada the next, that the result is rather a confused idea of them all.

After a few months study of Japan we recognize a Japanese name and will never again think it like any other foreign name. In the same way if we live among the Indians long enough we must recognize Indian names, and in China, Chinese names.

It may take a long time to go over the fields in this way, but what children have once learned will not be forgotten. I hope you will get many opinions on this matter and let Palm Branch readers have the benefit of them.

Fredericton.

E. E. C.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

Over the hills of Bethlehem
A white star hung one night;
The low, gray walls of the little town
All lay in a silver light.

Over the hills of Bethlehem
Three wise men came from afar;
"Where is the baby King," they said,
"Who leadeth us by his star?"

Over the walls of Bethlehem
The great, white star hung low;
And they found the King on a manger throne.
And the kine in a kneeling row.

Around the Baby of Bethlehem
The heavens once touched the earth,
And choirs of angels came thronging down
To carol the Saviour's birth.

Oh, where is the cradle of Bethlehem?
And where is the baby King?
Thy heart, dear child, is the cradle throne,
And around it the angels sing.

And the King the stars are under his feet,
All worlds are within his hand,
And when thou art grown in the grace of Him,
Thy heart--it shall understand

- MARY A. LATHBURY in C. M. F.

Suggested Programme for Mission Bands.—February.

Subject for prayer: "The Indians of our Dominion.
"The stranger within our gates."

I. Hymn.

II. Prayer. "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and the heart never resteth till it findeth rest in Thee."

III. Scripture lesson.

IV. Regular business.

V. Hymn

VI. Map exercise, pointing out mission stations and naming missionaries.

VII. A short paper on the work in our Indian Homes."

VIII. Recitation.

IX. Solo.

X. Reading, "Christmas at Coqualeetza."⁽¹⁾

XI. "Manners and Customs of Indians of Simpson District, B. C."⁽²⁾

XII. Scrap book. (Each member will bring an item on the Indian Work.)

XIII. Doxology and Benediction.

1. Annual Report, pages xxviii-xxix, lxxii-lxxvii, or Field Study.

2. "Outlook"—March, 1898.

3. "Our Work," No. 5.

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION,

OR HOW A PRAYER WAS ANSWERED.

MISS ELLIS looked worried and troubled. She hesitated some minutes before speaking, but finally, with a sigh, she said:—"My child I cannot begin to tell you how grieved I am to let you go, but after this month there will be no provision for you, and in justice to the rest, I cannot keep you any longer."

The young girl standing at the desk was looking at her with eyes so full of mute appeal and longing that she found it hard to go on. Continuing to gaze at her teacher a moment in silence, the girl stooped and laid her lips softly on the fair hand near her

"The Gracious Madam has been so kind to me. May God's love be around her."

Miss Ellis quite broke down. "Oh, Fairy Blossom! I know how much you wish to stay another year and fit yourself for a teacher that you may go back to your village and tell the blessed tidings to your own people. Oh, pray every day, Fairy, that God will send us help!"

"Every hour of the day, dear teacher, will I bow myself before him." Then the pretty, dark-eyed girl went patiently away.

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Away off in America, three bright girls between fifteen and seventeen, about Fairy's Blossom's age, were going along to school.

"Oh, girls!" cried Grace, "there is Eva waiting for us."

Little Eva was a great pet of theirs, and, nearly every morning, waited on the bridge and walked back to her home with them.

This morning she had her red cart and was giving her largest doll and tiger kitten a ride.

The doll *looked* delighted, but the kitten found it hard work to keep still so long

"Good morning, sweetheart. How is your family?" inquired Nellie.

"Quite comfortable," answered Eva. "Only I'm so afraid Snip will have the earache. I just can't make him keep it covered up." And she anxiously tucked Snip's ear, that was sticking straight up, under the red handkerchief, where it stayed about a minute.

Bessie helped her to draw the cart and Nellie undertook to keep Snip's ear under shelter until Eva reached home. As the girls left her she said: "Tomorrow is New Year's, so I don't suppose you will come."

"Oh, yes; we are going down to the church the first thing in the morning to see about the tables. Good-by."

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