

# PALM \* BRANCH.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., OCTOBER, 1900.

An editorial in the *Woman's Missionary Friend* for September says: "It was a happy design that made the close of our W. F. M. S. one with the natural harvest-time. What better hour to reap the spiritual harvest of the prayers and endeavors of a year's labor than when the earth is giving back in plenitude of thanksgiving."

Have we of the W. M. S. of the Methodist Church of Canada anything for which to be thankful?

Are we reaping any spiritual harvest from all the seed-sowing of the past year, in home and foreign lands? Has God been good to us in sparing the lives of all our beloved missionaries in the fields, notwithstanding threatened dangers and actual perils? Has He blessed the efforts of these faithful missionaries to rescue souls, made to glorify His name, from the blackness of sin and the dire results of ignorance and superstition; to raise lives sunk in degradation and misery to the happy level of Christian civilization? Have we anything for which to be thankful in the experience which must have come to our home-workers in richer, fuller lives, broadened out in the noble service which, more than any other, has a blessed reflex influence upon those who serve? If so, why not thank God and take courage for another year?

Miss Hodgkins, editor of the *W. M. Friend*, on her return from "around the world" experience, speaks thus lovingly to her readers:—

"Your editor ends a notable journey, covering more than ninety thousand miles, and filling her head with spiritual kodak films that it will take the remainder of life to develop."

Many former opinions have suffered change, many previous convictions have known qualification, but there remains the unalterable belief, a thousand times intensified, that Jesus Christ is the one and only salvation of a lost humanity."

It is wonderful!—the great good that is being done by missionaries, even in China. Do not listen to the story that the real enemies of Christ have tried to circulate—that the missionaries are at the bottom of all this disturbance in China. Those who know, say that if missionaries had been sent long ago, and more of them, this disturbance might never have been. We have been much interested in the letter of an American

missionary in "Shanghai, the wealthiest and wickedest city of China." He gives a vivid picture of its activity in trade, but also in wickedness. He says "there is an open door for the fiend as well as the saint to enter the land." He has "been repeatedly told, in the distant interior, that Chinese pastors, in narrating the story of the Prodigal Son, do not say that he went to a far country, but that he went to Shanghai, and there spent his substance in riotous living! Its repute for wickedness is even more widespread than its reputation for trade." But he also tells us of a wonderful work done there within the past six months. Of a Chinese businessmen's association organized, which includes the features of the Young Men's Christian Association in this land. Bicycle club, tennis club, evening classes, religious meetings, Bible classes and informal lectures. It has already 162 charter members, mostly college graduates. An able Chinese secretary has been secured. There are other associations and altogether in China 512 members.

Thanks to any kind friends who have helped us by contributions during the past year. Still remember us! Thanks, too, for all kind words sent us during the year.

## Our Chinese Home in Victoria, B. C.

I will try to give you my recollections of our Chinese Home in Victoria, as I saw it in the summer and autumn of 1898. There have since been several changes in the management.

One hot, lovely day in August we turned from the queer streets of Victoria's Chinatown and in a minute or two found ourselves in an apparently different locality; not many houses, and in rather a large field, with a tree or two, the Home we read about in our "Outlook" and Leaflet. It is a large, old-fashioned dwelling—might be called colonial style—is sunny and bright inside and out, and if, as some fancy, the mental and moral tone of an abode can quickly be detected, then that of our Home is cheery and wholesome. At this, our first visit, found Miss Morgan in charge; Miss Bowes had taken several of the girls for a day's excursion.

Miss Morgan shewed us neat bedrooms, parlor, schoolroom and kitchen; then proposed that we accompany her and the Japanese girls for a walk, she shewing us the Chinese shops. As Miss Morgan was evangelist among the foreign residents of this locality, her offer was an excellent one for myself and daughters, and a very delightful chaperone did she make.

In our wanderings that afternoon we found for sale just such articles as our great grandmothers might have bought, though, of course, not in Victoria, as it numbers but forty years of existence. The odd China was very attractive, but so, too, were the Canton crepe shawls, handkerchiefs and embroidered ties and scarves—perhaps the same patterns as those used in the long ago, but the quality of the textures may have deteriorated. We strolled on, Japanese girls ahead,