

PALM ✻ BRANCH.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH.

St. 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

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APRIL, 1898.



HIS is our beautiful Easter month! when all nature wakes up from its long winter sleep and rejoices in the balmy breeze and glowing sunshine which takes the place of wintry wind and lowering cloud.

The crocus and the trailing arbutus shake themselves free from the fetters that so long have bound them down beneath the surface of the earth, and raise their pretty heads in the proud consciousness of new life and beauty. The beaver and the mole leave their sheltering homes for the building places of the spring, and the glad earth gets ready for the song of birds.

Why should not dormant *souls* awake, shake off their chrysalis of sloth and inaction and rise up to all their glorious privilege of strength and development! Souls—which can take in, as nature never can, the glorious meaning of the word Resurrection and the immortality involved, "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept."

"Oh, Mis' Burton, I can't put it inter words how I felt when I see Jacob (the caterpillar) come out o' his very grave an' spread his wings an' fly round my room, nor how I cried right out loud as I see it, 'Why not my boy too! O, Lord you can do that jest as easy as this!'"
 —"Aunt Rahdy."

The Easter Offering this year goes to build the "Jennie Ford Home" for the little worse than orphans of China—the little waifs cast out to die. Let us give to this noble work with grateful, loving hearts.

Our thought and prayer this month are to be for our own Dominion—that God will bless French-Canadian Missions, and break the power that prevails in papal countries. Are we Patriots? Do we love our country?

Do we want to see the world free from the yoke of superstition and tyranny? God does not require human sacrifices like the gods of ancient Rome. He asks us to live for our country, not to die for it; to guard well its sacred interests and to work for its highest welfare. He asks us to tell to a lost world the story of the one great sacrifice made to redeem it. This knowledge is withheld from many in our own Dominion.

It is interesting to us as a W. M. S. that the first whose heart was touched in reference to the education of French-Canadian children was a woman, the saintly Madame Feller, who came to Canada from Switzerland in 1835. Madame Feller began her work in Montreal by teaching the alphabet to a few children and reading the gospel to all who would hear, visiting from house to house. This lasted only a few months, when, by the command of those in authority, all doors were closed against her. Driven from the city, she went to Grand Ligne, some distance from Montreal, where began the great mission of that name, under the care of the Baptist Church. This Mission has been the means of bringing thousands to Christ. An English Protestant once said to Madame Feller, "You will never convert a French-Canadian in your life." "I fully acknowledge my incapacity in this respect," replied Madame Feller, "but God who has sent me here will do it by the power of his Word and Spirit, and you will see it some day."—Our French Work.

We are very thankful to Miss Preston and Miss Cunningham for remembering us so kindly. Too bad that their interesting communications were just a little too late for the Japan number. We give Miss Cunningham's now and will hold Miss Preston's over for next month.

We are asked to give a serial story! Who will volunteer to write it?

We were much pleased to receive the handsome catalogue of the College for Ladies, Whitby, Ontario. It was a very pleasant reminder of our delightful entertainment there last October. It is beautifully gotten up, with fine illustrations.

An Example from Ceylon.

We send missionaries to convert the heathen; but after they are converted, they send examples to us. Here is an instance:

Every tenth cocoanut tree in Christianized Ceylon is marked with a sign which shows that its fruit is to be given to the Lord. From every day's store many a Ceylonese mother takes a handful of rice for the "Lord's box."