

LETTER FROM REV. MR. KIRBY.

Dear Children of the Palm Branch:

I don't know whether I should be pleased or sorry that I sent my last letter asking you so many questions. I know what my own object and aim was, but I am not so sure you can tell "Cousin Joy" what it was. I hardly think it was "just for fun," because there is not generally thought to be much "fun" in giving money.

I think there is great fun in giving, and I enjoy giving very much, but the most of people think its awful hard to give.

Somebody told me about an old man who gave a dollar to missions when the collector called, and as he was a rich man the collector said:

"Why, Mr. Blank, is that all you are going to give to missions? Why I thought you were a rich man, and if God has prospered you so much you ought to give more than that."

"Ah," said the old man, "if you only knew how it hurt me to give that, you would not ask me to give any more."

It was no fun for him to give. Poor old man, to talk about "hurting" him to give one dollar, when our Dear Father in Heaven gave His Only Begotten Son.

Well, now, to some there is no "fun" in giving, but to me there is the greatest of pleasure; but it was not that which made me write the letter.

I wanted to find out how much you know about the Bible, or to give you a chance to search and find out for yourselves. I sometimes ask my Band questions which they cannot answer, but before the next meeting they have found them out.

For instance, it is well to find out who it was lamed himself praying? Who killed a lion in a pit of snow? What is the root of all evil? What does the Bible say about boys and girls praying? and a lot of others, but, of course, these are not to be answered unless you like. I have no more prizes just now, and as "Cousin Joy" don't like them, "because they don't go round," I will not offer anything which won't go round if I can help it.

I must thank those children who answered the questions; but only one was correct, and that one was from Snider Mountain. The answers of Ada Campbell were not perfect, as the true answers will show, indeed, only one was quite right, and that was one not mentioned in the June Palm Branch at all.

I have a scheme in my mind which I would like to develop and organize in our churches and Sunday-schools. "Boys Missionary Brigades," or something of that kind, and then I think I could get the boys to work. You know "us boys" are so bashful, we don't like to be with the girls in the Mission Band, because we never get made officers at all, and we like office—we are pleased to be called "Captain," and if we had a branch of our own we could entertain the young ladies of the Mission Band sometimes and raise a lot of money for missions.

That's all for this time.

Your friend,

W. J. Kirby

MISSIONARY MOTHER GOOSE.

LITTLE JACK HORNER.

BY B. N. BANKS.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a very queer pie;
He saw in a trice
It held everything nice
From the lands where the mission
fields lie.

From Ceylon came the spice,
And from China the rice,
And bananas from African high-
lands;
There were nutmegs and cloves,
Sent from Borneo's groves
And yams from the South Sea
Islands.

There were nuts from Brazil,
All the corners to fill,
And sugar and sago from Slam,
And from Turkey a fig
That was really so big
Jack's mouth thought, "It's larger
than I am."

There were pomegranates fair,
Grown in Persia's soft air,
And tortillas from Mexico, found
there;
And there did appear
Grapes and grains from Korea,
And all of the things that abound
there.

A Syrian date
Did not turn up too late;
He need not for tea to Japan go;
Tamarinds were not few.
There were oranges, too,
And from India many a mango.

"Now," thought little Jack,
"What shall I send back
To these lands for their presents to
me?
The Bible, indeed,
Is what they all need,
So that shall go over the sea."
—Our Sea and Land.

MARY OWEN ALLEN! Mary Owen Allen!"
There was something in Guy's voice that made poor little Mary jump. She dropped her doll with a "Dear me! what have I done now?" and ran down stairs, where her brother was. He held one hand behind him, while the other, with a wrathful forefinger extended, was held toward her. "Stealer! stealer! stealer!" said he scornfully. Mary's face grew red. "I never, Guy Pease Allen!" and then she began to cry and wipe her eyes with a tiny handkerchief.

She knew Guy did not like to see tears, but now he did not mind the bit of muslin at all, but cried: "You did! you did! You stole the money out of my mite box. There's a hole right in the bottom, and all my money's—gone."