

WAITING TO GROW.

Little white crocuses, just waking up;
Violet, daisy and sweet buttercup,
Under the leaves, the ice, and the snow,
Waiting to grow.

Think what a host of queer little seeds,
Flowers and mosses and ferns and weeds,
Under the leaves, the ice, and the snow,
Waiting to grow.

Think of the roots getting ready to spout,
Reaching their slender, brown fingers about,
Waiting to grow.

Nothing so small or hidden so well,
That God cannot find it and presently tell
His sun where to shine and his rain where to go,
Helping them grow.

--[The Kindergarten.]

Letter from Rev. Mr. Kirby.

Dear children of the Palm Branch:

I said to myself, "now I'm going to write to the Easter number of the Palm Branch," and then the young lady who calls at my house with our favourite little paper came in with the April number, and that was the Easter number, and I was in the same fix the foolish virgins were when the bridegroom came.

Surely it's true:

"Naught treads so softly as the foot of time."

I had missed the chance to write on the greatest event the world ever witnessed, the Resurrection of our King, Jesus.

So what can I do now? Well, I am going to write something about Easter doings in our church. I mean the Easter not-doings—for we never had an Easter service in our church on the usual day for that festival of the church.

Something happened to the heating apparatus of our church, so it was closed all day. No preaching! No music! No Sunday-school! Just the right kind of an experience to make us think of those who have no churches, and no Easter services.

I was expecting to preach to the women of the W. M. S. that Sunday night, but I had to give it up.

However, I was bound to do something missionary, so on Monday I went to the Mission Band and we had a grand time. Singing, recitations, dialogues, etc. Then I was allowed to speak just as many minutes as there were people in the Ark. I felt so sorry we did not have any services on Sunday, so I said, "Now I am going to give a cent to the collection" for every one who was out to some service on Sunday, and up went as many hands as the day of the month when the water dried up from the earth after the flood. However, I didn't mind that, because I knew the Mission Band would be that much better off.

Well, on Tuesday our W. M. S. held an open auxiliary at the residence of one of the members. So I went to that, too, (of course I have a right to go; I am a member of the W. M. S.), and we had a fine time there. I thought, no wonder they love the mission work, why they know all about it. "Watch Tower" reports were most inspiring, and the whole proceedings

were enough to make us say what the disciples did after Jesus left them at Emmaus. Then they asked me to speak, and said I would have as many minutes as there were golden mice sent back by the Philistines with the Ark of God; and I felt talking to the women about the events of John XX. was most enjoyable. Then the collection, and I felt so thankful to be there that I gave a cent for each year of the age of Amaziah when he began to reign, and when I had totalled all I gave, I found that if I had been Nebo, and had as many children, I just gave a cent each for them, or a cent for each year of Azariah's reign—or a cent for each day that it took to re-build the walls of Jerusalem. After all this we had refreshments and a very pleasant time, and then went home, almost wishing we could have a men's missionary society on the same plan, and could get the men as much enthused as the women are on this subject of missions.

Dear me! I have filled up all my paper, and I have only just got through two missionary meetings this week yet.

Well, never mind, by the time you have found out the things from the Bible I have mentioned in my letter I shall be back again with something else.

I want the children of Palm Branch to find out these numbers, and to the first Mission Band in N. B. and P. E. I. Conference which sends the correct answer, with scriptures marked, to Palm Branch (Cory Corner one dollar will be given to its funds.

By your friend,

W. J. KIRBY.

[Mr. Kirby's kind offer is to the Bands of N. B. and P. E. I. Conference. It is to Bands in country places, not to city bands, and not within twenty miles of St. John. You see the answer is to be sent to Palm Branch, and one so near would reach St. John too soon to give all a fair chance. The child finding and sending the first correct answer to the whole will secure the dollar for the band to which he or she belongs. It must be won by a band member and a subscriber to Palm Branch! These are the conditions. Who will try?]

[The Chinese Habit of Doing Things Backward.]

1. In America when two gentlemen meet they raise their hats and shake each other's hands; in China to raise the hat would be an insult, and each man shakes his own hands.

2. When a friend or relative dies they wear white mourning instead of black, and allow themselves to become dirty instead of keeping themselves clean.

3. When they address their friends they use the family name first; thus, John Smith in China would be addressed Smith John.

4. We build the best side of the house toward the street; they build the windowless side outward, and throw all the dirt in the street.

5. The streets in American cities are about six inches lower than the sidewalks; in China they are built up two feet above the sidewalks.—Exchange.