

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

SCOTTER, LINCOLN, JULY 15, 1896.

To the Editors of the Palm Branch:

Although it is now several months since I gave up my work at the Chinese Home, Victoria, B. C., I keep up a correspondence with some of those who either were or are still its inmates, and I think while I live I shall continue to be deeply interested in the welfare and prosperity of our Mission to the Chinese on the Pacific coast. Mission work was to me a delightful service, cheered by the appreciation of those among whom I was placed; but how I longed that more should be accomplished in many ways.

A good, amiable girl named Ah Hoe (Martha), was not so quick to comprehend as some of the others; and while she would assent to what was taught, did not express herself in thoughts of her own. Before I left I said to her: "Martha, three things I want you always to remember. Three things, Martha—you can think of that many, can you not?"

"Yes, mamma."

"You know that little verse you say, 'God is love.' That is one thing. You can always think of that, cannot you?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Well now for two things. 'Jesus saves!'" and we went over some well-known verses; and I said, "That is just the meaning of those verses you have often heard, 'Jesus saves.' Martha, can you remember these two things?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And Martha, one more. You know here we take every thing to Jesus in prayer—all that troubles us, all we want help about, and things we have to thank Him for; if you go away from here sometimes you will want some one to tell everything to. Tell anything to Jesus, Martha. Now you will, won't you, always remember those three things, 'God is Love,' 'Jesus saves,' 'What a friend we have in Jesus.'" She promised compliance.

About three months ago I received a letter from her, saying: "Just now I am so happy! I *know* God loves me, Jesus saves me, and that I have a friend in Jesus." I wrote to her, saying I prayed that the "just now" of this blessed knowledge might be through her whole life. She is now married to a good Christian Chinaman, and I think will make a good wife. Last Christmas I received a letter from the husband of one who married not long before I left the Home, concluding with: "We two never forget every night to pray for our dear mother away from us." My heart still longs after them.

Yours truly,

MARY E. MORROW.

Dear Children of the PALM BRANCH.

I almost wrote "Leaves" instead of Children, and yet I don't know that it would have been a very serious mistake. The Bible speaks of "the leaves of the trees" being for the "healing of the nations." I am sure that's what we are hoping for the children of the PALM BRANCH. We want them to be like the leaves and go forth to heal the nations, by telling of the gospel which will heal the wounds, and sorrows and sufferings made by sin. Why Jesus is the Prince of Peace, and where He goes he carries peace, and thus ends all the sufferings produced by war. What an awful thing a war is, and yet we have some of the most pathetic things recorded connected with the battle field. Let me tell you a story.

In the time of the civil war in America, a gentleman, whose name I forget, was engaged amongst the wounded and dying as chaplain. He would go to those who had been shot down and try and point them to Jesus. One night he left the camp, and went away on some business, which detained him later than he expected. As he approached the camp, the sentinel raised his loaded gun at the dark figure he saw approaching, and cried out:

"Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"The pass-word please."

"Chicago."

"Wrong, sir. Return, or I'll fire."

The gentleman very quietly went back, and found that the pass-word had been changed during his absence; but he secured the new one from the proper authority, and once more approached the camp.

Again the sentinel raised his gun, and asked:

"Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"The pass-word please."

"Massachusetts."

"Correct, sir."

The gentleman passed inside the line, and going up to the sentinel, said:

"Well sir, you seemed very particular to get the pass-word from me before I could enter. Have you the pass-word to heaven?"

"Yes sir, I have."

"What is it please?"

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin."

"And pray where did you learn that?"

"From your lips, sir, in the Sunday School, years ago."

And here was a teacher and a scholar, who had not met for many years, rejoicing together.

How happy that gentleman felt when he heard this.

Let us go forward as "healers of the nations," carrying the sweet story of Jesus and His Love. Shall we do it? Good bye.

Yours,

W. J. KIRBY.

Ch'town, July 28, 1896.