

THE PALM BRANCH.

he decided he would make a better school teacher, but he says: "I mean to teach Christianity wherever I go just the same as if I were a preacher." It will take no little courage to remain true to this resolve, for Christianity is hated and opposed in the Normal Schools and among the teachers everywhere, but we are praying that our Junjaro San may have strength above his own, given him to keep him true to his Master and make him a real Missionary in his school life.

Only two others of our group are boys, the two at the left of the Matron as you face the picture, and one of these will have a special interest for you as he is "Herbie Bellamy's boy," of whom you heard last month—he is the middle boy of the group of three at the left of the back row, and his name is Naotoka San. He was left an orphan entirely without relatives or friends and was the first one to be thrown on the care of the ladies of our Society nearly two years before the Orphanage was opened. He is a quiet, studious boy, and has also at his own request been baptized, as have also the eldest two girls, the one at the right of the Matron, and the one in the dark dress at the right end of the second row. This last named girl, Tsuda San, is now in the Tokyo School taking the course which will fit her to become a teacher or Bible Woman we hope, and the one sitting next to her is to be sent into Tokyo this year to continue her studies in the same way, she having proved herself exceptionally bright and fond of study, taking the first six years of the ordinary school course in three years and usually leading her class, though she could not read a word when she was taken into the Orphanage four years ago.

The little curly haired girl sitting next to this one is also proving herself an exceptionally bright, attractive child, as are also the three little ones sitting in the centre of the front row. The smallest one in the front is little O Mika San, who has had all her school and half of her other expenses paid for her by a little boy in America, just her own age, who saves up and earns pennies for that purpose, sending them into the Missionary Society as soon as he can get a dollar together, and it is surprising how soon a dollar can be made out of the pennies that are so easily spent for candy and such things every year by most little boys and girls. Every dollar sent in this way turns into two Japanese dollars when it reaches Japan, and then it brings as much food and clothing as four dollars would for you, for it takes only twenty of our dollars to support a child a whole year in either Japan or China.

But I am making my introduction too long and must stop now, only let me tell you just one thing more, and that is about O Teru San, the little girl who sits in the centre of the front row. She was just six years old when we took her, and her mother was about to sell her to become a little slave girl. Her two older sisters had been already

sold for five and six dollars, and O Teru San being so young was to be sold for *one dollar*. Her father was dying and her mother was too poor to provide food for her five children so she felt obliged to sell them although she did not wish to do so, and gladly gave the little one to us when we heard of the case and offered to take her. At least half of the girls in this group have been saved from just such a fate by our Orphanage, and think what a different future is in store for them growing up as they are now in a Christian household and learning to know and love the true God—our God.

M. A. VEAZEY.

OUT OF TOUCH.

BY JEAN H. WATSON.

Only a smile, yes, only a smile,
That a woman overburdened with grief
Expected from you. 'T would have given relief
For her heart ached sore the while;
But weary and cheerless she went away,
Because as it happened, that very day
You were "out of touch" with your Lord.

Only a word, yes, only a word,
That the Spirit's small voice whispered "Speak,"
But the workers passed onward, unblest and weak,
Whom you were meant to have stirred
To courage, devotion and love anew,
Because when the message came to you,
You were "out of touch" with your Lord.

Only a note, yes, only a note,
For a friend in a distant land;
The Spirit said "Write" but then you had planned
Some different work, and you thought
It mattered little, you did not know
'T would have saved a soul from sin and woe;
You were "out of touch" with your Lord.

Only a song, yes, only a song,
That the Spirit said "Sing tonight—
Thy voice is thy Master's by purchased right;"
But you thought "Mid this motley throng
I care not to sing of the City of Gold"—
And the heart that your words might have reached
grew cold;
You were "out of touch" with your Lord.

Only a day, yes, only a day!
But, Oh, can you guess my friend,
Where the influence reaches and where it will end
Of the hours that you frittered away?
The Master's command is "Abide Ye!"—
And fruitless and vain will your service be,
If "out of touch" with your Lord.