

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Miss Sadie S. Foster, corresponding secretary of the "Willing Hand" Mission Band, of Somerset, King's Co., N. S., sends us a letter from one of the little Indian girls in the Crosby Girls' Home, Port Simpson. This letter was read at the Berwick Convention by one of the little band girls, and it was there suggested that it should be sent to Palm Branch. Miss Foster says: "The Helping Hand Mission Band of Somerset is trying to support this little girl. Her name is Ella Hincksmann, she is ten years of age, and is a nice writer."

We are glad to have such an interesting letter from this little Indian girl.

Port Simpson, B. C., May 11th, 1899.

My Dear Friends:

Miss Paul told me to write you a letter this morning. I am getting along very well in this home. We go to school every day. I am in the second book. We had a nice time on Christmas. I had a beautiful doll on Christmas, one of the little girls sent it to me, her name is Kate Downey. We played with Miss Clark in the kitchen. When New Year came Miss Paul took some of the girls down to the village to see what was going on. The brass band played—the people pretended to be Chinamen and Negroes. Some girls and boys were in a broom brigade, and old Santa Claus came with a basket full of presents. He said that he was late, but he could not get here before. I did not go because I had German measles.

I was three years old when I came in this home. My friends are not in this village. I was going to write a letter to my mother, but the teachers do not know where she lives. There are thirty-three girls in this home. There are two little girls in this home named Maudie and Dollie; their friends are not in this village. We have a big cat named Topsy—she has seven little kittens, and we call one of them Black-eye. We have a dog, named Claro. He can sit up and beg for some meat. We have some little chickens; we heard them peeping under the play-room. Miss Clark and Miss Blanchard went away in the Alcedonia last week and they came back the same night. I have a brother in the Boys' Home—his name is Johnny Hincksmann; he was a little boy when he came. We had a tea party on Thursday, and the home boys came over; we had a nice supper. Miss Clark said that some of the girls are going to Maas in the Summer. We always go for a picnic in summer. We picked some flowers for children's day, and made pretty bouquets. We went over the Island and got some blue berries, and we came home very happy; all of the girls had berries in their tins. On Sunday the girls wore flowers. One little girl sent her love to you all.

Thanking you for your kindness to me,

I am yours sincerely,

ELLA HINCKSMAN.

A BRAVE AFRICAN BOY.

A writer in the Golden Rule gives a thrilling account of the heroism of native converted children in Africa.

About three years ago our missionary and his wife, who for three years had been in charge of Baraka Station, on the west coast of Africa, were driven away by the chiefs, and were threatened with death if they should attempt to return. They had done faithful work, and left the mission house and farm in charge of Tom and Uriah, two converted nursery boys. The kindred of Uriah came in force, seized him, dragged him from the mission, and gave him his choice between renouncing Jesus and being beaten.

Uriah said: "I no give up Jesus."

Then they beat him nearly to death.

He kept repeating: "I no give up Jesus."

Then they took him to a small stream of water, and held his head under until the poor boy was nearly strangled; but every time he got his head above water he said: "I no give up Jesus."

Then they tied a rope about him, and ran him up into the inner cone of one of their huts, and kindled a fire underneath him, and threw on it a lot of red pepper. The strangling fumes of which surpass anything this side of perdition. Poor Uriah sneezed and coughed and fainted. When they supposed that he was dead, they lowered him and dragged him out of the hut; and in the fresh air he soon opened his eyes, when his would-be-murderers crowded around him, shouting: "Now you will give up Jesus!"

"No; I die for Jesus. He died for me, and I want to die for him."

Thinking they could not prevail, they left him; and he returned to the mission and he and Tom held the fort.

FOOTNOTES.

A little girl whose mother brought home her first pair of low-cut shoes called "ankle ties" ran to greet her grandpa, saying, "Look at the low-necked slippers mamma gave me!"

In many countries of Europe the country people and poorer city folk wear wooden shoes instead of leather.

We seldom hear the clatter of wooden shoes on American sidewalks, but some of the children of French emigrants wear them. There is a maker of wooden shoes in New York city.

Straw sandals are still in China and Japan.

Egyptian shoes were made of palm and papyrus interlaced.

The ancient Persian wore close-fitting boots reaching to the knees.

Egyptian hieroglyphics show the cobbler to have been known in the time of the Ptolemys—two thousand years ago.

Removing the shoes is still a mark of respect in the East, as it has been for thousands of years.

The Roman women wore house slippers with cork soles, and increased their height by building up these soles to a great thickness.—[Selected.]