



Devoted to the interests of the Mission Circles and Bands of the Woman's Missionary Society, Methodist Church, Canada.

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NEW EVERY MORNING.

Every day is a fresh beginning
 Every morn is the world made new,
 You who are weary of sorrow and sinning
 Here is a beautiful hope for you,
 A hope for me and a hope for you.
 All the past things are past and over,
 The tasks are done and the tears are shed.
 Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover,
 Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled
 Are healed with the healing which night has shed.
 Yesterday now is a part of forever
 Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,
 With glad days, and sad days, and bad days, which never
 Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
 Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.
 Let them go since we cannot re-live them,
 Cannot undo and cannot atone ;
 God in his mercy receive, and forgive them,
 Only the new bright days are our own,
 To-day is ours and to-day alone.
 Every day is a fresh beginning
 Listen my soul, to the glad refrain,
 And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
 And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
 Take heart with the day and begin again.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

SADIE HART.

NOW MRS. SPENCER.

IF all the young women of our Canadian Methodism who have been called to labor in our Mission fields, none have shown more heroic self-sacrifice than Miss Hart. When Christ called she gave "The serving love which was her life's pure gold," and in the freshness and strength of her young womanhood, with the joy of perfect satisfaction, she gave herself willingly to the life of a missionary.

From her earliest years Sadie always confided in her mother. All that happened to her, all that concerned her, was lovingly entrusted to the sympathetic mother,

who so wisely and tenderly guided her young feet along the "slippery paths of youth." Our young readers will understand, in some measure, what it must have cost Sadie to leave such a mother, upon whom she had always depended for guidance. When the hour of separation came, some of her intimate friends wondered what she would do—she was such a "mother's girl."

About six years ago, an urgent appeal came from the Indian Girls' Home, at Port Simpson, for more help. With an undue strain upon her strength Miss Knight's health had utterly failed, and the needs of the Home demanded prompt assistance. Perhaps all the readers of the PALM BRANCH may not know that Miss Knight was the pioneer missionary of the W. M. S., from Nova Scotia. The appeal strangely affected Sadie Hart, who, at the time, was not quite twenty-one years old. It was indeed a testing time in her experience. Could she give up the cherished plans of her young life? The opening opportunities for what then appeared to her a sphere of higher usefulness? The contest was fierce but brief, and in the strength of divine grace, she laid her prospects for a finished education, her ambition to go to China, her home, her friends, her *all*, at the feet of Jesus; and with a noble purpose, born of true heroism, she said: "I will go to Port Simpson." Many tried to persuade her not to go—she would only waste her life among those Indians, and there was so much work she could do for Christ at home. Her answer, calm and decisive, was: "There are a great many to work at home and so few are willing to go to the Indians. If Christ left His home to come to earth to save us, why should not we be willing to leave our homes to carry the news of His salvation to those in our own land who have never heard the 'glad tidings of great joy?'"