

# \* PALM BRANCH \*

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S. E. SMITH, . . . . . EDITOR.  
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MISS S. E. SMITH,  
282 Princess Street,  
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MISS ANNIE L. OGDEN,  
Room 20, Wesley Buildings,  
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JUNE, 1895.

**OUR** prayer subject, this month, is India. One of the most interesting countries on the face of the globe, especially so to us, because, as we have said, it is under the jurisdiction of our own Queen. It meant a happy day for India when the British flag waved, for the first time, over that vast country. And yet, when we think of the gigantic evils that still exist, many of them fostered by that very policy, so civilizing in other respects, we are apt to grow disheartened. Again we feel encouraged when we hear that the foundations of cruelty and idolatry are breaking away, undermined by the blessed Gospel of Christ. When Mrs. Dr. Butler went to India with her husband many years ago, while going up the Ganges for the first time, her attention was attracted by the peculiar appearance of the banks, and it remained a mystery until she drew near enough to see what it was. Then she saw that the banks were covered with people, lying on the ground with their feet in the water. When she asked what this strange sight meant she was told that these were the sick who had made a last request that they might be laid to die with their feet in the sacred river. Sometimes, when life was too prolonged, the nearest relatives would fill their mouths with some of the sacred mud, to hasten the end. How revolting! and what a contrast to the last hours of our own loved ones, tenderly cared for. Yet since then, even in that benighted land, to many a weary soul

"Jesus has made a dying bed,"

rough and uncouth, surrounded and distracted by all the horrid rites of heathenism,

"Feel soft as downy pillows are."

These are the stories that come to us from time to

time. Let us thank God for all that has been done and pray on for India. He only knows what yet remains to be accomplished.

Any subscriber not receiving paper will please communicate with the editor.

Articles intended for publication must be here by the 8th of the month—that is of the previous month. For instance: contributions to the July number must be here by the 8th of June.

We are glad to note the success of our canvassers so far. Sample copies may still be obtained on application. Price of our paper is 15 cents single copy, 10 cents to clubs of 10, to one address.

QUERY.—Will any of the members of the Society furnish us with suggestions for blackboard lessons which will be helpful to the Bands?

We are sorry to lose, even for a short time, the very efficient services of the Band corresponding secretary of the Nova Scotia Branch. We shall hope for a speedy return and meantime wish her bon voyage.

## A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

"THE TIGER."

**MY** papa and mamma lived in India in a very pretty place among the Himalaya Mountains. All round us were the high mountains with their tops white with snow; but down where we lived there was no snow, but beautiful trees, flowers and green grass. A river ran near the house, that always made a roaring noise tumbling over the stones, and we could see the white foam on it a long way up into the hills, until at last it looked like a line of chalk.

Our house was in a compound—a large square enclosed by a thick fence, and shaded from the sun by trees. There was a verandah round the house; up to which you went by steps, and all the rooms in the house opened out upon it. There were several other houses in the compound besides the one we lived in. There was one house for cooking in, another for washing; two or three for the servants to live in (for people in India have a great many black servants—it is too hot there for white people to do any hard work). Then there was the tailor's house; and the shoemaker (it's a tailor who makes all the ladies' and children's dress in India). I had a black nurse—*ayar* they are called there—and I was able to speak Hindostanee before I could speak English. She used to take me up at four o'clock in the morning; and as soon as I