

## ✦ PALM BRANCH ✦

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

S. E. SMITH, . . . . . EDITOR  
 SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, . . . . . 15 CENTS A YEAR  
 FOR CLUBS OF TEN OR MORE TO ONE ADDRESS, 10c EACH A YEAR

All Band reports and notes must be sent through the Branch Band Corresponding Secretaries.

All other articles intended for publication, all subscription orders with the money, must now be sent to

MISS S. E. SMITH,  
 282 Princess Street,  
 St. John, N. B.

FEBRUARY, 1897.

THE "Woman's Missionary Friend," the organ of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has one column which is of special interest to us. It is that which contains missionary tidings from all parts of the world, and is headed "Family News," with this Bible motto:—"Of whom the whole family in Heaven and earth is named!" Could anything be sweeter or more appropriate? What tie is stronger or more enduring than the family tie? If one member of a family suffers, all the others suffer with him. Does one rejoice? then all rejoice together. Is one poor? then are all good things shared with him. Paul says, "And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth." How this takes us all in!—Americans, Canadians, Jews, Indians, Japanese, Chinese—"all of one blood!" Then those of foreign lands are our brothers and our sisters, and as such we owe them all natural affection; all the love and care and thought which the members of the family bear for one another. Do we take in this fact of relationship? Are we sharing our good things with those who are poor in the truest sense? Do the miseries and degradation of our heathen sisters really appeal to us? Do we put ourselves in their place? Do the stripes which wound them fall on our shoulders too? Does their spiritual need pierce our hearts also? Does their cry of the soul for light and truth find an echo in our souls? Do we stretch out our hands, filled with "the blessings of the gospel of peace," to those empty hands reaching up to us through the darkness and horrors of heathenism? O, let us all begin this new year with the grand, noble resolve to "bear one another's burdens." So shall we fulfil the law of love, which is the law of Christ.

Just one word more. There is a deep well of comfort in this motto for those who in the past Christmas season have sorrowed over vacant chairs and desolat-

ed hearthstones. It is the *whole* family in HEAVEN and earth—no real separation after all,—only a thin veil between us and them, for a little while, to make the joy of re-union more complete.

The daughter of a good man was about to go to India as the wife of a missionary. Her father, feeling keenly the bitterness of separation asked, "How did you ever come to think of going abroad as a foreign missionary?" "Why, father," she replied, "I do not count it strange. I have heard you pray for missions all my life—now I am going to India to answer your prayers."

The poem on our first page this month was written by Mrs. Charles, the well known author of many valuable books. It was addressed to a thoroughly discouraged missionary, on hearing the story of her apparent failure, after many years of faithful seed-sowing. The missionary went back to her work cheered and encouraged by the help and sympathy afforded her, and lo, a great revival, and the conversion of many precious souls was the result.

The beautiful story, "He shall give peace unto the Heathen," which appeared in our January number, is worthy of special notice. When we remember that the writer, Miss Margaret Edna Evans, of Hampton, N. B., is a young lady still in her teens, we feel encouraged to believe that there may be many more young girls in our midst whose literary ability it would be well to cultivate.

We thank our Nova Scotia friends for their valuable contributions this month. We are also very glad to have an extract from Miss Hargrave's letter. Reading it we realize more than ever the sacrifices that our devoted missionaries make for Christ's sake. May He give His own compensation.

We congratulate our friend "The Mission Day-spring" on its appearance in a new and beautifully artistic dress. It is a fine little paper, and we are glad to have it on our list of exchanges.

"If you and I to day  
 Should stop and lay  
 Our life-work down, and let our hands fall where they will,  
 Fall down to lie quite still—  
 And if some other hand should come, and stoop to find  
 The threads we carried, so that it could wind,  
 Beginning where we stopped; if it should come to keep  
 Our life-work going; and should daily seek  
 To carry on the good design  
 Distinctly made yours or mine,  
 What would it find?

ANGY.