



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

Published Every Month.

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The Sowers.

Ten thousand sowers through the land
 Passed, heedless, on their way;
 Ten thousand seeds in every hand,
 Of every sort had they.
 They cast seed here, they cast seed there,
 They cast seed everywhere.

And, as many a year went by,
 These sowers came once more,
 And wandered 'neath the leaf-hid sky,
 And wondered at the store;
 For fruit hung here, and fruit hung there,
 And fruit hung everywhere.

Nor knew they in that tangled wood
 The trees that were their own,
 Yet as they plucked, as each one should,
 Each plucked what he had sown.
 So do men here, so do men there,
 So do men everywhere.

—Selected.

A Higher Ideal of Life Membership.

BY S. E. SMITH.

"There" exclaimed I, somewhat triumphantly I confess, waving the pretty parchment above my head as I spoke, "who will dare to doubt my loyalty now? Here is a genuine certificate of Life Membership in the Woman's Missionary Society. It has not been an easy thing for me to do either, but has involved quite a little bit of self-sacrifice. I say who will question my loyalty now? I think I have given a practical proof of it once for all. The money will do good, and there will be some advantage for me in it too. I shall not have to keep the subject so constantly in mind, and the monthly meetings—well, I shall still attend them frequently of course; but shall not feel obliged to be there every month, whether it is convenient or not."

I paused—the silence grew impressive. I lifted

my eyes to find those of my dear old friend fixed steadily; and I thought, sorrowfully, upon me. "Once for all," she repeated half to herself, "once for all!"

"Yes, once for all, Aunt Mary" replied I, feeling somewhat nettled at the implied reproach, "I consider that I have given a practical expression of my interest in the subject once for all."

"We read," she said, softly, "Once in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." I was just wondering whether He felt relieved that his work for us was done, once for all! Whether he congratulated himself that He need keep us no longer constantly in mind or feel obliged to listen to the story of our wants and woes as often as once a month."

"Now, Aunt Mary," I said, and I know my cheeks were crimson, "that is too bad! We can not all be Christs." I paused here, for what is the hope of our calling? "Certainly not all Christs," she said, "but we may, nay we must be all Christlike. And what is it to be Christlike but to share in the fellowship of His suffering, and to be made conformable into his death. O my dear, my dear, shall we not put our small strength beneath the great weight of human sin and misery which still presses so heavily upon the heart of our divine Atlas? No, we have not a Christ who is content having suffered once for all, but one, who having suffered, has passed into the Heavens, there to continue his life work, making intercession, and never, never till he has seen the far-reaching results of the travail of his soul will He be satisfied. This question of Life Membership is one of special importance. It has its advantages and its obligations. You say the money will do good. That is true, but did it ever occur to you that the Lord of the universe is the Lord of its wealth also!

wealth of the sea, of the mine, of the mint, even of the buried treasures of India and that with one word He could call it all in, and instead of this present, slow process of evangelization, the earth might suddenly become full of His knowledge?" "Yes, it has occurred to me, Aunt Mary," I said, "but I suppose that is not His way."

"No, it is not His way. 'As the heavens are higher than the earth so are my ways higher than your ways and my thoughts than your thoughts.' God's way has a thought of us in it. Do you see?"

"I suppose you mean," I said, "that He wants us to be workers together with Him."

"Yes, that is it, workers together with Him—not alone, not without Him. This is what Life membership means, not life interest merely, but life service. The apostle says we are called to be stewards, a word implying responsibility or trust. Stewards of what? Of the manifold grace, or favor of God. What is that manifold favor for which I am responsible? First, there is my birth in a Christian land, with my exemption from evils I must have suffered in a less favoured condition and my knowledge of an atonement sufficient to cover the sins of a lost world. My education, whatever it may have been, the development and cultivation arising from enlarged ideas and an ever broadening horizon. My personality, my influence, my time, any gift or talent I may possess. Not one of these to be hid away in a napkin but to be held in trust, for the benefit of others, that my Lord at his coming may receive his own with usury. This, I think, is what Life Membership means!"

"But are not those obligations equally binding upon annual members," I said, "or is the measure of our responsibility the amount of money we pay?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Whenever upward, even the lowest round,
Man by a hand's help lifts his feebler brother,
There is the house of God and holy ground;
The gate of Heaven is love: there is no other:
When generous acts bloom from unselfish thought,
The Lord is with us, though we know it not.
—Whittier.

Words of Cheer for Weary Workers.

"Sow not in sorrow;
Fling your seed abroad, and know
God sends to-morrow
The rain to make it grow!"

Agnes' Lesson.

(CONCLUDED)

He stopped; for Agnes, white and afraid, stood by the gate with wide open eyes staring into space. For a moment her lover wondered if the call had come already, she was so white and still.

"Agnes! Agnes! What is the matter?" he asked.

"Oh Alf! you almost frightened me."

"Why."

"Oh death is so solemn."

"Life is more solemn, Agnes. Now, I must leave you until the evening. Good-bye dear. 'God watch between thee and me.'"

What did he say that for? It made her feel as though they would never meet again.

"Supposing God should take him from you, so as to bring you nearer to himself."

Oh dear. Here was Conscience again, and it would not be hushed.

That night Agnes had a dream. She thought the time of her dying had come. Her friends were about her, heart broken. Alfred was near her, praying for strength to bear the separation, praying for her. Oh. But she wasn't ready to die. No, no, she must live a little longer. Saved? Yes, but there was so much she remembered now to do that had been forgotten.

"It is too late," said Conscience, "too late, you must go as you are, you would not work when you could, the night has come when you can neither work nor pray."

There was a great shock and she was dead. They were closing her eyes and kissing her dead face, which was now only a clay mould, while she herself was rising above them. A great gloom enveloped her while she was born upward until she stood before shining curtains of rosy clouds, which suddenly parted and she was in the land of rest. There was Mollie and many others whom she knew, joyously welcoming her. How beautiful everything was, how glorious was the music, the jewels, flowers, and above all the perfect peace. Every one moved around the great throne on which sat her Lord. Surely that was the Christ. She knew Him by his glory; but more by the look he gave her, thus must he have looked on Peter. But could this be Heaven and she tormented thus, no jewels in her crown, no souls saved, no golden sheaves of good works to lay before her Master's feet. She did not dare lift her eyes to her Father's whom she had never treated as a Father, but rather as a task master. She must be lost; for the saved have no griefs. She had been weighed and found wanting.

"Oh God forgive," she cried, throwing herself

face downwards; forgetting that after death there can be no change.

"Go, sin no more." was what she heard, as though answered by a thousand voices.

And this awoke her. The morning was just dawning.

"Ah Agnes," said Conscience, "so it must be if you do not do differently."

Throwing herself again on her pillow, she wept. When the emotion was over, she crept out of bed and knelt by her window before the rising sun. She then prayed as she had never prayed before. That day she visited Mrs. Graves, who little by little won her confidence until Agnes told her her dream. On leaving she had promised to pray next Auxiliary meeting, also in the coming League service.

Something got into the next meeting or into the hearts of its members, for every one voted it was the best meeting we ever had. But what was noticed most was the difference in Agnes. What had come over her?

Ah yes! What had come over her? In the course of the next six years she did as much work as some would take twenty for. Just little deeds, a word, a look, a prayer, a song for God's cause; just the duties that lay nearest her hands. Then Alfred Graham was called upon to yield up his young wife into God's keeping. And the question was often asked, "Why was she taken? How can we do without her? Who will pray now?"

But with Agnes it was peace. When the curtains of Heaven really did open to her, we may be sure that Christ welcomed her as his true follower, saying, "Well done thou good and faithful servant enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

CATHERINE MANN-PAYZANT.

HYMN.

Tune "There's a land that is fairer than day."
 In the land far away o'er the sea,
 There are nations who never have heard
 Any mention, dear Saviour, of Thee,
 And we long so to send them the word.
 Blessed word, blessed word,
 Thou art life to the soul that has heard,
 Blessed word, blessed word,
 Thou art life to the soul that has heard.

They bow to idols of stone,
 To their idols of silver and gold,
 But to worship the Saviour alone
 They never, alas, have been told.

In sorrow they pass to the grave,
 Through the valley of sin and of woe,
 Yet Jesus is willing to save
 If only to Him they will go.

His servants are hastening to bear
 Precious tidings of life o'er the sea,
 We'll join them in labor and prayer
 Happy workers for Jesus are we!
 W. M. S. Hymnal.

Field Study for September.

It scarcely seems possible that we are so near the end of our year again. Soon, very soon, our Branches will be assembled, and it is our duty to pray earnestly that every delegate and officer may be helped and blessed, and so a new energy may be shown throughout our whole society. We are often called upon to pray for more missionaries, for some are coming home to rest and others are needed in their place. This is very true and I trust we do not forget this part of our prayers. At the same time we need to pray for workers at home. They have their difficulties and we never can tell how much good our prayers may do for them. Then sometimes the ranks are broken and for some reason the worker has to lay aside the work. Shall we not most earnestly pray that God will direct us to just the right one to take the vacant place. We all need to remember this prayer, not only for General Board and for our Branches, but perhaps more particularly for our Auxiliaries and Bands. And then when we have prayed these people into office, we must not forget to ask that wisdom and grace may be given them to perform their duties. Some of us may never have the talent to be leaders, but we all have the talent for doing a little, even if that little be only helping in a cheerful way the leader or other members. In our prayers for workers to be sent out it would often seem as if our prayers were not being answered for the answers come so slowly. Perhaps we pray in too half-hearted a manner, and don't even try to help answer our own prayers. Is there one of us, who is striving against the call of the Spirit? I hope not. That would be a terrible thing. Let us seek to do all that God would have us do, and try in every way possible to lend a helping hand to the one who is next to us. It may be that she is the one to go, if only we say the right word. H. S. S.

Questions for September.

- What prayer should be offered for our Branch delegates and officers and why?
- Why need we pray for more missionaries?
- Do workers at home need prayers?
- What shall we pray when workers are laid aside?
- What must we pray for besides General Board and Branches?
- What prayer must we make for those who are prayed into office?
- What talent have we all?
- What is the prayer to which the answer seems to come slowly?
- Can you think of any reason for that?
- What solemn question is now asked?
- What is our duty to the one next us?
- What may be if we say the right word?

Palm Branch.

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S. E. SMITH, EDITOR.

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AUGUST, 1894.

Our subject for prayer this month reads:—"For the speedy conversion of the Jews, missionary work in Palestine and among Mohammedans." The reference to God's own words, Jer. 24: 6, 7., is most encouraging for the future of the Jews as a Christian nation. George Eliot has such a delightful passage in one of her works relating to the Jews, and the feelings with which they ought to inspire the student of sacred history, that we cannot forbear giving it to you, however familiar it may be. We quote from Daniel Deronda:—

"As for me, no Jew—not even the poorest shambling clothes dealer in Harrison St., but startles me effectually out of this work-a-day world!

When I look upon the face of a Jew I seem to feel a little wind fresh from off the sea of Tiberias; I seem to receive a message which has come under the whole sea of time from the further shores of it. This wandering person, who without a home in any nation, has yet a literature which is at home in every nation, carries me in one direction to my mysterious brethren, the cave men and the Lake-dwellers; in the other direction to the Masterful Carpenter of Bethlehem, climax of our race!

Until you can bring me a statesman more comprehensive in view and more diligent in detail than Moses, until you can bring me poets more spiritual than David and he who wrote Job, until you can bring me a lover more pure, or a mystic more rapt than John, until you can bring me a man more dear and friendly and helpful and strong and human and Christly than Jesus—do not speak to me slightly of the Jew."

By special request we have printed this month our Branch paper, "A Higher Ideal of Life Membership," in the hope that some of our dear young

friends may be induced to enter upon this life-service in the Bands, and that those who have already done so may have a keener sense of their responsibility in regard to it, than ever before.

Any subscriber missing the paper will please communicate with the Editor.

SPECIAL NOTICE

To Auxiliary Corresponding-Secretaries.

We wish to draw the attention of our Auxiliary Corresponding Secretaries, to the fact that we are mailing to each one of them this month's issue of our little paper. We do this with the earnest request that she will circulate it among members of her Auxiliary, so that every mother will see the advantage of subscribing for it for her little ones!

The Key.

(Recitation for a girl, holding a key in her hand.)
Leaving His home and fatherland,
The Christ came down to men
To open a door, with His gentle hand,
Into Paradise again.

Wearing the people's common dress
And using their simple speech,
For the poorest soul in heathenness
He sought and longed to reach.

He found the worn and weary earth
Sore vexed with grief and pain;
He left behind Him joy and mirth
When He went home again.

The wedding feast He made more glad,
Though a man of sorrows He;
And He sought the downcast souls and sad,
And set the captives free.

Sickness and death he did not fear,
No sinner would he shun;
And souls grew white when they drew near
The holy, Blameless One.

And a key He found for the golden gate
Of Paradise above;
A key that turns, though the soul come late—
The golden key of love.

'Tis growing late, O, take the key,
For loud the nations knock;

'Tis yours to set the captives free;
Let love the door unlock. —Selected.

A little Moslem girl who had seized upon one difference between Mohammedanism and Christianity said: I like your Jesus because He loved little girls. Our Mohammed did not love little girls.

Mrs. Eliza Spencer Large.

"Hark! The bugle-call of God
Down the ages sounding,
"Go ye," and proclaim abroad,
News of grace abounding."

The name of Mrs. Eliza Spencer Large adds another to the long list of ministers' daughters, who have gladly responded to the "bugle call" and have gone to live and teach the Gospel in heathen lands. Her father, the late Rev. James Spencer, years ago, "entered into rest," but in the person of his gifted and devoted daughter still proclaims "redeeming love."

In the year 1884 it was found necessary to send some one to the assistance of our first missionary, Miss Cartmell, whose health could no longer bear the strain of work and responsibility. It was important that not only a consecrated worker should be sent, but one possessing sound judgment and executive talent. When the name of Miss Eliza Spencer was presented to the Board of Management, it was felt that many prayers had been answered, for her ability was well known, and the fact that she had been a most successful teacher in the Ladies College, Winnipeg, gave evidence that she had also the experience necessary.

The writer remembers, as though it had been yesterday, when before the Board in the old Richmond St. church, Toronto, Miss Spencer with much emotion, told of her long continued desire to go to Japan, and of her hope to do her part in the service of the Master, to whom she had fully given herself.

Her arrival in Japan was hailed by Miss Cartmell with joy. She says, "Of course my expectations were high but none are disappointed, Miss Spencer's wonderful talents and wide experience added to her self-reliance not only command my admiration and deepest love, but rest me too."

Our two first workers seemed to be the complement of each other, and therefore able to work together in the greatest harmony.

So often during these first years of hard work and anxiety do we find recorded this joyful experience: "I am happier every day that my lot is cast in this land and work." "Our lot is a joyful one." "We feel it no sacrifice to be here."

Heart and brain as well as body were severely taxed, for the school in Tokyo had a phenomenal growth and although Miss Spencer had after a time, efficient helpers, yet upon her fell much of the planning of the building and the responsibility of seeing that plans, so carefully made, were as carefully carried out. While she is gratified with the numerical success of the school, we notice in her reports, that she rejoices still more in the knowledge that the Holy Spirit has come to dwell in many of the students' hearts. Her position enabled her to exert a wonderful influence, and to these young maidens, she was not only teacher but mother and friend, nursing them with unwearying care when ill and advising them in times of perplexity.

In the year 1887 our missionary, whom we had learned to know and love as Miss Eliza Spencer, became the wife of the Rev. T. A. Large, B. A., but retained her connection with the W. M. S., and no doubt this object lesson of a Christian home

and family had a good effect upon the lives of these young girls who would soon have homes of their own.

After a year or two of ideal happiness in which a little daughter was given to Mr. and Mrs. Large, like a bolt out of a clear sky, came the terrible tragedy which ended the life of the brave and tender hearted husband, whom every one loved, and left Mrs. Large so sorely wounded that had it not been for her heroic fortitude, she too would have lost her life.

During this time of anguish, God's sustaining power was marvelous, for His glory, and that Mrs. Large's character may be better understood, we quote the following from one of her letters "My heart is very sore but I can say, 'Thy will be done,' and 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him.' I wish I could tell you what a rich blessing the Father above has given to me; every moment present with me upholding and keeping. 'Wonderful woman! Wonderful recovery!' say those outside our own house. How it hurts me to hear it! 'Kept by the power of God,' and when we realize His power as I have during these four past weeks, there is nothing wonderful. I can but stand and wait for whatever blessing He has in store for me. The tears do flow, but 'Jesus wept,' and may not I, I, weak child? Indeed, these weeping times are times of special manifestations of His power to comfort and bless." So wondrously did this servant of God carry out the injunction to "declare His glory among the heathen, His wonders among all people," that the leading Japanese newspaper says: "We cannot fathom the secret of such fearlessness, and must be content to note it as another example of that devoted courage which the earnest practice of the Christian faith has repeatedly been observed to inspire."

In the following July, 1890, Mrs. Large returned to Canada greatly enfeebled in health, and bearing in her person traces of the dreadful suffering through which she had passed, but with characteristic courage she appeared before the Board of Management in October, and did grand service for the society, as far as her health would permit, during the year. August of the next year, was all too soon to return to the land where she had been so sorely smitten, and to take up threads so rudely broken, but her heart was there and she longed to return. This manifestation of her love, after all she had suffered was greatly appreciated, and her welcome from the Japanese people was hearty and sincere.

The society is greatly indebted to Mrs. Large and Miss Cartmell for the strong Christian character of our school; from its first inception the thought most prominent in their hearts was the training of native workers who might do what they were powerless to do, visit from house to house, and in their own tongue tell the wonderful story.

That Mrs. Large is eminently fitted for the position of honor she now holds, none will deny, and the following from one of her fellow workers shows the high esteem in which she is held. "Mrs. Large is endowed with a truly devoted spirit, a clear, strong, vigorous intellect, and of all the Christian ladies I have met, I have never known one to possess in so high a degree the qualifications required to govern a work like that under her charge.



Address.—Cousin Jor, 282 Princess St., St. John, N. B.

His Faith.

Little Ned planted a handful of corn
Under an apple-tree,
Then seated himself on the grass near-by,
And sat so quietly,
That his mother came out and called to him,
“Why are you sitting there, Ned?
I’ve planted some corn, and I’m waiting,
now,
To see it come up,” he said.
—L. A. S. in *Heathen Children’s Friend*.

Dear little Ned! How tired he would get and how discouraged, before that corn came up. How long he would have to wait and how many lessons of patience and trust he would have to learn. But he would be all the better worker by and by for those very lessons.

So the youngest little seed sower in the Lord’s garden will have to wait for the Lord’s harvest; but it will surely come! We have God’s own word of promise for this, you will find it in Numbers 14: 21.

Puzzle Drawer.

ANSWERS TO JULY PUZZLES.

Enigma.—Large Hart.

PUZZLE FOR AUGUST.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 17 letters. My 16, 15, 10, 13, 6, was a grand leader in Bible times; my 10, 3, 4, is what makes the soul sick; my 1, 12, 8, 5, is what Jesus has promised to do for the sin-sick soul; my 14, 15, is a little exclamation which you will find in Isa. 55: 1; my 11, 2, 9, 17, 10, 7, is a food made of milk; my whole is a building in which we all are, or ought to be interested.

Our young readers will be glad to see, this month, a letter from one of our little friends in the Chinese Rescue Home. She tells her own story, which, until she was rescued and saved, was a sad one. Miss Wickett speaks of her in this way:

“Enclosed you will find a letter from my brightest little scholar. It is almost altogether her own composition.”

We hope to publish Miss Wickett’s own interesting letter next month.

100 Cormorant St., Victoria, B. C.,

July 6, 1894.

My dear friends.—Although I have not seen you, I know that we all love Jesus and so brothers and sisters in God’s great family. My teacher Miss Wickett tells us that there is a band who sends money to help us; and she asks me to write a letter to tell you all about ourselves. I have been in this home just five years to-day. I left China about ten years ago, because my Aunt’s husband smoked opium and so sold me to a woman in Hong Kong. She then brought me to Victoria, and sold me to a family and they were not kind to me at all. One day the woman cut my arm with a big knife; and I ran and told a policeman. So he told some other people and one early morning when I was working for my owner two policemen with Rev. Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Robson came, and I was very frightened for one carried me away, and we went on the boat and then came to this home. I had never heard about Jesus before and now I am so glad that Jesus loves us. I know He suffered for me on the cross and I want to do His will always. I thank God that He sends some kind friend and that He sends us such a kind mother and teacher to care for us and also send us a nice Chinese teacher to teach us so as to give us a good opportunity to learn while we are young and so by and bye we may have the privilege of helping others and try to lead them in the right path. I like to do as much as I could for Him because he have done so much for me. Our Chinese teacher comes twice a week to give us a lesson. I think I had better close my short letter and hope God will bless you all in your work. Love to you dear friends.

I am your Chinese Friend,

JESSIE L. NG.

Our Girls’ School, Shizuoka.

BY M. A. R.

We ride through a long street with low-roofed houses close together on each side, nearly every house containing a shop of some kind, the whole front of which is wide open; you don’t like the narrow streets but the things you see interest you. The little man who draws you whisks you along so quickly that very soon you have turned a corner and are riding along a moat inside of which is an

old castle ground that I will show you some other time. You leave that and go along the side of a wide ditch with flowing water; you wonder if you will be tumbled in if you meet another jinrikisha, as the road is so narrow it seems impossible to pass. You are glad when you turn into another narrow street and more glad when you are let down before a white gate and the man mops his heated face and head. Yes, you are at the Jo Gakko but you must wait till to-morrow to see how everything looks around and inside of it.

How like home! you exclaimed last night when we came up stairs and entered my room. You saw many familiar things as you looked round and thought it a great contrast to the dingy houses you passed on your way from the station. Yes, when I shut my door these four walls enclose my home. You see the ladies of the society are kind enough to provide us with with bedstead, bureau, sink, book case, table and chairs. When we come here first the bare furniture stares at us, but we soon unpack the many little things, associated with the life we have left behind, and in a very little while the room takes on this homelike appearance. Gifts from loved friends keep us from getting too shabby. When our Japanese friends visit us they like to see our rooms, because they do not furnish their houses this way and foreign things are very curious to them, even the bed is a great curiosity, and we often have to explain how we get into it.

We will go through the building this morning. We go down to breakfast through the large bare halls, where every footstep resounds on the boards. Our little parlour and dining room open off each other, and also look cosy and home-like. The walls are white washed and the ceilings dingy looking boards; but the home-like appearance of the table, and the pictures on the walls, make the other not too striking. You have enjoyed your breakfast of porridge and toast, now we will go into the kitchen. Not much like a home kitchen, but the cooking stove in the corner is familiar. What is that immense stone jar? Oh, it holds the water for kitchen use. It is filled every day with water, brought from the back of the house. It holds about twelve pailfuls. It gives you an idea of the "water pots" spoken of in John 2.

Now we will go out to the right of the building, and take a look at the dining-room, used by the girls and Japanese teachers. Their food and customs are very different from ours, we could not possibly keep well and strong if we left our own way of living and adopted theirs; neither would ours suit them. The dining-room is a large room, with two long tables covered with white cloths and

two rows of trays, each fifteen inches square, on each table. On each tray is a small china bowl for rice, a lacquer bowl for soup, a tiny round dish with salt vegetables, (pickles) cut up, and perhaps another small dish with fish or something else, a small tea-cup, large enough for a doll-house, completes the outfit. Beside each tray is a slim box containing chop-sticks, which you may learn to use some time. The rice is served from small wooden tubs with covers. Some evening we will take tea with the girls. The kitchen, which is just off here, is small and dingy, because the cooking range is built in the middle of the floor and the smoke often comes out into the room. It is built of bricks and mud and has three holes for very large pots; the fire is built under the pots, but there is no oven. We have no chimneys in this house, all the stove pipes go through holes in the walls. Now we will go over to the wing of the other side. Here are three school rooms, one after the other, with a movable board partition between each. There is also a room set apart for sewing, as that is one of the most important parts of a Japanese girls' education. She is not ready to be married till she can make all the different articles worn. The school rooms are bright and the girls look happy, all busy at some needle work or talking. There are two or three other rooms down stairs, but the funniest is the bath-room; a large oval wooden tub, about three feet high, is set on a ground about a foot and a half below the floor; a little stove pipe comes out of one end of it, and passes through the roof. I explain to you how the water is heated. Under the pipe is a little boiler set in one end of the tub. The tub is filled with water and a fire of charcoal put under the boiler, the water in the boiler, and that heats the water in the tub, and then you get a very good bath, a little too hot sometimes. Now let us go upstairs, Miss Cunningham's room is very much like mine. Behind hers is the library, a pleasant room especially for the girls' use. It is comfortably furnished with chairs tables etc. A large book-case, well filled with English and Japanese books, is the chief attraction. A number of pictures on the walls, and newspapers and magazines on the table.

Down each wing are the dormitories. You think they look very bare, because they have so little furniture; but they are furnished just like the girls' homes, as ours are somewhat like our own homes. On the floor are thick straw mats called "tatami;" for each girl there is a tiny desk a little over a foot high, and a small book case. When she writes she sits on the floor, on a pretty flat cushion, with the feet doubled under her. She always sits that way at home. Their beds consist

of heavy comfortables called "futon," some are used to spread underneath and others are for the top. The beds are made up every evening just before going to bed, and in the morning, after they have been aired awhile, they are folded up and put into the closet. You think you would not like that way of sleeping? I can assure you it is very comfortable for one or two nights. How many girls in each room? Sometimes three, sometimes four, you see the rooms are not very large.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Story of the Carpet.

In that most delightful of books, Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales, there is a story of a Magic Carpet which would carry its owner any where in the world. I want to tell you now of a carpet just as wonderful. An old, old carpet which has been transformed by some magic into one beautiful and bright. This is how it came about. I am a housekeeper and enjoy having things as pretty and fresh as most housekeepers do.

On our stairs, front stairs too, was a carpet once good as well as beautiful, but now shabby and worn—yes, I have to confess it—fearfully old. For a year or more it had been an annoyance and mortification as the annual spring cleaning came around, but the time never seemed to come when something else was not more necessary, so the dingy old stair carpet was made to do. At last the time arrived when it was pronounced past that period when it could any longer be made to do, and so money was appropriated for a new one. But just then the claims of our Missionary Society seemed to press with more and more force and then followed a brief conflict. "The carpet was a necessity." "The old one was no longer even respectable," and so the struggle went on.

Well, the end of it was that the money appropriated for a new carpet went into the missionary treasury, and I thought I had made a sacrifice. But not so! The fairies have been at work, and my old carpet has been brodered all over with beauty! As I go up, step by step, it speaks to me. Here is a worn spot where the pattern is almost invisible, but it says, "Precious truths have been woven into the heart of some girl in Japan, which will model her life after the Perfect Pattern, to be followed by the women of that nation who are so earnestly striving for a higher life, and your little self-denial has helped to do so." Here are other bare places, which look as though a troop of rosy rollicking children had been rushing up and down with feet none too daintily shod. From these bare spots there seem to come the words, "think of happy children in your favoured lands and then think of the little ones in China—little girls unwel-

come at birth, with feet tortured and bound in youth, and of the aimless, ignorant, hopeless lives of matured years. The day is coming and perhaps a little more speedily through your sacrifice when these from the land of Simeon shall be the free and merry children of a Christian land.

I step on—here are long bare places worn by the careless tread on the edge of the steps and another voice reminds me of the little child widows of India, carelessly trodden under the iron foot of custom, until all the bloom and beauty and freshness of young lives are crucified and worn into one long weary, dull round of suffering; and perhaps by your small sacrifice relief is to the step nearer the poor little child widows of India. And so my old carpet has become bright with beautiful lessons. Fair flowers of Christian life and bright blossoms all over it and the intelligent language of these sisters translated to me by my own heart need.

And so the 'Voices of the women' speak to me as step by step I ascend the stair, and mingling with them I hear a silvery voice like a theme of music, now louder, now soft and low, but ever sustained, until as I reach the last step it sings, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto Me." This is the magic which has filled my poor worn carpet with music and beauty! R. M. C., Halifax.

Leaves from the Branches.

TORONTO CONFERENCE BRANCH.

The Coral Builders Mission Band, Maple, Ont., held their third anniversary on the evening of June 6th. One of the larger boys acted as chairman to the great satisfaction of all present. The programme was varied and well rendered, each one doing his and her part successfully. The little six weeks old baby boy of the president was christened by the senior pastor, and his name enrolled as a member of the Band. Of one of the dialogues, "The voices of the women," a minister who was present said, "It was as good as a sermon and he did not see how any woman could fail to join the W. M. S., after hearing it." A pleasant and unexpected feature of the evening was a graceful remembrance of the pastor's wife who was leaving them, by whom, in turn, the dear children and young people of Maple will always be kindly remembered.

BAY OF QUINTE BRANCH.

Cheerful Workers (Lindsay), is doing good work under the supervision of Mrs W. C. Jeffers. Amount of Mite Boxes opened some time since \$6.00. Aid in the support of a girl in Chinese Home, B. C., is one object of interest. Albert College, M. H., is restoring its former record for faithfulness. A Birthday Offering totaled \$15.00 recently. They are educating at Victoria, B. C., a little Chinese girl for a missionary to her own people. M. G. H.