



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

VOL. II.

AUGUST, 1895.

No. 8.

*WHEN THE CHILDREN FALL ASLEEP.*

When the day is past and over,  
 With its labor and its play,  
 When the little feet grow weary,  
 And the toys are put away ;  
 Like an angel in the gloaming,  
 As the shadows round her creep,  
 There is one who keepeth vigil  
 When the children fall asleep.

For the faintest cry she listens,  
 On her lips a tender prayer,  
 For a mother's love is nearest  
 To the love the angels bear.  
 Some in simple-hearted gladness,  
 Some in bitter tears to weep—  
 Watch the mothers in the shadow  
 When the children fall asleep.

When life's little day is over,  
 When on us the shadows fall,  
 Hear our prayer, O Heavenly Father,  
 Keeping vigil over all.  
 Guard us through the vale of shadows,  
 While the night is dark and deep ;  
 Grant us calm and peaceful slumber  
 When Thy children fall asleep.

*A REMARKABLE STORY.*

**W**E would like to tell our young readers the remarkable story of an African youth, as related by the Rev. Stephen Merritt, of New York, a well-known preacher and undertaker, but as it is long we can only give a brief summary of it.

Samuel Morris was a Kru boy. He was an African of the Africans—a pure negro—when Mr. Merritt knew him, about twenty years old. He was a resident of Liberia, where he was employed among Eng-

lish speaking people as a house painter, and where he first found the Lord. A young lady from the far West had offered herself to Bishop Taylor as a Missionary to Africa. Mr. Merritt, who was Bishop Taylor's Secretary, talked with her. He told her that if she would open her heart to receive the blessing which came upon the disciples on the day of Pentecost, she would be a success in Africa ; that the Holy Spirit would be her strength, wisdom, and comfort, and that her life would be a continual Psalm of praise in that dark continent. She heard and accepted, and departed, filled with the Spirit. She reached her African station, and settled down to her work, contented, blessed, and happy. This Kru boy heard of her, and walked miles to see her and talk about Jesus. She talked of the Holy Spirit till he was determined to know the Comforter divine. Journey after journey was made, and hour after hour spent in conversation on the subject, till at last she said, "If you want to know any more you must go to Stephen Merritt, of New York ; he told me all I know." "I'm going," he said ; "where is he?" She laughingly answered, "In New York!" She missed him ; he had gone. Weary miles lay between him and the ocean. As he reached the shore, a sailing vessel dropped anchor, and a small boat put ashore. He stepped up and asked the captain to take him to New York, and was refused with kicks and curses. He slept all night on the sand, and in the morning again made his request, urging it, and only giving as a reason, that he wanted to see "Stephen Merritt," till the captain, thinking to get work out of him, said to the crew, "Take this boy on board."

His ignorance of a vessel and the sea, brought him at first much trouble, but presently the spirit that was

in him began to tell. He went into the cabin to clean up, and the captain was convicted and converted. Half or more of the crew were saved, and the ship became a Bethel. Nothing was too good then for the Kru boy; they furnished him with clothes, for he had scarcely any when he came on board.

When they landed in New York, he stepped up to the first man he met and said, "Where's Stephen Merritt?" The man knew, and offered to take him there. He introduced himself to Mr. Merritt as Samuel Morris, come from Africa to talk with him about the Holy Ghost." "Have you any letters of introduction?" "No," he said; "I hadn't time for that." "All right," said Stephen Merritt, "I am going to the prayer meeting; you go in here to the mission rooms. I'll see about you when I come back." He forgot about him, till he was putting the key in his own door, then hastened over and found him on the platform with seventeen men on their faces around him, rejoicing in God's pardoning love. Such a sight he had never seen. He says: "Think, an uncultured, uncouth, but endowed, imbued, and enfilled African, under the power of the Holy Spirit, the first night in America, winning souls for Emmanuel—nearly a score! No trouble to take care of him now; he was one of God's anointed ones." He had never been in a Sunday school, but was invited to go, and when he was introduced the school laughed, but when he began to talk the same effect was produced, and presently the altar was full of young people, weeping and sobbing. The presence of the Spirit was so manifest that the whole place seemed filled with His glory.

The young people formed themselves into a "Samuel Morris Missionary Society," to send him to Bishop Taylor's University in Indiana. While preparing to go, Mr. Merritt thought he would like to show him some of the sights of New York, so he took him in a coach with prancing horses as he went to officiate at a funeral. "He had never been behind horses nor in a coach before, and the effect was laughable to me," said Stephen Merritt. "I said, Samuel, this is the Grand Opera House, and began to explain, when he stopped me. "Stephen Merritt, do you ever pray in a coach?" I answered that I very often had blessed times while riding about. He placed his great black hand on mine and turned me round on my knees saying, "Let us pray." Then he told the Holy Spirit he had come all the way from Africa to talk with me about Him, and I talked about everything else; wanted to show him the sights and the people, when he was only anxious to know and hear of Him. He asked Him if He would not take out of my heart these things, and so fill me with Himself that I would never

speak, write, or preach, or talk, only of Him. 'There were three in the coach that day," said Stephen Merritt. "Bishops have placed their hands on my head in ordaining services, but no power came in comparison." Samuel Morris was an instrument in God's hand for the greater and grander development of Stephen Merritt in the wonderful things of God. He went to the University at Fort Wayne and turned it upside down. He died there, and at his funeral three young men, who had received the Holy Spirit through him, dedicated themselves to the work of God in Africa, to take the place of Samuel Morris there.

His life in the University, his death, and the influence he exerted there, may be learned from the President, or from Dr. Wright, of Washington, who published his likeness and the account of his funeral in the "Local Preachers' Magazine."

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SEND THE LIGHT.

ST. FRANCIS.

I have left my home and loved ones,  
Left them far across the sea,  
Come to crave your help and blessing,  
Help to set my people free.  
I have heard the wondrous story,  
I have found the glorious light,  
Now I long to send the tidings  
To the land where all is night.  
Send the light, send the light,  
Darkness takes it, flight.  
Send, O! send the light!

Once I had not heard of Heaven,  
Once my heart was bound in sin;  
I had never heard of JESUS,  
Knew no master but my king.  
He was cruel and oppressed me,  
Blood and war were his delight,  
'Till the man of God, with Bible,  
Brought me to the blessed light.  
Send the light, &c.

Help then for the love of Jesus—  
For the love He bears for you;  
Help to give to every creature  
God's great gift so pure and true.  
Then the darkness will be over,  
Christ have set my people free,  
Africa for God and Heaven,  
Light to all eternity.  
Send the light, &c.

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— "The lessons of fear that we get, for the most part teach us only to avoid,—and that certain special risks: not to become—to attain to the higher and holier. It needs a lesson of Beauty to teach us that.

MRS. C. D. T. WHITNEY.

## FIELD STUDY FOR AUGUST.

## AFRICA AND JEWISH MISSIONS.

**T**HIS month we again go outside our own especial work. It is well that we should. Certain Missions depend on us for their support, but our sympathy and prayers need not be confined to them.

Egypt and Northern Africa we will not attempt to talk about but will devote our attention to the Southern part of the Continent, the scene of the labors of Stanley and Livingstone.

Africa is still in many senses of the word a dark continent, but it has its bright spots. In some ways Cape Colony would be placed at no disadvantage by being compared to Canada. With half our population she is yet more densely peopled, as her territory is not much larger than our own Quebec. Of this population fully half is British. Her cities and towns in their architecture and the general appliances of civilization equal our own. Let us look back to the first years of the century. The Cape Colony had just been handed over to England by the Dutch. At other places, along both the east and west coast, there were trading stations belonging to the British and other European nations. Sierra Leone is well worth notice, as it was founded by the British for the purpose of putting down the slave trade. The interior of the map was a blank. The only people who braved its terrors were the slave traders. The first great African Missionary was Robert Moffatt. He was sent to Cape Colony by the London Missionary Society in 1716. Here he spent fifty or more years of his life. He worked with great success among the Kaffirs, reducing their language to writing and translating the Bible. The London Missionary Society completes its first century this year, so a word in reference to it would be timely. It is one of the largest English Missionary Societies. It is the oldest but one and is different from most others in being undenominational.

Another of the early Missions was in Sierra Leone. This was the first Methodist Mission in Africa. In 1892, they had 16 native ministers and 6,387 members. The Church Missionary Society (English) also began work here in 1804. The most interesting figure in their work, and perhaps the most successful worker, has been Bishop Crowthers. "the black Bishop of the Niger"—a rescued slave-boy. He was educated in Sierra Leone. While traveling in the interior as a bishop he came to his old home and found his mother, from whom he had been stolen so many years before. These and other workers were on the coast, when Livingstone was sent by the London Missionary Society in 1840. He said: "Send me anywhere, provided only that it be forward." On arriving, he very soon set out for the most distant civilized point. Here he found his wife, the daughter of Dr. Moffatt, plunged into the unknown regions beyond and began his wonderful explorations that only came to an end with his life. He says of himself that he opened the door and it is for others to see that it is not closed. Inspired by the example of Livingstone, Africa has become the

land of the explorer. The most important work has been done by Stanley; first, in thoroughly exploring the Congo, and later, in aiding to place the Congo Free State on a firm foundation. He travelled over the whole country and made treaties with 450 kings and chiefs, converting these hundreds of petty kingdoms into one grand state, founded thus on the goodwill of the people. Order prevails, the liquor-traffic is abolished, slave-trade carefully guarded against, and Missions receive every encouragement. King Leopold, of Belgium, is at its head, and from his private purse he spends large sums for its advancement. It is said that when he lost his son he adopted Africa.

Chief among the missions on the Congo is the industrial mission, conducted personally by Bishop Taylor, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. This is managed on what is known as the self-supporting plan. The missionaries, a number of them usually going together, are given full equipment for some kind of work, carpentry, milling, etc., and when fairly established in the country are supposed to support themselves. However, when in need they are expected to let the facts be known, but they receive no salary. This mission has 28 stations and 95 missionaries. The *African News*, a bright, illustrated sheet, edited by Bishop Taylor's son, furnishes news of this and other work in Africa.

The last martyrs of Africa were in Uganda. The Church Missionary Society (English) is here at the suggestion of Stanley. The king wished for his people to have the Bible and teachers. Stanley sent a letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, of London, by one of Gordon Pasha's officers. The officer was killed, but the letter was found in his boot, forwarded and published, resulting in the mission to which Hannington and McKay gave their lives.

What are the results? Round all the older missions are Christianized and civilized communities. Everywhere hundreds, sometimes thousands are converted, and each year more and more are going out to tell the story to their own people.

A few years ago a great impetus was given to work among the Jews by the translation of the New Testament into Hebrew. The race has a strong attachment for their sacred tongue, and it is the language of their literary work. Especially on religious subjects, even in conversation, those who understand it, delight to use the Hebrew. In fact there are one or more newspapers in Jerusalem printed in what has usually been considered a dead language. D.

## QUESTIONS FOR AUGUST.

What African Missionaries have written accounts of their own work?

What degree did Dr. Livingstone hold? To what country does he belong? What do you know of his youth?

What was the object of Stanley's first travels in Africa? How many journeys did he make through Africa? At what point did he begin his exploration of Congo?

## DISCUSS THE FOLLOWING TOPICS:

Condition of Africa at the first of the century and now; London Missionary Society; Sierra Leone; Dr. Moffatt; Bishop Crowthers; Dr Livingstone; Congo Free State; Results; Hebrew Testament.

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AUGUST, 1895.



HO is not interested in the "lighting up" of the dark continent? There is great encouragement to faith and prayer, for progress, though slow is sure. We are interested in the work of two ladies, who for seven years have steadily labored among the women and children of North Africa, not without fruit. And it has not only been among the women and children. "A wealthy and well-educated Arab shows a sincere desire to know more about the Christian religion, saying again and again, 'I do want to believe, if you will only show me how.'" Sanguine hopes are entertained of this case. Another one is believed to be holding secretly the faith of Jesus Christ; his private testimony being, "I do believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and that He has saved me; but I dare not confess it, for my people would kill me." Just now it occurs to us what joy it would be to this Arab to have the privilege and opportunities that we have, every day we live, to confess Christ! Do you think he would let them slip by?

South Africa, however, is where the Gospel has won its greatest victories. "Cape Colony," of which you learn in your Field Study this month, "can fairly claim to be called Christian.

Yes, grand missionary work has been done in Africa, and noble lives have been laid upon the altar. When the news reached England of the sudden death of Bishop Hill, the mother of another missionary who gave his life for Africa, wrote: "You must know, even I know, what Africa means. It is literally the life laid down. At this moment I have two other sons in mission work in Africa, and I would not have them elsewhere. These words of Francis Xavier express most

happily what seems to justify the loss of precious lives. He says: 'While I can do anything to prove the contrary, it shall never be said that the love of Christ is less constraining than the love of gold.'" What but the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ could so nerve that mother's hand and heart?

We have just one little word of encouragement to give you to pray on for the Jews. It came last year from an English Jewish journal: "Never since that glorious day of Pentacost, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, in the far-off holy city of Jerusalem, when three thousand Jews acknowledged Christ and we baptized in one day, have the opportunities of preaching the gospel of glad tidings to our Jewish brethren, been so bright and promising as in the present year of our Lord." The writer goes on to say that so much sympathy has been shown by Christians for the Jews, so cruelly persecuted in Russia, that a responsive echo of love awakened in their hearts, has made them willing to listen to the story of Jesus and His love; and he calls on the Christian world not to let this great opportunity go by.

Both poems we publish to-day we heard sung not long ago by members of a native African choir. The beauty and the pathos still linger with us. They made one realize as never before that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of all the earth," and that these were indeed our brothers and our sisters.

All our young readers, we are sure, will be greatly interested in the sketch, given this month, of our esteemed missionary, Miss Morgan, and will pray that health and strength may speedily return to one so useful and beloved. We may add that before her departure for Japan, Miss Morgan's work as a teacher was most highly commended.

How about this summer outing of mine? Will it give me fresh spiritual as well as physical strength? Will it help some other one?

Any subscriber not receiving the paper, will please communicate with the Editor.

Black-board lesson next time. Thanks for Montreal communication received.

All communications must be in by the 8th of the preceding month. For September by 8th of August.

Sample copies still on hand.

## ONE OF OUR MISSIONARIES.

WHEN the call for more workers for Japan was made by our W. M. S. in 1887, a young girl, with pleasant countenance and gentle manners, was moved to make application. This was Miss Kate Morgan, of Brantford, who had some experience in school-teaching, and knew that it brings grand opportunities for winning souls. Miss Morgan offered for the Educational department of the work, and was accepted and sent out, arriving in Japan in January of the next year. This young lady is a native of Brantford, where her parents had died, leaving a family of three daughters and one son—the latter deceased a few years ago. The sisters are Mrs. Boyd, wife of Rev. Thos. Boyd, one of our highly esteemed Methodist ministers, and Mrs. Rose, of Brantford. Miss Morgan's first months in Japan were spent in the girls' school in Tokyo, after which her field of labor was Shidzuoka, where Miss Cunningham had been working alone. Here, with great energy, and without intermission, save a short season of imposed rest, on account of health, the full term of five years' service was enthusiastically rendered. With many difficulties, especially in the business arrangements, in which it was necessary to have a certain partnership between Japanese directors and the W. M. S., and in which much wisdom and tact were needed to retain the good will of the natives, and still not place in jeopardy the best interests of the school, this young lady labored with very satisfactory results. A school was founded for young girls, the institution of which will, with God's blessing, prove of incalculable benefit to the women and girls of future generations. As the time for needed rest and furlough approached, it was learned that Miss Morgan's health was in a precarious condition, demanding the most skillful treatment. The return to the home land became imperative, and while being treated in the General Hospital, Toronto, faith and courage, and consecration, must have been severely tested as the sufferer passed down to the verge of the unseen land. But in answer to the fervent prayers of many loving friends, asking for a blessing on the skilful efforts of the physicians, the crisis was safely passed, and slowly but surely the hoped-for recovery began. And now, while gaining strength by slow degrees, it is a joy to her to proclaim the goodness of the Lord in all the way He has been leading, and sometimes, as strength is given, to speak to little companies of the blessed work that is begun for the women and girls of Japan. Whatever the future may have in store for her, of joy or sorrow ease or pain, one thing is certain, that our invalid friend will never regret that so many years of

her young life were spent in the Master's service in foreign lands; and that if health and strength were given, it would bring great joy to go forth once more to do His bidding. The memory of God's faithfulness in the past, of His goodness all the way through, and the assurance of the presence and power of His Spirit in the work, would lead to loving, joyful, and increased consecration. May a similar mantle of devotion fall on many more of the Lord's handmaidens.

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“There is sunshine every where  
For thy heart and mine,—  
God for every sin and care  
Is the cure divine.”

G. McD.

## THE NEW MEMBERS.

TOM and Charlie were playing horse in the front yard, and seemed to be enjoying themselves very much where their mother left them, after charging them not to get into mischief.

They enjoyed themselves very much for a little while, but soon their interest began to flag, and Tommy said, “Oh Charlie, lets go out of the yard, I'm tired of this.” “All right,” said Charlie, “lets go down the street.” And soon the yard was quiet and the boys were gone.

In the vestry of the little church not far away the mission band was holding a meeting. There were only four there: the president and three others, and all the faces wore a most despondent look. “Oh dear!” sighed one, “this was to have been the most interesting meeting and hardly anybody here. What can we do? I wish we could get some new members and perhaps they would come for a little while, but we've got everybody, so it's no use. It's too bad!”

It was the boys' sister, Dorothy, who spoke; and just at that moment they themselves entered. Having seen that the door was opened, they had walked up to see what was going on, and heard what their sister had said. “I will be a member,” said Charlie; and me too,” said little Tom. The mission band, to tell the truth, did not put much faith in them, but they accepted the boys as a matter of course, and soon they were glad that they had, for every member had either to come to the Band meeting or let Tom and Charlie know the reason why, and never again did the Band meet with such a small attendance as when they joined it.

D. H. W.

Hampton, N. B.



Address—COUSIN JOY, 282 Princess St., St. John, N. B.

DEAR LITTLE COUSINS:—We have to think and pray this month for Africa and the Jews. Now perhaps some of you may think that Africa is so far off that you cannot feel any interest in it. But the way to feel interest in any country and any people is to read about them—to study their features and their ways. Africa is a very hot country, part of it right under the equator, as you will see if you look on the map; so you would find it very difficult to live there, if not impossible. But a great many people do live there, and you have seen some of them. Many of them were brought to America years ago as slaves, stolen or bought by traders on the coast of Africa. Do you think that was right? Do you think God ever meant one man to buy and own another man, because he had more money? Perhaps people did not think it was right, but they did it, all the same—people who lived in England and America, at least. It could only be stopped by cruel war.

The people of Africa are called negroes. We have all seen them, for there are a number in nearly every community. They are the descendants, children, or grand-children, or great grand-children of those who once were slaves. I have seen boys, and girls too, laugh at these children, and call them names, such as "nigger," because their skin was dark, not white like their own. I am sure no Mission boy or girl would do that. I do not know why God has made us different from them, unless it is that we may help them, and teach them, and be kind to them. If we went to their country we would hope to be treated kindly; so we must remember the golden rule. Perhaps God allowed these people to be sent to our land that they may learn of us how to be Christ-like in character and in heart, and so go back to tell their countrymen about Him. We know that many have done so. Most of those who still live in Africa are dark in soul as well as in body, for Africa has only been opened up for missionaries within a few years, but now that the truth

is beginning to shine there, it will no longer be a dark continent.

We must also pray for the Jews. Why should we feel such an interest in the Jews? Because they were God's chosen people—chosen by Him to tell His truth to all the world—but God's plan for them was spoiled by themselves. Isn't it strange that we can spoil God's plan for ourselves? Strange but true! So because they would not believe God's message and give it to the world, it had to be sent round another way, and they were left to themselves, and became all scattered through other nations and despised by them. Now we want you to pray that they may have faith to believe in Jesus, and that they may get back to their own dear land once more. Many of them are already saved. We ought to feel an interest in them because Jesus was a Jew.

#### A WORK FOR EACH.

Little children, there's a work  
Both for me and you;  
We must never, never shirk,  
But be always true.  
List, the Saviour speaks to thee,  
Saying "Tell the world of Me."  
Then with willing heart and hand  
We will work away;  
Ever, always, God's command  
Striving to obey:  
Till safe home our glorious King  
All His little ones shall bring.

#### ANSWERS TO JULY PUZZLES.

263 CLARENCE ST., LONDON, ONT.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—The answer to the puzzle for July is, "The Opium Trade and Liquor Traffic." I take the PALM BRANCH, and like it very much.

June 24th, 1895.

MAY GRAY.

TORONTO, July 3rd, 1895.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—I have found the puzzle for July. It is, "The Opium Trade and Liquor Traffic."

Yours truly,

ETHEL SIMS.

#### PUZZLES FOR AUGUST:

##### NUMERAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 22 letters,  
My 2, 12, 6, 16, 14, 20, is a country in Europe.  
My 5, 11, 7, 9, 3, is to provide food.  
My 8, 1, 21, 10, is a very useful part of the body.  
My 10, 18, 3, 13, is a murderous weapon.  
My 22, 4, 19, 17, means a color.  
My 5, 12, 15, 11, 13, is what frogs and some discontented people do.  
My whole is a part of our own world.

##### CHARADE.

My first is an indefinite article; my second is to make a noise like some animal; my third is one kind of meat; my fourth is a little word showing possession; my fifth is one who is true to you. My whole is a title of honor which God gave to a believing Jew. Please tell also the book, chapter, and verse in which you find it.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

**D**URING my recent stay in the eastern provinces I had the privilege of telling the friends of our work away out here in the far west, and among other things, told how useful a little knowledge of dentistry always proved among our Indians. While staying in Locknow, I told the junior Epworth League, in an address I gave, how the poor old Indians often came to us begging for something to relieve them of toothache, anxious to have the aching tooth extracted, but we had no forceps and could not give them much help. The young people felt very much interested in my account of the work, and their sympathies were so drawn out that they asked their leader to let them get up a concert to raise some money to buy forceps for the mission of Cape Mudge. So, after some weeks of hard practising, they gave a nice little concert which was a credit to the children and to those who trained them. The result of that effort is that from this time when the people come to us suffering from toothache we shall not have to send them away as we are now well equipped. Dr. Newton, of Lucknow, kindly purchased the instruments for us, thus getting them at a greatly reduced rate. These young folks also helped us greatly last winter by sending a parcel of cards, books, dolls, etc., to help towards our Christmas tree. It was quite an inspiration to stand before this earnest little band of workers and see their faces all aglow with interest, and we trust that in working for the advancement of Christ's kingdom they will be wise and make sure of belonging to it themselves. I have written this so others can read and perhaps be encouraged to make similar efforts. There is much to be done for our poor Indians, many are still without the Gospel and we must not delay in sending it to them, as those tribes not yet under the influence of Christianity are dying out quickly. One poor old woman in this village said to me one day, "Oh, our young people die so quickly because they do wrong and drink whiskey" So, dear home missionaries, do not grow weary but work on, and pray for those of us who are in the distant field and together we will rejoice in the harvest home.

A. K. W.

Cape Mudge.

" Sometimes it is hard to listen  
To a word unkind or cold,  
And to smile a loving answer:  
Do it—and you give Him gold !

There are sometimes bitter fancies  
Little murmurs that will stir,  
Even a little heart ; but crush them  
And you give our Jesus myrrh."

A. C. PROCTOR.

## EXTRACTS OF A LETTER FROM MRS. SADIE HART SPENCER.

Mrs. Spencer is on her way to the new station to which her husband has been appointed. Meantime she stops at Port Essington, which is the great fishing station to which most of the Indians go in that season.

Port Essington, June 19, 1895.

There are crowds of Indians here now, business is rushing generally. The services are well attended. They are held every night, and about all day Sundays.

The fishing season promises, I believe, to be good. Day before yesterday a salmon weighing 85 pounds was caught ; however, there are decidedly few of that weight to be found.

You will have heard of the sad death of Mrs. Anderson. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson have been missionaries at Kitamaat for five years, three years alone. Last year Rev. H. Baley and wife took charge of that mission. An industrial work had started. Mr. Anderson remained as teacher. He is a lay worker. During Conference time, while Mr. and Mrs. Baley were absent, Mrs. Anderson was suddenly taken ill ; after suffering intense agony for nine hours, she died. Mr. A. had to prepare her for the grave and bury her. No word could be sent to any other place for some time. Nearly three weeks after the "Glad Tidings" on its way up the coast went into Kitamaat ; you may imagine the shock the news gave them. Mr. Anderson had to tell them himself. He had been alone with his two little ones all that time—that is, there were no white people and but very few Indians at Kitamaat, the Indians having gone to their summer fishing places. The eldest child is about three and the baby not quite a year old.

Mrs. Anderson was one of the great workers, enduring much hardship, but never complained. She went to Kitamaat a bride only five years ago. I think it one of the saddest things that has happened on the coast. Mrs. Anderson died the 14th of May.

[Mrs. Spencer here speaks of the new station to which they have been appointed.] This means that our last year's fixing is lost to us. We will have to start over again and mission houses out here have nothing to them. Indeed, where we are to go, there is no house for us yet. We will not be able to get our trunks down the river till the first of August. It will not pay us to bring much besides trunks down the river, so we will have to sell what we have for what can be got for it, or give it away. Such is life out here. If only furnished houses were provided, one would not mind a move so much.

S. L. S.

## NOTES FROM THE BRANCHES.

## TORONTO CONFERENCE BRANCHES.

In April Mrs. Casley, of Unionville, organized a Mission Band about three miles from her home, and the members have chosen the name of "Pearl Seekers."

Wesley Church, Toronto, has just closed a year of successful work. Their aim has been to stimulate and increase the missionary spirit, and with this in view, a Missionary Reading Circle was organized for Home Missionary reading.

A box of clothing and Christmas gifts were sent to Trout Creek Mission. The members made clothing for the poor, remembering home missions as well as foreign. The season closed with a public meeting. Mrs. Wilmot, President of the Branch, gave an address on China, and a thank-offering was taken up for Chentu Hospital.

A Mission Branch has been organized at Toronto Junction, called the "Golden Rule" M. B. It meets the first Saturday afternoon in the month. The study of different countries is taken up, and the children have made several linen scrap books. All are interested in the work.

Aurora "Busy Bees" held a very pleasant open meeting in the Sunday School Room on afternoon and evening of May 6th. Tea was partaken of by the children, and afterwards tables were set for the older people, which looked very pretty, and were ornamented with spring flowers. The members of the Band waited upon their guests in a very efficient manner; and in the evening a good programme was rendered. Mrs. McDonald, President, had spent much time and labor in assisting to prepare it. Mrs. Bascom, M. B. Cor. Sec., was present, and talked to the children.

Owen Sound "Retta Gifford" Branch held a thank-offering service for Chentu Hospital. They meet on Sunday, after close of Sunday School.

"Maple" Mission Band reports a good year's work. Twenty-five copies of PALM BRANCH taken.

Huntsville, Muskoka; although a small Branch, has very faithful workers. They raise vegetables for sale, and in the Fall report to the treasurer.

Brampton Grace Church Mission Band has had a very successful year. It opened in September with a membership of thirty-five, to which a few have been added. Average attendance twenty during the season. The meetings were adjourned for a few weeks, at Anniversary time, on account of practises, but after New Years were re-opened, with an increased desire to raise money for the Mission cause. It was decided to make an autograph, crazy patchwork quilt, and work was commenced at once. The children pieced the blocks, and then set about securing names. They got 256 in all, at five cents each, thus making \$12.80. It was sold at a concert, on May 17th, for \$20, giving us a total of \$32.80 for quilt money. The

collection at the October concert was \$9.25, and on May 17th we realized \$10.72 by voluntary admission. We also received one life member. These amounts, together with the collections at our ordinary Band meeting, and monies raised from other sources make us a total of \$74 for the year.

## SECRETARIES OF BRANCHES,

## PLEASE TAKE NOTICE.

The Board of Managers in Cobourg, October 1894, appointed a committee to consider a number of notices of motion, brought before them, on Mission Band representation at Branch annual meetings, and to prepare one to be submitted to the various Branches in October 1895, for their consideration. The Committee—Mesdames B. D. Daley, S. R. Wright, G. Jackson, A. M. Bascom, and Miss Sutcliffe—have unanimously agreed upon the following:

"Any Mission Band, numbering forty members or over, or sending the sum of twenty-five dollars (\$25,) annually to the Treasurer of the Auxiliary or the Branch in which the Band is formed, shall be entitled to send one delegate to the Branch Annual Meeting, but she shall not be eligible to any office in the Branch, or election to the Board of Managers, except she be a member of an Auxiliary."

(The words added to the Mission Band Constitution, are in italics.) B. DICKSON DALY.

## MISSIONARY SKETCH.

## WHO WAS HE?

"The Apostle of Burmah" links America with Europe in their grand work. He arrived in the East in 1813, and "jeoparded his life unto the death in the high places of the field." In Burmah he found himself in a land of slaves, ruled by a tyrant, and lived amid brutal murderers and vicious robbers, close to the spot of public execution, with his noble wife, seeking to set up Christ's Kingdom in the Empire of the golden sovereign of land and water. Evangelizing the people by the way-side; preaching to courtiers, and even to "the golden ears" of the throne; enduring the terrible captivity at Ava, with his long-suffering wife to console and feed him; shut up with hundreds of Burmese robbers and murderers; secreting his manuscript translations sewed up in his pillow; kissing his new-born babe through the bars of his cell; marching in chains with lacerated and bleeding feet; released; after twenty years of toil giving the Bible to the Burmese in their own tongue; and in 1830, with Mason, "the Apostle of the Karens," carrying the gospel to that people, and seeing them converted by the thousands, till he could write: "I eat the rice and fruit cultivated by Christian hands, look on the fields of Christians, see no dwellings but those of Christian families,"—everywhere and from first to last—he is the same Christian, divine and hero. The work east of the Bay of Bengal groups itself around his name.

J. T. GRACEY, (From "India.")