



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

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No. 5

THE WORK OF OUR HANDS.

"And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it."—Ps. xc. 17.

"The work of our hands, establish Thou it."

So, often with thoughtless lips we pray;
But He who sits in the heavens shall say,

"Is the work of your hands so fair and fit
That you dare so pray?"

"The work of your hands, is it fairly writ,
In luminous lines, that all may see?
Is its shelter as strength, like the spreading tree,
In whose green shadow men may sit?
Dare ye answer me?"

"Is it strong as the wonderful bonds that knit
All truth in one? Is it pure as snow?
As gracious and sweet as the winds that blow?
As true as the stars that are nightly lit
For the world below?"

"Will the work of your hands for aye transmit
Truth and beauty, and love and praise?
Will it lead and light to the heavenly ways?
Answer me, soul: Shall I 'establish it
'Gainst the day of days?"

Softly we answer: "Lord, *make it fit,*
The work of our hands, that so we may
Lift up our voices and dare to pray,
'The work of our hands, establish Thou it'
Forever and aye."

CHARLOTTA PERRY.

HOW REX FOUND WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS.

It was a regular old-fashioned Christmas day. The air was crisp and cold; the snow lay in banks, like huge white pillows, on the street. The sun shone so brightly that it seemed as though he

wanted to wish all the inhabitants of "Old Mother Earth" a "merry Christmas." The very tinkle of the sleigh bells sounded like music, saying, "Peace on earth, good will to men." Joy and contentment seemed to reign supreme upon this birthday of the world's Redeemer.

In a beautiful home, owned by Mr. Grant, a wealthy merchant, the family was assembled after dinner, in the drawing room. Upon a couch, before the fire, lay a lovely girl of sixteen. For nearly three years she had suffered from spinal complaint, but never a murmur had escaped her lips. Many a night, when sleep refused to come, she had talked with Jesus, and gained strength to suffer uncomplainingly. She was treasurer of the Mission Circle of the church to which her family belonged, and her whole thought was for the advancement of the kingdom of Jesus at home and in heathen lands.

"Alice, dear," she said to her sister, "run up and get my mite-box, please; it is on my table."

When Alice brought the box, Floy said, with a bright smile: "Now I want a thank offering from every one of you. I put mine in this morning."

"Why Floy," said her brother Fred, "I really do not see how you can have a very thankful heart. Here you are day after day shut in from the enjoyment other girls have, sick and suffering, and —"

"Hush, Fred," she said gently; "do not say that. Why, I have father and mother, a sweet little sister, and three big brothers, who cannot do enough for their helpless sister. And I have Christmas; and, Fred, how many blessings Christmas means; sins forgiven, sorrow and pain shared by the Christ-child, the assurance of a resurrection, and heaven by and bye. Why, Fred, think if I had been born a heathen!"

"Mercy, Floy," exclaimed her youngest brother, Rex, a fine, manly fellow, loved by all for his kindly manner and frank, open face, "what on earth put such a thought into your head?"

"Well, Rex," answered Floy, smiling back into her brother's amused face, "I have just been reading how sick people are treated in heathen lands, and O, Rex, when I consider how lovingly I am cared for; how every remedy is used to stop my pain, how you all nurse me, my heart is filled with gratitude. And when I think of my sick brothers and sisters away off in Africa and Asia, without doctors, without hospitals, at the mercy of terrible medicine men, it makes my heart ache. Why, Rex, in China there was a sick man, and the medicine man ordered the daughter of the house to have her hand cut off to make broth for the sick father; and all over China there are hundreds of just such maimed daughters."

The tears stood in her eyes, and her brother answered gravely, "I did not know of such things, Floy. I guess we may all be thankful we were not born in those dark lands."

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Grant, "the suffering in those countries is terrible, and the worst is, they know nothing of the Great Physician who can cure the soul. We have given gifts to our loved ones to-day; let us give birth-day gifts to Jesus—gifts which will help carry the 'good tidings of great joy' to those who never heard of Christmas."

Floy held the box, and each one put in an offering.

"I put mine in for your sake, Floy," whispered Rex.

"O, Rex, won't you, on this Christmas day, put it in for Christ's sake?"

"I put mine in, Floy, because I see you have much cause for thankfulness, and I a hundred fold more," said Fred. "I will never speak as I did again."

"Well," said Rex, "it is three o'clock, and I must be off to the Children's Hospital. I am going to act as Santa Claus, and dispose of these twenty dolls Floy dressed, and sundry other articles sent in to make the little ones happy."

How many blooming faces there were in the hospital wards as Santa Claus distributed the gifts! How the thin hands grasped the doll or bugle, and bags of candies! After the tree was stripped, the friends went from bed to bed, talking with the little ones.

Rex was a medical student, and a great favourite with the children. "Mr. Rex" was called to many a little cot to see what Santa Claus had brought. At last he came to a cot in which lay a little girl, whose thin, pinched face showed traces of great suffering.

"Well, Annie," said Rex, "how is my little girl to-day?"

"Why, Mr. Rex," she answered, a sweet smile light-

ing up her pale face, "I am so thankful that I don't know how to tell it."

Rex looked at the tiny, suffering form and wondered. He did not yet know the secret of such a spirit.

"Why are you thankful, Annie?" he asked.

"Well, Mr. Rex, I am thankful that Jesus was born, and that He loves me and I love Him, and that He gave me this nice hospital and these kind nurses and doctors, and, Oh, hundreds of things. I am very thankful for you, Mr. Rex," she added shyly.

"For me!" exclaimed Rex in amazement. "why, what have I ever done, Annie?"

"O, so many things. You are so merry and gentle with us little ones when we have pain. I think you act just like Jesus would like us to act."

A choking sensation came in Rex's throat as he listened to the child's artless words. How small and selfish he appeared. Acting as Jesus would have him, when he had not even yielded Him his heart!

"Mr. Rex, will you please put a Christmas present in my box?" she said, and she took a nite-box like Floy's from her table. "A lady brought it to me the other day. She told me about little children who have none to love them, and I do want them to know that Jesus loves them, and I cannot do anything now but pray and ask friends for gifts for my box."

Rex put his hand in his pocket, and as he dropped his offering into the box he prayed, "Lord, I give this to Thee, and I give myself to Thee, for medical work among the heathen."

When Rex went into the drawing room a new light was on his face. He went to the couch where Floy lay, and taking her box, dropped another coin in it and said, to her enquiring look: "Floy, darling; I give this *for Jesus'* sake, and if He wants me, I will go to heathen lands, to help heal the bodies of the sick, and tell them what Christmas means."

Floy's sweet eyes beamed through her tears, as she said in tremulous tones, "I have been praying for this, Rex. Tell me all about it."

And Rex told how his sister Floy and little Annie had led him to see how thankless he had been in refusing to accept the Babe of Bethlehem as his Saviour.

"Let us pray," said Mr. Grant, and there in the twilight that Christian family bowed before God and thanked Him that at last their Rex had come to know what Christmas joy meant.

Canboro.

LOUIE HUNTER MARSHALL.

"Oh, let me know
The power of Thy resurrection!
Oh, let me show
Thy risen life in calm and clear reflection!"

TELL IT OUT.

"Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King."—Psa. 116 : 10. Prayer Book version.

Tell it out among the nations that the Saviour reigns,
 Tell it out ! tel ! it out !
 Tell it out among the heathen, bid them burst their chains,
 Tell it out ! tel ! it out !
 Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives ;
 Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives ;
 Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save ;
 Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed o'er the grave.
 Tell it out ! Tell it out !
 Tell it out among the heathen, Jesus reigns above !
 Tell it out ! tel ! it out !
 Tell it out among the heathen, that His name is Love !
 Tell it out ! tel ! it out !
 Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home ;
 Let it ring across the mountains, and the ocean foam ;
 Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,
 Till it echo and re echo from the islands of the sea.
 Tell it out ! tel ! it out !

F. R. H.

FIELD STUDY FOR MAY.

WEST CHINA MISSION.

ALL through the year I am sure that many of the Band members have been following the work of our heroic missionaries in China. Good reason have we to feel proud of such Christians, of such Canadians.

In January, 1896, eight months after the riot, Mr. Hartwell and others from our General Missionary Society, were back again, ready to repair the ruins. Our workers, Miss Ford, Miss Brackbill, and Dr. Gifford Kilborn, arrived in April. The work of re-building was pushed rapidly—expenses all being paid by the Chinese Government. Instead of leasing land as formerly, they are now able to buy. The compound of our ladies is about half a mile from the other station ; so they have two centres of influence.

The only other Protestant Mission in the city is the Methodist Episcopal. At the opening of the Church in August, their missionaries were present and took part in the service. It must have been a most interesting one, and encouraging. Also, the first convert was baptized, and the names of seventeen enquirers were taken. Mr. Hartwell says :

"Our public preaching services every Sunday morning, are crowded with men, women and children, the majority of whom are our near neighbors ; some are passers by, attracted by the singing. They nearly stand on top of each other in their efforts to see and hear, but withal are very orderly and attentive. Pray for them ! Pray for us ! that wisdom and grace and power may be given in measure sufficient for our opportunities."

One of the new buildings is a book-store. It is managed by a convert :

"The book-store has been open for several weeks now, and is proving a most decided success. Every

day scores of people, often more than a hundred, visit the place, study the maps on the walls, read monthly or weekly paper published in Shanghai, or, best of all, read and buy the tracts and Scripture portions which are spread out in full view of all. At the same time the book-seller takes or makes many opportunities to preach the Gospel to those who come in."

Dr. Hart, who is now on his way back to Chentu, is taking with him a printing press. Many volumes have been destroyed on their way up the Yangtse in the uncertain house boats. With Dr. Hart are Dr. Maud Killam, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, and Miss Brooks, of Hastings, Ontario. These, with Miss Foster, who left Canada last September, will give us a force of six workers—two doctors, two trained nurses, and two teachers. Dr. Gifford Kilborn and Miss Ford are working now in their dispensary, but the in-wards are not yet ready.

The latest news is, that Miss Brackbill has two babies to care for. Dr. and Mrs. Kilborn pay for the support of one of these. The other baby—a girl of two months old, was picked up in a ditch, and brought to them by a servant. Some of the most valuable workers in the Methodist Episcopal Mission in China were secured in this way.

So by preaching, by teaching, by healing, even by trading, they are all things to all men, that by all means they may win some.

May our fervent prayers join theirs that "this little candle" may do good work among the forty millions of Sz Chuen.

E. D.

QUESTIONS FOR MAY.

How soon did some of the Missionaries go back to China after the riots? Ready for what?

When did our workers go?

Who paid the expenses of re-building, and what advantage have the missionaries now?

What is said of the Ladies' Compound, and what does it give them?

What other Protestant Mission in that city?

What is said of their united service?

What does Mr. Hartwell say of the public preaching services there?

What attracts passers by?

How anxious are these Chinese people to see and hear, and how do they behave?

What does Mr. H. ask us to do for them?

What is one of the new buildings, and how is it managed?

Is it proving a success? Will you tell all you know about it?

What is Dr. Hart taking back with him to China?

How have many volumes been destroyed?

What new missionaries of ours are on the way with Dr. Hart?

Describe our force when they arrive?

What are Dr. Gifford Kilborn and Miss Ford doing now?

What is the latest news from Miss Brackbill?

How did the babies get there?

What reason have we to think that by and bye these little ones may become valuable workers?

By what different means is God's work done in China?

How many million people in Sz-Chuen, and what can we do for them?

✻ PALM BRANCH ✻

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

MAY, 1897.

There is an interesting article in the February number of *Woman's Missionary Friend*, in regard to "Romanized Chinese". The question is asked: "How can the Christians of China become a reading people?" Very few of the women who have accepted Christianity can read the Bible for themselves. The trouble is that thousands of characters must be learned before they can read one book and many more must be added before they can read others. Not many of the women and girls can attend school long enough to become able to read the New Testament, and even after that they cannot go on alone. Only the little children can attend the schools; the older girls are promised in marriage and the poor, tired mothers have too many cares, so they have to depend on hearing. Sometimes they have a sermon on Sunday, but when the men fill the church the women must stay at home. In small villages the preacher only comes once in several weeks. It is asked, "How can mothers bring up their little ones in the Christian way when they cannot read the Bible themselves and apply the truths to their own lives?" How much can we expect from an American woman who can neither read nor write! and how much less must we expect of a Chinese woman in a heathenland! It is believed that a remedy has been found in what is called "The Romanized Chinese". By this means the necessary number of characters is reduced to thirty-one: our own English letters a, b, c, ch, d, e, g, h, i, k, l, m, ng, o, p, s, t, n, a, e, o, u, ai, au, eu, ie, io, i, oi, ui. These may be easily learned and combined in such a way as to represent the thousands of characters of the Chinese language. So a brighter day is dawning for the women of China. The Bible, Bible picture book and hymn book have already been published under the new system, and a paper for the benefit of the common people.

BREAD OR A STONE?

LUKE XI. 11.

My Hope lay hid
 Beneath a coffin lid,
 No joy henceforth, no sunshine anywhere,
 No balm in all the air,
 Naught save low-brooding clouds and dull despair.

Chill and benumbed I lay
 Till breaking of the day,
 When lo, the flutter of a tiny wing,
 I heard a robin sing,—
 O God, could this be Spring?

I bent above the ground
 Where all my hopes were bound,
 And lo, a crocus flower had won its way,
 Battling with storm and snow,
 And all the winds that blow,
 Into the light of day.

It searched me through and through
 As eyes of angels do,
 And then it seemed to say
 Hast thou no faith, poor soul, thro' this dark hour,
 In resurrection power?

Why, after me will be
 The fair anemone,
 And violet blue,
 The little children too,
 With blossoms in the hand,
 Twining their daisy garlands lovingly,
 And all will bring to thee
 The glad, sweet prophecy
 Of light and life and love in Summer land.

And I was not alone.
 Forgive, dear Lord, I said,
 That I have clasped a stone
 Where Thou would'st give me bread.

St. John.

S. E. SMITH

QUESTION DRAWER.

Q. Would it not be a good idea to have, each month, a map of the country which is our Field Study?

A. Yes, it would be a grand idea! a very great help to us all. But alas, our little paper could not bear the expense. It would have to be self-supporting, and a great deal more than that before we could afford such an outlay. The time seems far off.

Q. Is it necessary when we send an order for Palm Branch to give the name of the Branch to which we belong?

A. Indeed it is. If you only knew how much trouble it would save, you would surely never forget to do so. There are several orders coming from places not to be found in the Report, such as *Devizes'*, *Bullocks' Corners*. We would like, at the end of the year, to be able to give credit to the right Branch.

Q. Do you want poetry from the girls and boys?

A. No, we do not. We cannot make room for it. That is one reason. Another is, that it is much better for the girls and boys to begin by writing good prose; it will give them a better style by and by. The best thing for our little friends to do is to study the works of the great Poets as well as the rules of Rhetoric; they will form their taste, and be found very helpful in all kinds of writing. In the meantime we would be very glad to receive short prose articles from them on any missionary subject, such as *Rev. Mr. Kirby* suggested some time ago—the different religions of the world and the advantages of Christianity. *Cousin Joy* will also be delighted to receive all the little letters her Cousins may care to write.

"MY WEALTHY NEIGHBOR."
A RECITATION,

BY ELIZA CARROLL SNEILL.

You may see him yonder; he's apt to be merry,
So that accounts for the smile on his face.
Yes, I know that his coat is shabby, very;
And his residence *isn't* a costly place;
But he has his capital finely invested,
And it's bringing him interest every day.
O, he is a fortunate man, I can tell you—
My wealthy neighbor over the way.

It wasn't much that the man invested—
I think a few hundred dollars or so.
It was all that he had, and his friends protested—
They thought he was foolish to let it go.
But he lent it out to the Lord of heaven—
(He told me about it the other day)
And he says his returns are simply tremendous—
My wealthy neighbor over the way.

Why since he lent out his bit of treasure
His joy seems more than his heart can hold;
And his face is bright with a richer pleasure
Than if he had struck on a mine of gold!
And his sympathies have widened so widely,
He's a different man from the man he was then:
He can't do enough for the cause of Jesus,
Or work enough for his fellow-men.

Yes; I think my neighbor is right in the matter—
His money is safe, his returns are sure;
He needn't fear that his bank will shatter,
And he be left dependent and poor.
Ah yes, he's a fortunate man, and a happy!
And I should be glad if I knew to-day
I had as much treasure laid up in heaven
As my wealthy neighbor over the way.

CHILD MISERIES IN CHINA.

UNDER this title, Miss Macey, of the mission of the London Society at Tientsin, China, relates the following incidents in *Woman's Work in the Far East*. She is describing a scene in the Woman's Hospital at Tientsin, where there were some little girls who had been brought to this Christian Institution. One of them was about five years old, and had been "thrown away," according to a common practice when there are too many girls to feed in a family. Miss Macey writes to her:

"Poor little mite! She stood looking so demure, a quiet war dropping down, as Mr. Bryson, who was there and wanted to adopt her, tried to find out her story. At first the woman said she belonged to no one, though one of them had taken care of her for a time, but it came out that a blacksmith in Tientsin had owned her. He had a little while ago gone to T'ang-san to collect some debts owing to him. One man could not pay, but said, 'I will give you this

little slave instead.' She had, during the war, been brought by some of the soldiers from the north, probably near Mongolia, and sold to the man at T'ang-san, who transferred her to the blacksmith.

But the latter found she had a tiresome complaint; and his wife was troubled with the care of her, so he told one of his workmen to throw her away. This man's wife took pity on her, kept and nursed her a little while, and then, as she was better, and the woman had received no payment for her, she returned her to her master.

But he only kept her a short time, and then gave her again to his workman to be really thrown away this time, he said, as he would have no more to do with her. So she was brought to the hospital in hopes that the foreign ladies would take her. With good food and kind attention she brightened up, and seems happier. Though so young she does not like being asked about her past. She cries and says she has no mother. Think of a tiny child dragged from home, bandied about among rough soldiers, sold to strangers, half starved and ill, always more or less neglected, even if not cruelly treated! Is not this a life of fear?—*Dayspring*.

NEW HEBRIDES ISLANDS. Only fifteen years ago a missionary went to Tongoa, and so richly have his labors been blessed that in 1893 all the inhabitants had been baptized. Nearly all the people know how to read, and each village surrounding has a school. Public worship is well attended, and family prayer observed. Infanticide, cannibalism, polygamy, sorcery and war exist only as painful memories in the minds of the older people. They dress more decently, their huts are more comfortable, wells have been dug, and roads constructed. All these improvements are the direct results of Christian influence."

JAPAN. Although within the last few years there has been a reaction in Japan in regard to accepting Christianity, yet there are many inquirers, and it is stated that there are hundreds, if not thousands, of semi-Nicodemuses among thoughtful men, who are quietly making investigation of the truths of the gospel. Genuine revivals have occurred in many of the schools connected with the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. The thirty-two Bible-women employed in this society have made over fifteen thousand calls in city and village, presenting the truth.

"Arise! for He is risen to-day;
And shine, for He is glorified!
Put on thy beautiful array,
And keep perpetual Eastertide."



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

DEAR COUSINS.—We have a great many Spring songs, but is there one quite as sweet as the one Solomon sang many hundreds of years ago! You will find it in "The Song of Solomon," chap. 2nd, 10, 11 and 12th verses. In it he speaks of the singing of birds—so that was one of the signs of Spring in Solomon's time as well as in ours. Do you notice how many times birds are spoken of in the Bible? It might be worth while to find out *how* often. You see God is the God of the kingdom of Nature as well as of Grace. You remember how Jesus spoke of them He said "Behold the fowls of the air." "Consider (think of) "the ravens," not able to provide for their future, "yet God feedeth them,"—reminding His Disciples of His care of the least of His creatures, and therefore for man, the greatest. Why did Jesus speak of the little sparrow of his day (so cheap in man's sight) as precious in the thought of God? Why did He say "Not one of them falleth to the ground without your Heavenly Father," if He did not wish to remind every little girl and boy, as long as the world stands, that He thinks of each one of them? No matter how small, how poor, how lowly you may be—how far below the notice of the great ones of the earth—you are never beneath His notice. He knows your name, just where you live, just what you are doing. This thought will please you, if you are trying to please Him. He does not forget the little helpless sparrow, but "you are of more value than many sparrows." Will you tell me why in your little letters next month?

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—I have never written to you before, but I thought I would like to. I am a member of the Dawning Light Mission Band. We meet once a month, on Sunday afternoons. Our Band has thirty-seven members. Our President, Mrs. W. H. Prouse, is going to give us a Christmas treat Wednesday night at her house. We expect to have a good time. We take the PALM BRANCH at our Mission Band. As this is the first letter I have written to you, I will now close. Your loving Cousin,
Murray Harbor, So. MILLIE BROOKS.

This little letter came when the Editor was away, and has been overlooked. Better late than never, Cousin Milly.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—I am a little boy, 10 years old. I am a member of the Mission Band, and I take the PALM BRANCH, and like it very much.

Your Little Cousin, LLOYD LUTES.
Wilsonville, Ont.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—My home is in Lyndhurst, but I belong to "Wayside Helpers" Mission Band of Delta. I think I have the proper answer to April puzzles. First, "April Fool's Day; second, "The Kensington Mission Band." First Query—I think the first missionary meeting must have been when Peter went to Cornelius at Caesarea; his sermon begins in the 34th verse of the 10th chap. of the Acts. 2nd Query. First convert was Lydia Your loving Cousin,
Lyndhurst, Ont. VERNER M. GILBERT.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I think I have found the answer to the puzzles in the PALM BRANCH. The first is "April Fool's Day," and the second is "The Kensington Mission Band." On March 26th we held a missionary prayer meeting, which was very interesting. A collection was taken in aid of the Mission Band. On Easter Monday the W. M. S. intend holding an Easter service, in which several of the Band are taking part. In April's No. of the PALM BRANCH there is a cute recitation for a very little girl, and the youngest member of our Band is going to recite it at the public meeting—little May McQueen. She is only four years old. I must stop writing, as my letter will be too long. I remain your Cousin,
Montague Bridge. NOVELLA MARTIN.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—I take the PALM BRANCH, and like it very much. I will send a puzzle. If you think it worth publishing, you may do so.

Your loving Cousin, SOPHIA ROACH.
Nappan Sta.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—I am so glad to see that you have a Question Drawer in PALM BRANCH now, for I am never clever enough to solve the puzzles, but can ask questions as well as any one. We take several copies of the PALM BRANCH in our Mission Band, and like it so much that some of the girls intend having them all bound at the end of the year. With best wishes,
Your loving cousin, GYPSY.

MAY PUZZLES.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 11, 7, 16 is to move swiftly.
My 6, 2, 12 is the fluid we breathe.
My 5, 10, 14, 15, 16 is a builder.
My 8, 15, 16 is to assume.
My 1, 13, 3, 9, 16, 6, is a Jewish tradition.
My 4, 2, 16, is what God hates.
My whole is the name of a missionary in India.
Maccan. ETHEL.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 4, 5, 16 is something we see nearly every day.
My 6, 8, 19, 9, is to be afraid.
My 7, 10, 3, is a reward.
My 12, 13, 14, 19, is something very comfortable.
My 1, 2, 15, 9, 17, is next to the second.
My 11 is a consonant.
My 18 is a vowel.
My whole we should call the people of India to-day.
Fredericton. MINNIE McCOMB.

PET'S DILEMMA.

I want to work for miss'ons,
But don't know what to do,
An' when I asked my papa,
He laughed an' said, "Why grow."

But I am big already—
Dest almost half-past free,
And mamma says my desses
Is all too short for me.

But when I twied to tell her
About our Miss'on Band,
Her 'chine made such a wacket,
Her couldn't understand.

Aunt Minnie hugged and tised me,
And called me "pwecious pet,"
An' said sumfin' "was a *problem*."
I almost dest forget.

I want to help ze he-sen,
I told my uncle Dick,
An' he looked awful solemn,
An' said "Come here my chick.

You want to help ze he sen—
I think I know a way,
But then you may not like it,
So if you don't, just say,

You're plump and yound and yosy,
Ze most *devious* meat—
I'll pack you up and send you,
Marked ' *Sumfin good to eat.*' "

Of tourse he's only jotin',
But no one helps a bit
An' what to do for miss'ons,
I can't find out as yet.

I sink I'll ask my gan'ma—
I'm certain she can tell,
An' it will be a bessin',
I've *worried* such a *spell*.

WHAT GRANDMA TOLD PET:

I'se had a talk wis gan'ma,
An' every sing's all right:
Ze cutest purse her dave me
To keep my monies tight.

I'll have my Papa's s'ippers
Ready when him comes in,
An' when ze week is over,
Five cents I'm goin' to win.

I've got to learn for aunty
Some new sing every day,
An' for the news I tell her
A cent she's goin' to pay.

Mamma ten cents will give me
For standing very still
When her is twying to fit me—
I—wonder—if—I—will.

I'll try, an' 'at's ze bestest
'At any one can do—
An' if I can, my uncle
Will give me ten cents too.

An' now I's dettin' s'eepey—
I sink—I'll—do—to—bed—
Zis workin' for ze he-sen
Is ze *hardest* work I'se hed.

Canso,

J. L. JOHNSON,

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

We are very glad indeed to hear from Kumtux again, and hope we will often be so favored. She says she is much interested in the good work being done among the Indians in British Columbia, which she thinks will receive fresh impetus with the addition of Miss Clark, who thoroughly understands her work, and is very enthusiastic. We are sorry that this communication did not arrive in time for our Indian number:

CLAXTON, B. C., Feb. 16, 1897.

To the Editress and Readers of the Palm Branch:

The Field Study for this month being Indian Missions, I thought I would send you a short description of an Indian wedding I attended at Fort Simpson last year.

The ceremony was performed in the church by Mr. Crosby. Shortly after the arrival of the friends the bride entered the church, and proceeded to the altar, where the groom awaited her. Immediately after the ceremony the newly wedded pair, with their attendants, formed in a group, just below the church, and had their photos taken. Preceded by the band, they then went to the hall, where the feast was to be held. The table at which were seated the bridal party and chief guests, including the missionaries, was just below the flag-draped gallery, where the band sat. The band played during the meal time, and I must confess their close proximity was somewhat ear-piercing.

The ordinary guests were given soup and pie, while the "tyees" were given roast goose, bread, mince pie, fruit, and tea. After the feast speeches were made, but as I do not understand the Tsympsiian language I cannot say what form they took. The bride wore a dress of white cashmere, trimmed with blue ribbon and lace, and carried a bouquet of mixed flowers. She also wore the regulation bridal veil. She had four bridesmaids, two of whom were dressed in light, and two in dark. The groom was attended by three of his friends.

Yours truly,

KUMTUX.

COQUALEETZA INSTITUTE,
Chilliwack, B. C., Jan. 28, 1897. }

MY DEAR FRIEND, (Mrs. Gøe.)

I thought I would write a letter to you. I thank you very much for sending those very nice cards to me, as I never expected them at all. Miss Smith gave them to me while we were in Sunday School. I havn't been in my class for quite a while. I have been taking Mrs. Hall's class. There are about sixteen of them. It seems very nice to listen to them when they answer up their catechism questions. They just know two secs., but are commencing to study the third sec. Last Saturday afternoon Miss Alton took us out for a nice long walk, and we all enjoyed it very much. The kitchen girls stayed at home. It was quite comical to see the older girls carrying the little ones on their backs. We turned round to march home again, because they were very tired. It was the first time that they had gone for a long walk—about two miles away from

the home. We brought home some little young trees, and planted them at our back yard, to make sun-shade's for the summer. I brought home a prickly little tree; when any of the girls touch it they say, 'What a tree! nobody can touch it!' We all enjoyed our Christmas and New Years very much, except la-grippe was going all around. I am getting along very nicely at present. I did not get sick at all this winter, for which I am very thankful. I hope you are enjoying health too. I was out working in Victoria last summer, and had a very good time, although it was a little hard; but I got used to the work, and got along very nicely, and took care of Mrs. Spencer's two children. Three other girls were working out too. I was very glad to get back to my school companions again, for I had missed them very much. To-day we got all our washing out and the clothes were all dry and brought into the laundry, and have quite a bit ironed and sent up to the sewing room to be mended. I hav'nt been going to school since I came back from Victoria about three months ago. Miss Smith is now giving five of us girls music lessons. She was giving us lessons before she got sick, and now she is able to teach us again. To-morrow night is going to be our class-meeting. Miss Smith is our class leader. We always enjoy our meetings very much. I hope we all may press onward to our loving Master.

I think I will close my letter now; please answer. It is now bed time for me. I am just about sleepy. So good bye. Your little friend,

NELLIE TAFFANDELE.

You will remember that we had a letter in the PALM BRANCH from Nellie about two years ago. We are very glad indeed to hear from her again, and to find that she has so well improved her time. Our thanks are due to Mrs. Gee for her kindness in sending us Nellie's letter, and we hope it will not be the last.

Extract of a Letter from Miss Alcorn.

Two girls came to the Kofu school to ask if some one would teach them Christianity. The younger of the two was a Kofu girl, who had been to church twice, and heard a little about Christianity. The other girl was from Osaka. Over a year ago her father tried to compel her to marry a man she knew nothing of. But she refused, and went from her home to Kioto and lived with a sister. The father came for her, and promised he would not try to marry her where she objected, if she would only return home. This she did, and in five months he again arranged a marriage for her. Then, when her father would not listen to a refusal, she left home by night, and started for Toiko, to her brother's. When near here it dawned upon her that her brother would only help her father. So she went to Kofu, and, having spent her money, went to work in the factory where she met this girl. In some way they were drawn to want to know about Christianity. The 1st, 11th, and 21st of each month is a holiday, and these days they go to the school for Christian teaching, and are so interested. Will you not pray that they may soon find the LIGHT THAT GIVES LIFE?

LEAVES FROM THE BRANCH'S.

N. B. AND P. E. I. BRANCH.

BRANCH REPORT.—In December, Mrs. Wm. Harrison organized a Band of small boys and girls at Hatherst. The name, "Try again," was chosen. Fourteen members have been enrolled, and several more expect to become members soon. Thirteen copies of PALM BRANCH are taken. The officers are: President, Mrs. Harrison; Vice Pres., Miss Ethel Miller; Recording Sec'y, Miss Edna Payne; Cor. Secretary, Celia Gammon; Treasurer, Kathleen Johnson.

"Do What we Can" Mission Band, Moncton, was reorganized in November, with a membership of 32. And under the able presidency of Mrs. Sherrard, the membership is now 67. Much interest is manifested by the members, and they are doing *what they can* to help our Mission cause.

"Help a Little" Mission Band, Moncton, has also been re-organized. 29 names were enrolled, and the membership now is 32.

"Ready Helpers," Sackville, report two new members this quarter. They have also added one new life member. The money to pay the fee was earned by knitting mittens, and selling them for 25 cents per pair. Will not some one else take a lesson from this and do likewise? I. T.

NOVA SCOTIA BAND NOTES.

The "Royal Workers," Berwick, held an entertainment the 1st of January, from which \$5.75 was raised.

"Happy Thought" Band, Yarmouth North, reports eleven new members for quarter ending March 15.

"Coraline Mission Circle" reports the addition of two life members; also, interesting and helpful meetings.

"Reapers Mission Circle," Halifax, "Harbour Hill Band," and "King's Own," of Avondale, are trying to do their best.

Will the Bands that have not sent in their Quarterly Reports please do so at once?

M. E. B., Cor. Sec.

M. E. BROWNE, So. Farmington, N. S.

April 9, 1897.

TORONTO CONFERENCE BRANCH.

Miss May Peaker, Cor. Sec., writes:—"The Sunbeam Mission Band of Grace Church, Brampton, held a Missionary entertainment Friday evening, March 5th, and had the pleasure of enrolling fourteen new members, making a total membership of sixty-six. The programme was new and interesting. A large audience was present, who went away much benefitted by the evening's entertainment. The sum of \$7.65 was realized.

MONTREAL CONFERENCE BRANCH.

"Daybreak Band," Cornwall, is still at its work of teaching and training, using its best endeavors to inculcate a missionary spirit in the minds of its youthful members. Our President, Miss Tennant, has been putting forth special effort to increase our funds and influence, and is just now busy preparing a missionary programme to be rendered by the Band on the evening of April 5th. S. S. B.