



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

VOL. III.

OCTOBER, 1896.

No. 10.

LITTLE MARJORIE.

"Where is little Marjorie?"
 There's the robin in the tree,
 With his gallant call once more
 From the boughs above the door!
 There's the blue-bird's note, and there
 Are Spring voices everywhere,
 Calling, calling, ceaselessly,
 "Where is little Marjorie?"

And her old play-mate, the rain,
 Calling at the window-pane,
 In soft syllables that win
 Not her answer from within—
 "Where is little Marjorie?"
 Or is it the rain, ah me!
 Or wild gusts of tears that were
 Calling us—not calling her?

"Where is little Marjorie?"
 Oh! in high security:
 She is hidden from the reach
 Of all voices that beseech;
 She is where no troubled word,
 Sob or sigh is ever heard,
 Since God whispered tenderly
 "Where is little Marjorie?"

JAS. WHITCOMB RILEY.

LISBETH LYNN'S LESSON.

LISBETH'S ankle had been badly sprained, and the doctor had put it in a plaster-of-Paris bandage. Her father had bought her a pair of crutches, with which she could walk comfortably, and her mother was giving her entire time to entertaining her. She had dressed Lisbeth's dolls, and read to her, and told her story after story, and yet the little girl fretted and fretted because she had to wear that hateful bandage. To add to her ill humor, the rain had begun to fall, and she said she just hated rainy days; she didn't see why it could not always rain at night.

Just then the door opened and her dear Cousin Ella entered. It was like the sunshine coming in,

Cousin Ella was always so bright and cheerful. The clouds on Lisbeth's face disappeared immediately.

Cousin Ella drew a chair up close to the sofa on which the little girl was lying, and said, "Why, Lisbeth, not yet resigned to that bandage, that is so soon to cure your poor weak ankle? What would you do if you were a poor little Chinese girl, and had both your feet bandaged in the cruel manner they do in China? You know, when a little girl there is six or seven years old, they bandage her feet, beginning at the toes, and drawing them under the sole toward the heel, till the poor little foot grows all humped up and deformed. It is terrible suffering, and the little girl cannot run about and play, and often cries hours and hours with the pain. When she is a grown lady she can hardly walk at all, but goes hobbling and mincing along, maimed for life by an outrageous and silly fashion. Aren't you glad enough that you were not born a Chinese girl, to put a nickel in your mite-box as Mrs. Pickett did?"

"Yes, Cousin Ella; I think I will do it just as soon as I get up," replied Lisbeth.

Cousin Ella was the lady manager of the missionary society, and had read the children "Mrs. Pickett's Mite-Box," and taught them how to "render unto the Lord for his benefits" by giving money to carry on his work.

She dearly loved to talk on the subject of missions, and now went right on, saying: "There is another country where a little girl has a dreadfully hard time, and that is India. Often she is married when she is only five years old, and is carried away from her own father and mother and left with her husband's family. To them she is almost a slave; and if her husband happens to die, she is beaten and driven out to take care of herself, and her good clothes taken from her. No one is allowed to be kind or to say one comforting word to her, and nobody cares if she starves. There is nothing more dreadful in this world than the fate of a child-widow of India."

"I'll drop another nickel in my box for not being a little girl of India," said Lisbeth decisively. "Papa

gave me ever so many of them for sitting still while this horrid old—Oh, dear, I did not mean to call it that!—while this bandage was hardening.”

“I know,” continued Cousin Ella, “of another country, Siam, where a little girl sometimes finds herself in a most deplorable condition. The Siamese are very fond of gambling, and a Siamese mother sometimes sells her own little daughter to pay her gambling debt. Just think of such mother love as that! A little girl in Africa has a pitiful life, too. She does not know much more than the monkeys that live in her country, and she doesn’t have many more clothes than they do. As she grows up she has to work hard for her father, or husband, or the chief of her tribe, and when the chief dies she may be one of those selected to be slain and thrown into the grave with him, to wait on him after death.”

“Oh, dear! I certainly am glad I am not a little black girl,” said Lisbeth. “One of my nickels shall go in for *that*.”

“I am sure you ought to be glad you are not a Japanese little girl,” Cousin Ella continued, “for though she has a better home and a happier time playing than other little heathen, she does not know a bit more about our blessed Saviour. She is carried to a temple the day she is one month old and dedicated to a hideous old idol, and her mother takes her there again as soon as she is old enough, and teaches her to pray to it. Sometimes the idol is so ugly and so frightful looking the little girl screams when she sees it, but her mother soothes her, and quiets her with candy, telling her the god sent it. So she learns to pray to the helpless old thing. A little girl with a Heavenly Father like ours, and Christian friends to love her, ought to be very sorry for a Japanese girl.”

“So I am,” declared Lisbeth.

“I am sure you have many, many more blessings you ought to be thankful for. Not only for being a little American girl, but for being your own self, little Lisbeth Lynn; thankful that you have this lovely home, your own dear papa, your devoted mamma, a kind, skilful doctor, pretty story books and beautiful pictures, and—”

“And a charming Cousin Ella to talk to me,” interrupted Lisbeth. “Oh, I *am*! I *am*!” positively, “and I think I will not fret any more because my ankle is bandaged.”—*Little Worker*.

Let Jesus In.

A wee little girl was playing Sunday-school. She sung, and talked as if she were a teacher of a class. She told the scholars they must read the Bible, and mind what papa and mamma says. After a while she looked toward the door, and quickly said, “Let Jesus in.” She imagined that Jesus was standing there waiting to come in. Jesus does stand at the door of our hearts, and wants us to let him come in. To love Jesus with all our hearts is to let him come in.

You may learn the beautiful words of Jesus: “Behold I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in and sup with him, and he with me.”—*Sunbeam*.

In Memoriam.

OUR Auxiliary in Centenary Church is mourning the loss of one of its most beloved members, Mrs. Annie Vaughan, and is sad at heart with the thought of seeing her no more in her accustomed place.

It is not inappropriate that we speak of her here, in our young people’s paper, devoted only to Mission Circles and Bands. She was so childlike in her thought and feeling, so akin in sweetness and mirth to the little children, and so full of tenderness for them that they all loved her. Her busy little fingers, so like chiselled marble when we last saw them, were constantly at work for them and all whom she held dear. When the last sad words were being spoken over the casket which contained her loved form, so soon to be hidden away, there was such an outburst of childish sorrow as is rarely heard in such an hour. Browning’s thought of another is our thought of her:—

“Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
And now was quiet, now astir,
Till God’s hand beckoned unawares,”

and now the memory of her happy life, full of unselfish deeds, and overflowing with love and kindly thought for those around her, “is all of her.”

Disappointed in the joy of motherhood here, and called to yield up the dearest treasures of her heart on earth, she has doubtless gained the compensations which God alone can give in the Heavenly Home.

The following beautiful lines, copied by her own hand, were afterward found in her little work-basket, and they go to show the nature of her thoughts and aspirations. Surely they will bring comfort to the heart-stricken ones left behind.

“It is not mine to run,
With eager feet,
Along life’s crowded ways
My Lord to meet.

It is not mine to pour
The oil and wine,
Or bring the purple robe
And lineu fine.

It is not mine to break
At His dear feet,
The alabaster box
Of ointment sweet.

It is not mine to bear
His heavy cross,
Or suffer, for His sake,
All pain and loss.

It is not mine to walk
Through valleys dim,

Or climb far mountain heights
Alone with Him.

No hath no need of me
In grand affairs,
When fields are lost, or crowns
Won unawares.

Yet, Master, if I may
Make one pale flower
Bloom brighter for Thy sake,
Through one short hour!

If I in harvest fields,
Where strong ones reap,
May bind one golden sheaf
For love to keep!

May speak one quiet word
Where all is still,
Helping some fainting heart
To bear Thy will!

Or sing one high, clear song.
On which may soar
Some glad soul heavenward,—
I ask no more."

THE HARVEST.


"A few little seeds by the wayside
Were sown with a loving care;
A few little seeds by the wayside
Were dropped with a silent prayer.

Though I may not see the springing
Where in other hearts 'tis sown,
Yet, O what a golden harvest
I've gathered within my own!

So work, work on for the Master,
Though love's reward be dim,
For the world is purer and better
For a single thought of Him."

FIELD STUDY FOR OCTOBER.

BOARD OF MANAGERS.

 THE government of our Woman's Missionary Society is federal—much like that of our country. Each circuit has, or should have, its Auxiliary and Mission Band; each conference, its Branch. From Branch are sent delegates to the Board of Managers, commonly known as "The Board."

The Board of Managers has under its care the interests of the whole work. It authorizes the expenditure of money, appoints the missionaries and has a general oversight of the work at home and abroad.

Throughout the year the work is carried on by

several committees. Two of the most important are the Literature and the Supply Committee.

THE LITERATURE COMMITTEE.

The Literature Committee are constantly making it easier to have bright and instructive meetings. They have always given us a list of the latest leaflets and other inexpensive literature on Mission work. Still there were sometimes disappointments in the selection made, and it cost three cents to order a one cent leaflet.

The past two years an arrangement has been made by which more than half the postage will be saved. A dollar may be deposited with Miss Annie L. Ogden, Room 20, Wesley Buildings, Toronto, for which literature, suited to the subject, will be issued monthly. If anything further is desired a postal card will be all the additional expense.

THE SUPPLY COMMITTEE.

The Supply Committee superintend an interesting branch of our work. They receive parcels, containing bedding, clothing, Christmas presents, etc., and distribute them among the various missions. The necessaries sent in this way save actual expenditure of money and give many an opportunity to contribute much more largely to the work than they otherwise could do.

The supplying holiday gifts in the Indian Homes relieves the teachers of extra work and expense. They would not allow the Christmas season to pass without recognition, and they would not take missionary money for the purpose. So what is not supplied they feel they must purchase or make themselves.

All the Missions of the church, home or foreign, may be helped through this committee. The Indian Missions are constantly remembered and much needed help has been given in scattered parts of our prairies, bringing, again and again, the fulfilment of the promise: "Before they call I will answer and while they are yet speaking I will hear."

B. F. D.

QUESTIONS FOR OCTOBER.

- What can you say of the government of our W. M. S.?
- Please explain the system?
- What is the office of the Board of Managers?
- What is some of its work?
- How is the work carried on through the year?
- What are the two most important committees?
- What is the work of the Literature Committee?
- What improvement in this committee in the past two years?
- What does the Supply Committee do?
- How does this help the cause?
- How does the sending of holiday gifts help?
- What missions may be helped through these means?

✻ PALM BRANCH ✻

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

OCTOBER, 1896.



UR Prayer this month must be for the Board of Managers of our Woman's Missionary Society, and surely they need the help of our prayers that they may wisely and well perform the duties of their responsible positions. There will be questions to decide this year which will call for the united wisdom and best judgment of these "Elevated Ladies," and feeling the need of the wisdom that comes from above, they will ask for it, as Solomon asked for it in the days of his youth, and the God and Father who was so pleased with his request that He gave it "more abundantly," will surely out of His abundance supply their need.

There is a story of a Leader of men, long ages ago, who found the burden imposed on him too heavy for his strength, but when it was divided among many, hope and courage were given him to fight the battles of the Lord. This same Leader, on whose hands, humanly speaking, depended victory for God, was obliged to have his hands sustained by two of his brethren until the going down of the sun, and victory was assured.

This is History—as true as the history we are making to-day—and it has been left on record to serve as an object lesson for us as well as for the Jews, showing that those who are put in the responsible positions of life must be sustained by the help and sympathy and prayers of their fellow workers.

Do we realize that we are taking a new blank missionary year, fresh from the hand of God, to be filled in *for Him* with kind little deeds, brave little self-denials, and all the little sacrifices that are made for *Love's sake*!

Just now we are in the transition state, "winding up" the affairs of the year; but next month we anticipate that our little paper will be fairly "bristling with points!" There will be so much to tell, so much good news from the Branches, that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth will speak." We invite contributions from all.

This is just the time to subscribe for the PALM BRANCH—the first quarter of the new year. We are going to make it self-supporting this year! Special, self-sacrificing efforts may be needed, but we will do it! "A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together!" That is what is needed.

Please use the blanks that are sent to you for renewal. They are sent just one month before your time of subscription expires. Filled in by you they will contain just the particulars that we need. Each single subscriber, and each one who receives the club papers, by taking just a little trouble to do this, will save the Editor a vast amount of trouble. They can be used for new subscriptions too, if you have them.

We give two of the Three Minute Papers this month, read at the "Annual Meeting of the City Auxiliaries," St. John. They will be found interesting and helpful.

WORDS OF CHEER.

I have a heritage of joy,
 Which yet I cannot see,
 But the Hand which bled to make it mine
 Is keeping it for me! WARING.

"PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" IN A SIAMESE TEMPLE.

What would good John Bunyan say if he could have seen some of the places to which his story of the Pilgrim would go? In India, China and Japan we find people taking just the same pleasure in the quaint old story that we do. And now Pilgrim has gone to preach in a Buddhist wat or temple. This book was sold to the head priest by Mr. McGilvary when he was making a missionary visit to one of the Laos towns. You can imagine how pleased the missionary was to see the priest in his yellow robes coming with his new book to get a little help about the reading of it. The next day he came again, and the third day he was able to read pretty well. He was interested in the story, and I am sure that the story of Pilgrim would make him more and more interested in the story of that Cross where all pilgrims of every name and nation can lose their burden of sin.—*M. L. B. in Over Sea and Land.*

THREE MINUTE PAPER ON BAND WORK

WHEN one begins to think of Methods of Work among the young, it seems natural to notice, first, organized work. While this is of course the most economical way of working, it is not the only way. Our field is a very large one, and there will always be young people who cannot belong to any of our societies. To those who feel that they have not the time nor talents for organized work, I would say, "Begin just where you are, and do what the Master suggests." Perhaps you know of some child, or family of young people, who is "out in the cold," apparently. There is your work. Be sure that Christ will own and bless it as certainly as He will that which finds mention in the report of some society.

But we are to consider especially the work done by organizations. In starting out I suggest that you "take stock." Write out a list of the members of your League, Band, or Society, and opposite each one's name write down his or her characteristics. Then as you arrange for meetings or outside work, you will give the restless boys your errands to do. To the talkative girls you will give a subject worth talking about. The timid ones will probably help you to plan, as they are likely to be the most thoughtful members.

Perhaps I should have noticed first the character of the worker, for it is that, I am convinced, that tells. A young girl said, not long ago, that her father, though not a Christian, was ever so much more ready to help people than her mother, who professes to follow Christ. I am sure that mother has no idea that her life has been a hindrance to the Christian life of her daughter. Those who lead in work for Christ are criticised even more severely than parents. We are dealing with very sensitive, delicate material, that receives an impression from what we *are* as decidedly as from what we *do*. I want to emphasize strongly the need of having a *definite aim*. In these busy days I do not think it is right to take even an hour a week from young people unless we are sure we can make good use of it. Is it the development of Christian character, the spreading of missionary information, the raising of money for church purposes? Till you have a definite object, you are not prepared to work.

In closing, let me remind you of the promise, "*In due season ye shall reap.*" One needs so much patience in working among young people. I was told, not long ago, by a young man, that for weeks, when people thought he was drifting away from Christ, he was studying his Bible to see if he might find Him. The seeds we sow will grow as surely as God is true. Let us scatter them then, with generous hands, "for the reaping by-and-bye."
M. B.

West Side.

[THREE MINUTE PAPER.]

THE MODEL TREASURER.

BY MRS. J. HOPKINS.

THE "Model Treasurer" should be a consecrated Christian, devoted to her work, and keenly alive to all responsibilities of the office which she holds. She should be in her place at the commencement of the meeting, and remain during the entire session—always ready with pen or pencil to enter the members' dues, at the appointed time.

The "Model Treasurer" should take to the meeting a note-book, headed with the month and year, in which the Treasurer enters the members' fees, with their names, as they pay. By so entering the name with the amount, it cannot be credited to the wrong person, then later she would enter in the "Treasurer's Book," which could be done at home.

The "Model Treasurer" will be willing to take the dues quarterly, half-yearly or yearly, the last-mentioned being the best plan, for the member is pleased to think that she has paid her indebtedness to the Society for the year. The "Model Treasurer" will be very much pleased when the dues are paid during the first part of the year, for the sensitive Treasurer does not like to ask for them when the close of the year draws near; but she must do it when the time comes, though in a gentle, quiet way.

The "Model Treasurer" should bring to the meeting the quarterly receipt received from the Branch Treasurer, and read it, thereby showing what has been done in the quarter just past, and putting in remembrance those who have not paid, that their dues would be very acceptable. The "Model Treasurer" would consider it an honor to pay for the transmittal of the moneys from her hands to the Branch Treasurer's, and it would save the trouble of deducting it from the amount to be sent by Express Order. The "last but not least" of the duties of the "Model Treasurer" is to see that her report is carefully made out—the one she sends to the Branch Treasurer to agree exactly with the one she retains. If she fails in this she is a *Failure*.

Exmouth Street.

"An infant's faith can reach the Arm
That keeps the world in motion;
A word may start some grand reform
Which spreads o'er land and ocean.
The dew upon an insect's wing,
The dew upon the flower,
In their exquisite fashioning
Proclaim Almighty power.
The humblest use of wealth or worth
Is often the completest,
And of the beautiful things of earth
The simplest are the sweetest."



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

The Heathen have Beat."

One day Robert's uncle gave him some money.

"Now," said he, "I'll have some candy; I have been wanting some for a long time."

"Is that the best way you can use your money?" asked his mother.

"Oh, yes! I want the candy very much." And off he ran in great haste.

His mother was sitting at the window and saw him running along; and then he stopped. She thought he had lost his money; but he started off again, and soon reached the door of the candy shop; then he stood there a while, with his hand on the door and his eyes on the candy. His mother was wondering what he was waiting for; then she was more surprised to see him come off the step and run home without going in.

In a minute he rushed into the parlour with a bright glow on his check and a brighter glance in his eye, as he exclaimed:

"Mother, the heathen have beat! the heathen have beat!"—*Sunbeam.*

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—It is the first time I have ever written to you. We take the PALM BRANCH, and like it very much. I think I have found the answers to the August puzzles. 1st, Christian Missionary; 2nd, Parbar Westward; 3rd, Happy Gleaners.

I remain your loving Cousin,
Nappan Station. RESSIE H. ROACH.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—We have a Mission Band here, and I take the PALM BRANCH. I like it very much. I think I have the answers to the puzzles. I hope they are right. Your little Friend,
Albert, N. B. MAGGIE L. JOHNSON.

The answers were correct. This letter has been on hand a good while. Our little friend and Cousin must forgive us.

OCTOBER PUZZLES.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 7, 6, 15, 11, is a shoemaker's tool.

My 8, 12, 13, 9, is the king of beasts.

My 1, 3, 14, is to dress leather.

My 4, 5, 2, 10, 11, is to defraud.

My whole is Christ's command to his disciples.
Marysville, N. B. ALICE DAY.

Glad we found Cousin Alice's puzzle. It was returned by the printer as one too many.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 3, 6, 9, is a pronoun.

My 5, 8, 2, 1, 11, is part of a tree.

My 4, 6, 2, 7, is a taste.

My 5, 9, 10, is an insect.

My whole is the name of a pretty town in Nova Scotia.
Nova Scotia. HATTIE JOST.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 14, 18, 6, 13, is an unmarried lady.

My 22, 23, 20, 15, 11, is a girl's name.

My 21, 4, 3, is a male child.

My 17, 7, 2, 12, 24, is a weapon.

My 7, 19, 9, 10, is what we all should do.

My 1, 8, 3, is gladness.

My 5, 16, is somebody else and me.

My whole is a Mission Band in Shelburne County, N. S.
Cape Negro. EDNA SHOLDS.

WORD PICTURE.

"A thousand flocks are on its hills" and thousands more in its vales, for the country at which we are looking is well adapted to sheep-raising, and its king, who is subject to a neighboring king, pays as tribute two hundred thousand sheep with their wool. After a time the king to whom he pays tribute dies and is succeeded by his son; then the sheep-raising king raises a rebellion. When tidings of the rebellion reaches the new king he, with two other kings and their armies; start out to subdue the rebels. After travelling about seven days they find themselves in a wilderness, quite near the enemy's country but destitute of water. In their extremity they ask counsel of a Prophet of the Lord. He tells them to bring a minstrel to him. They do so, and while the minstrel is playing the hand of the Lord comes upon him and he says, "make this valley full of ditches, for thus saith the Lord, ye shall not see wind, neither shall ye see rain; yet that valley shall be filled with water, that ye may drink, both ye and your cattle and your beasts." In the morning when the meat offering was offered the country was filled with water as the prophet had said.

When the rebel king heard that the kings were come up to fight against him he gathered up all that were able to put on armour and prepared to fight. They rose up early in the morning and as they saw the sun shining on the water in the valley it looked to them like blood and they thought that the kings were slain and that they had smitten one another, so they started out to take the spoil. They got to the enemy's camp and were then surprised and pursued after and slain.

Who were the four kings? What was the name of the Prophet of the Lord?
Burlington, N. S. L. M. L.

CHILD LIFE IN NORTH AFRICA.

BY ELLA A. BALDWIN.

WHEN a little girl is eight years old, she may no longer play in the streets, may never go to school, but must learn all kinds of hard work. Her first burden is generally to carry a little brother or sister, tied upon her back with a *sabanier* or long towel, two ends being knotted around her waist, one end passed over the right shoulder, and the other under the left—the baby's legs astride her back, and only its little bobbing head above the towel. She has often to learn to grind the wheat and knead the bread, and carry it on a board on her head to the public oven—all with baby on her back. All girls and women must grind their wheat daily, unless they have slaves to do it for them. Their mills are simply two small round grindstones, one upon another. The upper one has a hole in the center, into which the corn is put by the handful. A little stick, or handle, is firmly driven into a hole in the stone by which to make it revolve. It is very hard work, and only enough grain is ground for one meal at a time. I cannot remember ever seeing there toys of any kind for girls. They make for themselves dolls out of two pieces of bamboo stick tied together in the form of a cross. They cut off pieces of their own black hair, and tie it on the top of the stick, and dress it up always as a bride, never as a baby.

A girl's first and highest and only ambition is to become a bride. I have often heard mothers say to their tiny girls, "If you are naughty, you shall never be a bride." These dear little girls are most teachable and interesting. Had I space, I could tell you many funny things I saw and heard among them; also many sad things, for they are taught every form of evil from their babyhood.

Another thing I was long in finding out was where were the young ladies of the land? Lots of boys, older lads, and young men, but only babies, little girls, and old women. This, I learned, was the result of the child-marriages. Muhammad, their so-called "holy prophet," was the leader in this great sin. His fourth wife, Aisha, was but nine years old. So very soon they lose all freshness and beauty, and become haggard and ugly, depressed, oppressed, repulsive old women—all for lack of the knowledge that God gave his Son to die for and to save girls and women as well as men and boys.—*S. S. Times.*

FOR SALE.—Pictures of the Chinese girls of the Rescue Home, Victoria, can be had for fifty cents (50 cts.), by applying to Mrs. Pendray, 92 Belleville St., James Bay, Victoria, B. C.

(FOR THE BOYS.)

A PRAYER.

Dear Lord Christ, I am only a boy,
So merry and brimful of fun,
But I *do* want to work for you now,
Please give me an errand to run.

If I cheerfully go to my work,
And always be fair in my play,
If I do without things that I want
And work to give something away.

If I carry a basket of food,
Or stop in my game to be kind,
If I help some slow fellow at school,
Or read to somebody that's blind—

Won't you count it an errand for you?
"Inasmuch as to others," you said;
Won't you whisper new things I can do?
Make me quick to run on where I'm led?

If I live I'll do real mission work,
But perhaps I shall never grow old;
Let me do a boy's work, dear Lord Christ,
Make me willing to do as I'm told.

Laura Wade Rice.

SCROLL SAWS IN CHINA.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—How many boys would like to have a scroll saw, but have not the money to buy one! Would you like to learn from the Chinese how to make one yourself? They have had a very simple method for centuries, and they do beautiful work. I have often seen them at work, but yesterday a friend who was with me wanted to see more closely, and we stepped into a shop where a man was at work with one of the little implements. It was simply a piece of bamboo about the size of an ordinary lath, and a long piece of iron wire. The wire had a great many little notches in it, made with a cold steel chisel, very much like the teeth of a saw. All the wire, except about two feet of it with the teeth, was wound around one end of the bamboo; then the bamboo was bent into a bow like a half circle, and the end of the wire hooked on to the other end of it. This is a Chinese scroll saw. The workman told me that he could get rich if the wire did not break so often. When it does break he simply unwinds some of that on the one end of the bamboo, cuts it full of notches with his little chisel, and goes to work again.

Now the Bible says, learn not of the heathen, but it will not be wrong to learn from the heathen Chinese how to make a scroll saw. But you have no bamboo in America, and there is no other kind of timber that will answer this purpose half so well. Suppose you try with a piece of hickory wood!

Your friend, J. L. STUART.

—From the Children's Missionary.

**Copy of Resolution passed at Meeting in College Hall,
St. Johns, Newfoundland, August 3rd, 1896.**

At the August monthly meeting of the Committee of Management of the Methodist Orphanage, the Rev. J. S. Newman, Secretary of Conference, Superintendent St. Johns West Circuit, presiding:

It was moved by the Hon. J. J. Rogerson, seconded by Mr. Arthur W. Martin, That the best and sincere thanks of this Committee be forwarded to Mrs. F. P. Thompson, and the young ladies associated with her in the Mission Circle of Fredericton, N. B., for their great kindness in making and collecting many useful articles of clothing, several valuable toys, and many pretty books and cards, which were sent in a large case, care of Mrs. Whiston, Halifax, and duly received here a fortnight since. The rubber hot water bottle and waterproofs are particularly useful, and the jackets and underclothing will save the managers money and the matron hours of precious time. The managers desire to convey their highest appreciation of the loving efforts of these young people, and the motive which prompted their efforts for us as strangers in this land, through the reading of a letter contributed to PALM BRANCH by our young friend Gussie Morton, daughter of the much esteemed Superintendent (for six years) of our City Circuits. We trust God's richest blessing may rest upon all who had to do with the contents of the box, and they may hear the words of Him in reward:—"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did it unto me."

I am yours, dear Madam, in the Master's service,

ARTHUR W. MARTIN,

Hon. Secretary Board of Managers.

LEAVES FROM THE BRANCHES.

NOVA SCOTIA BRANCH.

On June 11th, writes the "Lone Star" Band, Bermuda, we held our annual public meeting. The programme consisted of interesting dialogues, music and hoopdrill. Collection \$11.89.

From the "Willing Helpers," Hantsport: "We re-organized last October; since then have met fortnightly with fair attendance. Our public meeting in April was a success, both financially and otherwise, the children doing themselves great credit. Collection \$10.00. Instead of the regular meeting the last of May we had a picnic, several of the parents were present and a very enjoyable time was spent by all. We take 10 copies of PALM BRANCH and find the Field Study especially instructive."

M. E. B., Cor.-Sec.

LONDON CONFERENCE BRANCH.

Olive Hughes, Cor.-Sec., Ilderton, writes: The "Little Workers" Mission Band of the Littlewood Auxiliary Methodist church, Ilderton, was organized last October with twelve members. We have at pre-

sent twenty members and eleven subscribers to the PALM BRANCH. We have raised during the year \$20.75. On July 31st we gave a concert, the program was given entirely by members of the Band. We realized \$5.65, (admission 10 cts.) We have patched and quilted a nice warm quilt to send to McDougal Orphanage. Many thanks to the Editor of our little paper, the PALM BRANCH, for the many kind words she has given us. What little work we have done has been done cheerfully, and we trust it may be the means of helping some poor child to learn of Jesus' love.

SIGNIFICANT ILLUSTRATION.

MRS. Ramsay closed her talk, "A Sketch from History," with an illustration showing how the nations of the world stand with regard to Christ to-day. The members belonging to each faith were explained by proportionate lengths of ribbon. The statistics used were those published by the London Missionary Society in 1890, and it is understood that, while they cannot be absolutely correct, they are approximately so. The ribbons used were of satin, an inch wide, and the scale of measurement was 5,000,000 of people to an inch in length.

First, a tiny bit of green not two inches long represented the Jews, who number 8,000,000.

Second in length, a pink one, not quite eighteen inches long. This told the numbers of the Greek Church, 89,000,000.

Third, a pale blue ribbon, twenty-eight inches long, represented the 140,000,000 Protestants.

Fourth, a yellow one, represented the Roman Catholics, 205,000,000, by forty-one inches in length.

Fifth, the only organized religion opposed to Christianity that was represented, was a scarlet ribbon, thirty-five inches in length, for the 175,000,000 of the followers of Mahomed. And on this was sewed a white ribbon, fourteen inches long, to tell the story of the 70,000,000 Moslem women, shut in harems, who never can be reached except by women missionaries. All these ribbons were hung from a small rod.

For those who reject Christ or know nothing of him, there are Jews, Moslems, Buddhists, Brahmans, the triple faith of China, and Pagans, numbering 1,055,000,000. For all these, outside the fold of the Good Shepherd, there was a black ribbon two hundred and eleven inches long, almost six yards.

Upon this black length was pinned a bit of pale blue, two-fifths of an inch long, to represent the 2,000,000 of converts from heathendom during the century from 1790 to 1896.

It was a simple object lesson, but no one could look at that long, black ribbon unmoved. It is described here with the hope that others may find the suggestion helpful for missionary meetings and use it. Let the black ribbon show our failure and selfishness, but do not let it discourage any one. We know the heathen shall be given to Christ for His inheritance. —*Missionary Helper.*

Lengths of colored worsted braid would answer in place of ribbon, if desirable.—*COUSIN DELIGHT in Mission Dayspring.*