



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

Published Every Month.

ST. JOHN, N. B., JULY, 1894.

VOL. I. No. 7.

A Single Stitch.

One stitch dropped as the weaver drove
 His nimble shuttle to and fro,
 In and out, beneath, above;
 Till the pattern seemed to bud and grow
 As if the fairies had helping been;
 And the one stitch dropped pulled the next stitch out,
 And a weak place grew in the fabric stout;
 And the perfect pattern was marred for aye,
 By the one small stitch that was dropped that day.

One small life in God's great plan,
 How futile it seems as the ages roll,
 Do what it may, or strive how it can,
 To alter the sweep of the infinite whole!
 A single stitch in an endless web,
 A drop in the ocean's flow and ebb,
 But the pattern is rent where the stitch is lost,
 Or marred where the tangled threads have crossed;
 And each life that fails of the true intent,
 Mars the perfect plan that its Master meant.

—Susan Coolidge.

The Chinese in California.

(CONCLUDED)

Though missionary work among them is often discouraging, as I suppose it is everywhere, yet the good done can never be known. Mr. Masters, the Methodist minister who has charge of the mission work of our church in San Francisco, says that the results of work among them are as good as they are among our own people; that after they are converted not any more backside, and that they contribute as much. This minister was for nine years a missionary in China. Three years were spent in the Southern part where most of the Chinese here come from. He said he knew of many who became Christians here and after they went back kept their faith through persecution. Some did good missionary work among their countrymen. Mr. Masters tells of a band of evangelists—Bible readers, etc.,

—in the city of Canton, who were wholly supported by Chinese on the Pacific Coast of America. There is a Chinese Y. M. C. A. in San Francisco; and they contribute largely for missionary purposes.

I read a pathetic story about a household servant in the employ of a judge in Sacramento. While there he died, and the judge remarked that he had been looking for a model Christian character and he had found one in this Chinese lad from across the sea.

Many will tell you that there is no use trying to make Christians out of the Chinamen. Because they have seen those who call themselves such do wrong things, they make up their minds that there is none good among them. But we have only to think for a moment of our own Christian people! Do they all do what is right? Probably John Chinaman, when he has been treated badly by an American or Canadian, will think all Christians are bad. I read a little story where a richly dressed upper-class Chinaman was picking his way across a muddy street in San Francisco. A rude man roughly jostled him, and he stepped quickly in the mud which splashed over his purple silk pantaloons. The Chinaman found his way across, and while the on-lookers were laughing, he bowed to them and said, "You Christian, me heathen. Good day."

Let us remember we are, as Christ says, 'the salt of the earth, and set us try to be real Christians. These real, true Christians are to be found. One meets them everywhere, and they are the grandest, noblest people living. I heard a lady speak the other day about her work as Missionary to India. The whole address was very interesting, and she ended by telling the young people present that if they wished to grow old gracefully, "to have an object to live for outside themselves," and I thought, "You are a living example of the truth

of your own theory, for such a beautiful, happy, peaceful face, it has been my good fortune not often to see.' Truly, it did one good to look at her.

A. F. R.

Rambles among our Missions.

Just like all other good things the novel and interesting experience of a first ride in a Jinrikisha speedily came to an end, and we were set down at the railway station where we boarded the train for Tokyo. A short run of forty five minutes along the bay, brilliant with its thousand reflected lights, past fields prepared for rice sowing, and quaint little villages brought us to the Shimbashi station at Tokyo.

From the moment of our landing in Japan new surprises met us at every turn. Now, we are in the midst of a real native city, and like the unfolding of a panorama, the scenes of domestic and commercial life are presented to our curious eyes as we pass along the narrow, crooked streets. Doll-like shops, whose occupants seem happy and contented in their various occupations, line the roadway on either side, and like the ever changing variety of the kaleidoscope, delight follows delight until we reach the Jo Gakko which we have travelled so far to see. Here we receive such a greeting!—and as our friends of the school gather round to bid us welcome, it seems to us the climax of all the pleasurable experiences of the day.

The influence of the Woman's Missionary Society for good, is already whispered in Japan, but who can tell of the wondrous results as its graduates go out, some to help in other stations, some to homes of their own, but all to manifest the benefit of the training received. The girls school in Tokyo, is fully equipped, furnishing two courses for graduation beside which, the girls are instructed in sewing and embroidery that on leaving the school they may be self-supporting. There are, at present, about seventy boarders, and one of the most encouraging features of the work lies in the fact, that the girls educated here in very many instances receive Christ into their hearts, so the good work extends in an ever widening circle beyond the walls of the Jo Gakko. Twenty of the girls are teachers in the various Sunday schools reaching three hundred and fifty children.

The King's Daughters are engaged in a most commendable work, and many touching scenes could be told of how they have gathered little uncared for and unprotected children, into the school which they support by their own contributions. They hold mothers' meetings, and many instances

have come to our notice of fathers and mothers having been led to Christ through the instrumentality of these children. The members of this society truly go about doing good, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and visiting the sick, for love of Him who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." THE RAMBLER.

Help One Another.

"Help one another," the snowflakes said,
As they cuddled down in their fleecy bed;
"One of us here would not be felt,
One of us here would quickly melt;
But I'll help you and you help me,
And then what a big white drift we'll see."

"Help one another," the maple spray
Said to his fellow leaves one day;
"The sun would wither me here alone,
Long enough ere the day is gone;
But I'll help you and you help me,
And then what a splendid shade there'll be."

"Help one another," the dewdrop cried,
Seeing another drop close to its side;
"This warm south breeze would dry me away,
And I would be gone ere noon to-day;
But I'll help you and you help me,
And we'll make a brook and run to the sea."

"Help one another," a grain of sand
Said to another grain just at hand;
"The wind may carry me over the sea,
And then—oh, what will become of me!
But come, my brother, give me your hand,
We'll build a mountain, and there we'll stand."

"Help one another," a penny said
To a fellow penny, round and red;
"Nobody cares for me alone,
Nobody'll care when I am gone;
But we'll stick together and grow, in time,
To a nickle, or even a silver dime."

"Help one another," I hear the dimes
Whisper, beneath the ringing chimes;
"We're only little folks, but you know
Little folks sometimes make a show.
Ten of us, if we're good and pure,
Equal a big, round dollar, sure."

And so the snowflakes grew to drifts;
The grains of sand, to mountains;
The leaves become a pleasant shade;
The dewdrops fed the fountains;
The pennies grew to silver dimes;
The dimes to dollars, brothers;
And happy children send a gift
To bless the lives of others.

—Adapted.

"The gifts and prayers of the children.
Gathered in one strong band,
Could conquer the world for Jesus
And make it a Holy Land."

HYMN.

"I thank the goodness and the grace,
That on my birth have smiled,
And made me in these favored days,
A happy Christian child.

I was not born as thousands are,
Where God was never known,
And taught to pray a useless prayer
To blocks of wood or stone."

Field Study for August.

CONVERSION OF THE JEWS, MISSIONARY WORK IN PALESTINE AND AMONG MOHAMMEDANS.

I wonder how many of us ever consider what we owe to the Jews, and then on the other hand how little we do for them. As a people they were chosen of God and of them Christ was born. Although they refused Him as their Messiah, and were willing for His blood to be upon their heads and those of their children, yet we must not forget that very many of them forsook the old paths and endured persecution. As a nation their history is wonderful. To-day, they are scattered far and wide among the nations of the earth and, generally speaking, they are viewed with scorn.

What, then, as Christian nations are we doing for them? In 1809, in England, the London society for promoting Christianity among the Jews was formed. Up to that time there had been efforts made to bring this people to a true knowledge of Christ, but no society had been formed for this particular purpose. In Germany there has always been a great interest in the conversion of the Jews. Now there are forty-nine Protestant societies for this purpose. Besides these the British and Foreign Bible Society and American Tract Society have rendered valuable assistance in various ways. It is said that during the first three quarters of this century, 100,000 Jews have been converted to Christianity. Frequently the Jew has been expelled from the country in which he has settled. They are generally considered as not under the laws of the land, and the people of the land wish to be rid of them. Injustice, and little or no mercy, is what they have received from the hands of the governments. Truly we want the Master's spirit in the making and keeping of our laws.

In Palestine, the former home of the Jews, there is a mingling of many races, and almost as many religions. The inhabitants number 2,000,000, of these 30,000 are Jews, and there are only 6,300 Protestants. The forces which oppose Christianity

are mighty, and Mohammedanism is perhaps the mightiest. Jerusalem is said to be the worst city in the world.

There are said to be 200 million Mohammedans in the world, and there are more of them in the British Empire than in any other nation. There are many truths in this system which are similar to those of Christianity, and no doubt that is one reason why it is such a dangerous and mighty foe. The Bible has been translated into the language of the Koran, the sacred book of the Mohammedans, and this will be a powerful factor in favor of Christianity. Many and faithful prayers are needed for the workers who have to labor in the face of these mighty and opposing forces, and are we not responsible for a certain measure of success? Oh! then, let us pray earnestly.

H. S. S.

Questions for August.

- What do we owe to the Jews?
- Did all refuse to accept Christ?
- Have they a history?
- How are they now?
- Are Christian nations doing anything for them?
- What has England done for them?
- What other country is interested in their conversion?
- How many Protestant societies are there now for this purpose?
- What other societies help?
- How many Jews have been converted in Christianity this century?
- How have Jews frequently been treated in countries where they have settled; and why?
- How have they been treated by governments?
- What is necessary in the making and keeping of Laws?
- What can you tell of Palestine?
- How many inhabitants? How many Jews? How many Protestants?
- Is there any opposition to Christianity there?
- What kind of a city is Jerusalem now?
- How many Mohammedans in the world and where are most of them found?
- What makes Mohammedanism such a mighty, dangerous foe to Christianity?
- What is going to help Christ's cause now?
- What are needed for the workers in such a field?
- Have we anything to do with the success of it?
- What must we do?

Surely this is not the time to disbelieve in Foreign Missions; he who despairs of the power of the Gospel to convert the world to-day, despairs of the noontide just when the sunrise is breaking out of the twilight on the earth.—*Phillips Brooks*

"Your religion and ours, I find are alike in many things," said a young Hindoo to a missionary, "but there is one thing which Christianity has and ours has not." "What is that?" the missionary asked. His reply was striking: "A Saviour."

Palm Branch.

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JULY, 1894.

Dear young readers, when you hear it said, as you often will, "Oh, you missionary people are all growing one-sided because you confine yourselves too closely to one kind of reading," just put that down to ignorance or want of thought, because every one who knows anything, in this enlightened age, ought to know that the history of missions is the history of the world! We are of the mind of the old woman who, when rebuked for her constant scanning of the daily newspaper, said, "Let me alone! I want to see how God Almighty is governing the world!" Now that is just what we want to see—the wonderful way in which God is governing the world; opening up the darkest places of the earth for the entrance of His light and truth.

Why, the intelligent, conscientious missionary student is the best educated individual on the face of the earth to-day! The curriculum embraces geography, topographical and physical; history, ancient and modern; political economy; mental, moral and spiritual philosophy. It deals with races and individuals; its motto is, Progress, to the end of time—and beyond it!

We claim that a grand vista opens up before such a student. His horizon is widened, his ideas enlarged, the needs of the world are pictured, a revelation is given of the character of God which shows that His resources are adapted to these needs—are constantly brought to bear upon them; shows as nothing else can possibly show that

"The need of the world is Jesus."

We are glad to hear from our old friend Mr. Chappell. The story which he tells us to-day is a sad one and shows that missionary work is not play or romance, but that there are still heroes for God,—that the age of martyrdom is not yet past. It ought also to make us realize our own

happier lot in this favoured Christian land, where we can worship God in peace and freedom, "None daring to make us afraid." I wonder how often we think of this as one of the many things for which we have to thank God!

Our subject for prayer this month is "South America, Mexico, and the papal countries of Europe." We need to pray earnestly for these, that the bonds of ignorance, superstition and priest-craft may be broken, and the people allowed freedom to worship God in sincerity and truth.

Foreign Correspondence.

AOYAMA, TOKIO, JAPAN,

May 10, 1894.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I have been asked to send, now and again, a few lines for your paper. The incident that I am about to relate in this first letter will not be bright and cheery, but it will, I am sure, call out your sympathy.

Yonezawa is about two day's journey from Tokio; first by rail and then by jinrikisha and on foot over difficult mountain passes, away into the interior. The only foreigners who live in this town are two ladies of the W. F. M. S. of the Methodist Episcopal church.

Last week, while the annual Shinto festival of a deified former lord of the castletown was being held, the Christians thought well to have open-air meetings in the park, and having obtained consent from the police, they held one in the afternoon and another in the evening.

The first passed off very encouragingly, but the evening meeting was disorderly, and at its close the Christians were pelted with stones. One of these shivered one of Miss Imhoff's glasses, and several pieces entered the eye, causing it to bleed very much. It was for days thought that there was no hope of saving the eye at all, but now we learn that she may be able by it to distinguish between light and darkness.

She has said that she is very willing to lose her eye for His sake. She has also said that should the person who threw the stone be found, she wishes him to be brought to her so that she may tell him that she from her heart forgives him.

This incident shows that some missionaries are in the front of the battle. St. Paul said, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus," and still it is given to his chosen ones "not only to believe on Him but also to suffer for His sake."

It is strange that men hate Christ, isn't it? Yet they do, both in America and Japan. But

"If all the world my Saviour knew,
Then all the world would love Him, too."

Yours very truly, B. CHAPPELL.

Agnes' Lesson.

It was the fourth Tuesday in the month, the day for the monthly meeting of the Women's Missionary Society; and every one or most every one, had forgotten all about it until the day arrived, and then, well, it was hurry scurry until they sat down in their seats "just tired out".

The hymn had been sung, just pretty well, for no one wants to sing in August, it is so hot; after which the president, hesitating, asked Mrs. Bingham, if she would pray.

Now Mrs. Bingham, except the president, was the only one of all these thirty-six members who would pray; and it would some times happen, if she "did not feel good" she would refuse. To-day she refused by keeping silent. The president gave a little sigh and was about to begin herself; but listen,—some one was praying. Why you would have thought God sitting in the seat beside her and she was telling him their wants. First, thanking him for past favors, then giving him adoration, now pleading for personal benefits, for their work, their church, the world, all for Christ's sake.

Two tears dropped from under the president's closed eyelids. The prayer had helped her greatly, whereas, before she had been discouraged. Why? Well Jamestown Auxiliary could do most anything it undertook. It could get up a "pink tea," a fine concert, a musicale, indeed anything except a spiritual missionary meeting. Those they did have were enough to make Satan dance with glee. There not the least doubt he was highly delighted over the meetings of this particular Auxiliary; for what Satan does love is the half asleep Christians, they do more for his cause than an outright sinner; simply because they are so inconsistent. No one knew the woman who was praying, except the president. She was a newcomer to the place; and had only just joined the Society that day.

While the minutes were being read, in walked the corresponding secretary, a tall, handsome, stately girl; who on most occasions was animated enough for a dozen people; but to-day she sank into a chair with an air that plainly said—"Well I'm here at last, but don't ask me to do anything."

"Has the Corresponding Secretary any report to day?" asked the president.

No! She had no report. She had written no letters, (she should have written three) and she had received none as a natural consequence. She had forgotten to distribute the leaflets, neither had she anything for the programme; in fact, had never thought of the meeting until dinner time, when Mr. Graham, the young minister to whom she was engaged, had asked if she were going.

What was to be done? No one to pray or sing or read. A bright idea struck her; she would ask Mrs. Graves, the new-comer, to say a few words.

That lady promptly responded in this wise:

"Sunday, from four to five is our prayer hour. My friends, what a sight it must be, if we could only see all the women connected with missions kneeling in adoration and supplication before the God of Gods; the giver of all things. I myself feel then so very near those absent ones I know and love. We are then united by a bond stronger than distance or death. We are all before God's throne. We do not need to wait to go to Heaven; for you and I through Him, our common Friend, even now are friends. Is it possible that any of our great band do not thus kneel before Him? I fear it is so. I fear in some parts of our ranks there is neglect; and it may mar the perfect work."

She went on. But Agnes did not hear her. The thought uppermost in her mind ran thus—

"From four to five on Sunday; Oh dear I forgot. Why I believe I always do forget. I wonder if I ever remembered. No, I know I never did. I would'nt have the president or Alfred Graham know for anything. What a sermon I should hear."

"But God knows," whispered Conscience, "yes and in the Judgment you will not be able to blind any one. You have neglected your duty to-day, your work as an officer and you are falling away from God."

Hush! The president is praying. Mechanically Agnes drops on her knees. Mrs. Bingham is now praying with all her soul.

"Will some one else please continue," is the request.

"Agnes," cries Conscience, "quick! the president is waiting. God waits, pray!"

"I cannot, oh I cannot."

"You can, you know you can, you have before."

"I do not know what to say."

"As thy day so shalt thy strength be" I will be with thy mouth and teach thee what thou shalt say." "Ask and ye shall receive?" Pray, child, and lose not this precious opportunity."

Alas! It was too late, the meeting was over and Conscience was vanquished; but renewed her attack on the way home, in the form of Mr. Graham, who met Agnes with the words—

"Mollie is dead Agnes, died so happily this morning."

"Oh, Alf is she really gone."

"Yes, and one thought is haunting me, if death should meet you or I this moment, and say 'Come, God waits,' are we prepared, would we be willing to lay down our life and work, saying—'All right, Good-bye friends, the Master calls—I think I could, how is it with you dear Agnes?'"

(CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.)



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

There's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird wing fleeter.

No robin but may thrill some heart
His dawnlight gladness voicing;
God gives us all some small sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.

—Selected.

Dear Cousin Joy, Would you like to hear from a little boy who puts in his cents for the good Lord to send the Missionary to the mothers of China, to tell them not to sell their little girl babies, but let them stay and be told of Jesus, who died to save them?

It was through reading that leaflet where the men go every morning and take all the little girls that are not wanted and sell them, or give them away. His little heart was so touched that he cried out, "Can a little boy like me do anything?" and I told him, "Yes, here is a mite-box to put in pennies and pence." So he said, "I earned a cent to-day and I will put it in." Holding the cent for a moment, he said, "Lord Jesus, bless this cent and send the Missionary to tell the mothers, away in China, not to sell their little baby girls, but keep them for Jesus."

Oh, for a simple trusting faith like that of a little child! And the little mite-box is still receiving the cents in the name of the Lord Jesus; the blessing is always given with the cents. His other little brother gives also. They earn the money they put in.

SARNIA.

God bless this dear little boy in Sarnia, and multiply his cents a thousand fold. We are glad to print just such letters.

Puzzle Drawer.

We are indebted for this part of our Corner this month to M. L. L., Burlington, N. S.

ANSWERS TO JUNE PUZZLES.

Enigma.—Dr. Livingston(e).

Charade.—Brackbill.

PUZZLES FOR JULY.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 9 letters. My 9, 7, 3, 4, 5, 9, is a mark to aim at; my 9, 5, 2, 3, is a drop of liquid; my 6, 7, 9, is an article of clothing; my 1, 7, 4, is to walk slowly; my 8, 7, 4, 5, means anger. My whole is the name of a Mission Band in the N. S. Branch, organized in '91.

Helps for Public Meetings.

For Five Girls and One Boy.

INDIA.—HINDU GIRLS.

No. 4. The Hindus believe that the god Brahma made all the people out of himself. The first were made out of his mouth, and they are supposed to be the holiest, and are called Brahmins; everybody pays them great respect, although they are often very bad men indeed. Second, the Chutree or military caste, made from Brahma's arms and shoulders. Third, the merchants, made from Brahma's thighs. Fourth and lastly, the servants, made from Brahma's feet. Should a Brahmin eat with one of a lower class, he loses his caste forever and is treated as an outcast; his friends will not eat with him or cook anything for him, so he is turned out of house and home, cared for by none. When a girl is born in India, the mother says: "The gods must be very angry with us, or they would have given us a son." Nobody takes any notice of her, and she is treated more like a dog than a baby girl. We grow up living with our mothers, seldom seeing our father and brothers, spending the time either plaiting our mother's hair, adorning ourselves with jewelry, or listening to some tale she will tell us. Sometimes our mothers will let us go to a Christian school, and we are taught reading, writing and singing such hymns as these:—

HINDU HYMN.

To be sung just as the words are written, to the old familiar tune
"Come to Jesus Just Now."

1st Verse.

Yay coo bay shair, yay coo bay shair, Yin dray
Yin dray, yay coo bay shair, yay coo bay shair
Yin dray.

2nd Verse.—Un boo koo var, Yin dray.

3rd Verse.—Num bee var rain, Yin dray.

No. 5. We are also taught to read the Bible by some kind Christian lady. At home our mothers

teach us cooking, for every Indian lady is a good cook. When we are about six years old our mother takes us to worship her god, and teaches us a prayer like this: "O great god, give me a nice husband, a kind mother-in-law, let me be very beautiful and have seven clever sons and two pretty daughters, and die on the banks of the Ganges." At eight years old we are engaged to some man, ten or twelve years older than ourselves, and when we are ten we go and live with him as his wife; but should he die first, then his widow is shamefully treated. Once she used to be burned with her dead husband, but English law has done away with this now. Instead, she is robbed of everything she has, and no one will let her live with them, for they say she has offended the gods, who are angry with her and have killed her husband. I could tell you much more, but my time is gone, and we have yet to hear what our missionary has to say about the conversion of the Hindus.

No. 6.—(Boy as Missionary.) Dear friends; the first missionary that came to India landed in 1706 and came from Denmark; since that time India has never been without Missionaries. Perhaps the greatest hindrance to our work is that of caste, for should a Hindu become a Christian, he loses caste forever, and has to bear terrible persecution. One of the most successful ways of converting the people is through the teaching in our Christian Mission schools. India has many first-class government schools for boys, though not a single one for girls, but in none of these schools is Christian teaching allowed. If a mother wishes her girl to learn something she is obliged to send her to a Mission school, where she not only learns reading, writing and other school subjects, but that Jesus Christ came into this world to save sinners and said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Out of 2,000,000 boys and girls in India, between 70 and 100,000 are at the Christian mission schools. In order to keep up these schools much money is needed, and it is by money collected by Juvenile Mission Societies and other sources that we are able to teach the boys and girls of India. Oh! kind friends, who live in this Christian land, pray for us in India! Pray that the day may not be far distant when the Hindu shall hew down his idols and confess Jesus Christ to be his Saviour and his Friend.

R. D. GEE.

NOTE.—Hindu Hymn and all facts on the highest authority.

Our Girls' School, Shizuoka.

I wonder how many little boys and girls who read the PALM BRANCH know where Shizuoka is situated. On an ordinary map, perhaps you will only see Yokohama, Tokyo, and a few other larger cities marked. If you came to visit me and the girls in this school, you would get off the ship at Yokohama, be driven to the railway station in a Jimrikisha—I suppose you have all seen a picture of one of these little carriages and come to Shizuoka by train. Such a funny little car you would get into, quiet different from those at home. Some of them are not much larger than the largest horse cars, and the seats run along the sides in the same way, so that one half the passengers face the other half all the time. If you came out with me we would ride 2nd class for we never think of being as extravagant as to ride 1st class, we leave that car for people who have plenty of money and wish to be select. Sometimes we find it convenient to ride 3rd class, but not when we take a long journey.

From Yokohama to Shizuoka it is 16½ miles and it takes us six hours to make that distance. We come through some very pretty country, pass some very funny little farm houses, which, in some places, show us only the steep thatched roofs from the railway embankment. A number of them are built together and form a little village; then for some distance the rice fields stretch as far as the eye can see, with no fences dividing them. Sometimes we pass fine nurseries where the trees are in all stages of growth, from the baby pines to the tall striplings proud of their ability to stand alone and brave the fierceness of the wind. Now we come to a very interesting part of the journey, unconsciously we have been going up, and now are among the hills. How beautiful they look towering above us! We are just beginning to think how grand the scenery is, when lo! we are in impenetrable darkness. You draw your breath and say: "Oh!" and then you notice a lamp in the top of the car, and you remember that at the last station you saw a man running around in broad daylight carrying lanterns. He was preparing for these tunnels of which there are seven, one after another. Almost before I had explained this to you we are in day-light again and you are looking down a deep, wide gorge between the mountains where a narrow, shallow river is rushing headway over the rocks. You think how beautiful it is and how great the Hand that laid everything down where they make such beautiful pictures, and the mind of man that has contrived a way to carry you over these rapid rivers so far above, when once more you are plunged into darkness. For some

miles this grand scenery repeats itself and then we find ourselves at the highest point of the road, and stop for a moment to take out the lanterns, then we began to go down hill, and by and by are again among the rice fields and funny little farm houses with their heavy roofs, sometimes nestling in groups at the sheltering side of a hill. We have occasional glimpses of the sea, two or three very short tunnels, and stop at many little villages on the way. When we get to Shizuoka we are pretty tired and are glad to get out and cross over the bridge to the station and give our tickets to the man at the gate who lets us through and asks no questions. "What noise is that?" you ask; such a shouting you never heard. Only the men over across the square standing in front of the hotels. They are not allowed to come to the station and solicit customers, so they stand there and shout with all their might. You think they look funny as they bend and stretch, rise and stoop, as if they were trying to make their voices reach as far as possible. You hope they will get many customers after so much trouble, but we are not going there. We got into a Jinrikisha, have our baggage put into another and start off for the girls' school, where we are going to stay.

(CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.)

Leaves from the Branches.

TORONTO CONFERENCE BRANCH.

Brampton.—St. Paul's "Light Bearers," Mission Band held an open meeting in the church parlors on March 28th. Talk with scripture references, on "God's advertisement for laborers." This was written on the blackboard in colored chalk and delighted everyone. The principal feature of the evening was an excellent address given by Mrs. Carter, President of Auxiliary, on her visit to the Mission homes and schools in British Columbia. Four new names were enrolled which makes 55 members on our roll now.

BAY OF QUINTE BRANCH.

"Do what we can," Mission Band, was organized first of the month in Oakwood with seventeen members. Miss Emma Webster, Cor.-Sec.

M. G. H.

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

With much pleasure we welcome to our Branch "Lend a Hand," circle of Carnarthen St. Church, St. John. Membership ten. This is the second Band formed in this church in the last eight or nine months. Grand!

The "Sadie Hart," of Benton, reports the holding of a public meeting at Easter. Music, liter-

ature, flowers,—all was in harmony with the season, and a complete success.

Kensington, P. E. I., reports steady progress, Also an Easter service, excellent and profitable. Collection \$10.50.

"Star," Exmouth St., St. John, grows brighter and brighter. Four new members, with prospect of more. A parlor concert, April 3rd, realized \$15.50. Encouraged by this success, pledges were issued,—each one pledging to earn 25c in a given time. At a public meeting held May 8th, each one told in rhyme, how she had earned her money. Evening favorable, gathering large, good programme, refreshments. Proceeds \$50.00.

Here is a pointer for other bands. May all our dear young workers have the blessing of God which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow. A. J. H.

NOVA SCOTIA BRANCH.

All communications during the past few months give evidence of patient continuance in well doing and also of appreciation of the PALM BRANCH.

The "Picket Guard," of Farmington, is doing grand work with a membership of 42.

Pictou Band, after being disorganized for a few months, began work again in February, and promises well for the future.

"Large Hart" Band, Burlington, united with the Sabbath school in February, in giving a concert, the receipts from which on being divided, gave to each organization \$5.75. They have a quilt in this band, ready to be sent to Port Simpson when opportunity offers.

The "Morning Star," of Middle Musquodoboit, has 24 members and attributes its success to its much-loved President, Mrs. Wm. Layton.

"Downing" Band, of New Germany, with 36 members, reports a deep interest being taken and the same may be said of Truro with 24 members, and Cabarus, C. B., with 26.

Digby held on April 18th, their annual public meeting, and realized therefrom \$31. The programme was a very interesting one. About a week after, the hearts of all were saddened by the death of one of the little girls who had participated in it. This band has for its object the support of a girl in the Crosby home.

The "Reapers," of Halifax, added \$50 to their treasury at the beginning of the year by a "birthday party," it being their anniversary. Each member was asked to bring a present, either money or something saleable, and old members were asked to send a word of greeting and ten cents. A programme was prepared for the occasion, refreshments served, and a very enjoyable time was spent. Later \$36 more was realized by a concert and sale of home made candy and fancy articles.

A. F. BROWNIEG.

Address Bear River, N. S., until further notice.