



## "HE CALLETH FOR THEE."

"At Bethany, once, in the chamber of sorrow,  
 A heartbroken woman sat mourning her dead;  
 No promise had she of a brighter tomorrow,  
 No hope on her pathway its radiance shed.  
 But suddenly light did her senses bewilder,  
 Her sister caused all the dense darkness to flee,  
 By whispering low the sweet message that thrilled her,  
 "The Master is come, and he calleth for thee!"

Both sisters were loved by the Lord; and the elder  
 Had gone forth to meet him that sorrowful day,  
 And learned from his lips, while his presence upheld her,  
 That he was the Life, and the Truth, and the Way.  
 Such wonderful knowledge she dare not be hiding,  
 She felt that her sister this brightness must see,  
 So whispered to her in the shadow abiding,  
 "The Master is come, and he calleth for thee."

We, too, have a sister who sits in the shadow,  
 And never has heard of the Father above,  
 But He, who forgets not the flowers of the meadow,  
 Is yearning for her with the might of his love.  
 When counting the flocks in the field he has missed her,  
 And bids us, "If ye my disciples would be,  
 Go forth in my power, and say to your sister,  
 "The Master is come, and he calleth for thee!"

With us who are saved by his perfect salvation,  
 The Savior is pleading the cause of the lost,  
 And charging us now—by his own incarnation,  
 By all that he purchased, by all that it cost,  
 By all that he felt when the temple was shaken,  
 By all that he suffered on Calvary's tree—  
 To say unto her who awhile seemed forsaken,  
 "The Master is come, and he calleth for thee!"

## AFRICAN CHILDREN.

THE children who read the following stories about Gava and Jamba will be glad they do not live in Africa. The stories are true to life; and Mrs. Stover, in West Central Africa, who wrote them, has known many such boys and girls. We can say with her, "Poor little Gava!" We hope when Jamba goes to school with the "Jesus boys" he will be more kind and loving to his little sister.

## POOR LITTLE GAVA.

How dark and cold it is out here alone! My teeth chatter with fear as I hear the dreadful hyena crying outside my hut. How hungry he is! Oh, if he should break through the thatch and carry me off! I wish my brother Jamba was here; boys are not so afraid as girls.

I am only a little black girl, and I live in a heathen village in Central Africa. My mother tells me I must begin early to learn to work; so she ties the baby on my back, puts a basket on my head, and I trudge after her to the field three miles away. I have had no breakfast, for my mother ate all the mush that was left from supper; and, when I tell mother I am hungry, she ties a piece of bark tight around my stomach. She says that it will make me feel better; but it don't, it hurts. I must not cry, though, or she will slap me, and tell me the lions will come and eat me up. When we get to the field mother digs up a sweet potato and I eat that; it tastes good, too.

Baby cries and wants mother, but she must hoe the corn; so I stand up and shake and shake my body till he falls asleep. Then mother puts him in a safe place and tells me to pull up weeds. I want to go to sleep, too. My back aches and so do my legs; but mother says I must grow strong by working hard, then I can marry and have a field of my own.

By and by when the sun is getting low we leave the corn, and go into the woods and gather sticks to take home to cook our supper. I wish I was a baby, and could ride on mother's back; but I must carry this heavy basket of wood. When we reach the village we find father sitting in the visiting house, smoking with a lot of men. He calls to me as we pass by: "Bring me a gourd of beer." So mother takes off my load of wood and puts the great gourd of beer in my hands. It is so heavy that I stagger and almost fall. Father calls out: "If you spill that beer I will beat you." Oh, how I tremble as I drop on my knees before him, while

he drinks and treats his friends! He is better natured now; and when the gourd is handed back he tells me to drink the thick dregs left in the bottom. I go back to our hut, and mother hands me a large clay pot, and tells me to hurry and bring water from the brook to cook our food.

On the way down the hill I pass a lot of boys, who are having a nice time lying on the soft green grass. I wish I was a boy, like Jamba. He never has to carry wood or water. He sees me as I go by, and calls out to make haste and bring the evening meal. I hurry on and fill my pot; but just as I am climbing up the steep rocks my foot slips, and my waterpot lies broken at my feet. O, dear! O, dear!! I cover my face with my hands and wait till some one brings mother. She is very angry and says it will cost her much corn, as it was a borrowed pot and she must pay for it. I flee to this deserted hut, creep into a dark corner and cry alone. I am so tired and hungry. My head aches, and now I am all burning up with fever.

I keep thinking about that broken pot. Perhaps my uncle will sell me for a slave to pay the fine. Oh, if I could only die!! Then they would cover me with lots of cloth—more than I have ever had in my life. They would send for all the relatives, who would wait for me and shoot off gunpowder; they would dance and beat drums and make beautiful noises all night. They would have a big feast, and then they would question my spirit as to what caused my death. Then I would come back and torment with fear those who have made me so unhappy. It is a dreadful thing to be a heathen girl in Africa.

#### THOUGHTS OF A LITTLE AFRICAN BOY.

"Jamba is my name: Gava is my sister. I am the Elephant and Gava is the Hippopotamus. Those are the names always given to twins. It is fun to be twins, when you are the boy and Gava is the girl; then you don't have to go to the fields with mother and carry the baby on your back; Gava does that. She brings the wood and water too, and cooks the beans. I don't like to work. Work was meant for girls to do. I like to lie on the grass and watch the ants and lizards. I like to hunt and fish too, and swim. Then when I am hungry Gava cooks mush for me. That's what girls are for.

"Sometimes I have my turn herding the cattle. That's no fun. I wish Gava could do that too. Some day I will grow big; then I can marry lots of wives and own slaves to do my work. Then I'll be a man.

"Some folks are queer. White folks are. They say it is a shame for a strong boy like me not to work. They say I ought to help Gava and I ought to go to school. If I go to school I will have to wear a shirt, and that is too much trouble. I don't know, though. It would be nice to look like those Jesus boys. They do have good times, even if they are clean and have to work. My poor toes are so sore, and some of them are eaten off with jiggers. Those boys keep the jiggers out, and they comb their hair. They say Jesus loves black boys, and that he died to save us. I don't know how that can be, but they have a book full of beautiful pictures about this Jesus. If I wash my face and go to school I can see the pictures and sing. It is fine to hear the Jesus boys sing. It makes them look happy. And they are not afraid of the dark and don't get drunk. They say Jesus makes boys good, so they will not lie and steal. Wish I knew Jesus. Guess I'll go."—Mission Dayspring.

#### THE PENNY YE MEANT TO GIVE.

There's a funny tale of a stingy man,  
Who was none too good, though he might have  
been worse,  
Who went to his church on a Sunday night,  
And carried along his well-filled purse.

When the sexton came with his silver plate  
The church was dim with the candle's light,  
The stingy man fumbled all through his purse,  
And chose a coin by touch not sight.

It's an odd thing, now, that guineas be  
So like unto pennies in shape and size.  
"I'll give a penny," the stingy man said;  
"The poor must not gifts of pennies despise."

The penny fell down with a clatter and ring,  
And back in his seat leaned the stingy man;  
"The world is so full of the poor," he thought,  
"I can't help them all—I give what I can."

Ha, ha! how the sexton smiled, to be sure,  
To see the gold guinea fall into his plate;  
Ha, ha! how the stingy man's heart was wrung  
Perceiving his blunder, but just too late!

"No matter," he said, "in the Lord's account  
That guinea of gold is set down to me.  
They lend to Him who give to the poor;  
It will not so bad an investment be."

"Na, na, mon," the chuckling sexton cried out;  
"The Lord is no cheated—He kens thee well.  
He knew it was only by accident  
That out of thy fingers the guinea fell.

"He keeps an account, no doubt, for the pair;  
But in that account He'll set down to thee  
No mair o' that golden guinea, my mon,  
Than the one bare penny ye meant to give."

There's a comfort, too, in the little tale—  
A serious side as well as a joke;  
A comfort for all the generous poor  
In the comical words the sexton spoke.

A comfort to think that the good Lord knows  
How generous we really desire to be,  
And will give us credit in His account  
For all the pennies we long to give.

## TO SHINE FOR THEE.

Tune—"He Leadeth Me."

Help us mid life's wild waves to shine  
Bright lighthouse lamps o'er rock and brine;  
To guide the wanderers on that sea  
To a safe harbor, Lord, in Thee.

(Refrain).

To shine for Thee, to shine for Thee,  
Help us, O Lord, to shine for Thee,  
Lights in the world we feign would be,  
Help us, O Lord, to shine for Thee.

Help us on time's dark hills to blaze,  
Strong beacon fires with steadfast rays,  
To lead the lost and erring right,  
To urge the lingering to the flight.

Help us on every darksome way  
To hold the gathering shades at bay,  
Like sunbeams clear, to light the road  
That leads to happiness and God.

Help us, O God, each in his place,  
Fed by the sacred oil of grace,  
Like temple lamps forever bright,  
To burn before Thee day and night.

—Selected.

## FIELD STUDY FOR AUGUST.

## AFRICAN AND PARISH MISSIONS.

AFRICA.—Area more than 11,000,000 Square Miles. Population nearly 200,000,000. Religion, Mohammedanism and Fetishism. People ignorant and Degraded.

THE three greatest barriers to Christian work in Africa are polygamy, witchcraft and slavery.

Polygamy is the greatest of all obstacles to the elevation of the African women. It is the foundation of their social life; it debases all family life, and drives away all ideas of virtue. The universal belief in witchcraft has a most demoralizing effect. The details of slavery are practised, and its influence upon the women and children is a heart-sickening story. Women and children are sold in the most shameless way, and subjected to the most indescribable horrors.

Mohammedanism with its hordes of fanatical emissaries is crowding from the north and east into the interior, blighting with its devastating influences the whole population.

Within the last few years, Africa has been aroused from her apparent slumbers, and is facing the electric light of civilization.

Merchants are opening up the land, but taking with them the fearful crimes of civilized vice. Rum is desolating the country.

In 1895, King Khama of Southern Africa visited England, and pathetically pleaded with the English people not to send drink to his people. "You send your Bible," said he, "and you send your fire-water as

well, and it is destroying our men, women and children."

Missionary Work.—Light is penetrating the dense darkness, and the power of the gospel is lifting the African woman out of her misery, and giving her a position in the home and in the church, and to-day throughout "darkest Africa" may be found clusters of neat, well-ordered homes, and women faithful and devoted as wives and mothers.

Missionary societies are at work, and numbers are being trained in schools, and industrial schools have been organized where the children are being taught some useful trade.

The telegraph, printing press, and the railroad will soon more and more help the Christian missionary in his work.

The most remarkable progress has been made in the province of Uganda, which was only opened up to the Christian missionary in 1879. It now has two hundred churches and fifty thousand native Christians. During the past year the Church of England sent several women to this remote field, the first missionary women who ever attempted to reach that interior station of Africa. They were received with the greatest enthusiasm by the natives.

There is a great field for woman's work in Africa. Wherever a missionary has gone to penetrate the darkness, there has followed the devoted wife to supplement his work, while in nearly every part of the country may be found unmarried women who have devoted their lives to the uplifting of Africa's daughters.

Upon a recent occasion nine hundred natives went to one of the missionaries asking to be baptized, saying they were willing to meet the conditions, and destroy all their fetishes, idols and stores of gin, which they did in the market place.

The day dawns, the darkness disappears.

For these facts we are indebted to Mrs. J. T. Gracey, of the M. E. Church.

It is said that 15,000 Jews have been led to Christ by reading Dr. Delitzsch's Hebrew translation of the New Testament.

## QUESTIONS FOR AUGUST.

What are the three greatest barriers to Christian work in Africa?

What is said of Polygamy? Of Witchcraft? Of Slavery?

What is Mohammedanism doing in Africa?

What has been done during the last few years?

What are the merchants doing for and against Africa?

How did King Kama plead for his people?

What are the light and power of the Gospel doing for African women?

What are the Missionary Societies doing for them?

What great helps have come to the Christian Missionary in his work?

Where has the most remarkable progress been made, and will you describe that progress?

For whose work is there a great field in Africa?

What have good women already done for Africa?

Please give an illustration of the power of the Gospel there?

What interesting fact is given about the Jews.

# PALM ✻ BRANCH.

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

AUGUST, 1898.

## Prayer Subjects for August—African and Jewish Missions.

NO country, says Mrs. Gracey, has aroused the sympathy of Christian people, or inspired them to more devotion and sacrifice, than Africa. In no mission field has life been poured out so freely because of the dreadful and deathlike climate. The different races and the physical characteristics of the continent, and the various political influences at work have made missionary progress very difficult. The missionary has been forced to teach by object lessons, and with his other work has often been compelled to be carpenter, agriculturist and physician. They have had to contend with great difficulties with the languages. Throughout the country four hundred and thirty-eight languages and one hundred and fifty-three dialects are found, while into only eighty-seven of these have portions of the Bible been translated.

Slavery has been one of the greatest hindrances to the evangelization of Africa. The diamond anniversary of Queen Victoria was marked by many a unique and estimable deed, but none perhaps carried more significance than the decree that one and after that date slavery would not be recognized as having legal status in the vast region of Africa included in the territory of the Royal Niger Company; while on the other side of the continent the Sultan of Zanzibar has also declared that the legal status of slavery should no longer exist.

A company has set out from New York for Africa, under the auspices of the Phil-African League, to endeavor to inaugurate a movement for the liberation

of the negroes of Africa from the awful thralldom of slavery.

King Leopold, the sovereign of the Congo Free State, is making effort by all practical means to suppress the slave trade, and to diminish terrible wars and put an end to cannibalism and human sacrifices.

The Swedish Missionary Society, which has been in operation since 1886, has a great work on the Congo, a seminary for training native evangelists, and the largest press on the Congo. It publishes a small paper of twelve pages called 'The Messenger of Peace, which has been doing great good for the past six years. This is an illustrated paper, and books are being printed in the native language.

Among the signs of progress we note that a missionary society has been organized in Uganda among native women, called "The Gleaners' Union." At the first meeting a map showing the religious differences of the world in different colors was spread on the floor, and the women sat on mats and were intensely interested. They were mostly pleased with the idea of a chain of missions across the continent, and promised to pray earnestly that the light might spread from shore to shore of the great continent. At the second meeting held for these women one of them brought a gift, she said, for God. It was a parcel containing three hundred and thirty shells (shells or cowries are the money of Central Africa). These were all picked and evenly strung together, and were enough to support a teacher for a month.

It is indeed progress, and most encouraging, for we cannot but remember that the condition of African women is the most degraded on the face of the earth, and has appealed for many years to the sympathy of the Christian world.

Hundreds of missionaries have given their lives for the redemption of Africa, and only a few weeks ago came fearful tidings of several more, both men and women, who had fallen victims to the superstition and cruelty of the natives.

"Africa is to be won by her own sons and daughters, and for this end we are laboring"

Thanks are still due to our kind missionaries who keep us informed on matters of interest in their own fields of labor.

We are glad, too, of news from Newfoundland, a corner of the earth from which we hear far too seldom. We invite more communication, which will surely increase our interest.

## PUNDITA RAMABAI.

Four years Ramabai and her brother continued their wandering life, which was one of great suffering and hardship, for work, which he was now willing to do, was scarce and ill-paid. Everywhere they went, however, they pleaded for the education of women in India, as their father had done. Their faith in the gods was by this time considerably shaken. One instance of this is of great interest. One day, to their surprise and joy, they found themselves on the shores of a sacred lake, which they had scarcely hoped to find. The tradition regarding this lake was that the seven mountains contained in it would move toward the sinless soul that prostrated itself on the shore. Over and over again the brother and sister bowed in contrition, only to find that the mountains remained as they were. The priests warned them that the water was dangerous because of crocodiles, but the next morning before the priests had risen the brother swam out toward them, and discovered that the supposed mountains were only piles of mud and stones, with bogus trees, built on rafts; that a boat behind these mountains contained a priest who, at the signal of a priest on shore, whose hand was well crossed with silver, would move the raft toward the poor deluded mortals.

At last the brother succumbed to the privations of his life and intense devotion to the gods, which led to the abuse of his fine physical strength. So now poor Ramabai was left alone, but she still went on with what she believed to be her work, the uplifting of the child widows of India, though she had then no idea of the only force that could possibly uplift them—the religion of Christ. The Pundits of Calcutta on hearing of her eloquent efforts in their behalf sent for her, and were so delighted with her that they gave her a title, meaning God<sup>s</sup> of Wisdom.

Soon after this she married a highly educated Bengalee gentleman, who sympathized with her in her views, and together they planned a school for child widows, he to support it and she to teach; but these plans were frustrated by his sudden death from cholera after nineteen months of happy married life, and Ramabai was again left alone but for a little baby daughter.

For some time she had had a great desire to go to an English school, and the way being now opened, she left her home, landed in England, and went to a woman's college, where she taught Sanscrit, and so paid for her tuition. Here she studied and compared the religion of Christ with her own, and chose the

former, being baptized into the Church of England, but she says it was not till years after that she found what the Christian life really meant. She was disappointed because she found no help and encouragement in her plans for the women of India while in England, but providentially, when about to leave, she received a letter from her cousin, just graduating in Washington, who advised her to come to America, as he felt sure she would there receive the sympathy and aid she needed. So Ramabai came to America.

(To be Continued.)

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 THAT MIGHTY NAME.
 

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A missionary in India one day saw on the street one of the strangest looking heathen his eyes had ever lighted upon. On inquiry he found that he belonged to one of the inland tribes living away in the mountain districts. Upon further investigation he found that the gospel had never been preached to them, and that it was very hazardous to venture among them because of their murderous propensities.

He was stirred with earnest desire to break unto them the bread of life. He went to his lodging-place, fell on his knees, and pleaded for divine direction. Arising from his knees, he packed his valise, took his violin, with which he was accustomed to sing, and his pilgrim staff, and started in the direction of the Macedonian cry. As he bade his fellow-missionaries farewell they said, "We shall never see you again. It is madness for you to go." But he said, "I must preach Jesus to them." For two days he travelled, scarcely meeting a human being, till at last he found himself in the mountains and surrounded by a crowd of savages. Every spear was suddenly pointed at his heart. He expected that every moment would be his last. Not having any other resource, he tried the power of singing the name of Jesus to them. Drawing forth his violin, he began with closed eyes to sing and play,—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all."

While singing the last stanza,—

"Let every kindred, every tribe  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all,—

he opened his eyes and saw that the spears had dropped from their hands, and big tears were falling from their eyes. They afterward invited him to their homes. He spent two years and a half among them. His labors were so richly blessed that, when he was compelled to leave them by reason of ill health and return to this country, they followed him thirty miles. "O missionary, come back to us again! There are tribes beyond us," they said.—Mission Studies.



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

Dear Cousin Joy:—Will you please tell me (for I really want to know, and so do some other girls and boys), why you call our Mission Band paper the Palm Branch? I think you must have had some reason for it. Perhaps you have told it before, but if so, you will please tell it again to  
ONE LITTLE COUSIN.

Certainly we will. We have told it twice already, but "One Little Cousin" could not have been there to hear. We had two ideas. One was to link it with a loving thought of the friend who had planned this work for us. The other was to honor our best Friend, the Lord Jesus Christ. So thinking it over one night (best thoughts come in the night, you know), we suddenly remembered that when Jesus rode, a King, into Jerusalem, two thousand years ago, the people, and the children too, cut down branches of palm trees and strewed them in his path and they shouted Hosanna, and we thought, why not make our little paper a tribute of praise to King Jesus as he goes on his onward, conquering march now? So that is why it was called the Palm Branch, and we hope all our young cousins like the name, as we do.

Dear Cousin Joy:—I am a member of the Blackmore Mission Band, and take the Palm Branch. I like the paper.  
Your loving cousin,

Ritecy's Cove, N. S.

EMMIE C. MYRA.

Dear Cousin Joy:—I am a member of the Mission Band. I take the Palm Branch. I like it very much.  
Chelton, P. E. I.

ETHEL PEARSON.

Dear Cousin Joy:—We have a nice Mission Band here, and have lovely meetings. We learn quite a lot about our Missionaries. I take the Palm Branch and like it very much.  
Your loving cousin,

Bedeque, P. E. I.

ANNIE LORD.

Dear Cousin Joy:—This is the first time I have claimed you as a cousin. I am a member of the C. M.

Tate Mission Band. I take the Palm Branch and think it a very nice paper, and I am an interested reader of the Cosy Corner. I know some of its correspondents.  
Yours lovingly,

West Dublin

NELLIE REMLEY.

Dear Cousin Joy:—We all like the Palm Branch and would not want to be without it. It helps very much in making our Band meetings interesting. Are these the answers to the March puzzles, "Happy Workers," "Dear Cousin Joy," and "Star of Hope"? Hoping to see my puzzle in print,

I remain, your loving cousin,

We had Roy's puzzle.

ROY TURNER LOWTHER.

Dear Cousin Joy:—I am going to write to you for the first time. I belong to an Endeavor. Our motto is "Be kindly affectionate one to another, with brotherly love." I take the Palm Branch and enjoy its reading very much. I will enclose a puzzle, if you think it worth publishing.  
Yours sincerely,

Kingston, Ont.

MAY.

All these send correct answers to March Puzzles. No one has guessed May's puzzle yet.

Dear Cousin Joy:—I am a member of the Mayflower Mission Band at Bloomfield. It was named Mayflower because the Mayflowers were in bloom then. This is the second time I have written to you. I take the Palm Branch and like it very much. I like to read the letters in the paper. I am nine year old, and enjoy reading very much. We have about twenty members in our Mission Band. I have tried to get some one into the Band, but could not succeed.

Your loving cousin,

Bloomfield, Car. Co., N. B.

WENDELL STOKOE.

Dear Cousin Joy:—You do look so cosy in your little corner, surrounded by such a happy group of smiling faces, we hardly like to break in upon you; but we know that you are interested in all Mission Band workers, and we want to tell you about the Light Bearers and what we are doing. We have had quite a successful year. Our meetings are growing in numbers and in interest. We hold our meeting twice a month and have adopted the Watch Tower system. In May we held an open meeting, consisting of missionary recitations and choruses, and exhibited our Scripture text quilt, to be sent to some mission. It being our anniversary occasion, Mrs. Hales (M. B. Cor. Sec.) was present, and rendered some choice selections, which were highly appreciated. Membership at present, 40. Our thank offering for Jennie Ford Orphanage amounted to \$2.02. We take 17 Palm Branches. Other money raised during the year, \$8.89.

We are sorry to record the death of one of our dear workers, but hope to be stimulated by this loss to further efforts in the Master's vineyard.

Stouffville, Ont.

ED. SAUNDERS, Cor. Sec.

## PUZZLES FOR AUGUST.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 13, 18, 21 is house of entertainment for travellers.

My 1, 5, 17, 12 is space.

My 1, 17, 21, 20, 7, 22 is a boy's name.

My 8, 11, is a pronoun.

My 9, 1, 16, 14, 7, 3 means horrible,

My 6, 17, 1, 22 is a shallow place where water is passed on foot.

My 2, 4, 15, 8, 14, 11 is to aid or relieve.

My 19, 1, 2, 10, 12, 13, 21 is a Hindoo priest.

My whole is the name of a Mission Band.

St. John.

JOY NEVIUS.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 7, 15, 16, 17, is a shady spot.

My 6, 7, is a preposition.

My 9, 8, 13 is an animal.

My 1, 8, 13 is a rug.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 12, 9, 5 is a river of U. S.

My 1, 8, 9, 10 is girl's name.

My 14, 11, 13 is a portion of land.

My whole is a missionary paper.

Fergus, Ont.

MARY HYATT.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Friends:—

I want to tell you about some children in this city. One is a little girl nearly three years old, and she is such a bright, merry child that it makes one happy to see her. Her hair is black and her eyes are very black and they shine like little stars. She lives with her mother and grandmother, who are both Christians. Her grandmother has rheumatism, and for ten years has been unable to stand up or to walk. Isn't that very sad? But do you think she is sad or cross or fretful? No, indeed; she has a peaceful, happy face, and if you went to see her she would talk to you very cheerfully and tell you how thankful she is because God is so good to her. She is very fond of her little granddaughter, and likes to tell about her doings. The little girl imitates everything she sees and hears. Before eating her food she puts her little hands together, and, bowing her head, repeats in a low voice the words "Kami sama" over and over again. This word stands for the name of God in the Japanese language. When she gets a new dress and puts it on for the first time she says, "Now I must thank God," and bows down on the floor as in prayer, to say "Thank you." Not long ago she came here to our house with her mother, and I heard them whispering together. They had planned a surprise for me, and what do you think it was? The little girl had learned to say "Thank you" in English, and presently she called out, "Miss B., thank you," and then laughed gleefully.

Another little girl began to attend Sunday school when only three or four years old. Her parents and grandmother were Buddhists, but when the little girl told the stories she heard at Sunday school, her parents began to wonder about this new teaching, and would have gone to church to hear, but the grandmother was much opposed to that. Gradually, however, as the little girl began to understand about Jesus and to love Him, her innocent conversation convinced the grandmother that Christianity was a good thing, and she at length consented to allow her son and daughter to attend church. The grandmother herself never be-

came a Christian, but the little girl, father, mother and older sister are all members of our church now. The two sisters attend Sunday school regularly, and are being educated in a Christian school.

Yesterday was Children's Day in our little church, and we had a very happy time. The service was in the afternoon, and children from three Sunday schools were present. There was a "conversation" explaining the meaning and origin of Children's Day. This was carried on by eight little girls. Two boys made short speeches and all the children sang two hymns, "Father, lead thy little children" and "Around the throne of God in Heaven." Then there was a Responsive Service, composed of Scripture verses bearing on the subject of praise, and the singing of "We praise thee, O God." The children repeated the responses without a single mistake, although some verses were quite long, and all joined heartily in the singing of the hymn. Then a Christian man gave a short address, and the minister preached a little sermon about Samuel, and the meeting closed. We all thought it was a very good service indeed.

75 Hirosaka Dori, Kanazawa, Kaga, Japan.

ALICE E. BELTON.

## CHENTU, CHINA.

And now comes news of the rescue of another little two year old girl thrown out on the streets to die. It was a good thing for her, poor little child, that it was near our missionaries' gate. So they found her all benumbed with the cold (it was on the 4th March), and, oh, so thin, and they brought her in and cared for her, making her clean and giving her milk to drink. And then they had to send for the street officer and ask him to find out about her, and he and all the neighbors thought her parents were too poor to keep her, and they would be glad to sign papers giving her up to kind friends. Dear children in Canada, your parents may be poor and find it hard to provide for you, but can you think of anything which would make them throw a little daughter out on the street to die? All the difference is between the religion of China and the religion of Jesus Christ, which is one of love and cares for both soul and body.

So the kind missionaries are keeping the little waif and supporting her with part of the money subscribed for the Home.

Miss Brackbill says she has a nice little face and would be fairly well if she were not so thin and had sores on her feet. She seemed feverish at first and very quiet, but perhaps that was only because everything was so new and strange. She will soon get to love those who are so good to her.

Another girl, eleven or twelve years of age, was found sitting outside of our Hospital gate, which was closed. She seemed to be a bright girl, but very poor and without friends, sick and suffering. She was sent to the Gen. Board Hospital, where her foot will have to be operated upon, and meantime enquiries will be made about her, so that our missionaries will know what to do for her.

## LEAVES FROM THE BRANCHES.

## Nova Scotia Branch.

The "Reapers" Mission Circle, Halifax North: "At the beginning of the year it was thought best that, if possible, our money for missions should be raised without the aid of concerts, etc. In addition to our mite boxes, over forty envelopes have been given out. Each envelope contains twelve small ones, into one of which something is put each month, and brought to the meeting.

"At Easter each member was provided with a card marked off into spaces, each space representing five cents. Our Easter offering amounted to \$22.36."

The "King's Own" Band, Avondale, and the "Bonair" Band, Upper Port La Tour, have become Circles, having a membership of thirty-five and fifty-seven respectively.

A band was organized at Granville Ferry on June 8th, called the "Veazey" Band, with a membership of fourteen.

MARCIA BRAINE, Halifax.

## N. B. and P. E. I. Branch.

N. B. and P. E. I. Branch has not reported this month. By the way, we would like to hear news of the "Veazey" Band lately organized at Leonardville, Deer Island, N. B.

## N. W. and Manitoba Branch.

Mrs. Jno. Bellamy, Master Herbie Bellamy, president of the Moose Jaw Methodist Mission Band, and Mrs. H. U. Rorison returned home on Saturday from attending the Winnipeg Conference. Herbie had a very pleasant time at Winnipeg, and was introduced by the Rev. Mr. Ferrier to the whole conference, which took great interest in this little missionary worker.

## Mission Band Meeting.

A meeting of the Moosejaw Methodist Mission Band was held last night to hear the report of the delegates sent to the Winnipeg conference. This little band has for its president little Herbie Bellamy, who has not the use of his arms, but who is showing his love for his Master by doing a good work for the missionary cause. The band is supporting a boy in one of the colleges of Japan, who is being educated for a missionary. He is sixteen years old, but has only been in school for two years. Samples of his work were presented to each little member of the band, and the following letters were read:

12 Nibache, Hondamachi, 23, 1898.

To the Mission Band,—

I want try to write letter to you very much. But I cannot that. I only learning Swinton 2nd Reader now. I do not know how to

write. I am now at Kanazawa Kojun safe and well. I am going to school. I like to learn. I get fun by learn. I kindness and I feel very "arigatakn" (thankful). I sweet write letters. I very often will write.

N. NISKINO.

12 Nibache, Hondamachi, 23, 1898.

Dear Herbie San.—I heard about you very, very often. I cannot forget your kindness. I am sorry you are not see you face to face. But God know both. So I am very glad to think his love. He will help you sure. By your favor I can read, write and do several other things. I "Koto yonen sei now" (fourth year of Koto). I will over my school next year. I have received many, many things from you until now, I thank you for all "Yoroshiku" (love) to all.

N. NISKINO.

A pleasing feature of the evening was the receiving of a beautiful red silk banner, and on it the motto, "The Love of Christ Constraineth Us," neatly worked in white, which was presented to the band by the Winnipeg Conference for the highest percentage of increase in the amount raised and number of members over last year. The percentage was 240.

## ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND.

The Centenary Mission Band in connection with George Street Methodist Church is endeavoring to do what it can in helping along the great work of bringing those who are in heathen darkness into light.

The Band has thirty-five members, and there are also a number of little girls and boys too small to attend, who are called "Light Bearers." The meetings are held on the first Friday in every month, and the study of the suggested subject forms part of the programme.

A good many of the members take the Palm Branch, and find it very interesting. So far this year the amount of money raised has been about \$60.00. Part of this has been gathered from collections taken at public meetings, which are held every three months, and part from the givings of the members.

The last public meeting, which was held on the Queen's Birthday, was quite a success. The programme was interesting, the congregation good and the members were greatly encouraged in their work.

A. D.

For the weary, wayworn traveller,  
Journeying onward in the road  
Leading from this world of sorrow  
To his Father's blest abode,  
There's a Light that's shining ever,  
Which will lend him all its glow,  
'Tis the gentle Christ, our Saviour,  
He who loved us long ago.

For the little child that wanders  
In the earth, so sad and lone,  
And whose heart is ever craving  
Love which he can call his own,  
There's a Father, far exceeding  
In His love all friends below,  
'Tis the loving Christ, our Saviour,  
He who loved us long ago.

—Translated from the Spanish by S. B. H.