



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

VOL. III.

APRIL, 1896.

No. 4.

### IN THE BREAKING OF THE DAY.

In the gray of Easter even,  
 When the light begins to fade,  
 Fly two angels out of heaven,  
 Veiled in vesper shade.  
 And they watch by those who sleep  
 As they watched Immanuel's rest,  
 And they comfort all who weep  
 As they soothed sad Mary's breast.  
 Soft they whisper through the night  
 "Wait until the morning light!  
 From your sorrows look away  
 To the breaking of the day."

In the Easter dawn victorious  
 When the stars in rose-light fade,  
 Rise those angels, plumed and glorious,  
 Like the sun arrayed.  
 And they gather up the flowers,  
 From the purple plains of morning,  
 Far and wide in bloomy showers,  
 Graves of midnight woe adorning,  
 Saying, singing "Christ is risen!  
 Watch no more the open prison!  
 He has led your loved away  
 In the breaking of the day."

*Harper's Mag.*

### WHO HAVE A RIGHT TO THE NAME OF CHRISTIANS?

THE name originated at Antioch, where the disciples of Christ were first called Christians. To be a disciple means to be a follower. According to this none are entitled to the name who are not followers of the blessed Christ. Judged by this test, what multitudes bearing that sacred name, come lamentably short. Many whom we meet have little or no sympathy with our missionary efforts

amongst the Roman Catholics and French. They ask us, "Why spend so much valuable effort and means upon those who already believe in God, in the atonement of Christ, and the Holy Spirit? Better spend your energies upon the heathen abroad, who know nothing of God and the sacred Scriptures." It is true that in their creed Romanists admit these truths, but by their teachings and traditions they make their creed of none effect, as did the Pharisees in the time of Christ's personal ministry. Jesus, in sending forth His missionaries, told them to begin at Jerusalem. Why should they do so while still here stood the ancient holy temple, where still, as for centuries, solemn long-robed priests controlled the people, ministering to them in regular courses, repetitions of innumerable prayers and imposing ritualistic services? Why did these need the first efforts of the gospel messengers? Because both priests and people had intermingled with their worship of God so much of heartless ceremony and pompous ritual, that when their promised Messiah appeared, as the meek and lowly Jesus of Nazareth, they refused to receive Him and cried, "Away with Him, away with Him." So in Romish teachings, there is so much to attract the senses, in ritualistic performances, appeals to the Virgin Mary and innumerable saints, images, relics, etc., that the people are kept in ignorance and superstition, instead of being directed to Jesus as their only Saviour and Redeemer. All these outward performances so conceal Christ from many weary sin-sick souls, that they are in little better condition than the heathen in distant lands, who seek to conciliate their deities by gaudy shows and costly offerings. Are those who worship thus, entitled to the name of Christians? Can these have the spirit of Christ whose

attempts to serve Him are so contrary to His teachings? Travellers of the present time, in visiting Rome, tell us of witnessing the procession of the Bambino, a huge doll representing the infant Jesus, decked out in rich dress and costly gems, before whom the people prostrate themselves in reverent worship. And in our own land, in the Annual Fete Dieu; a wafer composed of flour and water is solemnly blessed, placed upon a richly decorated cushion, carried about in grand procession, and solemnly worshipped as God. A converted Hindoo lately visiting Montreal publicly expressed his astonishment, that the religion of the Roman Catholics in this country was so like the Hindooism of his own land. How sad that such Paganism should exist in our day and country. Is there not need of true Christian effort among these? The aim of our Woman's Missionary Society is to spread the knowledge of God's Word by gathering the children into Mission schools and our French Institute, by maintaining Bible women, who visit the homes and distribute the scriptures and tracts and tell the people of the free salvation God offers them in His Word, which their priests withhold from them. Are they entitled to the name of Christians who forbid the searching of the Scriptures as Christ commanded? Let our sympathies and prayers be abundant and unceasing for those so ignorant of the true way of salvation in our own Canada.

C. R.

### EASTER GEMS.

#### A BANNER EXERCISE FOR SEVEN GIRLS.

[The color of the banners should coincide with that of the gem alluded to, if at all possible. On these should be inscribed, in some harmonious color, the name of moral gem it represents.]

- 1st.—A gem of purest lustre  
I bring, this Easter day,  
A Diamond, brightly gleaming  
From faith's resplendent ray.
- 2nd.—I bring a shining Sapphire,  
Of clear and splendid blue,  
A gem of truth eternal  
Dear friends, I choose for you.
- 3rd.—A radiant Easter Opal,  
A gleam of hope, I bring,  
And lay it on the altar  
Of Christ, the risen King.
- 4th.—A jewel to the Master  
I offer at his shrine,  
A Ruby of forgiveness,  
The Christian's royal sign.
- 5th.—To Christ, the King of glory,  
My love I would increase,  
And for my Easter token  
I bring a Pearl of peace.

6th.—Here is my Easter offering,  
Its-banner green I wave;  
The Em'rald is the symbol  
Of life beyond the grave.

7th.—I bring a Garnet jewel  
My loyalty to prove;  
I love my blessed Jesus,  
And red's the sign for love.

All.—These jewels for the Master  
We bring with one accord,  
And lift our hearts in praises  
To bless our risen Lord.

Oh may this Easter morning,  
With all its emblems, be  
The dawn of peace and gladness  
Of our eternity;

And may we be the jewels  
Of faith, and hope, and love,  
To grace the Master's kingdom  
That waits for us above!

EASTER TREASURY.

### A JAPANESE WRITING-LESSON.

INSTEAD of going to a large school, little Japanese children, whose parents are in good circumstances, are sometimes taught by a private teacher. The teacher sits watching them and perhaps he tells the girl that she does not hold her brush in the right way. They use fine brushes, instead of pens, and their ink is in bars, and is used much as you use your water-color paints.

Unless one learns to write while quite young, it is very difficult to hold the brush and make the fine strokes properly. You would not be able to do it, nor could you sit upon those soft mats, at those low tables, with your limbs bent under you, as they do.

O, how they would ache, and how numb your feet would grow!

How then do these children sit so comfortably?

Because, when they are mere babies, their tender bones and muscles are trained to bend in this way. They can sit in that position for hours. Then, when they are ready to go home, they will bow to the floor before their teacher, and thank him for his kindness. This, also, is the result of early training.

May I tack a little moral to the "writing-lesson" for you?

If you begin to work and give and pray for missions, while you are children, it will become an easy, comfortable thing to do all through life.

H. C. FRIEND.

*GOOD MORNING ROUND THE WORLD.*

- 11 In France where they dance and they sing and they play,  
Now, "How do you carry yourself?" they all say.  
Or, if you don't choose  
Their good sense to abuse  
"Comment vous portez vous" fitly you'll use.
- 2 In the Mexican nation they're gallant and gay,  
They shake hands with all in a courteous way;  
And they bow and beguile  
Their friends all the while  
And "May you be well now?" they say with a smile.

St. NICHOLAS.

*FIELD STUDY FOR APRIL.*

## FRENCH CANADIAN MISSIONS AND PAPAL COUNTRIES.

**T**HE Roman church plays on certain weaknesses of human nature, and herein lies its fascination and its power. Her creed is nearly the same as ours, but it is interpreted to suit her own teaching. An intelligent physician is often tried by his patients. They are willing to take nauseous doses, nay, they expect them, but they consider it unreasonable to expect them to obey the laws of health. So it is with the disease of sin. Men are willing to do hard things to obtain salvation, pay money, perform exhausting "acts of devotion"; but laying down pride and self-will and depending on Christ alone, the natural man shrinks from. While there are many sincere followers of Christ in her communion, the tendency of her teaching is to lead men astray. It is her policy to keep her people in ignorance of the Bible. The political power of the church of Rome is a large subject in itself, a study of it would cover the history of Europe for many centuries.

Mexico, and all the other countries of South America are Roman Catholic. They were colonized by Spain. Her history is written in blood wherever she has touched. There is a wide field for mission work in these countries. The way is open to go, and the people are willing to hear.

The glory of the church was a large figure in the colonization of Canada by the church. The results of the zealous labors of the Jesuit fathers last to this day. While France can now hardly be called a Roman Catholic country, no more faithful adherents of the church are to be found than the French Canadians. Under British rule they have prospered and increased. Numbering less than 70,000 in 1763, there are now 1,500,000 in Quebec and 2,000,000 in the United States. Our work among these people is in or near Montreal. There are four mission schools, two small schools in the country, one at the east end of Montreal taught by Miss Matthieu, a French lady who is deeply interested in the salvation of her own people. The largest mission school is under the

management of Miss Jackson, 120 pupils entered during the last year. The average attendance was 54. At this school there were Swedes, Jews, French and English. For two years a Kindergarten has been taught by Miss Anderson, our Bible woman, and beside the regular kindergarten work, an oral lesson from the Bible and catechism is given each day. Miss Anderson visits in the afternoon, making about a hundred visits a month. She distributes tracts, portions of scripture and other literature. Most of the pupils attending these schools are the children of working people. Great tact and judgment is needed in gaining admission to these homes. The people have been taught that Protestants have no religion, that the Bible is a dangerous book. By patient kindness our teachers strive to win the confidence of the mothers. They have been successful in doing this in very many instances, the poor women telling them their trials and difficulties. Many cases of great need have been found in this way, and the help they have been able to give has been gratefully received.

The French Methodist Institute, which is supported by the General Society and the W. M. S., has passed a successful year. There was not room to accommodate all who applied for admission at the beginning of the year. Eighty-two is the largest number taken at one time. Twenty-two of these were from Roman Catholic homes. The girls are trained in cooking and house-keeping, and like to excel in these as well as in their literary studies. The advantage of the Institute in having the pupils constantly associated with Christian teachers is undeniable. Miss Masten, who is our worker in this school, writes that already the seed sown is bringing forth fruit. E. A. D.

*QUESTIONS FOR APRIL.*

What is said of the fascination and power of the Church of Rome?

Of her creed?

How is a physician often tried by his patients?

What is this compared to?

What are people willing to do to obtain salvation?

What is required which they shrink from?

What is the tendency of the teaching of the Romish church?

What is her policy?

What can you say of her political power?

What is said of Mexico and other countries of South America?

What prospect for mission work there?

What had a great deal to do with the colonization of Canada?

What is said of France and of French Canadians in relation to the Roman Catholic religion?

Will you tell us how French Canadians have prospered under British rule?

Where is our mission work among them?

How many mission schools and how situated?

Who is the teacher at the East end?

Tell what you can of the largest school?

Who teaches the Kindergarten, and what does she teach beside the regular work there?

What else does Miss Anderson do?

What class of children mostly attend the schools?

Why are great tact and judgment needed in visiting the homes?

What success have they had?

What can you say of the French Methodist Institute?

Are there many pupils there?

How many from Roman Catholic homes?

What training have the girls?

What great advantage have they in the Institute?

What does Miss Masten write of it?

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MISS S. E. SMITH,  
 282 Princess Street,  
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APRIL, 1896.

"The Easter praises may falter  
 And die with the Easter day,  
 The blessings that brighten the altar  
 In sweetness may fade away;  
 But after the silence and fading  
 Lingers a blessing unpriced,  
 Above all changing and shading,  
 The love of the living Christ."

This is the glorious truth that comes home to our hearts to-day; that we have not a dead but a living Christ. A devotional writer beautifully defines the difference, when he says, "A dead Christ we must do everything for, but a living Christ will do everything for us." Do we believe the sweet story of long ago, handed down to us through all the ages, that Mary came with a sad heart, in the early hush of the morning, bearing precious spices to anoint the body of her Lord, and instead of a dead Christ found a living one? If we believe it, what shall we do with this glorious truth? Shall we not take it home to our inmost hearts and "feed upon it by faith" till we grow strong to do and dare for this living Christ, who is able and willing to "do everything for us"?

Would it be worth while for us to send missionaries out to foreign lands to plant there the standard of a dead Christ? Thank God we have no such cold, cheerless message to send, but a message straight from the warm, tender, living heart of the Christ Himself, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

Our prayers this month must be for the people of our own Dominion, and those countries in Europe who are denied the privilege—which is ours—of reading for themselves the Word of God. Let us pray that all efforts made in their behalf may be abundantly blessed.

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Please renew AT ONCE, we do not wish to lose your name from our list of subscribers.

If any one who has already renewed her subscription receives a blank, please set it down as a mistake.

In view of the limitations of our little paper, we are compelled to ask our kind contributors to give us short articles, considerably less than a thousand words, whenever possible.

The blackboard lesson of last month must be credited to the Hampton Band.

Our thanks are due to the kind friend in Halifax, whose interesting story will be found in our columns to-day. We shall hope to hear from her again.

*A HOME MISSION STORY.*

IT was near the close of a hot August day, and we girls, after lounging around all the afternoon, trying to keep cool and to keep our tempers as well, brightened as we felt the breeze from the water, and roused up sufficiently to make plans for the evening. We need no introduction to our readers, for we were four such girls as may be met daily. The plain, rather quiet one—that was I; the pretty one with eyes dancing in merriment—that was Kate; while Meg and Sue were only distinguished by their good nature, and capability for incessant talking. "Where shall we go, that we may forget this dreadful afternoon?" was the question. "To Miss Lane's. If anyone can make us feel thankful for our discomforts, it will be her." This from Sue, who, in her impulsiveness was sometimes regardless of grammar.

The walk through the pretty street, quiet after the heat and turmoil of the day, bordered on one side by the calm river, on the other by branching chestnut trees, put us in a more contented frame of mind. We found Miss Lane sitting in her little old-fashioned garden, enjoying the perfume of mignonette and sweet-briar. She had but just returned to Centerville to spend her vacation with her widowed mother. For Miss Lane was a music teacher in a girls' boarding school. Perhaps you think that music teachers are very commonplace. But I propose before I have finished to make you like my Miss Lane. To be sure she was not beautiful, but we were apt to forget that, when we listened to her kind words, and saw the lighting up of her "soulful eyes" as Meg called them.

"Oh, Miss Lane, do tell us a story," we all cried after our greetings were fairly over. "But, girls,"

said Miss Lane, "Remember I have told you stories ever since you were small children, I have no new ones for you."

"Couldn't you tell us about your girls at Markville Seminary? Are they as nice as we?" said Kate roguishly.

"Well, now, I wonder if you girls would be interested in our "home mission child," as we called her, and how the Seminary girls raised money to keep her."

"O yes, Miss Lane, your stories are always so nice," said Meg, who was rapidly making comfort for herself at the foot of a lilac bush.

"I think I told you last summer of how these girls had pledged themselves to send \$50 a year to support a little girl in Japan. They raised the money this year as usual, and had quite a comfortable feeling of having done their duty in helping to spread the Gospel. I had often tried to arouse their sympathy for home missions, but their complacency was so great over that \$50 for Japan, that I began to despair of ever getting them interested in any other quarter, when unexpectedly I was helped in this by some of the girls themselves. It was customary for any girl that had been in the school for four years, and had made during that time a good record of deportment, to have what was known as senior's privileges, that is the privilege of going for a walk unaccompanied by a teacher. One afternoon two of these senior girls, Ada Howard and May Kennebec, who had started for wild flowers, came back telling a sad story of a child, living in a hut, without even the common necessities of life. Next day, with Ada and May as guides, I took a number of the other girls and walked to the place. The afternoon was a hot one, and it seemed, as we entered the one low room, as if we could scarcely breathe, the air was so foul. You, I expect, have been grumbling at the heat this afternoon in your large shuttered rooms, but how would you like to live in a small kitchen with the steam of a wash tub ascending; for the aunt earned her living by washing, and might have made herself and the child tolerably comfortable had she not had a fondness for liquor. When our eyes became accustomed to the steam clouded room, we saw lying in one corner on an old mattress a child of about ten years. She was feverishly tossing and moaning and begging for water. Although she was apparently very ill, the hard-featured woman paid no attention to her beyond saying when we went to the bed, "It's nothing but laziness that ails her, she can eat fast enough when I give it to her." The poor little thing looked up gratefully when I moistened her lips with the cool water which one of the girls brought from a spring close by. Fearing for the health of the three girls whom I had allowed to enter the dwelling, I hurriedly rejoined the waiting ones outside, after promising the child to come again. The girls immediately beset me with suggestions, while one or two lamented the fact that their \$50 had been sent to Japan. I told them, while I was glad that they had discovered how much need there was for mission work at our very door, yet they must not forget that the heathen abroad had a strong claim on them as well. On the following day, with the doctor's permission, we had

the child moved to the Seminary building where she might have proper care and food. Her aunt willingly signed papers handing her over for life to us, and soon afterwards disappeared from the neighborhood. The child, who is a bright, intelligent little creature, will remain at the Seminary until she is qualified to go out as a teacher, and we all have hopes that we may send, beside the barren money, a real, live teacher to Japan, and in this way will be linked together our home missionary and our foreign missionary attempts. But now to tell about the Seminary Mission Band's part in this good work. The Principal would not receive the child into the school until the Band had promised to be responsible for her board and education. Then there was real work and self-denial, and various were the means resorted to in order to raise the money. On one door, underneath a triangle formed by the names of May, Ted and Ada, might be seen the following notice: "Darning and mending done quickly and cheaply by the inmates of this room; also buttons sewed on so tightly that no washerwoman can rub them off." On another door was: "Aprons of all kinds, especially large ones for practical work in chemistry." More appetizing than these was the notice on another room that "Fresh candy would be supplied every Saturday from one o'clock until four." Novel advertisements were the order of the day. Books might be covered, trunks packed, pins sold, and one audacious advertiser even offered for a small sum "to supply brains for the coming examinations." The purchasers of the latter hardly knew whether they had been defrauded or not, when they received a folded piece of paper with the following: "Study hard through the term, take plenty of exercise, a cold bath every morning, and go to bed early the night before. You will then be sure to pass." The buyers concluded, however, to take it good naturedly, as the money was all to go toward the little girl's expenses. It soon became quite fashionable for each room to have a small paste-board box on the table, into which odd change might be dropped by the owners or their visitors. So far the girls have fulfilled their promise nobly. They have even some money put aside for expenses next year. There will be, of course, less enthusiasm as new girls come in, but as long as our "home mission child" remains faithful, I have no doubt the band will be true to its promise. That is all I can tell you now, but I know you will always be interested in her, after hearing her story."

"Oh, indeed we will, Miss Lane," cried Kate, "and may we not help?"

"That you may," said Miss Lane earnestly, "but only on condition that you earn yourself what you give."

"I for one, can do that easily," Meg said, "for I may have so much a quart for all the fruit I can pick in the garden, and I am sure there must be thousands of quarts, more or less." she added, catching a humorous look from Miss Lane's eyes. "But come, girls, it is getting dark, and we must be going. Thank you so much, Miss Lane, for your story and its moral. I'm sure we shall remember it on the next hot day, and be thankful for ice and shutters." KATE,

Halifax, N. S.



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

Here we are again, dear Cousins, come to the glad Easter holiday of the church. We are going to give you something new to write about next month. Will you tell us in your little letters just what Easter means and what you think of it, all in a few words? You can give the answers to the puzzles too, you know. Cousin Joy thinks it not fair to give all the nice recitations to the girls, so now she has found one for some of the little boys, and she hopes many will learn it. It is called:

FOUR PRAYERS.

- 1st little boy. Open our eyes, dear Jesus,  
Thy wondrous love to see,  
That we, like the disciples,  
May closely follow thee.
- 2nd. Open our ears, dear Jesus,  
That we thy truth may hear,  
And in thy blessed Bible  
May read thy meaning clear.
- 3rd Open our lips, dear Jesus,  
Thy precious words to speak,  
Help us to tell the story,  
For we are small and weak.
- 4th. Open our hearts, dear Jesus,  
Thy law to understand,  
And lead us as we journey  
To Heaven's promised land.

Easter Treasury.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I am a member of the W. S. M. B. I think I have got the answers to the February puzzles. They are, "Eli Allen" and "Cousin Joy's Cosy Corner." I send a puzzle, if it is all right will you publish it? Yours, LIZZIE MORTIMER.

[Yes, we surely will publish it, in time, but our little friends must have patience, for you see our space is very limited. This is the first answer to the puzzle sent us by cousin Penrose.]

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I belong to the "Wayside Workers" Mission Band. We take the PALM BRANCH and like it very much. I think I have found the answer for one of the puzzles for February. It is, "Cousin Joy's Cosy Corner," and the Bible query is found in Judges 20:16. Your loving cousin,  
Upper Keswick. SADIE.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I belong to the "Day Spring" Mission Band. We take the PALM BRANCH and like it very much. I think I have found the answer to the second puzzle for February, also the Bible query.

The puzzle is, "Cousin Joy's Cosy Corner," and the query is found in Judges 20:16. I will send you a puzzle and you may publish it whenever you have spare space in your paper. I remain,

Your loving cousin,  
Nappan, N. S. CARRIE BARNES.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I am a member of the "Junior Star" Mission Band. I take the PALM BRANCH and like it very much. I have a puzzle and I am going to send it to you, and I wish it to be printed if you think it is worth printing. It is the first one I ever made and I don't know whether it is right or not. I never wrote to you before. I am a new member of the Mission Band, and I like it very much. I don't know whether I will get my puzzle to you in time for February paper or not, but I hope it will be all right. I think I will close for this time, with love to you.

Your cousin, ALICE QUIGLEY.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I belong to "Bonair" Mission Band and our Band is increasing very much. We had 5 new members last day. I take the PALM BRANCH and like it very much. I think I have found the answer to Bible query for February. It is Judges, 20th chapter and 16th verse. Your loving cousin,

Upper Port La Tour. ROBERTA CHRISTIE.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I take PALM BRANCH and like it very much though I never solved a puzzle in my life, and never expect to! I often wish that you had a question drawer in your "Cosy Corner," as there are so many vexed questions concerning our work that even the constitution won't answer. With best wishes from

Your loving cousin,  
'Gem of the Sea.' GIPSY.

It would be very nice, cousin Gipsy, to have a question drawer in our "Cosy Corner" if there were only room, but you see how crowded it is already. How could we manage it?

APRIL PUZZLES.

I am composed of 21 letters.  
My 13, 19, 20, 21, is a sort of earth.  
My 18, 16, 14, 8, 16, 20, is a large city.  
My 11, 5, 7, 13, is something that grows on rocks.  
My 12, 17, 21, 15, 9, is a heathen country.  
My 1, 5, 6, 21, 19, 3, is a large river.  
My 10, 9, 4, 3, is something that falls from the sky.  
My 2, 17, 12, 16, 3, is the name of a street.  
My whole is something that is doing good in St. John.  
St. John. Alice Quigley.

I am composed of 23 letters.  
My 21, 7, 11, is the queen of the fairies.  
My 5, 22, 19, 16, is a raw hide.  
My 20, 4, 3, 9, 6, is a bank of earth.  
My 23, 18, 16, 17, 10, 23, is a boy's name.  
My 13, 4, 1, 12, means to shout.  
My 14, 2, 20, 6, 1, is to deceive.  
My 8, 15, 16, 9, is to summon.  
My whole is what we all should strive to do.  
Stouffville. E. Sanders.

I am composed of 15 letters.  
My 2, 13, 5, 6, means to tear.  
My 7, 10, 3, is not high.  
My 1, 14, 3, 15, 12, is to jump about.  
My 1, 11, 8, is to cook.  
My 2, 4, 6, is a color.  
My whole is the name of a Mission Band.  
Jacksonville. Zelia Johnson.

## EASTER PICTURES.

AN EXERCISE FOR SIX CHILDREN.

1st. child—We would paint sweet pictures for you,  
Scenes the Easter day recalls;  
Let them often help and cheer you  
Hung on memory's magic walls.

2nd.—Look, I pray you, on this picture:  
We a band of women see,  
Hasting towards a quiet garden,  
Ere the twilight shadows flee.  
Sorrow lingers on their faces;—  
Ah, dear friends, we bid you cheer,  
Soon shall pass the night of weeping,  
Soon the morning shall appear.

3rd.—Now the sky is growing brighter  
With the glory of the dawn,  
Mary o'er the tomb is bending,  
But the precious Master's gone.  
Gone! "then whose that voice of greeting,"  
Whose that loving, tender word?  
Her "Rabboni" stands before her  
And his "Mary" she hath heard.

4th.—See! the sun is slowly sinking  
Down the glowing western sky,  
Two disciples walk in sadness:  
Christ the risen One draws nigh.  
Though they know not 'tis the Master  
Yet they linger by his side,  
And with burning hearts implore Him,  
"Wilt thou not with us abide."

5th.—We are looking on a picture  
Full of blessing, full of love;  
Jesus, on the Mount of Olives,  
Ere He seeks his home above,  
Draws his dear disciples 'round him  
Bids them tenderly "Farewell!"  
For a little season only,  
Then, for aye, with him to dwell.

6th.—Hope paints still another picture;  
Jesus coming for his own;  
He is coming! hallelujah!  
All the glory his alone.

BROKEN SEAL.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

CHRISTMAS AT CAPE MUDGE.

**T**HINK the young readers of the PALM BRANCH would have been very much interested if they could have peeped into our neat little school-house on Christmas afternoon, and heard all that went on there, but as they were so far away that they could not enjoy the privilege, I thought they would like to read something about it, and so decided to write them a letter. Our kind friends of the Kincardine Auxiliary, of the W. M. S., promised us a

box last spring, and true to their promise sent a large box of useful articles early in December; a smaller box inside, addressed to the family of the Mission House, caused much rejoicing among the little ones as they discovered the pretty presents and tempting "goodies" it contained, and cheered the hearts of the missionaries, for it is always so pleasant and helpful to know we are remembered. We told all the young people, who attended school, that kind friends had sent some gifts, and all who were regular, would receive something the day before Christmas. Mr. Walker put up a large fir tree in the school-house, and we decorated it before calling the people together. Some little friends had sent a few dolls, beads, and pocket knives, so with Christmas cards and colored bags of candies and nuts, we had quite a gay tree, the more substantial gifts being put upon the heavy, lower branches. We had made a lot of sweet cakes and had also apples to give them, as we were anxious for them to have a really good time; so we rang the bell, and in a very short time our school house was quite full of eager youngsters and their friends, who were pleased to see something done to make the children happy. We sang several pieces, and the missionary then told us about the first Christians and explained why we gave gifts to each other at this season, then after more singing he distributed the gifts and good things. Every child in the village, except tiny babies, received a present of some useful article of clothing, and judging by their faces and the pleased "Ol-ick," (very good,) which sounded from all sides, they were much gratified. At last all the fruit of the wonderful tree was plucked and its load borne instead by the little brown arms. So after more singing and prayer our Christmas tree service came to a close, and we went to our homes, tired, but very happy in having made our young people happy, and feeling very thankful indeed to the kind friends of Kincardine who had so generously aided us in our work.

It is nearly a year since we said "good-bye" to our friends in St. John, but we do not forget you, and we are sure you do not forget us in our work here. Dear sisters, members of the Auxiliaries I addressed a little over a year ago, do you remember your promise to pray for us? When you pray for the Indians and their missionaries, do pray *especially* for the poor Euclataws. Every missionary on the coast will tell you they are so ignorant, so degraded, so far removed from all that is pure, and good, and true; but Jesus loves them and wants them for His own, and so we do not lose courage, but, oh! dear friends, pray for them and for us, we need the Holy Spirit here in all His power. "Not by might nor by power but by my Spirit saith the Lord."

Cape Mudge, B. C., Jan. 14th, 1896.

## LEAVES FROM THE BRANCHES.

## N. S. BAND NOTES.

E. Brooks, Cor.-Sec., Avondale writes:—The "King's Own" Mission Band has sustained a grievous loss in the death of their much loved president, Mrs. J. H. Davis. Truly "as she went on her way the Angel of the Lord met her" and took her home to her father's house. She has passed,

"Out of the strain of the Doing  
Into the peace of the Done,  
Out of the thirst of Pursuing  
Into the rapture of Won.  
Out of grey mists into Brightness,  
Out of pale dusk into dawn,  
Out of all wrong into rightness,  
She from these fields has gone.  
"Nay," say the saints, *'not gone, but come*  
Into Eternity's Harvest Home."

We are left with the example of a beautiful Christian life before us, and the strong hope of one day meeting her in the land to which she has gone.

The "Happy Thought" Band, Yarmouth, has been retarded in its work by the sickness of the president, but now that she has recovered, the meetings will continue as before.

WILL THE BANDS PLEASE TAKE NOTICE that those who have not returned the Report Cards for last quarter must do so AT ONCE! M. E. B., Cor.-Sec.

[In N. S. Band Notes, for February, some one is responsible for a slight mistake. In Bermuda notes occurs this sentence: "No regular meetings there." As a fact there have been three meetings held in the last quarter.]

## MONTREAL CONFERENCE BRANCH.

Miss Lily E. Paisley, Cor.-Sec., writes:—The Little Band of Workers took an active part in the convention which was held in the Littlewood Methodist church, Feb. 20th, in connection with the W. M. S. In the afternoon session the Band sang a piece, title, "Oh How we Pity Them," accompanied by their organist, Miss T. Hodgins. Mrs. Humphrey, of Parkhill, Ont., also delighted them with her sketch on the blackboard and questions which were answered by the Mission Band. They also sang a piece in the evening, title, "Gathering in the Sheaves." We are pleased to say that our Hon. President, Mrs. L. Hughes, is fast recovering her health.

## BAY OF QUINTE BAND NOTES.

In November a Mission Band was organized at Demorestville by Mrs. (Rev.) Buckler, called "The Sunbeam," with a membership of 13. Time of meeting, third Saturday in the month. Five meetings have been held, when the Field Study, in PALM BRANCH, was taken up. The last half hour of meeting was occupied in piecing blocks for a quilt for one of the Homes. Ten copies of PALM BRANCH are taken. Pres., Mrs. Buckler; Cor.-Sec., Miss Alma Johnson.

"Wayside Workers" Band, Lindsay, report the outlook for this year very encouraging. The attendance is good, average forty. Hazel Mitchell, not quite six years old, has been enrolled a life member. A box

of clothing, valued at twenty dollars, sent a missionary, was suitably acknowledged.

"Band of Workers," Bayside, report, shows fidelity and patient effort. New members are being added. A parlor social realized five dollars. The circulation of nine copies of PALM BRANCH is an impetus to the work. M. G. H.

## N. B. AND P. E. ISLAND BAND NOTES.

Miss Lizzie Bowness, Cor.-Sec., writes:—The members of "Perseverance" Band, Bedeque, were entertained at the home of their president, Mrs. Vickerson, on Christmas night, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. The offerings of the evening amounted to \$15.00. Our monthly meetings are pleasant and profitable, and we hope to have a very successful year. Our average attendance is 17.

## TORONTO CONFERENCE BRANCH.

Barrie,—*"Binders"* reports nineteen members, all under fifteen years of age. The meetings are more interesting than ever before in their history, and one of the members walks two miles, every Monday, to the place of meeting.

Brampton,—*"Grace Church"* reports increase of members and interest, under the presidency of Mrs. (Rev.) Lanceley. Round cards were provided the members, with spaces marked for 25, 10, and 15 cent pieces, each card holding 50 cents altogether. There is a slight indentation under each space in which the money is glued, then a small piece of paper is pasted over it. The children are taking hold of this new plan with great enthusiasm. Early in the season Miss McGuffin, of Toronto, visited us, and gave a very interesting talk on China, and showed us some Chinese costumes and relics. Our own members music, recitations, etc.

Eglington,—*"Mission Band"* is doing well. A missionary evening, at the home of the secretary of the Auxiliary, was much enjoyed, and was most profitable. Several gave their names as subscribers for PALM BRANCH. In January, at the open quarterly meeting, there was a large attendance. At the close we had a marching song, and the whole Sabbath school, over a hundred, marched, headed by their teachers, and laid a tiny envelope, (distributed the week previous) in a basket; this was a New Year's offering to the dear Master, from loving hearts and hands. The Cycle of Prayer is most helpful. We all like the PALM BRANCH more and more."

Flesherton reports the Band getting along splendidly and new members are joining almost every meeting.

Markdale,—*"We hold our meetings after Sunday school, and arrange it so that the children themselves do almost everything, and they are willing and delighted to work, with hands and hearts. We have not yet decided upon a name, but hope by the next report we shall be christened. I noticed some pretty and appropriate names in the PALM BRANCH, which is a most welcome little messenger."*

Newmarket,—*Secretary writes: "We had an entertainment, with which the ladies were so well pleased, that they asked us to repeat the programme at the next missionary prayer meeting."* A. M. B.

Please read the editorial items.