



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

VOL. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1895.

No. 9

THOUGHTS IN A WHEAT FIELD.

BY DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

In his wide fields walks the Master
In his fair fields, ripe for harvest,
Where the evening sun shines slantwise
On the rich ears heavy bending.

Saith the Master: "It is time."
Though no leaf shows brown decadence,
And September's nightly frost-bite
Only reddens the horizon,
"It is full time," saith the Master,
The wise Master, "It is time."

Lo! he looks. That look compelling
Brings his laborers to the harvest;
Quick they gather, as in autumn
Passage birds in cloudless eddies
Drop upon the seaside fields;
White wings have they, and white raiment,
White feet shod with swift obedience.
Each lays down his golden palm-branch,
And uprears his sickle shining,
"Speak, O Master—is it time?"

O'er the field the servants hasten,
Where the full-stored ears droop downwards
Humble with their weight of harvest
Where the empty ears wave upward,
And the gay tares flaunt in rows;
But the sickles, the sharp sickles,
Flash new dawn at their appearing,
Songs are heard in earth and heaven,
For the reapers are the angels,
And it is the harvest time.

O Great Master! Are thy footsteps
Even now upon the mountains?
Art thou walking in thy wheat-field?
Are the snowy-winged reapers
Gathering in the silent air?
Are thy signs abroad, the glowing

Of the distant sky, blood reddened,
And the near fields trodden, blighted,
Choked by gaudy tares triumphant—
Sure, it must be harvest time!

Who shall know the Master's coming?
Whether it be at dawn or sunset,
When night dews weigh down the wheat-ears,
Or while noon rides high in heaven,
Sleeping lies the yellow field?
Only may thy voice, good Master,
Peal above the reaper chorus,
And dull sound of sheaves slow falling—
"Gather all into my garner,
For it is my harvest time."

THE IDOLATROUS SACRIFICE OF THE MASS.

PERHAPS many of our young people are unacquainted with the real nature of the Roman Catholic service called "Mass." The word is Latin, taken from the Hebrew "Missah," which means sacrifice. That church teaches that the bread and wine on the altar at the sacrament, are changed by the blessing of the priest, into the real body and blood of Christ, and that He is sacrificed afresh at each service; therefore their ministers are called *priests*. This doctrine is called transubstantiation. They use instead of bread a little wafer, of flour and water, baked for this purpose, and that is all that is given to the people: only the priests partake of the wine. Some of these wafers are very solemnly blessed once a year, and carried about the cities in grand processions. This is called the "Fete Dieu," and the Elevation and Adoration of the Host, which the people fall down and worship as God. How like the heathen in pagan lands when bowing down to their idols. They tell our missionaries: "It is not these

images, made of wood and stone, that we worship, but the gods they represent." St. Leguori, in the Mission Book, states: "The priest blesses the bread and wine as Christ did; he speaks over them the same words that Christ spoke, *and thus* the bread and wine now on the altar, are changed, as they were at the last supper, into the body and blood of Jesus Christ." What an absurdity, that as Jesus gave these elements to His disciples they were changed, as their catechism declares, into another or the same "body and blood, soul and divinity" of Himself. Pope Urbain, in a Roman Council, thus spoke: "The hands of the pontiff are raised to an eminence granted to none of the angels, viz: that of creating God, the Creator of all things, and of offering Him up for the salvation of the whole world." Well may we be called Protestants, for we emphatically protest against the blasphemous assertion that any man, be he priest, prelate or pope, has ever been given the power to re create the Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, or, as Pope Urbain declares, "God, the Creator of all things."

The church of Rome boasts that it never changes, but this doctrine was not fully developed for many hundred years after the death of the apostles. St. Augustine, St. Basil, and many other authorities, taught that the elements, bread and wine, were but figures used by our Saviour, as He had also said: "I am the door," "I am the vine." Again, the word wine is never used in the Gospels, when speaking of this sacrament. It is "the cup," or "the fruit of the vine." The Lord's Supper was instituted at the time of the Passover, when nothing fermented was allowed in the dwellings of the people, showing it was the unfermented juice of the grape that Jesus gave them; and in St. Mark it is specially said: "*they all drank of it.*" Why should Romanists withhold it from the people? Again, the priesthood ceased after the end of the daily sacrifice, which had typified Christ, the Lamb of God. After He was offered up there is no mention of priests in Scripture in connexion with the ministry. Christ is our only High Priest, and all God's people a royal priesthood. See 1 Peter, 2: 9. Therefore St. Paul exhorts us to "offer our bodies a living sacrifice." With such sacrifices God is well pleased. But we are told in Heb. 10: 10, Jesus was offered "*once for all.*" And in the 12th verse, "He offered *one sacrifice for sins forever.*" How absurd, unscriptural, and idolatrous, to offer Him in the shape of this wafer, thousands of times a day, as is customary in the weekly mass, throughout the world.

We give these remarks, not in an unkindly spirit, but because we fear this important subject is but too lightly regarded by many in these days. C. R.

Montreal.

MONTREAL BLACKBOARD LESSON.

A year ago last September, the subject was, if I remember rightly, "The organization of our Society." We talked about the Board, the Branches, Auxiliaries, and Mission Bands, and placed the names on the board as we went along. The system was compared to the government of Canada—Federal, Provincial, County, and Parish. We ran over it again, and the girls asked questions, and gave their own ideas of its unity, and the work assigned to each part. One of the girls compared it to a tree. "If there are *Branches* what is the *trunk*?" "That must be the Board."

There were only a few in the room; they crowded round the black-board, and soon had a graphic illustration—a large tree, with the names Board and Branches in their appropriate places. Leaves and buds were added, with much enthusiasm, the chalk informing us that these were the auxiliaries and Mission Bands. I don't think we spoke of the roots. If our girls were to talk it over now most of them could say "The love of Christ constraineth us."—[A Leaf from "Day Star."

"FREELY HAVE YE RECEIVED, FREELY GIVE."

"SHALL I take and take and never give?"
It was not in the lily to answer, "Yea;"
So it drank the dew and sunlight and rain,
And gave out its fragrance day by day.

"Shall I take and take and never give?"
The robin chirped, "No, that would be wrong;"
So he picked up the cherries and flew away,
And poured out his soul in a beautiful song.

"Shall I take and take and never give?"
The bee in the clover buzzed, "Ah no!"
So he gathered the honey and filled his cell;
But 'twas not for himself that he labored so.

"Shall I take and take and never give?"
What answer will you make, little one?
Like the blossom, the bird and the bee, do you say,
"I will not live for myself alone"?

—"The Child's Own Paper."

In the year 1884, three young disciples in Spain were thrown into prison for not worshipping the host as it was borne past. Like Paul and Silas they prayed and sang praises even in jail, and one passing by in the street sent them five francs for their sweet singing. When the ten days of their sentence had expired, the judge demanded the fine of fifty francs. They had not money to pay it, and he sent them back to prison for another ten days. Two days later, he set them free; for the priest had complained that his parishioners stood morning and evening before the prison, listening to the hymns they sang, and they were exciting so much interest that he was afraid many more would become Protestants.

MISSIONARY SHIPS.

TUNE—"I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY."

The mission ships are sailing
 Across the waters blue,
 To tell the sweet old story,
 The story ever new ;
 To carry to the heathen,
 So far across the sea,
 The news of that dear Saviour
 Who died for you and me.

CHORUS—Sailing, the ships are sailing
 Across the waters blue,
 To tell the sweet old story,
 The story ever new.

Kings shall fall down before him,
 And gold and incense bring ;
 All nations shall adore him,
 His praise all people sing ;
 For He shall have dominion
 O'er river, sea, and shore,
 Far as the eagle's pinion
 Or dove's light wing can soar.

CHORUS—Sailing, the ships are sailing, etc.

Spread all the sails, dear children,
 Send the glad news afar,
 Till all the Eastern nations
 Shall see once more the star,
 Shall follow where it leadeth
 To find the Lord of light,
 So shall its rays most holy,
 Dispel the shades of night.

CHORUS—Sailing, the ships are sailing, etc.

FIELD STUDY FOR SEPTEMBER.

ANOTHER YEAR FOR JESUS—REPROSPECT AND PROSPECT.

As a Society we give thanks unto God for all His benefits towards us. There has been grave perplexity and anxiety about our work and our workers in Japan and China, but their lives have been precious in His sight ; and in the darkest hour we had this sure ground of comfort and rest for our faith. Our love is only a faint photograph of the love of Christ ; if we are anxious or sorrowful, the very strength of our feelings may reassure us ; our Father, who is all-wise and all-powerful, loves our friends infinitely more than we do, and their work is His own.

It has been a year of spiritual blessing at home. Many of our Mission Band members have received Christ into their hearts and publicly pledged themselves to His service.

The time has come to close our year's work. One year has gone farther from or nearer to Jesus, and another year coming in for, or from, Him. Which

has it been ; which shall it be ? Will we make as many blunders in the coming year as in the going ? Or will we push on, trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for grace, and make less ? Let us take a look back and see where we have done well, and where we have done ill, and learn, if possible, the secret of our success or failure.

The success of a Mission Band depends on the faithful performance of duty by each member. Elect your officers with care. If you have a girl with a character for patient and thorough work, who does not do things by fits and starts, make her President. Try to put the right one in the right place. Make the one who can never "do composition, but is all right at arithmetic," treasurer and secretary.

Having chosen your officers, give them your loyal support. Carry out cheerfully whatever part of the programme the President assigns you. Assist the treasurer by paying your fee early, and the corresponding secretary by paying for PALM BRANCH as soon as the club is formed. Let not the first beginning of a quarrel arise. Remember you are engaged in Christ's work, and it can only be carried on in this way : "In honor preferring one another."

How may we accomplish more than we have this year ? We may not be able to bring larger gifts into the treasury, but we may gain a wider and a fuller knowledge of the needs of the world. Read the life of some great missionary, and drink in his spirit.

We may pray more—for ourselves—for our fellow workers—for our Band meetings—for our substitutes in the field, and those they are laboring among ; remembering the promise : "Whatsoever ye will ask in my name that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son."

E. A. D.

QUESTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

- What is the subject of Field Study this month ?
- As a Society what do we do at the close of the year ?
- What anxiety have we had of late in connection with our work ?
- What ground of comfort have we in relation to our friends ?
- What has the year brought to our home work ?
- What important questions are asked in regard to the year's work—our part in it ?
- What in regard to next year's work ?
- What are we recommended to do ?
- On what does the success of a Mission Band depend ?
- Who is best suited for a President ?
- Who for a Treasurer ?
- What must you do, having elected your officers ?
- How can you assist the President ?
- The Treasurer ? The Corresponding Secretary !
- What must you avoid, and why ?
- What must we do in order to accomplish more next year ?
- For what must we pray ?

✻ PALM BRANCH ✻

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SEPTEMBER, 1895.

WE are called upon this month to review the events of the past year. "Looking backward" is a sad or happy task, according as we have carelessly or faithfully performed the work given us to do. If we have done it with our might, leaving the results with God, we shall be blessed individually, even though the fruit be slow in coming. But if we have neglected our work, and look back upon a year of lost opportunities—oh, that would be sad indeed—for it must mean the loss of our share in this year's Harvest Home.

We would recommend all our young readers to read and study very carefully this month's Field Study, till it is fixed in their minds and hearts. The success of the coming year will depend largely upon the impression it makes there. It is not enough to look backward as a Band, but it is important that each member of the Band should ask herself some questions at the close of the year. Have I always been in my place at the Band, when possible, during the past year? Have I thought the subject over through the month, and found out what I could about it, so that I might be able to bring some help to the meeting? Have I encouraged the President in every way, especially by showing interest in all that concerns the Band—letting her feel that she is not alone, but has some one on whom she may depend for help and counsel? If an officer myself, have I been punctual and prompt in the performance of my duties?

If only a private member, have I felt that each one counted one, and so been ready to do my part as best I could, in praying, singing, or whatever fell to my lot to do? Happy is the member who can answer

yes to all these questions before God, and feel that she has a large share in the success of her Band.

We are also advised to *look forward*, and make our future better than the past has been. Let us thank God if He gives us the opportunity to do this, and let us show our gratitude by beginning the year well, resolving to do all in our power to further the great cause of missions.

Only one bright spot appears in the dark, sad news just come from the distant fields of China, and that is the fact that the lives of our own devoted missionaries have been spared, while others have fallen victims to the cruel mob. Our hearts have ached as we read the harrowing details of the fight for life, their narrow escape from the impending horrors of death, and worse than death, while the crashing sounds of destruction and ruin were all around them. Surely it was a testing time—one in which the stoutest, bravest hearts might well quail—a time in which only the grace of God could be sufficient for them. And now our hearts must surely continue to go out to them in their present painful surroundings, while they mourn the loss and utter destruction of all that meant home to them in that heathen land. Let us pray most earnestly for them, that they may be preserved from further danger, and that God may give great compensation for all their losses.

Let our sympathy also extend to the friends of those who have been so barbarously murdered in that dark land. What tidings to send to English homes! Surely those missionaries were as dear to God and the Church as our own! "What we know not now we will know hereafter."

What of the renewed health and energy gained from our summer outings? Shall we not devote ourselves more earnestly than ever to the service of our Lord?

We have missed our N. S. Band Notes. Glad to receive such an interesting, encouraging report this month.

We would call special attention to the notices on last page concerning the N. B. and P. E. I. Branch.

Any subscriber not receiving paper, will please communicate with the Editor.

All communications must be in by the 8th of the preceding month. For October by the 5th of Sept.

Sample copies still on hand,

MORNING CALLS.

 RUE, it is rather a warm day, but it is always warm this time of year in India, so we will not mind that. Let us make a few calls on some little folks in Rangoon and Calcutta.

There are more than two hundred girls in the Methodist school in Rangoon. Some of them are wee tots in the kindergarten, cute little things, with brown faces and bright eyes. The older girls have a literary society. At a public meeting, lately, one of them presided, and they had music, recitations, and essays, which were very good. The best thing about this school is that many of the girls are real Christians, and have a Sunday afternoon class-meeting, where they speak and pray.

The girls and boys of the Burmese school had a fine time one afternoon in April, at the house of their teacher. Each girl had two dolls given her, one quite tiny, the other larger. Each boy had a gift which pleased him as much as the dolls pleased the girls. Then they had tea and biscuit. The teacher says these Burmese children always behave well when they are invited out. I suppose some mission band in America sent the dolls which made them so happy.

In Asansol there is a school where the little girls have just made a large quilt out of light bits of calico, and some little coats, and other things. They have happy times as they sit together and sew. On Saturdays they are taught to wash with washboards and tubs, as we do it here. They used to think this was very hard, and their tears sometimes fell into the washwater. But now they like it, and try to see whose clothes can be whitest. Besides sewing for themselves, they have made some clothing for the poor little girls who are lepers, in the asylum.

In one of the schools in the Calcutta district there is a little girl named Sundara. It is not often that she has even the least bit of money to spend for herself. Last Christmas her father gave her a *picce*. He thought she would buy some "sweets" with it, for she likes them just as much as any little girl likes candy. But into her heart came the wish to help; so when the Christmas collection was taken up Sundara's *picce* went into it, and she did without her sweets.

A dear little girl in the Pakur orphanage, about six years old, was asked what she understood by salvation. She replied, "Some medicine for the soul." Do you not love to help and pray for such little children as these?—*H. C. Friend.*

THE last entry found in the journal of David Livingstone was, "Jesus, my life, my king, my all, again I dedicate myself, my life, my all, to Thee."

AN AFRICAN HOME.

 MISSIONARY writes to *The King's Messenger*: "Shall I tell you about a hut I visited one day? Well, as I went to the door I saw three or four dirty children, with little or no clothing on, playing outside. The mother came to the door and asked me to come in, so I crawled in. It was so dark I could scarcely see at first. There are no windows in a hut. There were no chairs, so I took a seat on the floor. I heard a baby crying, but could not see it anywhere. Finally I saw it was strapped to its mother's back, where she carried it all day long. The old grandmother was sick and lying down—not on a bed, for there wasn't any bed. She lay on a mat on the floor, just as all the family do at night.

I asked the mother what she was doing. She said she was about to cook dinner, but I didn't see any stove. I watched to see where she would cook it. She made a fire right in the middle of the mud floor and set a pot over it, in which to make some porridge. How it did smoke! There was no chimney, so what smoke could not go out at the door had to stay in. It almost made me cry. Think of it! No windows, no chairs, no chimney, nothing but darkness."

TAKE HER.

 N American missionary working in West Africa has told the following story about her little scholars:

"A few days ago I said to them, 'A poor Congo woman wants me to take her little girl.'

"'Take her! Take her!' exclaimed the children in chorus.

"'But I do not feel as if I could feed more than I have now,' I said.

"They thought awhile, and then the eldest said, 'If we could work and earn something, we could help buy her chop,' (food.)

"'Yes; but I know of no one who has any work that you could do,' I said.

"Another pause and some talk in Kroom, and then one said:

"'Mamma, take her, and we will give her a part off each one's plate. Cook same as now, and we take some—some from all we plate till she have plenty.'

"'Are you all willing to do this?' I asked.

"'Yes,' was the answer; 'and,' continued the one who led off, 'now take her and teach book and teach her about God.'

"What made it touching to me was that they all had their meals measured out and no more than they wanted for themselves—never as much meat at any one time in their lives as they could eat!"—*Good Tidings.*



Address—COUSIN JOY, 283 Princess St., St. John, N. B.

NUMBER ONE.

"I tell you, said Robbie, eating his peach,
And giving his sister none,
"I believe in the good old saying that each
Should look out for Number One."
"Why yes," answered Katie, wiss little elf,
"But counting should be begun
With the *other one* instead of yourself,
And *he* should be Number One." —*St. Nick*

HE GAVE HIMSELF.

Many years ago in Scotland, a boy went one day to a missionary meeting. His heart was deeply stirred when he heard about people who did not know of Jesus. He determined that he would be a missionary himself when he grew up. When the meeting was about to close there was a notice given that a collection would be taken at the door. Now the boy had not a cent in his pocket, and as he was ashamed to go out and not make any contribution, he hung behind the rest of the people, hoping that the collectors would do their work and depart before he should appear. But as he was stealing toward the door one of the men heard him, and turning back held the plate toward him. The boy stood still for a moment then looked at the man, and said quietly: "Please hold it a little lower, sir." The man complied with the request.

"Lower still," said the boy again. Again the man did as requested, half amused, half curious.

"You'd better put it on the ground," persisted the boy; and when this direction was followed he stepped into the plate and glanced up with a smile.

"It is all I have to give, sir," he said; "but if God will let me, I will be a missionary some day."

And there was nobody in all the church that day who gave so much as the lad with NOTHING IN HIS POCKETS.

Isn't this a delightful story, dear little cousins? How God must have smiled on that boy, and gladly accepted his offering! for you see he had the same spirit that the Lord Jesus Christ had. *He gave Himself!* We are not sure as to the history of the boy in after years, but it is quite safe to say that God honored him in some way, for He has said, "Them that honor me I will honor." He has either been working all these years in a foreign land to bring others to Jesus, or he has been a home missionary, doing

the work nearest him—for there is much to be done at home. He may have been called to higher service in Heaven. God wants just such willing workers among the boys and girls too. If we have nothing in our pockets, shall we not give ourselves?

ANSWERS TO AUGUST PUZZLES.

DUNGANNON, July 18, 1895.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—I like the PALM BRANCH very well, and I think I have answer to puzzle for July. It is "The Opium trade and Liquor traffic."

Your Little Friend, CHARLIE E. WHYNARD.

This little letter came just after we had gone to press last month; but, because it comes from one of the boys, we give it. We expect great things from our Missionary boys.

JULY 27, 1895.

The answers to August Puzzles are:

1. Africa, the Dark Continent.
2. Abraham, my friend—Isaiah 41: 8. DOLLY.

MONTAGUE, P. E. I., Aug. 8, 1895.

DEAR COUSIN JOY—We think we have found the answers to the puzzles in the August PALM BRANCH. The answer of the numeral enigma is, "Africa, the Dark Continent," and of the charade, "Abraham, my friend." These words are found in Isaiah 41: 8. We take twelve copies of the PALM BRANCH in our Band.

LOTTIE LAWSON, MARY LAWSON,
PEARL VAN IDERSTINE, BESSIE ANNEAR.

DUNGANNON, Aug. 1st, 1895.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I take the PALM BRANCH, and like it very much. I think I have the answer to the August puzzle. It is "Africa, the Dark Continent."

CHARLIE WHYNARD.

27 SUMMERHILL AVE., TORONTO, Aug. 7, 1895.

I have found the answer to the puzzles for August. The first one is "Africa the Dark Continent." The second one is, "Abraham, my friend," and is found in the 41st chapter of Isaiah, and 8th verse.

Yours truly, EVA CROWN,

STOUFFVILLE, ONT., Aug. 5th, 1895.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I am a member of the Mission Band, and take the PALM BRANCH. The answer to the charade for August is "Abraham, my friend," and is found in Isaiah 41: 8.

Your little cousin, BESSIE YOUNG.

STOUFFVILLE, Aug. 3, 1895.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—The answer to the enigma for August is, "Africa, the Dark Continent." I take the PALM BRANCH, and like it very much.

Yours affectionately, EDDIE SANDERS.

PUZZLES FOR SEPTEMBER:

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 21, 12, 4, 25, means the Israelites.

My 9, 2, 14, 7, 8, means all.

My 7, 19, 23, 1, not won.

My 15, 10, 17, 22, 20, a clause added to a bill.

My 5, 3, 13, to cut down.

My 18, 6, 14, 11, that which we eat.

My 16, 24, 15, 3, means to entice.

My whole is a good motto for the new year.

July 27.

DOLLY.

Thank you, Dolly.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

COQUALEETZA INSTITUTE. CHITTEWACK, B. C.

I had a nice class meeting Tuesday evening, after which one of our biggest girls found peace. When I went in to their dormitory to see if all was safe for the night, I found her in great distress, and took her into my room. We were on our knees thirty minutes before light came. When we rose from our knees she threw her arms round my neck, put her head on my shoulder, and looked too happy to speak. Poor girl, she seemed completely tired out; she had been seeking for weeks. Two more boys found peace last week, and one last evening. But the best happened last evening. Martha, a girl of fifteen, one of the first to enter the Home, was soundly converted. She had been a professor before, but had gone back, and during the past year had caused us many anxious thoughts. But, thank God, our prayers were answered last evening. In the preaching service she was in great distress, and when in her room fell on her knees, begging for mercy. Two of our new converts, of her own age, knelt beside her, and there I found them long afterwards, and brought them into my own room. Miss B. joined us, and we all five knelt together until God did bless us. We were just one hour on our knees. The devil tried hard to get her, but Christ is strong. I shall never forget. It seemed like a taste of Pentecost. It was 11.30 when the Light came, but as we all got so blessed we could do nothing but pray for others, so that it was one o'clock before we could think of going to bed. One of the girls who knelt with us was the one who was converted last Tuesday. The other was converted in class five weeks ago.

May this account prove a blessing to all your Mission Bands and Circles. Tell them I am growing in grace and faith, and thank God for sending me here. May He speak to some of their hearts, and give them a desire to be missionaries at home or abroad.

Peter is ill again. I am afraid his life is to be a short one. George is growing and improving in every way. I feel that you and my other friends have been praying for me. I have written this very hurriedly, and it is now school time.

Yours, in the Lord's service, M. S.

INDIANS.

READ AT THE LATE CONVENTION IN P. E. ISLAND.

OF 121,000 nations scattered through the world, more than one half are still reported heathen, so the time has not yet come when we may abate our efforts on their behalf. Among many of the tribes slavery still exists; man-eating and dog-eating

are still carried on, as well as witch-craft, the heathen feasts and Pot-Latch. Lady D. tells of a feast they disturbed at Albert Bay; it was one of their most savage orgies; they had been singing, dancing, and feasting for six days, and that morning their "medicine man" had been out on the rampage, and in his tantrums had bitten six people. On these occasions he rushes out of the house naked, and all the people are bound to run away, but if caught they stand still to be bitten, as they consider it a great honor; it is a most terrible phase of savage life.

It is not many years since a supposed witch in Alaska was tied to a stake on the beach, and left to drown in the rising tide. Others have been locked up and left to starve or perish on some desolate island. The missionary looks upon the children as the most hopeful material he has to work upon, and finds a powerful incentive to effort in the neglect and cruelty to which heathenism subjects them. Who knows how many a little fevered child has been tortured to death by the hideous rattle and frenzied antics of the medicine man, who plies his vile arts as long as a blanket can be extorted from the parents. When the fire-eaters, and dog-eaters, and those who have reached the distinction of being able to bite human flesh, rush wildly through the camp and into the houses, all the little children can do is to fly in turn, or hide away, trembling, in some dark corner; and they are often taken from the mission schools and forced to go through these heathen rites.

I will now speak more particularly of a tribe of Indians living in Columbia Valley, B. C. They are known as the Sou Indians. They practice many heathenish rites, such as the Sun dance, with all its horrors. At these feasts or dances they paint their persons in various colors, and go through many cruel and dreadful acts, such as piercing holes in their bodies, and cutting out pieces of their flesh, considering the one who can allow the largest piece to be torn out is entitled to the highest honors, and is exempted from labor. Some of this tribe receive religious instruction from a Roman Catholic priest. He is the only Christian teacher here. There are two schools, one built by the Government, and the Roman Catholic nuns teach there. Many inducements have to be offered to the parents before they will allow their children to go to school. A lady who has lived in this valley for some years, and has had ample opportunity of forming an opinion, says that she does not know of any place where missionaries are more needed than amongst these people. Every Indian has two squaws, some have three. They have no marriage rites of their own. The Government has been trying to compel them to have but one squaw, and the priest has lately married some of them. The squaw usually carries heavy burdens, while the lazy Indian walks by her side. The squaw, with one hundred weight of flour tied on her back, and on top of the flour a papoose, and a large parcel in her arms, trudges homeward, and her selfish lord does not even attempt to aid her, considering it her work, not his. But why enumerate or add to this tale of darkness and cruelty? Such are the conditions of all people where the light of the gospel does not shine.

BAND ECHOES.

N. S. BRANCH.

DEAR PALM BRANCH.—Although the violets and pussy-willows have given place to the maturer beauties of the last months of summer, no echoes from the Nova Scotia Bands have reached you during the months that have so silently glided into the past. This is not because we do not fully appreciate your corner for Band notes, but because we have had no Corresponding Secretary to speak to you about those among us who, in the morning and early day of life, have enlisted in "service for the King."

We can assure you, dear PALM BRANCH, that our girls have not been idle. Glimpses into the experiences of some of our young workers have revealed that they are alive with earnest purpose. Many have not much money, but gifts, which they gladly *turn into money*, for mite box offerings. Knitting, sewing, cooking, painting, gardening, &c., are some of the accomplishments which devotion and self-sacrifice have turned into financial resources. Three District Conventions were held in N. S. Branch during the month of May, at which Band work was given prominence, and where several Bands in the Districts were greatly helped and stimulated. We give a few gleanings from the June quarterly cards:

Lockport Band is working along slowly but surely.

The "Lone Star" of Bermuda is letting its "light shine." A public Easter service, held by this far-off Band, realized the sum of \$33.

The Gleaners, of Brunswick Street Church, Halifax, also held a pretty Easter service. At the close of a well arranged programme, light refreshments were sold, which added materially to the year's gleanings.

The Circles and Bands of Halifax city and Dartmouth are doing their part toward making the missionary history of another year, and at its close they will see at least some of their hopes realized—some of their plans fulfilled.

The report of River Jordan Branch has a cheery ring. This Band was organized by a dear old lady who is lovingly loyal to the children, and the work she has done among them will only be revealed at the final harvest.

The "Morning Star," "Large Heart," "Little Helpers," "Wesley Centennial Band," and others, all report continuance in well-doing, although often depressed with *seeming* failure and disappointment. But ivory and pure gold are the precious materials needed for the making of the King's throne, (2 Chron. 9: 17) and they can only be had through death and through fire. "Which things contain an allegory." M. W.

We are very sorry that this communication has been overlooked. We give it now, though late:

"The notice of the organization of our Mission Band at Woodlawn, should have been sent to the PALM BRANCH before, but has been neglected. We have Mrs. Robert Quinlan, of Shelburne, largely to thank for it, as she helped us to organize. We began work on the 27th of last October, and our young people, nineteen in number, are enthusiastic, and deserve their name of 'Woodlawn Workers.' Recently we realized nearly \$8 for Mission purposes, at an Easter concert. We are under the auspices of the Dartmouth Auxiliary.

Truly yours,

EDITH SETTLE, Cor. Sec."

TORONTO CONFERENCE BRANCH.

Frank Hartney, Secretary for Stouffville Mission Band, writes:

"I thought perhaps you would like to hear something from our Band. We are called 'Light Bearers.' We meet the first and third Friday in each month at the Parsonage, and have an average attendance of fifteen, and hope to increase the number. We take fourteen copies of the PALM BRANCH," and our President says she does not know how we could get along without it, as it contains so much useful information."

A Mission Band was organized at Davisville, near Toronto, on April 21st, by Mrs. (Rev.) German, with a membership of fifteen.

At Fiesherston, Owen Sound District, a Mission Band has been formed.

A. M. B.

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

The "Lavinia Clarke" Mission Band, Pownal, P. E. I., gave a garden party at the Parsonage on Thursday, July 11. Amount raised \$11.

Miss J. K. Watts writes: "The members of the 'Ella Dobson' Mission Band, Woodstock, held a fancy sale and five o'clock tea in the basement of the Church on Friday, the 28th of June. The proceeds amounted to about \$55."

The Report Cards for third quarter that have been received show progress in the work. There are some, however, yet to be heard from. At this season of the year there are many things to prevent the work from being carried on regularly, but we hope that each Band may send in their report card, even though there may not be much to report.

I. T.

NOTICE TO N. B. & P. E. I. BANDS.

Will the Corresponding Secretaries of Bands, that have elected delegates to Branch Meeting, kindly send me the name and address of their delegate *at once*. In a few days I will send you the Annual Report Cards. These I particularly request to be filled in and returned to me not later than Sept. 15.

IRENE TURNER, Band Secretary.

Pownell, P. E. I.

NOTE WELL!

The Annual Meeting of the N. B. and P. E. Island Branch will be held in Sussex, N. B. To begin on the 1st of October.