



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

VOL. IV.

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No. 4.

### MISSIONARY EASTER.

*First Voice—*

"In fair Japan a thousand flowers,  
Wear lovelier forms and hues than ours;  
But saintly pale and pure as snow,  
Our Easter lilies bloom, to show  
How One has risen to realms of light,  
Whose love can make our souls as white."

*Second Voice—*

"In the soft Southern skies afar  
Beams many a strange and glorious star,  
Planets to Northern heavens unknown;  
But we, more blessed, can call our own  
The radiant Star of Bethlehem—  
Brighter than Orient's richest gem."

*Third Voice—*

"On India's dusky children shine  
Jewels from many a priceless mine,  
But we can never envy them  
Ruby or diamond diadem,  
For through God's love we may behold  
The gates of pearl, the streets of gold."

*Fourth Voice—*

"The bulbul sings in Cashmere's groves,  
Close hid behind the rose he loves;  
But sweeter music we can hear,  
When all around us, ringing clear,  
The sacred chime of Sabbath bells  
Upon the air of freedom swells."

*All—*

"Thus flower and star and gem and song  
Unto the Christian faith belong.  
Send forth the Word to other climes  
That ne'er heard our Sabbath chimes.  
The banner of the cross unfurled  
Brings happiness to all the world."

EASTER TREASURY.

### A TRUE STORY.

ANY years ago, in one of the suburbs of London, England, a dear little girl called Eva Mason, lived happily with her parents and two little brothers. Her father was wealthy, and Eva had everything heart could wish. Life was with her but one long happy holiday, all sunshine and joy. As day after day Eva and her little brothers, Ernest

and Willie, played the glad hours away, no shadow of a dark future appeared to rest over them.

But one day Mr. Mason returned from business earlier than usual, and announced to his wife that in a week's time he must leave on a business trip, to be absent two years, and as Mrs. Mason's health was far from good, he was desirous that she and the children accompany him. At first she demurred, saying that Eva was now at an age when her education must be no longer neglected; however, on further consideration, it was decided to place the little girl in some school, and allow the boys to accompany their parents.

Eva was a child of exceptional ability, and gave promise of becoming a leader in society, if she received the proper education. It was finally decided to place her in the "Convent of the Sacred Heart," situate in one of the suburbs of London, her parents foolishly imagining that there she would be more carefully instructed in those fine arts and accomplishments which they considered so essential, than in an ordinary school.

The day of little Eva's departure from her dearly loved parents and brothers was one never to be forgotten. With tears in her eyes she besought them not to leave her, but allow her to accompany them, but it was useless. Her father assured her that it was her good they were considering, and promised, if she would be a good child, obey her teachers, and study diligently, soon to bring her home to her brothers again.

Next morning Mr. and Mrs. Mason, with Willie and Ernest, left for France. Quite regularly at first, letters came from the Sisters, telling of little Eva's welfare, and all looked forward eagerly to the time of re-union. But Mr. Mason found it necessary to remain abroad four years instead of two, and the mother's heart yearned for her absent darling. Finally they were able to turn their faces homeward, but just as the shores of dear old England were sighted, the husband and father sickened and died. The poor broken-hearted wife, with her two boys, returned to their desolate home, feeling that all the joy and brightness of life had departed forever. Mrs. Mason sent at once for Eva, only to learn that a month pre-

vious she had been placed in a convent many miles away, as the confinement in the city was undermining her health. Assurances, however, were given that she was being well cared for, and fast becoming an accomplished young lady.

After her husband's death, the poor mother became a confirmed invalid, and the fact of her daughter's separation from her did not tend to help her. When a year had passed by, and Eva had not returned to London, Mrs. Mason felt she could stand it no longer, and sent to the Sisters, demanding that her daughter, if alive, be returned to her. They coolly informed her that Eva's whereabouts were unknown to them, and so her request could not be granted. She had escaped from the convent some time before, and where she had fled, they knew not. Threats to expose their carelessness were of no avail. Eva could not be found, and her mother mourned for her as dead.

Years passed. Mrs. Mason felt herself doubly bereft; her husband was dead, and her daughter was not. The boys had now grown to be sturdy youths, but needed the strong hand of the father to guide them. About this time Mrs. Mason's brother decided to move to Canada, and as he had no children of his own, begged his sister to allow him to adopt one of her boys. The poor mother felt that this would be the best for her son, and so consented to part with Willie, saying with breaking heart, "If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved."

After an absence of ten years, Willie returned to visit his mother and brother; and one evening, while they were seated around the hearth, the mother told them the oft repeated tale of Eva and her fate. "Could I be sure she were really dead," said she, "I could rest contentedly, but this suspense is killing me."

"Mother," said her elder son, "I too feel the same way, and if she is alive, I will find her."

"God bless you, my son," and prosper your undertaking," replied the broken-hearted mother.

The next morning the two boys interviewed a detective, and left the matter in his hands, telling him to find their sister, cost what it might. Two years dragged slowly by, and still no news; but one day a message came to Ernest that Eva was found. He hastened to the office and there learned that after careful search they had discovered that when she was removed from the "Convent of the Sacred Heart," she had been placed in a convent in Spain, and kept there until she was a woman. Her education had been by no means neglected, for she was mistress of three languages—English, French and Spanish—and besides had a thorough knowledge of music, art, and needlework, but, sad to relate, she had become a confirmed Roman Catholic.

Upon leaving the convent she obtained a position as governess in a nobleman's family, the little boys who were her pupils being companions of the little king of Spain. The poor girl was overjoyed when she was informed that her mother and brothers were still alive. She had been told that they were all dead, and had learned to look upon the Church of Rome as her mother. On account of her ability and accomplishments she had become invaluable to the church and was guarded as their prize.

She gladly gave up her position and returned home,

but no longer could she feel contented there. This was a foreign element, and after vainly endeavoring to convert her mother and Ernest to the Roman Catholic religion, she came to Canada, and took up her abode with Willie, who now had a home of his own. Her efforts to turn him to her new faith were also fruitless, and in a year or two, in despair she entered a convent, took the white veil and finally the black, and to-day, as we read her sad story, she is living, immured in her self-made prison.

Now, dear boys and girls, my story would fail of its purpose if it did not sound forth a note of warning to each of you. When we remember that to-day thousands of Protestant children are being instructed in Roman Catholic convents, and many leave these institutions confirmed Catholics, we see that this warning is not useless. The idea of many, that a superior education can be obtained in a convent than in our Protestant schools, is false. Our institutions are second to none in the land. Let us be loyal to them, and take warning from the sad fate of Eva Mason.

A. E. W.

### EASTER JEWELS.

["Easter Jewels" could be prettily represented if the children would wear gilt crowns, each jewelled with colors to match the precious stone in his or her verse. Make the crowns of pasteboard, covered with gilt paper. Point the crown in front, and paste on the point and around the band bits of colored paper. Sashes of paper cambric across the shoulder and under the other arm may bear the mottoes, *Love, Truth, Hope, Faith, Joy, and Praise*, in colors to match the jewels.]

All—

We're little Easter jewels,  
And brightly we will glow,  
That all the world about us  
Our Saviour's love may know.

Little Girl—

A Ruby of *Love* am I,  
As bright as a sunset sky;  
I shed my light along the way,  
To celebrate this Easter day.

Little Boy—

A Sapphire of *Truth* I bring,  
A message from Christ my King;  
'Tis this: be true, your Lord adore,  
And He will bless you evermore.

Little Girl—

A Diamond of *Hope* I come  
To point you to heaven, my home;  
Look up to the Land above the blue,  
Where Jesus has ready a home for you.

Little Boy—

I, as an Emerald shine,  
And bring, as my chosen sign,  
An evergreen branch to wave on high  
For *Faith*; for faith can never die.

Little Girl—

A golden Topaz, friends, am I,  
My right to shine you can't deny;  
And so I make my emblem *Joy*,  
And shining is my best employ.

Little Boy—

A Garnet, with rosy rays,  
I come, a sign of *Praise*,  
And gratefully I sing  
Hosannas to my King.

All together—

Oh, brightly we will shine for Christ,  
Who saved our souls from sin;

We'll open wide our little hearts,  
And let His sunlight in,  
And then, perhaps, the world will say  
We've been with Him this Easter day.  
IDA SCOTT TAYLOR, in *Treasury*.

### LITTLE GIVERS MARCHING SONG.

(Tune - "Onward Christian Soldiers.")

Here we come with gladness,  
Marching as we sing,  
Willing offerings bringing  
Unto Christ our King.  
Though we cannot see Him,  
Yet our Master dear,  
Smiling waits and watches  
O'er the mite box here.

#### Refrain.

Coming, coming, coming,  
Willing gifts to bring;  
Serving, praying, giving,  
Honors Christ our King.

Hark, the pennies dropping,  
As we march and sing!  
Some of us have earned them  
Working for our King.  
Running little errands,  
Working cheerfully,  
Giving self for others,  
Blessed charity.

Now our Heavenly Father,  
These our offerings take;  
Bless the gift and givers,  
All for Jesus' sake.  
Thus we'll spread the story,  
"Jesus died for me,"  
Unto Him the glory  
Evermore shall be.

This song is intended for a special offering service. Have a box or basket on the table to receive the offerings. As the children march and sing let them pass the table and drop in their Mites.—*The Little Worker*.

### FIELD STUDY FOR APRIL.

#### FRENCH CANADIAN MISSIONS.

THE appropriation of the W. M. S. for the French work this year is \$4,180. Of this amount \$3,468 is our share of the expense of the French Methodist Institute, Montreal; \$700 for the support of a Bible woman and several mission schools.

The Institute is arranged to accommodate eighty pupils. Thirty-nine over this number applied last year.

Miss Masten speaks hopefully of the work. A good class of students have worked in harmony with the teachers. The religious work has been helped by the organization of the Epworth League of Christian Endeavor. The Roman Catholic students were much interested, many joined as associate members; several of these, before the end of the term, confessed Christ as their Saviour.

All seed sown is not harvested at the same time, so we cannot see all the results of these meetings. God, in His own good time, will give the increase.

A little pamphlet, by Mrs John Ross, entitled "What is the Belief of Protestants?" was translated into French by Madame Dalpé, of the Institute staff. A copy was given to each student at the close of the term.

Some of the girls have taught small schools in the country. Thus in many ways the influence of the school is carried to different parts of the province.

Miss Masten closes her report with a plea for our prayers and sympathy.

It would be interesting could we visit the mission schools in Montreal. The teachers must have wonderful method to get through so much work. Over seventy pupils are enrolled at the East End school. A hundred and thirteen at the West End.

Widely differing elements are found in them, English, French, some Germans, Jews, and children whose parents are of different faith, one being a Protestant and the other a Roman Catholic.

In addition to the usual school work the Bible is carefully taught. Each morning the whole school studies the Word and the best efforts of the teachers are put forth to give the children a clear knowledge of the Gospel.

They also do a great deal of visiting. Miss Matthieu, who has charge of the East End school, visited fifty seven families in one month, some allowed her to read to them, and with others she prayed. Many of them gave her a hearty welcome.

Miss Jackson and Miss Anderson report a *thousand* visits during the year.

Miss Anderson does simple Kindergarten teaching in the school as well as her work as a Bible woman.  
E. A. D.

### QUESTIONS FOR APRIL.

- How much money do we give to the French work this year?
- How much to the French Institute, Montreal?
- To what is the other \$700 devoted?
- How many pupils in the Institute? How many applications last year?
- What does Miss Masten say of the work?
- How has it been helped on?
- To what extent have the Roman Catholic students been interested in it?
- What little pamphlet was translated by Madame Dalpé, and what was done with it?
- In what other way does influence go out from this school?
- What does Miss Masten ask for, in her report?
- What is said of the Mission Schools in Montreal?
- How many pupils at the East End Schools?
- How many at the West End?
- What different elements are found here?
- Will you tell how the Bible is taught?
- What has been done in the way of visiting?
- How are visitors received?
- What work does Miss Anderson do?

## THE PALM BRANCH.

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All other articles intended for publication, all subscription orders with the money, must now be sent to

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

APRIL, 1897.

We give a sweet little ballad this month appropriate to the season. It cannot fail to touch the heart. Good Friday is a *holy* day, not a holiday, and if we could only enter into the spirit of this ballad we should not care "to go a-pleasuring," but should at least spend it as we spend a day sacred to the memory of one most beloved.

We sometimes wonder how the day is kept in the Upper Courts—among the "great company of the forgiven" gathering there, who have learned how to value, as we never can till we join their happy number, all the benefits that come to us through the atoning death of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

AND EASTER—what shall we say of Easter, as the hallowed season returns to us? Why is it appropriate that we present our offerings at the shrine of a risen Saviour!—offerings of love and gratitude. Is it not because the great fact of the resurrection appeals to our hearts as nothing else can? Is it not because we believe that as He rose, we too shall rise; that as He lives we shall live also? And more than that—Is it not because His resurrection opens the door of the sepulchre to our own beloved ones, and we need no longer mourn them as lost to us forever? Ruskin says, in his own forceful way: "Why should we wear black for the guests of God?" These offerings of ours will go to assuage the grief of the mourning women and children of other lands, who have heard of no broken seal, no vacant sepulchre, no risen Lord!

We give our readers this month a *true story*, written for this special number of the PALM BRANCH. The facts are vouched for by our correspondent, and go to emphasize the folly and danger of exposing our young people to the baneful influence of the Church of Rome. If the Catholic sisterhood believe that their faith is the only true one, they do right to proselyte—it only shows their zeal and faithfulness to their trust—but it remains for us, who consider it a creed full of vital errors, to guard the young people of our Protestant Churches, as *our own sacred trust*, and let no dictate of fashion and vanity peril their eternal interests.

We have made no further acknowledgment this year, so far, of money and orders received, than the immediate sending of the papers. Any subscriber or club not receiving the papers will please communicate with the Editor.

### A BROTHER'S LOVE—A BALLAD FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

"Come Hugh, it is a holiday,  
The day is fair and cool;  
Come fishing with us presently,  
We" go to Dingly Pool.

"Some six or seven of us have joined,  
And we shall have such fun;  
Make haste and fetch your cap, my boy,  
You'll catch us if you run."

But Hugh, a little lad of twelve,  
Replied in accents slow,  
To Frank and John, "No, thank you, boys,  
To-day I cannot go."

"Why not? It is a holiday—  
I wouldn't stay at home,"  
"I shall not stay at home," said Hugh,  
But still I cannot come.

"I cannot come, indeed, to-day,  
I've something else to do;  
You would not laugh so, Frank and John,  
Or mock me, if you knew."

He turned away with flushing cheek  
And quickly moistened eye;  
I followed him and gently asked,  
"Hugh, will you tell me why?"

His earnest eyes one moment sought  
My face, and he replied,  
"I could not go a-pleasuring  
The day my brother died."

"'Twas some eight years ago he died—  
He gave his life for me,  
For I fell off the pier one day  
When we were by the sea.

"And he, sir—he was just eighteen—  
He sprang into the wave;  
He knew that it was dangerous,  
But still he tried to save.

"He caught me safely, but his head  
Had struck against a rock;  
He lingered on awhile in pain,  
Then sank beneath the shock.

"And I was such a little lad  
Then, I could hardly know  
What he had done for love of me—  
He always loved me so;

"The day he died he kissed my face,  
As I sat on his bed,  
And said to mother, 'Don't let Hugh  
Forget me when I'm dead.

"My little Hugh! Oh! make him love  
Me always. Tell him, dear,  
How I loved him—and then he stopped,  
For death was very near.

"Yet once again he spoke, and said,  
'This one thing, too, I crave,  
That every year, upon this day,  
You bring him to my grave.

"That he may think of me awhile."  
So every year, sir, we  
With fresh spring flowers journey to  
The churchyard by the sea.

"We lay the flowers upon the grave,  
To make it bright and gay,  
And think of him and of his love,  
Who died for me to-day.

"I love to think of him, and kneel  
Awhile by his graveside—  
How could I go a-pleasuring  
The day my brother died?"

Ah! how indeed? Yet year by year,  
As comes the one great day  
On which our Heavenly Brother died,  
To save our souls away.

When He would have us think of Him,  
And kneel at His dear side—  
What thousands go a-pleasuring  
The day *That* Brother died!

We are sorry that the March number was late in arriving—for particulars see the printer.

EVELYN'S BANK.

"MY dear Dick," said Mrs. Watson, at tea, "you remember, don't you, that our missionary meeting will be to-night?"

"I had forgotten, Mary, and promised to go to the Lodge. It is too bad, but how would you like to take Evelyn with you?"

"Oh, do, mother. I have not even seen a missionary meeting, and the girls at school said there was to be a man there right from the Indians."

Mr. and Mrs. Watson laughed at their little girl's eagerness, and Mrs. Watson said: "They are quite right; Mr. W. is a missionary on the coast."

"May I go with you, mother? Please say yes."

"Very well, dear, you may go."

"Here is something for the heathen," said Mr. Watson, as he handed his wife a ten dollar bill.

"Thank you, Dick. I will give Evelyn one dollar for her special gift to Missions."

"Oh, mother!" and Evelyn could not say any more, she was so delighted.

That evening a great crowd, and among them Mrs. Watson and Evelyn, went into St. Paul's. There was some bright music, and afterward St. Paul's minister came forward and said: "My dear friends, it gives me much pleasure to introduce to you my brother in the ministry, Rev. L. Wade. You have heard of his self-denying labors among the Indians of 'The Coast.' Mr. Wade stepped forward, and for half an hour held them spell-bound by his thrilling missionary stories.

"Now, dear people, I will tell you how we came to build a home for little Indian girls." The audience became even more alert. "One evening my wife and I sat by the fire, reading and talking, when I heard a sound like knocking. My wife said she thought it was mice. We listened, and presently it was more distinct, a faint rapping. I went out, and just below me there came a faint moan. I stooped down over the step, and there in the snow was a dark bundle. I gathered it into my arms, and my wife and I looked when we got to the light, and behold! it was a tiny Indian girl. She was half frozen, and nearly starved. We got a bed warm and put her in between hot blankets. Then we gave her a bowl of hot soup. She seemed very happy. She was a bright little girl of four years. The next day I inquired about her, and found she was the foster child of a sorceress or witch woman. After a good deal of trouble we persuaded the witch to let us adopt her. We christened her Mary.

She was very happy with us, and learnt our ways quickly. Several little girls came to us and we took them in. But our house got too small; so kind people sent us money to build a home for them. Now that home is too small, and I ask you to give as much as you can, and God will bless you."

A very liberal collection was taken up. Evelyn keeps a bank now, and puts all her coppers in. Already she has over four dollars saved in it.

"You know, mother," she often says, "I can do without candy, but the poor little Indian girls cannot do without a home.

Ontario.

M. M. S.

From the Woman's Missionary Friend.

NOTES OF MARGUERITE WHONG'S JOURNEY.

FROM A LETTER TO MISS RUTH M. SITES.—Continued.

SEPTEMBER 23.—Yesterday was my first Sabbath on this ship. It was a peaceful day to me. I suppose you were at somewhere for a missionary meeting, and I can only pray for you and think about you. We've lost an hour every day, so Monday is slipped over and turned for Tuesday to-day.

"I certainly am enjoying my mails every day per 'Neptune's Submarine Mail Express.' Yesterday Miss Hartford handed me a *package*, and when I opened it, there I found a beautiful Bible from Mr. and Mrs. Readler. I am so very glad to have it too.

"September 27. We are almost to Japan now, and I am so thankful that all the way I have not been seasick at all, and feel well, only when I look out the port-hole away over the deep blue sea toward America. It makes my heart sick and *homesick*, and my heart feels just as blue as the sea.

"Viceroy Li is not going ashore in Japan, and I am very glad. Our government will have a man-of-war all ready there to take him home to China. This afternoon he sent his secretary to me again, to get my father's name and address, and say he is going to write father just as soon as they arrive at Tien Tsin. I think father will be perfect willing to have his daughter bring him this honor: and he is so scholarly, he know how to write the most polite suitable answer to Li. His Excellency commanded me to learn Mandarin thoroughly, and keep on with my English also, because he desires me to go to Peking and see him before starting to London in 1898; also when we come back we must carry the report to him ourselves, and then he will also present us to the Empress of our China. I trust 'Our Father' for all things and for this also. Oh, in some way you must help me. I know our work is getting greater and greater, so we, you and I together, must work to save this poor, lost nation, and, by and by, when we are through in this world, we will go to see our Heavenly Father, who is the Lord of Lords and 'King of Kings' and hand in hand report our work before His throne. We are called to help save China, and so it is His will to make Li notice and have something to say to

Your loving little girl, "MARGUERITE."

LATER.

Our readers will be delighted to hear tidings of our beloved Marguerite Whong, now Mrs. Dr. Lim Boon Keng. Her husband, in a recent letter to Mrs. Sites, says:—

"I am indeed grateful to you and your daughter for the very excellent education in the English language which Marguerite has received. We were married in the Church of Scotland, and we had the privilege afterwards of meeting all the important people of Singapore. We feel sure that we shall be very happy, and we shall ever remember Marguerite's indebtedness to her friend Ruth, and shall recall the occasion of her American journey with thankfulness to you and yours. We beg, also, to send you and all Marguerite's friends our kindest regards and affectionate remembrances."

Marguerite's friends in turn wish her all joy in her new home in Singapore.



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

DEAR LITTLE COUSINS:—We have almost come again to the glorious Easter time. One of the puzzles from a cousin, this month, speaks of a day to which you "look forward with great expectation in the Spring." Do you so look forward to Easter? Surely that is the day of all others in which we may well show forth our joy. He is risen! It is not fancy, but a *fact* proclaimed through all history. What is the difference between a dead Christ and a living one? A *dead* Christ we could think of and love with all our hearts, because He died for us; but a *living* Christ we can go to with all our little joys and sorrows, knowing that He still lives and has an interest in all that goes on in our daily lives; that nothing is too small for Him to notice and care for. Let us seek to bring this Easter joy, the thought of a risen Saviour, into other lives less happy than our own, both at home and abroad.

Here is a poem for a very little child to recite:

A little Easter lily  
Woke up one chill Spring day,  
No sunbeam came to kiss it,  
The sky was cold and gray.

The little Easter lily  
Lifted its sweet face up;  
A rain-drop, like an infant's tear,  
Was shining in its cup.

The little Easter lily  
Looked up so trustingly,  
As if it heard the angels' song  
Above the cold and gray.

So we will look to Jesus,—  
A tear that He should die;  
A song of joy that He is risen  
And lives above the sky.

H. D. CASTLE, in *Treasury*.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—I take the PALM BRANCH, and think it very interesting. I think I have found the answers to four of the February puzzles; first, "Feed my lambs;" third, "Thy Word is Truth;" fourth, "Queen Victoria;" fifth, "David." Our Mission Band was organized in September, 1895.

Yours sincerely,  
CARLISLE, Ont. ANNIE CAMPBELL.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—I used to belong to the Mission Band of Marysville, but now I do not, as I am residing in Fredericton. I take the PALM BRANCH, and like it very much. I have made a puzzle myself,

and if you think that you have room in your little paper you might put it in. I will close for this time.

With love to you,  
MINNIE McCOMB.

Fredericton.

Puzzle next time, Cousin Minnie.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—I go to Mission Band, and take the PALM BRANCH. I like it very much. I think I have found the answers for some of the February puzzles; they are: second, "Cheerful Workers' Mission Band;" fourth, "Queen Victoria;" Scripture enigma, "David." Enclosed please find a puzzle. I hope you will think it worth publishing.

Your loving Cousin,  
KENSINGTON, P. E. I. HARRISON LOWTHER.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—As I have never written to you before, I thought I would write you a little note this month. I belong to the Harbor Bell Mission Band, at Little Harbor. I take the PALM BRANCH, and like it very much. I think I have found the answers to some of the February puzzles. They are as follows: first, "Feed my Lambs;" second, "Cheerful Toilers' Mission Band;" third, "Queen Victoria;" fourth, "David." Enclosed please find puzzle. I hope you will find it worth publishing. Your Friend,

LITTLE HARBOR, N. S. ADELA HARDING.

DEAR COUSIN JOY.—I am very much interested in the PALM BRANCH, especially in the Puzzle Department. I have made them all out for this month; they are: first, "Feed my Lambs;" second, "The Lavinia Clark Mission Band;" third, "The Word is Truth;" fourth, "Queen Victoria;" fifth, "David." This is the first time I have ever written to the PALM BRANCH, and I hope this letter is worth publishing.

I remain yours sincerely,  
POWNAI, P. E. I. LINDA A. SMITH.

DEAR COUSIN JOY:—As you had to make your own puzzles this month, I will try and help you for next month. You may print it if you think it is all right. Your Cousin,  
NAPPAN. LILLIAN BLAIR.

#### APRIL PUZZLES.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 3, 4, 2, is to tear.

My 11, 7, 9, 5, is a toy.

My 10, 8, 6, 12, is a lounge.

My 11, 1, 13, 10, is what the year is divided into.

My whole is something we look forward to with great expectation in the Spring. LILPIAN.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 1, 8, 13, is a metallic substance.

My 21, 22, 6, 4, is a place for keeping money.

My 14, 15, 16, 17, is a young girl.

My 4, 18, 9, 10, is the ruler of a country.

My 4, 8, 23, 10, 7, 11, 19, 20, is a large town in Ontario.

My 2, 3, 22, 24, is a part of the body.

My 21, 5, 24, is a place for sleeping.

My 11, 12, 14, is a boy's name.

My whole is the name of a Mission Band.

P. E. Island. H. L.

#### BIBLE QUERIES.

1. When did the Disciples first hold a Missionary Meeting?

2. Who was the first Christian convert in Europe?

HELEN COITER,

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

SHIDZUOKA, Jan. 21st, 1897.

MY DEAR GIRLS:—It is a long time since you have had a letter from Shidznoka. "M. A. R.," who told you so much about the school is now in Canada. Some of you will likely meet her, and no doubt you will have lots of questions to ask her. But there are many interested in us, I hope, who may not be able to talk with her, and it is to them this letter is written.

Have you heard that we have a beautiful new school? It was finished last June, and very glad we all were, for the old building was becoming quite dilapidated. I would like to take you through the school. If you could come to-day, you would hear a good deal of English spoken, for this is Thursday, and every Thursday the girls are required to talk English only; that is, the fifth year girls must not speak Japanese, from the time the rising bell rings, at 6 A. M., till the 9.30 P. M. bell rings for putting out all lights. The fourth year girls are allowed to speak Japanese before twelve, noon. The third year girls must speak English only from 3 P. M. to 7 P. M.; and the first year girls for one hour between five and six.

Some of the girls are very quiet on Thursdays. There are others who *must* talk—real chatter-boxes—just like some of you girls at home, and as, if they talk at all, it must be in English, we hear a good deal of English spoken on Thursdays.

In this letter I think I will tell you how we spend Sunday in our school, for Sunday is, with us, perhaps the happiest day of the week. In the morning the rising bell rings, as usual, at six o'clock; breakfast at seven. Sunday school begins at twenty minutes past eight. We commence with singing, followed by reading from the Bible, and prayer. Then the girls go to their different classrooms. We have four classes, three taught in Japanese, and one in English. In the lowest class are all the girls who have entered the school since last April. There are sixteen girls in this class. Some of them had never seen a Bible before they came to the school, and none of them knew anything about the Old Testament—so a young girl, who graduated last April, and who has remained on in the school as a teacher, has charge of this class, and Sunday after Sunday she tells them the Old Testament stories in simple language,—the same old stories that your mothers told you when you were tiny girls. In the next class are seven girls, also taught by one of our own graduates. They study the Old Testament history from their Bibles. In the third class are nine pupils. These are more advanced in Old Testament history, and are taught by a graduate from our Tokio school. In the highest class are only two girls, who are taught in English, by Miss Belton.

The bell rings shortly after nine, and the girls re-assemble in the large school room, where ten minutes are spent in hearing them recite Bible verses, and fifteen minutes in a short talk on the selected verses for the day, after which the Sunday school is closed with singing and prayer. At 9.30 the bell again rings, and the girls get ready to go to church.

The population of Shidznoka is about 40,000, and in this city there are only two churches—our Canadian Methodist, which is one of the prettiest churches

in Japan, and an American Methodist, very much smaller than ours. The church is about twenty minutes walk from the school, so we set out as soon as possible, so as to be in time, for the service begins at ten o'clock. If you went to church with us, you could not understand anything that was said, for every word spoken or sung is in Japanese. The girls lead the singing, one of them playing on the organ. The tunes sung would all be familiar to you, but the words you could not understand at all. The service is over about half-past eleven, and we reach home in time to get a few minutes' rest before the bell rings for dinner. About one o'clock one of the girls goes off in a jinrikisha (a little carriage drawn by a man), to a village about four miles away. Here she has a little Sunday school, to which about thirty children come. A little later, three others go off to another Sunday school, which is about a mile away; and a few minutes later Miss Belton, and four more of the girls, start for the Church Sunday school.

If you were here, you would see near the school gate a number of little children—boys and girls—and babies on their nurses' backs. Many of these little ones have been waiting there for more than an hour. The bell rings at half-past one, and these children come into the school, where two more of our girls have a Sunday school for them. They are all children of the neighborhood, and come from comfortable homes. Only two are from a Christian home, and these are a little girl of four years of age, and a little boy of two, children of a judge, who lives not far from the school. The father is not a Christian, but the mother is, so the children are allowed to attend Sunday school. When the boys and girls come to the door, they step out of their wooden shoes, and pull out of their long sleeves straw sandals, which they put on. One Sunday it was raining, and the nurse from a neighboring house came, carrying two children on her back at once, and set them down in the hall. I wish you could come into the room with me and see the little ones when they are all seated. The boys are almost as restless as Canadian boys. The girls are generally very quiet. In the front seat you would see an old woman, who comes regularly, because her little grand-daughter is too shy to come alone. Near the door are three or four little nurses, with babies on their backs. They are shaking the babies rather vigorously, in order to keep them quiet, for when the babies cry they must take them home. After fifteen minutes' singing, and a short prayer, the boys go out into another room, and the girls remain where they are. After a little story is told them, they come together again for singing and prayer, and are then dismissed. I know you would enjoy visiting this little Sunday school. Of course in dress the children look quite different from Canadian Children, but I know you would agree with me in thinking the most of them just as cute as they can be. I would like you to see how politely they bow as they pass the teachers. They are never too much hurried to give one of their low bows. By half-past two they are all gone.

We have on Sunday afternoons what we call the quiet time. For two hours the girls are required to stay in their rooms, either reading, or if they talk at all, it must be *very* softly; so that every one has a

chance for quiet rest. Of course the girls who teach in the various Sunday schools lose a large part of this quiet time. At four we have our class-meeting, attended by the larger girls. This is a very interesting and helpful meeting. All the girls are really striving to follow Christ. They are earnestly trying to overcome their faults, and this little weekly meeting, at which each one feels free to tell what is in her heart, is a *real* help to them. The class-meeting lasts for about half an hour. After that is over, we very often have a talk over the Sunday school experiences of the day. Some have very good reports, others have stories to tell of crying babies, noisy boys, and sometimes over-crowded rooms. At times they feel a little discouraged, just as Sunday school teachers often do in Canada. At half-past five the tea-bell rings, and at half-past six the younger girls come to our dining room. This is one of the pleasantest half-hours of the day, for the little girls come with such bright and happy faces. Sometimes we all sit on the floor before the open grate, and at other times we sit around the dining-table. How do we spend the half-hour? First, the little girls recite their Bible verses. The verses we have for this year are found in Matt. vii: 12; Eph. iv: 32; Eph. vi: 1, 2, 3, 4, 6 and 7; Matt. v: 44, 7 and 8. These are recited in the order in which I have given them. They are the little girls' golden texts for the year. These verses, of course, are said in Japanese, but they are also learning an English hymn. The one I am teaching them now, is entitled "True Prayer." You will find it in the Dec. number, 1895, of "Our Little Dots." The remaining minutes are spent in various ways. Sometimes we talk over the morning's sermon; sometimes I read them a story in Japanese, which I have, with my teacher's help, translated from the English, and sometimes they look at English picture books. However we are employed, seven o'clock always comes too soon. At that time a bell rings for evening prayers. After prayers we spend about three quarters of an hour in the school room. Occasionally we have a Bible reading, but generally we sing English hymns, one of the older girls playing on the organ. The girls are very fond of singing, and the older girls especially, of English hymns. When the hymns are translated into Japanese they lose much of their beauty, and the girls who understand English, enjoy so much the English words. We use the Canadian Hymnal, and we always end with either No. 326 or 827, generally the former. Our little service of song is closed with prayer by one of the teachers or older girls.

On Sunday nights the girls go to bed one half hour earlier, and so by nine everything is quiet in the school. These Sabbath days are happy days to our girls. Many of them will, in a few years, or it may be in a few months, leave us for homes where there are no Sabbaths; but we hope and pray that the influence of the school Sabbath days may never pass away. You, girls, who live in a Christian land, and who have Christian parents, cannot realize what many of our girls have to contend with when they leave the school. Will you not pray for them, especially for the girls who return to non-Christian homes, and who find life a pretty hard battle sometimes?

Yours, sincerely,

M. J. CUNNINGHAM.

## LEAVES FROM THE BRANCHES.

### BAY OF QUINTE BAND NOTES.

We are glad to report a new Mission Circle and Band. The "Stockdale" Mission Circle was re-organized Jan. 29, with a membership of thirty. Pres., Miss Olive Johnson; Cor. Secretary, Miss Annie Foster.

The "Day Spring" Mission Band, organized at Campbellford, have thirty members enrolled, with Mrs. C. W. Turner President, and Miss Della Eaton Cor. Secretary.

Lindsay "Excelsior" reports sixteen new members last quarter.

Lakefield "Cheerful Workers" reports a box of Christmas presents sent to Walpole Island, a quilt completed, and preparations for an open meeting, with an increase of five members.

Picou.—"The Nellie Hartt Circle" is continuing its good work under the zealous presidency of Miss Lowrey.

Demorestville "Sunbeam" reports a hopeful outlook for a successful year. All at work on a quilt.

M. G. HAWLEY,

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

Miss Helen Colter, Sec. of "Wayside Workers" Mission Band, Burt's Corner, writes:

On the 20th of Jan., the Wayside Workers' Mission Band assisted the Upper Keswick Auxiliary in an entertainment. Twelve little girls had a dialogue, entitled "A Missionary Clock;" also, several recitations by members of the Band. The Band conducted the chief part of the singing. We had addresses by the Pastor and Branch Delegate. The President presided. Collection, \$3.25.

### TORONTO CONFERENCE BRANCH.

Esther Marshall, Cor. Secretary of "Light Bearer's" Mission Band, St. Paul's Church, Brampton, Ontario, writes:—"We have a membership of sixty-two. Good attendance, and earnest meetings. Every second Monday we have a programme distinctly missionary. Alternate Mondays are sewing meetings. We use Lorenz's music-book. It is a pity that the words are not published alone, so that we could provide all our Band with books. The PALM BRANCH is much appreciated."

"There is no use in my trying to be a Christian," said an old Chinese woman; "look at my feet!" pointing to her deformed, bandaged feet. "Why, what have your feet to do with it?" asked the missionary. "Oh," said the other, "if I am a Christian, I will have to go into the world and preach the Gospel, and I could not travel with these feet."